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Swatantra

1953 - July - 8 - 23



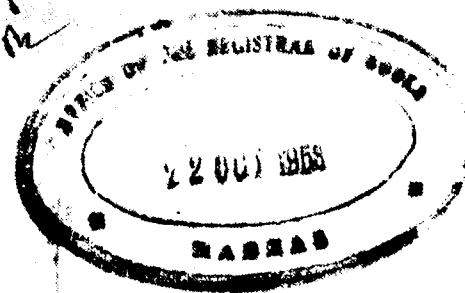
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VIII. No. 22
JULY 4, 1953
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SWATANTRA

Amrutanjani

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- I am not thinking so much of what will be, for this sweating scribbler, a real holiday from the daily grind. I am thinking rather of the uncomplaining reader of SWATANTRA who for the first time in eight years will have a holiday from me." So wrote Vighneswara in his Sotto Voce in this Journal for May 16, 1953, his last before he left for the North. Well, who had a holiday, really—he or the reader? A reader's holiday isn't the same as a writer's. He, we are sure, will be glad to welcome Vighneswara as "one of his conquerors."
- The City noises are so loud as to tear the tympanum, in this din can anyone hear the soft coo of a kokil? One person did, and memory-warmed he has told the story of a woman, simple, affectionate, kind. Meet her, you'll never forget her.
- And then, let Manas make you face realities. Facing them at home, use your imaginative integrity to face them in South Africa. It is an analysis of dark forces, at once powerful and precise.
- All this and much more to your pleasure and profit you'll get in SWATANTRA which reflects the best minds devoted to current history, politics, art, and literature. You will not be tickled by them, you will discover yourself through discovering them. It will be an adventure for you—week after week.
- And so if SWATANTRA is absent from your home, won't you be missing a product of contemporary journalism alike instructive, stimulating, and pleasant?

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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Amrutanjay

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Reader,

Now, don't tell us anything about the Government bus transport in Madras. We quite understand your tribulation at the peak hour if you are an employee in any of the City offices. You've got to do without cushioned seats hereafter; no more 'pneumatic bliss' for your behinds; bare benches are a means for your spiritual refinement. Your C. M. is a Spartan. The Sultans really are abroad.

- But do get out of this pre-occupation and meet the Pensioners. They are a pretty pair. Enjoy their quips and quiddities, for here in their little world of a bye-gone time abides the genuine Comic Spirit—allied to the pure well of tears.

- And from this little world of individual joys and hopes pass on to the bigger world where are obtained different brands of Socialism and know what is best for Asia.

- Even while travelling seated on a bare bench in a City bus you won't feel the irksomeness of it if you will allow SWATANTRA to open new horizons of thought, of pleasure and profit for you, week after fleeting week.

Thank you.

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SMEAR TACTICS

PRAJA Socialist leaders have been lately to seek out paths of co-operation with the Congress Government. The Prime Minister paved the way for this endeavour. It is well known that for sometime past he has felt the need for putting new vigour into the Central Cabinet and he has been very keen on getting Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan in. The talks between them failed however to fructify. The failure was due to lack of agreement on a minimum common programme to be pursued by both the parties. But it registered no breach in the desire of the two leaders to come together and work jointly for the national good. At other times this sort of striving for unity between the ruling head of the Government and the leader of an outstanding opposition party would scarcely have been possible. As stated by Sri Asoka Mehta, the General Secretary of the Praja Socialist Party, "No party out of office and in Opposition ever charts its policies in terms of coalition." It is the need for a swift pace of progress in our excessively backward country, and the urge of a larger patriotism transcending party interests, that impelled the Praja Socialist leaders to waive their constitutional duties of the Opposition to economise energies and save them for the sake of prompter achievement of projects of national benefit, even though, electorally, it might mean the crowning of the Congress with glory at their own expense.

THERE has been a general appreciation all over the country of the Praja Socialist coalitionist attitude. The stature of the leading figures of the party, their past services to the nation, and their records of heroic self-denial and sacrifice, enabled them to proclaim this attitude, unmindful of accusations that might have deterred lesser men, that they were angling for power. In this general atmosphere of earnest effort for unity it is a pity that the Chief Minister of Madras should have struck a discordant note. He went out of his way in his recent tour to pour contempt on the heads of the Praja Socialist leaders. Working himself up into a climax of self-righteousness, he said that "the roots of other political parties had their origin in quarrels and dissensions", and their leaders, he ridiculed, "gained influence and position because of the organisation (the Congress) to which they belonged then." This sort

of attempt to glorify the Congress by smearing seceders from its ranks with insignificance ill becomes C. R. who had his interlude of secession, too, and confronted, for a while, Mahatma Gandhi himself, in the role of a renegade. It is true that the Congress conferred greatness on many that are now found basking in power and office under its banner. But its greatest devotees gave as much of distinction to it by their association as they gained influence through it. C. R. himself in his days of revolt against the Congress could be classed under this category. He is well qualified to realise that the origin of revolt is devotion to a violated cause. That a leader of his stamp should seek recourse to smear tactics in the impossible attempt to set up a Congress monopoly for the right to rule, is in itself an indication of the repulsive extent to which the idealism of old has degenerated in Congress leadership under the propulsion of power politics.

Notes

Loan, Or Levy?

SRI PRAKASAM has raised an objection to the floating of a new loan by the Madras Government at this juncture. The Chief Minister is not in the habit of heeding others' objections once he has made up his mind on an issue and announced a decision. He is not therefore likely to revise his intentions and give up the proposed loan out of deference to Sri Prakasam's protest. He is certainly within his rights, provided the sanctioning authorities make no difficulty, in going forward with any loan programme of his conception and time it according to his pleasure. The fact that very soon the Andhra State will be formed is no reason why residents within the area of the State should not be called upon to subscribe for the loan. Madras loans are entitled to Andhra support not only now but even after the emergence of the Andhra State, just as the Government of the Andhra State, when it is formed, will be entitled to call for subscriptions from the Tamil districts, for any loan it may decide to launch. There are no geographical limits within the country restricting the operation of State loans, the only limit is the credit that the State Governments command, and it is their natural right to go as far as they like within

the national confines to make the fullest use of the credit they possess. Sri Prakasam's complaint does not respect the economic rights of the States and seems to be of doubtful validity. There is robust common-sense however behind his disapproval of the distribution of the contemplated loan at the rate of Rs. 25 lakhs for each district. It makes nonsense of the freedom of the public to accept or reject shares in official loans to stipulate that a minimum subscription shall be allotted for each district. It conjures up a dreadful vision of canvassing by underlinings of Government to make the allotment effective. Under the resultant pressures a loan is converted into a levy, and in the name of borrowing it is real tyranny that is exercised. People should be protected against the horror of this, whether they be Andhra or Tamil.

Wasteful Wrangling

HIGH praise is due to the engineers of the Madras and Hyderabad Governments for the dispatch with which they have completed the execution of the Tungabhadra dam. Two officers, Sri Papiiah and Sri Thirumale Iyengar, deserve special mention in this connection. They found solutions for difficulties between themselves, cutting out on many occasions the very basis for a crisis to develop at Governmental level. The full

benefit of the storage capacity of the reservoir is not however immediately available to the whole of the famine-stricken area within the orbit of the scheme, thanks primarily to the incomplete and partial construction of the carrier canal system. On the completion of the unfinished canal stretch will depend popular enjoyment of the fullest measure of fruitfulness of the project, and it is to be hoped this will not be unduly delayed hereafter. Pending other schemes providing further irrigation facilities, there has been a disposition lately on the part of some Andhra leaders to set Rayalaseema against the Circars. Sri Sanjiva Reddi, for example, is reported to have said at Kurnool that not a drop of Krishna water will be allowed to reach the Circars until all the needs of the Rayalaseema people have been completely met. This sort of setting up of one locality against another and rousing animosities competitively is a great disservice to the community. No uplift programme should be too ruthlessly tied up with exclusive onslaughts on whole masses of humanity considered as outsiders, lest it dry up the springs of sympathy and fill the gap with ill-will.

The way of building up a State is not by dividing people for the sake of those short-term electoral advantages which political tacticians delight to hunt, it is by unifying all citizens in common enjoyment of ever-increasing means of welfare. A right balance between trade and agricultural production is the essence of popular prosperity. Along with projects, projects, projects, for which there is so much shouting, the Andhra State will need a first-rate port to enable the proceeds of the projects to go out overseas and return as wealth in many desirable forms. As long ago as 1897 a first-rate harbour site on the Nellore coast at the confluence of Kandaleru river with the sea was unearthed by Mr. A. S. Russell in his History of the Buckingham Canal Project. Here is an extract from the book:

The river has a bar which is always deep and always open and it is the only river of great depth crossing the canal line, and the only one that never silts. Its depth is so considerable that 25 feet

poles cannot bottom it and boats when not sailing with the wind, have to tack or drift in order to cross it at all. The mouth of the river approximates to an arm or deep inlet of the sea; and the river has a long tidal run and a free propagation of the tidal wave up it. The situation of the mouth is such that the bar is protected from heavy surf action and hence remains deep and open.

In the Kandaleru, native craft of considerable burden, drawing 9 feet of water, can come over the bar to dock for repairs, and, once over the bar, the depth in the river is ample for any vessel. Owing to its depth, nearly the full rise of tide is felt some miles up the river in a short time, whereas in all other rivers and backwaters along the canal line, there is, owing to their shallow depth, very little propagation of the tidal wave. The river is navigable for ordinary canal boats for many miles from the sea, and, in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, really forms a small natural inland harbour. The matter is of some interest and may some day be of importance as the river offers greater natural facilities for the construction of a harbour than any other river along the East Coast known to the writer of this History.

Instead of wrangling wastefully over buildings and the like, the Andhra leaders would do well to study Mr. Russell's prophetic report carefully and put it promptly to constructive use.

Labour's New Policy

A FORTNIGHT ago the National Executive Committee of the British Labour Party published its new statement of policy. Purporting to "face the harsh facts of life," it announced that, to regain economic independence, Britain had to achieve independence of American aid. That would be possible only if the sterling area was prepared to join Britain in a deliberate policy of discrimination against dollar goods. "We must seek," says the statement, "a sterling area agreement restricting the movement of capital within the area." All this is a triumph for Bevan who has been a keen advocate of avoidance of British dependence on American aid, but it is one thing to carry the National Executive Committee, and quite another to get the

approval of the different countries of the Commonwealth. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are advanced enough economically to conceive of dependence on American capital as undesirable. But the case is entirely different with India and Pakistan. These countries have taken on hand ambitious projects dependent substantially on American financial and technical assistance. They are not likely to impose any sacrifices on themselves in order that Britain might regain economic independence. The prospects of Commonwealth co-operation in Labour's new policy seem therefore to be practically nil. On that ground alone it is doomed. The effort of the Conservative Government towards convertibility is more in accord with Commonwealth interests and the practical requirements of the present day.

Lucky Hit

M. LANIEL, the new French Prime Minister, is a textile manufacturer. He has been a deputy for eleven years. He is an unknown entity in politics, and to that circumstance, he owes his success where other leaders of name and fame failed. One asset he has, that of having played an active part in the resistance campaign during the dark days of the Vichy occupation. Had M. Pinay possessed this asset, he might have commended himself and won the requisite majority to become Premier, but just because he lacked it, he lost his chance. Evidently it was not on the basis of any serious assessment of his personal qualities that M. Laniel found acceptance with the traditional Ministry-makers of France. The real cause of his good fortune was the revulsion in public opinion caused by too many rejections of the nominees for the office presented by the President. The continual crisis of over a month during which candidate after candidate was rejected, drove public opinion to the point of exasperation,

and sensing its pressure, the dissenting deputies accepted without any murmur the next name that came up, which turned out to be lucky for M. Laniel.

Verbiage

EXCESSIVE speech-making has its perils, and even so consummate a master of words as Sri Rajagopalachari is driven to utter piffle if he drives himself too mercilessly in producing wordage. A remarkable example of this occurred in an oration he delivered at Paramakudi this week. He said then that it was "a matter for regret for both himself and the people that Mr. Kumaraswami Raja had ceased to be Chief Minister and that the burden had been placed on him." As Sri Kumaraswami Raja was present at the meeting, C. R. evidently intended to be pleasant to him. But the world looks differently from different angles; and the standpoint of the victorious holder of a coveted prize is certainly not the same as that of one who had been ousted from its possession. All have not C. R.'s gift of advertising a coveted prize as a burden reluctantly endured, to the hurt of the soul's hunger for rest, entirely for the sake of the public good. It is not the way of courtesy for the wearer of a crown to pour out consolation to an immediate predecessor that had lost it, by saying that it is a burden full of thorns. Patronage in such a context is indistinguishable from rudeness if not sneering contempt. And then, what does C. R. mean by his announcement at another meeting that he considered Sri Rajaram Naidu as his Chief Minister? Far too many conundrums packed with mystifying platitudes and irritating sarcasm and cynicism mar nowadays the prolific utterances of the Chief Minister, dazing the public, confusing them and driving them helpless to discriminate between the serious and the facetious. There would be less of verbiage in Ministers' speeches if they toured less and economised more in talk.

Sotto Voce



ANOTHER CONQUERER RETURNS

THE Editor of SWATANTRA is a determined person. And he is as vigilant as the tax-collector. My arrival in the City after the conquest of the Himalayas—I hope for the sake of the reader's credit that he never had any doubts about it—was, as they say in the papers, strictly private. And the papers saw to it that it was kept private; a great act of friendliness, seeing that the human cargo of every plane is normally regarded as news. But there was no escaping the hawk-eye of SWATANTRA. It was a matter of hours before its Editor had tracked down this cowering wretch to his lair. And here I am, again obediently making my congee to our patrons.

Between you and me, I had planned a secret get-away from these enticing pages. The *au revoir* I had ceremoniously bidden you was to be really adieu. I felt that, so far as the reader was concerned, the wrench would not be considerable; though he was too polite to say so, he must have had enough of my phiz. A graceful fade-out was indicated. But we had both reckoned without our host. He has a masterful way with the head-ropes; and you find me firmly hitched to the wagon, though I did make a feeble attempt to dodge the yoke.

I COME back with some trepidation, though. The ways of E. V. R. are as inscrutable as those of the Providence that he contemns. Of the thirty-three crores of gods in the pantheon, what angel of perversity possessed him to turn his attention

to that friendly demiurge under whose masthead this poor scribe has happily sailed so long? Were there not Veeran, Irulan and Katteri whose dominion over Dravidia might have been expected to attract the purposeful ire of the Apostle of Self-Respect? Vighneswara's (I mean the God's) tact in discreetly disappearing from SWATANTRA while the campaign was at its fiercest seems, in the retrospect, to have been almost as consummate as that of the Chief Minister.

Thanks to C. R.'s magnificent solicitude the Deity of the cross-ways who parades His sweet tooth must have had a surfeit out of season. I expect the faithful queued up in depth before His unpretentious temples at the bidding of our devout C. M. and even His *embonpoint* was lost to view under the rising mounds of *modakam* and broken cocoanut. Meanwhile the equanimity of the law has been vindicated and the iconoclast is at liberty to break any number of 'abandoned idols' provided he can find them. The game having thus been played according to the rules, everybody should be satisfied.

IN this happily restored atmosphere of enlightened secularism you will hardly expect me to strike a discordant note. So I will not speak of the austere heights of Kedarnath and the breath-taking beauty of the snow-clad peak behind the ancient temple as it swims in the flood of the full moon, bringing to you the palpable presence of the moony-crested God. Nor will I attempt to describe

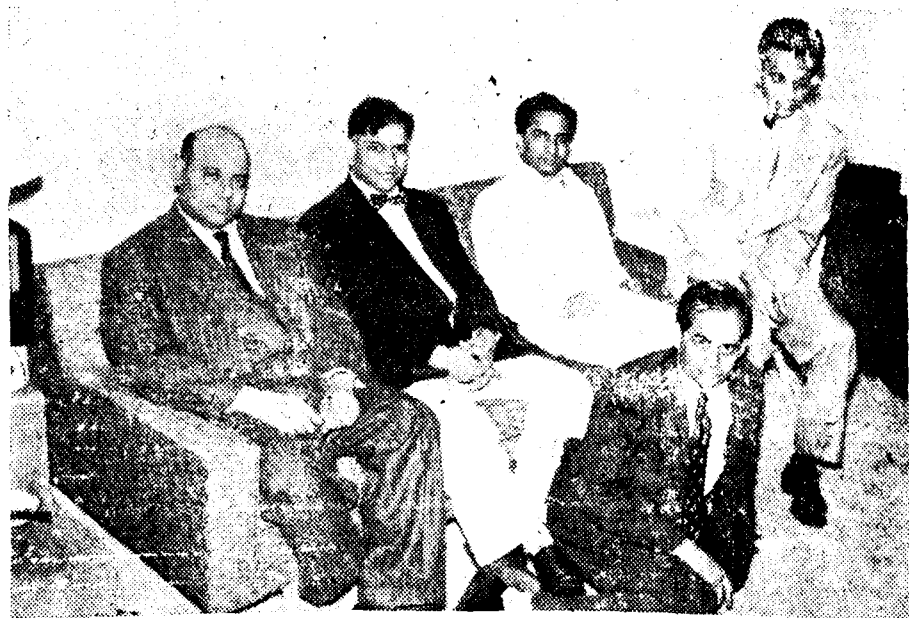
the Pisgah sight of glory that transfixes the footsore and weary pilgrim in wonderment when, turning the shoulder of a hill, he sees the city of Badari spread like a magic carpet before him across the roaring Alakanda and the beaten gold of the roof over the Holy of Holies aglitter in the westering sun. These and other mysteries that lie behind the parti-coloured stones of the Himalaya must await their appointed season for the telling.

At this point I am assailed by a horrid doubt. If the victors of Everest could be challenged to produce proofs how can I expect to be taken at my word? Now that I think of it I seem to recollect that the eyebrows of some of my high-brow friends who came dutifully to welcome me back did describe a more pointed arch than usual when they summoned their silkiest tones to congratulate me on looking fine. Did

they think I had been holidaying in Hardwar?

THE youthful engineer-leader of our expedition did take photographs. But photographs, as every journalist knows, can be arrant liars. The chemist exchanged his straw hat for some Himalayan animal's pelt with the brindled hair still sticking in clumps, which he, simple man, considers a bargain. And I, the lowly rank and file, have my trusty iron-shod staff and that red rumal for which Hardwar is as famous as was the Madras of Company days for its bandanna. But, the staff, for all the bravery of its polished spike, might have been bought in Rattan Bazaar. As for the rumal, well, its colour is rather loud. When I bought it as a memento I had hoped to wear it as sedately as the Haji his green turban; but on second thoughts it seems best to leave it undisturbed under the moth-balls.

VIGNESWARA



Dr. P. Tirumal Rao of Madras, at a farewell party given to him by his friends in New York, on the eve of his departure to India, after completing his studies in Obstetrics and Children's diseases in the Iowa University Hospital. Seated second from left is the Doctor. Preceding him is Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, Managing Editor of the Orient and World Press.

SIDELIGHTS :

“THE *Indian Express* was started in 1932 and soon filled the void created by the unfortunate cessation of *Swarajya*,” says the *Indian Express* in an editorial styled “Ourselves,” patting itself on the back “with pardonable pride” on the occasion of its “first simultaneous appearance at Delhi, Bombay and Madras”, as a “not unimportant provincial paper” aspiring to blossom now into an “all-India organ of public opinion with a nation-wide circulation.” Whether different provincial newspapers falling under a single ownership, deprived of their old names and rechristened afresh with a single name common to all of them, can thereby be lifted out of their provincial status into a pinnacle of all-India importance, is a problem in journalistic alchemy which does not seem to me as simple as it apparently does to Sri Ramnath Goenka; but somehow it recalls to mind the old story of Tenali Raman who seriously set to himself the tremendous task of changing a black dog into a white. One State added to another and then another, becomes three States, and not a nation. If Sri Ramnath Goenka acquires a few more papers in some of the seventy and odd countries comprising the world and calls them all the *World Express*, will he have brought into being a world newspaper of international importance? These towering ambitions of global expansion putting as it were, Northcliffe himself in his grave to shame, never crossed the brain of poor Sri Prakasam. That was why he could create *Swarajya*, though even he could not maintain it for more than a dozen years. That is also why the *Indian Express* is the *Indian Express* as *Swarajya* was *Swarajya*, and the one cannot take the place of the other, or fill the void left by it, for all the commercial attractions of such a myth to Sri Goenka, especially now on the eve of the advent of the Andhra State. The void created by the “unfortunate cessation of *Swarajya*” still remains, and it will

certainly not be filled by Sri Goenka, whatever be the number of the papers acquired by him. Quantity is no substitute for quality. Even the miraculous feat of turning the black dog into white may some day be performed, but the millionaire collector has little chance, ever, of stepping into the shoes of a man of no property whose strength lay in his non-possession of goods, and who served the humanity of his neighbourhood with the abandon and detachment that unpropertied heroism alone can command. How many Birlas will make a Mahatma? So many and more of Goenkas will not make a Prakasam. Apparently it is to keep within bounds the pardonable pride of the Goenkas and deter it from casting forth unpardonable offshoots that we have the old Biblical saying that it is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the gates of heaven.

I know all about *Swarajya*, having given a dozen years to it, and something of the *Indian Express*, having worked on its staff for some six years. The two papers do not belong to the same plane. They belong to different hemispheres. The proprietorial spirit was conspicuous by its absence in *Swarajya*. In some ways, journalists are strange beings and they have their moods of inexorable resistance to impositions of authority from owner-editors. For giving of their best, they need a sense of identification with their employers, but often it is not forthcoming, as disparities in income, interference with freedom, and zones of privileged employment packed with relatives and favourite cronies, tend to sustain an atmosphere of divided interests between the two. In Sri Prakasam's case when he ran *Swarajya*, ownership meant not profit, but the burden of a perennial indebtedness. No barriers traceable to proprietorial authority had a chance to intrude between him and those who worked for him.

It was a perfect democracy in which the spirit of freedom sustained no curbs through the power of money, and so the paper was released from the depressing inhibitions that ordinarily stunt the stature and thwart the initiative of writers and other editorial members in newspaper offices. We devilled for the paper without rest, fancying ourselves the destined liberators of the enslaved nation, and we quailed at nothing. It worked! The public took *Swarajya* to heart and waited breathlessly at the portals for every day's issue. Men in trouble from all over the State rushed to it for ventilation of their grievances and it never failed them. Often they made the office their home in their visits to the City, so complete was their sense of unity with it. Sri Prakasam never stayed in the same place for two days together. He toured from village to village with indefatigable energy and returned from every tour bubbling with enthusiasm over some theme or other collected in the course of his peregrinations. All of it went into the vitalisation of the paper and it throbbed with exciting material of enormous interest to people far and near. Under the impetus of Sri Prakasam's never-ending immersion in the lives of the common people, *Swarajya* bred a brand of hardy journalists imbued with a sense of public duty who dared to call their souls their own, and were impervious alike to the terrors and the allurements with which the mighty in the land are wont to assail the press and subdue it to their own purposes. In these and other ways *Swarajya* proved to be, not a mere passive purveyor of news and views, but a dynamic force to cheer, protect, comfort and inspire the people, shaping with vigour and courage the very history of the time.

COMPARED to the *Indian Express* technically *Swarajya* was but a crude production. Its mightiness lay in the gigantic sweep and movement of its spirited objectives. Sri Goenka has perfected all the formal outward forms of newspaper get-up with tireless persistence, and in such things as printing, equipment and appearance, the *Indian Express* has over-

taken the finest products of newspaper enterprise in the country. But his acquisitive orgies have been oppressive in their effects, and the hurt caused by them to the soul of journalism stamps him a rank outsider, for all the increasing control he has managed to obtain over the organisational adjuncts of the press. For all his flaunting of valiant recklessness, everything is commerce to Sri Goenka. Even patriotism is a matter of commerce. His occasional enchanting generousities are in essence masterpieces of commercial calculation. The primordial rule in commerce is that everything in the world has its price, and Sri Goenka has been relentless in his pursuit of talent and influence to adorn and decorate his papers. What money cannot buy is just what he has missed, and that was exactly the source of the charm and strength of *Swarajya*. The *Indian Express* has improved on the bright featuring that was brought into vogue by *Swarajya*, and embellished it with typographical displays sparing no expense, but in the midst of much excellence, its possessive rapacity has set standards ruinous to the dignity of the press. If today the greatest of our newspapers have become prone to issue special supplements in the name of private firms in return for a few pages of advertisements, it must be said to be due not a little to the example (certainly not worthy of imitation) set by the *Indian Express*. As I do not measure the value of a newspaper by the newsprint consumed in its production, I must say that the *Indian Express* has performed mighty feats in the cornering of prosperity, but its success has not been equally noteworthy in the pursuit of the higher objectives of journalism. It is a measure of its failure that its opinions do not count for much, and nobody takes them seriously. It has failed to establish a sense of oneness in the public mind with its purposes, and on account of the different voices in which the various units in the group have spoken on occasions, it has not been able to establish a renown for integrity.

SAKA

The major powers are now all embarrassed, and they will have to negotiate for a world settlement in a chastened mood, says Andrew Roth in this article.

RUBBER POINTS THE WAY TO PEACE

By ANDREW ROTH

PEACE hopes are still high, despite the doublecrossing by Syngman Rhee, the embarrassment of the Russians by the revolt of German workers and the blackmailing of President Eisenhower by his own 'sup-porters.'

For this statement I have the authority of my 'one-man peace poll.' Every afternoon I enquire about the closing price of rubber and discuss with the market man just what factors go to make up the price of rubber. There are some factors known as "supply and demand," of course. But the greatest little booster for the rubber market is the anticipation of war. It bounded up quite a bit when the Vietminh troops threatened Luang Prabang, so much so that when this threat evaporated I suggested that Gen. Giap had been in the pay of rubber speculators. Last week there was considerable excitement in the Rubber Exchange over the revolt in East Berlin and East Germany. But the hopeful thing—for peace, not for rubber producers—is that prices stayed low. They did nothing to climb toward that peak early in 1951—when it looked as if Korea would touch off a general war and rubber prices shot up to more than three times their present level.

Those who speculate in rubber apparently share the belief of others here that fundamentally these upsets are hurdles on the difficult zigzag road to peace, not incidents leading to war. In a deteriorating situation, the Berlin demonstrations would be a perfect way to pull the trigger of a general war. To the Western 'liberationists' it would be the sure signal that key segments of the Germans are listening to them

and are prepared to risk tremendous dangers. To the 'insurrectionist—short term' school of Russians, the survivors of Zhdanov, it would demonstrate conclusively the "aggressive intentions" of the West. But under present circumstances, with both of these factions in retreat, the East German disturbances give them little more than the opportunity to say: "I told you so!"

These developments, in Korea as well as in East Germany, are a major embarrassment to the dominant factions in both East and West. The Russians are palpably embarrassed that the moment they have opened the door to a new and freer life for the East Germans, they should start jangling all the skeletons in the East German—and East European—closets. They are now confronted with the need to make greater concessions than they proposed or to use terrorism even more than before Moscow ordered the softer line.

THE West too, is embarrassed. "Here, surely, is the kind of climax towards which the propaganda of the BBC, the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe has been working for years," pointed out *The Economist* of June 20. "What happens now? What is London's line to the demonstrators?" A premature rebellion is, of course, the greatest danger to all broadcasters inciting to subversion. If, at this moment, they can do nothing for those who launched widespread demonstrations and a strike, why should anyone listen to them in the future?

The West's embarrassment is, of course, even worse in Korea. The betrayal, by South Korea's President

on the one subject which has held up the truce negotiations for two years, opens the US-UN command to charges of connivance and bad faith. However ready Western observers may be willing to believe that it was simply stupidity and gullibility which allowed the US-UN command to be doublecrossed so readily, the Communists certainly can point to elements of connivance. Senator McCarthy's enthusiastic support for Syngman Rhee's doublecross does not help prove to the Communists that there were no American eyes deliberately closed to the South Korean plans.

Even Syngman Rhee's embarrass-

ment of President Eisenhower may help further the cause of a general easing of tension however, in exposing the character of the allies which the Pacific First section of the Republican Party has been espousing. If President Rhee is adjudged by American opinion to be a "rat," can Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek be far behind? The Rhee doublecross may well damage the "China Lobby" beyond repair.

The important thing about these incidents is that the major Powers are now *all* embarrassed, and it is no disadvantage to go into negotiations for a world settlement in a chastened mood.

import of finished commodities. Just two of the largest commercial concerns "earned" a profit on this trade amounting to 1,495 million francs in 1951.

Millions of peasants were deprived of the land they and their ancestors had lived on for ages. In all, the area of agricultural concessions granted to Europeans in Western and equatorial Africa, exceeds 300,000 hectares, that of the forest concessions reaches 14 million hectares and of the mining concessions—50 million hectares.

The death rate of the population is exceedingly high. According to United Nations data published in December 1952, 57 percent of the Africans die before they reach the age of 15. The situation with regard to education is also very bad. Of the 700,000 children in equatorial Africa only 40,000 can attend school. In Western Africa only 140,000 out of 3 million children study.

A serious struggle has been going on in Western and equatorial Africa in the past 18 months to put an end to the forced labour and to introduce labour laws.

Thus, it may be stated, writes Feix, that French Western and equatorial Africa is taking an active part in the great battle of the peoples for democracy and peace. The people of Africa, like all the colonial peoples, do no longer want to stand the colonial yoke, they want to live in freedom.—*Tass*.

Colonialist Stranglehold in Africa

PRAVDA carries an article by Leon Feix, member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, entitled "The Peoples of Africa are Struggling Against the Colonialists."

In Western and Central Africa, writes the author, the French ruling circles possess colonies with a territory of 7,500,000 square kilometres, exceeding 1.5 times the territory of Europe without the Soviet Union, and almost 14-fold the area of France.

Leon Feix describes the merciless capitalist exploitation to which the African people are subjected.

The basic economic law of modern capitalism is vividly manifest in Western and equatorial Africa. The profits of the companies, plundering the Africans, are constantly growing. Here are the officially acknowledged profits pocketed by 20 of these firms in the course of recent years; 453 million francs in 1946, 898 million in 1947, 1,377 million in 1948, 1,924 million in 1949, 2,734 million in 1950 and 3,132 million in 1951. The capitalist exploitation of Western and equatorial Africa is particularly evident from their foreign trade which bears a typically colonial character: the export of raw materials (ground nuts, cocoa, cotton, coffee and different minerals) and

Sri K. G. Sivaswamy draws attention here to the poor quality of candidates set up for election by political parties. Kisan organisations, he says, should not look up to political parties and ministers to gain their objectives. There is, he urges, a lot of social benefit to be reached by extra-parliamentary activities.

LIMITATIONS OF DEMOCRACY

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

OUR problems are too well-known. There is the pressure of a surplus population on the land. With our emphasis on the contribution of physical labour by owners of lands and the repeated talk of State policies supported by an assertive public opinion for laws which make renting unprofitable, and cultivation by hired labour unduly costly, land owners who ordinarily remained idle are beginning to compete with labour and tenants, and consequently the number of the unemployed among the traditional cultivators is increasing. To this problem of finding work for idle hands should be added the ever-existing problems of high rents, low wages, insecurity of living, insufficient holdings, fragmented holdings, scarcity of credit for agriculture, high prices for supplies, and inefficient and costly marketing. A solution to these should reduce insecurity of living, partial starvation and unemployment. But the urgency of a solution on the broadest scale for the whole nation should be realised. Western democracies were fortunate enough to have a long period of time in which to learn by trial and error the art of democratic government, and the economic order was stable enough for this purpose of learning, as minimum food and security were available by and large for the people.

But when democracy keeps in partial starvation and insecurity millions of people who ever feel that society has no place for them and defends by force long-established privileges, property rights, and the operation of a free economy to the detriment of their right for physical existence, then it is on the way to committing suicide. The struggle for existence must lead to dic-

tatorship of the right, class war, revolution and dictatorship of the left. What is established by force can only be maintained by force, one-party rule, and loss of freedom and initiative. In solving this urgent problem and thus saving democracy, the form of government itself creates many obstacles. Owing to ignorance and inability to combine among themselves for selecting proper representatives and watching and controlling their activities, inability to resist the wrongful pressure of existing village leadership which has gathered strength by wielding economic or official or quasi-official power and to which they are obliged in many ways in their day-to-day life, the citizen to-day makes it difficult for political parties, even though led by leaders with a high sense of duty, to solve his troubles. The high cost of an election, the time-limit for success and the indifference and the vices of the electorate and the weakness of the primary units of parties at the bottom, all result in throwing vicarious responsibilities on party leadership. Candidates have to find the money for election expenses instead of the party or the electorate.

CAPABLE candidates who will faithfully carry out a party programme may not win an election, while those who win are not always active promoters of it and sometimes may thwart it. We therefore witness the peculiar phenomenon of opposition parties being formed, not because they differ in programmes but because the programmes placed before the electorate are not adhered to. Vast work of stupendous magnitude therefore remains outside political parties, and it should make citizens realise the

power of the vote and the need for their combination to enforce their will on their representatives. Political parties which, by their very nature, can only claim the allegiance of a section of the population and are engrossed in the short-run programmes of winning an election are hardly the suitable organisations for imparting an impartial education to the voters on their responsibilities. Such an education, on the other hand, if undertaken by workers belonging to no party will be broadbased and receive the support of all political parties. With the growth of a sense of political and social responsibility among the people as a result of this education, the vast gulf one finds between promise and performance of political parties, the entry of power-mongering representatives in the legislatures of the country and the humouring of the electorate by pandering to its prejudices will all disappear in proportion. Even in advanced democracies, parliamentary government can run only by negotiation and adjustment among several parties and independents. Political parties in the legislature cannot therefore have all their way. When radical reforms which affect vested rights are introduced in the legislature, no party in power, despite its determination to execute them, will be able to do so by sheer force of majority unless there is an unbrea-kable mass sanction behind it.

FOR all these reasons, the low standard of representatives whose choice by political parties is unavoidable in backward democracies, the need for combination of diverse groups in the legislature to establish a ministry in power, and the unsuitability of the parliamentary device for carrying out radical economic reforms without mass sanction. Kisan organisations should

realise that they cannot achieve their objects by merely looking up to political parties and the ministers in power for support. In fact these parties and ministers need all the help that kisan organisations can give for implementing their policies.

Mere dependence on legislation and the administrative staff of the State indicates only moral bankruptcy. In fact legislation and better administration should grow out of our own strength. There is no need to wait for the fixing of fair rents and wages or fair rates of interest, or security of tenure, by legislation if kisans feel the urge to combine in order to protect their earnings for satisfying their physical needs of existence. . . . Time there was when in our villages a money lender could not recover his loans nor attach a property without the consent of the village elders. Custom prohibited eviction and assured security as well as fair rents and fair wages. The older village discipline has disappeared with the growth of individual freedom and modern civic law but a new discipline has yet to be established by the producers in the village. A village kisan association commanding the loyalty of all producers, administered by proper leadership, and directed by devoted organisers can work many marvels. It can fix the rents for lands, prevent eviction, fix a fair wage for labour, decide the rate of interest for loans, regulate trade, buy and sell jointly. New life can be poured into existing co-operative societies. The kisan panchayat may strengthen the latter by working for the admission of every kisan into the co-operative society. And when awakening spreads in these several ways, the State in a democracy will naturally move to give effect to it by legislation.

One must never forget, when misfortunes come, that it is quite possible they are saving one from something much worse, or that when you make some great mistake, it may very easily serve you better than the best advised decision. Life is a whole and luck is a whole, and no part of them can be separated from the rest.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

“ . . . OVER A. I. R. ”

By ‘Z’

JUNE has always been a difficult month in Madras. It is a month of tense waiting, when the muggy atmosphere will not yield its load of oppressive humidity to relieve the closeness. Naturally, with all this suspense in the air, the radio reviewer cannot hope to be uninfluenced by the month, but making all allowances it has still been a void month for me.

During the early part of June it so happened that the programmes I listened to were dull, so dull that I will not refer to them any more. I was looking forward to hearing Narayan Rao Vyas sing and Fr. D'Souza talk in the National Programmes. But on the night of the talk my trusty wireless refused to function—an inexplicable lapse, for next morning, when the expert with the tools turned up, it was quite itself again. I missed Prof. Vyas through no fault in reception. Prof. Vyas missed his assignation with the National Programme.

The climax came, not towards the end of June for which these broadcasts had been scheduled, but slap in its middle (calendar time, you will kindly realise, is highly relative and capable of small adjustments to avoid an anticlimax). At 8 p.m. on June 17 I tuned in to Tiruchi to listen to a play, the title of which had intrigued me considerably: it was *Kadalin Palan*, meaning ‘The Fruits of Love’, literally translated. There was a young enthusiast for broadcast Tamil plays with me, when I listened in to this one. Reception was perfect. Every word came through clearly, and both my auxiliary and I listened most attentively throughout. At the end of the 15 minutes I turned to my fellow listener, to find my utterly baffled expression reflected in her face. Both of us had followed many broadcast plays with ease and critical appraisal, and this was the first time in our joint experience that we had been completely flummoxed. This play seemed to be about a confidence trick and not about love—but I am sure of nothing. Obviously,

something in the reception of my intelligence could not cope with the requirements of this play, which is a real pity. I shall never know what the fruits of love are.

WHEN a singer has an honorific prefix to his name, like ‘Prof.’ or ‘Dr.’ or ‘Ustad’, he might or might not indulge an academic bias, but when his name is also that same prefix, so that he is metaphorically a double-barrelled gun, I think a display of erudition is inescapable. Pandit Krishna Rao Shankar Pandit's recital in the National Programme, on June 6 confirmed my theory in toto. The main piece, a ‘khyal’ in *Puriya*, was an aggressive display of ‘shastriya’ technique, and the ‘tappa’ in *Kafi* and ‘tarana’ in *Malkhos* that followed offered, by their very form, greater scope for his eruptive style. The performance as a whole could be described, without exceeding descriptive licence in any way, as a combination of low, deep snorts and staccato yelps. I wish people would confine such exhibitions of pyrotechnical skill to a few minutes, if they must indulge the bent, and I wish they would not sing *Puriya* and *Malkhos* like that: sung with a measure of continuity they are such majestic ragas.



. . . an impression

I have no idea what Pandit/Pandit looks like, but inspired solely by his music I have drawn an impression of a specialist in ‘shastriya sangeet’. It will convey, better than words can, how I feel when I listen to eruptive music.

ON the night of June 11, Mr. M. P. Periaswami Thooran explained, in English, the greatness of Arunachala Kavi, in the Madras A. I. R. series 'Musical Masterpieces'. Arunachala Kavi composed a series of songs that convey the story of the Ramayana musically and in his story he followed the immortal Kamban. This musical Ramayana was meant for all, including those whose literacy could not permit them to read Kamban—therefore the songs were cast in a simple language, and the musician simplified the poet. To say all this, Mr. Periaswami Thooran had, naturally, to refer to the great admiration that Arunachala Kavi had for Kamban; and also for Valluvar, the writer of the didactic, compressed couplets known as *Kural*. Moreover, to make this reference tellingly, he had to say what undoubted masterpieces the *Kambaramayanam* and *Kural* were. But I could not comprehend him when he said that these two works were the foremost literary masterpieces of Tamil. If he said that merely to make a point emphatically, he has a right to such liberty, but if he really meant it I can only envy Mr. Periaswami Thooran. What a wealth of great and undiscovered Tamil poetry awaits him!

The interesting feature of this broadcast was that after a comprehensive account of Arunachala Kavi's life and claims to greatness, and after explaining the setting of one of the best-known of his songs, Mr. Periaswami Thooran

burst suddenly into song and rendered that very piece—or so it seemed at the time. Only at the end of the broadcast was it announced that the songs (two of them) had been rendered by an assistant. The idea is novel, and in a talk in English on musical compositions it is justifiable for many who could not follow the meaning of the words could still have appreciated the music of the songs. But I wish Mr. Periaswami Thooran had sung the songs himself—that would have added a personal zest to the talk—or else had obtained the services of someone who could sing them appealingly.

I realise that a review is not hot news. Fundamentally it is of an opposite character, it is a reflective looking back, a critical looking back—not quick statement of that which has just happened, where the happening is everything.

But will A. I. R., Madras, realise that a review is not stale news, either? This is what their 'Sports Reviews' have been, and I must say that even among them it would be hard to find one to beat Mr. V. Pattabhiraman's review (broadcast on the night of June 26, I think) for sheer crammed restatements from yesterday's newspapers, the day-before-yesterday's, and last week's. A. I. R. would also do well to consider the handling of their sports broadcasts by people who are specialists in particular sports, rather than presentation in the current medley style.

What lies back of the tensions in South Africa? Here is a realistic analysis by Manas. The real forces in South Africa, says Manas, are "the forces of" prejudice, fear and self-righteousness."

SOUTH AFRICAN REALITIES

THERE are five more or less distinct cultural communities in South Africa. (1) the "descendants of the original Boer settlers; (2) people of British origin; (3) native Africans; (4) the "Coloureds" (people of mixed African and European blood); and (5) Indians. At present, political power is in the hands of the National Party, which represents the traditional Boer attitude toward the racial question—one of uncompromising white supremacy, with scarcely concealed contempt for any other viewpoint, together with a feeling of being supported by the religion of their pioneer fore-fathers—the Calvinism of the Dutch Reformed Church.

The tensions in South Africa have grown out of the struggle for survival of the non-European racial groups, which number about ten million people in all, in contrast to the two and half million Caucasians. The great majority of white citizens of the Union of South Africa live under a cloud of constant fear that the non-whites will gain power, and in consequence of this feeling have either supported or refused to oppose legislation oppressive to the native Africans, Coloureds, and Indians. In the Cape Province, for example, where English influence prevailed, Africans enjoyed citizenship rights on a relatively equal basis with other segments of the population from 1854 to 1936—the year when they were deprived of the vote during the regime of Prime Minister Smuts. Since gaining power in 1948, the National Party, headed by Dr. D. F. Malan, has written into law measures designed to wipe out entirely the political rights of the non-white population. The response of the Africans and Coloureds to these laws has been well described by John Hatch in *The Dilemma of South Africa* (Dobson, London, 1952):

It is an axiom of any democratic society that the law must be formulated and approved, not just by a bare ma-

jority of the people, but by the vast majority, if it is to be valid. Unless the people feel that they are participating in the law-making, confidence in the equity of law will always be absent. When the people know or believe that regulations are being made without consultation, or against their desires, such regulations cease to be law and become tyranny.

This is precisely the situation which has arisen in South Africa. Whatever the solution may be, the fact is that nearly ten million out of twelve million inhabitants know that they have no control or influence over the political institutions and the laws which are passed. They, therefore, regard the law as invalid and its officers as tyrants, and where possible avoid or break it with a feeling of virtue. In this situation it is not simply the present holders of office who are brought into disrepute, but the very conception of law itself. In the same way, the cynicism and disrespect which is felt for the present parliamentary institutions, because of the fact that they represent only a small minority of the population, is cast upon, not only the parliamentarians of today, but upon the institution of Parliament itself. A nation which suffers from the evils of disrespect for the law and cynicism for its political institutions is undermined at its very foundations.

The present government of South Africa has, in short, created a revolutionary situation, and what is remarkable about the South African scene is not the occasional disturbances expressive of non-European distrust of government, but the moderation that has been shown by peoples who have known little but injustice throughout their entire lives. For example, the resistance movement sponsored by the African National Congress, which began in June of 1952, is a *nonviolent* Campaign Against the Unjust Laws. At the outset the Congress called for 10,000 volunteers to demonstrate against the laws segregating the races from one another, by disciplined violation of these measures. By November of last year, more than 7,000 Africans had been arrested, with thousands more

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of volunteers ready to take their place. The riots reported in the press, despite the claims of the Nationalist Government, were not provoked by the nonviolent defence programme, but in almost every case by the aggressive action of the South African police. Commenting on the defiance of the laws requiring segregation of the Africans, Manilal Gandhi, son of M. K. Gandhi, said last October: "I am simply amazed at the non-violent spirit and the discipline the Africans in the present struggle are showing. No one had dreamt that they could keep so calm, cool, and collected. Father's spirit seems to be watching over and guiding them."

It is notable that at the trials of African and Indian leaders of the Campaign in both Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth, witnesses for the prosecution admitted that the Campaign was conducted in a disciplined manner, that it was not aimed at the Europeans, but at unjust laws, and that it was a peaceful protest without any encouragement or suggestion of violence. In Port Elizabeth, after listening to a preparatory examination, a magistrate refused to indict the accused persons on a charge of incitement to public violence. He said that the evidence presented satisfied him that the campaign was peaceful and nonviolent.

The Port Elizabeth riots which occurred soon after this hearing resulted in the death of a number of Africans, all shot by the police. An investigator (using the pseudonym, "Harry S. Warner") reports that several Europeans were killed by rioting Africans, some of them real friends of the Africans, causing dismay among Europeans and Africans alike. As to the origin of the riots, Warner explains that while Mr. Swart, South African Minister of Justice, blames the leaders of the Defiance Campaign for these outbreaks, the true facts are beginning to be known, being dug up mostly by lawyers engaged in defending individuals facing charges in connection with the riots. This investigator, "Warner," says in *Bulletin 9 of Americans for South African Resistance* (513 W. 168th St., New York 32, N. Y.):

They [the facts] reveal an appalling state of affairs: that the police on the direct instigation of Mr. Swart, their Minister of Justice, have been firing on the slightest provocation, killing innocent people, stirring up riots by indiscriminate shooting, then justifying the shooting as being necessary to put down the riots. These are grave accusations, but they are made with a realization of their gravity; the evidence leaves little doubt that they are true.

In support of this contention, Warner offers a series of quotations from the public statements of the Minister of Justice:

Nov. 2: "The Police have instructions to take drastic action where there is a threat of a clash between Europeans and Non-Europeans. They will strike when necessary and they will shoot when necessary. So-called innocent bystanders should get out of the way when there are signs of trouble . . . The organizers of the Defiance Campaign should heed this warning."

Nov. 15: "I have instructed Police Officers not to wait until their men are killed or wounded in riots before they fire. They have been told to shoot first."

Aug. 6: "If the Police go beyond their powers in isolated cases, they should not be condemned in view of their difficult task. It is just too bad if people get hurt."

Sept. 19: "Only the police can save South Africa from chaos."

Warner concludes his report by calling attention to the fact that the Government refuses to allow responsible African leaders to remain in leadership of their communities, denying them permission to attend "any gathering." As one of these leaders said: "The Government are putting the Tsotsis [youthful slum-bred gangsters] in the leadership of the African people." Warner comments:

This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. There are other signs that the Government do not wish a responsible leadership to develop. In the Western Native Areas of Johannesburg, where a gang of hooligans have dispossessed two hundred law-abiding families, forcing them to live on an open square, no action whatever has been taken against the hooligans. It is the Government's policy to create as much unrest as possible and then to shoot down all signs of it. There is no other explanation for the events described . . . The Passive Resistance Campaign, peaceful, disciplined, and non-racial, was something it

could not handle by ordinary means. It has decided to convert it from a passive into a violent campaign.

THESE, then, are some of the disheartening realities of the struggle for power and the struggle for justice in South Africa. However, if one attempts to go beyond the surface of events, by reading carefully, say, Mr. Hatch's excellent book, the power struggle, while remaining to be considered, is gradually overshadowed by the psychological aspect of South African politics. The real forces behind the drive to wholly disenfranchise and control as an apolitical "mass" the non-white population of South Africa are the forces of prejudice, fear, and self-righteousness. In particular, the Nationalist community, inheritor of the Boer tradition, seems possessed by well-defined schizoid delusions. To begin with, the thinking of these people, or of many of them, at least, is unmistakably theocratic in character. In 1942, for example, a draft for the Constitution of a proposed South African Republic, published with the permission and authority of Dr. Malan (now Prime Minister of the Union), provided for the head of the State's president who would be "directly and only responsible to God, over and against the people, for his deeds in the fulfilment of his duties . . ." Something of the temper of the Afrikaners (descendants of the Boers) is conveyed by a statement concerning a secret organization which has played an important part in shaping the thinking of the National Party. "The Afrikaner Broederbond was born out of the deep conviction that the Afrikaner nation was planted in his country by the hand of God and is destined to continue to exist as a nation with its own character and own calling." There can be little doubt that many Nationalists would be delighted at an opportunity to drive out the English and to make South Africa over into an Afrikaner-ruled theocracy.

Already, by passage of the Group Areas Act and the Suppression of Communism Act, the South African Government has placed itself in a position to regulate, control, or imprison practically anyone of whom it may disapprove. The Group Areas

Act gives authority to declare a region restricted exclusively to either Africans, Coloureds, Indians, or Europeans, in furtherance of the declared policy of *Apartheid*, or separation of the races. Mr. Hatch reports interviews with Nationalist intellectuals who seemed honestly persuaded that complete separation of the races into separate areas—with sacrifices involved for all racial groups—would be the only just and workable solution of the racial problem. South African politicians, however, while using this argument in their loftier moments, undoubtedly recognize and on occasion plainly admit that there is little likelihood of the Europeans being willing to give up the advantages of African labour, on which much of the South African economy now depends. One cabinet minister Hatch talked to was disarmingly frank on this contradiction:

He (the cabinet minister) countered my question by saying that perhaps in three hundred years South Africa would be a coffee-coloured nation with complete equality for all its inhabitants, but that over such a period no one could forecast the future. He and his colleagues, he said, were concerned with the situation of the present generation, their children and grandchildren, and they saw the very grave dangers with which they were faced by the increasing numbers and demands of the Non-Europeans.

THE long-term "tolerance" of this minister, however, is somewhat marred by the fact that he belongs to a government which only lately passed a law prohibiting mixed marriages and made punishable by imprisonment any sexual relations between Europeans and non-Europeans. That there are already in South Africa more than a million off-spring of such unions did not, apparently, deter the legislators at all in this regard. "One almost gets the impression," Hatch comments, "that the enforcement by law of this rigid sexual separation comes from minds beset by a guilt complex." Administration of this law, he notes, has promoted a peculiarly revolting sort of police activity, resulting in a tremendous vulgarization of the whole social atmosphere of the country.

Under the Suppression of Communism Act, a communist is anyone

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who says he is a communist, or who is deemed by the Governor-General to be one, "on the ground that he is advocating, advising, defending or encouraging, or has at any time after the date of the commencement of this Act, advocated, advised, defended or encouraged the achievement of any of the objects of communism or any act or omission which is calculated to further the achievement of any such objects." Since "the encouragement of feelings of hostility between European and non-European races of the Union" in connection with aims of political, industrial, social or economic change is said to be evidence of Communism, it is quite clear that the South African authorities now possess the power to brand as a communist almost anyone at all, and to prosecute and punish him to the full extent of the law!

What permits men, many of whom are apparently quite sincere in their claim of high purposes, to acquire tyrannical power over other men by means which are utterly repugnant to those schooled in the liberal democratic tradition? It seems fairly clear that it is the sanction of Calvinist religion which lies at the root of Nationalist self-righteousness. As Hatch puts it, after describing how the nationalists broke their promise to the Coloured voters by attempting to take them off the electoral roll—"The God whom the members of the National Party worshipped was a God with two sets of subjects—the elite white man and the lesser beings, the descendants of Ham, cursed for eternity by a darker pigmentation."

RELIGIOUS motives, then, combined with fierce pride, and the obvious economic reasons, are back of the tensions in South Africa, and nothing, so far as we can see, will relieve those tensions short of the gradual processes of enlightenment growing out of a better and wiser religion—unless it be some terrible explosion of social forces, whether in Africa or elsewhere. Is it too much to say that medieval social conditions are the outcome of medieval religion?

SWATANTRA LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

IT WAS THE KOKIL

"I love parijata flowers," she said. "Have you ever observed this—this bloodred stem and these snow-white petals. For me this flower symbolises the tormented heart inside but a steady serenity outwardly."

THE other day I heard a kokil coo. It was not an illusion; around me, somewhere it was a real kokil that cooed.

It was early afternoon. The day burnt hot. From my room, upstairs in the office, I sat looking at the road. It was a great road of a great City, teeming, bustling with busy men; with racing motorcars rivaling the rainbow in their hues.

The sun belched fire. Somewhere a kokil cooed. Clearly, courageously, in a high pitch. At first I thought it to be the honk of a new type of motor-horn. Coo- coo-oooo! I listened attentively. It was the voice of a real living, kokil.

"Did you hear that, it's a kokil cooing," I said to my friend who was sitting near me.

"Kokil my foot, you are imagining things. A kokil in these surroundings! How absurd!"

I went into a reverie. Before me rose giants in concrete; stretched endless the macadamed roads. Civilised men like me were engaged in work, like robots. Surely a kokil in such a milieu struck a discordant note.

"What cheek?" I thought. "How boldly it coos!"

Learned men who ought to know say that different sounds and different smells evoke in us different memories. Such sounds and smells bring back the past vividly whether you like it or not, sometimes making you sad, sometimes making you glad, but always filling you with restlessness.

The coo of the kokil has always had the same effect on me. It kindled memories within me, unrolling reel after reel of episodes and experiences in my life, making me melancholy mad. But the saving grace is that we both live in a great metropolis, the kokil and I, very civilized, ever busy. So we haven't much time left for munching the cud

of the past or for sitting on the branches of trees and cooing.

*

YEARS ago.

The railway gods were so gracious and benign then that for a ludicrous sum of ten rupees they bestowed upon you a piece of pasteboard with which you could travel wherever you pleased. For fourteen days—for one full fortnight.

That summer, we bought two such

SHORT STORY

By

GORA SASTRI

tickets, Raja Rao and I (where is he now?) and started.

It was four in the evening. We were in a train going from somewhere to somewhere. It stopped at Kovvur, a wayside station. A dense shade was cast on the station platform by the surrounding trees. As soon as the train drew up, the first thing that attracted us was the din caused by the cooing of a thousand kokils—a noise that drowned all other noises—of vendors, of passengers, of porters, of trolleys moving over the cobble, of engines blowing smoke and steam.

We were sitting in a second class compartment. With the tickets we had we could only travel third, but then all the carriages of this stratum were packed like sardines, and as Raja Rao's courage was equal to the highest denomination in Indian currency, we barged into the second, like lords.

AMIDST the milling crowd on the platform a party of men and women was running frantically hither and thither. They reached our compartment and one of them, an old man, threw open the door and pushed inside three huge brass vessels whose mouths were tied over with yellow clothes.

"Don't you see, this is second class?" said Raja Rao.

"Maybe, maybe, my dear young man, after all a compartment should belong to some class," replied the ancient quietly, entering the compartment and arranging the vessels.

A girl of fifteen stood on the platform.

"Come in, my child," he said with the aplomb of one who possessed the entire network of railways in the country; "come in, there's no time to lose. You and I shall sit here. Why worry about others? Let them shift for themselves."

Hearing that pairs of hands hustled the girl into the compartment. The train began to move.

A *sanai* was playing on the station platform and as the train gathered speed, its music grew fainter and fainter in our ears, finally dying away.

ALL the while Raja Rao was playing the role of a passive spectator. He now got up. The imp in him was at work. He approached the old man and asked him gently, dripping courtesy:

"Babuji, returning from a marriage, I suppose?"

Babuji sat with absolute calm, lighting a cigar leisurely.

"Yes, young man. Did you say marriage? That's right. I've married off my daughter and am taking the party to my son-in-law's for the conventional three-day stay. You know our custom, I'm sure."

The girl sat demurely. The spotless white wedding saree shot with lace of gold she wore enhanced her girlish charm. On her brow shone the sacred *tilaka*. In complexion the lighter shade of dark the cast of her limbs was pleasing. Dressed in sacramental garments, she radiated an intangible brightness and purity. There was not the slightest trace in her of simulated shyness or fear. She beamed with joy and looked at everyone with a merry twinkle in her eye, as though she had swallowed a star.

"What's there in those vessels?" Raja Rao asked the old man.

"Oh, the vessels! Just sweetmeats. Like to taste some?" Then turning to his daughter: "Look here, dear child. Open the vessel and give some sweets to this young man," he said.

Raja Rao was an arch-diplomat. "No, no," he hastened to say, "please don't disturb the child. I've no taste for *laddus*. Moreover, you need them at the bridegroom's place."

The old man positively clucked with delight and taking a couple of *laddus* from his daughter's hands gave them to Raja Rao, saying:—

"Eat, young man, eat. Don't be shy. You are lucky for the opportunity of eating the wedding sweetmeats of my darling."

"Sure, Babuji. I always obey my elders."

The rocking motion of the train worked like a hundred soothing caresses on the sagging nerves of

Babuji, and slowly he began to nod his head, the cigar slipping out of his mouth. Eager to be of service Raja Rao spread a quilt for him in the upper berth and helped him to climb the perch. And it was then that he had a brainwave and whispered into my ears: "See, chum, why not the others in the compartment taste these sweetmeats too?"

The girl overheard the whisper and chuckled within herself.

WITH great deliberation Raja Rao approached the vessels that stood like sentinels to one another and brought out four *laddus*, golden, globes in miniature, heavy, seasoned with saffron and spice, and distributed them to the people around. And by and by his stature grew, he became another Sibi, the emperor who of old was celebrated for his illimitable bounty. As soon as the train stopped at any station and passengers entered the compartment he would welcome them with profuse smiles and bestow a *laddu* on everyone of them. The newcomers would look puzzled at first, then spotting the bride would understand and remark: "A wedding, surely."

"Yes, yes," said Raja Rao, "she's my sister, you know. Her marriage has just been celebrated and we are taking her to her husband's place."

Quietly, with a little smile on her face, the bride watched what was happening. She never protested, never said a word. More, she observed the whole thing with utter unconcern as if it were an event unrelated to her.

It was nine in the night when the train reached Bezwada. Babuji had been sleeping blissfully all the while. Poor man! He must have had many a wakeful night in the course of his darling's marriage.

On the platform were persons come to receive father and daughter. Sensing danger, Raja Rao opened the carriage door on the other side, lightly, discreetly, and slipping out with our meagre belongings we skirted the train and gained the station platform.

"Now, for the fun!" he exclaimed gleefully.

Babuji stood on the platform boiling with rage. Before him were the three vessels, empty, their mouths agape, as though proclaiming that all the world is a void. Facing them was the bride, the very soul of serenity.

"Three big vessels full of sweets!" shouted the old man. "All stolen. And what were you doing all the while, my girl, may I ask? Nothing, I suppose?"

"You know, father," replied she, "I did something."

"And what was that, pray?"

"I allowed everybody to take them. After all those sweets were meant for eating, father, and what does it matter who eats them?" She spoke with such grace and charity that the old man melted and said with tender affection:—

"All right, dear child, forget all about it. We shall have some sweets made again. Those were *your* wedding sweets and *you* distributed them as you pleased. My Lakshmi is so charitable that her hands are ever open to give." His heart swelled with aristocratic pride.

ELBOWING our way through the crowd Raja Rao and I walked out of the station. My friend looked chapfallen and noticing his expression I said:—

"Now, what do you say, Raja Rao? A mere slip of a girl defeated you in your own game and made you look very small. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Raja Rao, with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "The milk of human kindness overflows in her heart. And precisely for that she'll have to suffer. Take it from me life will not be kind to her."

"She may suffer," I remarked, "but she will never regret."

*

YEARS afterwards.

Raja Rao and I finished our collegiate education; it was the parting of our ways. The Hitler War was drawing to a close then, and seeing

life in various spheres I landed at last in Radhamohanpur in Orissa. One fine morning I alighted from the train with my hold-all and entered the village.

To call Radhamohanpur by the name of even a village is a calculated outrage. It was just a miserable railway colony, with a few shops and provision stores scattered around. I stepped into the railway canteen for a cup of tea. Presently a man of an uncertain age entered and sat by my side. After a pause of a couple of minutes he accosted me:—

"A stranger to this place, obviously."

"Yes," I replied. "I'm here on transfer, to the district office."

"My name is Ramakrishna. I also work in the same office. Which means we are to be colleagues. Where are you put up?"

"Nowhere at the moment. I've just come down to take over and then go back on leave. You see, I can stay here only if I am allotted quarters."

"Sorry," said my interlocutor, "I may straightway tell you there are no quarters vacant at present. Work is so heavy. That's why they got you down here."

THIS piece of news rattled me. No living place, no leave.

"How in the name of hell can a man stay here then?" I asked.

I would as well have asked the Almighty to give me an answer.

"Time to think of it," said Ramakrishna gently, smiling at my outburst; "I've a home, let us get down there first."

This man was an utter stranger to me, he didn't know me from Adam. Still he seemed to know one thing: that here was I, a poor mortal on this planet, alone helpless. And that was knowing quite a lot. Gratefully I followed him.

The railway colony looked poverty-stricken, but it was a pleasant poverty; natty little cottages aware of their humble height, clean roads laid out, flanked by *shrisha* trees. People from all corners of the coun-

try collected at this spot impelled by the need of bread, and so there was a spiritual affinity between them knit by the fraternal hands of penury.

WE reached the cottage and I saw a three-year old girl picking *parijata* flowers in the tiny front yard. She welcomed us with smiles. Entering the house, Ramakrishna called out:—

"Lakshmi, here's guest. Please let us have some coffee."

We sat in the verandah on two rickety chairs and talked about the tremendous trifles of officialdom. The coffee arrived. I looked up at the lady who brought it—steaming in two cups—and was struck with a strange bewilderment. The next moment I was overwhelmed with fear. A chill crept up my spine.

"Please," said my host, offering me a cup.

My auricular faculty had totally ceased to function. My head swam. I was dreadfully upset. I was at a loss to know why. I was in a trance. After coffee I had my bath and meals, and then I followed my colleague to the office. Like an automaton.

In the evening I went to the railway station straight from the office, resolved to spend the night there. I swallowed the poison from the refreshment bar—I didn't care to know what I was eating—and sat glumly in the waiting room. Clouds gathered overhead, a drizzle began ending in a deluge. It rained heavily for hours: in that part of the country the elements are always violent: freezing when cold, searing when hot—like the anger of our superiors.

Suddenly I saw Ramakrishna walking towards me in the drenching rain, holding an umbrella in one hand and a lantern in the other. Seeing me he heaved a sigh of great relief, and said:—

"Wherever had you been all this afternoon? I thought you would come home straight and was waiting for you. And here you are eluding

my search. Rise up, let us go home and have our food."

AS one who has been long in the dark sees the glory of the dawn and is struck dumb by it, I was tongue-tied at what Ramakrishna said, I could only stand silent, humble before so much gracefulness and goodwill. I followed him meekly, like a guilty man, drenched in the rain and in the rain of his affection. Lakshmi was standing on the threshold, smiling. Asking me in, she said:—

"You needn't have felt so shy. This place is a jungle and people like us need each other so much. We can't get along otherwise."

After meals the three of us sat in the verandah. And it was then that I broke the ice.

"Do you remember me?" I asked her, "and do you remember that incident in the train soon after your marriage?"

She broke into a peal of laughter. It was like silver bells tinkling, like summer jasmines blossoming.

"Yes, I do remember it vividly," she replied, "you and your generous friend gave away three vessels of sweets. You were so charitable with other people's property. This morning, as soon as I saw you, I recollected the whole incident. As a matter of fact I told my husband about it."

"I was afraid so and precisely for that I hesitated to come again to your house. I am humbled."

Ramakrishna, intervening, said:— "It's a matter for pleasure, not regret. It isn't everybody who knows the joy of giving. It needs a good deal of inner harmony. And for that you must realize what suffering is."

Ramakrishna looked at his wife with such tenderness and affection, and then together they looked at me with no lessening of the same affection that I couldn't help recalling the famous verse of Kalidasa: *Vagartha viva sampriktau*. He was the Word and she, the Meaning.

NEXT morning when I rose up I saw her standing under the *parijata* tree, gathering flowers.

"For *puja*, I'm sure," I said.

"No," she answered, "I just like gathering them. I love *parijata* flowers. Have you ever observed this—this bloodred stem and these snow-white petals? For me this flower symbolises the tormented heart inside but a steady serenity outwardly."

I was amazed.

"You are talking poetry," I exclaimed. "Do you know there is a famous poem conveying that idea?"

"I don't know about that. I'm not much of an educated woman. To tell you the truth, I'm almost an illiterate." She sounded pathetic.

*

I STAYED in Radhamohanpur for two years. If ever I have to face my Creator and render an account of my life to Him the first thing I would tell Him with joy is my fruitful life in the company of Lakshmi and her husband. It doesn't matter if the rest of my life had been a waste. Those two years will remain immortal for me, so spacious, so precious, so cherished.

What was their particular greatness? What their special charm? I don't know how to answer these questions. They were just like any other ordinary couple, humble, poor, unknown.

Lakshmi's father died a year after her marriage. What little property he had was taken away by her elder sister and brother-in-law. Even the ornaments given to her on the auspicious occasion of her marriage were taken away by them.

When she came to live with her husband her parents-in-law received her coldly.

"So you've allowed your sister to rob you of your jewellery and property?" they asked.

"She didn't rob me," Lakshmi replied gently, "she asked me and I gave them to her."

"Suppose we ask you, would you give?"

"With pleasure."

Her parents-in-law were aghast at her behaviour.

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"What strange girl is this! What indifference to money! She isn't even angry with her sister who wronged her," they said to themselves. And their hostility towards her grew with the years. They shouted at her, they bullied her, and made her work like a chattel in their household. Her husband took pity on her and told her, one day:—
 "Lakshmi, they are very unfair to you. Why don't you stand up to them?"

She smiled and replied:—

"There's nothing to stand up to. What can I give them except a little rest by taking off their hands all domestic drudgery? Let me be at least useful to them that way."

*

AFTER a protracted struggle Ramakrishna got a job.

They set up their own home. Ramakrishna's father didn't lift a little finger to help them. On the other hand, he sent along with them his two youngest sons, enjoining Lakshmi to take care of them. He expected Lakshmi to raise a protest but not one word did she speak; she took the boys gladly with her as though they were a boon conferred upon her by her father-in-law. The old man was a frequent guest at her place, bringing with him his cronies at all odd hours of the day and night, but Lakshmi didn't consider anything in the nature of a nuisance; she welcomed them with a smile and cooked food for them.

It was this attitude of hers, silent, uncomplaining, that exasperated the old man. He would have liked her to show a little spirit—of revolt. But she was gentle as ever. He hated her for her gentleness. He would have been glad if she had broken down, wept, and appealed for his help. "What pride, what supreme ego has this girl!" he remarked.

Her sister and brother-in-law used to be her guests at very frequent intervals.

"Lakshmi, I like these two saris you've got. Such nice borders theirs. Shall I have them?" asked her sister. "Certainly," said Lakshmi.

Her husband's brother would come and ask:—

"I am in great troubles now. Shall I take your share of the produce this year?"

"Do, by all means," said Lakshmi.

In times of need all the women in the railway colony depended on her help and Lakshmi never let anyone down. She gave and gave and never wanted anything in return.

"What a proud woman, what supreme ego she has!" they said, and still took her help.

DURING those two memorable years I observed Lakshmi's life and learnt to admire her for her rare qualities. I stayed in her house with my wife and children for six months. She and her husband stood by us in all our needs and troubles.

Not a day passed without a stranger, a wayfarer claiming her hospitality. It was a wonder to me how she managed all this with her limited income.

Once I suggested to her:—

"You are running your home in a thriftless way. Times are hard. Why don't you at least demand of your sister what is yours by right? Don't you think it'll be helpful to you?"

"That which doesn't come to me in life with grace and love I wouldn't rather want it," she said.

*

I LEFT Radhamohanpur and arrived in the metropolitan City. In the beginning everything was strange to me, among other faces, other minds.

"All is rotten with our social order. It's crying for a change. We must join hands boldly and build a new society. Our sleeping race must wake up. Old patterns of thought and conduct must be chucked out," so my metropolitans declaimed to me. I was struck dumb by their grand words, their glorious wisdom. I felt humble as the humblest dust. I was fascinated by their brilliant intellect. They pooh-poohed things of the heart, soapy emotionalism. What counted in life was the brain. Everything old was dead, buried five

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fathoms beneath their own muck. Why talk of it? What mattered was the future. They hungered to know what was happening in every inch of the globe, every minute. And having known, what next? They did nothing, but prepared blueprints for a brave new world. Engaged for ever in such mighty activities they were too busy to offer even a cup of water to a friend who knocked at their doors.

*

BUT it is neither here nor there.

What had happened to Lakshmi? Nothing very important. Only her husband had died in a railroad accident. I've been trying since to go and see her once, but living as I do in a great City, engaged in great work, I've had no time to do it. Once or twice I mentioned it to my wife: "Poor Lakshmi. I don't know how she's faring. Why not we send her what little we can?"

[Rendered from the Original Telugu by Manjeri S. Isvaran]

THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER

M is the initial letter for words meaning Mother in many languages:—

	Rootword
Aryan	Ma
Sanskrit	Mata
Persian	Mader
Greek	Meter
Bulgarian	Mati
Russian	Mate
Latin	Mater
Port., Spanish, It.	Madre
Polish	Matka
German	Mutter
Flem., and Dutch	Moeder
Swedish and Danish	Moder
Icelandic	Modhir
Gaelic-Irish	Mathair
Provencal	Maire
Lithuanian	Mote

"In these hard days we haven't enough for ourselves in the way of food and clothing. How can we send her anything? God will temper the wind for the shorn lamb."

"I told Lakshmi's case to a gentleman once. He said:—

"Our social order must change. Till then such things will be."

Till then what to do? I don't know. It must be in the lap of the gods.

A few days ago, on her birthday, my wife received a small parcel along with a letter (which ran): "My humble present to you on your birthday."

"She hasn't a scrap for herself and she has the temerity to send this to me. What pride, what supreme ego!" cried my wife.

*

EVEN today, whenever I hear a kokil coo, my memory goes back to Lakshmi. Whenever I see *parijata* flowers I am reminded of Lakshmi.

Pep in Ad.

"Advertisement has entered an era of sensationalism that harkens back to the days of the boisterous Barnum. It is the day of the survival of the originalist. On this basis, the creators of advertising in publications are challenged to think up something that will make reading fans for magazine and newspaper advertisements as radio-programmes make listening-in fans."

CAN you see yourself using any other. (Kiwi bootpolish—it's so shining!)

No trouble brewing. (Coffee-filter ad. Coffee is so easy to brew.)

Looks like a comma, sounds like a sneeze. (Cashewnuts!)

It's love at first bite. (Nestle's Milk Chocolate.)

A sound mind in a sunned body. (Beach resort ad.)

Here's a brake for you. (United Motor Service. 'Break' means a 'Square Deal' or a good chance that you've been waiting for.)

Lee has changed the hatitude of the people. (Lee hats.)

A s-TEA-mulating drink. (Tea ad.)

Something to get eggs-ited about. (Mrs. Gross's Egg Noodles.)

Grime doesn't pay. (A. C. Spark Plugs: 'Crime'.)

Man overbored. (Mennen skin bracer.)

Gentlemen prefer bonds. (Bond's Whisky.)

More miles per gal. (Lady's shoes.)

Without the shadow of a stout. (Foundation underwear.)

The Gold Rush is on. (Kleenex—'Gold'.)

Time to retire. (Tyre ad. 're-tyre'.)

So—Souperior! (Soup ad.)

If it's good it's SNOW WONDER. (Face cream ad. 'It's no wonder'.)

Is life worth living? It depends on the liver. (Liver medicine ad.)

The sole survivor. (Shoe ad. picture of a tattered old shoe with the sole intact.)

A Variation: The Sole never dies. (Soul)

Pressing his suit. (Laundry ad. A girl is ironing a suit and her lover is pressing his suit.)

It's the finish that counts. (Paint ad.)

They never let you down. (Suspenders ad.)

This is the best case I ever tried. (Whisky ad. Picture of a Judge.)

R. RAMACHANDRAN

Booknews

Writers' Corner

THE United States Information Service, Madras, has established in its Library a special Writers' Corner. Herein are placed books about



Norman Cousins

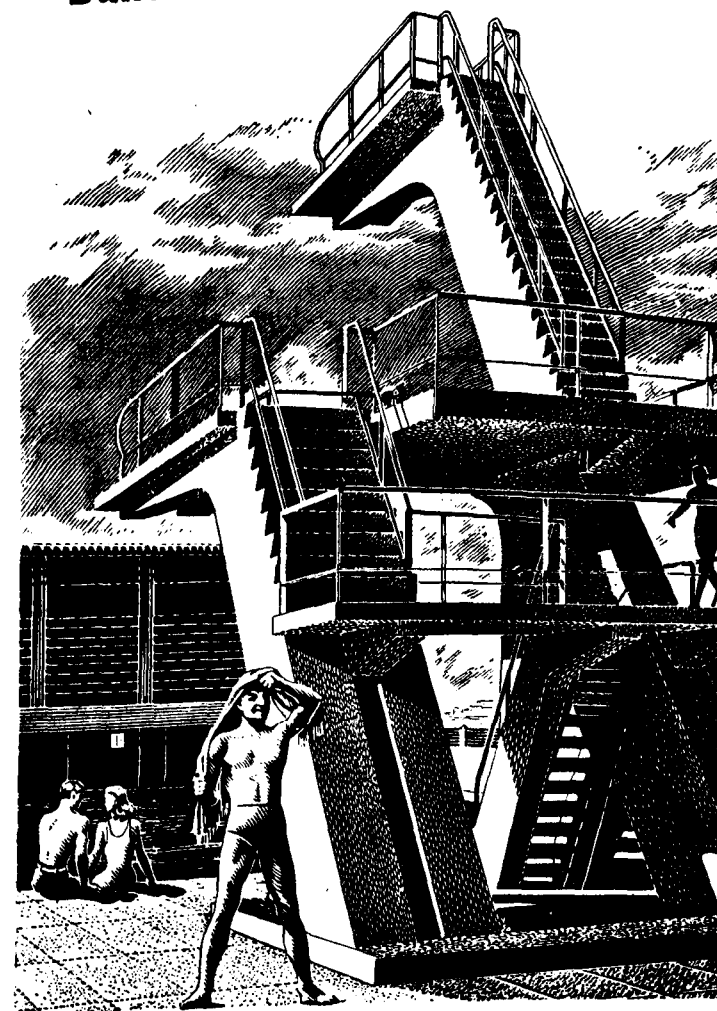
writers and writing by experts in the craft—nearly fifty titles—among them: *Theme and Variation in Short Story* by De Lancey and Others, *The Technique of Screenplay Writing* by Eugene Vale, *Writing For Love or Money*, edited by Norman Cousins. Good help and direction to those who have ambitions to become authors.

"Who Speaks for Man?"

When in January 1951, Norman Cousins, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the well-known American Weekly, came east on a lecture tour, of Ceylon, India, and Pakistan, I had occasion to meet him at Hotel Connemara and talk to him things literary. With the Editor of SWATANTRA he had an AIR interview; he addressed several meetings in the City, "stressing the need of a working partnership between the peoples of India and America for promoting world peace;" and among the many interesting points on which we discussed was the English medium of expression for the Indian writer, which he said, could be practised without detriment to one's mother-tongue—English alone unified the different Indian languages to present to the world a composite picture of the nation's literary scene—and

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what he ended saying is still fresh in my memory:—

"I've a great intellectual attachment to India and I wonder whether I've been influenced to a greater extent by any man than Mahatma Gandhi. I've my anchorage in Gandhi." Gandhi spoke for man.

The following is an extract from *Books of the Month* for May 1953, about Norman Cousins's latest book, *Who Speaks for Man?* published by the Macmillan Company, New York:

"Belonging to a nation, man has nations that can speak for him. Belonging to a religion, man has religions that can speak for him. Belonging to an economic and social order, man has economic or political orders that can speak for him. But belonging to the human race, man is without a spokesman."

So says Norman Cousins in this significant commentary on our time. He makes clear that such a spokesman for man is possible and that world citizenship can become a reality. Indeed, in many ways his book can be called a definition of hope for man, because it demonstrates the need, the reasonableness, the justice of a world organi-

zation capable of speaking for all men.

Seven years in the making, *Who Speaks for Man?* includes accounts of two visits to the Far East, with special emphasis upon Hiroshima, Japan and warring Korea; the story of a democratization survey in post-war Germany; the full report of a goodwill governmental mission in Ceylon, India, Pakistan; observation at Bikini during the atomic bomb explosions; visits to such history-making centres as Oak Ridge, the Berkeley cyclotron, the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Here is a big book—big in theme, in approach, in reader interest. Big in theme because it illuminates the central problems of our day. Big in approach because Norman Cousins shows an unusual sense of awareness to the basic reactions of many races to world issues. Big in reader interest because it is at once a significant commentary on our time and a vivid personal odyssey that has taken the author to the places where history has been most urgently in the making."

Norman Cousins made his reputation with *Modern Man is Obsolete*; the present book is his first for many years.

MITRA

ASHES TO ASHES

WE lighted his bed of logs, the flames leaped lapping him as he lay fullstretched, so still, himself a log; we sat apart watching awhile in silence, then talked of politics, dinners, tomorrow's races. Jackals howled in the dark background of the dimly crouching jungle. A mongrel strayed near us, lean and famished, his eyes glowing in the fire, and moaned a wail and slunk away. We talked. A burning log crashed down and with it fell a severed leg, smoking. I picked it up and threw it where the fire burned fiercest, and squatted again. A sick moon rose in the east, a cold wind fanned the flames; we hugged ourselves and shivered and drew closer to the fire. He was no longer where we had placed him, only his liver hissed and dripped; we beat it with sticks and shoved it where it was hottest—the last of him. The moon rose higher, jackals howled; we talked and smoked and shivered; the fire no longer leaped, it too was slowly dying, the last of him was gone. Warily we rose and poured pots of water wearily—his last ablution. His son gathered a few ashes and with a sob turned citywards. We followed thinking of our warm cosy beds. The jackals howled, and the lone moon shone o'er him where he lay scattered into ashes, and then was gathered up by the deepening gloom. That was the last we saw of him.

NANUBHAI R. DESAI

NEW BOOKS

LIONS AND SHADOWS An Education in the Twenties

By Christopher Isherwood

Methuen & Co., Ltd., London

9s 6d net

THE 'thirties in England marked the emergence of a group of poets, which also widened its activities through fiction, drama, and criticism,—young men all and friends and contemporaries at the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Chief among them were W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis (now Professor of Poetry at Oxford*), Louis MacNeice, and Stephen Spender. Popularly known as the Auden group—Auden's mind and personality towered over the rest, influencing mutually. It influenced too a number of brilliant prose writers of the generation, notably among them, Christopher Isherwood.

Born in 1904, in Cheshire, Isherwood was educated at Repton and Corpus Christi, Cambridge. He did tutoring for a time, then studied medicine at King's College, London, during 1928-29. Scattered in the pages of Stephen Spender's autobiography, *World Within World*, there are fine glimpses of him as man and as artist. Spender writes:

"Isherwood hated the dons for being divided between their academicism and the provincial gossip which is the social life of Oxford and Cambridge; the undergraduates for their snobishness and exclusiveness. The whole system was to him one which denied affection: and which was based largely on fear of sex. His hatred extended, though, beyond Oxford. It was for English middle-class life. He spoke of Germany as the country where all the obstructions and complexities of this life were cut through."

*For accepting this post John Heath-Stubbs, another young English poet, wrote thus, derisively, an Academic Ode for the induction of a professor, (or, a hope for poetry):

Awake, I say, Aeolian lyre, awake!
Awake, O Isis' lute, for Lewis' sake—
Which Lewis? He who wrote Poetic Image
Now makes the grade in the poetic scrimmage;
'Tis he, yes he, who fought for honest dreams,
Whose forehead's lit with academic gleams;
Abandoning his all-too-Marxist Leah,
He beds a well-endowed Rachel here,
Whose dowry is twelve hundred pounds a year:
She, who erstwhile her laureate favours gave,
Wooster, the fool, now honours Jeeves, the knave.

In 1930 Isherwood went to Berlin where he taught English and his stay here was rich in experience, heightening his sense of the marvelous and the ridiculous, of the tragic



Isherwood

and the fantastic. And the outcome of this extended experience and consciousness was the novel *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* (published in America as *The Last of Mr. Norris*), to be followed by six episodes of varying

length: A Berlin Diary (Autumn 1930), Sally Bowles, On Rubgen Island, The Nowaks, The Landauers, A Berlin Diary (Winter 1932-3), later collected under the title, *Goodbye to Berlin*—vivid pictures—authentic as history—of life as lived in the slums of the poor and the fabulous villas of the rich in pre-Hitler Germany. Originally planned as a “huge episodic novel,”—“a panorama of Berlin life” in the five years before the Nazi rule of terror, Isherwood had intended these “loosely-connected sequence of diaries and sketches” to be called *The Lost*. But this ambitious work did not materialise. His other works in fiction include *All the Conspirators* (1928), *The Memorial* (1932), *Prater Violet* (1946). The first chapter of a novel in progress called *The World in the Evening* to be published by Random House, America, appeared in the First Issue of *New World Writing* (1952), (reviewed in *SWATANTRA* for June 13, 1953). He has collaborated with his friend Auden in the plays, *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, *The Ascent of F6*, and *On the Frontier*. Also he has done two travelogues; *Journey to A War* and *The Condor and the Cows*, the first again in collaboration with Auden, describing his visit to China and the Chinese front during the Japanese invasion; the second is an account of his journey in South America—a six months’ trip by bus, tram, car and lorry through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, to the Argentine. William Caskey, a photographer of genius and his friend accompanied Isherwood on the tour. *The Condor and The Cows* besides being an excellent travel-diary of colourful topographies is a record of a sensitive literary artist’s political and cultural impressions of the countries he visited—preserved in the amber of a simple, shining prose. As a devotee of Yoga he has translated the *Bhagavad-Gita* in joint authorship with Swami Prabhavananda. This is no place wherein to discuss the merits of the translation; suffice it to say, it is an indication of his fervour as a student of Vedanta. Shortly before World War II Isherwood migrated to the United States and became a citizen in 1946. There

was talk, bitter antagonistic talk in England, that he and Auden wouldn’t come to any good in their new home after their desertion of the “ancestral cabbage patch.” But they have been productive wonderfully (artists with stamina create wheresoever they are, whatsoever the time, for great art like fate is inevitable), the one in technical virtuosity and content of major poetry, the other in scenarios and first-rate descriptive writing. In 1949 Isherwood was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters in America. This organisation restricts its membership to 200 citizens “whose works are likely to achieve a permanent place in American culture.”

Lions and Shadows was first published by The Hogarth Press in 1938; exactly a decade and a half after appears this reissue from Methuen’s. “I had better start by saying what this book is not,” so Isherwood addresses the reader; “it is not in the ordinary journalistic sense of the word, an autobiography; it contains no ‘revelations;’ it is never ‘indiscreet;’ it is not even entirely ‘true.’ Sub-titled *An Education in the Twenties*, it explains its purpose:

“A young man living at a certain period in a certain European country, is subjected to a certain kind of environment, certain stimuli, certain influences. That the young man happens to be myself is only of secondary importance: in making observations of this sort everyone must be his own guinea-pig.”

Isherwood would like the book to be read as a novel for he has used a “novelist’s licence in describing my incidents and drawing my characters.” All his powers of observation, description, dramatisation, speeding up of dialogue, caricature, evocation of scene and atmosphere, his wit and irony and compassionate objectivity that went to the making of the Berlin stories are used here in such prismatic spurts and glances that one might not be wrong to characterise fact, when moderately embellished, as a charming storyteller.

Starting at a public school *Lions and Shadows* goes on to Cambridge where Isherwood and his friend “Chalmers” had remained wholly exclusive, living in either of their rooms,

in their fantasy world yclept ‘Mortmere,’ and where when it was time for him to take his tripos Isherwood, bent upon being sent down, answered all the questions in sonnets and limericks and blank verse, alternated with prose in the style of *Punch*. Here are two examples:—

While asked to discuss the political problems of the Doges in connection with the Crusades:

“One cannot be a missionary nowadays—as a class, they have been too much exposed; and, indeed, the demoralizing effect of having to wear boots in the tropics must be very serious. But the missionary monks did not wear boots; they wore sandals and fuzzy smocks that itched, and leather wallets . . .”

Examining the statement—Innocent the Third’s policy with regard to South Italy sowed a fatal crop for his successor. (It was a fine chance for him to be impudent, says Isherwood). Accordingly:

“1. It is difficult to say whether a ‘policy’ can sow a crop. Perhaps ‘sow’ is a dead metaphor, but ‘a fatal crop’—referring, of course, to that favourite myth of hack journalism, the Dragon’s Teeth—assuredly is not.

2. The warriors who sprang from the Dragon’s Teeth killed each other, not the onlookers. Therefore the metaphor fails utterly to apply to any conceivable combination of facts.

3. The statement is not true.

Altogether a delectable book of reminiscences, decked with bright little portraits of friends and colleagues—some of them celebrated men of letters today—*Lions and Shadows* gives off a flavour all its own and takes its distinguished place among such literary autobiographies as William Plomer’s *Double Lives* and Cyril Connolly’s (Palinurus’s) *The Unquiet Grave*.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Pick of Today’s Short Stories
(Third Series)

Selected, and With Introduction
By John Pudney
Oldhams Press, London
10s 6d net

THERE are more diseases than doctors; similarly, there are more short-story writers today than short

stories. I have not seen the first two Oldhams selections of *The Pick*; in this, the third of the series, there are twenty-nine stories and John Pudney, the well-known poet, novelist, and short-story writer leads with an introduction. As he was going to press, writes Pudney, he received the “elegantly worded broadside . . . bearing the challenging, elusive signature, *Never Again*.”

‘Have just finished your second series **PICK OF TODAY’S SHORT STORIES** and my reaction is that you should be kicked smartly in the teeth.

‘Most of these are well written I agree . . . but they are in such a miserable vein that the nett result is to make me feel sick in the stomach.

‘I shall avoid anything in the future bearing your name for it apparently hasn’t penetrated your thick skull that a story might be good . . . and cheerful.

‘Life for the past six years under Labour has been miserable enough without your unimaginative effort!’

Never Again is in no doubt about what he wants; most of the twenty-nine stories here are mediocre stuff. Pudney himself with his ‘Tunnel’ (selected by somebody else), Pamela Hansford Johnson (‘My Daughter-to-be’), John Symonds (‘The Disinherited’), and Angus Wilson (‘Who For Such Dainties’) save the volume from being an absolute flop.

The short story’s, like the sonnet’s, is no more a narrow plot of ground in authentic possession of the master-craftsman; it has become a veritable Tom Tiddler’s Ground into which dilettantes and writers *manque* dash headforemost, crying: “Look, we are here, picking up gold, picking up silver.” By heavens, what dross!

The late Edward J. O’Brien was about the best critic of the short story; his anthologies of ‘best short stories’ that appeared regularly year after year (starting in the twenties and going well up to the thirties) added to the golden treasury of the short fiction. His knowledge of the British, American, colonial and continental short story was thorough; and his yearbooks of the best story offered as appendix to his annual collections were masterpieces of informativeness both from the creative and the critical aspects: listing the names of

authors as well as articles on short story. Every writer, known and unknown, regarded his death with a keen sense of personal loss; there have been other anthologies of stories since, but none has reached the O'Brien level for variety and catholicity. O'Brien never wrote a short story in his life; perhaps that was the secret of his success as a connoisseur. John Pudney, on the other hand, is an expert story-writer himself; and if, as he says, the main purpose of a collection is "unashamedly to entertain," he has deliberately shut his eye to quality; whereas the critical in O'Brien touched the creative, the creative in Pudney is content to remain tolerant. Hence he cannot call his anthologies Picks. They are just Randoms.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

TAMIL

Manicka Veenai and Other Stories

By Swaminatha Atreyan

Lalitha Mahal, South Main Street, Tanjore

Re. 1-8as

SWAMINATHA ATREYAN belongs to the front rank of the younger writers who were inspired by the *Manikkodi* group, the *avante-garde* of Tamil literary renaissance. The stories in this small collection include a series of short sketches depicting the attempts of an educated girl to devise a new design for living. The progress of her experiments with what amounts to companionate marriage are followed with anxiety by the wife of the narrator who steals the show as a living character. The author does a lot of tight-rope walking in his treatment of the girl who thinks she is handling her affairs successfully while, in fact, she is subconsciously making desperate attempts to fight frustration. Her

Whatever the motive immediately pushing the mind or the vital, if there is a true seeking for the Divine in the being, it must lead eventually to the realization of the Divine. The Soul within has always the inherent (ahaituki) yearning for the Divine; the hetu or special motive is simply an impulsion used by it to get the mind and the vital to follow the inner urge. If the mind and the vital can feel and accept the Soul's sheer love for the Divine for His own sake, then the sadhana gets its full power and many difficulties disappear; but even if they do not, they will get what they seek after in the Divine and through it they will come to realize, even to pass beyond the limit of the original desire.

AUROBINDO GHOSE

reformation and return to reality, when it is almost too late, is narrated with much delicacy and insight into human psychology. The maturity of outlook evidenced in the style of narration is refreshing and is a welcome factor in modern Tamil writing which is in danger of being caught in a morass of pseudo-sex psychology. The author has successfully dealt with the attitude of an intellectual to sex without ever bringing in the flesh as a device.

In this as in the other story *Layam* which is in the nature of a quest for harmony, the author revels in a language of his own which, though rich enough for the emotional expressions, tends to obscure even the obvious at times. The apparent maladjustment of an *ashram* couple, set against the background of our ancient way of living when *rishis* were the custodians of knowledge, is worked out to its poignant conclusion. The author's erudition and familiarity with musical fundamentals stand him in good stead in this piece. The tail-piece which also serves as the title of the collection etches in beautiful tones an episode in Kalidasa's life when he composed the immortal opening lines of *Syamala Dandakam*.

Atreyan has an engaging way of talking in the common language but in poetic moods—that is why his description of even commonplace incidents assumes artistic mould. The book is a valuable addition to good story telling. But the reader has a right to demand that the author shows more eagerness in sharing his delights with him. As it is, Atreyan is too happy in his own perception. It will help him to remember that there is a listener to his stories.

P. G. S.

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

DOES a good cinema make a difference in collections of a picture? This is an oft-discussed question in film circles; it has come to the fore again with the opening of a new air-conditioned theatre in Bombay, viz., **NAAZ**.

Without belittling the merits of any picture, it has to be admitted that the theatre makes an appreciable difference. Indeed, almost all the pictures which have been so far released at Liberty have fared better at this theatre than they have at any other theatre in or outside Bombay.

Of course the theatre by itself cannot draw crowds; but it does help to draw more crowds and thus enhance the box-office receipts. It has been often found that the share that producers get from Liberty is equal to the share that they get from the entire circuit. In fact, while release at other theatres seldom brings any profits at all, release at Liberty and now Naaz ensures certain profits for the producer, though the rental of both these theatres is higher than any other picture-house in Bombay. Indeed, if the picture is good, almost the entire cost of the picture can be recovered from the share of such a theatre.

So, in these slump days we require not only good pictures but good picture houses. If we had two hundred theatres like Liberty and Naaz exhibiting Indian pictures in key cities, the returns of Indian pictures would show a marked improvement. As it is we have only two theatres in Bombay, none in Delhi or any other big centre of the North; and perhaps two or three theatres in Calcutta. Improve the theatres and naturally the pictures would also improve and so would the collections. That is the obvious inference one can draw from the overwhelm-

ing popularity of Liberty and Naaz in Bombay.

Picture of the Week

AFTER seeing *Ek Nazar* and *Parbat* I had almost lost all hopes about O. P. Dutta. Hence perhaps I found his latest directorial vehicle *Malkin* produced by Ram Kamlani for Gope Productions an agreeable surprise.

Malkin is a rather utopian but nevertheless interesting social story registering the faith in goodness of man. But for one person, a capitalist, who wants to buy a building where the poor people reside, to demolish it and build a new one for the rich gentry, every character in the picture is essentially good. In fact, barring the Malkin's daughter, they are too good to be human. They appear to be angels residing on earth.

The greatest angel is the landlady, the Malkin, played by Durga Khote. Her tenants include Rotiwala, Dudhwala, Jutewala and such people. Some of them are unable to pay rent; some of them are starving. Instead of turning them out the landlady helps them by giving money to one man and rice to another. She has not got the heart to turn them out.

Manju, the Malkin's daughter, feels that, thanks to the kindness of her mother, she is being denied the pleasures of life. Though they own a big building, they have no car, no radiogram and in fact no modern comforts. So the glamour-struck, luxury-loving Manju, is happy to give one room to car-owner Bihari; and though she loves Sharat, a happy-go-lucky youth, she falls prey to the machinations of Bihari, so much so that she is prepared to sell the building and even slaps her mother who dies of shock.

The conversion of Manju to humanism forms the climax of *Malkin*. It is brought about in a most touching manner. When she announces her final decision to sell the building, the tenants who are about to leave call her to their meeting not to persuade her against her decision but to give her a parting gift. It is when she sees that the poor people have sold their life's savings to buy a

radiogram for her that her heart melts and she realises her duty to them and drives out Bihari for good.

It is the conflict raging in Manju's mind between her desires and her duty, between Sharat and Bihari, that provides the dramatic core for the whole film. The only defect of the otherwise sensible and interesting story is that it never shakes you or rises to a crescendo of an epic or a saga. Even the climax is in a minor key and the defeat of Bihari is unimpressive. In fact the whole story right from the first train sequence is set in a minor key and that is why though there are several good passages in the film, the picture never rises to greatness.

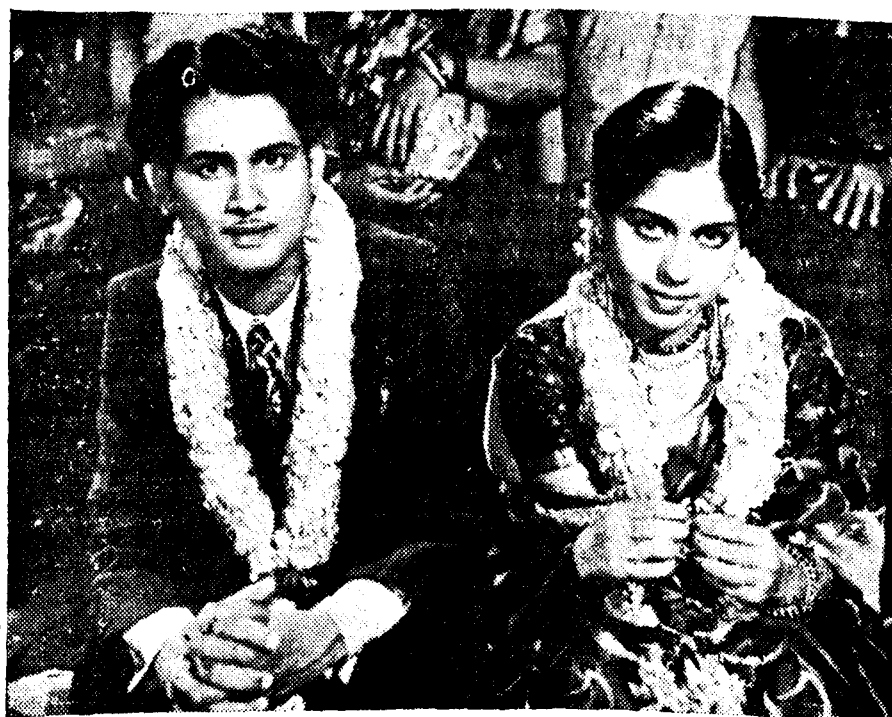
Within these limitations of the screenplay *Malkin* is a good picture. The direction by O. P. Dutta is competent and sympathetic; the photography is just good while the recording is uneven, especially the recording of songs. Though a couple of Quavali tunes are pleasant, the musical score is mediocre. Apparently Roshan seems to have lost

his form completely.

The acting is good throughout. Gope as Rotiwala and Yakub as Dudhwala turn in lovable portrayals. Durga Khote is superb as Malkin and Nutan enacts her rather difficult role of Manju with perfect understanding. Sajjan overacts as usual while Pran with his new hair-do, Purnima and Raj Mehra acquit themselves most creditably. The dialogue by Agha Jani illustrates the theme and enlivens the story. *Malkin* thus is a more sensible, refreshing and better than average film.

Personality of the Week

AT last in *Malkin* O. P. Dutta has given his first good picture. It has taken almost ten years for him to make the grade. O. P. Dutta is a 'discovery' if that word can be used at all of D. D. Kashyap. He started his career as a scenarist and assistant director with D. D. Kashyap when he made *Chand* for Prabhat. As long as he was with Kashyap, together they were responsible for a series of successful hits like *Nargis*,



Narasimha Rao and Janaki in Society Pictures' *Prapancham* (Telugu)



Comedian Ramamurthi and Comedienne Kanakam in *Prapancham*

Aaj Ki Raat, Pyar Ki Jeet and *Bari Bahen*.

Then the two separated O. P. made *Hamari Manzil*, *Ek Nazar* and *Parbat*, all flops at the box office; his 'guru' Kashyap did not fare any better as is evident from the fate of his four pictures including *Kamal ke Phool*, *Do Sitare*, *Aaram* and *Badnam*. The Kashyap formula on which both tried to cash in has been flopping consistently.

In *Malkin* O. P. Dutta has departed from that formula and at once achieved success. The success this time may not be as spectacular as that of *Pyar ki Jeet*; but it is more solid since, while music was mainly responsible for the success of *Pyar ki Jeet*, it is the story and direction of O. P. Dutta that distinguished *Malkin*.

Tall, fair and now rather plumpish O. P. Dutta is quite a jolly Punjabi youth who mostly prefers to move in his own group. If you meet him, he looks rather easy-going and slow, though he can and does work fast. After about ten years of luck and misfortune, just when his entire career was jeopardized, he has come

out with a picture which would ensure for him a better future.

Knowing him as I do for the last so many years I feel that if he does not go after formulas and sticks to new ideas like *Malkin*, he would go a long way.

News of the Week

ON 7th July 53 Chetan Anand will start the shooting of Navketan's *Taxi Driver* with Dev Anand in the title role. The picture will be completed in four months and efforts will be made to release it before Guru Dutt's *BMT 112*.

Suraiya has been signed by Filmistan to play the lead in Nandlal Jaswantlal's directorial vehicle.

Metro will be the first theatre in India to install wide-screen.

Rahi, K. A. Abbas' picture about tea plantations, is likely to be shown both in Soviet Union and China.

Meena Kumari and Bharat Bhushan are the most sought after stars today. Each of them has at least a dozen contracts. In addition they are expected to appear in Bharat Bhushan's independent production expected to go on sets soon.

THE STORY OF THE ROSENBERGS

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Julius and Ethel Rosenberg did not start out to be atom spies.

This pair of East Side New Yorkers, rather frail physically, bookish but not particularly intelligent, began with socially acceptable goals somewhat beyond their reach.

Ethel wanted to be a singer, operatic if possible, night club if necessary; she lacked the physical appearance, charm and voice for either role. Julius was destined in youth to be a rabbi, though he had no real religious calling.

Out of frustration, idealism and to some extent self-interest, for reasons inherent in their social background as well as their psychological make-up, Ethel and Julius were converted as adolescents to Communism.

As Communists, they repudiated their families, non-party friends, their neighbourhood, their religion and their country. They went through three stages, never looking back.

First they were outer-party members, full of the noisy flobdubbery of petition-signing, resolution-presenting, circular-distributing, oratory propaganda and recruitment.

Next, they were inner-party members, showing by their acts that in the interests of power they could stomach contact with and direction from the Russians who give surreptitious guidance to the more important Stalinist causes all over the world.

Finally, they went underground, faceless figures in the international conspiracy which underlies the pretense of reformism made by the party in each country. By this time, they had no minds of their own, in a political sense, their automatism reached right into those stark final hours to the death house at Sing Sing.

In a professional sense, Julius and

Ethel Rosenberg were not good spies, though they channelled an enormous quantity of valuable military information into Soviet hands, and helped greatly to build up, and by their final silence, to protect the Soviet espionage network in the U. S. The Rosenbergs were not even well paid for turning over to a hostile power details of the trigger heart of the third, or Nagasaki, atom bomb, the proximity fuse and other secrets. True, they received money enough for a maid, when associates had no maids money enough for summer vacations when others like them had no vacations. They received wrist watches, fancy tables with photographic attachments and decorations showing the appreciation of their Soviet bosses. Essentially frightened and insecure, the Rosenberg couple drew most comfort perhaps from the very ruthlessness of the movement into which they had insinuated themselves. Falling in the only commercial venture of his life, an Eastside machine shop, after the war, Julius used to say airily to his brother-in-law, David Greenglass, that failure wouldn't matter too much. He could always get \$10,000 a year or so from the apparatus, he said, for some cover of his real activities. Of the two, Ethel Rosenberg was the elder in years, in party experience and ideological toughness.

They were born a few blocks from each other in the East Side slums. Ethel on September 28, 1915 and Julius on May 12, 1918.

Harry Rosenberg, Julius' father, was a union operator in woman's clothing, who brought home a comparatively good wage, dominated his family and had considerable standing in the community.

An extremely patriotic man, like many other immigrants, Harry Rosenberg used to give lectures on American history and government

to the family after dinner. He was determined to make his oldest son a rabbi, so Julius dutifully attended Hebrew school, the downtown Island Torah, at the same time he studied at PS 96, and then the Hebrew High School on East Broadway, after hours at Seward Park High School.

Harry Rosenberg still spoke Yiddish in the family circle. He prided himself on his openmindedness, but he had trouble meeting the sweeping new ideas which his son absorbed from the depression ferment.

When Julius announced his refusal to become a rabbi, and entered the School of Technology at City College in June, 1934, one month after his 16th birthday, his father's heart came close to breaking. Furious family debate widened the gulf between them.

Both of Julius's parents came from Russia. So did Barnet Greenglass, father of Ethel, but Ethel's mother, Tessie Greenglass, was an immigrant from Austria.

Ethel, small, sallow and darkhaired, was graduated from high school at the age of 15. She went to work as a clerk. She tried professional singing on the side, without success. She also thought of herself as a poet, though she wrote with no particular distinction.

As a stenographer, in 1934, Ethel joined the Communist Party, thereafter focusing all her energies on party work. It was through the party that she met Rosenberg when he was still a CCNY student, backing American Student Union and Young Communist League causes to the detriment of his studies. Barnet Greenglass was a hard-working machinist, specializing in the repair of Singer sewing machines in a ground floor shop at 64 Sheriff Street, where the family lived. He left important family decisions to his wife Tessie, a woman of character and determination.

One such decision involved David, Ethel's younger brother by seven years. Julius and Ethel were courting at the time. Their courtship consisted largely in Ethel typing out Julius' lessons of an evening, while Julius tried to enlighten David, a

large, good natured boy on the advantages of the Russian form of government.

Julius brought presents for David, an apple one evening and a chemistry set another. Invariably, he left Communist tracts behind. When David wanted to burn these in the center stove which provided the only heat in the \$20 a month coldwater flat, Ethel objected furiously and appealed to her mother. Mrs. Greenglass, whose ability to read English was faulty, ruled that anything written must not be destroyed, so the tracts hung around the place with an implied parental approval which they did not possess.

In 1937, when Julius was graduated from City College, 79th in a class of 85, and he and Ethel got married, David Greenglass joined the Young Communist League as a sort of wedding present.

Julius Rosenberg held down one or two piddling electrical engineering jobs while he evolved into a functionary with the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians (CIO), which the Communist Party had shaped as a spearhead in the scientific field.

In the fall of 1940, Julius got himself a Federal job as civilian junior engineer at the Brooklyn supply office of the Signal Corps, but he continued FAECT work as chief of its strategic federal civil service committee, covering all members who were government employees.

Julius had weak eyes, a tendency towards hay fever and recurrent strep throat. Ethel suffered from the age of 13 with a spinal curvature which forced her periodically to bed. She also had low blood pressure. Despite these physical handicaps, the pair kept up with the endless round of Communist meetings and causes, even after their first child, Michael, was born on March 10, 1943. A couple of years later they had another son, who, like Michael, tended to be disturbed and ailing, perhaps partly because of the intense family activity.

Russian espionage networks in the U. S. had lapsed to a great degree, early in the war. In 1943, how-

ever, the Soviet Union decided to use its Comintern register of all Communist and fellow-travelling scientists to keep pace with the solution of atomic mysteries.

AS a man who gravitated naturally toward the center of power, Julius Rosenberg had been recommending himself to Soviet officials for some time. He began spying as early as 1944, without abandoning his almost open Communist work as a FAECT functionary. Early in 1945, Julius was dropped from the Army because investigators had stumbled across an old application of his for transfer from one party branch to another. He was not suspected a spy. When he went to work for Emerson Radio, which knew him as a former government inspector he did not hesitate to work out one noon with data on the proximity fuse in a brief case.

Julius Rosenberg gradually utilized the whole FAECT setup to contact various scientists in government and private jobs involving war production. One fairly successful approach was that Russia, as an ally, was entitled to such information.

David Greenglass, Julius' brother-in-law, had landed at Los Alamos as a technical sergeant, working in one of the three super-secret machine shops fashioning the atom bomb. By financial inducements, which made it possible for David's wife Ruth to live in Albuquerque, where David could come week-ends, and by arguments of various kinds, Julius and Ethel persuaded David to tap the limited but invaluable information within his reach.

By the end of the war David was regretting what he had done. Julius and Ethel continued to tend the espionage net.

The Rosenberg net began to unravel in 1950. In February Klaus Fuchs told British counter-intelligence that he had turned over atomic secrets to U. S. agents in New

Mexico, New York and Massachusetts.

In June, Harry Gold, a courier who had serviced Fuchs as well as Greenglass, was arrested, and decided to confess. David Greenglass and his wife Ruth told their story in full when the FBI caught up with them.

The Rosenbergs, Julius and Ethel, went on trial in the spring of 1951, with Morton Sobell, who had been one of the ring's more active informants.

Julius had been a talent-spotter for the Soviet ring. He had been a recruiter of spies, and a courier, and a spy on occasion himself. When the ring was threatened, he had distributed upward of \$50,000 in escape money to Greenglass, who took the money but did not flee, and others.

The evidence was overwhelming against Julius, and against his wife. They admitted everything in the government's case—up to the point of incrimination. Then they entered lame but determined denials. The one or two minor witnesses called by them did the defense more damage than benefit, and Sobell called no defense witnesses at all.

ALL three were found guilty by the jury, which needed only brief deliberation to reach a verdict against the Rosenbergs, and longer as to Sobell.

On April 5, 1951, Sobell was sentenced to 30 years in prison. The Rosenbergs were condemned to death.

Ever since then, the A spy couple participated fully in every twist and turn of the propaganda campaign of the Communists to stir up anti U. S. sentiment throughout the world.

One effect of the campaign, perhaps, was to make it impossible for the Rosenbergs themselves to repent at the last minute and unravel fully the atomic espionage net in which they held such a central spot.

And so they died.

FARMER AND FOX

A Farmer who had a deadly hatred against a certain Fox caught him and tied some tow to his tail; then carrying him to the center of his own grain-field, he set the tow on fire and let the animal go.

"Akas!" said the Farmer, seeing the result; "if that grain had not been heavily insured I might have had to disassemble my hatred of the Fox."

"A Fantastic Fable"—AMBROSE BIERCE

CRISIS IN INDO-CHINA

By T. V. G. PAL

ONCE again Indo-China is in the news. The sea-saw battle which has been going on there for years, reached a new pitch of intensity during the last month in the lightning Viet Minh incursion on Laos State, and this has created a new complicating factor in the settlement of the Far East problem. The danger involved in the situation is accentuated by the dramatic departure* of the King of Cambodia from his royal palace to Bangkok, capital of Siam, on Monday, "to draw world attention to the Cambodian people's pacific aspirations and their firm determination to secure real independence."

Cambodia, the southernmost of the three associated States of French Indo-China, has been asking for a status within the French Union comparable to that of India within the Commonwealth. The French Government refused to concede the demand in full, but made the concessions, (1) that the King of Cambodia shall be the Commander-in-Chief of the Cambodian army and (2) that the Cambodian Government shall have complete jurisdictional competence. But the fallacy of the French concessions lies in the fact that although the king has all the trapping of royalty and military command, he has very little power in the disposition of troops and the control of currency. As a matter of fact, these were the two points at issue in French-Cambodian negotiations, just before the departure of the King.

OBVIOUSLY, the King is not satisfied with these concessions, as he believes that he cannot rally his people round him in case a Viet Minh attack on the State materialises, and that he will not be able then to form an effective anti-Communist front. He is of the opinion that nothing short of the grant of immediate political independence would satisfy his people, and prevent them from falling victims to Viet

*The king has since returned.

Minh influence. Having failed to persuade the French to realise the gravity of the situation, and after being convinced that France is obdurate, and "would never grant independence to Cambodia," the King undertook the perilous mission of going abroad to enlist the support of democratic countries to his viewpoint, and to seek independence for his country through the United Nations. It is stated that the King would approach the Siamese Government with a request to submit the question to the United Nations, "because the problem of national independence is a problem concerning the peace and security of Indo-China and South-East Asia."

The defection of the King, who was till the other day one of the pampered vampires of the French Empire, is in itself, an irrefragable testimony to the shaky position of the imperialists in the State, and the growing discontent among the people at the devious processes of exploitation involved in the Colonial regime. The national movement in Cambodia is not an isolated affair, but is closely connected with those in the sister States of Viet Nam and Laos. The imbroglio in Indo-China is largely due to the mishandling of the situation by the French at various stages during the past few years with the result that there has been a positive revulsion among the people against foreign domination. As the British Labour leader, Mr. C. R. Attlee, has pertinently observed, the French Government has been slow in recognising the Nationalist movement. "There was a possibility at one time that things could have been settled. Dr. Ho Chi Minh might have been today Prime Minister in a part of French Indo-China just as other people with whom we disagreed in the past are Prime Ministers of British Commonwealth nations."

THESE remarks of the former British Prime Minister not only serve as a sad commentary on French

colonial policy, they also bring to light, in a nutshell, the history of the struggle for independence of the people of Indo-China. Situated in a pivotal position in the south-eastern corner of Asia, Annam, Cambodia, Tonkin, Laos, and Cochin China (States in Indo-China) were subjected by France, before the world war to a merciless system of Colonial rule and commercial exploitation hampering political and economic advancement in Indo-China, and promoting the interests of the metropolitan country. In 1938, due to pressure of circumstances largely resulting from the international situation, the French Government made a show of liberalism to win over nationalist opinion in Indo-China, but the nationalist leaders were chary and were not trapped. With the debacle of France in the war, the administration of Indo-China passed into the hands of Japan. It was during this period that the States of Annam, Tonkin and Cochin China were united into one State under the name of Viet Nam with Bao Dai as Emperor. The Viet Minh, the League of Independence for Viet Nam was also formed during this period (1949) by Dr. Ho Chi Minh. On the fall of Japan, Bao Dai abdicating it proclaimed Viet Nam a republic, and assumed power as a provisional Government.

On slowly re-establishing their authority with all the paraphernalia of a military machine, the French, however, mellowed by experience, realised that they could not regain their despotic sway over the Colony, and agreed to make some concessions. The De Gaulle Government in 1945 put forward the scheme of a federation of Indo-Chinese States within the French Union with the proviso that the conduct of external affairs should be the sole concern of the French Government. The Viet Nameese, on the other hand, wanted complete freedom within the French Union without any sort of reservation. No agreement could be arrived at as neither party was prepared to make any concession, with the result that Viet Minh Nationalists established themselves in the North, and began to direct a resistance move-

ment to the French from there. There were, subsequently, three or four attempts at compromise but nothing concrete materialised on account of the inelastic policy followed by the French. It is estimated that as a result of the long drawn-out war involving a huge waste of men and material, the Viet Minh at present controls more than two-thirds of Viet Nam State and more than one-third of Laos State. Cambodia has been free from such major upheavals till now though the sword of Damocles is suspended over it.

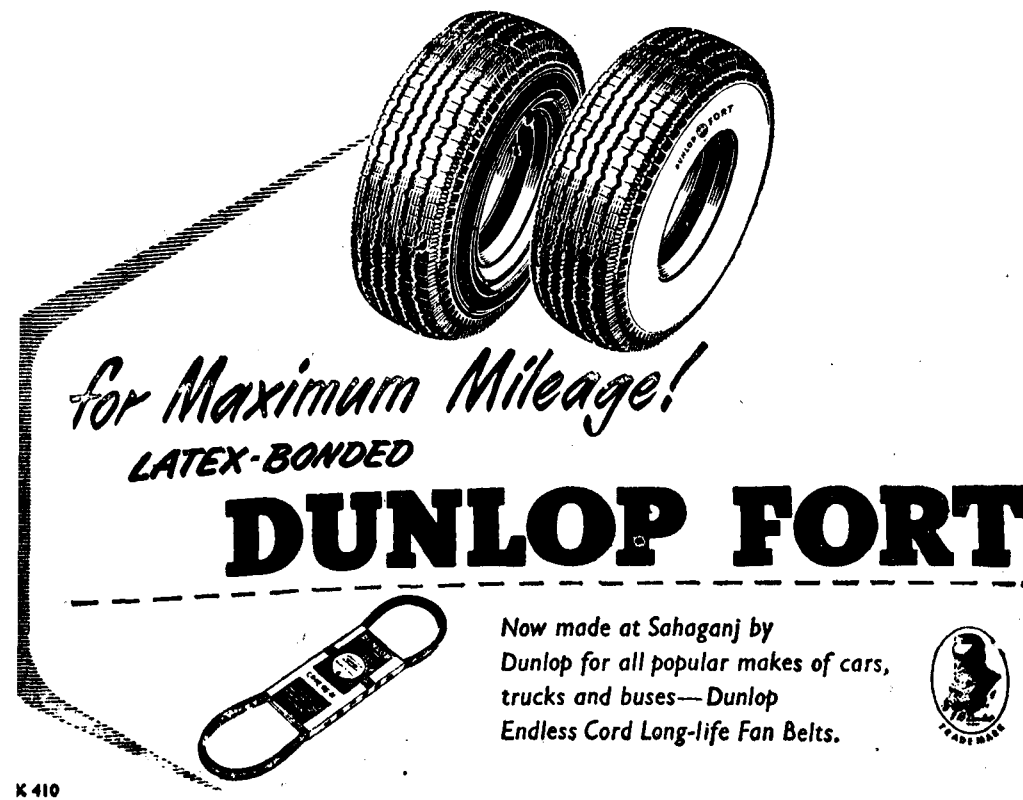
THE situation is thus one which has largely arisen because of the French refusal to accept the logic of facts. It is sometimes argued, rather glibly, by interested parties that Asian Nationalism is Communist-inspired. It is true that in the nationalist movements in Burma, Indonesia and Indo-China, Communists have played a leading part. But to summarily dismiss those movements as Communist-inspired on this basis is to be purblind to the facts of life, and ignore the currents of political and social awakenings that are welling up in resurgent Asia. The main question to be considered is whether nationalist policy in these countries is based on Marxist ideology or is it merely given a revolutionary form and labelled so by Communist leaders who are always ready to fish in troubled waters to further their political ends? Mr. A. H. MacDonald, of the University of Sidney, discussed this question from all angles in his recently published book on the problems of the Pacific and gives an illuminating analysis of the whole situation. He says that "the similarity of nationalist policy in South East Asian countries arises chiefly from the same feeling against Colonial rule, and the basically similar problems of agrarian reform in distorted peasant countries. A common faith in Marxism affects policy only in a greater common readiness to change the existing social structure. For the rest, whatever their political ideas, the nationalist leaders are largely bound to the discontents of the politically backward peasants. Asian nationalist

must, therefore, be studied from the social economic, and political, and not the ideological angle."

UNFORTUNATELY the French Government, after the war, has become a back number in world affairs, and has failed to realise that weapons of war will not be the proper remedy to deal with such situations. It has sought to persist in its policy of enlightened democracy at home and aggravated imperialism abroad. In Tunisia it has adopted a more rigorous policy which has resulted in intensifying anger and bitterness among the Arabs. To add insult to injury, the French delegates followed the example of South Africa and boycotted the U. N. Committee when the question was discussed. Nearer home, the French Government has sought to stick to their tiny isolated pockets even after the British had renounced their

empire. In South East Asia, the French policy is only helping to deliver the incipient national revolution into the control of Communists. As the chief correspondent of the *London Observer*, who cannot be accused of any pro-Communist proclivity, has rightly observed, the French, in this critical hour, are creating more Communists than they are killing.

The campaign against Communism, if it is to have any potent appeal to the masses, should receive a new meaning and impetus. The abolition of Colonialism, and the elimination of poverty are the best means of establishing peace in South-East Asia. The United States should realise this point and insist on the French adopting progressive tendencies in their attitude to the Associated States of Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia.



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SOVIET PEACE OVERTURES

By M. S. P.

RECENT Soviet moves have given rise to speculation in Western capitals whether they represent any real change in Russia's attitude to the outside world. Mr. Harold Wilson, former British Labour Minister, has expressed the view that the Russians were determined on peaceful co-existence with the West. But those at the helm of affairs in the democratic nations largely remain unconvinced of the sincerity of the leaders of world Communism when they declare that peaceful co-existence between the capitalist and Socialist systems is possible.

It is understandable that such statements should be viewed with caution, even with scepticism. For, it is difficult to believe that the Soviet Union had decided overnight to give up its ultimate goal of winning the world over to Communism. Curiously enough, though the high priests of Communism have time and again asserted that the Communist States and the democratic nations can peacefully co-exist, they have carefully avoided giving any clue as to whether they have abandoned the aim of Communising the world. There is, therefore, no reason to think that such statements are the outcome of any real change of heart or revision of principles.

If the rulers of Russia have really reconciled themselves to the peaceful co-existence of the two systems, it would be a contradiction of the very essence of Communism, it would mean their abandoning leadership of the world Communist movement, nay, proving traitorous to the workers' cause, to promote which had been their prime task hitherto.

This brings us to the question whether it is possible for the leader of world Communism to cease to believe in the dictum laid down by their prophet that the capitalist system carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. Can they give up their belief that an eventual conflict between the two systems is inevitable

and stop preparing for it? Furthermore, will Moscow discontinue the secret and open aid it has been giving to Communist parties the world over. In considering these issues, one must bear in mind the fact that the present leaders of Russia have grown up in the spirit of the teachings of Marx and Lenin and have so far considered it the task of the Soviet Communist Party and the Soviet Government to promote the cause of world revolution by all means at their disposal. There is no evidence to indicate that there has been any fundamental change in policy. The Communists have neither accepted nor offered—except in the case of Korea—any concrete proposals to solve any of the outstanding disputes with the democracies.

It is obvious that the primary aim of the Kremlin's peace moves is not to secure a settlement with the West but to sow seeds of dissension in the democratic camp. The prospects of permanent peace with Russia—that is what the offer of peaceful co-existence would amount to—would greatly strengthen the hands of Communists in Western Europe while placing the Governments in these countries in an embarrassing situation. Acceptance of Russia's offer would further strengthen the position of Communist Parties while rejection would offer an invaluable propaganda opening to them. The people in these nations are not likely to believe their leaders if they point out that like Hitler and Mussolini, the leaders of the Soviet Union are quick to give assurances and enter into treaties and quicker still in blatantly violating them. For, the Soviet Union has what Hitler's Germany had not—local spokesmen in every country.

This is not to say that the Soviet peace moves have been unwelcome. But the real motive behind the overtures for peace has not entirely been lost sight of. The re-armament programme is beginning to be a great

RELEASING THROUGHOUT SOUTH INDIA
ON 10TH JULY 1953



burden and many of these nations would like to relax a bit for various reasons. While they do not generally believe in the possibility of permanent peaceful co-existence, the prospect of a temporary respite has been most welcome. It is realised that one of the aims of the Soviet Union in making her overtures for peace is to make the West go slow with the re-armament programme. It is also realised that the Kremlin hopes to divide the democratic bloc on the issue whether defence efforts may be slowed down. But, to some Governments, the prospect of a lesser military burden is in the immediate future too attractive, though they understand that this can but be for a temporary period at the most. Some other nations, while welcoming the Communist peace offer, have declared that this will not in any way lead to relaxing their arms programmes. These countries have accepted the prospect of peaceful co-existence, but recognise that it is only a tem-

porary phase in Soviet policy, and want to be in a position to defend themselves at any time.

Can such a situation last for long? An armed peace is a most unstable peace. War may break out at the slightest provocation. Real peace would be possible only when the Western Powers are persuaded to believe that the Soviet Union is sincere in its declaration that peaceful co-existence is possible. But the West cannot believe that the Soviet Union means what it says, so long as the wall of secrecy is maintained. And where is the need for this secrecy if Russia has decided to give up its plans for a world revolution? The Iron Curtain will become meaningless if the rulers in the Kremlin have no intention of conquering the world for Communism and it is of this that they must convince the rest of mankind by lifting the barriers to intercourse between the peoples of the Communist bloc and the free world.

A JOB at the BBC

ERIC Simms's job with the BBC is one that every keen naturalist may envy. It is his duty to go out and about bird-watching all over Britain, particularly in Spring. Simms often works on a job for thirty-six hours at a time, not daring to go to sleep in case he misses some vital sound.

Simms has developed bird-watching to a fine art and is adept at putting his microphone very near a nest in such a position that it fails to distract the bird. He never uses a hide but prospects the territory, establishes himself and his recording apparatus, and where necessary the parabolic reflector for reflecting and magnifying sound from as much as six hundred yards away, and then settles down to wait, sometimes for many hours, during most of which he is virtually immobile. He has a number of sounds safely on record that very few ornithologists have ever heard before and in the course of his duties is finding out a great many

things about birds and their voices and habits that have not previously been noted.

Apart from recording birds' songs and call in the open Simms also goes to the Zoo to make recordings of caged birds and animals, not so easy a task as might appear for, although the creatures are close at hand and do not have to be stalked and then nursed back to quietude as they do in the wild state, it is difficult to record their voices owing to the presence of other noisy birds or animals in nearby cages.

There is never really an "off season" for the BBC's natural history expert for in the Spring there is the breeding season, with all species in full song, in the late Summer and Autumn comes migration, in the Winter there are visiting goose and ducks to attend to and records already made to be catalogued, processed and cut for length in the office, in which various stuffed birds are lying about. It is a job for the enthusiast and Simms willingly gives every spare moment to the work which is also his hobby.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Unfair Discrimination

Sir,—Commerce graduates of the Andhra University are admitted to the B. Ed. courses and they are permitted to take up special methods of teaching in English and social studies. These subjects are taught in all high schools. But the Government seemed to have recently advised the local bodies to entertain those trained commerce graduates only in high schools where bifurcated courses like secretarial practice are introduced, and not as regular assistants in subjects in which they are trained. Such a procedure is really a hardship for those commerce graduates who took up B. Ed. degree wasting money, time and labour. In these days of dearth of trained graduates in the Education department it is really unfortunate that a ban should be placed on B. Com. and B. Ed. graduates being entertained in all high schools. B. Sc. graduates are entertained in all high schools without any objection.

"A SUFFERER"

New Elementary Education Scheme

Sir,—There is nothing new in the new scheme of elementary education announced by the Government of Madras. It is the same old wine in a broken bottle. Though we had the Congress Party in office continuously and without a break we had the bad fortune of frequent changes in our educational system and our children were treated like guinea pigs. And our educational system and our children were at the mercy of the brain waves of the Education Minister in office. When Rajaji took the reins of office we thought our privations were over and we were expecting good things from him. But lo! he has confronted us with a most sinister scheme which will spoil the very future of our children.

Much has been made about the new scheme but nobody has bothered to find out the real motive behind it. We have not been given new schools. We have not been given better facilities and amenities. We have not been given better trained teachers. All that has been done is that the hours of work for the

children have been reduced from five to three per day and the hours of work for the teachers have been increased from five to six per day. Though the much harassed teacher has been asked to work more, his pay has not been increased. And we are called upon to hail the new scheme! No one is bothered about the pay and service conditions of the teachers. He is not allowed to undertake private tuition with the plea that his work in the school would thereby suffer. But whenever it suits the Government he is asked to work during the elections and work for taking census and his work in the school does not then suffer. Ramarajya indeed! It is rather unbecoming a Minister like Sri Subrahmaniam to say that though many teachers would be thrown out of employment it was desirable because the unfortunate teachers are poorly qualified and many elementary schools under the district boards cannot be called schools at all. I have seen one or two teachers handling five classes. And add to this the schools are poorly equipped. Is it the intention of the Government to close all these schools, just because they are poorly maintained. It is a pity that our Constitution does not give us the power to recall our representatives in the legislature and it is an unfortunate fact that no qualifications are prescribed for a Minister. To become even an elementary teacher there are certain qualifications prescribed, but to become a Minister, none. And we are dearly paying for it. And it is no wonder our Ministers can talk or do anything with impunity. Sri Subrahmanyam compares our position with those of the Western countries and tells us that men of high academic qualifications and experience are placed in charge of elementary schools there. Does he really expect men of high academic qualifications and experience to take charge of our so-called elementary schools. If he expects such highly qualified persons to work under the wretched conditions under which our present elementary teachers are working, he is only fooling himself. Our Government does nothing to improve the working conditions of the teachers and it gloats over it.

Let me take this opportunity to warn the public about the real purpose behind this scheme. Rajaji has quietly, and without making any fuss, doubled the elementary schools with a stroke of the pen. No new schools or teachers are needed, no increased expense, and with one stone he has killed two birds. He has saved much money to the Government and at the same time doubled the existing schools by his method. It is too much to expect children below ten years

either to help their parents or learn anything about the work in which they are engaged. And Rajaji knows it and he is putting forward that plea only to mislead us. If this new scheme is allowed to work I will not be surprised if the Government applies the same scheme to the high schools and colleges. Our Government, though run by Sarvodaya saints, has no money to start new schools and colleges and this so-called scheme has the potential danger of ruining our future generation.

I would like to congratulate Sri Kama-raj Nadar on his outspokenness when he said at Tuticorin that the new scheme is a veiled attempt to get over the financial difficulties of the Government, and thus unmasked the Government's real intentions. I would like to appeal to him to see that the new scheme is given a sound burial and thus save our children from ruin.

M. ANANTH BHAKTA
Manjeshwar

"Look Homeward, Angel!"

Sir,—The recent "western wind" that played havoc with the daily occupation—and even lives—of fishermen of the Madras coast, has, despite its ill-effects, done one great good. It has opened the eyes of the sedate Madras press and the still more sedate Madras public to the way "the other half of the world" calmly looks death in the face to eke out a living. It needed such a big tragedy—or near-tragedy—to wake up the somnolent!

We are now reminded that the fisher-folk of our kuppams, so near and so far away from us, are men of such heroic mould as figure in epics of naval daring. But it is a pity that despite avid longings to build up a navy big enough to meet the needs of our long coastline and a merchant fleet large enough to meet the needs of our coastal and foreign trade, we are not doing anything to encourage these born ocean-goers to take to modern ocean careers.

Here is an opportunity for sincere service-minded young men and social workers. Would it be too much to expect them to go down to the kuppams, mingle freely with the poor fisher-folk, kindle their views and help them improve their lot?

And, does not the Madras press owe a duty to these and other humble heroes? Should it not keep an alert watch and give us true reports of what is happening here, now, around our own selves? We are day in and day out regaled with details of life in other lands.

How about taking a look at our own kith and kin? And is it very difficult for our editors to encourage young aspirants to journalism to go round and dig up such stories locally? Shall I say to the press in general (twisting a recent popular title): "Look homeward, angel!"?

A. P. NABHA

Revival Of Classical Music

Sir,—Recently, Prof. Sambamurthy made a suggestion to popularise good music, particularly in villages. He wants tours of musicians in villages to be subsidised. Before the tours are undertaken I think we should have an idea of what kind of music would appeal to villagers. And we should not forget that film music has captured the hearts of some villagers. A beginning can be made with towns. Musicians who can teach should give two hours of their time either in the evening or night to instruct those who want to learn. Persons who are benefited with music knowledge in this manner can go out to villages only when the taste of villagers is thus cultivated should the tours by top-ranking musicians be encouraged and subsidised by the Government.

R. KASINATH.

Ramnad.

Protection Of Writers

Sir,—The amendment of the Copyright Act to minimise exploitation of authors, recently assured by the Government of India, should include protection of feature-writers against newspaper features syndicates. Some of these contrive to buy the copyright in features with or without the knowledge or previous consent of the writers. They usually pay fifty per cent of gross receipts but not all may inform writers of all journals in which articles are published.

Syndication curbs freedom of expression and lowers standard of writing in the demand for the most acceptable material by the greatest number of journals. Some syndicates have particular objectives in politics, but most have little more to commend themselves than sharing the proceeds of others' labour and making a whole-time living out of it.

Incidentally, most journals, unless there is an agreement to the contrary, continue payments at pre-war rates, even to professional writers who have no other source of income, when the cost of living has risen five times.

S. P. MISHRA.

Allahabad.

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.

A WILD CONCEPT

OUR Chief Minister has captured a good idea and given it wrong application. It is quite a sound assumption that manual labour deserves to be respected. His plan for bringing elementary education into some kind of relation with manual labour was therefore intrinsically desirable. But he imported a certain element of ruinous rashness into the plan when he put himself in the role of a liberator setting the children free from the prison of school for at least half of its daily duration. Once the school is envisaged as a prison, the very basic purpose of education is lost, and there is an end of the urge to improve the quality of education. This is an abnormality. This will have to be abandoned, and the Chief Minister will have to recover a normal mood with a proper respect for the opinions of the leaders of the teaching profession, before his guidance can be accepted as safe. His present attitude is dangerous socially and educationally, because it ignores the laborious lessons of research and the achievements of the contemporary world, and draws on his own vague cerebrations of the past, going back into half a century, as the ultimate repository of pedagogic wisdom.

DEPARTMENTAL officialdom has blessed the Chief Minister's scheme. It was bound in any event to refrain from opposing it by the obligations of discipline. Discipline is easily maintained when it is reinforced by full consciousness of the perils of violating it. Departmental endorsement of the C. R. scheme of elementary education is impressive as an exhibition of discipline, but useless as an indication of independent opinion. The Minister for Education, it must be conceded, stands in a different position from his staff in the matter of freedom of opinion. At least theoretically. But our particular Education Minister is so wholly lost in peripatetic exploits that he has scarcely any energy left for exercising the brain in discharge of the duties of his office. His peripatetic cover a vacuum; and into that vacuum the Chief Minister has stepped adroitly. The art of the propagandist has filled the air with the sound of many-sided accord in support of the Chief Minister's plan.

NOT all the wiles of propaganda could stifle, however, the authentic voice of the professional community of teachers in the State. They have risen in revolt demanding careful scrutiny before further hasty action is taken on the lines suggested by C. R. They are not opposed to any amount of recognition of the dignity of labour. But they sense ruin to the whole future of education in the Chief Minister's favourite envisagement of a school as the child's prison. This is a wild concept that is crudely offensive to teachers, and it is not surprising that it has provoked their resentment as probably no other scheme has ever done before.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Obsolete

IN a speech in the House of Lords Earl Winterton has assured Pandit Nehru that what happened in India will not happen in Africa, and that freedom will not be imposed on the Africans. This is one of those meaningless assurances that unbalanced politicians who have failed to attune themselves to modern times are fond of giving, and they indicate nothing beyond their own immersion in antiquated ways of thought that have become obsolete. No longer is the fate of nations a matter for private arrangement between individuals, however powerful they might imagine themselves to be. Even the mighty Mr. Churchill who made a spirited pledge that he would not sit idly witnessing the liquidation of the British Empire in India, had to acquiesce helplessly a very short while after in the very thing he had vowed to resist. Against the tides of revolution and the march of history the Wintertons of the world have no offensive or defensive means of protection. The world-wide sweep of huge mass movements for freedom, starting in Asia, will overtake continent after continent, leaving no section of mankind outside, and if international institutions like the United Nations have any lesson to teach, it is just this, that peace, freedom, health and prosperity are indivisible and must be enjoyed inclusively by the whole world or not at all. Lord Winterton seems inclined to blame on Pandit Nehru the killing or displacement of five million people in the Indian holocaust on the morrow of freedom. With evident chagrin he cries "Until the memory of that indelible stain on the great peninsula is removed by time Mr. Nehru should refrain from giving gratuitous advice to the British Government as to how to avoid trouble in Africa." The indelible

stain of the mass killing in India is an after-effect of the process of dehumanisation bound up with foreign rule, and but for the intervention of Mr. Nehru, the havoc and misery of the maddened people would have been much greater and of longer duration. Violence on a large scale is an inevitable adjunct of imperialist rule and exploitation, as the horrors of the British effort to suppress the insurgent Mau Mau movement in Africa go to prove even now. Love of freedom and humanitarianism go together. Lovers of freedom like Pandit Nehru cannot wait for invitations from imperialists before acting in the light of their own nature.

Friend Or Foe?

NONE would be more pleased than himself, says Professor Ranga in an interview, if and when the Central Government as well as the people of Telengana decided either to join Andhra and constitute Visalandhra or build up a separate Telengana State. It is a queer mental state that finds pleasure in mutually exclusive alternatives; and if Professor Ranga wants to be taken seriously, he must plump for the one or the other of them and not for both simultaneously. The charge of wishful thinking he lays upon advocates of Visalandhra is not as damaging as he seeks to make it out. All achievement starts as wishful thinking, and if there were no little of fulfilment, there would be very little of fulfilment. The demand for the Andhra State itself passed through its period of wishful thinking before it fructified as a realised objective. Faint hearts that do not dare to wish at all, daunted by the effort needed to convert the wish into a fact, may cavil at wishful thinking, but not a leader like Professor Ranga who has seen several

seemingly impossible dreams turned into miraculous realities within his own experience. To damage a cause on the score of the wishful thinking involved in it is not different from sabotaging it, and if Professor Ranga does not want Visalandhra, let him take his stand against it plainly as an opponent, instead of undermining it in the guise of a friend.

Facile Advice

SRI K. Rama Rao appears to have been in a rather sanguinary mood when he addressed the Gujarat Working Journalists' Conference as their President last week. "If", he said, "it is contended that the cost of production of newspapers would go up when the lot of working journalists is improved, then let it be resolved that such newspapers as cannot afford it be closed down." The advice to close down a newspaper is easy to give and costs the adviser nothing. To give effect to the advice is more difficult. Sometimes it is no easy matter to close down a newspaper and it goes on through sheer inability of the owner to find the money needed to wind it up. Supposing the money is somehow found and Sri Rama Rao's advice acted upon, will the lot of the working journalists, of which he is an outstanding guardian in the country, improve materially? Will the elimination of struggling papers that do not provide attractive economic opportunities to working journalists, improve their prospects or establish them in the employment market on more advantageous terms? The trade union spirit, wrongly assimilated, no doubt, has apparently landed Rama Rao in the unenviable position of conceding the right to live only to the prosperous papers capable of diffusing a fair measure of prosperity to the journalists employed by them. If his way is to prevail, a small number of survivors will flourish in affluence, but the larger number will have to perish professionally and seek avenues for living in other occupations, and the press magnates and the owners of the chain newspapers whose stranglehold on journalism is already so oppressive, will have their power and riches multiplied tenfold, if not indeed con-

verted into a veritable monopoly. Journalism which is too much of a blocked profession as it is, will become a completely closed one with the key to its entrance hidden securely in the pockets of the monopolists. It is to be doubted whether Sri Rama Rao's own paper, *The People*, will last for long under the test for the press prescribed by him. In another part of his speech he huris at the public the defiant threat, that if good newspapers are wanted, those who want them should pay for them. Quite admirable. Only, one or two stubborn facts militate against the validity of Sri Rama Rao's righteous wrath. Not all readers of papers buy them, nor is the bulk of paying readership the sole criterion of newspaper prosperity. The advertiser is the largest contributor still to newspaper finance, and between advertisers and newspaper owners there are wheels within wheels of manipulated interaction and mutual assistance not amenable to regulation on the basis of newspaper quality. For a long time to come, socially the most valuable section of the press in India will not be its most powerful section economically—and it will need the services of journalists with souls liberated from cash considerations.

Andhra Bill

CERTAIN provisions of the Andhra State Bill have elicited strong comment from that doughty champion of Andhra interests, Sri Tenneti Viswanatham. In a memorandum to the Prime Minister, of which he has favoured us with a copy, he has cited his objections to the Bill, chapter by chapter. The objection bearing on the allocation of the public debt in lieu of capital expenditure incurred on irrigation schemes, is particularly striking and compels attention by its reasonableness and the vigour of its logic. The proposal in the Bill is that the Andhra State should bear public debt in proportion to the capital expenditure on irrigation schemes incurred in its area. Sri Viswanatham points out that, for all its seeming reasonableness, this provision does not accord with the essential requisites of economic

equity. In the case of a scheme that has paid back its cost, to impose a further liability in the name of public debt is, he argues, the same thing as extracting double payment for the same debt. The Bill shows signs of hasty drafting mostly prejudicial to the economic and property interests of the new State, and if the equilibrium is to be restored in favour of a juster adjustment, it must undergo drastic revision mainly on the lines suggested by Sri Viswanatham.

American Aid

IN the foreign aid debate last week, the American Senate authorised an expenditure of 5,300 million dollars in the new fiscal year. This was a drastic cut from the original figure of 7,600 million proposed by Truman when President, later reduced to 5,800 million by President Eisenhower. Drastic as the cuts have been, they are not so significant quantitatively as for the quality of a new mood they indicate in the framers of American economic and foreign policies. These seem to feel that in its present form American foreign aid has outlived its usefulness. The new mood seems by no means confined to the Republican nationalists who formed the bulk of Eisenhower's supporters in the last elections. Democratic internationalists have fallen to it no less, not the least significant of them being the Democratic Senators Mansfield and Monroney who for a number of years have been the leading protagonists of the various American foreign aid programmes. It is not merely that the old advocates of foreign aid have begun to realise that it has exhausted its serviceability and started creating more hostility than friendship abroad; they have got into a state of nervous alarm about the country's economic unbalance, and are reluctant to impose further heavy strains on the American people in the world fight against Communism. Both the parties in America seem united now in a determination to end foreign aid, as it has been developed abroad hitherto, as early as possible.

Politics In Italy

AS a result of the recent elections, Signor de Gasperi is in a quandary. A coalition of Centre parties like the Christian Democrats, Liberals and Republicans no longer suffices. He needs the support of the Right Socialists too, but the Right Socialists are not willing to come in unless the Left Socialists as well are taken. A coalition with the Left Socialists might undermine the loyalty of a considerable section in his own party of Christian Democrats, and imperil, besides, the whole basis on which de Gasperi built up his politics, namely participation in the Atlantic Pact. On the other hand, the elements with whom de Gasperi is reluctant to combine are in no better position to command a majority without his aid. Altogether Italy seems set for a period of political instability.

Barren Nostrums

CONGRESS schemes for elimination of unemployment lack reality mainly because outmoded slogans have forced out intelligent thought. In their passion for rural vivification, Congress leaders speak and act as though the urban areas are not part of India. Serviceable means for increase of employment are deliberately ignored and vast sums are sunk in barren enterprises doomed to fail. The slogan "Back to the village" is preached as vociferously for the benefit of others as it is violated in practice systematically by those who preach it theoretically. In the sphere of industry, the desire for progress has built no collective mechanism of superior efficiency in production; though it is turned into a weapon of offence against organisers who in certain sectors happen to be the only promoters of beneficial constructive activity. The burden of overmuch aspiration has squeezed achievement out, and the most valuable and technically qualified sections of our population are condemned to rot in despair and frustration, with no suitable means for fruitful utilisation of their capacities.

Sotto Voce



CUP & BALL

A STUNT a day keeps the blues away. Is the crazy empire of claptrap being undermined by the Nadars and the Naickers? Then the Sybil must work overtime; and there is no surer way of inducing the prophetic mood than by recalling imaginary triumphs. Thus, if the new elementary education is making heavy weather, you are asked to remember that another coin from the same mint issued last year was widely denounced as counterfeit but has managed to remain current. It has: but it is worth about as much as was the German mark after the First War.

Oddly enough, decontrol was being punctured by our Premier even while he was asking the world to admire his prescience in having introduced it. Paddy prices have soared with that gigantic balloon of make-believe. Everybody was theoretically free to buy: it was a mere matter of detail, with which our embryo Welfare State could not concern itself, that the poor, for whom Ministerial hearts bleed, had no cash to buy. Their conscience salved by the dotting of the countryside with a few fair price shops for the sale of non-existent rice, the Narcissus-chorus slapped their chests and chanted, "Are we not fine fellows?"

And now the balloon shows unmistakable signs of sagging. The apostle of free trade has swooped down on traders' stocks and decreed that they shall be paid for at rather less than half the purchase price. Unjust? But when was Nature just? And what is C. R. if he is not an ele-

mental force? If the traders lose somebody else is sure to gain. When the traders were making their pile was not somebody else being bled through the nose? If in the long run it appears that everybody loses and nobody gains from such juggling, why, that is life! And meanwhile here's another pretty balloon gone up to distract the gaping crowd.

CHILDREN the world over have a hoary way of making peacock feather multiply by dividing up every bit into two and pretending they have discovered a new method of generation of species. Likewise the Madras Premier's latest brainwave is a plan for doubling the number of school children which is simplicity itself: halve the number of school-hours, make the teachers work two shifts, and there you are! It seems that now every school with five classes has just under two and a half teachers, which gives two classes per period to every teacher. "How can you expect the poor man to do justice to either?" ask our efficiency experts.

But they see nothing wrong in increasing the teacher's working hours by fifty per cent, though it is notorious that herding sheep on a hillside is a far easier job than keeping little children in class for three hours at a stretch. Now, the elementary school teacher is no superman. And starving on twenty-five rupees a month does not add to one's physical stamina. You may ask him to work twelve hours a day and he will be too listless to say 'no'. But while it

is quite easy for an experienced man to run two classes—say arithmetic and composition or dictation—simultaneously, outraged nature will make him impartially fall asleep both morning and evening if he has to drone the same set of lessons twice over.

THE brass band in attendance on the regime strikes up the merry tune of "The Children's Charter" to drown the feeble protests of the professional. The Fifth Freedom, you are to understand, is freedom from the teacher. The craftsmen who are to take them in hand, to make sturdy tool-using citizens of them, may be privately inclined to deal with them as did the knife-grinder with Benjamin Franklin. Finding the future statesman playing truant he let him delightedly work the wheel till all his knives were ground and then sent him away with a box on the ear saying, "You idle scamp, get away to school or I will skin you." But, being

a shrewd fellow, our artisan will take the Government's cash in silence, trusting to parental solicitude to keep the nuisance of buzzing school-boys to a minimum.

If the intention were to drive children away from school a more effective plan could not have been thought of. This caricature of the "Play Way" will take in neither gentle nor simple. There is a time for learning and a time for earning and there is no place for loafing in either. The *rishis*, whom our latter-day sage is fond of dragging in by their matted hair to testify to his infallibility, would have been vastly amused by a plan which hopes to double the number of semi-literates by making them quarter-literate and to *finish* their education by unloosing unemployed graduates upon them. "Dripta Baalaaki was not a patch on these politicians," you can hear them murmuring into their beards.

VIGHNESWARA

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There is so much to admire in Austria and the Austrian people that it is difficult to avoid superlative language in speaking of them, says V. K. Narasimham who has just returned from a visit to Eastern Europe.

AUSTRIA: LIBERATED, NOT FREE

By V. K. NARASIMHAM

"SO, you will be getting behind the Iron Curtain! Congratulations!"

This was how a friend of mine greeted me after he had learnt that I was going to visit Vienna to attend the Congress of the International



V. K. Narasimham

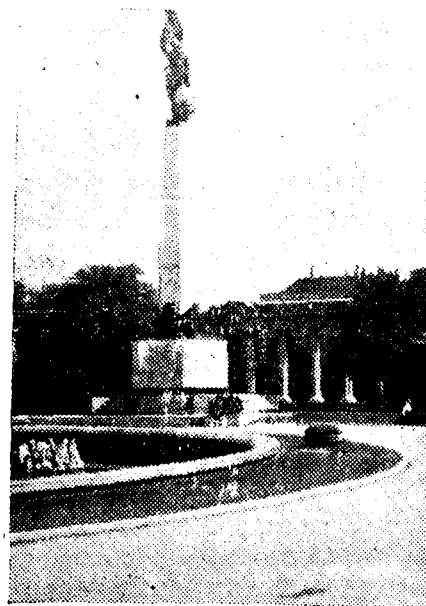
Chamber of Commerce. He knew that the Russians were in Vienna and in Eastern Austria and he naturally concluded that I would have to penetrate the Iron Curtain to reach the Russians.

My first pleasant discovery was that the Iron Curtain did not exist in Vienna. It is true that Vienna is divided into four zones, like Berlin, among the four Powers—America, Britain, France and the Soviet Union. But there is no sharp demarcation

line between East and West as in Berlin. Vienna is administered as one unit by its municipal government, which as in the pre-Hitler days is dominated by the Socialists. Austria as a whole is also divided into four zones, but here again the division marks the areas where the four Powers retain their troops, but the normal administration of the country is carried on by the Austrian Government. There are check points between the different zones where passports and identity papers are checked by the respective zonal authorities. Austrians generally are free to move throughout the country. Foreigners' passports are checked, but so far as I could judge people with proper visas issued by the Austrian authorities had no difficulty in moving throughout the country. American journalist friends of mine who toured the eastern Russian-occupied zone stated that they had not been subject to any special disability.

THE difference between Austria and Germany—despite the fact that they are both occupied by the Big Four Powers—consists in this: Austria is treated as a country which has been liberated from German yoke by the Allies, while Germany is a conquered country. The liberation of Austria was one of the war aims of the Allies proclaimed stridently in the Moscow Declaration of 1943. It is an irony of history that Austria, having been liberated from the Germans, should await liberation from her liberators! Agreement had been nearly reached on the terms of a peace treaty for Austria by the four Powers in March 1950, but before the

July 11 1953



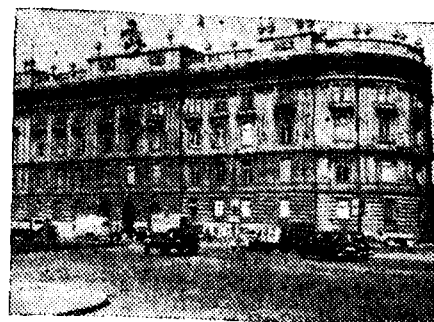
Monument to Russian entry into Austria

draft could be ratified the cold war between the West and the Soviet worsened and agreement has now become more difficult than ever. The three Western Powers drafted in March, 1952, a shorter draft treaty which eliminated all the elaborate clauses of the 1950 draft and sought to impose only one obligation on Austria, viz., that there should be no political or economic union between Austria and Germany. The three Western Powers have repeatedly invited the Soviet Union to discuss this draft but the response from the Soviet Union has been one unvarying negative. Unless there is a dramatic shift in policy in the Kremlin or the pressure of external events compels a radical change in Soviet policy, it is difficult to imagine an early agreement between the Western Powers and the Soviet over the terms of the restoration of Austrian independence and sovereignty.

Meanwhile, Austria has to bear the costs of occupation—which absorb nearly a third of her budget—and has to be a mute witness to the exploitation of her oil wells by the Russians. The oil wells are all in the eastern zone and, as during the days of the German occupation they were

worked by the Nazis as German concerns, Russia has taken them over under the terms of the Potsdam agreement as German assets abroad which could be utilised towards reparations from Germany. The Austrians were not a party to Potsdam and they are bitter about the way their most valuable mineral is being taken out of the country with little benefit to themselves. The Russians sell less than 40 percent of the oil they obtain from Austria to the Austrian Government for internal distribution, while the major portion is exported to Czechoslovakia and other "satellite" countries. Dr. Julius Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, told foreign pressmen that a most regrettable aspect of the Russian exploitation of the oil wells was its unscientific character. He said Austria's oil resources were perhaps the largest in Europe and if scientifically exploited, they could be made to yield for many decades. The Russian methods, he feared, might exhaust their utility in a short time. The present rate of Russian production is estimated at 4000 tons a day. (One informant told me that the present output was three million tons a year, compared to one million tons before the war.)

OF the four occupying Powers, America has been the most generous to the Austrians. The U. S. has not only borne the costs of occupation itself, but has extended assistance to the tune of over 500 million dollars under the Marshall Plan for the rehabilitation of the country. Marshall Aid has benefitted the Russian-occupied zone also and the



Headquarters of the Allied High Command in Vienna

July 11 1953

results can be seen in the modern equipment and new buildings which have been erected all over the country. Austrian production has outstripped the pre-war level and remarkable progress has been made in the development of the iron and steel industry and in the expansion of hydro-electric power production. Although to a tourist on holiday, Austria may seem a land of wine, women and song, it is, for its size, a well-developed industrial country, manufacturing a variety of heavy and light industrial products for foreign markets. I was told by the suave and efficient chief of the Indian Legation at Vienna that Indo-Austrian trade has been steadily expanding in recent years and that in 1952 it exceeded Rs. 3 crores. There is, he said, excellent scope for building up a larger two-way trade if Indian businessmen would venture to open offices in Vienna and explore all the possibilities. (I was interested to learn that a growing number of Indian students are coming to Austria for studying medicine or engineering.)

AUSTRIA'S internal politics are at the moment dominated by the single fact of the four-Power occupation. There are four parties in the Austrian Parliament all of which are agreed on the demand for the early restoration of Austrian independence. The present Austrian Government, headed by Dr. Raab, is a coalition of the two main parties—the Volkspartei (People's Party) of Dr. Raab and the Socialist Party, whose leader is Adolf Schaerf. Schaerf is also Vice-Chancellor (the equivalent of Deputy Prime Minister). The People's Party is Catholic, conservative and dominated by businessmen and rich farmers. The Socialist Party derives its strength mainly from the workers, who are well organised in their trade unions. But for the occupation, the uneasy coalition between two parties with such fundamental ideological differences would long ago have broken down. Once the occupation is ended, it is pretty certain that the coalition will be abandoned and there is every chance of the Socialists coming to



Austrian Parliament

power. In the two general elections that have been held since the war the socialists have been gaining in strength. In the elections in 1949 the People's Party captured 77 seats, the Socialists 67, the Party of Independents (a pro-Nazi and pro-German group) 16 and the People's Opposition Party (the name under which the Communist Party fought the elections) 5. In the elections held early this year, the respective strengths of the parties were: People's Party, 74, Socialists, 73; Party of Independents, 14; and People's Opposition, 4. Although the Socialists have one seat less in Parliament than the People's Party, they polled actually more votes than the P. P. I was told that Communists are not a serious force in Austria. The Russian occupation has not improved their chances. On the contrary, the Communists polled fewer votes in the Russian zone than elsewhere and in the country as a whole their strength is less than 5 per cent of the population. In foreign policy, while the Communists are pro-Russian and the People's Party is decidedly pro-Western, the Socialists would like to see Austria remain a neutral country like Switzerland building up a flourishing tourist trade for which the country has unique possibilities. The visible prosperity of Austria's neighbour, Switzerland, which has thriven on neutrality in two world wars, has an unmistakable lesson for Austria, which in many ways is similar to Switzerland. But Austria must first recover her sovereignty before she can experiment with a vigilant and armed neutralism between two power blocs.

NOW for a few personal impressions. A week's stay in Vienna and another week's hurried tour of parts of the country perhaps does not entitle one to speak in superlatives. And yet it is difficult to avoid such language when one finds so much to admire in the country and among the people. Within its small area of 34,000 square miles, Austria offers some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Its snowclad Alps, its beautiful lakes, the winding Blue Danube—the inspiration of an immortal song—and, above all, the gay and cultured people, who extend such a hearty welcome to every stranger, are for me an unforgettable experience. Vienna, like Paris at the other end, is a centre of art and culture. Its operas, concert houses and theatres are among the most famous in Europe. And having seen the "Rosenkavalier" and a German version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" presented to packed houses I can understand the supreme achievement on which that fame is based. The French wife of an American official at Vienna remarked to me at a party at the Indian Legation: "The Austrians are very nice, but they live too much in the past." The lady was apparently alluding to the nostalgic fondness of the Austrians to the achievements of the Habsburgs.

Fortune, Life, Time

HERE is an estimate of *Fortune*, *Life* and *Time*, the American Luce publications, from a BBC broadcast:

Fortune, the expensive Luce magazine for big business, is one of the rare places where you can read articles treating some phenomenon in detail (how a certain factory works or discoveries-in-harmones). Unfortunately, *Fortune's* articles mostly read like publicity brochures. That worship of fact and homely inquisitiveness that legend attributes to the American character seems to be disappearing in a growingly ideologised world. The Luce publications profit from the absence of true reporting by hiring men of talent to produce clever arrangements of synthetic or plastic 'facts'.

The monuments of the empire are all over Vienna and the long reign of Franz Joseph was associated with the initiation of numerous institutions which are superb accomplishments even today. The Habsburgs were great patrons of art and they endowed the art galleries in Vienna with some of the world's finest collections of paintings and tapestries. The Austrians can be excused if they look back upon the days of the empire as a glorious period. And who would not be touched by the story which a Capuchin priest told a party of students as he took them round the coffins of the Habsburg monarchs in a vault in the chapel of the Capuchin monks in Vienna? The Habsburg rulers, he said, had the Capuchin monks as their confessors and when they died their bodies were brought to the Capuchin monks for burial in their vault. The bearers of the royal coffin would knock at the door of the chapel and announce: "The Emperor of Austria has come." There would be no answer and the bearers would announce again: "The King of Bohemia has come." The doors would not open. The bearers would then announce: "A poor sinner has come to seek forgiveness for his sins." Only then would the doors open and the coffin be received within the vault.

Life purports to give a picture of ordinary life, which is really a series of carefully contrived, posed stills that proffer a depthless intimacy, like the advertisements showing a society hostess at home.

Time satisfies its readers' craving for reality by creating a pseudo-reality, the pretended inside knowledge which is really a kind of processing of facts garnered by researchers and interwoven with the opinions of *Time's* editors. And, aside from the slanting given a story on principle, the *Time* method itself, with its division of labour and anonymity, makes accuracy difficult. *Time's* account of an event is often bewilderingly different from the experience of anyone who was present on the scene.

T. R. VENKATARAMA SASTRIAR

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SRI T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar died full of years and honours; but if one has regard to his intellectual equipment which grew vaster as he grew older, and the terrific amount of work he had turned out down to the last minute of his existence, one is led to the conclusion that J. B. S. Haldane's dictum that 69 is the closing period of a man's achievements, has been falsified in his case; for Sastriar was 79 years too young. In the last period of his life, he had been the most prolific writer of our times, covering every topic under the sun, leaving no subject untouched and none unadorned. His latest on proselytization and his numerous articles on Kashmir and Sheikh Abdulla's policies show with what a minute and critical eye he was viewing every question of national importance. He it was who drew public attention to the desecration of Hindu temples in Travancore, and it was from his pen that a categorical refutation of certain tendentious assumptions about the Inam tenants, indulged in by a city businessmen, had issued forth.

Venkatarama Sastriar was a typical product of his age, and in many ways a prototype of his professional and political leaders, the late Sri P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer and the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastriar. Trained under such auspices, it was perhaps not unnatural that Venkatarama Sastriar should have crowded into the busy life of a lawyer, achievements of diverse kinds in diverse spheres. As a lawyer he was a Titan, massive in his appearance as well as in equipment who could marshal the most complicated facts in a few simple sentences and hold the judges captive by his stately diction and cogent reasoning, and who seldom pulverised the opponent or the judge but always gave the soft answer that turns away wrath. His legal acumen and skill were put to the best

use when he led the Inamdars' deputation to the Viceroy against the Inams legislation of the Justice Ministry; and he was personally responsible for inducing Lord Willingdon to veto the measure. In the closing years of his professional life, he was in demand for every type of litigation and it was a tribute to his ability that he, an out and out appellate side civil lawyer had invariably been engaged in all criminal trials and appeals in the State. When Sir John Simon at a Madras dinner pleaded for specialization in particular branches by lawyers, the then Chief Justice Sir Murray Coutts Trotter demurred to the suggestion, and he obviously had persons of Sastriar's stature in mind.

Venkatarama Sastriar, like his illustrious guru, had his groundings in youth in vedic education. Vedic phonetics and accent were responsible for both attaining a degree of perfection in the pronunciation of English words and phrases. Himself, the Rt. Hon'ble Sastriar and Sri P. S. Sivaswami Iyer were sticklers in that respect. When Venkatarama Sastriar presented himself before Sivaswami Iyer for being taken in as apprentice, the first test was to spell correctly "Sesame and Lillies" and to read a passage from the Bhagavatam. It was perhaps natural for him to scan the writing of lesser men and suggest corrections then and there. A cover to cover reader of *SWATANTRA*, he had done the present writer the honour of visiting him and expressing his reactions to certain articles of his. On one of those happy occasions, he spent nearly a half hour, unraveling the correct implications of the phrase "honoured more in the breach than in the observance," and he referred also to the views of certain English scholars whom he had consulted in England.

SASTRIAR was a profound Sanskrit scholar; and like many of his colleagues and forbears in the profession he had to expound nearly all

the legal treatises in that language for the enlightenment of English judges. His deep knowledge of the Smritis did not however prevent him from questioning their application to modern conditions. He was on the Hindu Law Reform Commission: and had he been nominated to Parliament, many of the ill conceived obstacles which still impede the Hindu Code Bill would have been liquidated.

IN his younger days Sastriar had drunk deep of the classics in both Sanskrit and English, and he had mentioned to the writer that he received the highest education from the works of Herbert Spencer, Huxley and J. S. Mill. Famous English magazines like Fortnightly Review and Nineteenth Century formed his staple diet. These provided the ground for much of his excellence as a writer of incomparable simplicity.

Sastriar's devotion to the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri was something remarkable and almost bordered on worship. In the latter's life time, he could be scarcely seen separated from him. He was one of the foremost members of the Liberal Party and had also been its President. As observed by an Irish Judge,

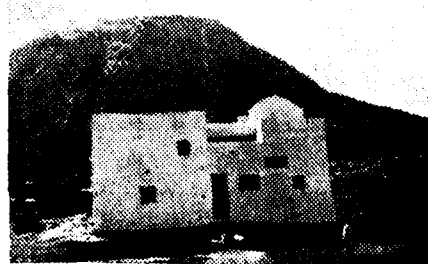
moderates are not useful for winning freedom, but are very much serviceable for keeping it intact. He has himself exemplified this. Apart from the fact that Indian Liberals were no less keen on maintaining the spirit of independence and self-respect than others, he had himself provided an instance by throwing up the much coveted Law Membership which at that time evoked praise from Pandit Motilal Nehru. In later years, he won the esteem of Sardar Patel, and that enabled him to have the ban on the R. S. S. removed.

Sastriar was nothing if not learned and his acumen and versatility would have paid him rich dividends, in the political sphere, had he been born in any other country. South India let him down, as it did many others; and he joins the galaxy of local celebrities on whom the Madras University did not choose to confer a doctorate and to whom it did not even assign the honour of delivering the convocation address. Withal, his learning and humility, his integrity and dignity will long be remembered; and young men and women of our time can do no better than copy his example and strive to attain his perfection, poise and equipment.

RURAL HOUSING: NEW DESIGN

THE frequent fire accidents, especially in our rural areas where thatched roof dwellings are a common feature, underline the pressing need for devising a simple, fire-proof model at low cost for rural housing. The new pattern of dwelling house designed and built by Dr. G. S. N. Murty with a Mysore Government grant at Nandi village in Mysore State seems to possess the requisite potentialities for supplying such a need.

The new model has a plinth area of 820 square feet and consists altogether of ten moderately sized rooms including two small upstairs rooms, kitchen and bath with an attached septic tank lavatory. Including its

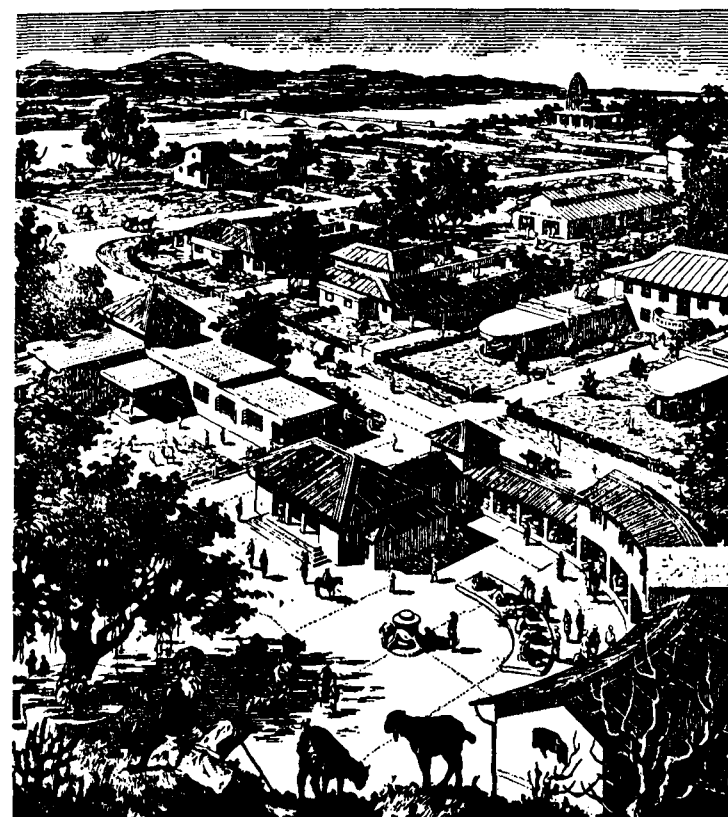


New Model House

arched roof, it is built entirely of unburnt brick and mud without any lime or cement plastering and without any supporting rafters or beams thus completely dispensing with any wood, steel, lime or cement for the roofing and walls. The outer surface of the roof and walls are given a water-proof coating made of locally

Concrete Shape

TO COMMUNITY PROJECTS



Community Projects are meant to raise the standard of living in our villages. Not only has agriculture to be improved, but better roads, houses, schools, dispensaries, etc. must be built. Cement is helping to

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available and very economic material for which Dr. Murty intends to obtain a patent. The house has been erected three years ago and so far has withstood weather conditions well. The cost incurred was just two rupees per square foot, which means a saving of some 50 to 60 per cent of the usual costs. It has a fairly neat appearance, and besides being fire and wind proof is also claimed to be practically 'repair-proof'. The rooms, however, are not more than nine feet in width, since, according to Dr. Murty, wider rooms may be attempted only after further experimentation.

The design has naturally attracted considerable public notice and not only articles about its simple design and technique appeared in the *Deccan Herald* and the *Mysore Gramabhyudaya* magazine but the house has also been visited by several eminent persons including State Ministers and a Central Minister. This model, it is learnt, has also attracted the notice of the Central Building Research Institute at Rourkee. Some engineers who have inspected it do not seem to have found any defects although it is gathered that they were of the opinion that further testing might be necessary, particularly regarding the efficacy of the water-proof coating since the enduring stability of the arched terrace depends mainly on the prevention of any water soaking and leakage. Dr. Murty, however, says that requisite testing can be easily carried out by storing water in a storage tank constructed on the ter-

race with the outer surface of the roof serving as the direct bottom of the tank; and that, besides the water-proof coating, the arch minimises the risk of water soaking by facilitating quick drainage of rain water over the sloped roof. He is confident that the house would last as long as, if not longer than, any conventionally constructed house would, provided the water-proof coating is periodically given and looked after with due care.

Mention may be made in this connection of the arched roof consisting of tubular clay tiles inserted in one another, designed by a Hyderabad engineer which too attracted public notice some time ago. Dr. Murty's model, however, appears to be simpler and less costly.

Ever since he was an inmate of the Wardha Ashram, for a period, years ago, Dr. Murty, actuated by the Gandhian ideals of an utterly simple but healthy and resourceful life, has been carrying on experiments in diverse fields such as dietetics, improved bee-hive and low cost, fire-proof dwelling house. In view of the general dearth of inventive talent in the country, Dr. Murty's zeal for practical experimentation in spheres to which he is a layman deserves congratulations and due encouragement. It is to be hoped that the potentialities of the new model would be further explored and, if found satisfactory, would be fully utilised in formulating new rural housing schemes, for instance, in the Community Development Project areas and the like.—D. V. R.

WOMEN:

Women always have some mental reservation.—Destouches

Women have too much imagination and sensitiveness to have much power of reasoning.
—Mme. du Deffand

Coquetry is woman's business.—J. J. Rousseau

Women are stoves covered in marble.—Charles Lemesle

Women are enthusiastic about everything they talk of, and enthusiasm makes one talk freely.—Fenelon

Women go further in love than most men, but men distance them in friendship.

—La Bruyere

A woman sometimes deceives her lover, but her friend, never.—Alfred Mercier

"RAISING THE STANDARD OF LIVING"

By "K"

I had been intrigued by the phrase, "raising the standard of living," often repeated on public platforms by professional politicians and amateur social workers. Does this mean that larger quantities of food and of better sort will be given to the common man? Does it mean that a larger quantity and a better type of raiment will be made available to him?

The urge to have the standard of living raised could never be there in persons of the lower rungs of the social order, unless it is created by those better placed. All reforms for improvement of the lot of those less favourably placed in life have first been proposed only by persons better placed. By public opinion and by enforced discipline from above, apparently, a better standard of living was brought about in the States of Hyderabad and Mysore. Even common labourers there went about with a shirt and turban. The men at the top, even unmindful of the strain on their purses, dressed well. What do we see now after the advent of Congress rule? Even those called to the seats of the mighty dress with a jubba and a Gandhi cap almost looking like mittaiwallahs, only appearing to lack a plate of sweetmeats in one hand a fly-wisp in the other to complete the picture. During the Britisher's regime it was compulsory for a man to appear in every public function with a black coat and a turban. In those days even non-official public opinion was strong enough to prevent a man appearing in important private functions with a single layer of dhoti wrapped round the lower half of the body (Brahmachari type) and without an angavastram. At the present day even Ministers appear in public and official functions as if they are just emerging from their baths. There is no public opinion now condemning this sort of appearance. These people seem to think that they are

a law unto themselves and imply by such appearance that they are not prepared to abide by any discipline. In an organised society, the members thereof are prepared to submit to a certain amount of personal discomfort in order to conform to a uniformly accepted standard. The higher classes should set an example to the lower not only in the meticulous care they bestow on their appearance, conduct and behaviour in public, but they should also express their strong disapproval of anything that falls short of the standard.

IN raising the standard of living, the hygienic and aesthetic standards should not be ignored. There was a potent weapon which we had in our hands, which could have been modified and used for the betterment of the lower classes, but we unfortunately let it slip. It was a common sight in the days of the old toddy shops for men to get their drinks in mud pots and sit down by the side of the sewers to drink them. Social workers who shed crocodile tears over the condition of living of the lower classes, could have seen to it that they were served their drinks in glass tumblers and were provided with tables, benches or chairs inside the toddy shop. It could not have been beyond the means of the toddy contractors if once the strong arm of the law compelled them, to provide these amenities. When once these people get used to these amenities in the pubs, a desire for a better standard of living at home would have been awakened. Of course, the silly old plea will be trotted forth now that if conditions in a pub had been made more attractive people will be tempted to drink more.

You can certainly always control the hours in which a pub remains open. When once you realise that morality cannot be enforced by legislation you will reconcile yourself to the existing conditions and

make the best possible use of them. The enforcement of Prohibition has resulted in not only a general disrespect for law, but an unhealthy enthusiasm in breaking an unwanted law. It is pathetic to hear the wails of the myrmidons of our Prohibition Department that co-operation from the public is lacking. When the public fail to co-operate, it indicates their apathy for the reform, if not their positive dislike. Ignoring all canons of law and legal practice, some fanatics advocate punishments for prohibition offences far beyond what is permitted by law. They would, by this, bring also the judiciary of the land into contempt, while now it is the only solid institution to which people look up to for redress of their wrongs. What do they mean by public co-operation? Do these people want the whole nation to turn into spies? Private spying is a despicable activity which makes the individual practising degenerate. What is most needed in our country is not so much raising of the standard of living, as the raising of the standard of honesty and of common morality.

IF one means to raise the standard of living of the common man, the common man must be prepared to be raised. When once he realizes that attempts are being made to foster the dignity of his personality, he will put himself in the frame of mind to appreciate the attempts to raise the standard of his living. Conversely when he feels that other busy-bodies wish to domineer over him or dictate the routine of daily life to him, and his individuality is sought to be cramped, he will very rightly resist all attempts at reform even though well meant. The mental attitude of our legislators, and administrators, which enables them to view with equanimity human beings used as beasts of burden, does not lend itself to be taken very seriously or earnestly in their hypocritical pleading for raising the standard of living. Their attempts will always be suspect. Of what avail are your attempts to raise the standard of living, when the very vital energy of these people is all sapped

out by their labours in the hot sun as in the case of road menders and handcart-pullers?

Raising the standard of living must mean not only the physical standard, but also the moral standard. I am not dragging in the spiritual standard. It is an over worked theme, and happens to be a convenient cloak for sanctimonious humbugs. In the ultimate analysis, it is the moral stature that counts more than the physical stature.

Before any attempt at raising the standard of living is made the beggar problem should be tackled. It is not, after all, such a difficult thing. All that it needs is determination and the co-operation of the different departments. Plans laid out and carried with celerity and with jaburdust will certainly yield dividends in a very short while. Something has to be done about this question urgently, as it is intimately connected with the raising of the standard of living. For you cannot pretend to raise the standard of living of some people while others are below the sub-human level.

THE Government does not appear to know its own mind. Some of its actions tend to lower the standard of living. The pavement hawkers at China Bazaar blocking the right of way to the pedestrians deal in the same articles which the shop-keepers behind them deal in but in a respectable way. Is that right? The poachers ought to be driven out of these places irrespective of the hue and cry that may be raised. They can go and sell articles in some other place instead of crowding here. Men at the ministerial level have no right to interfere with the police who would otherwise have cleared the pavements.

Looked at from any point of view, our present Government is inept, inefficient and very vacillating. They launch on hare-brained schemes and lest they be questioned on the failures of these schemes they administer the soporific of pompously worded bombastic schemes of raising the standard of living.

To my mind all these grandiose

schemes very piously adumbrated in the verbose volume on the Five Year Plan will come to nothing if the health of the nation is not fostered. In South India, especially, where there are only two seasons—the hot and the hotter—the offices, schools, and colleges must work in the cooler hours of the day and give over in the afternoons. Resting during the hottest period of the day certainly contributes to the betterment of the health of the people. Work turned out from 7 A. M. to 12 noon or 1 o'clock will be of much better type than what is turned out now from 10-30 A. M. to 4-30 or 5 P. M. If not for anything else, at least for the fact that the children are let off for the afternoons from the schools, the new elementary education scheme of the Chief Minister is to be welcomed. One wishes he had not dragged in other controversial things, but put the scheme only on the ground of giving more rest and leisure to the children during the hottest period of the day. Absolute freedom to do what one pleases from 2 P. M. of one day

till the next morning is certainly going to improve the general physical and intellectual standards of the people. It is complained that some of the libraries in our city are not put to as much use as one would wish. With leisure in the afternoons people who are so minded will browse in these libraries. Young men after resting during the hottest part of the day will enjoy better the sports and games in the evening. Unless the general health is improved there will not be joy in living; and unless there is joy in living, the raising of the standard will not only be of no avail, but it will never be appreciated. Incidentally the Corporation of Madras will be saved the cost of providing for the mid-day meals for the children if the school hours are changed suitably.

WHILE so much has first to be done to improve the discipline and the moral outlook of the better classes, talks about raising the standard of living of the lower classes had best be postponed.

EFFECT OF OFFICE ON HEALTH

IF there is anything that gives many Indians of our times great satisfaction and contentment in life, it does not seem to be riches, but political power! Contentment leads to glowing health in one, and judged this way, some of our politicians have physically grown healthy, on becoming Ministers. The man of wealth has manifold woes, but the man of power does not seem to have many worries, in spite of the fact that some of his tribe complain in public that they are over-worked to death in office! I am not, at any rate, aware of any casualty in this country due to over-work.

Ever seen Sri C. Rajagopalachari in the 1930s? You must have!—that lean, lanky figure in dark-glasses, giving one the impression that he hailed from a district perpetually subjected to famine. Yet, when he held the office of the Governor-General in New Delhi five years ago, in his

seventieth year, a friend who rather studied him closely told me that his "cheeks were blood-bubbling and had the appearance of ripe apples." When he came back to Madras, relinquishing the G-G's office, he became again rather sickly and mentally unhappy. Then resulted his re-recruitment for a Cabinet Ministership in 1950. Out of the Home Ministership by the end of 1951, the man again sank in health, and went on seeking health-resorts like Courtallam, for recuperating. Called again to the Premiership of Madras on April 1, 1952, C. R. now keeps excellent health, his voice on the public platforms resounding like a bell. He is so fit physically that he even issues challenges to political opponents in typical school-boy style, saying: "You are my enemy No. 1; and I am your enemy No. 1"! Poet Alexander Pope had written that 'men some to pleasure, some to business take.....' but in the India of today, many take to politics and ministership, rather keenly. Some people hardly seem to be alive in

this world without political power, after having once had a taste of it.

ANOTHER case that I know of relates to Sri T. S. Avanasalingam Chettiar, who was a Minister in Madras in the last decade. He, a bachelor, was suffering from itches all over the body for long, and what was more, had *asthma* and other bodily ailments. The moment he became a legislator in Madras in 1945 and got elevated to Ministership, one suddenly saw him robust in health. A better complexion of the skin, a radiant look on the face, brisk movements, all were noticed in him, then. Indeed, a friend of his confided to me: "His *asthma* vanished without medical aid"! Now, Avanasalingam is an M.P., but his voice is seldom or never heard in Parliament.

The third case is that of yet another political angel from Coimbatore—our present Minister of Finance in the Madras Government. Subramaniam had been a thin man most of the time. Today, one sees him fat, in better health and cheer, his cheeks giving out a cherry-blossom look!

If Shrimathi Amrit Kaur dreams of making all Indians healthy, the solution certainly does not lie in making all Indians Ministers in the Government. Yet, the fact is there that political power alone seems to give better health to some folk. Thus, a Minister's office in Fort St. George

appears to be a sort of sanatorium for some people, but then, please do not draw the conclusion that those who go in there are all sickly ones. Nor am I prepared to swear that they are all healthy in body and mind.

ONLY a man who has fine bodily health can possess a sound mind, so essential for a Minister to properly discharge the duties of his office. Still, we seem to think that only in a man above the age of sixty is enshrined all the wisdom of the age in this country, whereas in neighbouring Burma, in Thakin Nu's Cabinet, there isn't a man beyond his forties. Even in England, the retiring age for diplomats has been set at sixty! Conditions are of course different in India. Pandit Nehru once said that he thought at sixty he should retire, but when he reached *three-score*, he altered the target to seventy! Dr. T. S. S. Rajan with many physical infirmities remained in office as Minister for a few years undisturbed, but none thought there was anything funny about it. The late Nalini Ranjan Sarkar carried on his office as West Bengal's Finance Minister from the bed in his palatial residence *Ranjani*, his budget speeches having been delivered in the Assembly, having sometimes to be taken on a stretcher to the Assembly, to deliver a budget speech! Thus, we really do honour our Ministers, even when they are fit enough only for a *pinjarapole* existence!—P.

SWATANTRA LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

And then it happened, all of a sudden. There was a great commotion. I looked out from my seat. A woman was the cause.

SINCE I began my vocation as a storyteller and achieved a little success in it, people have always been asking me wherefrom I get my ideas. Sometimes it is an admirer, sometimes it is a sympathiser; often, men who want to patronise me; once it was a young woman graduate who had been a classmate of my niece in the high school and to whom she had given, with her best compliments, one of my books of short stories. To show off her literary uncle!

Where does a writer get his ideas from?

don't appeal to me. And having borrowed to stultify one's self by silly reasoning!

To one such fact of my experience you shall now listen. I have singled out the incident, the character that created the incident needn't wait, set is the local colour. Only my character can't listen to me as you do. O, if she could! The simple, derelict creature . . . But then I anticipate my story.

That was my first visit to Malabar for ten years. I had come to the City as a lad, and grown to maturity in urban sophistication, was now going

Short Story

GOLD ON HIS LIPS

By Manjeri S. Isvaran

Sometimes I am amused; sometimes I am irritated; and if in a particularly nasty mood I answer that I go to Russia, France, England, and America, and occasionally to Hungary and Czechoslovakia for my material, and that out of sheer loving-kindness I spare my own country.

Where does a writer get his ideas from?

At the moment I am in a good mood and I tell you that a true writer bases his stuff on the facts of his own experience, while one who is not true, on those of other writers. Borrowed feathers, however gorgeous,

to times and scenes of which I had but a blurred memory. Travelling in the train through the wooded Wala-yar I breathed a new air, fresh, vitalizing; the landscape changed to a sombre beauty; to the right of me rose the Western Ghats, dark and rugged against a clear morning sky; on either side were green waving fields of rice, cocoanut palms, teak and other deciduous trees, relieved occasionally by a temple, its roof partly hidden in a grove and outside its surrounding wall of weather-worn laterite a spreading banyan overlooking a tank. Little by little, memory began to lose its blurs, and when I reached Feroke, the station at

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which I had to alight, to continue my journey to my village, my fosterland was no more a geographical expression to me, its spirit had caught me and made me feudal. For, like the East India Company of old, my ancestors from the Tamil country had come to Malabar for trade and then started territorial aggrandizement. The City of my youth lay behind, shrunk to an embryo.

I GOT into a waiting bus. I had my seat near the driver. My European garments—pants, coat, neckwear, shoes, and hat—gave me that privilege. I was a Saheb. Everyone stared at me. I was embarrassed. One passenger behind me concentrated his look on the Omega on my wrist. His breath curled round my neck like a slimy snake. He meant no harm, poor fellow, but the slimy snake was constricting my throat. I liked the innocent curiosity of this yokel and so bore the snake with fortitude.

After a journey of about thirteen miles the bus had a halt of a quarter hour. It was a small village, its bazaar consisting of two rows of tiled and thatched shops—a dozen or so—of grocer, greengrocer, butcher, barber, haberdasher. A goldsmith was banging away on his anvil; a carpenter was dovetailing a box of yellow jackwood; while a blacksmith was re-tying a cartwheel and another, at a little distance, shoeing a bullock. A cluster of idlers stood nearabout. Dirty, naked and half-naked children played in the gutters. A cock crowed from on the top of a dunghill; hens clucked about with their little broods of chicks; bleating raucously a stray goat made towards a fence on which some washing was hung to dry. A dog was gnawing off a piece of bone thrown out of the butcher's, at the noise of the bus pulling up, it scuttled with the bone dangling between its teeth, dropped it, and lifted its leg against the municipal lamp-post. From a teashop in which the conductor and the driver of the bus sat sipping their tea and crunching banana chips, a gramophone was grinding out a Hindi film record with rumbustious gusto.

Round the bus the dirty naked and half-naked brats gathered; beggars, men and women, with tin-cans and halves of cocoanut shells in their hands, begging for a copper. An urchin hungrily watched for the stump of a cigarette which a passenger was smoking to be chucked out on to the road. The beggars begged in whining voices. A hefty man in a loin-cloth hawked green cocoanuts, brandishing a sickle-shaped knife in his hand.

AND then it happened, all of a sudden. There was a great commotion. I looked out from my seat. A woman was the cause. She appeared from somewhere, a harijan, nearer to forty than fifty years in age, tossing violently her fuzzy-wuzzy head of pepper-and-salt hair, rattling her tin-can, her withered dug from under a soiled rag flapping like dewlaps, her eyes shining with a wild light, skipping and dancing and thumping her rickety thighs, singing a song in her cracked voice, running round and round the bus, and asking everyone for a pie—just a pie.

"The madwoman!" cried the children, laughing loudly.

"Oh, she has come," said a beggar, raising his stick.

"The lunatic, the crazy creature, she's daft," cried many voices.

"Who's crazy?" bawled the woman. "No, not me. You—you are crazy. Give me a pie."

There was laughter all around.

She put out her tongue, spat, and cursed everyone breaking abruptly into tears.

"Gold on his lips—" she sobbed—"gold—but why did he desert me? I did nothing wrong. I was watering the pumpkin creeper in my compound; the creeper climbed over his hedge and put a pumpkin there; I went to cut it one evening and then he saw me—"

SHE lowered her face as one abashed, drawing a semicircle with her toe on the dust of the road.

There was louder laughter all around.

"Gold on his lips," she cried—"but—but—we met again and again. He asked me to run away with him. I hadn't the courage. Look! Isn't that my father coming? How angry he is! With a knife in his hand? Oh, I am frightened, frightened. Save me God! Then one day he said he was going to Penang. I wept. I told him that his baby was coming. He looked at me sharply. He was silent. After that whenever we met I wept and there was no joy in our meeting. He promised to take me with him. Then one day he disappeared—Gold on his lips—but—but" she sobbed—

"Why didn't you keep some of the gold, you imbecile?" asked a beggar. "A cock and bull story? Don't anyone believe her."

"He was gone," she wailed. "They found out everything. Mother beat me with a broom, day after day, day after day. She locked me up in the attic. I starved. Father called me a bitch and kicked at my belly. The baby was born dead. My dove—my parrot—"

And gently she rocked the tin-can in her arms, crooning a lullaby.

"The same old story, she's never tired of telling it," said the vendor of green cocoanuts.

"You shut up," she screamed at him.

Madwoman!" cried several voices.

Suddenly she spotted me, and racing round the bus, stood in front of me.

"Give me a pie," she pleaded, holding out her tin-can. "I am an ill-used woman."

Such sanity in the insane I had never heard. It was like a flash of light piercing the murk of her oblivion.

The driver was at the wheel.

"Give me a pie," she begged like a child.

Hastily I fumbled in my pocket. There was no small change. Among loose currency notes a rupee coin struck my hand. Before I could take it out, the bus purred and leaped forward with a roar. I threw the coin at her, she couldn't catch it in her tin-can, and I saw it rolling in the dust. She ran up to pick it.

The bus leaped back for a moment, jibbing like a bullock, and when I turned round I saw every passenger regarding me curiously.

"A rupee!" cried one, with an astounded gasp.

I didn't care if they thought me daft.

An uproar sounded behind. Peering out I saw the gamins pelting her with stones. She was shouting unintelligible words, running helter-skelter, with the scum of the earth pursuing her.

GOLD on his lips—but—but. Had she meant to complete her words by saying that his heart was stone? She couldn't, even if she wanted to, she could only think of her first and only love and—the gold on his lips.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN U. S.

Let me call by the name "John" the average boy in the United States, and tell about his schooling. John starts to school at six years of age. (Many children in the cities go to nursery school and kindergarten before this age; in some States the child may start as late as eight years of age.) John will enroll in Grade One of the public elementary school, John learns to read and write; he gains skill in handling numbers; he learns to communicate his thoughts; he studies geography, the history of the world and of his own nation, and elementary science; he has daily physical education activities, periodic physical examinations, and instruction on the care of his body; he engages in some musical, artistic, and other creative activities. In the elementary school he learns things useful to people of all occupations.

John attends school 178 days a year, five days a week, Mondays through Fridays, beginning at 8.45 in the morning and ending at 3.30 in the afternoon.

EARL J. MC GRATER, former U. S. Commissioner of Education.

July 11 1953

Emma Smith: Her First Novel

EMMA SMITH is just thirty and has written only two books, but she has earned golden opinions from many discerning critics and has been awarded the John Llewellyn Rhys and James Tait Black Memorial Prizes. In the BBC series called "My First Novel" she described the writing of *Maidens' Trip*, a story of life in Britain's canals in wartime, as "the easiest thing in the world." This, she supposed, was due to being twenty-four, at an age when confidence runs high and self-criticism low, when "words and deeds and writing and loves and hates and the rest of it, all come out in a great exuberant splash." The setting made the book simple for nobody could go astray with the narrow banks and the limited horizons of a canal for inspiration and when she had decided to turn her two years' wartime experience of working on the canals into a single three-week trip the job was as good as done, for twenty-one days obviously meant a chapter for each day. "It was a book for a baby to write," she said, "and I knew that if I was stumped by this one, then I never should be able to write any, and since from a very tender age writing had been my chosen occupation such failure was not to be thought of."

Her first intention had been to write no book till she was thirty, but circumstances changed all this. When she was twenty-three she decided that she simply must go to France. She threw her job aside, took the fifty pounds she had saved and started out. Six months later she arrived back in London with twopence and knew that she must earn money. "Now nothing makes a writer of me so quickly as shortness of money," she confessed. "Plots and characters and beginnings and middles and endings start up from every corner." She was aching to get back to France and jettisoned the idea of no book till she was thirty, and began *Maidens' Trip* in a whirl of energy, with her mind firmly fixed on a Channel

steamer. She quartered herself on her mother in Devon and Mrs. Smith behaved perfectly. Each morning the young writer received coffee and biscuits in her room at half past eleven, the telephone was subdued, all striking clocks done away with, a daily luncheon tray brought up to her "so that the great mind should remain undamaged by frivolous downstairs talk. Every writer will perceive how lucky I have been in my mother" said Emma Smith. Each afternoon she went down to tea in the sitting room with the day's output and there by the big fire sat her mother, her little brother and perhaps an aunt or two. As soon as tea was over the latest instalment was read aloud to an admiring audience. None doubted the book's coming success and the house was warm with admiration. In the evenings, mildly relaxing, they did the crossword in a good-tempered and soothing atmosphere and during that winter the young author mended no stockings and did no washing-up or household tasks. Conditions for writing, she felt, would never be so ideal again, "Nor can I imagine any happier way of tunnelling through a winter towards the spring: wanting something very badly and doing what one most likes doing—in my case, writing—to get it," she said.

She had thought that everything would have stayed clearly in her memory but found that she remembered events and not the faces connected with them. "I found I remembered the touch of things more clearly than anything else" she said, "the feel of bare feet on frosty tarpaulin, of knuckles against the sliminess of the wall at the bottom of an empty lock. I do believe that fingers and feet can remember more tenaciously than either ears or noses, longer even than eyes." In four months the book was completed. She knew it had many faults but it had virtues too and a suitable gusto. "The end of this particular story" she said, "is that a publisher took *Maidens' Trip* off my hands as soon as it was finished, and was kind enough to give me immediately

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enough money for me to be able to rush away to Paris, helter-skelter, just as I had always wanted."

—BBC Weekly Talks Summary.

Author, Author

ERNST ROWOHLT of Rowohlt Verlag, Hamburg, has some magnificent precepts in the matter of dealing with the most interesting of human beings—the authors. A. L. Lloyd has translated them. Here are some, shrewd, witty, and amusing, gathered from the *Books of the Month*—

Sit your Author in a comfortable armchair lower than your own office chair, then you will be better able to deal with him. Hand him down something to smoke.

Wear slightly tinted glasses so that he cannot observe the play of your eyes. Place yourself in the shade and him in the brightest light possible.

It goes without saying that your desk surrounds you like the wall of a fortress.

Do not check your author's flow of eloquence, as he tells you about his manuscript or the book he is planning. But when he is out of breath begin to speak diffidently.

Every author tells you that his book must be brought out cheaply. If you reckon up his royalties for him, he raises the price.

There are authors who dare not enter your lair without their wives. Pull out every stop of your amiability, and possibly, if you are lucky, she will not join him in reviling you, but may even mollify him. But if she does the talking, you are as good as lost. Every attempt to win her for yourself is in vain. No author is as avaricious as his wife. She may think him a great writer or an absolute fool, but in any case she will endeavour to get everything out of him that is to be got, and you are the sufferer.

Accustom yourself to shrug your shoulders when your successful author shows you the offers of your rival publishing firms. Smile, keep silent, and put your trust in your contract.

These rules apply in general to the authoresses also. It is to be taken for granted that you do not allow yourself to be influenced by their external appearance.

Try to impress them with the utmost objectivity. This may also be of use to you as a man perhaps; but particularly as their future publisher.

Supreme principle: Leave the author with the conviction that both he and you are cultural factors; but let it be clear to you at least, that the junkman who you so liberally supply with waste paper has just the same justification for existence as you and your author.

If the publisher is a Patanjali, then these are really his *Yoga Sutras*.

MITRA

THE VAGRANT

Imagine—
how sweet it is to be,
out of one's body
and travel
to unknown shores!

Soul,
move into the igloo
where an eskimo lives,
linger not there,
but mix with the winds.

Soul
travel to the deserts of the world
to see the nakedness of God,
bereft of fertility.
Pity the Maker for a moment,
march on
to the edges of the volcanoes
in glee.

Soul,
why not peep into the cemeteries,
isolate lands of the dead?

Go
and sit beside every grave
of father, mother, dearest of the dear,
dead and forever lost.
For know you not
Death is Nature's triumph
and her failure too?

Soul,
your skeleton is safe.

Go
and stand beside every mother,
near her infant's cradle.
Stay not there for long.

Go, go over
to the secret places,
temples, tanks, grottos, groves,
arbours, bowers, arches, shades,
where lovers meet.
Stand tip-toe,
whisper not,
O, is this life?
is this life?

Soul,
enough!
Time's over.
Back to the skeleton,
back to the skeleton,
come!

MUKUND.

NEW BOOKS

VIDEHI A Novel of Indian Life

By Charles Leslie Holden

Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London

15s

VIDEHI! What a beautiful name! But how much of suffering is packed in it! The daughter of the king of Videha, called also as Sita, Janaki, Mythili—she gives her name to the heroine of a novel of modern Indian life—*Videhi*.

Videhi is the daughter of Ganesh and Shalini, both teachers, who had made a love match—they belonged to different communities—thinking themselves very modern. When she is sixteen, following the orthodox Hindu custom, her parents arrange for her marriage with Kalyan, young, handsome, and rich—son of Rampande, I. C. S., who is a cousin of Ganesh's. Everything considered the alliance is a great advantage to them, for they are poor and there are three younger daughters in the family to marry off.

"One could look into Videhi's eyes and see in them joy, fresh as perfume of flowers, and behind that joy were other qualities: the wisdom of youth which sees so clearly the edges of right and wrong, and the wonder of youth at the bright world opening up before it, and, deepening all this, the consciousness of womanhood aware of its own special and unique powers that out of pain breed hope."

Acquiescing in the marriage first, because of her sense of duty, Videhi is soon disillusioned: there can be no marriage without love. The match had been arranged. "What pressed upon her was the decision that had been made without her knowledge, and the decision she herself had made of acceptance of this. How far was the first fair and how far was the second right?" Her will which had weakened for a moment regains its strength, a new understanding of life is born and a clear vision, and she runs away from her husband from Poona to her parents' home in Kashi. Her father is outraged; he has no words in which to

describe the enormity of her deed, the disgrace she has brought on a respectable Hindu family. However, she has her mother's sympathy; this and the help given by the Principal of an institution enable her to train as a doctor in Delhi. While here, living in the college hostel and in the company of girl friends, she comes a little out of her sadness and seclusion, attends socialist meetings, and by and by falls passionately in love with Prem Nath, a man with the gift of the gab, a leader of youth, and a journalist. She throws wholeheartedly into her work and into her love; but her love, is very short-lived: Prem Nath dies of the plague. She is shaken to the core of her being; life that had assumed the shape of a little garden plot with the light of the flowers slowly beginning to fill it, turns oppressively into a waste land of the spirit for her; she is benumbed by the calamity. But only for a while; her courage reasserts itself, her vision is free of the momentary blur. Finishing her medical education she takes service in a small hospital at Chotapuri in Bihar and soon after, having had the occasion to be present at the marriage of a friend in Bombay, she meets her husband in the wedding party and returns to the state of her wifehood from which time her environment, and a will of her own had kept her away for so long.

"She recalled what Kalyan had said to her and how they had forced conversation between them, both trembling, both afraid, and she in growing terror. And she remembered how Kalyan had kissed her, and how bitterly she had resented that kiss. The images passed before her in her mind like scenes in a film, and as such they hardly touched her. Then she passed on to Delhi and all that Delhi had meant to her, and the love she had felt for Prem Nath. This, too, gave her no pain, though she sighed a little when the feeling came

that this too, was dead. Then the long years of loneliness in study and grief and the past year in the hospital slowly went through her mind. They have been a discipline to surrender, she said to herself. Now I will struggle no more, because I do not want to struggle."

Such, in outline, is the story of *Videhi* set against the background of Delhi, Kashi, Bombay, and Poona—the metropolitan cities of present day India. The publisher's blurb tells us that its author, Charles Leslie Holden, born in 1914 in Woolton, outside Liverpool, was educated at Quarry Bank School, and Balliol College, Oxford, and met his future wife Janaki, while he was still an undergraduate and married her in Benares in 1937. For the next four years both husband and wife were teaching together in Indian schools and living a purely Indian life amidst a wide circle of Indian friends." Hence one is led to believe the autobiographical element in the novel, its very title being inspired by his wife Janaki whose other name is Videhi—heroine of the *Ramayana*. But it is not merely a chunk of autobiography served out as fiction; it is an authentic depiction of the Hindu way of life, its characters including the minor ones, warm and pulsating and wholly credible. Mr. Holden, however, exhibits a certain bias towards the Madrassi (horrid word!) people in the story: T. V. Rukmini, the England-returned Tamilian who is to teach logic in the school promises at the outset to grow to some stature but peters out abruptly, without the slightest warning; Meenakshi believes in free love and finds her nirvana in the films (sheer decency prevents Mr. Holden from calling her a nymphomaniac?)—Dr. Sitaraman may be an ageing cynic but should he be made into such an absolute ass as to make love to Videhi and should his wife be forced to approach Videhi with a whining request for abortion? For the first hundred pages the pace of the novel is rather slow: the flashback to Videhi's childhood and her transformation to adolescence; after her marriage the tempo gathers speed reaching its climax in the Delhi scenes laid amidst hostel-and

University life, the socialist meetings, and the friendly contacts of young men and women, politically conscious, with a deep undercurrent of love. And everything is integrated—mood and movement, character and environment—the colours blend with a natural magic. Mr. Holden is a fine describer, a pictorialist with a purpose. For instance:—

"Delhi was fashionable and alert in a way Kashi had never been or could be. It was a capital city, but it had no soul, no unity of its own. The Delhi cantonment, grim, lovely and aloof; New Delhi, lavish, imperial, spacious and splendidly pompous; Old Delhi crowded, noisy and dirty, were all just three more marks on the sites, or near them, of the old cities that had once been. It was as though Delhi had shifted too much to develop character, or perhaps the city had always been in the painful throes of absorbing a foreign ruler and a foreign influence."

In recent years India has attracted more and more British novelists for setting, plot, and personae; to name a few: Christine Weston (*Indigo* and *The Bridge*), Dennis Gray Stoll who married Bharati Sarabhai (*The Dove*), and H. E. Bates (*The Scarlet Sword*). Mr. Holden, certainly, has a better knowledge and understanding of the country and its peoples than any of these. Written in an easy, flowing style, which rises to a noble eloquence in the scenes of love and patriotism where everything is clean, restrained, and unaffected, his *Videhi* bids fair to be a minor masterpiece of modern Indian life. But when is another English novelist going to catch up with that major that brightest among classics—*A Passage to India*?

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

New World Writing:

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THE first two Mentor Selections of *New World Writing* have been noticed in these columns already. Here is the third, maintaining the

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBITION

By M. KRISHNAN

YOU should hear Shankar on his children's art exhibition.

With an ingenuous, almost paternal pride, he will tell you that in every age group the first prize is offered by the Prime Minister and that the gold medal for the best exhibit is offered by the President of India. He will tell you how the representatives of so many nations received the awards won by the children of their countries at a special function where Pundit Nehru, in person, gave away the prizes; and how this international exhibition has been acclaimed the world over as something unique. He will tell you how the children of other lands, urged by an aesthetic community that transcends race and seas, write to him asking to be put in touch with Indian children whose pictures they admire.

Then the artist in him will overwhelm the organiser, and he will rush you off to various corners of the exhibition to show you the pictures he fancies especially. His enthusiasm is genuine—there is nothing in it smacking of adult, condescending acceptance, of juvenile limitations. It is the feeling of an artist for a work of art and it is infectious.

Not a word will he say, voluntarily, about all the work he has put in to initiate and organise the show, about the sacrifice in time and money that *Shankar's Weekly* has had to make each year to make its international exhibition of juvenile art possible. These things have to be elicited by close questioning.

AT a preview of the exhibition and a discussion I had with K. Shankar Pillai, I learned much. How the idea of a number of *Shankar's Weekly* limited to the work of Indian children, in 1949, led by stages to the 1952 number, representing 13,000 contributions from the children of three dozen countries, of which over 10,000 are pictorial; how the prizes in each age group are not

limited to two or three as usual but are stimulatingly numerous, so that practically every budding artist that has sent in something outstanding is encouraged with a prize; how the annual Children's Number and juvenile art exhibition at various centres is an annual debit on the weekly (travel, display and prizes cost money) in spite of generous donations; how everything depends on the dim figure of K. Shankar Pillai, lurking in the background—it was only by a searching examination of a reluctant witness that all this was elicited.

"Come," said Shankar, "I'll show you a 3-D picture." And he led the way.

It was in the 6-7 years section, 'Shop-front' by Buno Litalfelder of Washington, showing a roofed veran-



dah the depth of which is palpable. The remarkable thing about this masterpiece is that the floor is in utterly wrong and reversed perspective. The left corner of the verandah is nearest the onlooker, but instead of losing width as it recedes, to the right, it is shown progressively wider. Shankar explained this with an artist's feeling for fundamentals.

"The verandah is wrong," he said, "but that's nothing; the picture is all right, it is a real 3-D picture." It is.

I THOUGHT another explanation made during our critical tour of the exhibition revealing. There were certain highly finished exhibits from the United States, that seemed far too mature in authorship to me. Closer scrutiny showed that very mechanical means, like stencils with brushes and sprays, had been used in them. Shankar assured me that he had satisfied himself that these pictures were really the work of children, and that with the mechanical means, demonstrated to him, any child could reach those effects. I protested that in such a case it was the equipment and not the child that had produced the picture: he pointed out, that however mechanical and automatic the means, the child must have derived a measure of real, creative satisfaction from the work. I cannot, even now, bring myself to think of those pictures as genuine, but think the justification argued shows deep understanding of children as artists. Children do not despise easy means to the end of their desire, and are comparatively indifferent to the triumph of mental and manual cunning over technical difficulties. Can you not remember the transfer pictures of your childhood?

At 7 o'clock on the morning following his arrival in Madras I found Shankar on the floor of the exhibition hall, among tacks and hammers and cutting-pliers, helping to put up the pictures. Throughout the days preceding the opening of the exhibition he worked with indefatigable purpose, seeing personally to every little thing, ensuring that each pic-

ture, however poor as an exhibit, got a fair display, trying to bring out the best in each exhibit by careful arrangement and rearrangement of each section. No artist attending to the display of his own one-man show could have taken greater pains or given the exhibits a more effective display.

SO much for the elusive figure behind the show. The show itself is no less interesting.

The first thing one should know about it is that it is not an exclusive exhibition of children's art; it would be proper to call it an exhibition of juvenile art. This distinction is not slight, and needs no deep knowledge of aesthetics for its appreciation. 'Children's art' is usually a term reserved for the work of very young children, whose expression is utterly unschooled and authentic. Juvenile art might well include pictures that depend on technical and compositive skill, whether such skill is acquired by personal discovery or is taught. No hard and fast distinction is possible, however. Children's art has frequently been compared to primitive art, in certain of its features. But I think that certain very grown-up schools of art, such as modern surrealism, also show affinities to the art of the very young, not in technique perhaps but in spirit and in the substitution of perspective by a very personal symbolism. I make this point only to emphasise the fact that no hard and fast distinction is possible.

Adam has summarised the salient characteristics of children's art in these words:—"... children have considerable powers of accurate observation. They reject everything that is not entirely characteristic, and they often bring out the essential features with surprising clarity. They completely disregard perspective and observe lines rather than surfaces. Frequently also they do not confine themselves to what they see, but add details which they know to exist, although they are not actually visible." He adds that child-art is not decorative.

I am not suggesting that there are no authentic specimens of children's

art at this exhibition—there are many. Practically all the exhibits in the 'Under 5' and '5-6 years' sections belong to this category, and quite a few of the older age groups also belong here. It is mainly in the last three sections from 13-16 years, that the sophisticated art-school perception and technique are obvious.

In fact, there are enough genuine specimens of the children's art of various countries to provide unique material for comparative study. Nowhere else in the wide world will one find the work of children of such different nationalities side by side, in so many media.

I noticed certain very interesting features in the sections for children under 5 years and from 5-6 years in age. I thought Chamkur Siri Devi's 'Dancing to the tune' the most typical example of child-art in the exhibition. It is a line drawing by an artist, 3½ years old. The figure of the dancer conveys a sense of twirling movement, achieved solely by torsion of the body and a few lines to show the "flying hair and fluttering hem"—the limbs are practically non-existent. It is interesting to compare this picture with 12-year old Prakash Divetia's 'Manipuri Drummer', where the exaggerated fling of the limbs provides the movement.

THE first-prize picture in the 'Under 5' section, 4½-year old Maria Celina Ramos's 'Polo Player' from Argentina, is a painting in vivid colours. The medium disallows linear detailing, but still there is much detail in the picture, achieved by technical precocity. But in its display of details known to exist though not actually visible, such as the five fingers of the hand holding the polo-stick and the inclusion of all goal posts in its small, broadside-on space, it reveals typical features.

I should like to mention one other typical picture by a little child, the fascinating 'Doll' by 4-year old Toy Lee Kheng of Penang. There are no linear details in this water colour, nor are contours stressed by a plastic rendering of surfaces. It is just a vivid, broad smudge of colour, but shape and posture are remembered.

The feet, planted wide apart, are shown, but there are no hands, and four strategically placed marks indicate eyes, nose and mouth—there are no ears. Adam, who carefully specifies that he writes about the children's art of the West, will find this delightfully droll figure from Malaya most interesting, for it is a perception of depth and posture that enlivens its expanse with such gusto.

The President's Gold Medal has gone, I think, to the most deserving picture in the more accomplished and older age groups. Sointu Raunio of Finland, 15 years old, wins this coveted prize with her highly impressionist 'In the Church'. There is much colour and charm in its composition, and it conveys the solemnity of the occasion unmistakably in the expression and pose of the two youthful heads it depicts.

THE other pictures in the older age groups deserve mention, both for their strength in composition. The powerful monochrome showing 'Fishermen of Tisza aiver' by Etelka Kemeny (14) of Hungary is a picture that I should like every man who owns a camera to study, for by its sure contrasts of light and shade and economy of stress it expounds all that must be missed in a flat, unselective photograph before structural power is reached. The other picture is a delicate water colour that one must look for, because it is not mounted on a thick sheet of neutral green paper that will bring out the brown accents in it—it is the pensive, charmingly composed study of a 'Young Philosopher' by Naini Kumar Srivastava (15) of Jhansi.

'Puja' by 8-year old Jyoti Sahi of Dehra Dun is another remarkable picture. The theme is familiar, a spreading tree with a white shrine around its base and a woman in red worshipping. But what colour it has, how rightly the gleaming white of the shrine subdues the red of the woman's garment! Sri C. Rajagopalachari was sadly out when, opening this exhibition, he said that it was the mistakes in the art of children that was its main charm. It is the utter rightness of perception, the unhesitating certainty of depiction.

where older artists fumble and plan, that is at once the feature and charm of children's art.

I WAS impressed by the number of animal pictures at the exhibition. Horses, cats and poultry were the animals that had most inspired the young artists, and 'Surprise, by Enrique A. Urcola (14) of Buenos Aires conveys a dramatic situation entire, the reaction of three white chickens to the advent of a snail into their yard. There are many other animals depicted, and even one or two *rara avis*. Especially was I charmed by the 'Bird Study' of 12-year old Laszlo Csulik of Hungary—a Slavonian Grebe rendered with much understanding and truth, as those who have seen Hosking's remarkable photographs of this quaint bird will know.

The judges who performed the arduous task of grading the thousands of pictures and awarding prizes in each age group may be interested to know that wholly in ignorance of their decisions I con-

firmed their findings, after a fashion. When I went round the exhibition and chose the pictures I liked, for this review (I have mentioned only a few of them here), the prize labels had not been pasted on to them and with the sole exception of the painting that had been awarded the gold medal, I did not know which the prize-winners were. Afterwards I found that every picture selected by me had been awarded a prize; sometimes, the first prize.

THE one criticism I should like to make, about the exhibition as a whole, is that I think the last three age groups could be eliminated, to make it more representative of children's art, though there are many fine paintings in those groups. Perhaps, in coming years, the very numbers of the entries might compel the use of such elimination. However that might be, I look forward to the next exhibition of children's art by *Shankar's Weekly*, which is the most sincere compliment one can pay to a great and original venture.



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Malaya, says Andrew Roth, is "the only country where deserters from Communist guerilla forces have been organised into armed forces to fight the Communists."

MALAYA TOPSY - TURVY

By ANDREW ROTH

IF the legendary Martian wants to study Asian nationalist politics and lands in Malaya, by some error of interstellar navigation, he had better have the inverted and whimsical comprehension of an Alice. Otherwise he can scarcely understand the wonderland of Malayan political development now burgeoning forth.

It would be difficult for anyone who has had any contact with the postwar Asian Revolution to understand such a 'National Conference' as was held in Kuala Lumpur on April 27. Although Malaya is at the crossroads of seething Asia and is itself the battleground of a small-scale shooting war, the participants at this conference were remarkably cool and collected. The principal convenor, Dato Panglima Bukit Gantang, the Mentri Besar (State Prime Minister) of Perak, paid tribute to the desire of the people of Malaya to create a united and free nation. "Everybody in this country wants independence," he affirmed. But he did not seem to be in any hurry because he seemed certain it would be handed down on a silver platter when Britain considered the time ripe. "Therefore it is imperative that we should fit ourselves to the great task of receiving independence, confident in ourselves that we shall not fail to uphold the integrity and prestige of our country."

S. Raja Ratnam, the editorial writer of the *Singapore Standard* explained this conference in the only way that a Martian Alice could understand it. He compared the Malayan officials who convened it to the animals in Whipsnade zoo, near London. "Like certain animals born into captivity they prefer the security that pits and iron bars give

them. Unaccustomed to the inevitable hazards of the free life outside the cage, they hold more firmly to the familiar but restricted life within. And objectively speaking there is a security of a sort within a cage. . . . The Malayan leaders' advocacy of gradual self-government is conceived of as a gradual enlarging of the cage—A large-scale Whipsnade Zoo in which they can get larger grounds in which to roam about and a reproduction of the natural surroundings but with all the hazards of a free life carefully eliminated."

This is not the only thing topsy-turvy in Malaya. There is Datu Onn bin Ja'afar, Member for Home Affairs, and chief figure in the Independence for Malaya Party. He is not only a nationalist who seems in no hurry for independence. He is the leader of a supposedly non-communal party and makes violently communal speeches, like that of March 25, in which he said the Malayan Chinese Association was dominated by the Chinese Chambers of Commerce and was trying to convert Malaya into a "twentieth province of China," with loyalty to the Formosa regime.

CONTRARIWISE, the openly communal and supposedly antagonistic organizations—the Malayan Chinese Association (M. C. A.) and the United Malaya National Organization (UMNO)—are locked in a friendly embrace. While there is some suspicion that this embrace will, in the future, enable them to knife one another more readily, the temporary and even opportunistic alliance is firm enough to be the dominant political factor in Malaya today.

On top of this we have a Communist Party whose armed forces are fighting in order to be able to stop fighting—if some formula can be reached other than total surrender. Although the armed Communist forces have been taking a serious battering, particularly in experienced cadres, and are very short of food, they do not seem to want for recruits since they are estimated to number 6,000 now while prior estimates hovered around 4,000. These recruits—surprising numbers of whom are young women—seem to join the Communists primarily because they dislike the British administration. Their period in the Communists' jungle hide-outs does not seem to instill them with a great deal of comradesly loyalty because an amazingly large proportion of the Communist guerillas who desert kill one or two of their senior comrades as they leave, or lead the security forces back to do the job. Malaya has the distinction of being virtually the only country where deserters from Communist guerilla forces have been organised into armed forces to fight the Communists.

Ex-Communists are not the only ones to turn things topsy-turvy. Although the Colonial Office has for a half-dozen years striven to separate Singapore from the mainland Federation of Malaya, it has suddenly decided to smile on their closer association, perhaps as a prelude to a new dominion of Southeast Asia, including North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak, as well. Presumably to garrison this, the overwhelming bulk of the 40 battalions now in Malaya will be left there, despite prior insistence on the need to withdraw these for service elsewhere.

Prelude to the 'Half-Peace'

ALL these contradictions and anomalies are a result of Malaya's entering a new period of 'half-peace'—and international political activities. It enters this period with its basic distortions not smoothed over—despite the intensive attention they have received these last five years of the Emergency.

Unabsorbed immigration is one of these distortions. There are other

countries which are even more a product of immigration. But these are the countries of North America, Canada and the United States, where the incoming Europeans pushed the comparatively few Indians to one side and exploited its almost virgin possibilities largely with their own labour. The comparative situation would have obtained if the American Indians, instead of being almost obliterated, had been allowed to remain passive cultivators, at one side, reinforced by people from nearby territories until they would number (as the Malays do now) some 40% of the population. The ethnic scene in the U. S. would more resemble Malaya if, instead of developing its area on the basis of 90% white and 10% Negro labour, the majority of the U. S. population were of non-white origin, brought in to provide cheap and industrious labour. In Malaya, of course, the Chinese and Indians who were brought in to do the hard work now comprise 43% and 10% of the population.

There are, of course, other countries in which certain ethnic groups are rather specialized by occupation. In India, for example, the Marwaris are rather notoriously the most developed trading community, as are the Jews in Europe. But in Malaya this specialization is superimposed on these overwhelmingly immigrant populations. The Malays have remained largely peasant cultivators in isolated *kampongs*, with the exception of their thin aristocracy of administrators through whom the British have indirectly administered the country. The Indians have remained largely rubber tappers, with a thin upper crust of clerks, lawyers and merchants. The Chinese are the only ones who have virtually reproduced the whole normal range of occupations within their ethnic group: they provide the bulk of Malaya's working class, most of its market gardeners, most of its intelligentsia, most of its tradesmen and almost all of its indigenous millionaires.

There are no other countries, however, in which the political situation is—or has been—so much a product of over-the-shoulder glances at the

country of origin. Britain's interest in Malaya is primarily in what its rubber and tin—and the dollar harvest they reap—can do for Britain. Originally the British idea in encouraging the entry of Indians and Chinese was to have them for a short time, returning them to their native countries when their labour was no longer needed. This substantially suited the Chinese and Indian labourers who had migrated from their own countries because of poverty and hoped to return to their native villages when they had earned enough for respectable survival.

THESE attitudes long survived the actual facts of migration. Wars, revolutions, upsets, poverty and the comparative ease of life in Malaya caused more and more Chinese and Indians to settle permanently in Malaya. Now fully three-quarters of the Malayan Chinese are Malaya-born and over half of the Indians. But the traditional British administrator has preferred to continue, considering them 'birds of passage'—largely because the less-advanced Malays are less demanding. And, barred from full-scale citizenship in Malaya, the average Indian or Chinese has been deeply attracted by the tremendous rush of events in India or China.

The basic antagonism in Malaya has long been between the British and the Chinese, whom the British administrator has known to be his real rival. The administrator has known that if he turned over political power to the Malays, top economic power would still remain in British hands. But if the Malayan Chinese secure political power, British business will soon shrivel in Malaya.

Although business rivals, both British and Chinese businessmen share certain attitudes that have helped distort Malaya's economy. They both resent taxation with the result that there is tremendous spending on luxuries and very little national investment. Furthermore, they are both primarily interested in developing the saleable rubber and tin, rather than developing food crops which will round out Malaya's economy. The result is that the Malay

cultivator who, if educated and equipped, could make Malaya self-sustaining in rice, is left in ignorance and primitive cultivation. He can console himself for a living standard half that of the average Chinese with the knowledge that the British administrator considers him one of "God's gentlemen" and, therefore, little in need of earthly intervention.

Since their compatriots in Malaya have been comparatively prosperous, the Indians and Chinese have been cultivated by the successive nationalist movements in India and China. Sun Yat-sen got the bulk of his initial support from Southeast Asian communities of Chinese, the so-called "overseas Chinese." Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists have cultivated them with similar intensity. Many of the recruits for Subhas Bose's Japanese-sponsored army came from Malayan Indians.

These ties have been encouraged by British educational policy which, until the very recent adoption of the idea of national schools, encouraged the education of the children of Indian rubber-tappers in Tamil and the education of Chinese in Chinese. Only the elite of both groups was expected to be educated in English, and that particularly in Singapore and Penang.

THE result, willy-nilly, has been that while the warp of many Malayan events has been indigenous, the woof has frequently been extraneous. Thus the Malayan Communist Party's origins can be traced back to Shanghai, and its appeal has always been overwhelmingly to the Malayan Chinese despite the efforts of its present General Secretary Chen Ping to Malayanize it. The Communist movement in Malaya would probably have appealed to a substantial section of those of Chinese origin anyway since they comprise the bulk of the two classes among which Asian Communists recruit most readily: the working class and the intelligentsia. But the Communists would not have 95% of their supporters among the Chinese were it not for the over-the-shoulder attitude of so many Malayan Chinese.

It is the basic fact that Malaya is still a nation-in-formation, with many of its inhabitants unable to converse with one another, which gives its political development such a narrow and uneven character. Communal differences have restricted and narrowed all indigenous political and social developments. In 1945-8 the predominantly-Chinese leaders of the Communist trade unions found it easier to organize Chinese workers and, since they took to the jungle, have found 95% of their recruits among those of Chinese origin. The legal trade unions have had disproportionate success among Indian labourers, with the Chinese holding back.

This is as true among the indigenous supporters of the status quo. Its leaders are divided and weakened by the communal-economic battle they wage against each other. The 'National Conference' group of government officials, predominantly Malay and having little economic strength beyond their control of subordinate government positions, hope for the gradual and orderly transfer of an intact administration which will confirm their leadership without any need to struggle or look for financial support. The 'National Congress' group of parties (M. C. A.—UMNO and the Pan Malayan Labour Party) have, particularly in the M. C. A. and UMNO, mass memberships and, in the M. C. A., wealthy Chinese backers. The latter therefore are more impatient and more willing to struggle. These two groups tend to struggle against one another rather than against the colonial government.

ONE of the reasons for Malaya's backwardness is the fact that politics dates virtually from 1942. The Japanese occupation was a common experience, a common focus for hatred, but even this hatred was uneven. The Malayan Chinese were overwhelmingly antagonistic from the outset because of more than a decade of Japanese aggression against China itself. On the other hand the Japanese had initial success with Malay nationalists through their exploitation of both the anti-

British and anti-Chinese aspects of Malay nationalism.

After the war the traditional British colonial civil servants spurred on by the British business interests, were able to encourage Malay nationalism to protest against the best constitution a united Malaya has yet had imposed on it: the Malayan Union. It was here that Dato Onn made his debut as a political leader who never makes a major gesture unless it has the tacit support of major British interests. He was then the chief spirit of the United Malays National Organization (UMNO) which then certainly had the smiles of the local British civil servants, if not of the Colonial Office.

The immediate postwar period, however, was dominated by the effort of the Malayan Communists to create a left-nationalist front around a Communist core to concentrate all nationalist energies against the British. They simultaneously organized for labour insurrection through the Pan-Malayan Trade Union Congress which they controlled. They were handicapped, however, by the fact that their leader Loi Tek (or "Comrade Wright") was, in effect, a police agent. The British discovered that he had been 'persuaded' by the Japanese to work for them and held this knowledge over his head to compel him to work for them. It was not until the autumn of 1947 that the Malayan Communists learned from an Indochinese Communist courier who had been a waiter in Singapore in wartime that their leader had been regularly with Japanese intelligence agents during the war. This fitted in with his being "late" for the famous war-time Central Committee meeting which the Japanese surprised, killing most of its members. Noting his comrades' suspicions, "Comrade Wright" disappeared, with most of the Party funds. The British authorities who, until that point were fully informed on the M. C. P.'s plans and hopes, were anxious for a showdown. At the same time the disorganized M. C. P. was being pressed toward precipitate action as a result of the interpretation of the 'Zhdanov line' by the

Calcutta conference of the Indian Communist Party in January 1948.

Creating Safe Nationalism

THE outbreak of actual fighting between armed Communist bands and the British military and police in June 1948 shattered both the semi-legal PMTUC and the left-nationalist front the Communists had been creating. For the Communists this was undoubtedly a premature insurrection, whoever determined its timing. Only a thin fringe of active sympathizers, at most 10% of the population, cheered them on.

But the fighting also disclosed the very narrow limits of active support for the Government of the Federation of Malaya, giving the conflict its fundamental character of two minorities fighting each other in the presence of a passive and annoyed majority.

It was this condition which Malcolm MacDonald attempted to overcome by hothousing a "safe" conservative Malayan nationalism—comprising carefully balanced segments from each community—which could be trusted to fight militant Communism. Starting with the Communities Liaison Committee, he encouraged the formation of the Independence for Malaya Party (I. M. P.) just as he undoubtedly encouraged the recent 'National Conference.'

The distinctive feature of Mr. MacDonald's efforts is the development of a set of local dignitaries to whom the colonial administration can be transferred with a minimum threat to British interests and a maximum increase in support for the anti-Communist struggle. It is presumably no accident that Mr. MacDonald has also been an enthusiastic supporter of the "Baodai experiment" in Indochina.

The difficulty in this approach had been that the people of Malaya have not exhibited the same enthusiasm for the leaders selected for them as has Mr. MacDonald. The I. M. P., launched amidst tremendous fanfare and considerable official support in 1951 has now been reduced to Dato Onn and a few Malay notables who followed him out of UMNO into

I. M. P., plus a fair sprinkling of politically-minded Indians. Dato Onn has been made the Home Member in the Federal Government, a member of the colonial Government. He is supposed, as a nationalist, to be opposing.

M. C. A. To The Fore

THE striking thing is that the Malayan Chinese Association which was virtually formed for the purpose of being represented in the 1949 talks with Mr. MacDonald, has grown from strength to strength. It now claims a membership of over 250,000 and even its worst enemies grant it over 100,000.

Several factors combined to give it strength. It emerged at a time when the wealthy Chinese were anxious to have an organization which would demonstrate their links with Malaya and distinction from the Malayan Communists. Almost from the start it had an important welfare task in assisting the Chinese 'squatters' who were being moved from outlying jungle clearings to barbed-wire-enclosed 'new villages.' The representative of the M. C. A. in these new villages is usually more effective than the government representative. And he has behind him the adequate financing of the M. C. A.'s highly remunerative lottery, giving prizes as high as £50,000.

As the M. C. A. became a mass organization, led by wealthy Malayan Chinese but roughly representative of the bulk of the community except the Communist fringe, it came to voice many of the grievances of the Malayan Chinese community. The men it sent to the 'new villages' were frequently those who felt they should have jobs in the Government but thought the anti-Chinese attitude of the Government had barred them.

The M. C. A. has gradually moved into politics ever since the occasion at the end of 1951 when, in combination with the rump of the UMNO, it managed to trounce the I. M. P.'s candidates in the Kuala Lumpur elections. Dato Onn had expected UMNO to curl up and die when he

and his friends left it. It has, indeed, probably contracted in membership from the 150,000 it had when Dato Onn left it, to under 50,000 today. It still has substantial support among the Malay peasantry and has a militant youth section. Its leader, Tengku Abdul Rahman, was probably reflecting largely this youth section's demand when he called for Malaya's independence in three years. This also coincides, however, with the view of that segment of the Malays which desires early independence in the hope that, with the Malays' present domination of the Army and police and administration, they could cut down Chinese and European economic predominance by nationalizing the tin mines and rubber estates.

The M. C. A. and UMNO are held together not only by the opportunist knowledge that they need each other to win elections, but also by the feeling that they are both "outsiders," i.e., outside the framework of approved politicians to whom British administrators once hoped to transfer smoothly the framework of administration. This gap was demonstrated by the recent attack by the High Commissioner Sir Gerald Templer on an UMNO Federal Councillor, Inche Abdul Aziz bin Ishak, a journalist for *Utusan Melayu*. Abdul Aziz was invited to 'cover' the Coronation from Westminster Abbey and gave a highly personalized account which was not enthusiastic and not gracious in the way the British expect a guest to behave. General Templer called him in and called him a "rat and a lousy journalist whose name stinks throughout Southeast Asia." Apart from the sidelight this incident throws on General Templer's own graciousness, it clearly discloses how far UMNO now is from the administration.

The insensitivity which has alienated the bulk of the Malayan Chinese community from the administration is demonstrated by the recent plans for a purely Chinese University in Malaya. The University of Malaya, now the largest British colonial university, was established not only on a purely British basis—taught entirely in English—but after two years the

authorities had not been able to find a suitable head for the Chinese Department, although hundreds of Western-educated Chinese professors are unemployed in Hongkong and Formosa.

THIS attitude infuriated many Malayan Chinese proud of Chinese culture. For generations they have been supporting their own primary and secondary schools, partly because the colonial Government, until recently, provided so little education. The graduates of these Chinese secondary schools used to go to China for their university training. But that is now virtually closed to them partly because neither their anti-Communist parents nor the police want them to be 'contaminated.'

It had been hoped that the University of Malaya might fill their craving for higher education but the insistence on a very high level of English knowledge, the relegation of Chinese to "just another" language and the slowness with which the department was organized ruled this out. Instead, Malayan Chinese are amassing millions to launch Nanyang University.

Politics For The People

MOST of the political manoeuvrings thus far have left the bulk of the ordinary people of Malaya completely untouched because the prancings of appointed and self-appointed leaders seem to have little significance for their livelihoods or conditions of living. It is significant that the M. C. A. has the largest mass following because it has demonstrated its material usefulness in the welfare work it has done, particularly in the 'new villages.'

The question which puzzles many is just when the mass of Malaysians will move into politics. Substantial numbers (over 150,000 under Communist leadership and 100,000 now under non-Communist leadership) have joined trade unions. But they have not yet broken through into political action.

The Pan-Malayan Labour Party was founded with the hope of organizing a social democratic party, but

its impatient young leader, Mohammed Sopiee, has apparently found the labour of slowly building up from the bottom too exacting. He has joined with the M. C. A. and UMNO in the 'National Congress' announced for July. This has irritated his British well-wishers who wanted him to stay aligned with the I. M. P. in a "non-communal" front, and trade union leaders like P. P. Narayanan, the rubber workers' leader. Mr. Narayanan, Malaya's leading trade unionist, joined the Malayan Labour Party as an individual just before leaving Malaya for Great Britain as an official representative at the Coronation. Mr. Narayanan had planned to wait until the law blocking the affiliation of trade unions to political parties had been repealed; this law was passed in 1948 to curtail trade union support for the Communists. He had wanted to bring in many of the unions and unionists under his influence. But the reason why he moved earlier was to block the ap-

peal of communal organizations to the labour unions. He hoped to show by his example that a trade unionist belonged in a labour party.

IN summation, Malayan politics is diamond-shaped. At the apex is the British colonial administration, with its influence radiating down. At the right angle is the National Conference' group of administration-nationalists. At the left (in position not politics) is the 'National Congress' group of communal-nationalists, battling as much against the 'National Conference' as against the administration. At the bottom is the Malayan Communist Party, battered from its period of putschism, but still the only highly-organized and indoctrinated political group. Malayan politics has this shape largely because its development is so immature. The emergence of the bulk of its people from political quiescence, under the pressure of low rubber and tin prices and a continuing high cost of living, will determine its final shape.



45 INDIAN SCHOLARS LEAVE FOR HIGHER STUDIES IN U. S.
Forty-five scholars from all parts of India left Bombay for the United States on Thursday, July 2, 1953, aboard the SS Strathmore for a year's study and training in various fields under scholarship grants from the U. S. Government. They assembled in Bombay early in the week for a three-day briefing at the local U. S. Information Service. Here, they are seen at the end of the orientation

SIDELIGHTS : :

A FEW enthusiasts collected some 30 000 rupees for the conversion of a higher elementary school in their village into a high school. They had to run from pillar to post to get official sanction for their application. The matter simply could not be settled by correspondence. In the Secretariat the departments seemed to vie with each other in regarding it not as their, but the other fellow's affair. Eventually a delegation arrived from the village at the metropolis with the idea of approaching the Minister himself in order to get something done. He, busy man, was not readily available on the spot. He had gone to a far end of the State, on one of those interminable tours of his, to attend to a mighty public matter such as, maybe, the opening of a restaurant or receiving a civic reception. When the tour ended and the Minister was at last got at, he oozed sympathy and graciously promised to look into the matter. Looking into the matter in the midst of so many other preoccupations naturally took time. When, after spending several hundreds and waiting anxiously for several days, the delegation finally received favourable orders, they were overwhelmed with gratitude for the Minister, and took train back to their village home in a mood of jubilation and triumphant joy.

MR. PAUL APPLEBY, Consultant in Public Administration of the Ford Foundation, was invited to India early this year to study the Government mechanism and make recommendations for improvement. He submitted his report in May. It was received with warm praise. In a laudatory tribute the Cabinet Secretary on behalf of the Government of India said: "Dean Appleby brought to his enquiry a freshness of outlook and experience and insight into social and governmental problems which lend special weight to his observations and suggestions." Here is what Mr. Appleby, so generously appreciated in the highest quarter,

has to say of the methods of administration in vogue in the ministries and the Government departments in the various States and at the Centre:

There are too many forms of class, rank and prerogative consciousness, too much insistence on too uniform concentration of communication in formal channels, too much cross reference including too many reviews of administrative papers by legal officers, too much control of detail, too much preoccupation with "saving" rupees and too little with larger effectiveness. Review at higher levels is too often wastefully duplicatory...and too much in the hands of persons remote from action and programmatic realities.... The structure within ministries is ill-designed for delegation, and there is, in fact, much more unconscious than conscious delegation. One businessman whose most important market is the Government told me that the view of the man at the bottom of the hierarchy who writes the first "note" on a file is all-important in most instances. Imperfect and insufficient conscious delegation is an important factor in making the heavy overload that grievously burdens ministers and secretaries.

Efficient administration is a matter of conscious and ordered delegation of responsibility between members of the various grades of the official hierarchy. A clerk should have his sphere of work well defined, and within that sphere he should be permitted freedom and initiative. And so should all others higher up, like superintendents, assistant and deputy secretaries, secretaries and ministers. Nobody should butt into the work of a subordinate lower down except by way of revision of orders passed in due exercise of appellate authority, if all are to deliver into the common pool their full share of worth. If a Minister were to take on himself duties appropriate to a clerk, he will develop a clerk's mind, and neither he nor the clerk will be worth their keep. The excellence of the working of democracy in England is due to the scrupulous care with which Ministers of the Crown there disburden themselves of tasks that can very well be left to their staffs, in order that their

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time and energies may not be lost in inferior occupations and may be spared for functions of the highest value to the State. A Minister who does not know how to save his time and attention from the wastage sought to be imposed on both by sycophants and patronage-hunters, does not know the A. B. C. of his job. He is a public liability to be got rid of as quickly as possible. It was said of Sir Stafford Cripps when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer that his working day began at 5 in the morning and ended long past midnight, and yet he found time insufficient for many of the things he attempted to do. That was because he was not content with merely shouldering an inherited routine as handed down by his predecessors. He threw his whole heart and soul into extracting from the opportunity of office that came to him, every ounce of social welfare it could be made to yield.

IN these few years of freedom, our Ministers (with here and there a few exceptions) have made a mess of things and covered themselves with ridicule and ignominious futility. It is as if we have Cabinets in order to provide their members with eternal sight-seeing holidays at public expense. They rush about from place to place on the triviallest of pretexts, inflicting woeful neglect on the departments in their charge. In the midst of these peripatetic orgies of the Ministers, is it surprising if the business of starting new schools continues to be treated chaotically, and even when people come forward to bear the expense, the demi-gods of the Secretariat persist in their obstructive ways? In an article in SWATANTRA contributed in the first flush of freedom, our present Chief Minister who was then Governor of West Bengal, said: "The need of the hour is honest and vigilant service on the part of the members of the permanent services in all departments and at all levels. One Minister is now as good as another." The need of the hour continues to be the same after six years, but it is no longer true, if ever it was, that one Minister is as good as another. What chance is there of honest and vigi-

lant service on the part of the members of the permanent services when it is dinned into them in the papers that one of the Ministers rushed from Madras to Nagapattinam to open a bus stop! The reckless wasting of public money by Ministers over indiscriminate tours on political errands or inconsequential missions sets not only a vicious example, it is a positive incitement to the services to imitate it, to the lasting hurt of that "honest and vigilant service" set down by C. R. as the need of the hour.

ON the eve of the American Independence Day, the USIS organised an exhibition in their Mount Road library which was in the nature of a pictorial compendium of American history. A model of the statue of Liberty against a blue-black background decorated the entrance. Enlarged photographs of the whole galaxy of American Presidents were arranged in a row chronologically, and their arresting physiognomies concretised, as it were, in a condensed compass, the whole drama and *dramatis personae* of the various stages of growth and development of American democracy. Interesting aspects of American life were represented in watercolour pictures, the handiwork of the staff, predominantly Indian. Above all, there was a miniature model of the Lincoln Memorial, a monument to the glory of the most thrilling of the nation's achievements in the past, in the eyes of successive generations. Working journalists of the City rallied to the occasion almost in a body. They were welcomed by Mr. Sherbert and Mr. Barth, the first in a speech reflecting the trans-continental cosmopolitanism of an almost Indianised American, and the other in a matter-of-fact narration of the cultural and literary amenities comprised in the USIS effort, and a cordial invitation to all present to participate freely in their benefit. It is a sign of the hold of the USIS on the local press that I never saw so many journalists attracted to one spot from so many newspapers offices, barring of course the annual conferences of the Southern India Journalists Federation.

SAGA:

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FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

THE producers are in a dilemma. They are at a loss to find out a way which would enable them to balance their budgets. Everyone has been advising them to reduce the cost; they are doing it with a vengeance. And yet they find that the reduction in cost does not solve any problem. For, the less the cost the less is the price that the distributors pay. Almost every independent or studio-owning producer that I have met recently told me that he cannot 'cover' his cost by selling different territories; they find that they incur a loss of at least a lakh or two lakhs of rupees per picture unless of course the picture does an extraordinary business and brings some additional returns to the producers.

But as no business can be done on "luck," at the moment the producer is incurring a loss of about a lakh of rupees per picture. Then the question is why does he produce a picture at all?

The answer is obvious. He has no alternative; the moment he stops making pictures his creditors will pounce on him and finish him for ever. As it is, as long as he can keep the show going he gets credit in the market and keeps the money in rotation. Besides, he has always a hope that one of his pictures would hit the bull's eye and wipe out all his previous debts.

And so the cycle goes on and on with producers making pictures in spite of themselves. Those producers who succeed in making one grand hit survive; others ultimately are wiped out and become insolvent. On moderate returns the producer can survive if he has his own finance (and has not to pay heavy interest) and he is in a position to distribute the picture himself. Otherwise, after

making allowance for financier and distributor who seldom worry about exploiting the picture after covering the risk, the producer is hardly likely to get anything extra and is thus bound to lose. So long as this state of affairs continues the producer's dilemma will not be solved; and depression or prosperity would make no difference to him.

Picture of the Week

THE combination of V. M. Vyas and Mohanlal Dave has been responsible, for many traditional family socials extolling the old system of life; this combination has now been broken and instead we have the surprising combination of progressive writer V. S. Khanderkar who fifteen years before *Patita* was made, portrayed a sympathetic story of a woman whose honour was sold for a medicine and V. M. Vyas in *Dana Panee*.

The result is naturally a compromise between the old and new schools of thought. For the first time, there is no idolization of the ideal Hindu wife and her mute sufferings. The wife of *Dana Panee* does not call her husband 'Swami' and 'Nath' and wash his feet; she is busy making the balance sheet for the family. She is not a silent sufferer and has the courage to intervene on behalf of her husband and retort back to his step-mother. That is not all; she even sings a duet with her husband and does not mind her husband helping her in cooking or washing. Thus the change from Mumtaz Shanti of *Sanskar* to Meena Kumari of *Dana Panee* is quite significant.

But *Dana Panee* is not a woman's story; it is the story of a school teacher earning just sixty rupees. He has three problems; first, to meet the expenses of the home, then buy a tricycle for his son and get back two thousand rupees which his father had kept for his step-sister's marriage to pay her dowry. Throughout the picture it is emphasized that the middle class youth has no solution for such problems unless of course luck favours him as it does in this case in the end probably to effect a happy ending. The only other way suggested is that he should have no scruples and exploit the rich by

pampering them, and serving them dishonestly if necessary to gain their favours.

As a result of the episodic nature of these three different problems the screenplay is rather loose and fails to create suspense or dramatic tension as such. The story holds you by its different interesting incidents; and, of course, there are some touching moments as when the hero, to save his step-brother, steals his son's tricycle and again when the son returns the tricycle to the rich man who had presented it with a hope to get his daughter passed in an examination. The climax of two thousand rupees however fails as several issues are mixed up in it.

Had the screenplay been more lucid and pointed *Dana Panee* might have truly become a saga of middle-class life. As it is, it is quite an entertaining and basically more realistic picture. The characterization of Chaman, who talks straight and creates trouble, Papa Saheb, the rich patron of the school teacher and Petu Mama who has a zest for food are brilliantly conceived; and they have been brought to life rather crudely but effectively by Mirza Mushraff, Wasti and Radha Kishen. This trio enlivens the whole picture and makes it entertaining. The best performance however comes from Bharat Bhushan who is perfectly at home in the role of the school teacher. The music is mediocre, though some of the lyrics are aptly worded.

The production values and direction are in-keeping with V. M. Vyas's past reputation; though the picture itself marks a definite improvement on his previous hits.

Star of the Week

ACHARYA ATRE'S Marathi film *Shyamchi Aai* has been the talk of Maharashtra for the past few months. Atre himself has visited almost all the centres of Maharashtra and addressed public meetings in connection with this picture. The child star who appears in his film as Shyam has been also feted and honoured.

But the one person who deserves the greatest honour in the case of

this film has been in the background. That person is Vanmala who has played the title role of *Shyamchi Aai*. Indeed, as a performance it can be classed amongst the very few memorable portrayals which enrich our screen. I have seldom seen a star living her role in the manner Vanmala lives her role in this picture. Her greatest triumph is that while watching the picture you forget that you are watching Vanmala; you get the idea that you are watching the real 'Shyamchi Aai' as conceived by Sane Guruji on the screen. So perfect is her portrayal; she has completely submerged herself in the role and identified herself with it.

Unfortunately the picture is made in Marathi and so thousands of picturegoers who do not know the language or the typical Brahmin family life in Konkan would not be able to appreciate and admire her memorable performance.

Vanmala has always been a good and competent artiste. She hails from a noble Maratha family of Gwalior. After her unhappy marriage she graduated and obtained two degrees of B.A. and B.T. While working as a school teacher in Poona, she came in contact with Acharya Atre and through him the film world. She made her debut in *Lapandav* (Hide and Seek) written by Acharya Atre and formed Atre Pictures along with Atre. She appeared in *Charnoki Dassi*, *Raja Rani* and *Vasantsena*; but it was her performance as Ruksana in *Sikander* that won for her fame all over India.

While as an artiste she scored many triumphs in pictures like *Kadambari* and *Parbat Pe Apna Dera* she had many problems to confront with as partner of Atre Pictures. As the years passed, the demand for her also grew less; for the producers did not know which kind of role would suit her. Meanwhile, both on the Marathi stage and the Marathi screen, she made her mark.

Of late she has not been keeping good health. Even during the shooting of *Shyamchi Aai* she had gone away to her sister to take 'mental' rest. Thanks to many worries and problems that she had to confront,

her 'mental' health has deteriorated. Yet she is staging a come back on the Hindi screen in *Angarey*, and given the right type of roles this educated and talented star is bound to shine again in all her glory.

News of the Week

SANTOSHI will direct Kay Arts' *Chalis Baba Aur Ek Chor*, a story of forty children and one thief starring Kamini Kaushal as the thief. I. S. Johar is writing the screenplay.

All India Pictures have abandoned *Karishma* and are instead making *Char Din Ki Chandni* written by

P. L. Deshpande directed by Ram Gabale and starring Madhubala as well as *Char Bazaar* starring Shammi Kapoor.

The muhurats of Hira Films' Muslim social *Chandni Chowk* starring Meena Kumari and Shekhar and directed by B. R. Chopra, Filmasia's *Mazloom* starring Shakuntala Shekhar and directed by Shanim Bhagat, Murli Movies' *Taan* starring Shyama were performed last week.

Vasan's next picture in Hindi will be based on an Indian adaptation of Pearl Buck's "Good Earth."

TWO things put us constantly in mind of Australians. The first is the sojourn of the Australian cricketers in England playing a very interesting series of test matches with the mother country; the other is the prospect of more Australians touring India this winter as members of a Commonwealth team to light the silver jubilee celebrations of the Board of Control for Cricket in India. So frequently do we hear of Australian cricketers that the mind rolls back the years to recapture the many interesting personalities from "down under", who had come over to India and Chepauk in the past.

The greatest of these was perhaps the shortest also; Charles G. Macartney. Macartney was a batsman cast in Trumper's mould and an ardent student of the Champion. His bat cut at all the rigours of orthodoxy; his strokeplay seemed to mock at length, swing, swerve and spin. Macartney was really a law unto himself. But at Chepauk, while he batted, the weight of age sat somewhat heavily on him. In the test against India he could not keep pace with Nissar's speed or Amar Singh's guile. But he showed his "stuff" in one innings against Madras, and while it lasted the whole field lighted with the magnificent thrusts of his bat. Once he drove a ball off the back-foot through mid-off and even as he finished his gesture we saw the fieldsman pick-

SOME AUSTRALIANS AT CHEPAUK

By

P. N. S.

ing the ball off the pavilion steps. Another drive of his, off Gopalan, was through the covers, and the classical poise of his body is still etched in the memory. The end of his short innings came unexpectedly, when Macartney was run out yards out of the crease. Someone in the galleries shouted mockingly: "Look how he ran between the wickets, and he has the temerity to lecture to our boys about running between the wickets!"

We saw Macartney more at ease as a bowler. He had an air of supreme confidence as his arm swung over apparently innocently. A delicate curve to the ball, well-conceived changes of flight and a perfect length were concealed behind it to keep a nagging attack at the batsman. Added to these qualities, Macartney placed the field to his bowling with precision. The way he accounted for Amarnath at the covers in both innings of the test were lessons in bowling strategy.

Macartney taught us the finer points of the game as much with the pen also. His coverage of the tour of his team for *The Hindu* was penetrating and candid. At the end of the tour he summed up his view of Indian

cricket, and his admirable analysis of its strength and weaknesses is really a blue print for its development even today and worthy of study by the authorities of the game in the country.

Jack Ryder, ex-Australian captain and present member of the Australian test selection committee, was on view along with Macartney. One still remembers him standing at the crease with a half astonished, half angry stare at the umpire, who declared him leg before wicket in the second innings of the test. There was everything in his attitude to declare the umpire had gone wrong but the latter held his ground, and Ryder walked back to the pavilion, somewhat red in the face. But one would like to forget this picture in favour of the sterling batsmanship he displayed against the wiles of Amar Singh on a wicket that suited the bowler's genius.

Ron Oxenham was another brilliant all-rounder who captured the hearts of the Chepauk crowd. Oxenham was a spinner of the Grimmett class, and failed to play for Australia frequently because he was the latter's contemporary. At Chepauk he did not play in the test because of a pulled muscle but we had sufficient glimpses in the match against Madras which proclaimed his greatness. He displayed all the facets of the spinner's art, length allied to changes of flight, spin to control of direction. One ball from him, particularly, pitched nearly a yard and a half outside the off-stump, took a gorgeous turn to beat the groping batsman—young Mark Ranganadham—and hit the middle and off-stumps.

Oxenham's name will, however, be remembered more for the great knock which he played on the final day of the match to turn what appeared to be certain defeat into a great victory for his side. Limping painfully all the while he hit up, together with Leather, more than 90 runs for the last wicket, bringing victory with a final leg-glance—a gem of a stroke.

ALONG with these stalwarts came Ironmonger, left arm spinner, deadly on a lively wicket. Ironmonger, however, did not play at Chepauk and we were denied the opportunity of

witnessing his viciousness with the ball. Then there was Alexander, a bit short for a speed bowler, but gathering it up by a quick, long run to the crease and a full delivery; and Nagel standing over six feet, who created a sensation in his own country against the Englishmen in 1932 when he gathered a harvest of eight wickets against them; and Morrisby and Leather.

WE had to wait till the end of World War II for the Australians to come again but when they did we had the privilege to witness a few more men of high calibre. Lindsay Hassett, small and dapper, built on the lines of a jockey, led that team. In stature and movement Hassett was the very antithesis of that other short man, Macartney. There was absent the imperious tilt of the head or the jauntiness of the chin, the nonchalant air of the master. Instead, Hassett moved in softly and quietly, with a happy grin on a face which has earned him the name of ugly duckling—a loveable, likeable man. Hassett carried his lack of ostentation to the crease. When he batted, whether he drove, pulled or glanced, the ball flowed mellifluously down from his bat; the ball on its course to the ropes never created an uproar as in the case of a Macartney-shot. The student of the game observed that Hassett's superb footwork added immensely to his stature while at the crease. In the final impression, Hassett left in us the imprint of a man who would use all his powers only to create a friend even in the ranks of the "enemy."

Keith Miller, who played under Hassett, was the glamorous star of the team. One look at his well proportioned body and the Romanic cut of his face was enough to convince one of this fact. Miller, however, was in poor form at Chepauk. Incessant hours at bat and ball had taken the edge out of him, we were told. As if to make us cherish the memory of his visit Miller, however, executed one grand drive to extra-cover, magnificent in its poise, though not for its power. Miller too revealed a facile run-up to the crease and a

springy delivery, with the hair falling boyishly down his forehead, during the few overs he bowled before us.

Cecil Pepper, who carried the bowling responsibility of Hassett's team to the maximum, will remain with us for the same reason as Ryder. Like Ryder, Pepper showed a temperament that could not brook the umpire. A Pepper appeal, if disallowed, was followed by a peppery scowl that threatened to eat up any umpire lacking extraordinary guts. In skill, Pepper was a bowler of a high order, with his spinners delivered at a slow-medium pace rearing off the pitch venomously. Pepper was also a forceful bat and in the test he played an excellent knock, replete with drives.

WHILE these were the chief men of the Services team, more Australians visited India with the two Commonwealth teams; two such top men were George Tribe and Bruce

Dooland. Of these it is difficult to forget Tribe. Dressed in loose garments and his unkempt hair flowing in the breeze, Tribe gave the impression of a slovenly little fellow, who did not care much about what happened on the field. But the batsmen who faced Tribe would always have a different impression of the man. His left arm spinner was always aggressive, and on a worn wicket practically unplayable, while his 'bosey' had the additional quality of concealment. And Tribe could go on for hours on end. Tribe could bat too and, surprisingly, in spite of the smallness of the figure his hits carried immense power. Tribe has been known as a frequent hitter of sixers.

We do not yet know, if and when the next set of Australians come, what manner of players we will be privileged to witness. We can only hope that Morris, Lindwall, Miller, and last but not least, the brilliant Neil Harvey will all be there—and not merely a Freer, or Langton—to gladden our hearts.

A B C Of Security

I wonder if many of you came upon a verse by E. B. White in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* magazine. It was called "The A B C of Security," and I think is worth repeating:

Said Mr. A to Mr. B,
"I doubt the loyalty of C."
Said Mr. B to Mr. A,
"I'm shocked and stunned by what you say;
We'd better check on him today.
And since you've brought up Mr. C,
I feel that I must mention D.
I rather doubt his loyalty."
Said Mr. F to Mr. G,
"G, have you ever noticed B?
What do you make of his loyalty?"
Said Mr. G to Mr. F,
"Lower your voice—people aren't deaf!

I wouldn't want you quoting me,
But sure, I've always noticed B."
Said Mr. C to Mr. A,
"I saw a funny thing today;
At least, it seemed quite odd to me.
I saw F whispering with G
And I just caught the name of B."
"No, really?" answered A to C,

"Well, anyway—I don't know B.
I guess it's just as well for me."
And so the subtle poison spread.
Until there rose a Mr. Zed.
The lightning played around his head.

"My fellow-countrymen," he said,
"The past, as you'll observe, is dead.
The alphabet's discredited;
You can't trust ministers to preach,
And it has been my special labour
To prove that none can trust his neighbour.

In fact, it's amply clear to see
There's no one you can trust but me.

And by a happy turn of fate
I've come to purify the state.
My methods will be swift and strong.

Against the crime of thinking wrong.

I know the cure for heresy,
And you can leave it all to me.
Leave everything to me!" he said.
"Hurrah!" they cried. "Hurrah for Zed!"

E. B. WHITE, from the *The New Yorker*

SWATANTRA

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THE WRONG END

SRI GULZARILAL NANDA, Union Planning Minister, announced at Ahmedabad this week that "to tackle the problem of unemployment the Union Government would adopt the policy of the development of cottage industries more vigorously." Unemployment is the effect of failure to achieve social security. The positive aspect of the elimination of unemployment is social security. Social security means that physical want is abolished, and to ensure such abolition a subsistence income at least is provided for all citizens, let alone expenditure on exceptional occasions like birth, marriage and death. Once the problem of unemployment is envisaged in positive terms as the problem of ensuring a subsistence income for all citizens, the ridiculousness of the official methods of dealing with it will become clear. The problem of unemployment cannot be solved except in an integral way taking into account the whole of the needs of the nation and seeking to meet them with a full utilization of all available resources. It cannot be solved by setting town against country or small scale industries against large scale ones. As part of his method of tackling unemployment Sri Gulzarilal Nanda stated that the Government will take "steps to see to it that the goods produced by the small-scale and cottage industries do not face the excessive competition of the goods produced by big manufacturers." He also called upon the people "to help the cottage and small-scale industry by reviving the spirit of Swadeshi throughout the country." The spirit of Swadeshi implies preference for indigenous products and admits of no discrimination as between goods made in cottages and factory-made articles. It is a pity that a Minister of the Central Government should be so lost to the significance of the Swadeshi spirit as to attempt to use the sentiment of it to the detriment of important industries of national significance. Apparently for the sake of bolstering up cottage industries, Sri Nanda wants to have machine manufactures competing with them placed on a level with foreign imports both in popular sentiment and administratively in the regulation of official policy. In other words, he wants to feed weak enterprises unable to make headway on their own strength with deliberate infliction of hurt on well-established industries that are doing well. Destruction is easy and the infliction of very real and effective injury

on the industries built by our "big manufacturers" may not be beyond the capacity of our "Planning" Minister Sri Nanda. It is doubtful however to what extent the destruction inflicted on the big manufacturing industries will sow the seed of fruitfulness for the small-scale and cottage industries.

ON a level with Sri Nanda in another sphere, Acharya Vinoba Bhave has been insisting that "no community project should be launched in any area unless the people of the area accepted the principle of village ownership of land." Sri Nanda responded to the Acharya's demand by "wholeheartedly and unreservedly accepting the principle" of village ownership, but pleaded that "the development of rural economy should not be postponed till the people could be persuaded to the ideal of village ownership." One may wait till Doomsday for any general voluntary acceptance of appeals from any quarter, however high and mighty, for the pooling of private property into collective systems of ownership, and even Mahatma Gandhi who succeeded in many matters failed dismally in the response he could achieve from the closest of his disciples to his exhortations for non-possession and a non-acquisitive way of life. The Mahatma had the advantage of practising what he preached, which the present inheritors of his cult in the country have not. Even the most distinguished of them, Sri Rajagopalachari, could not, under the opportunity of power, resist the sadistic pleasure of stripping the buses of cushions and compelling the whole lot of the City's passengers to sit on bare planks, while nothing less than feather-cushioned Parker Knoll furniture would suffice for his own use in his office. The old respect for the Congress hierarchy has got exhausted in the revulsions of feeling caused by the perversities of their behaviour with the accession to power in recent years. There is no saint at the helm to inspire people with his example into the sort of renunciatory zest that is required if the Bhudan movement is to find any genuine acceptance. Leaders of the movement are dwelling in a fool's paradise and will come to a rude awakening before long.

THE way to rehabilitation of the unemployed lies neither in outbursts of saintly generosity on the part of owners of land nor in preferential treatment of selected sectors of production. It must come, not to some, but to all, as a delicious fruit of accomplished social security. It is inherent in the very conception of social security that none can be excluded from the scope of its beneficial operations. In a well-conceived plan of social security, no rousing of passion in mutual hostility between one institution of production and another, will be tolerated. The totality of unemployed man-power will be considered in relation to the totality of employable resources, and the one will be fitted to the other under a scheme providing for the maximum output in production. To attempt to solve the unemployment problem, as Sri Nanda seeks to do, by making the educated spin and weave in urban centres, is laughable. There is no point in adding the burden of graduate-produced cloth to the stock turned out in cottages by the professional weaving community that has to be enabled to survive, when to that end the Government feel themselves already driven to the need of curbing the textile mills. No scheme of production can be maintained without reference to consumer capacity, and consumer capacity is inevitably connected with prices.

Purger Purged

THE purging of Beria is the first major event after Stalin's death in the struggle for power among Stalin's successors, a struggle that is by no means over. Announcing his downfall *Pravda* said: "Beria, the people's enemy who has now been unmasked, by various careerist machinations wormed himself into confidence and threaded his way to leadership. First, his criminal, anti-party, and anti-State activity was deeply concealed and masked, but lately—having become impudent and letting himself go—Beria started to disclose his real face, the face of a criminal enemy of the party and the Soviet people." *Pravda's* denunciation simply repeats the pattern of the common form of charges when anyone is sought to be removed and destroyed by the Soviet regime. The real reason that accounts for Beria's downfall is the one given by *The Times* which says that Malenkov, as Prime Minister, found it intolerable to leave Beria with the degree of power which he exercised when they were equals together under Stalin. "Stalin could balance the two, but when he was gone one of them had to rise to the top." So Malenkov struck Beria before Beria could strike him. It was a big feat, and to nerve himself to it, Malenkov took counsel with Marshal Voroshilov who in his turn consulted his colleagues Bulganin and Zhukov, and pledged the support of the Army to the Prime Minister. Stalin, in the days of his struggle for supremacy before he removed all contending rivals from his path, had written, "To choose a victim, to prepare the blow with care, to slake an implacable vengeance, and then to bed—there is nothing sweeter in the world!" For the moment a similar sweet experience has come to Malenkov, but there is the shadow in the offing of the military triumvirate that enabled him to put down Beria, and the joy of present victory might well be poisoned for him by the dread of military rule as a price to be paid in the days to come.

The *Pravda* article accused Beria, among other things, of "loosening,"

of pursuing a policy which resulted "in the general intensification of subversive anti-Soviet activities." A policy in the reverse direction towards "stiffening" may therefore be anticipated from the Soviet regime in the immediate future, and the relaxations in control effected after the Berlin riots are likely to be cancelled in the first instance, with more drastic measures to follow, to avert the spread of disorders of the Berlin pattern in other satellite territories. Russia was a comparatively unimportant country at the time of Stalin's struggle for power, and not so powerful militarily and politically as now. The consequences of internal convulsions in the present struggle for power in Russia will be of far greater moment to the rest of the world than at any time previously.

High-handed

THE disappearance of aircraftsman Rigden since Thursday last week led the British authorities to conclude that the Egyptians had kidnapped him. The proper course was to seek to recover the missing airman by exercise of diplomatic pressure. Instead General Festing appeared truculently on the scene and issued a military ultimatum. As might have been expected, it was ignored, and British troops retaliated by occupying Ismailia and subjecting the town to a vigorous search and harassing traffic restrictions. This action of British troops has stirred Egyptian patriotic sentiment profoundly and roused it into passionate anti-British demonstrations. Cairo, it is reported, is seething with mass pledges of "absolute support, sincere patriotism and readiness to bear every sacrifice for freedom and honour." On the other hand the occupation of Ismailia has been greeted in Britain with shame-faced censure and indignant remonstrance by the more responsible section of the press. It has been denounced, for example, by the *Manchester Guardian* as "an outrageously high-handed and improper action." The paper hopes that "the storm cloud over Suez may pass without deluge," but it is definite that "it has done

enough damage already." If the storm cloud has not brought on a deluge, the British must thank the Americans who have been prompt in their ministrations to restore understanding, and have acted in this matter with a diplomatic finesse and maturity traditionally associated with the British themselves. One single act of bungling has cost as much discredit to British reputation in the international sphere as it can possibly be expected to do, and Mr. Churchill will come down several pegs in the world's esteem unless he is wise enough to disown responsibility on the score of temporary retirement through illness for this exploit of aggression in Egypt.

Kashmir Crisis

THINGS are in a quandary in Kashmir. Sheik Abdullah who rose to power with the National Conference as a ladder, has now kicked it, saying it is no longer representative. His loyalty to Pandit Nehru who regularly supplied him with generous financial assistance, supposed to be employed in building up the economy of the State, has waned. There are reports of mysterious goings-on, with strange figures touring from village to village to enlist Kashmir sentiment in favour of accession to Pakistan. The Pakistan Prime Minister's optimistic references of late to the certainty of a satisfactory solution of the Kashmir problem before the end of the year, are accounted for by knowledgeable observers as the result of a secret understanding, not yet made public, between Srinagar and Karachi. The fact seems to be that having made a milch-cow of Pandit Nehru, Sheikh Abdullah now feels that he has more to gain by transferring his allegiance to another quarter, and he is not averse to sell Kashmir to Pakistan if the price be attractive enough. The only considerable figure in Kashmir politics with pronounced pro-Indian convictions on principle is the Deputy Premier Bekshi Ghulam Mohammed who commands a majority of votes in the National Conference. Between him and Sheikh Abdullah a deep rift has developed. It will not only affect

the internal stability of the State, it might also, if proper precautions are not taken in time, bring about a reversal of the relative positions of India and Pakistan in Kashmir State. Pandit Nehru has not a minute to lose if he hopes to conserve the results of so much effort to gain the goodwill of Kashmir made in the past six years.

Irritating

IN answer to a question in the Madras Assembly if it was a fact that a relation of a Secretary had been appointed in the Transport Department in supercession of the claims of more qualified applicants, the Chief Minister said that "the question was improper, and the member's assumption was wrong because he himself had dealt with the file concerned." The conjunction because in the Chief Minister's answer is significant. It reflects a deep-rooted conviction of his in his own infallibility and unquestionable probity. Because the Chief Minister had dealt with a file he insists that it should be taken as an axiom that no unfairness could by any chance creep into his disposal of it. This state of perfect self-satisfaction with oneself is enviable if only because it is not attainable by ordinary mortals. Whether it is an asset in administration is however open to question. In a democratic set-up a Minister with an open mind and a little doubt now and again in his own mastery of ultimate wisdom, is more likely to be tolerant of criticism and treat public opinion with due respect, and get on pleasantly without hurting others in the midst of controversies, than another with a closed mind that had arrived at final conclusions not to be disturbed on any account on all subjects on earth. C. R. has outlived the days when he was taken at his word on trust. On the other hand the impression is growing that by too much of meddling with the details of administration in the departments entrusted to his colleagues, he has very nearly destroyed their opportunities for independent decision and his own capacity for sound and detached judgement.

Sotto Voce



THE SULTANS ARE ABROAD

I HAVE heard a story of Tippu Sultan which seems to be peculiarly relevant to our present occasions. The sight of hundreds of Brahman widows returning from their morning bath in the Kaveri moved him to make enquiries about them. When he learnt of their bereaved condition his heart was overwhelmed with pity. He remembered that there were fine men in his army who were burning in unrewarded celibacy and he told Dewan Purnayya to see that every widow was consoled with a worthy soldier. The wily Dewan knew his master too well to object. But he took his troubles to Tippu's grandmother.

The imperious old lady, whose tongue Tippu feared more than anything else, summoned him and told him calmly that she had a suitor and she proposed to accept him. The Sultan was outraged and drawing his sword he demanded, "Where is the wretch who dares to insult me? I will have his blood." The old dame struck in: "My son, if you feel that way about me how will the sons and relations of those Brahman widows whom you were going to bestow on your janissaries feel?" Abashed, the Sultan cancelled his foolish order and all was well. But our modern Sultans have neither wise grandmothers nor wary Wazirs, and every foolish whim or fantastic speculation becomes law overnight.

The ukase has gone forth that buses in Madras City shall be stripped of their cushions. While he was addressing a gathering of students the other day the dove of inspiration

visibly brooded on our Premier. And high time too; for he could not have helped overhearing the sullen murmurs of the office-going crowd packed like sardines in the lorries doing duty for buses. With neither standing room nor strap to hang on to, their shins bruised by uncompromising angles every time the vehicle swerved sharply or came to an abrupt halt, their ears tingling with the obscene gibes of the drivers who liked to relieve their boredom thus, the worms showed unmistakable signs of turning.

"Grumble, do they? Well, we'll larn them": that would be the normal reaction of little men clothed in brief authority. Not so our Premier; he prescribes wooden benches for the fleshless behinds of clerks not as a punishment, but solely from the conviction that an abraded bottom is an invaluable aid to discipline. I am not forgetting that he accuses the bus cushions of harbouring germs; but how could he be more partial to the bugs that go with bare planks? No, he must be actuated by the sublime assurance that the planks, like the new education, will teach our free citizens to rest content in that station in life to which it has pleased Providence to call them.

The hard planks should give them, too, something of the feel of the tram-cars which they so sadly miss. Whether they pay twice the fare and endure twenty times the agony while they are being hurled about in Government lorries or whether most of the time they cool

their heels on the kerb, they forlornly cling to the hope that some day the trams will again be on the roads. The odds are a hundred to one that they will not. But if they don't come back, to whom should the credit go, if not to our Premier who is effortlessly equal to every emergency?

"How noiseless the City is these days!" exclaims a delirious admirer. "How dustless the streets are!" chimes in another. "How spacious the road seems to be!" says a third road-hog as, his well padded posteriors luxuriating on well-sprung cushions, he scatters a cloud of pedestrians with a nonchalant sweep of his posh car as if they were chaff before the wind. Everybody in fact is in high spirits except the tram-user and the bus-user who are of no account. Meanwhile, the queues lengthen and the offices go in for staggering, which is a polite name for working half-time, while a few audacious fellows here and there

audibly mutter that mangoes are not brought down by *mantrams*.

Why did not Jove, ordinarily so handy with the thunderbolt of gubernatorial Ordinance, launch it to avert the stoppage of the tram service? If neither pressure nor persuasion could have availed, why did not the Government take control? Instead they preferred to gain cheap popularity with the workers. And they preened themselves on having solved the problem by ordering out a few broken-down lorries. But while the Chief Minister and his Transport Minister were bandying endless compliments and the workers were starving, the courts and colleges re-opened and the Ministerial bag of tricks was empty. Which explains the portentous discovery about cushions being bad for health and morals. When the knock-kneed buses follow the tram in due course, we shall no doubt be assured that walking is healthy—except for the Ministers.

VIGNESWARA

Neurotic Personality Of Our Time

An interesting account of the psychological troubles of the individual in modern civilization, is given by Dr. Karen Horney in her book, *The Neurotic Personality Of Our Time*. Here is an extract from the book for which SWATANTRA is indebted to Manas.

COMPETITIVENESS and its potential hostilities between fellow-beings, fears, diminished self-esteem—result psychologically in the individual feeling that he is isolated. Even when he has many contacts with others, even when he is happily married, he is emotionally isolated. Emotional isolation is hard for anyone to endure; it becomes a calamity, however, if it coincides with apprehensions and uncertainties about one's self.

It is this situation which provokes in the normal individual of our time, an intensified need for affection as a remedy. Obtaining affection makes him feel less isolated, less threatened by hostility and less uncertain of himself. Because it corresponds to a vital need, love is overvalued in our culture. It becomes a phantom—like success—carrying with it the illusion that it is a solution for all problems. Love itself is not an illusion—although in our culture it is most often a screen for satisfying wishes that have nothing to do with it—but it is made an illusion by our expecting much more of it than it can possibly fulfil. And the ideological emphasis that we place on love serves to cover up the factors which create our exaggerated need for it. Hence the individual is in the dilemma of needing a great deal of affection but finding difficulty in obtaining it. The situation thus far represents a fertile ground for the development of neuroses.

SIDELIGHTS :

A trade union needs discipline; but the last thing it needs, and the last thing it ought to accept, is an autocratic dictatorship imposed from above.—HAROLD LASKI.

A AND B are two big industrial magnates.

A said to B: "You do not know how to run your business. You pamper your employees too much. You give them the highest wage and all sorts of amenities. There is no end to your planning of welfare to make them more comfortable. A peon in your employ earns more than many graduates in the Government offices. For all this, what is the reward you get? All the time you are threatened with strikes. Now, look at me. I never pamper my men. They have to take what I give and I take good care of the profits. If any of the blighters give trouble, I know how to deal with him. Very soon he will find himself in the street..."

B said: "You are not allowed to do that. The labour union men will raise a hue and cry and haul you up for wrongful dismissal and what not."

A: "I never have any trouble from the labour union people. There is no scallywag among them who will not respond to the right treatment. Throw the fellow his price and he will be your slave and keep order for you. You spend lakhs on your establishment and buy trouble. I spend a fraction of it in the right quarter to buy peace. You cannot do a thing nowadays unless you invest a little money to buy up the loyalty of troublesome fellows. Labour will finish you unless you know all the tricks to keep it in a proper state of fright. You must speak to it in a language which it can understand."

And so the talk went on.

The common notion that fair treatment of labour will put heart into it and make it work hard so as to enhance industrial production is not quite correct in the conditions of our time. It is the worst employers who

keep their men on starvation wages that manage to flourish, and pile up prosperity for themselves. They know the key men in the labour unions and send them regular cheques. They are skilful in keeping the labour officials in good humour. They are experts in spotting out politicians likely to come into power and indefatigable in generous ministrations to them and lavish in contributions to election expenses. They leave nothing to chance. They have friends under heavy financial obligations to them in all the political parties. Whichever party rules, they have centres of influence within its very core, exercised incessantly and gratefully in their favour, enabling them to violate defiantly and with impunity every labour law in the land. The bulk of industrial labour is locked up with illiberal conditions of service under employers who are a law unto themselves because of their adeptness in buying up political power and using it as they please to serve their ends. The threads of essential influence run from business to politics and to the government of the State, and in the atmosphere of the general alliance between property and power, the conscientious industrialist who seeks to keep aloof from politics and concentrate on economic objectives and develop high standards of commercial morality and rectitude, is lost.

SRI V. V. GIRI, the Union Labour Minister, said at Lucknow this week that there was no hope for the economic regeneration of the country unless there were harmonious relations between labour and industry. He is right. But the real sources of disharmony have to be properly analysed before they can be got rid of summarily. The yield to labour from industry is limited by marketable production, and if claims are pressed beyond that limit, the industry itself will collapse. In small concerns that yield no large margin of profit, the working people have a shrewd sense of the safety-point

beyond which demands cannot be pressed without bringing down the concerns themselves to ruin—and so they adjust themselves to it even if their compeers in more prosperous institutions round the corner are enviably better off. There is practicable scope for agitation for more only in undertakings with margins of profit to divide, and it is on these that trade unions should concentrate in their endeavour to improve the economic condition of the workers. The reasonable thing is to extract concessions from illiberal employers disposed to be rapacious in the appropriation of profits. Actually, however, the bulk of trade union activity is turned upon exemplary institutions renowned for ideal treatment of employees, where the employees themselves are quite happy and contented and want to be left in peace and freedom to carry on their daily work undisturbed. We owe this anomaly to the invasion of the labour movement by rowdy leaders who sell peace for a fee, and when it is denied, create disturbance which the workers do not relish but are helpless to prevent or escape from. When the tormented industrialist happens to be out of favour with the political bosses, having, maybe, declined a donation for party funds or election expenses, a protective mantle is thrown over the rowdy elements and their scope for mischief and browbeating power enhanced correspondingly.

THE plain fact of the matter is that the trade unions are infested by shady wingers who leave the really bad employers untouched, and interfere with the freedom of work of employees in good institutions, whose owners have incurred their displeasure by refusing to enter into deals with them. Political factors have tended to give a fillip to these undesirable operations which are not only hurting industry at its best, but also threatening the freedom of occupation of workers and subjecting them to the devious reactions of intrigues and stratagems that have nothing to do with their welfare or with genuine trade union interests. Strikes are voted for in an atmosphere of terror by members of trade

unions who are told that if they acted differently the union could not protect them from the consequences—and such strikes hurt and victimise the workers as much as they threaten the industry that gives them bread. There was no reason, said the Union Labour Minister, why employers and employees could not settle the issues in a dispute across a table at industry level. There is one reason. It is the existence in trade unions of commission agents with a stake in industrial unrest, masquerading as labour leaders.

THE latest issue of *The Listener* to arrive by sea mail contains a fascinating article by Lady Violet Bonham Carter on Margot Asquith, her step-mother, which I am tempted to share with readers to the extent of this paragraph. The lady who is now Bonham Carter was seven years old when Margot married her father. To her and her brothers and sisters, five in all, Margot Asquith "was never in the least like a mother, nor was she a step-mother, wicked or otherwise." She flashed into their lives "like some dazzling bird of paradise—brilliant, incalculable, unexpected"—filling them with "admiration, amazement, amusement, affection, and sometimes with a vague uneasiness as to what she might, or might not, do next." On one occasion King George V was a guest at dinner in the Asquiths' house at a time when the newspapers were ringing with the case of an archdeacon who was accused of having misconducted himself in several ways. "You know, Lady Oxford," said the King, "I am one of those who still believe in the complete innocence of the archdeacon." Margot Asquith replied, in the most natural manner, "Ah, Sir, I know there are still some donkeys who believe that."

Margot Asquith had dazzling social qualities and a genius for friendship with men and women of all social grades. Her step-daughter concludes her tribute to her ecstatically, thus: "Her boundless generosity, her honesty and courage, her power to feel and give, were there for all to see. But hidden deep down in her nature was a quality which few could know, or even guess at,—her real humility."

SAKA

CHURCHILL'S DIPLOMATIC ILLNESS

By ANDREW ROTH

"WE welcome any manifestations of a change in the attitude of the new leaders of Soviet Russia which may ease long-standing tensions," said Sir Vincent Tewson.

"Moscow may change its tactics, but it has not changed to the slightest degree its basic aim of world domination," said Mr. Meany.

The opening speeches at the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions sharply highlighted the Anglo-American gap in foreign policy. So sharply that *The Times* contrasted the above sections of the speeches of Sir Vincent Tewson, the very moderate General Secretary of Britain's Trade Union Congress and George Meany, the colourful new President of the American Federation of Labour.

"We must be careful not to jeopardise our means of defence," continued Sir Vincent, "but neither should we countenance any sabotage, whether by word or deed, that may wreck the value of any talks that can take place."

"No dictator in history," said Mr. Meany, "has ever been converted to a policy of reason or human decency by appeasement."

Nobody doubts that, broadly speaking, these trade union leaders were speaking for Messrs. Churchill and Dulles. But the tendency to emphasize these differences may result in overlooking the quiet struggle within Britain's Conservative leadership.

Out of the phantasmagoria of rumours surrounding Sir Winston Churchill's temporary retirement from the active leadership of Britain's affairs, one thing is certain. Britain has lost the initiative which it held for a glorious six weeks.

The initiative was almost wholly Churchill's alone, with the Foreign Office and even his Cabinet little

consulted. It seemed indeed as if Sir Winston, a figure of historic proportions, was able to re-establish single-handedly and for a brief period the by-gone glory of British power.

However well he may have succeeded in living up to the demands of the moment, he is too determined to keep it entirely *his own* greatest moment to allow anyone else to carry it forward while he is in retirement.

The only way in which Britain could have kept the original impetus was for Sir Winston to delegate much of his power to the only Cabinet member of intelligence and forcefulness with substantially the same foreign affairs outlook. But the only man immediately fitting this bill is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, R. A. Butler. However much Mr. Butler may agree with Sir Winston's world-analysis there is too long a background of personal and political clash between them for Sir Winston to have named him Deputy Premier. On internal policies R. A. Butler has been the leader of the reformed, modern-minded Conservatives against old-fashioned Tories like Churchill. Even more important, he is the leading contender against the successor Sir Winston has picked out for himself: Anthony Eden.

SINCE Eden is ill, and Sir Winston will not allow Butler to be Acting or Deputy Premier, Britain has been left with a dispersed-responsibility government at a time when concentrated responsibility is needed to achieve the maximum of initiative.

The appointment of Lord Salisbury as Acting Foreign Secretary is a product of Churchill's determination to keep the road open for Anthony Eden whatever the cost to British diplomacy. He is an obvious choice from the point of view of diplomatic expe-

rience, but his general attitude toward world affairs represents the traditionalist wing of the Conservative Party which is afraid to take steps out into the unknown. This wing would prefer to use Sir Winston Churchill's initiative as a way of improving Britain's bargaining position vis-a-vis the U. S. This certainly was a subordinate element in Sir Winston's own thinking. But he was too small in personal matters to overlook the long-standing clash with Butler to enable him to carry the ball as Deputy Premier.

Although much may yet happen in the period before Sir Winston returns to office, one thing seems clearer now. The only way in which he himself can recapture the initiative is by flying personally to Moscow.

Opposition Consolidating

SIR WINSTON will have to do some thing overwhelming to prevent his Conservative colleagues from re-establishing the mold of the Cold War in much the shape it had before. They became frightened by the vision which his initiative opened up of a giant gamble, particularly on America and Germany. They have too long enjoyed the security of the support of American military-economic power in the event of a showdown and the feeling that sooner or later the great armed strength of West Germany will be lined up on the side of the West.

It has been increasingly clear that the 'deal' which is likely to interest the new Soviet regime is a united and *neutralized* Germany, whose armed support is denied to *either* side. Although the leftwing of the Labour Party would risk this, Sir Winston has not yet approached this point of view, despite his vague reference to a 'new Locarno.'

The very idea of gambling on Germany, and perhaps losing, paralyzed most of the Conservatives with fear. *The Economist* states flatly, without attempting to prove this point, that "if Western Germany is not on our side of the fence it will sooner or later (and probably sooner) be on the other.....The Russians have made it clear that their pri-

mary objective for 1953 is to get Dr. Adenauer defeated in the coming election. That should be enough to convince the western powers that their interest lies in supporting him."

The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent showed up "the contradiction between Dr. Adenauer's recent affirmation that German unity must be the first aim of the West German Government and his objections to a Four-Power conference. To the East Germans, if to no one else, it is clear that there can be no question of uniting Germany without the Russians' consent. The East German regime, as the East Germans have proved, is based on the Soviet occupation forces, and someone must persuade the Russians to take their tanks away."

Even more basic than Germany is the fundamental Conservative fear of losing the protection of American armed might. Most Conservatives think little of American manners and morals, shake their heads about American hysteria, and shudder about Mr. Dulles' habit of doing his wishful liberationist thinking out loud. But they have gotten used to facing the world with the security of American atom bombers on their side.

IN short, as long as Sir Winston only talks about Britain's initiative their hearts beat with pride. But as soon as they think about its possible consequences, they break out in a cold sweat. It was this cold sweat which made the British High Commissioner agree in Berlin last week that Germany should have not only free election but that a united Germany must be completely free to choose her own allies. That condition, a British spokesman admitted in Berlin, would not be accepted by the Russians. It served to tie Sir Winston's hands before he can show what aces he has up his sleeve.

Nobody with any sense underestimates Sir Winston's ability to make a comeback, physically and diplomatically. When he first took office many of us who watched him from the press gallery of the House of

Commons thought we detected signs of approaching senility—only to be confounded by his subsequent performance in the U. S.

Now the whole press colony is discussing—usually out of print—to what extent, if any, Sir Winston's present illness is diplomatic. Sir Winston undoubtedly suffers from an aging heart, which he strained by overwork. But a number of doctors confirm the suspicion that his ailment would have been sufficiently alleviated by the long ocean voyage to make it possible for him to participate in the Bermuda conference, particularly if he took a rest thereafter. But it became increasingly clear that no one neither Eisenhower, nor the French, nor himself, nor the Russians—regarded the Bermuda talks with much approval. Little wonder, therefore, that Churchill

was somewhat more willing to heed his doctor's advice than he might otherwise have been.

THE Foreign Ministers' Conference in Washington could fit perfectly into Churchill's desire to go to Moscow alone. By sending the Marquis of Salisbury to Washington he has satisfied the demand of Washington and some of the leading Conservatives for a Western consultation before talking to the Russians. At the same time by not going *himself* he has not weakened himself *vis-a-vis* the Russians by personally participating in a conference which they might consider as a "ganging up" of the West against them. All in all, the 'old fox' still has his hands pretty well free if his heart will stand up to the strain of what amounts to a single-handed attempt to ascend the heights of settlement from the Western side.



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ARPX I

REPORT ON THE AMERICAN NEGRO

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: A plan to end all segregation in the United States by 1963—the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation—was proposed at the 44th annual NAACP convention in St. Louis. In his keynote address, NAACP board chairman Cahanning H. Tobias proposed the plan to do a “complete job of emancipation” for U. S. Negroes. “As a nation,” Dr. Tobias said, “we have come a long way since the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863 but no truthful American can assert that the goal has been reached. To that end, I propose that in this convention we formulate a 10 year programme of intensified effort to complete the job of emancipation, so that on the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation we can truthfully say the job is done.” According to Dr. Tobias’ proposal, funds to finance the plan would be subscribed to by all “loyal Americans.”

In a closed session of the convention, attended by more than 800 delegates, 100 lawyers, specialists in the field of civil rights, planned legal action at the Federal level against Jim Crow railroad coaches and stations in the South. Thurgood Marshall, special counsel for the NAACP, said the group will file action with the Interstate Commerce Commission on the grounds that such segregation is a violation of the 5th and 14th Amendments to the Federal constitution. Meanwhile, delegates to the convention ran smack into Jim Crow at many of the city’s hotels. More than 20 national board members walked out of a dinner at a downtown YMCA after learning that four Negro youth delegates had been denied quarters. Several Negroes including Sidney Williams, executive secretary of the Chicago Urban League, were denied accommodation at the Sheraton Hotel, although their reservations had been confirmed prior to arrival. Five Negro couples

were barred from the Starlight Room of the Chase Hotel when they went to hear singer Dorothy Bandridge.

Former President Harry S. Truman will be asked to become a member of the NAACP board of directors and will accept the bid.

A United Press survey revealed that only a small number of Negroes have taken advantage of their Supreme Court-backed rights to eat and drink in any of Washington’s restaurants and bars. Medium-priced cafeterias expected a big change in their trade, United Press said, and they have been surprised that so few Negroes have appeared for meals.

One cafeteria, located in an area where many Negroes live, reported: “We expected to go predominantly coloured, but it hasn’t happened.”

There has been no commotion in formerly all-white places where Negroes appeared and were served. Proprietors who feared their white help might quit said such has not been the case. The office of city counsel Vernon West said it had received no complaints that any Negroes have been refused service. Violation of the non-segregation law, reinstated by the court after a 60 year lapse, carries a \$100 fine and suspension of license.

THE biggest influx of Negro patronage was experienced by the popularly-priced Casino Royal, which features Negro entertainers. The casino has served “30 to 40” Negroes on recent weekends. A downtown branch of People’s Drug Store said it now serves “15 to 20” Negroes each noon. But highpriced restaurants like Harvey’s, the Colony and Old New Orleans each reported that it had served only three or four Negroes.

Construction began on a \$1,000,000 low rent housing project in Robbins, Ill., an all Negro Chicago suburb of 5,200 residents. The project, financed by the Cook County Housing

Authority, will include 100 two story frame houses. The housing is one phase of a \$2,500,000 redevelopment programme to improve road, sewer, water and other public facilities.

KKK Plans Campaign For Segregation

A “new, united” Ku Klux Klan organized in 23 states announced a campaign to fight for segregation. Bill Hendrix, former grand dragon of the Florida Klan, disclosed that 299 KKK representatives from throughout the nation met secretly at Columbus, Ga. to combat non-segregation, which he called “a Communist programme to take over America.” Hendrix, elected imperial emperor of the KKK, obtained an evangelist’s license in Tallahassee, Fla., where he operates a contracting business, presumably so he can “preach” the Klan’s doctrine. He said he will hold “evangelistic services throughout the country.” In Jacksonville, Fla., meanwhile, attorney Francis M. McHale revealed that he had been hired by the Southern Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and “another klan” to fight anti-segregation suits.

Are Mixed Marriages Increasing?

IN San Francisco recently a white woman and a Negro man went to the city hall to apply for a marriage license. The clerk blandly looked at the couple and with a solemn face listed both as “white.” Later the bridegroom told a friend about the incident and laughingly remarked: “I am so dark, I couldn’t pass for anything but a gentleman of colour in darkest Africa.”

Throughout America in many Northern cities the scene is being re-enacted regularly as the number of mixed marriages takes a sharp upswing. But in marriage license bureaus around the nation, the increase in inter-racial weddings is being hush-hushed by clerks like the fellow in San Francisco. At the Los Angeles county clerk’s office, officials admitted that statistics are kept on mixed marriages since the Supreme Court outlawed the state’s ban on such matches but the figures are considered “top secret.” One reason for the secrecy, an official explained,

was that “a certain Hollywood pressure group” wanted the figures for use in arguments against inter-racial marriage.

In other cities—such as Cleveland and Montreal, where racial identification is not required on marriage certificates—no statistics are available. But despite a lack of accurate statistics, a definite upswing in the number of mixed marriages is apparent, although popular sentiment evidently still remains heavily against such unions.

OF the 48 states, 29 still carry laws prohibiting mixed marriages, often forcing love, which knows no racial boundaries, outside the legal pale. But the less-restricted social climate of the North, the bettered economic status of the Negro, and the military programme, which has transported thousands of servicemen to European and Asiatic countries, have made mixed marriage easier and more frequent for couples in love.

Another important factor, often missed by those who appraise such relationships, is the lessening of “prejudice” on the part of Negroes. There was a time when mixed couples were as severely ostracized by Negroes as they were by whites. But today mixed couples are no longer “oddities” in Negro communities.

It is estimated by one authority that upwards of 15,000 mixed couples now marry annually in the United States.

Because of its rather sentimental attitude toward the Negro, growing out of the Abolitionist movement, New England led the U. S. in mixed marriages until 1870. But inter-racial marriages were fairly common in the old South, particularly in Louisiana. In Mississippi, the story is told that one Colonel Morgan, a native of Michigan who had commanded a Union Army regiment before settling in Jackson, had a law against “miscegenation” repealed so that he could marry Carrie Highgate, an attractive Negro girl. Today, New York, Illinois, California (which invalidated its law against mixed marriages on October 28, 1948), Ohio, and Washington (which has the highest per capita percentage of such

unions) lead in the number of mixed marriages.

Until recent years, the most common of mixed marriages appeared to be unions between Negro men and white women (although at one time 60 per cent of the Chinese men in New York who did not marry Chinese women, married Negroes). Today, however, there is a growing trend toward marriage between white men and Negro women.

One example is the recent marriage in London of dark-skinned Rosebud Ohene, whose grandfather and uncle are African chiefs, and Hamish Millar Craig, white assistant financial secretary of the Gold Coast. They had been "good friends" for 13 years before their marriage.

AS to occupations, the world of show business leads in the number of mixed marriages which is logical since a greater degree of democracy exists among entertainers than

among any other group of American people. A recent example was the wedding of William (Bill) Walker, 54, a veteran movie actor, and Hannah Linden, 37, a staff member at Hollywood Bowl and Los Angeles civic worker.

Perhaps the most human and interesting story of a mixed marriage was that of jazz pianist Earl (Bud) Powell to buxom Audrey Hill, a Los Angeles music-lover, in New York last March 9.

A strange troubled man in years past, Powell had bordered on the brink of insanity, had been hospitalized several times for mental difficulties. Psychiatrists said Powell was the victim of a strong inferiority complex because of his colour. Frequently bitter against whites, he once told jazz trumpeter Miles Davis, "I wish I was blacker. I'd like to be as black as you are, Miles."

But his associations with white people during his convalescence softened his racial attitudes. A few weeks after he left Creedmore State Hospital in Long Island, he wed Audrey. Music was their common bond. They were married at New York's City Hall.

"I've got nothing against white people," Powell says today. "They've helped me as much as Negroes have."

Proud Mrs. Powell, who thinks her husband is a genius, says with love in her eyes: "He's the greatest, that's all."

AMONG celebrities who have wed white mates in recent months have been concert singer Mattiwilda Dobbs, mimic George Kirby, author William Demby, saxophonist Don Byas, singer Lurlean Hunter, actress Sheila Guyse, singer Pearl Bailey, dancer Pearly Primus, and actor John McCurry of Porgy and Bess.

Expected to marry white husbands in coming months are singers Hadda Brooks and Josephine Premice. Both will wed wealthy Frenchmen. Miss Brooks's future husband is a French count, which will give her the title of "countess," the first Negro countess of our times.

LAND LEGISLATION IN MADRAS

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

THE Five-year Plan says that rents should not exceed one-fourth of the gross produce and that tenants should have security unless the land is resumed by small and medium owners for self-cultivation subject to a maximum area for one's own cultivation. It says that lands above a certain limit should be acquired. I for myself doubt whether the Madras Government will carry out these plans. South Kanara is an unfortunate district, and if only it had been added to Bombay State, like North Kanara, its tenants would have got security and low rents not exceeding one-third of the gross produce. The part of South Kanara district which follows Malabar traditions would have benefitted by the advanced legislation in Cochin and Travancore if Malabar were part of the latter State. Andhra too would have benefitted by land reforms if it were part of Hyderabad State instead of Madras. Since 1937, when the first Ministry in Bombay enacted the Ryotwari Tenancy Act until 1953, the Madras Ministry has successfully evaded enactment of any law which would protect the agricultural tenant producer from being robbed of the fruits of his industry by rack-renting rentiers of lands. In 1945 the then Revenue Minister Sri K. R. Karant started an enquiry with the definite purpose of introducing tenancy legislation. Repeated speeches by Ministers were made giving false hopes of impending legislation. The next Revenue Minister added to such hopes by actually proposing that Government would introduce legislation. He thereafter took refuge under the fact that the Congress had appointed an agrarian reforms committee whose report would be given effect to. This report came in 1949. Its recommendations were beneficial to tenants and required only a small sacrifice on the part of landowners. The Government was frightened. In fact so much was

the Ministry afraid of the chairman of the committee, Sri J. C. Kuma-rappa, who had made certain pronouncements about the cruelties the landowners inflicted on their labour, that they appointed a packed and partisan committee which, true to its purpose, denied his facts.

FINDING that other States were carrying out the draft proposals of the Five-Year-Plan and implementing the pledges to the electorate, but reluctant to take the same line, the Madras Ministry announced the appointment of a committee of their own in 1950 from which was excluded, even after acceptance of membership, a kisan representative, and which was packed with big landlord interests. The report of this committee, though it did not provide any permanent security for the tenants fixed the rent as two-fifths of the gross produce for good lands and 55 per cent for other lands. But the Ministry was not willing to take the risk of giving effect to these recommendations, in view of the then impending general elections in 1951. To the tenants they said the recommendations of this committee were in their favour. To the landowners they said they had taken no action on them. The present Ministry, however, set at naught the fair rent provisions of the Madras committee. It however enacted an Act to apply to one district and that too after exempting 97 per cent of the pattadars (owners) from the operation of the Act. And this Act does no more than regularise the existing share of 40 per cent for the tenant, thus reversing the recommendation of the Madras committee which provided for the smaller share for the landowner. As regards agricultural labour, permanent farm servants working under landowners or tenants holding more than six and two-third acres could not be dismissed except on payment of a six

Firestone



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months' salary, thereby ensuring a six months' security. But these provisions can be circumvented by putting labourers in the category of daily labour instead of permanent farm servants. These provisions apply too in one district to only to about 3 per cent of the landowners (11,070 pattadars out of 4.64 lakhs hold roughly more than 6-2/3 acres).

The result of all these various pronouncements of Ministers and appointment of committees has been

that landowners began to forestall legislation by evicting their tenants. Tall promises, evasion of legislation by appointment of committees and repression of kisan agitation have been the main features of the ministerial policy. Past experience of the working of the Madras Ministry makes it clear to me that the Madras State will never implement the land policy laid down in the Five-Year Plan, unless they are forced by sanctions created by kisan organisations.

An Absolute Yardstick To Measure Time

ONE starry night in the year 1768 a young Swiss watchmaker by the name of Jacques-Frederic Houriet poked a telescope out of the window of his bedroom in the town of Le Locle, watched intently until a certain planet was directly across a hair-line in the eyepiece of the instrument, and then quickly set his master chronometer by the star. He was probably the first Swiss horologist to realize the need for astronomical determination of the exact time.

Today the correct time, precise to a split second, is peeped continuously to hundreds of watch factories all over Switzerland from the Neuchatel Observatory, on a hilltop overlooking the capital of the most concentrated watch manufacturing region in the world. Watchmakers at their benches throughout Switzerland have only to pick up a pair of earphones to catch its signals when engaged in the delicate task of regulating a watch.

Recent technical improvements at the Neuchatel Observatory, housed in a new wing added to the main building, have made it one of the world's top-ranking scientific laboratories devoted to laying down a nearly absolute yardstick by which the passage of time can be measured. It is in a class with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, and the Observatory of the U. S. Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C. It has to be, for the world's finest timepieces are sent to the Neuchatel Observatory for testing.

As the Swiss, traditionally watchmakers to the world, go on making more and more intricate, more and more accurate watches, it becomes increasingly difficult to gauge their accuracy with sufficient precision. For Time is a relative quantity and no absolute method of measuring it exists. Even the earth, revolving on its axis, does not constitute a perfect clock, scientists have discovered.

In the early days of watchmaking, up until the 18th century, there was no difficulty. The watches then being made didn't even have a minute hand, and if they were accurate to within an hour or so per day that was good enough. Some of them even had small sun dials in the back for a double-check. But by the middle of the eighteenth century some Swiss watchmakers, and Houriet in particular, were making marine chronometers accurate to within a few minutes per day, and the sun dial method of checking them was no longer adequate. That was why Houriet, and after him a number of other watchmakers in the Jura mountains, bought telescopic transits so that they could regulate their timepieces by the stars. In our own time, when Swiss watchmakers are turning out wrist watches of exceptional reliability, the problem of providing a yardstick of time has become infinitely more complex.

Since 1858 the Observatory of Neuchatel, set up by the canton of Neuchatel to serve the watchmaking industry, has eliminated the need for astronomical observations by individual watchmakers. It is under the active direction of Edmond Guyot,

professor of astronomy at the University of Neuchatel, who is well-known in the astronomical world for his observations of "double stars". A tall, scholarly-looking, gray-haired man with a necessarily meticulous turn of mind, he has built up and maintained the observatory's worldwide reputation.

THE time signals sent out by the observatory are just about as close an approximating of the absolute time as it is humanly possible to obtain. A whole battery of chronometers, none of them likely to vary more than a tenth of second per day, serves as a constant check upon the master chronometer which sends out the time signals. The chronometers are checked according to the stars every fourth night, providing the weather is clear.

The instrument through which the astronomical time is determined is a transit circle with a lens 11.8 centimeters in diameter and a focal length of 2 meters. It was set up in 1910 and is to be replaced next year with a somewhat more powerful instrument now under construction which will eliminate all possibility of human error in making observations. Requiring two years for its construction, the new telescope will be equipped with a photographic Zenith tube which will enable the Neuchatel astronomers to take pictures of the stars as they move through the heavens and determine the time from them automatically, without human intervention.

"It is difficult to say in advance to just what degree this will reduce the margin of error in determining the exact time," says Prof. Guyot. "With present methods we come close enough to be able to tell when the earth is not turning right."

The rotation of the earth in its axis is, in effect, slowing down, according to Professor Guyot. This is due to the movement of the tides. However, there is nothing to become immediately alarmed about. It will be some time before our "big clock" finally runs down. At the present time it's only losing a hundredth of a second per century.

There are even more significant variations in the rate of the earth's

rotation during the course of the year, due to climatic conditions. Unusual weather conditions—heavy snowfall or extreme dryness—may cause the earth to lose or gain as much as six hundredths of a second in a single season. However, being self-regulating, it soon gets back on the beam.

The new wing of the observatory, completed in 1949, houses two electronic clocks of the type recognized as among the most accurate in the world. They depend on the vibrations caused by passing an electric current through a small quartz crystal. The crystal oscillates at a constant speed of 100,000 times a second, and this frequency is divided up to activate a clock mechanism which is accurate to from one to two thousandths of a second per day.

In turn, the two electronic clocks, which are of course synchronized, are linked by radio with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, to a precision of 1/10,000th of a second. Although the Neuchatel Observatory "keeps its own time," Professor Guyot or one of his aides has only to flip a switch and look at an oscillograph to learn whether they are in accord with Greenwich. The frequency of the English master clock is superimposed upon the frequency of the Neuchatel electronic clocks so that a small luminous green circle appears on the screen of the oscillograph. If it turns to the right, clockwise, the Neuchatel timekeepers know they are ahead of Greenwich, and if it turns to the left they are behind. A similar radio check with Washington, via Shortwave Station WWV, is now being established.

FIVE of the master clocks in the observatory, including the two electronic quartz crystal clocks, are linked electronically to a Berlin Chronograph, also recently installed in the new wing, for a constant comparison which is accurate to 1/1000th of a second per day. Somewhat resembling a dictaphone, the Berlin Chronograph has a long roller that turns at a constant speed of one turn per second. One-second impulses from each of the master clocks cause a needle travelling at a barely perceptible rate along the length of the

roller to jab at a sheet of paper attached securely to it, so that at the end of a day there is a straight line of dots—or a curved line—depending upon whether each clock is ticking off the seconds in exact relation to the speed of the Berlin Chronograph. If the lines made by all five master clocks are parallel, it means they are keeping time in unison.

THE extreme precision with which the Neuchatel observatory seeks to measure the passage of time has a utility which is more than academic. Within the realm of pure science, it enables the solution of such problems as that of proving the Wegener Theory, which holds that the earth is slowly contracting and the various continents thus coming closer together. And of course Time and Space are the essential elements in the whole study of the universe which astronomers must constantly expand if man is to solve the ultimate riddle of existence. But at the Neuchatel Observatory this precision also has a day to day practical application in the testing of the fine, ultra-accurate chronometers made in Switzerland. Watches or clocks are tested for accuracy at the observatory for a small fee, and at any one time it has several hundred timepieces on hand which have been submitted by Swiss watchmakers. If they pass rigid accuracy tests, in half a dozen positions and at widely varying temperatures, they are given "bulletins de marche" which permit them to be labeled "chronometer."

In order to qualify for such a certi-

ficite, a pocket chronometer must have no more than a daily average variation of 0.75 seconds, along with other equally rigid qualifications concerning its reaction to changes in position and temperature. The watches are kept under observation for 45 days.

AT various intervals, the observatory also holds accuracy competitions to which Swiss watchmakers are invited to send their finest timepieces, with the objective of stimulating competition. Prizes are given according to a complicated point system virtually unintelligible to the layman, but the results over the years give an idea of the progress made by Swiss watchmakers. In 1902, the prizewinner had 15.05 points, while in 1923 the winner received 36.4 points. At that time the computing system was changed, but present-day competitions indicate compatible advances in Swiss horological science. In recent years, greatest emphasis has been placed on the fabrication of wrist-chronometers and, despite the obvious difficulties involved in obtaining super-accuracy from a movement capable of being worn on the wrist, the last *concours de reglage* in Neuchatel in 1948 brought forth from Swiss manufacturers even delicately fashioned ladies' watches which met chronometer specifications.

"We may never reach the absolute in timekeeping accuracy, but we are certainly coming very close to it," says Prof. Guyot.

—Press Bureau, Berne.

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PENSIONERS

MOVEMENT ONE:

IT is the Fort St. George in the Madras City. Within is the Accountant-General's Office. Red tape hangs invisible everywhere. Peons move about the

corridors, go into and come out of rooms, pushing open swing-doors, emerging from behind screens, with the air of bearing the whole burden of administration on their shoulders. Call-bells twitter. Typewriters clatter. It is a quarter to twelve and officialdom like the sun is blazing up to its zenith.

In a wing of the buildings is the Pension Payment Section. If forty is the old age of youth and fifty the youth of old age, a combination of these two can be seen in some of the men sitting here—in the rows of benches,—the unity in the diversity of their dresses and physical appearance (tufted, turbaned, coated, with *uttariya* thrown across shoulders) being that they resolutely refuse to look the wrong side of fifty-five. They are the pensioners. One murmurs to the other, talking of a third as "that old man."

There is a queue of about a dozen men standing against the counter of the Pension Payment Clerk, with the slip of paper **PENSION PAYMENT ORDER** in their hands. All of them are in a hurry and as one walks up, presents the slip to the clerk, and gets paid, the next one in his impatience treads on his toe which brings forth an imprecation from the trodden. They look at each other for a moment, intensely; recognize each other, then hug each other in joy.

"Aren't you Vedagiri?"

"Aren't you Janardanan?"

They are old college mates. Taking their B. A. Degree brilliantly, they had entered Government service as clerks, loyal to Queen Victoria and the British Empire. First they had served in the Madras Secretariat,

A STORY SCENARIO

By

ANAMI

then the years following in the district offices where they had worked, had separated them and they had lost touch with each other. Full of the freshness and

vigour of youth they had dreamed of forging ahead in their careers, passing all the Departmental Examinations creditably, but luck had not favoured them. They had been in the Christian College, students of the great Dr. Miller. Alas, after thirty long years of faithfulness to the British salt they ate, one drew a pension of Rs. 52-8as, and the other Rs. 46-6as, after commuting part of their pension.

"You should have risen to be a Deputy Collector," says Vedagiri Sastri to Janardana Sarma.

"Why not the First Member of the Board of Revenue?" replies Janardana Sarma. "You should have been Private Secretary to the Governor himself."

They laugh heartily. They crack jokes. They grow reminiscent over their years in office. They have discovered each other. They clean forget that they are there to receive their paltry pension.

The Pension Payment Clerk intervenes:

"Others like you are waiting. Don't obstruct. Better go out and talk."

"Imagine one day, you Pension Payment Clerk paying your pension to yourself," says Sarma, and laughs. "The green leaf tittering at the sere and yellow leaf falling, eh?" Sastri joins in the laughter.

VEDAGIRI SASTRI and Janardana Sarma walk out of the Fort St. George. They exuberate in each other's conversation and camaraderie.

"Let us celebrate this, our meeting," says Sarma to his friend.

"By all means, we shall," rejoins Sastri. "A new life has opened for both of us."

Passing through the South Sea Gate the two saunter along leisurely, feeling like a million rupees, and skirting the High Court Buildings make straight towards the Statue of the Rev. Miller, the famous Principal of the Christian College, who, if he had not come out to India as an educational missionary, would have thundered in the British Parliament. They step over the iron fence and circumambulate the Statue in the way one would go round an idol in a temple. Their rejuvenation seems phenomenal.

A passer-by looks astonished at their act, another, and yet another; one taps his head significantly while a small crowd collects. However, the two old men are supinely indifferent to the ridicule of the onlookers. They are lost in the glory of the past.

"We were both prize-winners at the University," cries Sastri. Do you remember?"

"I do."

With the "I do" from the mouth of Sarma which are the words in the formula which the new graduates repeat in regard to certain vows when taking their Degree, the scene dissolves to the Senate House and the exciting day of the Convocation, and Sastri and Sarma are seen as young men in their academic cap and gown and hood, receiving their awards and bowing to the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and the Pro-Chancellor. Applause sounds.

Gradually the handclaps mix with the noise of the traffic—trams rattling over rails, the rumble of lorries and heavy carts, the toot of motor horns, the click-clop of jutka horses—and Sastri and Sarma, as old men, move away from the Statue of Dr. Miller.

THEY enter a Coffee House to have their tiffin,—a real extension of their celebration. Sarma glances at the Menu Board on the wall and is about to order the waiting boy for dishes of sweet and savoury when Sastri says:—

"Only a cup of coffee, please, for me. And that without sugar."

"Why?"

"A touch of diabetes."

"Today is a red letter day. Let us make merry."

"Please."

Sastri drops a tablet of saccharine in his sugarless coffee and drinks the cup. Sarma watches his friend quizzically.

At the counter the two argue as to who should pay the bill, struggling with each other, much to the amusement of the cashier. Finally Sarma pays and with an enthusiastic half-embrace they part, with the resolve to meet on the first of every month, on the pension payment day, and spend some hours cheerfully, for as yet each can't ask the other to his house.

MOVEMENT TWO:

JANARDANA SARMA is travelling by the electric train to Tambaram. His erstwhile sprightliness is gone, he is glum, he is a little weary; the wrinkles on his forehead and the crow's-nests round his eyes emphasize his weariness which is more than physical. A vagrant boy singing in the compartment, keeping time with sharp hand-beats on his naked, attenuated stomach, comes to him begging for a copper. Suddenly he comes to life from his brown study, murmurs, "We are all of us beggars," and waves the boy impatiently away. Then with a frantic movement of his hand he takes the purse out of his pocket, opens it, and counts the currency notes and small change. He is ensconced in a corner seat. He calculates under his breath: "Four tens, two fives, a rupee note, an eight-anna bit, a four-anna bit, a two-anna bit. Total Rs. 51-14 as. Expenditure ten annas out of Rs. 52-8 as. How am I to explain to her?" His face grows sad. The difference should be accounted for. To her.

Cut to Sarma's house. Sundari has slowly worked herself up into a rage. Between the parlour and the verandah she would have walked twenty times. In the parlour, rocking a

hammock improvised by a faded saree which twists about with the movements of a wriggling child inside, Sarasu is singing a lullaby in her childish treble. That it is six o'clock in the evening is announced by the tolling on a disc, the sound floating from far, thin on the twilight air.

Sundari mutters:

"Why is he so late today? What has happened?"

There is anxiety in her voice, also a subdued anger.

She enters the parlour. She hears the sound of someone softly weeping. It is Charu. Jagu has broken her slate and torn the picture out of her Tamil Text book. He seems to be a little hum.

The infant in the hammock sets up a howl.

"My good God!" exclaims Sundari. She starts soliloquising; it is a running commentary on all the members of the family, alive and dead. The year-old baby in the hammock is her grandchild—offspring of her eldest daughter who had died in child-birth, her young husband predeceasing her in a nasty motor smash. Towards her stepson Natarajan her feelings are mixed. She is proud of him for his intelligence and handsomeness; his stubbornness she hates; it is a wonder to her why she who had brought him up from the time he was a two-year old—Sarma had married her in her eighteenth year—had not fashioned himself after her own heart. She couldn't exactly be called a shrew but there were times when her blood turned bitter at the intimacy between father and son, so subtle and in which she had no place. Then was she jealous of the dead first wife whose portrait—a POP enlargement—adorned the study of Natarajan.

NATARAJAN—Natanam as he is endearingly called by his father—is an Honours graduate in Chemistry, and in the Bio-chemistry Department of the University is working as a research student, preparing his thesis for Ph. D. There is every chance of his going to England on

a scholarship for further work in nutrition and for further reputation to his stature as a promising young scientist. Sundari in collusion with her brother Marthandam attempts to marry her niece Janaki—Marthandam's daughter—to Natarajan, but the young man's head and heart are elsewhere: head in his research and part of his heart in Revati, a girl student working for her M. Sc., and daughter of one Dr. Suryanarayana, B.A., M.B. & B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., who ran a clinic in the City. Natarajan is attracted to her by her vivacity, by her sense of humour, and a certain candour; but he holds the reins of his emotions discreetly, strongly. There is a core in Revati, wrapped in snobbery and superciliousness, at the fact of his belonging to the humbler rung of the middle class. She wishes to bask in his brilliance. Natarajan knows where to draw the line. But of late thoughts of Revati, a little tender, disturb his concentration; he is tending to be dreamy—rather disastrous for a scientist.

SUNDARI notices the change in her stepson; she and Marthandam strengthen their hands and prepare themselves for an open declaration. Janaki, the mild good Janaki in whose mouth butter would not melt,—Janaki, her niece turned daughter-in-law would be such a help; she would take care of her late daughter's little child, now howling in the hammock.

"Keep away," she snaps at Sarasu, parting the folds of the hammock to take hold of the child.

Just then footsteps sound outside; her face hardens; Janardana Sarma enters the parlour quietly.

An altercation ensues between husband and wife. What had made him come so late? Why was the pension amount short by ten annas? How had he spent it? On what had he spent it? On what was the family going to eat?

"It is my own money, woman. To spend in whatever manner I like," cries Sarma. For the first time in his life he is aggressive.

Sundari is aghast at her husband's sudden spirit of revolt. So what?

"Hasn't Natanam come home yet?" asks Sarma.

Sundari's face goes into a grimace.

"Your Natanam at the moment is perhaps dancing," she says meaningfully.

Sarma is puzzled.

Cut to Natarajan and Revati promenading along the Marina. The ardours and aspirations of youth in love, discussing everything except love. The Marina shines in its usual splendour. The sea is a great inspiration.

MOVEMENT THREE:

MEANWHILE at Vedagiri Sastri's in a street in Mylapore.

Sastri talks to his wife about his meeting an old friend at the Accountant-General's Office where he had gone to draw his pension.

"It was a miracle how we recognized each other. After donkey's years," he tells his wife. "He's married for the second time. He has a son by the first wife."

"By the second, how many?" asks Bhagirathi.

"I don't remember exactly. Two daughters and one son; or two sons and one daughter. I don't remember."

"Then what do you remember?"

"That they are all children below ten."

"A son by the first wife, you said."

"Yes."

"What is he? Is he employed?"

"Yes and No."

"How do you mean?"

"He is working to get work."

"What's the riddle?"

"He's a research student at the University now and hopes to get a big job. Maybe he'll be going to England for further studies."

"To England? Then—"

"Then what?"

"I've heard that people who go to England have to eat flesh. They don't get our vegetables there."

"How foolish! Whoever told you this story?"

AT this moment Gomati presents herself before her parents. She is their only daughter—born late in their lives—a beautiful girl, both in mind and body. She has passed her S.S.L.C., and besides has taken her Diploma in Music. She adds to the meagre pension of her father by giving vocal and instrumental lessons in music. A husband for her is yet in the unknown.

"She wears the *Swayamvara Parvati Yantra* round her neck," says Vedagiri Sastri, "and I have uttered the name of our Lord God two lakhs of times. We are too poor to give enormous dowries. The loveliness and intelligence of our child are the biggest dowry we can offer. Someone must have the sense to perceive these. We've not got long to wait. The proper young man will come in search of her. Here to our house. See."

Bhagirathi looks sceptical.

Gomati is non-committal.

MOVEMENT ANCILLARY ONE:

HOWSOEVER MUCH she tries to get closer to Natarajan Revati finds him unpredictable. It is almost certain that he is to go abroad on a scholarship. His thesis is nearing completion. Revati invites Natarajan to her house. He accepts. She introduces him to her father Dr. Suryanarayana who shows himself as the Compleat Angler—in matrimonial waters. Natarajan wishes the Doctor's clinic to be a little more clinical and the Doctor himself a little less cynical.

MOVEMENT ANCILLARY TWO:

NATARAJAN is awarded the scholarship to go to Cambridge for a two-year stay. Revati finds herself no nearer to him. She is warm and cold towards him by turns. Her feminine pride—or vanity (?) is hurt. The bird must be caught before it flies away. Or two birds must fly away together.

Under her organizing zeal a party is thrown up to Natarajan to congratulate him on his award. There is a variety entertainment: fancy dress—enactment of a small farce—music—dance. The young students

enjoy themselves. Whisper goes round that Natarajan and Revati are sure to marry.

There is to be a passage of about six months in time for the events in the story to happen during which, on the first day of every month, Vedagiri Sastri and Janardana Sarma meet at the Accountant-General's Office, draw their pension, and enjoy themselves. They have become so attached to each other. It is almost a second spring in their lives.

For variation the scene of half-a-dozen old pensioners, among them Sastri and Sarma, sitting on a bench before the Pension Payment Section in the Fort St. George may be dissolved into the cement benches along the Marina walk—opposite to Presidency College, Ice House, Office of the Inspector-General of Police—where, usually, pensioners of all sorts and conditions sit of evenings and discuss the gossip of the day.

THE late arrival of her husband home after drawing his pension, the following month too, intrigues Sundari. Sarma remains as close as wax. The third month she sets her brother Marthandam to sleuth him. Marthandam succeeds. Emerging out of Fort St. George Sastri and Sarma walk towards the Fort Railway Station. The sky is clouded dark and midway they are caught in a frightful shower. Only Sastri has his umbrella which is as old as himself and the two huddle under it. A furious gust of wind blows off its top and the two old men are soaked and dripping. At the station they make themselves dry as much as they could. Sastri sees Sarma off to Tambaram by the electric train, his last words to him being:—

"Be careful, Sarma. Go to bed directly you reach home. Have a cup of strong pepper coffee. You must prevent yourself against a possible cold. How I wish I could come with you! Bronchitis comes like a nagging woman —"

Sarma puts his head out of the train window, and laughs at the joke even as the train is moving and gathering speed.

MARTHANDAM trails Sastri to his home in Mylapore. The house door shuts after Sastri. Marthandam peeps through the window and sees Gomati singing and playing on the veena. Two girls in *pavadai* and *davani* sit before her, listening attentively. They are her students. Marthandam sees Sastri talking to Gomati. He comes to know that she is his daughter. He wants to inform his sister Sundari of all that he had seen and heard but on second thoughts decides to hold his tongue.

"From what I have seen," he murmurs to himself, "Sastri and Sarma seem to be thick as thieves. And Gomati! Oh my, what a girl! Who knows that the two old fellows haven't already come to a decision? Gomati and Natarajan! My poor Janaki! I can't bear anyone to be your rival. Even the veriest Ram-bha. I must make Natarajan tie the *tali* round your neck before things get pretty thick."

And Marthandam tells his sister that he had no success, his brother-in-law is such an artful dodger.

The fourth and the fifth month too go by without Sastri meeting Sarma at the Accountant-General's Office on the pension payment day. The Pension clerk behaves snappishly on enquiry and Sastri is depressed beyond measure. He is too timid to go to Tambaram; besides Sarma hasn't told him about the precise location of his house. Poor man, how could he know that Sarma was off colour all along—aftermath of the drenching he got in the rain? Sarma, on his part, was on thorns and tenterhooks; his wife didn't allow him to budge an inch out of the house; let the pension accumulate, she said, forcing her husband to let the cat out of the bag.

"I'll be all right next month," says Sarma within himself, "and I'll be there punctual to the minute to shake hands with my friend. Moreover it's the month of muster and I can't absent myself."

But as ill-luck would have it a relapse of fever occurs and Sarma runs a raging temperature on the muster day. Hurriedly he calls his son Natarajan to his side, confides

in him, urges him to go to the Fort St. George and locate Sastri (whose personal appearance he gives) and inform him of his (Sarma's) illness and his inability to be present at the annual muster—so important to all Government pensioners—to establish that they are alive.

A GAIN there is a mishap. In his haste Natarajan forgets to take his Season Pass on the railroad, and when the Ticket Examiner comes to check he realizes his mistake; he feels it an affront on him when the man says something odious about the seeming dignity of people; but he swallows his hurt like a true-born gentleman and pays double the fare. This contretemps causes delay and he rushes to the Pension Payment Section helter-skelter. He scans the benches for Sastri in accordance with his father's description of the person but fails to spot him; finally he asks the clerk behind the counter and all that he gets is a peevish reply from his interlocutor that the man he had been asking for had left a few minutes ago without taking his pension. "These old blokes get so dotty sometimes. One doesn't know where one stands with them," says he, exhibiting disgust.

"Which way did he go?" asks Natarajan, breathlessly.

"I am not here to see which way every Tom, Dick, and Harry goes," snaps the clerk.

An unsteady moment, then Natarajan races up the corridor, descends the steps, and takes the direction of the South Sea Gate. He finds the Beach Road deserted and reflecting mirages in the midday sun. He pauses for a while, looks to right and left of the road, then his gaze, as if by instinct, scans the

sands and the sea. He discerns a figure walking towards the water's edge. Instinct again urges him to follow the figure. He is off after it, crossing the kerb in a bound he notices a piece of paper that might have been floating lazily in the wind blown over his face; he catches it and his eyes fall on the bold words in the slip: PENSION PAYMENT ORDER—and below, the name: R. VEDAGIRI SASTRI. By now the figure has almost neared the sea-shore; with a last sprint Natarajan catches hold of the *uttariya* on the shoulder of the figure. Sastri turns round quickly and looks amazed at a young, eager, perplexed, perspiring face. The waves blow their milkwhite spray about the feet of the two.

"What were you trying to do?" asks Natarajan.

Sastri remains silent, unable to speak, like a child caught in a guilty act.

They walk back along the sands.

EPILOGUE

THE marriage of Natarajan, son of Janardana Sarma, and Gomati, daughter of Vedagiri Sastri, is celebrated.

Among the many congratulatory letters and telegrams that Natarajan receives on this auspicious occasion, he reads twice over, a smile playing over his face the while, the following:—

Dr. M. Suryanarayana, B.A., M.B. & B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and his daughter S. Revatt, B.A., much regret that an unavoidable previous engagement prevent them from accepting the kind invitation of Mr. K. Janardana Sarma to be present on the occasion of the marriage of his son Chitranjeevi J. Natarajan, M.A.

NOTE:

As it is there is enough misery in the world, with the Government of a country often adding to it. The average film-goer wants always a happy ending on the screen. A screen story is the combined product of "the aesthete, the artist, the technician, and the business-man who worry out between them their flairs and their differences of intention and temperament. The solutions arrived at are sometimes happy, sometimes not." The writer of "Pensioners" may state here that the original ending of the story, although it brought about the marriage between Natarajan and Gomati, only hinted at it, Natarajan after rescuing Sastri from his attempted suicide taking the old man to his house in Tambaram, only to witness his father in his last moments on his death bed. Coma had set in and Sarma dies without recognizing his son and his friend. Such an ending is in tune with the story aiming at austere artistry.

In Defence of Mentor & Signet Books

WILLIAM RUTTER, Representative in Asia for the New American Library of World Literature, now resident in Bombay, has issued what he calls a Press Statement, in answer to the attacks, in the various principal cities of India, on the inexpensive paper bound books—Mentor and Signet—which are published by this Library. To support his views he quotes those of Mr. Victor Weybright, editor-in-chief and chairman of these publications, and of Curtis J. Bok, the Pennsylvania Judge who gave his decision while clearing a group of books of the charge of obscenity.

"... any blanket indictment of pocket-sized books (says Mr. Rutter) is a reckless attack. I am not defending smutty books, produced to exploit dirt for dirt's sake. I am not defending the excesses of any American paper bound book publisher who—perhaps under the pressure of competition—uses cover illustrations or cover blurbs which are in bad taste. In a country so vast and varied as India, standard of taste will necessarily differ, but the obscenity law, within the bounds of human infallibility is clear, and in a secular nation no discriminatory legislation or extra-legal local action aimed at all low price paper bound books is necessary."

The serious objections against the paper bound books are:—

(i) Their unhealthy influence on youth. (ii) Their lurid and misleading coverdesigns. (iii) Their over-emphasis on sex. (iv) Their depletion of India's currency.

Answering the first objection, Mr. Rutter quotes Judge Bok:

"It will be asked whether one would care to have one's daughter read these books. I suppose that by the time she is old enough to wish to read them she will have learned the biologic facts of life and the words that go with them. There is something seriously wrong at home if these facts have not been met and faced and sorted by then; it is not children so much as parents that should receive our concern about this. I should prefer that my own three daughters meet the facts of life and the literature of the world in my library than behind a neighbour's barn, for I can face the adversary there directly." To the second charge:

"... much of the criticism in India is not directed against the contents of inexpensive pocket-size books but at the illustrated covers... Undoubtedly there have been excesses and bad taste in our young industry in this respect. (Every effort is made to eradicate these)... Those that are definitely indecent, obscene or filthy are subject to prosecution. The law and police in India are thoroughly adequate to cope with these few."

The third:

"Publishers do not write their books. The job of a publisher is that of getting a book to an audience, and to get the money paid for it in a substantial measure back to the author... Our Mentor books... are entirely non-fiction and certainly not especially concerned with sex. Our Signet program is devoted to the world's contemporary fiction by authors not only American but also European, South American, and Asian... If modern fiction seems to contain many references to sex, it is because modern man is deeply concerned about sex. But this is not over-emphasis. Many writers use sex only as a psychological motivation or as a subordinate conflict in their writing."

Finally:

"Concerning the drain of Indian foreign exchange for paper bound books—It has been estimated that the number of American paper bound books sold in India each year is less than one per cent of the total sold in America itself. It may also be of interest to realise that of each Rs. 1-8-0 spent by an Indian citizen on a book, a large part remains in India as commissions and discounts to retailers and wholesalers."

Thus Mr. Rutter in brief. But before India decides to start an austerity campaign against the Mentor and Signet Books why not she do something towards checking the obscenities published in many of her own languages? If books are ordure and ordure brings money, it doesn't matter which brings it—the cover-design or the contents. A fair exterior needn't camouflage the rottenness within, or a vulgar one accentuate it. To pose oneself as a purist is to assume the worst of all poses; prurience should be cut at its very roots, there's no point in merely lopping off its branches.

To talk of public taste is one thing, to understand it is another, is the most vital. SWATANTRA invites its readers to speak out their opinions of

the Mentor and Signet Books in about a hundred words, with a view to publication.

Life after Death

THE theme of life after death is not a new one; many modern writers have handled this. "There are," says *Manus*, perhaps two types of story on this subject. First, there is the work, which suggests that the writer is himself intensely interested in the possibility of a life after death in which the mechanisms of post mortem existences seem related to some specific theory of survival." The second type affords material not to enunciate any particular theory of immortality, it acts as a liberating force to the creative imagination of an author. *The Vintage* by Anthony West and *The Chips Are Down* by Jean Paul Sartre belong to this class. The theme becomes all the more exciting when the murderer meets in the land of shadows all those he has killed, and the two parties strike up a friendship, the circumstances that led to the original killing having gone completely out of memory. One such character in a recent novel, *Death Goes Hunting* by Chris Massie talks thus of justice to the prosecutor:

"Justice is not a medicine any fool can dispense and administer. It is an inflexible law that links time with eternity . . . Its roots feel into the darkness and it unfolds its beauty against the bitter irony of fate."

Discussion of justice in the realm of the abstract is all right, but in life, in the administration of it, many fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

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RHAPSODY IN RED

TO YOU,
dread Goddess,
riding the lion,
with the severed head
of a demon in a hand
and brandishing a bloody
sword in the other,
what shall I bring
as offering?

Hibiscus and jasmine,
champak and rose,
fresh from creeper
and plant and tree—
(Pity the wind,
it's shorn of their scents)—
a crimson silk,
a pearl necklace,—
saffron and kumkum,
turmeric horns,
mooncool sandal
mingled with musk,
camphor joss-sticks,
myrrh, frankincense,
a five-wick'd lamp
of silver bright,
a bell of bronze
your paeans to ring,—
jackfruits, mangoes,
cocoanuts a load,
ripe yellow plantains
bunch upon bunch,
piles of green betel
and arecanut chips,
milkrice sweetened
with jaggery brown,
spiced with cardamom,
cashewnut-starred,
its sweetness ensweetened
by sundried grapes
swimming in delicate
globules of gold,—

to you,
dread Goddess,
these I bring
as my humble offering.

O rough-hewn from rock,
rhapsody in red!
I gaze at your face's
enigmatic smile;
I gaze and gaze,
I understand;
here and now before you
I pluck out my heart,
don't you see it bleeding
in the bowl of my hands?
O rhapsody in red,
are you satisfied?

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

NEW BOOKS

HAROLD LASKI (1893-1950)

A Biographical Memoir

By Kingsley Martin

Victor Gollancz, London

21s

Reviewed by
KHASA SUBBA RAU



Laski

IT was in 1920 that Kingsley Martin first heard of Harold Laski. Martin was then an undergraduate at Cambridge. One day Graham Wallas, who had been invited to Cambridge to lecture on Political Science, told him of "an extraordinarily brilliant young man whom he had met the year before in America and who was coming to teach at the London School of Economics." In the vacation Graham Wallas introduced Martin to Laski. Recounting the experience Martin says, "I was stunned, as most young men were, by this man who seemed to know everything about all the subjects that interested me, by his library of all the books I thought I wanted to read, by his familiarity with apparently everything in them, and about his endless stream of anecdotes about all the famous men of our day." From this first encounter developed a deep friendship which lasted without interruption as long as Laski lived.

Laski's visit to America came about by his rejection on medical grounds when he tried to enlist in the first world war. He had no money and looked about for work and when he was offered a History Lectureship at McGill University, Canada, he promptly accepted it. Laski's father was a very well-to-do leader of the Jewish community in Manchester, but at eighteen Laski fell in love with Frida Kerry, a trained medical gymnast, eight years his senior, who was then lecturing on eugenics, and married her without parental permission. This marriage was a staggering blow to Nathan Laski's religion, his personal dignity and family pride and



Martin

he took to his bed when he heard of it. Every step was taken to bully and humiliate the newly-wed pair. Harold's mother took the wedding ring from Frida's finger, and put her to bed like a naughty girl with Harold's sister. Harold, "the married man of eighteen, was deprived of his cheque-book and shut up in a room at the top of the house."

It was not till years later that the family breach caused by Harold's marriage was repaired. It was brought about by formal acceptance of Jewish religion by Frida in placation of Nathan Laski's religious susceptibilities. The reception that followed is graphically described by Harold: "We were treated like gods, with a deference and politeness quite beyond words." That was, however, a long way ahead in the future, and things were quite different at the time of Laski's departure for McGill. The salary was to be 1,500 dollars a year and the fares to Montreal were to be paid by the University, but only on arrival. Nathan Laski was persuaded to buy the tickets to Montreal, but only on condition that the money would be refunded as soon as it was paid by the

University. When Frida and Harold arrived at Montreal, they found awaiting a telegram demanding the return of the passage money!

The Laskis did not stay at Montreal long. Their next change was to Harvard and it was brought about by the intercession of Felix Frankfurter, a brilliant Law Professor at Harvard, who was later to become one of the most famous Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. It was through Norman Hapgood that Frankfurter first heard of Laski. Returning from a visit to Montreal where he had met Laski, Hapgood burst into Frankfurter's room and said: "I've just come from MacGill and I've met the most extraordinary young fellow I've ever come across anywhere." The curiosity thus aroused led to Frankfurter making a detour to Montreal when he was next in the vicinity, and when he saw and spoke to Laski, "the meeting of minds and emotions was immediate," and a lifelong companionship developed between the two. Reviewing that companionship at the end of thirty years, Laski wrote: "You can say at least of one human being that all his life was given a richer and deeper fulfilment because he has known you and loved you." Frankfurter replied: "Thank you. The days are moving fast when we'll go out to sea. The days have been full and candid. What else matters?"

At Harvard, several of the senior professors became jealous of Laski's brilliance and popularity. They were "affronted by his personal cockiness, and by the fact that he was a Jew," and they did not disguise their resentment, "especially when he fell into public censure over the Boston police strike."

This affair of the Boston police strike was a landmark in Laski's comprehension of political realities. It forced on him a more realistic study of the relationship between property and power. The issue on the occasion was the right of the policeman to join an "external organisation" on trade

union lines. The attitude of the Commissioner at the time whose name was Curtis, led to a strike, but as the Commissioner failed to take security measures on the day of the strike, there was an outburst of rioting and looting in the city. Laski threw himself heart and soul into the fight on the side of the policemen. Addressing a meeting of the wives of the striking policemen he declaimed:

"We are told that the police are deserters. The deserter is Commissioner Curtis, who was guilty at every point of misunderstanding of his duties and failure to perform his functions."

These remarks provoked hot comment the next day from the *Transcript*, the voice of the "solid burghers of Boston." It asked whether Laski is "an instructor in or lecturer upon American Government or Soviet Government . . . The parents of the sons entrusted to his tutelage are entitled to know." Strong pressure was brought on President Lowell to "eject this snake from academic pastures," but though the effort failed, Laski realised that prejudice would block his road to promotion at Harvard, and left, accepting a teaching post at the London School of Economics. Boston, Laski realised, "was a microcosm of the world; the threads ran from business to politics, to the churches and schools, to the government of the State and to the great University." He sensed the class struggle hidden behind the apparent separateness of trade union wages and academic freedom. He realised that the ruling class was fundamentally united, and "if Labour as a whole was to improve its condition it must engage in a united and organised struggle with this fundamentally united ruling class." This realisation introduced a revolutionary edge to his teaching and coloured the whole of his political and economic thinking in the days to come.

When Laski left America after six years, he took with him no feeling of resentment. On the contrary he felt for the United States a deep feeling

of affection which lasted the whole of his life. He was saved from bitterness by the strength and quality of his friendships. Apart from Frankfurter, Mr. Justice Brandeis, "one of the most distinguished minds that ever functioned on the Supreme Court," rated him highly, and said, at his departure: "America has gained much from your stay here." But the most valued of his friendships was with Oliver Wendell Holmes. "It would be hard indeed," remarks Kingsley Martin, "to find any parallel for the relations of these two, one scarcely more than a boy, and the other already old and famous, acknowledged to be one of the greatest Americans as well as one of the most distinguished of living scholars." Holmes himself exclaimed, in a letter addressed to Laski, "Oh, my dear lad, I shall miss you sadly. There is no other man I should miss so much."

At the London School of Economics Laski's popularity grew to unparalleled dimensions. Vast crowds jostled for a seat at his lectures. And what lectures they were! Here is a description of one of them, a political lecture at a mass meeting, by his biographer:

"Harold stood at attention for all the world like a school boy about to recite. His face was expressionless; he made no gestures. The audience were at first puzzled and tolerant; in a few minutes they were stunned. When they recovered they were delighted and finally ecstatic."

Laski was primarily a scholar and teacher, but he was also a political thinker and philosopher, a politician, orator and journalist. He wrote prodigiously. He gave his time generously to learners from many countries that came to him attracted by his fame. He espoused the cause of the underdog in every part of the world. In Frida who scorned finesse, regarded any form of tact as insincerity, who delighted in shocking conventional snobs, and was prepared to go to any length to help the causes and people that commanded her respect, he had an ideal partner, and together they lavished kindness and hospitality in generous measure on students and kind-

red spirits from all over the world who made pilgrimages to them fired by academic aspiration or the patriot's zeal in the struggle for independence and democratic freedom. He poured out friendship from an inexhaustible supply. Laski's activity was not confined to the classroom. It radiated far and wide, across the seas, and "if he had been both President of the United States and Prime Minister of England at the same time he could not have attempted to put more hours of work upon himself in the week."

He was one of the architects of the Labour Party and with the rank and file his popularity was immense. His elevation to the Chairmanship of the Party synchronised with the formation of the Labour Government by Mr. Attlee after the war. Untrammelled by the urge for expediency inevitable in all administrations, he began to accuse Mr. Attlee of verging towards MacDonaldism and letting the historic moment for the effective establishment of Socialism, slip. He spoke to the Press in the name of the Government and announced to continental newspapers that the "Labour Government would if necessary bring economic pressure to bear on Spain." Mr. Attlee replied with a tart letter, saying: "You have no right whatever to speak on behalf of the Government. Foreign affairs are in the capable hands of Ernest Bevin. His task is quite sufficiently difficult without the embarrassment of irresponsible statements of the kind you are making . . . There is widespread resentment in the Party at your activities and a period of silence on your part would be welcome."

Of Attlee, Francis Williams who worked closely with him for more than two years in intimate daily contact, stated that he is "one of the most considerable and formidable figures in British political history," but that he is so modest in external matters, so little self-seeking, his personality so disciplined and controlled, that he is consistently underestimated by others, who fail to note his strength, his steely self-confidence and his capacity for ruthlessness in the public interest. Harold

Laski completely failed to assess Attlee at his true worth when he rated him as "timid and not a great P. M."

Other estimates by Laski of the outstanding leaders and institutions of his time are less unfair and more correct. Here are some samples:

Chamberlain: He is so damned obstinate that no argument makes any impression on him.

Bevin: He is quite pathological—vain, disastrously ungenerous, quite definitely anti-Semitic in a brutal way.

Cripps: Superb at things, but no good at persons.

Lansbury: The greatest Christian, not a very clear head, but with a heart that reaches beyond the stars.

Wells: A perfect dear,—quick, agile, irrepressible, quite reckless in personal judgement and as generous as you please.

The Fabian Society: That compound of commonsense and middle class mystery.

The British people: The world can never repay its debt to this extraordinary race, its patience, its calm, its power to come up again after staggering blows.

Much is made by some critics of Laski of the alleged early discovery by his contemporaries that he was a romancer, a man of small physique given constantly to the telling of embroidered stories about the great and the good, with himself occupying the centre. The inventions of envy often attain wide circulation with the aid of idle tongues, and it would be surprising if Laski, who shot up in eminence over so many of his colleagues more advanced in age, and perhaps shamed some of them with his sheer brilliance and ability, failed to pay some penalty for his superiority. He was a great man in his own right whom the most celebrated leaders of the time were proud to call friend, and he stood in need of no stilts to commend himself to the world's regard. He was singularly free from the vanity of boasting of his own achievements. Mr. Martin bears testimony that he "did not often talk of his genuine achievement and public performances in which his success was both extra-

ordinary and unquestionable." He was a bold, drastic, lovable spirit, with unworldly ways, whose conduct throughout life was kindness personified, and in the pages of this biography Kingsley Martin makes him live afresh in words of his own quoted with prodigal frequency but with a splendid relevance affording no scope for dullness or redundancy.

Near the Brink

By L. P. Jacks

George Allen & Unwin Ltd., London
12s 6d net

DR. JACKS gave the world, ten years ago, his *Confessions of an Octogenarian* in which he wrote all the details of his own life. *Near the Brink* with the explanatory title, 'Observations of a Nonagenarian,' cannot be therefore an autobiography; but an obvious strain of melancholy runs through these essays, written during a period affected chiefly by the death of the author's wife eight years ago. The melancholy does not however cloud the mind, it stimulates precious thoughts on subjects of deep human interest. The first essay entitled 'The Reciprocity of Death' discusses the chance of survival after death. Sentiment may induce us to feel that those who have been dear to us cannot cease to exist after death, but reason points to their total extinction. Yet no religion may be sustained without belief in survival. Those who die miss us who survive, quite as much as we miss the dead, and that is the reciprocity of death.

Next to the speculation of the first essay may be noticed the essay on 'Time-thinking at Ninety' as a characteristic observation of a nonagenarian. Sitting, sitting and thinking, and writing are the three progressive occupations of old age. According to Dr. Jacks, at ninety and onwards, until imbecility intervenes, the time-thinking faculty is more active than in the young fellows who think mainly in terms of space which is only a cross-section of Time. Time-thinking is essential to grasp Reality in which the world is a going concern.

The eighth essay presents with sympathy the picture of a man of many religions, a Polymath. A short dialogue is developed between Polymath and Jacks. Polymath dies a Catholic. The author asks: "Where is Polymath now?" Wherever he is, the author feels he should be with him before very long, and he quotes the lines:

Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust.

Three bright essays concern light and beauty. Light is of profound importance both from the religious and the scientific points of view. Sir William Bragg, President of the Royal Society is quoted for saying: "We have come into possession of a wonderful principle which unites all forms of radiation and all forms of matter. We may rightly speak of light as constituting the Universe." The author asks if we could not discover some identity between physical light and the light of the mind.

The sense of the beautiful as an essential aspect of creation is developed with great facility in one essay. A second essay, 'The Cinderella of Values' reverts to the same theme. According to the Philosophy of Value, the ultimate Reality is a trinity of three values, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. This should not mean that the beautiful is relegated to a place of third importance. Dr. Jacks states that the restoration of beauty to her rightful place in the dynamism of Godhead would have good effect both in religion and moral philosophy, and through them on human conduct.

The sixth essay, 'The Undying Hope for a World Community' is allied in theme to the group of essays in the Second Part which are concerned with the preservation of peace in the world and the formation of a world state. The political state, as we know now, is not obviously fitted to form the basis for developing a world community. The author tells us the delightful story of a policeman called Walker who was a real knight-errant

in life, whose presence meant absolute security to the people among whom he lived. If an international police force is to be thought of, Dr. Jacks writes, it should be imbued with the spirit of the policeman Walker. But even such a police force could do nothing to put down the warlike instincts of the nations. The unfortunate fact remains that the economics of the modern state are based on warmaking as the key industry. The essay, 'An Experiment Worth Trying' suggests the Gandhian way of solving troubles. It is not clear if Dr. Jacks has studied the principles preached all through his life by Gandhiji, to put an end to the recurring conflicts between nations. 'The Experiment Worth Trying' is that of adopting disarmament and watching the consequences. A nation bent on peace may abstain from offering resistance to the aggressive one. Even then the spirit of violence may not die but pass into another channel.

The penultimate essay in the book shows by its lame conclusion that all discussions of securing world peace are futile. The pious wish is expressed that a fervent longing for peace may rise spontaneously all over the world. The substance of the last essay, 'Advice to Levellers,' is contained in the sentence; "Don't hammer on the bulge." Zealous reformers should prepare the world gently and gradually, and not make a direct and violent attack on the existing evils.

In the seventh essay Dr. Jacks pays his debt to the French writer Alfred Loisy. Loisy had been excommunicated from the Catholic church for propagating views contrary to those of the orthodox, about the origins and growth of Christianity. Fact and legend are so interwoven in the books of the New Testament that the result is a distorted picture of reality. It was Loisy's part to disentangle the fact from legend, and Dr. Jacks is Loisy's devoted follower in this. Loisy became a frequent contributor to *The Hibbert Journal* of which Dr. Jacks was editor, and we learn that Loisy's contributions served to raise its circulation. When Loisy died Dr. Jacks paid his homage to his memory by translating two of his books into

English, and he was engaged in this work at the time of his wife's death, and with the day of that death synchronised his writing the account of the dismay of Christ's followers when Christ was executed by the Romans. The coincidence carried no doubt a mysterious significance to Dr. Jacks.

These observations of a nonagenarian want for their appreciation the time-thinking reader, in the sense of one who is interested in what a veteran like Dr. Jacks has to offer to the world, at the age of ninety-two and more. There are indeed no startlingly new ideas in these essays, but they are virile enough to invite and sustain reading. The book re-assures the world that the higher type of man keeps alive sympathies for the recurring problems of humanity, without sinking into narrow personal life in old age.

England in Transition

By Dorothy George

Penguin Books, Middlesex, England
2s

GREGORY KING was a pioneer who collected social statistics in England about the end of the seventeenth century. According to him there were 400,000 families, of cottagers and paupers who were partly dependent on public sources for their maintenance. They were in fact active labourers whose wages were insufficient to maintain them. The most noticeable feature of the time was the working of the poor law which obliged every parish to provide for its paupers. Every parish tried to minimise its obligations by throwing off burdens, whenever possible, on other parishes. The settling of a man in a particular parish was a matter of importance, because thereafter his claim on the protection of that parish became established for ever. Dr. Dorothy George, draws on contemporary writing for building up the social history of England in the 18th century.

The early eighteenth century was obviously a period of marked prosperity for the country. Trade was growing fast, and the population

luckily was growing at a slow rate. The farmers and labourers lived comfortably, resorting to the ale-house or the tavern frequently. The women wore clothes which elicited the admiration of foreigners. Corn was cheap, chiefly because the means of transport were poor.

For the next picture of England dating about 1720, Dr. George draws on Defoe. The pre-eminence of London at this time was remarkable. Even if it contained only a tenth of the entire population of England, about 674 thousands, it impressed people so much that Defoe computed the number at a million and a half. London was the main trade centre. It had a penny post with frequent deliveries in the day. In the ships the fashion started of making a brilliant display of goods for sale. The standard of living rose all over, and each part of the equipment in a house came from a different part of England or Scotland.

The domestic weaver is a notable type before the machine age. The capitalist distributed the raw material to the workman to spin or weave in his own home. The capitalist stood to make great profits, and the ballads of the time reflect this, adding that when he filled his purse he received many a curse also, for the insufficient wage paid to the workman. The workmen alternately worked hard and drank hard. They had to be in the poor house in their old age.

Dr. George points out that social history took a definite turn in the middle of the century between 1750 and 1780. In politics, Pitt as a minister stood against corruption, in religion Wesley stood against materialism, and in literature Fielding espoused the cause of the poor both directly and indirectly. Measures were taken to put an end to the consumption of gin and that resulted in the general improvement of public health. The new style of washable cotton clothes also brought about the same result. A new humanitarianism was in evidence implying efforts to remove misery of every kind. But the lot of the agricultural labourer remained unchanged.

The changes in agriculture and in villages are noticed next. The system of enclosures came into vogue rapidly in the early nineteenth century. It meant generally the survival of the farmer of larger holdings and the disappearance of the farmer of small holdings, but there can be no doubt in the increase of production. Other improvements were also effected in agriculture. A rotation of crops was arranged where previously one part of the land remained fallow. This improved the livestock also. Side by side with enclosures came the perfecting of roads so that driving in carriages became a pleasure. The carriages increased in number and with them horses. Wheat was now consumed in larger quantities, the lower classes also taking to it. The price of wheat went up, the export of it came down, and even waste lands were brought under cultivation.

In the sixth chapter the author considers the landmarks of the industrial revolution. The English mind which had concentrated on elusive research like alchemy now showed its aptitude for practical achievement. Though many inventions were owed to other countries, England made up later by leading in spinning, weaving and in the use of steam power. Gas lighting was another triumph.

The seventh chapter considers child-labour and apprenticing the children at an early age. There was no suspicion yet that child labour was harmful. In the last chapter the author sums up the chief characteristics of the two ages, the pre-machine and the machine. It is commonly stated that the machine banished joy in work. On the other hand we are asked to note that in the pre-mechanic days work was both hard and perilous. In the imaginary golden age the workman toiled for sixteen hours in the day, and work was so sickening that drink was his only solace. The introduction of

steam power created a new phase in Sheffield. By 1797 the town, we learn, no longer abounded in "cripples and weak deformed people" as in earlier days. The labourer of the earlier age was steeped in ignorance while the later one made a great advance in intelligence. It cannot be said even that strikes were a feature only of the industrial age. Chief Justice Lord Mansfield dealing with strikes in 1758 spoke of "great disturbances." The discontent of the machine age again, was only symptomatic of the progress that was sure to follow.

A social history is difficult to build up, as we constantly feel that more details are necessary than those given for a complete picture of the time. A topical arrangement rather than the chronological order may be better for obtaining the complete picture. In any case the presentation wants the genius of an imaginative writer to call up vivid pictures, with copious citations from contemporary literature, which is not the bald record of the time. Dr. George has collected a body of facts which helps us to correct vague and inaccurate generalisations about the state of England before and after the machine age. The growth of humanitarianism and the progress of scientific invention both for personal comfort and for industrial purposes were indisputably favourable to the later rather than the earlier time.

The book is enriched with pictures chosen from contemporary paintings and sketches. The sixteenth and last of the pictures is of 'A Midwife going to a Labour'. It shows an absurdly fat woman who should be thoroughly unsuited to her duties. The author tells us that the contemporary midwife was so unworthy that Mrs. Gamp in the novel by Dickens would seem an angel in comparison.

[Reproduced by courtesy of A. I. R., Madras.]

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

We now have the spectacle of frightened pygmies writing letters on the stationery of the United States Government, asking responsible citizens to concur in their supine conduct before investigating committees.—Norman Cousins.

What Asian countries require is not an anomalous version of Socialism, but a decentralised State based on autonomous local republics and a decentralised national economy with local multi-purpose cooperatives, says M. N. Roy in this article.

FUTURE OF SOCIALISM IN ASIA

By M. N. ROY

THE Socialist parties of Asia met this year in a conference at Rangoon to formulate a programme of Asian Socialism and also to declare their independence of the reconstructed Socialist International. Concretely, the object of the conference was to define the attitude of Asian Socialism towards Marxism and to determine its relation to the European Socialist International. Although it received a fair amount of publicity, the Rangoon conference was not a success.

The European Socialist International, which has in the past patronised the nationalist movements in Asian countries, did not like the perspective of an independent Socialist movement in Asia. It sent a delegation, headed by the former British Labour Minister, Mr. Attlee, to advise the Asian Socialists to remain within the fold of the Socialist International. Mr. Attlee's persuasiveness, however, failed to influence his Asian comrades, who were either nationalists or near-Communists. Disregarding his appeal, the conference resolved to set up an autonomous organisation of the Socialist parties of Asia—a sort of Asian Socialist International. Mr. Attlee put a brave face on the failure of his mission and, on his return home, reported to the European International that Socialism in Asia was full of great promise and believed in the identity of the Socialist ideal throughout the world. The Executive of the British Labour Party has resolved to create Socialist Fellowships with the object of teaching the true faith to the Asian comrades and draw them nearer out of their isolationism.

Along with all other politicians of the Western countries, the Socialists were anxiously looking out for ways and means to resist Communism in Asia. Though some of the delegates at the Rangoon Conference were anti-Communists, Mr. Attlee could not have failed to notice that others did not share their sentiments. Therefore, even for the negative purpose of stemming the tide of Communism, Socialism in Asia is bound to be a broken reed.

Socialism is a lost cause in Europe. It is bound to be so everywhere, because of the very logic of its doctrines. In all the years after the second world war, it has lost ground in all European countries, with the apparent exception of Great Britain and Scandinavia. The triumph of Socialism in Great Britain was achieved because Socialism is not the creed of the Labour Party. The Intellectual Left wing professes Fabian Socialism; but Fabianism is much nearer to Liberalism than to Marxism. Some of the powerful trade unionists, who control the policy of the Labour Party may have some sentimental sympathy for Socialism, but as a group they are decidedly against what is described as doctrinaire Socialism. Pragmatism is their philosophy. Anything that works is good. Only a few years ago, nationalisation of industries was the unanimous demand. Today most of the trade union leaders are opposed to any further experimentation with the Socialist practice. Nationalisation has not produced the desired result.

WHAT, then, remains of Socialism? The Welfare State is not Socialism in practice, but is a paternalist conception which belongs rather to Liberalism than to Socialism. Social

legislations to benefit the working class were introduced by Liberal Governments in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, when British capitalism attained the greatest expansion. An ideal conceived in the atmosphere of capitalist prosperity cannot be practised in the days when British economy must struggle for retaining a place in the sun. If the cost of maintaining the Welfare State can no longer be placed on the shoulders of private capitalists, the burden will have to be borne by nationalised industry. The contradiction between Socialism and the Welfare State will thus be exposed.

IN view of the failure of Socialism in Europe, it cannot be expected to do any better in Asia. Socialism is indeed variously defined. There are different brands of Socialists. Some of them would not admit that Marxism is their source of inspiration. But all Socialists are primarily concerned with the liberation of the working class from capitalist exploitation, and they also agree upon what would bring about the liberation. It is abolition of private property, common ownership of the means of production, and the working class capturing State power. These are also the fundamental items of the Communist programme. The Socialists only insist that they will attain Utopia through legislation, without a violent revolution. In Great Britain, they made the experiment. And the result is not the promised Utopia, but something different—either a veiled form of totalitarianism or a relapse into Liberalism.

Some Socialists may disown Marxism and try to find the sanction of their faith in other types of philosophy. There are Socialists in Europe who are religious. A majority of the British Socialists belong to that class. In India, the Socialists try to combine their programme with Gandhism. But nobody can call himself a Socialist and refuse to worship the working class. They may disown Marxist materialism and seek the moral sanction of their secular programme in a spiritualist philosophy, such as Christianity or Gandhism.

But it is a historical fact that even the pre-Marxian Socialists, the so-called Utopians, many of whom were mystically inclined religious men, were primarily concerned with the liberation of the working class. Indeed, Marx took over the doctrines of the Utopians, whom he ungratefully abused and tried to give them a scientific foundation. Therefore, in countries where the working class is not an important social factor, Socialism is bound to be a movement without roots in the soil. That will be the case in Asia.

Yet, after Nationalism has attained its goal of political independence, Socialism has found favour with Left-wing intellectuals in the Asiatic countries. There are Socialist Parties in all the countries of Asia. The Socialist movement in these countries grew as a part of the nationalist movement which did not recognise class antagonism in society. They distinguished themselves from "bourgeois nationalism" by acting as ginger-groups, claiming to represent the interests of the working class, the exploited masses as against the Right-wing nationalist leaders, who were regarded as the representatives of the landlords and capitalists. Now, national independence having been attained, Socialist parties have broken away from their mother organisations, to function as independent factors struggling for political power. But even then they have not yet outgrown their nationalist preoccupation. In Asia, Socialism would be something different from Socialism in Europe.

IN Asian countries, Communism is the most powerful rival to Nationalism. The Socialists cannot expect to oust the Communists from that position unless they have roots in the country. But like their European confederates, the Asian Socialists also claim to be a party of the working class. Therefore, they will have to struggle with the Communists for the leadership of the proletariat. And leadership of the proletariat alone will not make a party an effective political factor in industrially backward countries. As a matter of fact, the Labour movement in all the Asian countries is dominated by

Communists or by Government-sponsored trades unions. The Socialists are hardly in the picture.

JUST as the European Socialists were caught between two fires, so are the Asians also; they will have to fight the Communists on the one hand, and the nationalists on the other. And these two groups between themselves happen to command the alliance of the majority of the people. The educated middle class in the Asian countries is still nationalist. The few who have been disillusioned by successful nationalism and are inspired by the ideal of social justice, have transferred their allegiance to the Communists. In order to oppose nationalism and win over the allegiance of the Leftist middle class, the Socialists must adopt a policy which is hardly distinguishable from that of the Communists.

If Socialism in Asia is so very incapable of playing the negative role, positively it will have even less significance. In order to distinguish itself from Communism, it advocates a programme of economic reconstruction which is patronised also by the nationalists in power. And the programme itself, be it advocated by nationalists or by Socialists, is inapplicable in the conditions prevailing in Asia.

Abolition of landlordism and nationalisation of industries are the two main items. The nationalists in power have already legislated to enforce the former. The result has not been very beneficial for the peasant masses. The Socialists propose to improve on it by opposing the payment of compensation. That will make hardly any difference, since nothing is paid immediately towards compensation. The crucial question is, what is the immediate gain for the peasantry? Previously, they used to pay rent to private landlords. Now they have to pay to the State.

The nationalisation of industries presupposes a certain degree of industrial development, which has not yet taken place in any Asian country, except Japan. Therefore, nationalisation, irrespective of its doubtful

consequences, will not alter the economic structure of the country materially. Managers employed by private owners will be replaced by Government officers, and there is no reason to believe that the latter will have a greater sense of justice than the others.

Realising that in Asia, Socialism cannot succeed as a working class movement some Socialist leaders are laying greater emphasis on the peasantry. The Indian Socialist leader Jaiprakash Narain told the Rangoon conference that Socialism in Asia must be "villagism." The idea of building the political and economic structure of a backward country on the basis of local democracies is very sound. But why confound it with Socialism, which advocates centralism no less vehemently than Communist totalitarianism?

IN Rangoon, there was a good deal of talk about a third force. But the underlying idea was confused. With the Asian Socialists the idea has a nationalist, anti-Western connotation. This was evident in the resolution of the Rangoon conference against colonialism. It was like fighting a ghost. In Asia, there is very little colonialism left. To demand immediate withdrawal from Malaya and Indo-China, the two countries where some vestige of colonial rule still remains, would be to advocate delivery of those countries to Communism. It is surprising that the delegates to the Rangoon conference did not realise that this demand contradicts their fierce opposition to Communism. Not only will those two particular countries be captured by Communist aggression, but the establishment of Communism there would open the neighbouring countries to the danger of Communist aggression. Nevertheless, an Indian delegate repeated the ultra-nationalist Gandhian point of view that, should the colonial peoples want freedom with chaos (Communism, in this case), they should have it. It is curious that those who share the belief that Communism is a negation of freedom should advocate this point of view.

The Rangoon conference had to assert its anti-colonialism in order

to rival the Communists. The latter are rapidly gaining ground in Asian and African countries as the uncompromising advocates for fighting colonial slavery. It is doubtful if anti-colonialism will improve the position of the Socialists in Asia. The nationalists as well as the Communists have won the allegiance of the people by advocating anti-colonialism. Why should the people now transfer their allegiance to a new patron?

Although the leaders of the Asian Socialist Parties have outgrown their early love for Marxism, the rank and file are still moved by the passion for a social revolution. Indeed, they want to emulate the Communists. Therefore, a determined opposition to the Communists will split the Socialist Parties and prejudice whatever little chance Socialism still has in Asia. A lost cause in Europe, Socialism cannot have any future in Asia. No doubt, the Socialist leaders are sincere in their profession of democracy. Their passionate opposition to Communism is undeniable. But they have taken up an ambiguous position, and seem to be doomed to travel into a blind alley. Com-

munist has misled and deceived the masses throughout the world. Formal democracy prepared the ground for the rise and success of Communism. If the Socialist parties in Asia wish to be an independent political factor and eventually assume the leadership of the reconstruction of these countries, they must reject the one as well as the other.

IT is not enough only to reject Communism when it is accepted by an ever growing number of people as the panacea for all the evils of the world. Opposition to Communism is bound to be ineffective if an attractive alternative is not offered. The Rangoon conference did not offer any alternative to Communism. What the Asian countries require is not an anomalous version of Socialism, but Radical Democracy—a decentralised State based on, and controlled by, autonomous local republics, and an equally decentralised national economy, based on local multi-purpose cooperatives. That is the only alternative to Communism. Unless Socialists will boldly advocate it, Socialism in Asia will be even more ineffective than in Europe.—N. N. F. Copyright.



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THE WORLD

By

M. KRISHNAN

ULAGAM is one of the two most advertised pictures that I know of, the other being its Telugu counterpart, *Prapancham*—together they make *The World*. The volume and variety of the boost offers, in itself, ample material for reflection, but we are not concerned with that. All that comes in only incidentally and prefatorily, for the advertisement preceded the picture, and in spite of its lavishness told me very little. "The play's the thing," and I could get no clue to the plot of *The World* by reading the advertisement. There was a resume provided, in English and in verse, but I could make nothing of it for it was not English, though, possibly, it was verse. Judge for yourself—early on, I came to this passage:—

"But Mohan was a college student then
And was Lalitha's dream her bosom's
ken.

But Mohan's heart was cold and failed
to beat

At notes of love, despite Lalitha's heat.
Then enters Leela to increase her woes,
Arriving from South Africa's frozen
shores."

I gave it up and waited for the picture, without preconceived bias. To be wholly truthful, I did develop a notion. It occurred to me that pro-

bably *The World* was something strange, a production so much at variance with the usual run of Tamil pictures that the immediate public dislike of anything new was anticipated and sought to be neutralised by all this advance publicity. I have now seen the picture, and know that I was dead wrong in this view.

I MUST explain at once why I speak of *The World* as a production primarily Tamil, Tamil before it was Telugu. It is not because the story and screen-play was by Mrs. C. P. Munas, and that suggests a Tamilian origin—there is certain internal evidence on the point. *The World* carries the impress of two of the hall-marks of the true Tamil Picture. As I have had occasion to point out before, conception outside wedlock (real or suspected) is a peculiar feature of Tamil pictures, and this motif is there, in *The World*. True that it all ends summarily in an abortion, but it is just the brevity of the incident that has point. Why should this wholly needless interlude have been brought into the story, especially as it leads to nothing, except to mark *The World* as primarily Tamil. Then there is the second hall-mark—3½ hours on the screen and three generations. Sitting in the picture-house, I began to realise, gradually, just what Wordsworth meant by saying "The world is too much with us."

Long ago, when I studied the order of intestate succession among the

remoter heirs under Hindu Law, I never dreamed that this tedious knowledge would come in useful one day, while reviewing pictures. To me the story of *The World* is now crystal clear, but, of course, I will not retail it here at length. However, for the benefit of those who may not have studied Hindu Law, I provide a chart. It should explain most things about *The World*, and I add notes to make things clearer still.

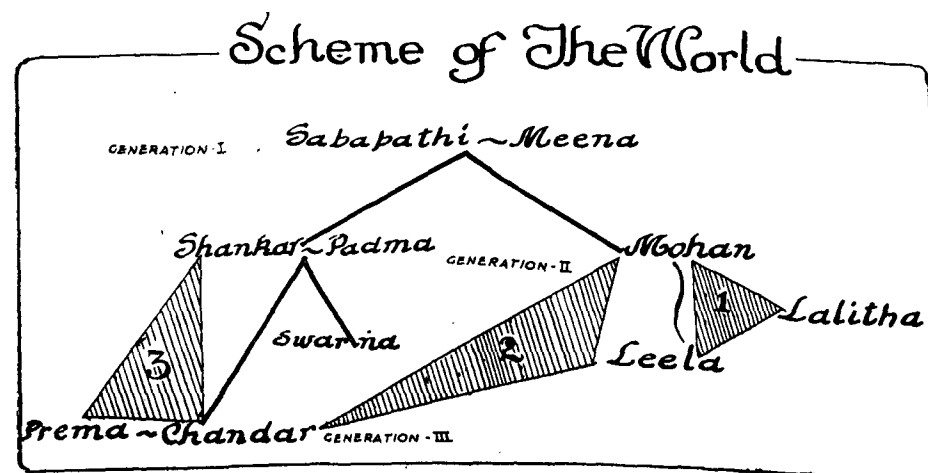
HOWEVER marked geographically, the world has a triangular pattern on the screen. There are three triangles in the course of three generations here, or rather in the second and third generation, in the form of enclaves. The smallest of these is of the greatest magnitude, the triangle Mohan-Lalitha-Leela. Mohan loves Leela, who, after a period of maidenly wariness reciprocates his feeling. Lalitha loves Mohan—but you will recall that "Mohan's heart was cold and failed to beat at notes of love, despite Lalitha's heat." What seemed inartistic about this triangle was that Lalitha failed in her love. She is much the most dashing lover in this picture (where there are many) and a most determined one. She deserved to succeed.

Mohan and Leela figure, later, in another triangle, this time with Chandar as the acute angle. This is a false triangle, i.e., its bases are illusory and there is no substance in Mohan's suspicions of Chandar's nephew-like affection for his wife (Leela), and Leela's aunty feeling for the poor, motherless boy. All this leads to a promising situation, where Mohan says "To be, or not to be; that is the question—", snatches a revolver from the chest of drawers, and rushes off to Leela's room where she is in bed, enshrouded in a mosquito-curtain. I sat forward in my chair at this, suddenly tense. Here was the proof for which I had waited so long. In the old days, when I was interested in Shakespeare as a text supplier to the B.A. degree of the Madras University, there had been a question in one of the March papers that ran somewhat as follows: "What would have happened to Desdemona had Othello

been Hamlet?" I cannot recall the exact wording of the question or its year, but it was much as stated here and I had had a heated argument with an examiner over the correct answer to the question. His point was that the student, familiar with the character of Hamlet as a hopeless introvert, should say that Desdemona would have escaped (though, possibly, by getting into a nunnery). I thought that life was not so simple and predictable and that anything could have happened. Hamlet might, in the circo., have run through Desdemona with his rapier as callously and casually as he ran through Polonius—or he might have gone off into a soliloquy. I had argued that in view of the sheer silliness of the question all answers were correct and should be awarded equal marks.

Well, here was this very situation. Mohan had, by uttering the famous first line, betrayed his identity with Hamlet, and the bedroom scene, with its redundancy of soft, large pillows (and a mosquito-curtain in addition, so useful to a smotherer), was clearly from 'Othello'. "Out, out, brief electric bulb!" I said to my startled neighbour, too excited by the coming vindication of my view to realise that I should have said "Put, out the light . . ."—and nothing happened. Everything ended in a fiasco, in last-second explanations, Mohan's sudden repentance and Chandar's exit in disgust. Life is so full of anticlimax.

ONE should realise that it is in a mere 2-3 months that the sides of the above triangle and the apex of the next one take shape. This way. First, Chandar's mother dies and he (along with his sister) is consigned to the care of his father's younger brother's wife, Leela (see how useful the law comes in!). Then his uncle, Mohan, goes over to America for a peace conference, and it is on his return that the Hamlothello scene is staged. Meanwhile Chandar's father (Shankar) plans to remarry, a plan that is opposed by Chandar who, like Hamlet, believes in a decent interval between wives. Words lead to action and Chandar



is chucked out of the house and retires, in disgust again, to the shore temple at Mahabalipuram, arriving there just in time to save a young girl who throws herself to the cruel waves rather than marry a man much older than herself. Rescued and rescuer fall in love.

This is where triangle No. 3 begins, for this girl is none other than Prema, betrothed to Shankar. This triangle is happily resolved, in a very complicated way, by Shankar welcoming his lost son home and sponsoring Chandar's marriage to Prema.

IT takes many sorts to make the world. Realising this, the producers have mixed a generous quantity of incidental entertainment with the main plot of *The World*. A free style wrestling match between Dara Singh and Ali Reza Bey, a man-versus-leopard contest (it is not a fight really), dances, comic inter-

ludes—it is these that provide the entertainment. And there are some lovely shots of the sea.

The music of *The World* is second-hand and Hindi, and every courtship and nuptial occasion, throughout the three generations, is marked by such music. Off-hand I can list three songs from *Babul* and *Kazanchi*—but refrain from doing so since you may care as little for lists as I do.

The music of the incidental dances, in refreshing contrast, is Carnatic though not classical. The dance by Lalitha and Padmini, and the 'Thief dance' by Kumari Kamala, are so welcome that no one bothers to remark on their forced occasion. I liked the dance number by Lalitha and Padmini, but what I liked best was another incidental piece, a comic duet by Ratnam and Thangam. This is really good—and perhaps it provides a truer commentary on this small world of ours than all the rest of *The World*.

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

WITH the release of *Do Bigha Zamin* at Metro Cinema, Bombay, another barrier has been broken. This American-owned cinema so far had not exhibited any Indian film except of course 'The Court Dancer,' an English version of *Raj-nartaki* released through American distributors. *Do Bigha Zamin* will be the first Hindi picture to be shown at Metro and K. M. Gupta and J. N. Gupta of India Film Exchange are to be complimented on this achievement since the picture is being shown on percentage basis.

The attitude of the management of Metro is also laudable. Mr. Bhutani, the manager of the theatre told me that his organization was never averse to the exhibition of Indian pictures. He revealed that last year all arrangements for screening *Baiju Bawra* were finalized, but as the picture could not be released 'exclusively' at Metro, the arrangement was cancelled. He averred that Metro would be ready to show other Indian pictures, if they were found to be suitable. What is however remarkable is that any Indian producer would have paid greater hire for Metro than for any other theatre—Metro has agreed to screen *Do Bigha Zamin* on percentage basis.

In this connection I recall Jaimani Dewan's argument. Complaining about the exhibitors screening English films, he said that when these exhibitors screened foreign films on percentage basis, what right had they to demand fixed hire for screening Indian films. He was also of the opinion that all the theatres exhibiting foreign films should be compelled to screen Indian pictures for certain number of weeks. With the voluntary offer by Metro to screen Indian

pictures, it is to be hoped that all the other exhibitors of foreign pictures will follow this example.

Picture Of The Week

AT last we have a picture which apparently deals with psychiatry and neurosis. For *Shagufa* the first production venture of Premnath, we are told is a story of a neurotic girl and a psychiatrist.

But as the film proceeds, we know, that it is nothing but another triangle drama and in consonance with the latest trend of our pictures, the triangle revolves round husband, wife and the other woman, as did the triangle drama of *Shole*, for example.

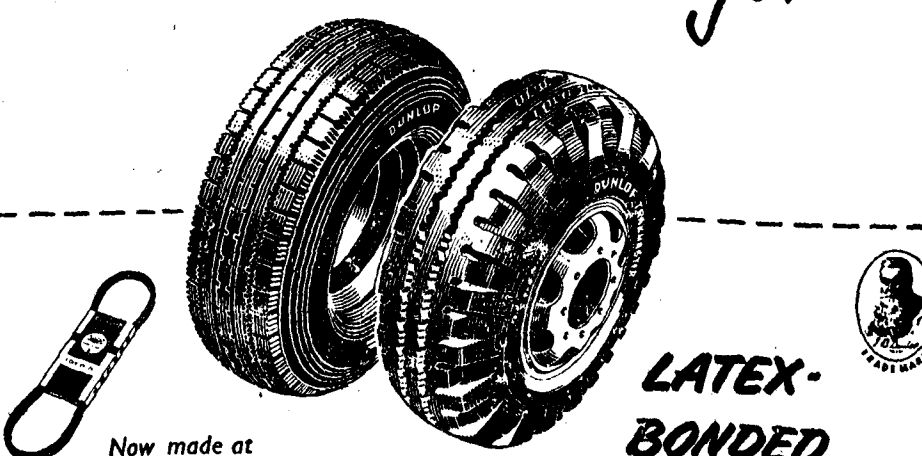
The pretence of neurotic girl is exposed in the very first sequence. After building up a terrific suspense with the help of Rajendra Malone's excellent photography about the impending danger in going to "Shagufa" at night, the song sung by a pretty girl comes as anti-climax. And one is surprised to find how the father of the neurotic girl allows her to wander in a jungle at night to sing and meet strangers.

Similarly, later when the same girl tries to beat the psychiatrist when he reveals that he is a doctor one feels that the reason given for her attitude is very lame. Indeed, the psycho-analysis of both the doctor and patient would reveal that they are most artificial characters; they are more a figment of the writer's imagination than live human beings.

Shorn of all pretense of psychology, the characters are understandable in terms of triangle formula. It is the story of the doctor, his wife and the patient whom he cures. For some reason the doctor is forced to pretend to be the patient's childhood mate; and the pretense leads to a serious emotional tangle as the doctor falls for the patient, though momentarily. And when he discovers that he was the true childhood mate of the girl, he is really puzzled. Duty versus love, wife versus childhood sweetheart. Whom to choose is a question before him.

An accident solves the question; while he is lying in hospital, the two girls are each ready to sacrifice for

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the other. Ultimately however the insane girl brought to sanity by her lover sacrifices and leaves her lover to his wife, and ends her life by taking poison which she snatches from the wife's hands.

An interesting triangle, it would be more acceptable to the Indian audience than *Shole* since the character of the husband and the other woman are not as unsympathetic as in that story. But as all the three characters are goody-goody, the story lacks dramatic tension. As a reputed director said after seeing the film, had the wife been shown as a nagging and selfish type, the story would have become more pointed, tense and moving.

As it is, it is rather a thin story punctuated with crude and almost unbecoming comic interludes of Yashodhara Katju and ten melodious, though not particularly brilliant, song numbers. The highlight of the picture is however the manner it has been mounted; the presentation is very elaborate, the production values lavish and the photography is brilliant and superb in its dramatic effect. Though Rawail is more at home in comic interludes, his direction of the serious parts is quite competent. Performances are not particularly brilliant. Beena Rai is just herself while Premnath is handicapped by queer spectacles which give him a rather funny look. Indeed, because of this funny look, the audience laugh at crucial dramatic moments and ruins the seriousness of the story. The supporting cast is good.

Shagufa has thus the appearance of a blooming flower; but the flower itself is of a very unreal and artificial variety.

Personality Of The Week

THE death of Pudovkin has removed from the film world one of the great pioneers who contributed a great deal to the advancement of film technique and art.

He was one of the few great men of the filmworld to visit this country. I still recall his visit to Bombay during the Soviet Film Festival. Almost every studio and film association in India honour-

ed him and unlike other 'geniuses' Pudovkin who could speak English, was very informal, amiable and showed keen interest in Indian films; Indian music, Indian theatre and art.

In a way he was responsible for establishing a closer cultural link between India and Soviet Union. It was after his visit, that the film delegation from India visited Soviet Union. And today, the only European country which is genuinely interested in Indian films is Soviet Union which is prepared to buy and exhibit representative Indian films throughout the country.

So Pudovkin had a special link with India. But apart from his personal contact, he was already known to the students of cinema through his books "Film Technique" and "Film Acting." There was a time in pre-war days when every educated person who was interested in film made it a point to study these two great works of Pudovkin. The post-war generation which is so much engrossed in stars and their social activities are perhaps not interested in Pudovkin's serious works which should be read as classics, by every student who is prepared to take cinema seriously as an art. If for nothing else, Pudovkin will be remembered the world over for these two books.

Pudovkin's greatest contribution however was to editing and montage. Editing, he says, is the language of the film director and he believed that the director should have dictatorial powers in film-making.

Born in 1893, educated at Moscow, he studied Chemistry at the University. After the revolution he studied cinema technique from Kuleshov. He also worked as an actor; but it was as the director of pictures like *Mother*, *End of St. Petersburg*, *Deserter* that he became world famous. In later years he made historical films mostly about great Russian leaders like *Peter the Great*, *Gen. Suvorov*, which have been shown in this country. And his films and his writings will live and continue to inspire many progressive film creators throughout the world.

"E. V. R. has revolutionised thought in South India"

E. V. R.

By P. C. GANESAN

SO many 'infidels' have been the sons of godly fathers that there is probably a law of nature by which theology carries its retribution in its own bosom. Venkataswami Naicker, father of E. V. Ramaswami Naicker, was a *bhakta* in the most orthodox sense of the term. His efforts to make his son religious were of no avail. As a boy, E. V. R. was known as a naughty youngster and was irresistibly attracted towards an unfettered life. The rigours and regimentation of school-life did not allure him. A diamond that he is, perhaps he had the intuition even in his early years that he was not a pebble to be polished by schools and colleges. When young he exhibited a remarkable power of reasoning which made the elders in his house gaps with wonder.

At the age of twenty four, being dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to him by his father, he left home and went to Banaras; and ironically enough, he who later became a severe critic of rituals and ceremonies, lived at Banaras a life of resignation as a sanyasi. This did not last long. He returned and took up his father's business. As a businessman his popularity grew. In 1917, he was elected chairman of the Erode Municipal council. He came to be introduced to public life.

It was due to the efforts of P. Varadarajalu Naidu and C. R. that Ramaswami Naicker entered the Congress organisation. The muslin-clad Ramaswami began to wear coarse Khadi. His palatial building became the abode of the Satyagrahis. It was he who inaugurated the Hindi *patasalas* and popularised the Khadi movement in Tamil Nad. The great influence that the Congress of those days had on the masses was due to the triumvirate, E. V. R., Varadarajalu Naidu and T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar. In appreciation of his services he was elected president

of the Tamilnad Congress conference at Thiruvannamalai in the year 1924. That gave him the opportunity to make an extensive tour of Tamil Nad and study the condition of the masses. The experience he gained then stood him in good stead in later years. It was a sad incident at Sermadevi that made him sever his connection with the Congress. The discriminatory treatment shown to various communities in the Sermadevi Gurukulam (which incidentally was sponsored by leading Congressmen) led him to doubt the intentions of the founders who envisaged a casteless society. He understood that to practise was not so easy as to preach. Later incidents in his life also confirmed this belief. As one who believed that social emancipation should precede political emancipation, he walked out of the Congress fold when his efforts to turn his Congress colleagues to his side, failed.

AFTER his exit from the Congress, E. V. R. reinforced his Self-respect movement with redoubled vigour. It evoked severe opposition from the orthodox section of the public, especially from the old guards of the Congress hierarchy. He propagated his views through his weekly, *Kudi Arasu*, which gained a wide circulation. Srinivasa Ayyangar, T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar and Satyamurthi became his severest political opponents. The enormous opposition he had to encounter made him cautious and resourceful. To keep himself abreast of the times, he toured Malaya and Europe. He stayed in Europe for a year and visited Russia, Germany, England, Turkey and Egypt. After his return from Europe, new honours awaited him. He was elected chairman of the Justice party. Soon he became a potent factor to be reckoned with in contemporary politics. His activities as

the leader of the Dravidian Federation include an agitation against compulsory introduction of Hindustani, satyagraha before North Indian shops and black flag demonstrations against North Indian leaders.

E. V. R.'s ideologies are not something monstrous as some people imagine. Materialism and agnosticism are not newly propounded theories. They are as old as the conception of God and Theism. It is often pointed out that E. V. R.'s criticisms are crude and couched in the bitterest language. But E. V. R. is convinced that in a country populated by a large percentage of illiterates whose faith in God and religion is deep-rooted, only crude and bitter words would produce the desired result. While addressing public meetings he never labours for style. His language is simple and direct. His speeches are devoid of alliteration and rhyme. But they are punctuated with homely similes and simple parables. He is at his best when faced with a volley of questions or heckled by a hostile audience. Many of the orators of Tamil Nad had their early training under him. C. N. Annadurai, K. A. P. Viswanathan and P. Jeevanandam are only a few examples. The late V. Ramaswamy Iyengar (Va. Ra.) rightly described his speeches as 'Niagara of sense and passion.' It is said that in the past thirty years he has addressed not less than 6,000 meetings.

AS a newspaperman E. V. R. has great experience. His party organ, *Viduthalai*, is run efficiently in spite of great handicaps only because of his administrative ability. His recent pamphlet 'Theology Explained' was acclaimed by erudite scholars like the late Swamy Vedachalam, and a leading English daily of South India while reviewing it compared him to H. G. Wells. Un-

schooling though he is, his solutions for the present day social evils are worthy of merit and consideration. His scientific understanding of problems, coupled with mature wisdom, has made him practical and capable of giving the right lead in critical times. That is why despite his political views and eccentricities he is still much respected by his political opponents.

E. V. R. who is seventy four years, lives his creed. He has the simplicity of childhood, the enthusiasm of youth and the wisdom of age. He is serious without anger and forcible without violence. He does not attack people but dogmas and beliefs. He is eminent for the exercise of plain common sense. He is a natural logician. Like an unerring arrow his thought flies to the heart and centre.

IN assessing the greatness of E. V. R. so much depends upon the personal equation that it is probably impossible to voice a verdict which would satisfy all. Some of his admirers bracket him with Socrates, but others, the diehards of orthodoxy look upon him as a mere infidel who ridicules all that is noble in their faith. For a just estimate one should dispassionately study his teachings. E. V. R.'s work has a positive aspect of undeniable value. In his belief that life hereafter is a convenient hypothesis to evade day-to-day problems and keep the gullible in perfect servitude he is a secularist. In his rejection of God and other speculative conceptions he is an agnostic. In his scientific approach to all human problems he is a rationalist. But none can deny that E. V. R. with his masterly analysis of the most complicated problems, whether politics, theology or religion has revolutionised thought in South India.

TOLERANCE

"Let me . . . define tolerance as tolerating other people even when they don't tolerate you. It is an austere definition. No politician would accept it. But if tolerance is to play any practical part in the modern world, if any headway is to be made against fanaticism, if there is to be any easing of the tensions between class and class, race and race, country and country, then tolerance must be more than a pious wish, more than a woolly assertion of goodwill. It must have courage, and it must be prepared to take risks."

—E. M. Forster, from Essay in the *New York Times*

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Nehru-Das Hitch

Sir,—Mr. Nehru's flare-up in connection with Mr. Biswanath Das's speech at the recent A.-I.C.C. meeting at Agra would cause painful surprise to many. Unfortunately, Mr. Nehru's hasty intervention has prevented a proper assessment of the issues under discussion.

Firstly, Mr. Das pointed out the need for specific directions based on requisite data before land or other reforms could be systematically attempted; a view with which many would agree; for, the tendency hitherto has been to proceed on the basis of slogans without either clear objectives or definite data. For instance, contrary to popular belief that zamindari abolition would release a lot of land for distribution, nothing of the kind resulted. A little attention to facts and study of the problem would have revealed that zamindari or landlord abolition has very little to do with re-distribution which could be effective only if tenants and farmers generally agree to share their holdings with the landless.

Similar is the confused approach to the Bhoodan move. Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, speaking on the resolution, wanted Government fallow lands, which were ample, to be utilised for distribution, but in the same breath he said that Bhoodan was the correct move to achieve that. If there is ample available fallow land, what is the point in wasting energies on collecting donations of bits of land instead of devising proper schemes and finding requisite funds for reclaiming the waste lands and settling the needy landless on them which is the real problem? No wonder, Mr. Das raised the issue of clear objectives.

Secondly, regarding the Hindu Code Bill, one need not be an opponent of the Code to ask, as Mr. Das did, why, if its implications were only socio-economic, should they be confined to Hindus and not extended to all Indians. Is not the secular Congress somewhat reducing itself to the status of a communal organisation by identifying itself with the reform of a particular community? Would it not be more in line for such a Bill

to have originated from a representative Hindu body like the Hindu Mahasabha?

Further, as Mr. Das said, is it not a fact that the vast majority of Hindus including Congressmen are either indifferent to, or ignorant of, the exact provisions of the Code? The least the Congress could have done is to prepare a short brochure explaining the salient provisions of the Code in all major languages for wide circulation and every Congress Committee should have been asked to discuss and express its opinion.

Mr. Nehru, instead of meeting any of the points squarely, merely lost his temper and declared that he himself won the contest on the Hindu Code issue. Apart from the fact that Mr. Nehru's personal popularity, irrespective of his views, would have ensured his success, it may be pointed out that the Hindu Code never figured as an issue either in the Congress Election Manifesto or in the vast majority of election contests. Mr. Das, who can claim to be equally conversant, as Mr. Nehru, with agrarian conditions and the implications of the Code vis a vis village socio-economy and the joint family system is certainly in good company; for, as is wellknown, several of the ablest brains in the country are not over-enthusiastic about the Code and the manner in which it is sought to be introduced.

Before making unjustified remarks in a huff asking one like Mr. Das who is a long standing Congressman, an ex-Chief-Minister and ex-President of the Utkal P. C. C. to quit the Congress and join some reactionary organisation, the Congress President should have borne in mind that some of the best Congressmen have already left the Congress in disgust and that the Congress is becoming more attractive to opportunists than to genuine Congressmen. As regards discipline, too, it may be pointed out with due respect that while linguistic redistribution is supported in the Congress Manifesto, the Congress President himself many a time acted and spoke as if he were not happy about it.

One need neither be an apologist for Mr. Das nor lacking in respect for Mr. Nehru to say that the whole episode and the manner in which it was by-passed is a sad comment on the way democracy is functioning, free discussion disappearing and sycophancy rising in the country.

D. V. RAMA RAO.

Berhampur (Orissa).

New Elementary Education Scheme

Sir,—The test of progress of an infant democracy lies in the priority it gives to elementary education. In the shortest possible time it should make the younger

generation sufficiently literate to read vernacular journals and thus enable them to inform themselves as intelligent voters and to select proper representatives to the legislatures. If in providing this education its present standard is lowered as a consequence of reduced hours of teaching and a little strain is caused both to children and teachers by concentrated teaching, we have to choose between the lesser of the two evils. Would we like to deny primary education for millions of children whose parents are willing but cannot afford to send them to school for a whole day for the sake of enforcing a higher quality of teaching through longer hours? Can we find the finance to double the existing number of schools? Can quantitative education wait until quality is uniformly sustained?

When under the present scheme we talk of many children in rural areas being thrust on the home when they should be at school we do not realise the fact that a majority of them are already in the home and that their total dependence on home education will be partly relieved by a three hour education in schools under the new scheme. A small percentage of children whose environment leads to a lopsided outlook on life and a helplessness in performing essential manual activities is to be provided under the scheme with opportunities for coming into close contact with fields and cottage industries. If this is properly organised, well and good. If perfunctorily done, even so it helps levelling down of the false sense of superiority of families who do not do physical labour. To this extent it reduces the integration of caste and sub-caste with occupation and lays the foundation for equality of status and rank among the several castes. With greater re-organisation of village life through co-operatives and village panchayats, the scope of education of children in home and village life will increase.

The scheme is not against the growth of the elementary school as an agricultural and industrial project, giving work to boys in gardening and crafts suited to their age and supplying a full mid-day meal thus correcting nutritional deficiencies of their food at home. Voluntary agencies can assist with many facilities in providing manual training within the school. Where parents want their boys to learn for 6 hours, no one will object to their raising funds and continuing their present education.

Two questions are only involved in giving or denying support to the scheme.

(1) Are we for a rapid and maximum elementary education even at the sacrifice of the existing quality, or a six hour

instruction which results in the denial of education in the three R's to millions of children who are to be the future rulers of our democracy?

(2) Are immediate steps urgent or not in a caste-ridden society to change the outlook of the children of parents who by tradition are averse to do manual labour?

I agree with the first view and support the scheme.

K. G. SIVASWAMY

Unemployed Technical Personnel

Sir,—The Madras Government opened many polytechnic centres throughout the State for the reason that there was lack of technical personnel and many works had to be stopped for want of technical personnel. There were originally four Government engineering colleges in the State at Guindy, Anantapur, Kakinada and Coimbatore, giving training for the B. E. degree examination. The opening of polytechnics served some purpose for about 2 or 3 years and the candidates who underwent the diploma courses such as L.C.E., L.E.E. and L.M.E. in the polytechnics were absorbed by the Government.

But gradually after the year 1950, the students who passed through diploma courses were not absorbed by the Government as there were no vacancies in the departments and they were thrown out of employment. Since no new projects were taken up by Government due to financial stringency and many other causes, the number of candidates employed by the Government became very much less and is now practically nil. There are about four to five hundred diploma holders in technical courses, thrown out of employment today and some of them are no doubt working as maistries and linemen.

This is really a very deplorable state of affairs. It is better to close some or even all the polytechnic centres for some years to come until the demand for the technical personnel comes up again after all the students are absorbed by the Government.

'DIPLOMA HOLDER SUFFERER'

Hindu Code Bill

Sir,—It is a pity that Sri Nehru feels unduly touchy whenever any one tries to oppose the Hindu Code Bill. If he thinks that it is in the interests of the people to have a single codified personal law, why should he be partial to the Hindus? He should be bold enough to subject all citizens to one uniform codified personal law, be they Hindus, Muslims, or of any other religious belief.

A. RANGA RAO.

SWATANTRA

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BATTLE WITH COMMUNISM

THE MOST REV. A. N. MUKERJEE, Metropolitan of India, expressed concern in a speech at Burnside, England, last week at the alarming increase in the growth of Communism in India. "We are," he said, "surrounded in the north by Communist countries and the infiltration of Communists is a very real and serious menace." And he urged that the Church must have a programme to deal with the danger. The Church in India does not touch the whole of the population. Its religious influence is limited to the Christian community which is a minority in the country. Educationally the Church, operating through the missionaries directing many schools and colleges in every State, is undoubtedly a powerful force. But the educational activities of the missionaries have not checked the growth of Communism in the past, and what they have failed to do hitherto they are not likely to achieve hereafter. Educational influence is a process of slow growth taking years to make itself felt, whereas the spread of Communism is an immediate problem and it will not tarry till long-range plans for dealing with it have had their effect.

IT has to be realised that the upsurge of Communism to the menacing extent indicated by the Metropolitan, has synchronised with our years of freedom. Popular disillusionment with Congress rule has been its root cause. The upsurge has not been uniform but uneven. It has been marked in the badly governed States and comparatively less pronounced in regions where the administration has been conducted with a passable measure of efficiency. If Andhra has been the greatest stronghold of the Communists in India, the reason for it must be sought in the peculiarities of the political and administrative set-up of the area under the Congress Government that has been functioning in recent years. Of all the Congress leaders Sri Prakasam stood out in Andhra as the greatest embodiment of service and sacrifice in conformity with Congress ideals as proclaimed for a quarter of a century under Gandhian direction. When he was dethroned, the most outstanding representative of Congress idealism in the leadership of the area was lost to its people. The successors of Sri Prakasam did not make up for his removal with superiority in character or government. They maintained themselves in their positions with intrigues and dexterous manoeuvres. They were thrown out at the next elections and the Communists stepped into the void left in the legislatures by their disappearance.

IN the new Andhra State the Congress leaders rejected by the electorate at the last elections play a very important part. The whole machinery of the Government is sought to be built round one such leader. In the meetings of the Pradesh Congress Executive, the special invitees are just those who

are identified in the public mind with obnoxious activities like blackmarketing. These follies of Congress officialdom have naturally set up revulsions of sentiment from which the Communists have profited. The greatest contribution to the strengthening of Communism in Andhra has been the choice of Kurnool as capital.

VIJAYAWADA is the nerve-centre of Andhra. It is marked out as the ideal spot to serve as the capital of the Andhra State. Even in the event of Visalandhra taking shape, Vijayawada must be deemed preferable to Hyderabad as capital. As the capital of Andhra Vijayawada is capable of developing into one of the biggest and most prosperous cities of India on a level with Bombay and Calcutta. But the Andhra Congress leaders threw away the opportunity and pitched upon Kurnool. For the next ten years the job of making Kurnool capital-worthy will absorb all the energies and resources of the new State, and the barrenness in terms of public benefit bound up with it will damn them in public estimation. From the resulting disappointment of the people it is the Communists that will reap a rich reward. Even Sri Prakasam who at one time was capable of effective resistance to Communism lost that capacity partly when he formed the United Democratic Front, and completely when he identified himself with the choice of Kurnool as capital. Today Andhra is defenceless against Communism. The hope that Sri Sanjiva Reddi will be able to checkmate the Communists will be cherished only by persons without any comprehension of political realities.

ALREADY blackmarketeers are rallying round the prospective rulers of Andhra and the bargain basements are filled with the reverberations of deals of all kinds. We see in the leaders that have come to the fore neither capacity nor honesty nor public spirit. They will make a mess of things and drive people to rush headlong into the Communist embrace. President's rule is preferable to Congress rule of the sort foreshadowed by the emergence to prominence of the cliques itching to grab power.

ECONOMIC distress is the basis of the political opportunities of Communism. It is only with the removal of economic distress that Communism can be effectively halted. All else is useless and it will not serve the Congress in the battle with Communism.

Russian Crisis

THE Army has emerged as a partner in political power in the Russian crisis. Under Stalin's control the internal security forces developed so much power within themselves that no other authority in the State could direct them. They became a State within a State. When the control over them passed on to Beria on Stalin's death he became the most powerful individual in the State though the title of Prime Minister devolved on Malenkov. It was a situation incapable of peaceful continuance indefinitely. Malenkov could not rest while a near-equal to him held a strategic position that undermined his own primacy and he struck Beria before Beria could strike

him. He had to seek the support of the Army leaders for so daring a step. It was a simple question of power that was in issue in the attack on Beria in whatever manner it might be cloaked for the benefit of the Russian people and of the world outside. In the subsequent drive throughout the Soviet Union and even the satellite countries, against every leader suspected of loyalty to Beria, an alliance between the Army and the Communist Party leadership has been revealed as the most significant factor. But the present balance between the civil and military sides of the alliance is unlikely to be maintained for long. Once the Army takes a hand in politics, it will dominate it, reducing all other competitors to subordination. Malenkov

has not the advantage that Stalin had of being the acknowledged military chief and hero of the nation in addition to his political and party leadership. In putting down Beria with the help of the Army, Malenkov undermined the basis of his headship of the State and encouraged forces that will not rest till they supplant civil power with a military dictatorship.

Police & Public

IN a speech at Lakshmipuram on Tuesday the Commissioner of Police spoke of an incident which brings out the temper of these times. Passing by Teynampet he saw a huge crowd. On enquiry he found that a rowdy had broken into some shops. The culprit had just been released from jail after serving out his sentence for an earlier offence. Release from jail set him at large without means of living and nowhere to rest in as a home. So he took the earliest opportunity of breaking the law in order to get back to prison where he would at least not starve and could count on a cell to dwell in. When the jails become more attractive than the freedom outside, it is a sign that the main administrative deterrent against crime has lost its potency. We seem to have reached this stage, for only the other day it was announced in the papers that the Madras Government were planning to set free quite a number of prisoners whose terms had not yet expired. That was an indication that the pressure on the jails had increased, and the admissions had far exceeded the accommodation.

A certain measure of dispersed contentment is necessary for social stability and the maintenance of law and order. In the British days the police were an instrument for the preservation of foreign authority and they failed to command the esteem of the public, then patriotically inclined. They got out of that unenviable position six years ago, but they have not yet wholly liberated themselves from the tyrannical ways fostered by it over a long period. With the stranglehold of foreign control removed, popular desire for a better standard of living has been released

from the forces suppressing its articulation. Unfortunately the aspiration for betterment has coincided with a steep and widespread worsening of economic conditions. As a consequence of this we have more crime, more suicides than before, more unsettlement and disturbances, and a general loosening of the incentives making for orderliness and social stability. The police can function efficiently and pleasantly as friends of the people only within a minimum of ministerial competence translated into mass welfare, but over large areas that minimum has come too near the danger limit.

Italian Dilemma

THE Government formed by Signor De Gasperi, after more than a month of evasion and disinclination after the general election, lacks thirty votes to command a majority in the Chamber. Italy thus has a minority Government. To all appearances, it might be overthrown at any time. But it has a guarantee of safety in the internal jealousies and hostility rending the parties momentarily thrown into the opposition. Of these, the Democratic Socialists, the Liberals and the Republicans can be counted upon to do nothing that will put the Communists in power. They have more in common with the Christian Democrats of De Gasperi with whom they had an alliance in the last elections than with the Communists aligned along with them into a non-Government majority. One alternative open to the Prime Minister is to combine with the Monarchists of the Right who have 40 seats in the Chamber. Such a combination will see the Government through safely till the next election, but in view of the fact that the bitterest acerbities of the election campaign were between the Christian Democrats and the Monarchists, it would smack too crudely of opportunism for the two parties to get together now for a common purpose. The usual timidities of a minority Government need not perhaps harass De Gasperi unduly. He may find latitude enough in the present set-up of parties in the Chamber to proceed

boldly with programmes of his own, depending on their soundness to carry the day.

Nepali Tangle

THE purpose of the Nepalese Prime Minister's visit to Delhi this week was to consult Pandit Nehru about the complications of the State's internal political situation. The crux of the whole problem lies in the fact that while M. P. Koirala is the Premier, his brother B. P. Koirala is the President of the Nepal Congress, and between the two and the organisations represented by them, there is no love lost, and each has been trying to damage the other to the best of his ability. There is dramatic irony in Pandit Nehru's advice being sought to straighten the Nepali tangle. The crisis there only reveals in an extreme form a trend of conflict between the administrative and organisational heads of the Congress that has been brewing for different durations in a good many of the States, especially in South India. Till a couple of years ago, the Congress in Andhra was torn by internecine strife between Professor Ranga and the ministerialists. It came to an end only with the ousting of Ranga from the headship of the Pradesh Committee and of the Ministers from the legislature and the cabinet as a result of the elections. Even in Tamil Nadu, for all C. R.'s mastery in the technique of power politics, his hold on the administration is not so firm as it is made to appear, undermined as it is by an uncoverable disharmony in matters of most vital interest between him and the organisational chief of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee. The cohesive power of an expanding movement commanding the loyalty of the young has gone from the Congress. What is left is no more than remnants of glory sticking to great names that played their part in the past like Nehru himself and Sri Rajagopalachari.

Bill For Mercy

SRIMATI RUKMANI DEVI'S Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals, introduced recently in the Council of States, has received cor-

dial support from an important group of members of the House of Commons. The Bill is a sort of challenge to human nature. It should not be confounded with *ahimsa*, non-killing and vegetarianism. These are no doubt great ideals but they are for the elect. Vast masses of people have inherited eating habits which cannot be changed with teaching and preaching, and even if they could, the changes suggested may not be capable of practical application without a long period of preparation. The balance between the quantity of the various kinds of food that people eat, and the size of the populations that has to be fed, is precarious already, and legislators cannot be expected to add further difficulties to it with complications of their own creation. Nor does Srimati Rukmani Devi seek to bring about with her Bill anything so ambitious as changing the popular dietary so as to eliminate killing of any kind. Her aim is quite simple. It is to banish cruelty and savagery from the treatment of animals even if they have to be killed to provide meat and food for men.

India is the meeting place of extremes. We are given to the highest philosophic flights and the comprehension of our masters of spiritual lore about the oneness of creation is intellectually complete. But in the treatment accorded in practice to created beings we are worse than the lowest savages. The torture inflicted on dumb animals in our midst is appalling. When they are killed for food, the killing is not done swiftly and humanely, but in a lingering way so as to inflict the maximum of agony. The manner in which calves are starved by rapacious milkmen is a disgrace to society. It is not that we are of more than average brutality, but the inoculation of custom has rendered us insensitive to the horror of many a gruesome practice. Srimati Rukmani Devi's Bill is a call back to culture and civilization from the degradation of the prevailing atrocities. It is not merely desirable as legislation, it is a cry to the soul of the nation, and it comes not a day too early.



Sotto Voce

HEARING VOICES

"SING me a song, Caedmon," said the Voice to the first of England's poets. Perhaps the faculty of song has died out in man and the spirit world knows it; or it may be that that world has been invaded by our modern partiality for slang. The conqueror of Nanga Parbhat heard, on his descent from the summit, the unseen but palpable Presence hailing him with the casual gambit on which telephone girls frown. "Hullo, Hermann, hullo, hullo", though repeated with insistent urgency, can hardly have taken on the iridescence of ethereal wings. But it had the welcome effect of reassuring Hermann, who might have been startled—who knows with what tragic consequences—if the address had been more authentically angelic.

But note what use Hermann made of the Presence. He enquired of it blandly what had happened to his gloves which he thought he had put into his haversack. And the Voice prosaically replied, "You have dropped them over the ridge" when it might have said, "The mountain fairies have spirited them away; they will treasure them as a keepsake as they do autographs down below." But, all the reward the poor thing got for its honesty was to have its very existence doubted. Hermann let it down when he said that being weak with hunger and thirst, he may have imagined the whole thing and that in any case he didn't think much of ghosts and fairies.

His leader, with all the authority of a physician, chimed in with the

debunking explanation that at high altitudes hunger and thirst had precisely this effect of producing hallucinations. Our transcendental politicians should be in a position to verify this. Take our Prime Minister, for instance. He has so completely emptied out his egotism that, rebuking the students of Allahabad for their ill manners towards Mrs. Roosevelt when she stayed at Ananda Bhavan last year, he could say with no trace of self-consciousness that she had come to the city to see his house and to visit the prison cell at Naini where he had been imprisoned and "as such she was a national guest."

But when one who thus identifies himself with the nation and breathes the rarefied atmosphere of universal praise descends to a consideration of mundane problems, lack of ballast in the shape of reality may make his conclusions lurch queerly. Much has happened in the past few months that might have been expected to disturb Mr. Nehru's private dreams of Kashmir. The Praja Parishad has suspended its agitation, a curious thing for a "communal" body to do. On the other hand his friend and protege Abdullah talks of independence in accents that irresistibly remind one of Pakistan. Who is the communalist?

It is common knowledge that he who has his eyes fixed on the far horizon is apt to overlook the ant-hill under his feet and get stung. Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookerjee, impounded in Kashmir, was not perhaps a

'national guest', but he was definitely a national responsibility. Mr. Nehru when he went there to confer with his friend might have found five minutes to look up an old colleague in duress. Prudence as well as courtesy should have suggested this. Mr. Abdullah has told the world, with an ostentatious disavowal of responsibility, that Dr. Mookerjee was being detained primarily on behalf of the Indian Government.

Mr. Nehru will perhaps remember, when next he is in Srinagar, to visit the bungalow in which Dr. Shyama Prasad passed away. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Abdullah will not have occasion to rebuke the Praja Parishad for any discourtesy as Mr. Nehru has had to rebuke the Allahabad students for behaving disrespectfully towards Mrs. Roosevelt when she was engaged in a similar act of piety. But belated amends may sometimes be worse than no amends. Take Mr. Nehru's long letter to the grief-stricken ninety-year-old mother of Dr. Shyama Prasad. Contrast this with his three-word message "expressing deep grief", which was reported in the press in indirect

speech; hearing that, all the world remembered his effusive eulogium on Stalin and wondered.

Perhaps his theoretical appreciation of Communism made him see the Russian dictator through rose-coloured glasses. But I will not believe that he allowed his stylised anger against Communalism to overcome his natural generosity of temper when he uttered those frigid words about Shyama Prasad. And he has since done his best to atone verbally for what was no doubt a momentary lapse. But Bengal remains sullen and unreconciled; need we wonder? The universal demand of Bengalis for an inquiry into the causes of Dr. Shyama Prasad's death has been backed by many distinguished "non-Communalists" and not a few Congressmen. But Mr. Nehru is adamant. Alas, he still lives in a world of fantasy. Starved of facts he imagines that all is well with Kashmir because an invisible familiar at his elbow—the apparition of Abdullah—says reassuringly, "Hullo Jawaharlal, hullo, hullo."

VIGNESWARA

Powerlessness Of The Atom Bomb

THE simple equation of a skilled manpower policy with the flow of soldiers, scientists, and engineers is both wrong and dangerous. The total policy of a nation is too important and complicated to be guided solely by the recommendations of generals and engineering deans. We could perhaps listen more readily to their statements if the physical force we now possess or can readily develop were really the measure of our power and influence in the modern world. Never in modern times has a nation possessed so much physical power (as the U. S.) and yet been so baffled in the conduct of its foreign policy. The vast sum of atomic bombs and jet airplanes, of guided missiles and super-carriers and retired generals, cannot release a single American citizen from a Czech prison, or secure a visa for an American

scholar to visit Russia. (The outstanding discovery of the past few years was made by a journalist named Oatis. He discovered the powerlessness of the atom bomb.) Incomparably the most remarkable phenomenon in the modern world is precisely this lack of any equation between nuclear fission and the forces of history. A study of the experience of France or Great Britain in the past twenty-five years makes it plain that the compulsion to mobilize the total power of a nation in war is itself a defeat which an ultimate military victory cannot redress. Great Britain did not win the first world war in 1918. She lost it in 1914. To lose the peace is the great disaster. It is of the utmost importance for us to recognize that the pressure of events in the Arab world, in India, in China, and even in Africa, cannot be controlled or guided by the traditional forms of military action. —Cornelis W. de Kieweit, President of the University of Rochester

SIDELIGHTS : :

When the freedom given to the Press is not kept within bounds by a feeling of honesty and a regard for propriety in the heart of the journalist, a newspaper is no longer the innocent pasture, whence curiosity may derive its daily meal of pleasant sustenance, but becomes the instrument for the exciting of base passions.—VINCENZO MONTI

THE *Sunday Standard* was launched in Madras State on July 5. Patting itself on its back in an editorial styled "Marching Ahead," the paper wrote:

"The simultaneous publication from Madras is particularly gratifying because this State has been the nursery of great journalists. The Indian Press owes a great deal to editors like the late Rangaswami Ayyangar, K. Natarajan and C. Y. Chintamani. "The *Sunday Standard*" cherishes their heritage. But it can also modestly claim to have contributed its mite to the growth of the Indian Press."

Now turn to the latest issue of *The Sunday Standard* dated July 19, for some indication of the "mite" contributed by it to the growth of the Indian Press. Here are the names of some of the contributors adorning the issue as authors of articles blazoned under thick double, triple and even four and five column headings: Fred Sparks, Marguerita Allen, Egon Larsen, Lloyd Lockhart, Denis Saurat, John Vincent, Frank Feldman. Among the subjects held forth for discussion, we find "Have You Been To A Party Lately?" (3 column heading), "Unloved Husbands Develop Peptic Ulcers" (4 columns), "Are You Adventurous?" (3 columns), and "City of Splendid Sin" (5 columns). Under "City Of Splendid Sin" we are informed in 14-point italic capitals in a big three-column box: "Glamour Is King, And Poker Chips Currency, In This Paradise Of American Pleasure-Seekers." Two photographs of an almost nude film star (Marylin) who in screen language would perhaps be called a "lovely" are shown

in the issue on different pages. One of them looks "squeezed," but you are asked not to worry: "The squeezed picture is shown the way it looked through a Cinema Scope lens used for the new 3-D. But don't fret, on the screen, a compensating projector restores Marylin to normal proportions twice as large—and twice as close—as before." Poor Rangaswami Ayyangar, Natarajan and Chintamani never would have dreamed what they let themselves in for when they became editors of newspapers. They were not sexy. They were sober, sedate men and in their wildest moments they would never have imagined that the sort of journalism now embodied in *The Sunday Standard* would be traced back to them as a professional heritage!

THE new journalism of *The Sunday Standard* is one of the horrors of our time. It is cheap, vulgar, lascivious. It is dominated by foreign contributors of no particular merit except that they are well placed for the glamourising of gambling and other fashionable vices. In journalism it is no doubt true that regional and racial boundaries should not count for much. The whole world is there to draw upon for knowledge, culture, information and enlightenment for any journal anywhere according to its capacity for enterprise, discovery and organisation. But it is only on firm local foundations that any useful or attractive superstructure for the absorption of interest from remote regions can be reared in the Press of any country. The international prowess of the Press is the impressive result of many tributary streams from diversified sources mingling to make up its sum and substance. Names like Attlee, Lippmann and Bevan provide a worthy decoration to provincial and national newspapers in our midst seeking to cast off the imprisonment of merely regional shells. But no status is ever acquired by the uprooting of indigenous skills, filling the void with imported stuff of no parti-

cular congeniality to native environment.

India is greatly menaced by rich vulgarians in control of far too many newspapers pulling the Press down to their level. They pretend to be inheritors of traditions handed down to them by the honoured great among the nation's dead who have no voice with which to protest, but what with their concentration of publicity on card-sharppers, the "way foreign women drink," the peptic ulcers of unloved husbands and so on, there is no end to their vulgar perversions corrupting the public taste in their hunt for readers. The character of the owners of newspapers is a matter of the highest importance to the nation, and in the national interest some means must be found for saving the Press from being put to base uses by proprietors with no proper sense of its public and social functions.

THE latest report of the International Press Institute contains an interesting account of a tussle for supremacy between the editor and management of a Swiss daily paper, which has a very valuable lesson for the Indian Press. For a long time a handful of Swiss financiers sought to gain control of the Liberal newspaper *Gazette de Lausanne* in order to dictate its editorial policy. Eventually, they managed to buy a majority of the shares and replace the old board of management with a new one of their choice. They used their foothold on the new board to cancel the editor's contract and make a new arrangement placing him under the direction of a small committee of non-journalists. The editor, M. Beguin, resigned. At once there was a furore in the Swiss Press. The whole body of regular contributors of the *Gazette* signed a statement saying "that they did not think that they could do their work in the best interests of the newspaper if the editorial policy was not continued and guaranteed by the moral authority of a professional journalist." The protest was not confined to journalism. Twelve deputies of the Swiss Lower House demanded a formal ruling from the Swiss Cabinet "on what

measures were possible to safeguard the principle that a daily journal of opinion constituted an inheritance of which the directors could only be the trustees and administrators." But the ruling demanded became superfluous, because the directors who had provoked the crisis withdrew, and the editor was established triumphantly with untrammelled authority over policy as before.

THE *Gazette* case in Switzerland attracted keen interest in Britain and France. At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Paris newspaper *Figaro*, the company's president, Pierre Brisson, said: "We are not only the financial controllers of the *Figaro*. We are also responsible for its soul. To the extent that each one here feels himself a responsible trustee of a moral inheritance, our company will retain and strengthen the confidence of the public, without which the paper would lose its reason for existence."

SAKA.

TWO THOUGHTS

Modern life is so little in harmony with bloodshed, the savage acts of murder and passion, that, when a family is forced to witness a tragedy, each individual regrets the occurrence as a kind of nightmare. They are compelled to acknowledge that the apparition exists, but they cannot entirely realise it.
—Paul Bourget

Diligently consider the history of the past, for past events throw light upon the future. The world is always as it has ever been. Everything which now is, and whatever will be in the future, has always been in the past; for the same things recur, though their names and aspects change. Still, all men do not recognise them, but only he who is wise, and ponders carefully what he beholds.
—Guicciardini

FROM VIENNA TO PARIS

By V. K. NARASIMHAM

AMONG the interesting things in Vienna which the ordinary tourist may not notice are the excellent houses for workers which the municipality has built. Vienna, before Hitler's occupation of the country, was for many years ruled by Socialists. And it was noted for its advanced civic administration and its provision of amenities for the workers—such as houses, parks, playgrounds and centres of recreation and amusement. Today the Socialists are again running the city government and many modern buildings have been built for the benefit of workers in the place of those destroyed during the war.

One of the remarkable public institutions in Vienna is the Home for the Aged situated on an eminence on the outskirts of the city. Here is provision for the treatment and care of 4,500 old people. There were 3,000 women and 1,500 men in the Home when I visited the place. At a very small cost these aged people are housed, fed and cared for in every way. There are places for recreation and ample parks where they can walk about or sit out in the sun. Those who cannot afford to pay are maintained by the State. From the name cards above the beds of some of the women patients in one ward I noticed that most of them were above 80. I was impressed with the humane care bestowed upon people who could no longer look after themselves and were enfeebled by age.

More famous are Vienna's concert houses, theatres and operas. I had occasion to see some operas and plays and I found them uniformly high class. The Concert House is a magnificent building which can hold at one time over five thousand spectators. And seeing the revolving theatre at the Volksoper—a theatre owned by the Government—I wondered why a similar theatre should not be built in Indian cities. There could be no better investment for the promotion of popular culture and entertainment.

Coming to Switzerland from Austria I did not feel much thrilled. For one thing the weather was not quite kind. It was raining most of the time and the Swiss, compared to the Austrians, seemed to me somewhat colder and more bent on business. But it was a pleasure to see the clean and beautifully laid out Swiss towns, the quiet efficiency of the people and the obvious prosperity which the Swiss were enjoying, thanks to neutrality in the two World Wars. The Swiss are not modest about their industry and they will tell you that Switzerland has no raw materials, no iron or coal, and that in spite of these handicaps they have built up a variety of industries. But apart from the energy and efficiency of the people the Swiss have one natural advantage which they have exploited to the maximum. In the rivers rising from their mountains they have a perennial source of cheap hydro-electric power and you see in Switzerland the all-pervading power of electricity. The railways are run by electricity and of course all industries depend on electric power. No smoke from factory chimneys blackens their towns. Water power is most thoroughly harnessed. The discharge from one power station is carefully impounded again at a point lower down and more power is generated again till, as it were, the last volt of energy has been extracted from it. There is an obvious lesson here for us in developing places like Kashmir and the Himalayan regions where vast possibilities exist if only the resources of Nature can be harnessed by modern science and technique.

THE Swiss are the world's watchmakers and I was naturally interested to know how this industry came to be developed in this part of the world. The Secretary of the Swiss Watch Manufacturers' Federation, who took me round the watchmaking area near Biele, Neuchatel and up the Jura Mountains, said that originally the farmers in the Jura mountains took to watchmaking as a seasonal

occupation to keep them busy during the long months when they had little to do on land. But today watch-making is not a cottage industry. It is organised on a factory basis. Modern machinery has enabled standardisation of parts and it is recognised that for the best precision work organisation on a factory basis is essential. There are nearly 50,000 workers engaged in the industry. The average wage is about Rs. 700 a month and I could understand the prosperous look of every small town and village in the area. The only thing that worries the people here is the rise of German and Japanese competition.

DURING my drive over the Jura Mountains—where you can see some really lovely scenery—I went into a Swiss farmer's cottage. The place did not look very attractive from the outside. At one end was the cattle shed where there were three fat, well-fed cows and a couple of horses. There was a tractor outside. The right wing of the place was where the farmer lived and I was surprised to find the rooms well furnished and the kitchen and other places equipped with every modern amenity. The farmer was getting from his land over Rs. 10,000 a year and he told me that he paid cash for his tractor, which cost him about Rs. 12,000. He said he had had no need to go in for hire purchase as he had enough money in the bank. I gathered that he was by no means an exceptionally well-to-do farmer but was typical of farmers in the country. My Swiss friends assured me that thanks to war and post-war food shortages, Swiss farmers had done very well and were perhaps the most prosperous section of the community. But my farmer friend would not admit it and complained about the Government's price control and import policy. He had also the usual complaints of farmers all over the world about bad harvests and violent price fluctuations.

When I saw the farmer he was in his worker's overalls and had apparently just returned from the fields. I wondered how many landowners in India, if they were getting Rs. 10,000 a year from their land, would work

on the land themselves every day. Before I left, the farmer proudly showed us his rifle. Switzerland is perhaps the only country in the world where every adult male citizen is obliged to keep his rifle with him after he has gone through his term of military service and practice riflshooting for a week once a year. The Swiss love peace and have found it more profitable than war. But they are an armed people and are quite well equipped to resist any aggression.

From Switzerland I flew to Germany where I could see the remarkable recovery the country's economy has made after the battering it had received during the war. I was in Frankfurt, Bonn, Cologne and Dusseldorf and the talk everywhere turned on the East-West conflict. There seem to be widespread misgivings about Dr. Adenauer's policy of lining up with the West against Russia. The Germans have had a taste of what war means—especially if you lose it—and are desperately anxious to avoid embroiling themselves in another war in which they may be the first victims. Many feel that the danger of an attack by Russia has been exaggerated and that settlement with Russia is not impossible. They feel that Dr. Adenauer's policy, by rousing Russian suspicions, is making a settlement with Russia difficult and is responsible for perpetuating the present division of Germany. On the other hand, supporters of Dr. Adenauer argue that his is a shrewd and far-sighted policy and that once West Germany secures full sovereignty and the right to rearm, the Russians will be in a better mood to negotiate.

THE prospect of German rearmament is looked with unconcealed dismay in France. I had a long chat with a French journalist in Paris who was for many years in India and who regards himself as a friend of India. He explained to me that the Germans as a people are accustomed to following a leader blindly and if they are allowed to rearm they will launch on fresh military adventures again. He had bitter memories of the Nazi occupation of his country.

About the state of France itself he did not seem to be much worried despite the fact that at the time France had been without a Ministry for nearly a month. He assured me that the lack of a Cabinet did not spell anarchy and that things would go on as smoothly as ever whether France had a Cabinet or not. He warned me not to take French Cabinet crises seriously because after each crisis nearly always it was the same people who formed the new Government. The Indo-China war was a heavy burden on the country's finances and it would be a good thing for France if she could pull out of that country. The difficulty was that some Frenchmen had large stakes in Indo-China and recently the Americans had also acquired interests there. As regards the French possessions in India, my journalist friend was emphatic that France should gracefully surrender them. They were not worth the sacrifice of Indian goodwill. The pity, he said, was that there was no strong government, with a clear majority in Parliament, as in Britain, which could take a decision to give up these pockets and push it through Parliament. It was, however, a question of time, he said, before these areas returned to their motherland. My French friend asked me to take note of two achievements to France's credit: one was that French colonial rule had never been harsh or oppressive. France had done a great deal to develop the economic and cultural life of her colonies. Secondly, France had never had the colour bar. It is indeed remarkable to witness in the streets of Paris the free movement of

Africans and French with absolutely no trace of colour consciousness or colour prejudice.

FOUR days in Paris are not enough to explore one hundredth of what this beautiful and historic city has to offer in terms of museums, art galleries, monuments and places of culture and entertainment. Others have expatiated on the beauty of its boulevards and its historic gardens, palaces and magnificent squares. For me a place that will always linger in the memory is a charming little restaurant run by a public-spirited proprietor in Montparnasse for the almost exclusive benefit of indigent but aspiring artists in the quarter. The place is run by the proprietor's family, consisting of his wife and two most charming girls. I saw here bearded, dishevelled artists discussing among themselves passionately the latest trends in art. There were some sketches and paintings hung on the walls which I learnt were for sale. The artists, of course, prided themselves on their indigence and the restaurant-keeper was apparently indulgent towards them and allowed them long credits. The food was excellent and cheaper than perhaps anywhere else in what is for most tourists a very expensive city. I came away with the feeling that I had perhaps dined with one who might be the founder of a new great school of art. For I was told that a group of young artists styling themselves "The Young Crocodiles" were out to start a new movement. It was some of their pictures that were on show in the restaurant.

The best entertainment in Paris, the one that can be enjoyed night after night, is not to be found at the spicy Folies Bergere or the high-kicking cancan stronghold, the Bal Tabarin. It is not even found in the cinemas that show American movies dubbed in French issuing magically from English-speaking lips. It lies in the restaurants of Paris. I can think of no place in all the world where it would be more heart-breaking to be on a diet. The number of small restaurants with large menus is amazing. Whether I went into a *bistro* that did not offer me even a paper napkin, or into an expensive cafe that wrapped each heated plate in a separate warmed napkin as it came from the kitchen, as long as I was dining in Paris I had a new taste treat to look forward to every day. "Home Life in Paris Today."—Deena Clark (*The National Geographical Magazine*).

HITLER'S TABLE TALK

By MATTHEW HALTON

THERE is news of Adolf Hitler.

Hitler, of course, is dead. But there is news of Adolf Hitler in the form of documents, recently come to light, which give a verbatim account of his private conversations in his hours of ease during 1941 and 1942 when he was at the peak of his success and thought he was conquering the world.

At the beginning of his war against Russia, Hitler settled down at his headquarters at Rastenburg in East Prussia to direct the greatest of his campaigns. He stayed there—in "the Wolf's Fort" as he called his headquarters—for nearly two years. Each night he talked for hours to his staff, his friends and his visitors. His closest lieutenant and confidant, Martin Bormann, persuaded him to allow his conversations to be taken down by a secretary. These records have been found, and the result is that we can now read Hitler's ideas on almost every subject under the sun. They are put together in an 800-page book called *Hitler's Table Talk* (published in London by Weidenfeld and Nicolson and in Canada by Ambassador Books); and in this book we see as under a microscope Hitler's thoughts and ideas.

Hitler described Stalin, "the cunning Caucasian," as "a beast, but a beast on the grand scale."

Every aspect of Hitler's mind, from its shallow triviality in many things and its grandiose egomania in others, is shown in this engrossing book, *Hitler's Table Talk*.

There is his gigantic conceit: "It's impossible to escape the problem of God. When I have the time I'll work out the formula to be used on great occasions. We must have something perfect both in thought and in form." There is his staggeringly wrong and ignoble estimate of Churchill: "Churchill is the very type of a corrupt journalist. He's an utterly amoral, repulsive creature. I'm convinced

that he has his place of refuge ready beyond the Atlantic. He obviously won't seek sanctuary in Canada. In Canada he'd be beaten up. He'll go to his friends the Yankees."

There are sudden glimpses of a different Hitler: "Our duty is to teach men to see whatever is lovely and truly wonderful in life, and not to become prematurely ill-tempered and spiteful. We wish fully to enjoy what is beautiful, to cling to it—and to avoid, as far as possible, anything that might do harm..." This from Hitler! In his very next words he goes on to say, that the Russians must be destroyed to make room for German colonies!

THERE are pontifications on diet: "It's probable that in the old days human beings lived longer than they do now. The turning point came when man replaced the raw elements in his diet by foods that he sterilizes when he eats them. The hypothesis that man ought to live longer seems to be confirmed by the disparity between his short existence as an adult, on the one hand, and his period of growth, on the other. A dog lives, on the average, eight to ten times as long as it takes him to grow up. On that ratio, man ought normally to live from 140 to 180 years."

There are explosive diatribes against nations he doesn't like: "A state like Switzerland, which is nothing but a pimple on the face of Europe, cannot be allowed to continue. As for the Swedish vermin, they must be swept away like Danish vermin in 1848."

There are flashes of real insight and common sense about education and many other things: "In old days teachers tried to pick out each pupil's weak point, and by exposing and dwelling on it they successfully killed the child's self-confidence. Had they, on the contrary, striven to find the direction in which each pupil's talents lay, and then concentrated on the development of those talents,

they would have furthered education in its true sense."

There are dozens of generalizations about women: "Women have the talent, which is unknown to us males, for giving a kiss to a woman friend and at the same time piercing her heart with a well-sharpened stiletto. To wish to change women in this respect would be ingenuous: women are what they are. For my part I prefer to see them thus occupied than devoting themselves to metaphysics. There's no worse disaster than to see them grappling with ideas."

AND so on, almost every subject under the sun. Hitler gave these monologues at meal times, especially at the last meal of the day, when he and the company would eat sweet cakes and drink tea until long past midnight, while Hitler talked and talked and talked.

In the Introduction to *Hitler's Table Talk*, H. R. Trevor-Roper says: "A passionate talker, Hitler seems by his voice as well as by his eyes—though it was a harsh voice and though they were dull eyes—to have fascinated his hearers; for his informal talk, unlike his formal oratory, was—all hearers agree—fresh, flexible, sometimes even gay."

His views on all subjects, sometimes crazy or evil, sometimes shockingly shallow and crude, sometimes astonishingly deep and versatile sometimes full of common sense, sometimes even witty, can be found in these pages. Naturally Hitler talked about the war in his monologues—but he talked also about women and marriages, smoking and drinking and eating, the care and feeding of dogs. In one evening he will tell how to drive a car—and how to wipe out the Christian religion; how to treat a wife—and how to turn all Europe into a glorified Germany.

Revenge, love and hate, art, science, education, law, air-cooled engines, how the Spartans made soup why the Roman empire fell, how to enjoy a picnic, the ice age, Shinto, the faults and virtues of the English—Hitler talked about them all. He was fascinated, incidentally,

by the British. He hated them deeply and admired them immensely, and had something to say about them almost every day.

Thanks to *Hitler's Table Talk* we can now study the mind of Hitler better than ever before. As Trevor-Roper says, Hitler's mind "was coarse, turbid, narrow, rigid, cruel. It had nothing to recommend it—but its power." The man's genius was hideous; it could honestly believe that all Jews should die—and actually kill off most of them—and that the Russians should be exterminated en masse to make room for the German empire. But it was genius.

Consider his colossal achievement. He was a nobody in an Austrian village, then an uneducated neurotic in the slums of Vienna—and yet, when Germany had been disastrously defeated in World War I he rose like a prophet to announce that he, Adolf Hitler, could restore the nation's greatness and power and lead her to the conquest of Europe. "I am a world phenomenon," he said—and he was. He almost did what he said he would do. No wonder he saw himself as "the man of the centuries."

HITLER believed himself not only the greatest statesman and military genius of history but also the greatest artist and the most cultured man. He believed that Greece and Rome were the greatest civilizations of the past. But he blamed "the rot of the West" on the Jews and Christianity—on what he often called "Jewish Christianity." The civilization of the West, he said, was sickening and dying; and only he could save it. He would do it by turning all Europe into Greater Germany.

Hitler told his friends that either the Germans or the Russians must conquer the West and save it from degeneracy, Christianity, Jewry and Asia. Many Germans had believed this before Hitler. The German geopoliticians had believed that the master power would be Russia, and that Germany should ally herself with Russia. Hitler thought better—and failed. Today, only eight years after his failure, powerful currents of opinion in Germany are again

dreaming of a German-Russian alliance to conquer the world.

AFTER the disaster at Stalingrad, Hitler went into a long fit of terrible depression and stopped talking. For some months he saw no one except on business, and had his meals alone with his dog. Later he emerged from seclusion, but at the evening meals he would talk only to his servants and secretaries.

"After Stalingrad," says one of the secretaries, "Hitler could not listen to music any more, and every evening we had to listen to his monologues instead. But his table talk was by now as overplayed as his gramophone records. On every subject we all knew in advance what he would say. World affairs and events at the front were never mentioned, everything to do with the war was taboo."

Hitler had become a bore. But he was no bore in his conversations in the years of success. Brutal, coarse, "in a spiritual dustbowl" as Trevor-Roper calls him—but how fascinating it is to read at last his private thoughts!

The Russians especially must find it fascinating. Hitler left no doubt about the fate he planned for them: "The German colonist ought to live on handsome, spacious farms. The German services will be lodged in marvellous buildings, the governors in palaces. Around each city to a depth of 30 or 40 kilometres we shall have a belt of handsome villages connected by the best roads. What exists beyond that will be another world, in which we mean to let the Russians live as they like. In the event of revolution we shall only have to drop a few bombs on their cities and the affair will be liquidated."

Grandiose, but sickeningly cheap—that was the mind of Adolf Hitler. The man could argue that Britain had a poor army because she had too many country houses: "England is already in a state of inferiority by reason of the fact that she cannot train her troops on her own territory. If the English wanted to open up wide space within their own frontiers

they'd have to sacrifice too many country houses."

Hitler's hate of the United States and his sneaking admiration for Britain made him dream of a day when Britain and Germany would fight together against the U. S. "I shall no longer be there to see it but I rejoice on behalf of the German people at the idea that we will one day see England and Germany marching together against America. Germany and England will know what each of them can expect from her partner, and then we will have found the ally we need. They have an unexampled cheek, these English! It doesn't prevent me from admiring them. They still have a lot to teach us."

BUT how he hated Churchill!—"Churchill is an unprincipled swine . . . God help a nation that accepts the leadership of a Thing like that!"

The last record of Hitler's table talk was made on the night of November 30, 1944, when the Nazi world was swiftly collapsing. And Hitler was ranting against Christianity again: "Jesus was most certainly not a Jew. The Jews would never have handed one of their own people to the Roman courts; they would have condemned Him themselves. It is quite probable that a large number of the descendants of the Roman legionaries, mostly Gauls, were living in Galilee, and Jesus was probably one of them. His mother may well have been a Jewess. Jesus fought against the materialism of His age, and therefore against the Jews. Then St. Paul distorted with diabolical cunning the Christian idea. Out of this idea, which was a declaration of war on the golden calf, on the egotism and the materialism of the Jews he created a rallying point for slaves of all kinds against the elite, the masters and those in dominant authority. The religion fabricated by Paul of Tarsus, which was later called Christianity, is nothing but the Communism of today."

Hitler's Table Talk will remain for centuries a monument, if not to Hitler at least to the folly of the race which could follow such a man.

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Even as India is working on several large river valley projects at the present time, the United States during the thirties tamed some of its turbulent rivers to bring relief and prosperity to millions of Americans. Here is told the story of one such project, which saved the Central Valley of California from a recurring cycle of droughts and floods and benefited more than a million persons.

A PROJECT WHICH MOVED RIVERS

NOBODY has yet come up with a satisfactory method of moving rain, but American engineers have made 500-mile-long Central Valley in California one of the most productive areas in the United States by transplanting and merging rivers and lifting them uphill. Thus has come true a dream which had been sustained through 60 years of drought flood, bankruptcy and bursts of farm prosperity.

Previous to this river-moving feat, farmers in the 50-mile-wide valley had been the victims of a climatic and geographic oversight on the part of Mother Nature—rain not only fell at the wrong time of the year to water the farms but it also fell in the wrong places.

In solving this complicated problem in engineering and economics presented in the utilisation of water resources, the Central Valley Project engineers did more than provide this highly developed inland empire with irrigation. The project also included many such accompanying multi-purpose benefits as hydroelectric power, flood control, municipal water supplies, river navigation, protection and improvement of fish and wildlife, the use of reservoirs and streams for camping, fishing, boating and other recreation, and protection from silt and salt water.

A century ago Central Valley was a desolation of swamp and desert. As American pioneers moved westward, the area became populated and farms and small industries sprang up along the valley through which run the Sacramento River in the north and the San Joaquin River in the south, the two merging near San Francisco. But as the region grew, the water

problem became more serious. Central Valley lives largely by irrigation and electrical power, and its expanding population soon outran its supply of both. There was plenty of snow and rainfall during the winter and spring, but the farms needed water during the long, hot summers; hence a large system of storage dams was necessary to conserve the surface runoff, and plentiful low-cost electric energy was required to power the pumps where surface water was lacking.

To make matters worse, the Sacramento River received about two-thirds of the basin's water supply, but had farmlands with about one-third of the ultimate irrigation need. On the other hand, the San Joaquin River to the south received only one-third of the water from rain and snow, but had croplands with two-thirds of the need. Therefore, the basin's water supply would have to be stored in reservoirs to meet the seasonal problem, but at the same time it would have to be redistributed by long transfer canals to meet the geographic problem.

FOR years, the lack of storage and unequal distribution of water cried out for solution. Californians had watched the Sacramento River pouring its wealth, often in destructive floods, into the Pacific Ocean. At the same time they had seen the San Joaquin end of the great valley suffering from a constricting water shortage. Thousands of acres of farmland were being abandoned and many more thousands were threatened with a return to the desert.

In the early 1930's, the state of California launched a plan which

included a series of big dams, power plants, canals, transmission lines, and pumps designed to serve the entire Central Valley and to move the surplus water of the Sacramento basin hundreds of miles into the thirsty San Joaquin Valley. Unable to finance the vast plan, the state appealed to the federal government for assistance, and in 1935 the U. S. Congress agreed to undertake it as a reclamation project, with the sale of water and power to pay off the investment.

The first undertaking was the construction of the Shasta Dam, second largest and second highest dam in the world. It backs up three rivers so that 4,500,000 acre-feet of water can be used downstream in the Sacramento Valley and can be transferred into the San Joaquin Valley. The dam towers 602 feet above bedrock in the river canyon and measures 3,500 feet across the curving crest. There is enough concrete in the massive structure to build a meter-wide walkway around the world at the Equator. It is 541 feet thick at the base.

SHASTA'S power plant is the giant of California's hydroelectric installations. Its normal 375,000-kilowatt capacity is enough to supply all electric needs of a city of half a million persons. Energy from Shasta drives the pumps which lift the Sacramento River water uphill 200 feet into the 120-mile-long Delta-Mendota Canal to the rich but irrigation-hungry San Joaquin Valley. Shasta Lake's 365-mile shoreline is dotted with public campgrounds, resorts, yacht harbours and other public-boating facilities.

Construction of the Shasta Dam, which required seven years, represented a major engineering feat even in these days. Before construction of the dam could advance materially, it was necessary to relocate 37 miles of main-line railroad, which formerly wound through the Canyon. Builders of the dam were forced to relocate 21 miles of highway. These two projects alone required twelve new railroad tunnels and eight bridges, among them the 3,690-foot-long span across the Pitt River.

ALTHOUGH the Shasta Dam is the key to the Central Valley Project, it is by no means the entire project. Keswick Dam forms an afterbay below Shasta and regulates for irrigation and other uses downstream, the varying releases of water from the Shasta power plant. Keswick has its own power plant of 75,000 kilowatts capacity and facilities for fish conservation. Transmission lines convey electric power from Shasta and Keswick down the valley for the operation of project pumping works and for sale to irrigation districts, municipalities and industries.

In addition to the concrete-bottomed and concrete-banked Delta-Mendota Canal, which waters the upper San Joaquin Valley, there are three other canals, ranging in length from 37 to 153 miles, which provide irrigation to other sections of Central Valley. Another canal carries surplus water from the Sacramento River southward across the delta and pushes back the salt-water tides which, creeping up the riverbed from the sea, pollute drinking water and threaten to sterilize valuable crop lands with their salty deposits. And near the southern end of Central Valley is Faint Dam which, although dwarfed by Shasta at the opposite end of the Valley, plays a major role in maintaining regular irrigation systems and preventing floods.

The initial features of the Central Valley Project control and utilise the area's two largest rivers, irrigate 500,000 acres of new lands and furnish water for about 500,000 acres of cultivated lands in dire need of a supplemental supply. But it is the waters of the smaller streams, now wasting to the sea, that are expected to make this "land of promise" a valley of fulfilment. To provide for the valley's expanding water needs, congress has directed the Bureau of Reclamation of the U.S. Department of Interior to prepare plans for future conservation works. The programme calls for the construction of 24 dams and reservoirs in the foothills of the Sierra and Coast ranges, powerhouses, transmission lines, canals, distribution and related works which would bring under irrigation about one million

additional acres, or 12,500 family-sized farms, keeping pace with valley's population growth and adding one million kilowatts to the project's power potential.

Today farmers look gratefully upon the fresh water as it courses along man-made banks, spreading greenness to alfalfa, cotton, tomatoe, potato and rice fields, to orange, peach, fig and apricot groves, to pastures and to vineyards. Wealthy Central Valley's seven counties have a population of more than a million, and harvests produce worth a thousand million dollars.

WHAT American engineers have done to provide low-cost power and abundant irrigation to a vast area of the United States which is far from oil wells and coal mines, and whose potential farm lands formerly lacked sufficient water, is told in the story of the development of the Columbia River Basin in the Pacific Northwest.

The key to this great project which harnesses the waters of the Columbia River and its many tributaries is the Grand Coulee Dam, the world's largest concrete structure, whose 21 giant generators yield 2,000,000 kilowatts and which irrigates hundreds of thousands of acres of formerly arid or semi-arid land.

The Grand Coulee Dam, which is 4,173 feet long and which stands 370 feet above the surface of the river below it, was completed in 1951 and it forms the 151-mile-long Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake. This reservoir impounds 9.7 million acre-feet of water, about half of which can be used to supplement the natural flow of the river in the wintertime when the flow is not sufficient to meet the power demands.

The Grand Coulee is one of the 10 dams by means of which the Bureau of Reclamation of the U. S. Department of Interior and the army Corps of Engineers propose eventually to develop five million kilowatts of hydroelectric power from the 259,000 square-mile Columbia River Basin in the U. S. Northwest, while at the same time providing irrigation to the oft-parched lowlands. This multiple-purpose project will also control floods on the Columbia

River and its branches which in recent years caused millions of dollars of damage.

Three other dams have already been completed: the Rock Island Dam, 150 miles below Grand Coulee; the Bonneville Dam near tidewater, and, most recently, the 235,000 kilowatts Hungry Horse Dam, 250 miles upstream from Grand Coulee.

About two-thirds of the potential water power in the United States is in that part of the Columbia River Basin lying within the USA (39,700 square miles of the basin are in southwestern Canada). Although the proposed project would utilise part of the vast power resources of this area to the extent of five million kilowatts, the potential year-around power available from the river and its tributaries, without regulation by means of storage reservoirs, has been estimated at double this figure. And if the streams were under complete control, it would be about 50 million kilowatts.

Every citizen of the United States has profited by the contributions of these Pacific Northwest power projects to the defence programme and to the production of aluminium. Because of the availability of low-cost power, chiefly from the Grand Coulee Dam, the Pacific Northwest has become one of the foremost aluminium centres of the world. Nearly one-half of all the aluminium made in the United States comes from this area. Before the war it was a minor figure in the aluminium production field. The same low-cost power has helped give the area new industries by the score, including metallurgical and chemical plants, food-processing establishments and textile mills.

THE world's greatest power plant, on the Columbia River, made possible the atomic energy installations at Hanford, Washington, and other warborn developments which today are leading elements in the peacetime economic advancement of the USA. Contrary to many forecasts, the demand for Columbia River power did not lapse after the war, but has exceeded even the most optimistic predictions of a decade ago.

Under the present construction and development programme, the Colum-

bia River Basin project will irrigate about a half million acres between now and 1960. And each year during this period, it is expected that from 500 to 1,000 farms will be added to the irrigable area. To irrigate this vast former sagebrush area, water is diverted from the Columbia River at the Grand Coulee Dam and pumped from behind the dam into a 25-mile-long "equalising reservoir" at an elevation 280 feet above the surface of Lake Roosevelt. From there the irrigation water flows throughout the entire water-short area by gravity, with some supplemental pumping, through a system of canals. Another reservoir conserves "run-off" water from irrigated lands in the north for re-use on lands to the south. The service charge for the irrigation is about \$2.12 per acre per year.

All irrigable excess land is being purchased by the government, divided into family units, and re-sold to settlers. Hundreds of World War II

veterans, who have preference in buying these farms, have settled in the area in recent years and are operating thriving farms. Lands are suited to a wide range of crops, including alfalfa, clover, small grains, corn (maize) sugar beets, potatoes, and numerous vegetable, fruit, seed and specialty crops.

AS a self-liquidating development, the project will repay to the United States virtually its entire cost. More than three-fourths of the entire outlay for the dam, the network of canals, siphons, pumps and other irrigation structures will be repaid through the sale of power produced by the Grand Coulee power plant. Other revenue will come from the irrigation service fees, through the further development of navigation on the newly channelled rivers, and through the impetus given to fishing and other recreational activities such as boating, camping and tourism.—USIS.

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THE STOLEN ELEPHANT

It was a particularly magnificent specimen, black as the monsoon clouds . . . It was even whispered that, unseen and unheard to human eyes and ears this extraordinary pachyderm counselled its royal master in important matters of state.

A FABLE

Retold By

ANAMI

VIRTUE is best when plain set; the virtue of oft-repeated tales is that they are plain set; simple, full of the wisdom of the world, infinite gold in a little cubicle. Of such an one is the following thrice-blessed for its simplicity.

Long, long ago, there was a Rajah in ancient India. It is not known when and in which part of the country he lived and ruled; he might have been a contemporary of King Suddhodhana of Kapilavastu, or he might have been an unrecorded ancestor of one of those who entered into treaty obligations with the British; granted favours to the East India Company and figured prominently in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations—a pillar or pillaret of the Empire.

And it came to pass that of all created things in land, sea, and air, the Rajah loved most dearly a creature of the land, an animal. It was an elephant and a particularly magnificent specimen, black as the monsoon clouds. Its tusks were mounted with gold; its trappings were of plush and velvet interwoven with gold and silver threads, silken tassels of innumerable hues decking their edges like soundless little bells; and from its neck hung a bell of solid silver, chased with exquisite designs of epical elephant lore. There were special keepers to bathe, feed, and massage it; expert court physicians attended to its health in strict ayurvedic style; and strong guards kept a perpetual watch over it, in addition to the many amulets on its body to avert the evil eye. The Rajah named

it Karivara; even Indra's Airavata was a pigmy beside his pet; and he sneered at the celestial ideal as an albino with not even the vitality of a mouse. Karivara was always tether-

ed to a tree in the extensive lawn in front of the palace; the first thing that the Rajah opened his eyes on in the morning, from his balcony, was the elephant and the last thing he shut his eyes on at night was the elephant. He had a separate exchequer for the maintenance of his pet; it was even whispered that, unseen and unheard to human eyes and ears, this extraordinary pachyderm counselled its royal master in important matters of state.

NOW in the capital city lived four women: Stoolaki, Karnaki, Dandaki, and Mastaki. To those who believe that Dravidia was in existence before Aryavarta these names may mean nothing; but Dravidians of the present day will not let these easily pass; stripped of their physiological connotation which means, "a woman with a huge body," "a woman with huge ears," "a woman with huge teeth," and "a woman with a huge head," they must call them by other names, yet preserving the ornamental attributes.

These four women were never for a moment divided in company; their prowess was such that woe unto him who dared to cross their path. Then would Stoolaki inflate her lungs to blow a hurricane, Dandaki gnash and crunch her teeth, Mastaki shake her head menacingly, and Karnaki flap her ears—monstrous winnowing fans

before which humanity were like so much chaff in the hollow of a palm.

ON a particularly broiling day in midsummer the four inseparables were returning from their bath in the public tank. Their way lay round an angle of the royal lawn. As a refuge from the heat the women rested awhile under the shade of a spreading banyan, not far from the tree to which the elephant was tethered. And while resting, all of a sudden, as if she approved of the pressure of a whim that pleased and liberated her individuality, Stoolaki strode towards the tree, plucked out the tongue of the silver bell hanging at the elephant's neck—lest it should make any sound—and from the tip of its trunk wrenched off the coil of sweet palmyra which it was about to thrust into its mouth, and unhooking the chain from its foreleg, tucked the beast away in her capacious bosom. The keepers dozed, overcome by the blazing sun, half-mumbling, tossing from side to side as they dozed, and warding away the flies that swarmed about their faces. Then as if nothing had happened, Stoolaki joined her waiting companions. Reaching home and changing into dry clothes, they sat together for their meal. And while they ate, the suffocated elephant managed to wriggle out its snout. But Dandaki near by gave it a sharp bite, "to teach it manners," she said.

The Rajah got up from his siesta, and as usual walked up to the balcony, to have a look at his pet. He was stunned with surprise. The tree stood empty. The ether flickered with the luminous gossamers of heat.

The Rajah roared for his servants. They came post-haste and stood before him.

"Where's my pet? I miss it under the tree!" he thundered.

The servants ran like mad, and shook the keepers out of their sleep.

"Where's the elephant?" they asked, in one frightened, trembling voice.

"Why, under the tree, to be sure!" said one sleepy keeper, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"No, it isn't there. Look yourself."

The keeper looked, he stood stock-still, struck as if by a thunderbolt. He ran hither and thither; he raved and shouted; the other keepers ran hither and thither; they raved and shouted. Soon such a commotion rose; everyone was asking everyone else whether he had seen the royal elephant. Not even the voluntary abdication of the Rajah, nor the soup-slingers running amuck in the zenana, would have caused a greater sensation within the state; that in broad daylight, under the very nose of the keepers and guards, his darling should disappear was beyond all comprehension. What black magic was this?

The Rajah was full of grief and anger. He threatened to chop the head of every keeper and guard unless they discovered his pet. He announced a big reward for anyone who would bring back the missing animal.

But days passed; efforts, unceasing, untiring efforts were of no avail.

The state was plunged in gloom. A Gazette Extraordinary ordered the people to go into mourning for a period of three weeks.

Meanwhile, the search continued, with apparent vigour, though the searchers had grown sick and weary of heart.

A MONTH or so after, on a certain day when the four famous women were, as was their wont, bathing in the public tank, a prowler about the ghat espied the tip of an ivory protruding from below the colossal bosom of Stoolaki. He could scarce believe his eyes; surprise and amazement weakened his bones like water; then with a whoop of delight he ran towards the palace, declaring loudly that he had found the missing elephant. He was conducted to the royal presence, and nothing daunted, meeting the royal gaze squarely, he said:—

"Yes, sire, I saw it with my own eyes, secreted in the bosom of Stoolaki."

Trembling all over with rage, the Rajah ordered his police officers to arrest not Stoolaki alone, but the entire quadrumvirate of notorious women.

"Know you why and what you are accused of?" asked the Rajah when the women were brought before him.

Not a muscle moved in their faces; their nonchalance amazed everyone assembled in the court. There was a minute of deathlike silence.

"Know you why?" the Rajah thundered again.

Whereupon Stoolaki gave a jerk to her bosom, and out tumbled the Rajah's elephant and rolled towards his feet like a monstrous jelly, while the courtiers gazed on with bated breath. It was a dead elephant that the Rajah beheld before him.

"You she-devils!" he roared in ten-fold royal fury. "No punishment is too severe for your crime. I'll have a special prison built for you, and there you shall languish for life till death takes you away."

AN army of masons at once finished the construction of the prison; thick granite walls with little holes for windows loomed sinisterly in an unfrequented corner of the state; the four women were thrown into separate cells, and heavy doors studded with nails, barred and bolted, shut them out from the world and from further crimes.

But on the very first night of their imprisonment, Mastaki smashed the prison walls with well-directed hits of her head; the granite shattered into fine sand, and the four women scattered handfuls of the sand in the four quarters of the palace, and regained their home.

Next morning imagine the surprise of everyone to find the prison walls battered and the women escaped!

They were arrested again and brought before the Rajah.

"Wretches!" he burst out, quivering with wrath, "think you that you have outwitted us? My sentence now is that you four be taken to the big rock that stands on the torrid plain outside the city, and there be bound with heavy iron chains rivetted to the rock."

WITH instant despatch was the royal order executed. But when night came and darkness fell upon the land, Dandaki gnashed her teeth on the rock and crunched the heavy iron chains to bits; and soon the four boon companions once again found themselves inside their home.

And for the third time the Raja had them apprehended and brought before his presence.

"This time," he said, anger choking his throat, "I'll have you thrown into the deep sea."

And they were cast into the sea. But Karnaki drew into her ears all the waters of the sea, and where was once an expanse of fathomless waters, stretched a sandy waste pushing back the horizon.

The Rajah was at his wit's end. He sent for his Prime Minister, a sage old man. The Minister bent low and whispered into his liege's ear:—

"Throw them into the fire. Burn them alive, my Lord!"

The Rajah smiled approval, complimenting his Minister on his sagacity.

"Oh, you she-devils!" he roared, "thrice accursed witches, neither prison nor heavy iron chains, nor the heaving waters of the sea have been able to end your life. Fire will, I am sure. So my last and final order is that you be thrown into a big fire."

AND a huge fire was soon got up and the women were thrown into the leaping, devouring flames. But lo! Karnaki smote her temples with both her hands and all the surging waters of the sea burst and billowed over the grim conflagration.

The Rajah stared in stupefaction. He hung down his head in shame and bitterness of heart.

"I am beaten," he said humbly. "You are mighty women. Let it be peace with honour."

"Oh, from devils to mighty women!" laughed the inseparables. "That's fine, very fine indeed."

"And at what price shall it be?" asked the Rajah.

"That we be not molested any more. Enlist us in the national militia. We shall guard your territories night and day. The rank and file of your army is a disgrace."

Hilaire Belloc Passes Away

ON Thursday, July 16, 1953 Hilaire Belloc, famous English novelist and historian, died having been critically ill since Sunday due to burns sustained by falling on the fire in the study of his home in Sussex. Born 1870 at St. Cloud, France, Belloc became a naturalized British subject in 1902.

There is no more intimate study of him than this by A. G. Gardiner, that inimitable pen-portraitist, still fresh after thirty-seven years since it was first published:

"Some wit has divided society into two classes—dukes and other people. This is a mistake. The true classification should be—the British people and Mr. Belloc. One ought, of course, to put Mr. Belloc first, but perhaps he will forgive the slight for the sake of the cadence. It is not intended to suggest that Mr. Belloc is inferior to the other forty-five millions of us. That would be absurd. No one would recognize its absurdity more readily than Mr. Belloc, for among his many transcendent qualities humility is not conspicuous. He would agree with Hazlitt that it is the least of all virtues. Indeed, he would probably go further than Hazlitt, and say it was no virtue at all—except in other people. In them it would have a certain grace and fragrance; it would be a confession of the ignominy of not being Mr. Belloc. It would almost entitle them to forgiveness."

Belloc inevitably brings to mind Chesterton. That strange creature 'Chester-Belloc' is immortal in the world of letters. "It was the hero in Mr. Belloc (to quote A. G. G. again) that captured Mr. Chesterton's heart. For Mr. Chesterton is the boy who refused to group up . . . In the mediaevalism that binds them together there is a difference. To Mr. Chesterton the Middle Ages were an Arcadian realm of joyous life. To Mr. Belloc they were something more; they were a realm in which the Church was supreme. It is here that we touch the mainspring of his career. He is out to win England back to Rome."

The Editorial in *The Times Literary Supplement* when Belloc's eightieth birthday was celebrated, three years ago, is worth recalling:

"On his eightieth birthday, looking



Hilaire Belloc

at the shelves he has filled with more books than he carries years, Hilaire Belloc can feel a deep assurance that his grace in English letters is secure. Over half a century has now passed since he first broke upon the England of the Diamond Jubilee and the Victorian Summit, and began to challenge in Oxford and Fleet Street, along a very wide front, so much that was then taken for granted; and there were many who while they could not deny his gifts, were so anxious to deny his conclusions and his causes, that they sought to fit him into a much smaller place than was his by right. But since then a second and third generation have grown up; and when a man finds he is read and re-read and quoted by the sons and then by the grandsons of his own contemporaries he is entitled to conclude that his work is living and is destined to live."

Recently, in the series *Writers and Their work*: No. 35 published for the British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green & Co. (2s net) Renee Haynes has written a study of Hilaire Belloc—a brilliant brief survey of his enormous output in the various fields of literature (prose and poetry), history, politics, sociology. She concludes:

"Belloc's prose will survive in part, to give enlarging joy to lovers of pre-industrial Europe and the sea. But in his poems will rest his immortality and the fulfilment of his outrageous and heartfelt pun:

When I am dead of me may it be said
His sins were scarlet but his books
were read."

"The Gray Mule"

HERE is a metaphor for the short story by Henry James, a man "who, if he had never written a novel, would be considered the first of short story writers, and if he had never written a short story, the noblest of letter-writers, and if he had never written anything would by his talk alone be known as a great man." He calls the short story "the silver-shod, soberpaced, short-stepping, but oh, so hugely-nosing, so tenderly and yearningly and ruefully sniffing, gray mule of the few thousand words." Journals the world over, today, which publish short stories in their serious and popular forms are hard put to it to find suitable material. In spite of national and international competitions the outlook for the short fiction seems to be bleak. It is the day for the slick. Richard Short deplures the short story famine in *Truth* for April 24, 1953:

"The short story of 1,400 words is extremely difficult to write. But it can be made a tolerable success if you can tell either of some odd, perhaps, violent happening, or you can develop

a character in the round. You certainly cannot do both satisfactorily and then add a twist to the tail. The twist, to be artistically permissible, must have left its clues, however frail, beforehand in the story. The reader must be able to admit, from what he has been told that, however surprising, the unexpected could have happened."

A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one, said the late Edward J. O'Brien. The famine grows.

MITRA

INDIA

THE Great Bear smiled on the Sun and walked with Orion.

Half-naked astrologers pondered polyphonic verse. Alexander's men left illegitimate children.

The glow-worm of Humayun's tomb was building its summer home. The ghost sat alone on the peacock throne. Roshanara leaning over her banisters was a rose among the stars.

Vasco da Gama's grin frightened the zamorin. Shipmen dipped their bales in the blood of nightingales. Kim went to Mandalay where the old flotilla lay.

Cassandra cries for war, Her star is a rising star!

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NEW BOOKS

IDEAS AND PLACES

By Cyril Connolly

Weidenfeld & Nicolson Limited, London
16s net

ABOUT Mr. Cyril Connolly, *Who's Who* (Adam & Charles Black, London) for 1953 has the following entry:

Cyril Vernon Connolly: Author and Journalist: Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur; born 10 Sept. 1903; o. s. of Major Matthew Connolly, Bath, and Muriel Vernon. Educ: Eton (Scholar); Balliol College, Oxford (Brackenbury Scholar). Has written for *New Statesman* and other periodicals, 1927—; founded *Horizon*, 1939 and edited 1939-50; literary Editor, *Observer* (1942-43); contributes weekly to *Sunday Times*. Publications: *The Rock Pool* (fiction), 1935; *Enemies of Promise*, 1938; *The Unquiet Grave*, 1944-45; *The Condemned Playground*, 1944; *Put Out the Light* (Translation), 1944. Recreation: travel. Address: Oak Cottage, Elmsted, Kent. Clubs: White's, Pratt's.

Richly gifted as a creator of imaginative literature, fluent as a journalist, indignant without being pugnacious, a satirist, a wit, a jester, a romantic who knows his roots, a critic of letters who though not first-rate is free of the particular shop the pompous of this species indulge in, enjoying literature with a fine strong appetite,—an assaulter on perfection, and discussing the points with others,—it is more as a personality than as all these that Cyril Connolly is reputed today and enjoys his prestige. In October 1939 he along with Peter Watson and Stephen Spender planned the literary review *Horizon*, the first number of which appeared in January 1940. "A magazine should be the reflection of its time and when it ceases to reflect this, should come to an end," announced the first number; and after a glorious career of ten years, becoming internationally famous, *Horizon* closed down in 1950, the *Times Literary Supplement* writing a leading article entitled 'The Lost Horizon' in which while paying its tribute to



Cyril Connolly

Connolly's personality it was critical in its own august way. "*Horizon* was no ordinary failure," writes Connolly in his Introduction to *Ideas and Places*, "there were several years when solvency reared its ugly head and we sank, gracefully, by the stern with the band playing to a circulation of nearly nine thousand. Given the present vacuum, to reprint some of these old controversies may not prove irrelevant."

Ideas and Places is a collection of Connolly's monthly editorial comments in *Horizon*. It provides a relevant link with *The Condemned Playground*, his earlier group of essays, bookreviews, *pensees*, diary fragments, burlesques and travel-ogues among which the article 'Writers and Society' reveals him as a fiery crusader out to improve the position of the serious writer and writing and to rouse the public from indifference and apathy. He writes:

"While the greatest explorations of the world beyond our boundaries have

been made by scientists, never have writers been so preoccupied as now with the investigation of spiritual possibilities, and this alone justifies the artist's claim to the respect of mankind."

This attitude is unchanged, is as strong as ever in the comments assembled in *Ideas and Places*; the personality behind *Horizon* emerged to a fuller light in *The Unquiet Grave* where one reads:

"As a signal of distress from one human being to another *The Unquiet Grave* went unanswered, but the suffering was alleviated. As a demonstration of the power of words, however, of the obsessional impetus in an aesthetic form to fulfil its destiny, the work was an object-lesson. All griefs once made known to the mind, can be cured by the mind, the manuscript proclaimed the human brain, once it is fully functioning, as in the making of a poem, is outside time and place and immune from sorrow."

The melancholia reflected in these words is not constitutional but cultural, for the hedonist in Connolly can never abdicate, though like other hedonists, "his imagination exhausts the will before it can operate." His candour, his zest for life, his disgust with the shallow and the superficial, his faith in the eternality of "all art that is beautiful and intelligent" enable him to touch unerringly consciousness at its different ailing levels; nevertheless, with all his innate strength, his natural grace and gift of style, while his figure remains all of a piece, a ubiquitous pixie makes everyone of his collected works appear broken and amorphous.

Among *Ideas* one begins with D-Day,—the optimism in the wake of victory and the liberation of France. But though bright it is a false dawn. It is a bad time for the literary reviews in England; one after another they cease publication. *Horizon* at Christmas 1949.

"The true cause of the failure of private periodicals is the constriction of free trade and free thought generated by the Cold War—that is why such failures know no frontiers. But in our case London may have had something to do with it. Without doubt the most depressing capital of

the post-war period, like Vienna after 1918, it is thoroughly toxic. In the country we have our ups and downs, but I no longer feel that I am behaving in some desperate way outside my control, like a reveller who suddenly catches sight of his face in a glass—haggard and stubbled under his tinsel hat."

There is the *Horizon* questionnaire, 'The Cost of Letters' sent out to a selection of writers of various types and ages,—on how much does a writer need to live; whether he can earn this sum by writing, and if so, how; about state aid to him; a suitable second profession for him,—with interesting answers to these by John Betjeman, Connolly himself, Robert Graves, V. S. Pritchett, George Orwell, Cecil Day Lewis, Dylan Thomas and other notables. Such questionnaires lead one nowhere—as *Horizon's* did; rhetoric has never helped the poor literary man to keep the wolf from the door. The world always diverts itself by making him the butt of ridicule, an object of pity, a beggar without the bowl. W. H. Davies, the English poet solved the problem of his poverty by becoming a professional tramp! The portrait of Logan Pearsall Smith is affectionately drawn: "the Logan-note sounded like the ring of a fine glass through all his mutations of personality; it was his own unique resonance—a perpetual warm ironical appreciation of life heightened by a never-failing passion for the best in literature and the human heart." How true of Connolly himself—his passion for the best in literature and the human heart! The essay 'Farewell to Surrealism' is learned, instructive,—"the greatest artistic commotion of the twentieth century," Connolly calls it. Thus, briefly, for *Ideas*.

Places afford the background and inspiration for *Ideas*: "the glimpses of Paris, Switzerland, America, Bordeaux and the Dordogne show that Baedeker is still the antidote to Eandelaire." In these vivid geographical vignettes Connolly is at his best; especially in his long description of the New York scene ('American Injection'), he is a perfect barometer recording the climate in character.

The profession of an editor, says Connolly, is delightful, but "is in the long run unwholesome for an author. An editor, even one who writes, is not an artist; however numerous his friends, he feeds an enemy within." Connolly has given the lie direct to his own statement for he is an editor who is also an artist, an artist who on all accounts is a tumultuous personality, now mellowed with the advancing years, and listening wistfully, perhaps, to his own cry from the Unquiet Grave.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Great Liberation:

Mahanirvana Tantra

(Third Edition)

By Arthur Avalon

Ganesh & Co., (Madras) Ltd.

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THIS fresh edition of a valuable book on 'Tantra' produced by the late Sir John Woodroffe of the Calcutta High Court, under the *nom de plume* of Arthur Avalon, deserves praise. For the spread of Indian Tantra literature, no one has in recent times done more than Sir John. He was a great scholar in Sanskrit and was particularly interested in the Tantra Shastra and the mantras as well as the yoga philosophy expounded and taught in them. Numerous are the books that he has written and he was regarded as a first-rate authority on the subject. 'Shakti and Shakta' the 'Serpent Power,' 'Principles of Tantra' and 'Kamakalavilasa' are some of the books written by him for the benefit of the English-knowing public keen on securing some knowledge of one of the greatest branches of Indian Philosophy, relating particularly to Shakti worship.

The book before us contains the first part of the Mahanirvana Tantra consisting of 14 chapters. The text is given in bold Devanagari characters with the commentary of Shri Hariharananda Bharati. The second portion is not lost but exists. The author could not secure the permission of the Nepalese Pandit who owned the manuscript but refused permission on the ground that the

publication of the Mantra might enable the evil-minded to harm others. The translation by Sir John Woodroffe containing explanatory footnotes of difficult words and rather obscure ideas renders the study of the original comparatively easy. The work is in the form of a dialogue between Shiva and his spouse Parvati and deals with a wide range of subjects such as the worship of Brahman, the worship of Shakti, Mantras and purification, and rites and rituals, as well as hymns and amulets. The four castes and the four ashramas are also dealt with, not to speak of the ten sacraments. The expiatory ceremonies for various crimes and sins are discussed in detail. Finally, it is pointed out that there is no Moksha or liberation until all action, good or bad is destroyed and that Jnana or knowledge alone secures liberation. No rituals are necessary for those who have attained Brahmajnana. It would thus be seen that the work is not merely an exposition of a recondite branch of mysterious tantric knowledge but also comprises topics useful for study by the ordinary householder for the regulation of individual and social conduct.

Messrs. Ganesh & Co. have done a great service to the public by bringing out this excellent edition of a work that has been out of print for a long time and which is of supreme value for a proper understanding of Indian religious and spiritual ideas, and the steps to be taken along a particular route for reaching the ultimate destiny of every human being.

N. CHANDRASEKHARA IYER

Human Destiny

By Lecomte du Nouy

A Signet Book

The New American Library of World Literature, Inc.,

245, Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

35 Cents

THIS is an inexpensive reprint of a profound book by a world-famous biologist, published first in 1947. The latter half of the seventeenth century and the earlier half of

the eighteenth were deemed the age of conflict between Religion and Science. The freedom of thought and expression was secured to the modern world by the fight which scientists put up then against organised Christian religion of the West. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, events like the imprisonment of Galileo, the burning of Bruno and of witches, have been put down by the advent of scientific thought and enquiry. Tennyson himself, imbued with the spirit of science, wrote in 1850 the lines in *In Memoriam*: "There is more honest faith in doubt than in half the creeds." Science even now is adjudged the criminal which led to the destruction of human lives and the loss of the sense of human values as it was held responsible for the two world wars and not the passions of men!

Human Destiny is a justification that science is not in conflict with the higher religion of Man. It is divided into three parts of eighteen chapters; the first four deal with the

methods of Science, the next three with the evolution of Life, and the last eleven with the evolution of Man. The book reads as it were, a scientific exposition of the perennial philosophy of life.

C. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAR

Huckleberry Finn

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THE Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, the masterpiece of Mark Twain has been a much loved book of young and old alike. Now Heirloom Library Limited, has brought out a new edition of the book, attractively got up with a number of nice illustrations, which enhance its attractiveness and make it a pleasure to handle it,—appropriate as prize to boys distinguishing themselves in their school career.

V. V. S.

Freedom To Read

THE controversy over book-burning reached a comical, almost pleasant, anti-climax when Mark Twain was recently cleared by the U. S. State Department for inclusion in U. S. libraries abroad. What test was applied to Mark Twain's work, it is not known. It was, however, the Portable Mark Twain. Other titles cleared at the same time were the Portable Emerson, the Portable Hawthorne, the Portable Henry James and the Portable Thoreau. The retreat to sanity is a praiseworthy effort. A New York Times survey covering 20 capitals revealed that several hundred books by more than forty authors had been removed from the shelves of U. S. libraries following at least six confidential State Department directives between February 19 and June 21. No single specific instruction covered all the withdrawals. . . . There was a cloak of secrecy and a large amount of discretion in giving information, but one of the directives is quoted to have stated that the works of "all communist authors, any publication

continually publishing communist propaganda and questionable material lending undue emphasis to communist personalities and their statements" should be banned, and that "for purposes of this instruction, authors who obviously follow the communist line on participate in communist-front organizations will be considered communists and their works banned." In the confused interpretation which followed, among the books banned were "Witness by Whittaker Chambers" causing so much abashment to Senator McCarthy, the "Thin Man" by Dashiell Hammett, "Citizen Tom Paine" and the "Selected Works of Tom Paine" by Howard Fast, an anthology of American poetry, a "pageant" of American humour, "India and the United States: Political and Economic Relations" by Lawrence K. Rosenger. Bernhard Sten's "American Medical Practice" was banned because, it is said, he gave the impression that Negroes have no medical care in the United States and "unduly stressed Negro medical statistics."—Editorial, National Herald.

BERIA AFFAIR

By ANDREW ROTH

HAROLD WILSON, Labour M.P., and Isaac Deutscher, then Malenkov's swift initial coup "sent a shudder through every dark office of the political police throughout Russia." Deutscher felt the struggle was not over. "The die-hards of the security police may fight back. They may have influential accomplices inside the Kremlin. They may try to remove Malenkov and his associates, denouncing them as apostates and imperialist agents and presenting themselves as Stalin's only true and orthodox heirs."

Once this security police coup had been nipped in the bud by Malenkov's counter-coup, Deutscher himself was made uncertain by *Pravda's* confusing explanation that the survivors are determined to reestablish "the (Soviet Communist) Party's policy worked out over many years" and to forestall Beria's "surrender to capitalism." He limited himself to predicting:

The Beria affair is only one of the first incidents in a struggle which seems to lead either to the establishment of a military dictatorship or to a gradual democratic revolution.

Panic Subsides

THERE was a period of confused panic on the part of British commentators on the morrow of the announcement of Beria's dismissal. Confused reports, including the suggestion that the Soviet 'moderate' emissary in Germany, Ambassador Semeonov, was a 'Beria man' sparked fears that the Soviet Union's 'new look' would disappear with the purge of Beria. This fear was assuaged by continued steps toward relaxation in East Berlin, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and by reassuring cables from the British Ambassador in Moscow, quickly passed on to the diplomatic correspondents of Britain's leading newspapers in the form of 'guidance.'

The panic, of course, was a product of the tendency to look at the struggle in the Kremlin in purely *personal* terms, instead of regarding Malenkov

and Beria as the personal spokesmen or leaders of different groups or currents of opinion in the Soviet Union.

Malenkov is above all a spokesman for the new specialists. He himself is a political technician, having been made a member of the Orgburo in 1939 as the spokesman for the new generation of technicians. He came into intimate contact with the industrial technicians during the war when he was put in charge of the whole of the armaments industry, carrying out the enormous transformation and expansion which the war demanded. In the postwar reconstruction, when he was in charge of restoring the area devastated by the Germans, he also established links with the agricultural technicians.

Beria, on his side, has been since 1938 the Soviet Union's premier security policeman.

The Basic Argument: Carrot Or Club

THERE is nothing more logical than that these two should become the chief protagonists in the fundamental argument in the Soviet Union between the "pessimists" and the "optimists."

This argument is fundamentally over the rate at which the Soviet Union has to force the pace of industrializing itself. The 'pessimists' have insisted that the rate must be very fast—whatever the cost in human life—in order to develop the sinews for defense. In the latter part of the '20s and early '30s Stalin threw his support to this group to get the rapid collectivization of agriculture and to create the basis for industry. The cost was tremendous in human terms, and it was exacted by the security police. The security police, in fact, became the 'club' by which the people of the U. S. S. R. were driven forward at the rate set by Stalin.

The 'optimists' were those who argued that a more solid structure would be built by a slower rate of industrialization with greater personal liberties and higher living standards used as the inducement or 'carrot' to move the Soviet peoples. This group had Stalin's prewar ear

during the brief relaxed period in 1936-7.

Postwar Argument

AS the postwar reconstruction got under way, Stalin continued to show his fondness for keeping two contradictory policies in play, balancing group against group, trying to get the best of both views. After an initial period of influence, Malenkov, as the spokesman of the 'optimists' was overshadowed in 1947-48 by 'pessimist' Zhdanov who utilized the deteriorating international situation as an argument for speeding the preparations for an expected showdown, not only in the Soviet Union but particularly in the satellites which were thereupon clubbed into providing the industrial and agricultural sinews for the Soviet Union. Such a period of tense preparation meant, of course, the strengthening of the position of the security police.

The fundamental factor which put Malenkov back on the path to power was the considerable increase in the amount and *quality* of Soviet production. The most dramatic example of this is, of course, the mass production of jet planes whose quality has been much admired in the West. The MIG-15 is, of course, partially a development of British and German work in this field. But both British and German work has been available to American manufacturers as well. And they would be the last to deny that the mass production of MIG-15s is a tribute to the advanced scientific, technical and industrial development achieved in Soviet aircraft plants. Otherwise why offer rewards for an intact MIG-15?

This sort of success tremendously strengthened the position of the Soviet technician. He could voice, to sympathetic ears like those of Malenkov, his dissatisfaction with having the sword of the security police over his head. No factory manager likes to experiment in new types of production with the feeling that if he fails he is likely to end up in Siberia digging gold under the watchful eye of one of Mr. Beria's policemen. The labour technician could also argue that he could get better production

A bid for power was implicit in the story of the doctors' plot . . .

The arrest of the doctors may have been intended as a preliminary to the arrest of Malenkov himself. The doctors were said to have speeded the death of Zhdanov. Since it was widely believed that Zhdanov had been Malenkov's rival it would have been easy at the next stage to point to Malenkov as the chief instigator of the 'assassins' . . .

If such indeed was the goal of the secret police conspiracy, guesses

from Soviet workers if they got more consumers goods at reasonable prices for their labour, instead of working under the threat of police action for "infractions of labour discipline."

The evidence from the satellite states of Eastern Europe was even more extreme. The attempt to force the pace in Yugoslavia had produced Titoism. In Hungary the whole economy was breaking down as its Soviet-supported leaders were 'clubbing' the Hungarians toward industrialization at an impossible rate; a rich agricultural country was plunging toward famine. In East Germany the argument was complicated somewhat by the Soviet inability to decide whether to integrate East Germany completely into the satellite system or risk its incorporation into a united *neutralized* Germany.

Since, unfortunately, Soviet policy differences are not fought out in the columns of the press, a la Washington, it is virtually impossible to trace in detail just how this argument worked itself out within the Soviet Union and in the satellite countries. It is clear, however, that when Stalin's death cleared the road ahead, Malenkov had much more impetus behind him and was able immediately to put Beria on the defensive. The political amnesty and the reversing of the 'doctors' plot' were clearly blows struck at the whole security police empire. Equally clearly, Beria himself bent with the wind in order to keep his empire intact, sacrificing his juniors to keep himself still in the running.

Beria's final departure seems

clearly to be tied up with the events in East Germany. Precisely how is purely speculative at this stage because solid information is almost non-existent. But the theory which seems most reasonable is that in May he went along with the majority decision to ease up in the satellite states but then failed to take adequate precautions against the possible effects of this loosening of the reins. This might explain why Berlin's security police reacted so slowly in the initial stages of the demonstrations there, letting them get out of hand. (In much the same way the British security police in India in 1947 made the Punjab riots inevitable by not taking adequate precautions as their way of showing the inadvisability of the British Labour government's departure.) The discovery of such a betrayal would make understandable Beria's arrest 10 days later and also the reactions to Beria in the *Pravda* attack, particularly his alleged "surrender to capitalism."

Whatever the *immediate* cause of Beria's fall, Malenkov has now strengthened his position as the political spokesman for the whole new generation of technicians—including the military technicians—who have grown tired of having the hot breath of the security police on their necks. This development should mean more and further steps toward peaceful solutions because, particularly among the industrial and agricultural technicians, much of the resources now diverted to armaments are needed to go to fashion a sufficiently attractive 'carrot.'

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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

AFTER the gala premiere of *Do Bigha Zamin* at Metro, I found Raj Kapoor standing in a corner to avoid being mobbed. When I met him his first words were "I want to write about this picture in the papers." He was so enthused about the film that it is difficult to describe his state of mind. Later, when I beckoned a leading film critic who was passing by, Raj said, "The future of Indian films depends upon pictures of this kind."

As long as the picturegoers are not ready to appreciate and admire pictures like *Do Bigha Zamin* the producers—at least producers like Bimal Roy and Raj Kapoor—would be discouraged from making similar films in future. In fact, today on the one hand the song and dance drama has reached the pinnacle of its popularity in *Anarkali* and on the other the school of realism has produced a masterpiece in *Do Bigha Zamin*. The future of the film would be bright if the producers and the picturegoers alike prefer the latter to the former.

In other words, great as *Do Bigha Zamin*, is, it would serve a greater purpose if it also proved a popular hit.

Picture Of The Week

THE greatness of *Do Bigha Zamin* lies in its realistic theme, compact screenplay, inspired human touches and admirable restraint in presentation. But for an occasional lapse into melodrama as in the concluding sequence the picture follows a classic pattern of drama, depending more on understatement to highlight the inherent tragedy of the peasant's life in the present social order.

It is the story of one Shambhu; it could be a story of almost any pea-

sant in any part of this country. The poor farmer is the hero of the picture; and the story tells of his heroic struggle to redeem the land from zamindar-cum-sahukar who is equally keen to have the land at all costs.

For, the piece of land owned by Shambhu has also a symbolic character. If Shambhu loses the land, not only he but all the peasants who live by tilling the soil lose their land and become just labourers working in a capitalist mill. Hence his struggle to retain that land is symbolic; it is the struggle of all peasants to own the land on which they subsist.

After a pleasant opening which heralds the rain-fall to the accompaniment of a haunting song and dance number, the drama begins with the ominous arrival of the zamindar and his friends in a car. And it becomes gripping when Shambhu's efforts to settle the debt fail and he is faced with the prospect of losing the land in three months unless he can procure the money.

Ultimately, he decides to go to Calcutta and try his luck to earn the money. His heroic efforts in Calcutta to earn that amount by toiling hard day after day provide unforgettable human drama of a kind rarely seen on the Indian screen. On their arrival in Calcutta, Shambhu and his son who accompanies him find themselves penniless in the vast strange city. Then while Shambhu plys a riksha, his son works as bootblack and is tempted to take stolen money to end the misery of his father who meets with an accident. The scenes in which the father beats his son for bringing stolen money or the scene in which the son brings his first earnings move you to the core. There are many inspired touches in this part of the story and the atmosphere of the *busti* in which Shambhu lives is so alive, so real and so vivid that one feels as if it is a real documentary on life in such chawls. The character of the landlady played superbly by Rajlaxmi, who has a sharp tongue but a good heart, the old rickshawala, the young ward of the landlady Laloo-ustad, a professional bootblack boy played inspiringly by Jagdeep, the pick-pocket who plays on the harmonica, the villain played by

Tiwari are so lifelike that you feel as if you have met them somewhere in life.

And these characters not only enliven the grim story and provide comic relief but help to make the story more realistic and true to life. It is the handling of these minor characters and the little human touches that lend emotional fervour to the whole screenplay, that the master touch of Bimal Roy is evident in all its brilliance.

What is more, he has seldom allowed the screenplay to deteriorate into cheap sentimentalism or emotional drama. The scenarist, dialogue writer and the director are to be complimented on their admirable restraint; throughout they have avoided the temptation of indulging in verbal attack on the zamindar-class or in glamourizing poverty. True, occasionally one does come across a philosophical generalization or as in the last sequence, the plot for once becomes pure cinematic melodrama with the villain trying to rape the heroine, the heroine running away, meeting with an accident, followed by a coincidental meeting with the hero. This sequence is not in keeping with the otherwise realistic, plausible screenplay; it was introduced probably for the box-office. In the original version the heroine—Shambhu's wife—died; in the revised version she is alive. This change has in no way made any difference to the end, except perhaps that it has made the tragedy less sharp.

Similarly, the lullaby, inspite of its haunting melody, is superfluous and unnecessary. That is another concession to the box-office in an otherwise uncompromising film. But these blemishes do not in any way belittle the greatness of the picture.

Apart from Bimal Roy kudos is due to Balraj Sahni who gives a memorable performance in the principal role of Shambhu and thus fulfils the promise he held out in *Dharti Ke Lal* in which he played a Bengalee peasant's role with such great feeling. Nirupa Roy, Ratan Kumar, Murad, Nazir Hussain, Nana Palsikar, Noor, not to forget Rajlakshmi and Jagdeep, also acquit themselves creditably. Meena

Kumari makes a brief but pleasing appearance. Salil Chowdhary's story and musical score, especially the title music and song tunes, Shailendra's lyrics, Kamal Bose's photography, Paul Mahendra's dialogue deserve bouquets of praise; all of them have contributed their mite in making *Do Bigha Zamin* such a beautiful picture.

Do Bigha Zamin thus picks up the thread of realism of *Dharti Ke Lal* and carries its tradition to a greater fulfilment of the mission of the progressive cinema-art.

Personality Of The Week

AS Balraj Sahni said while introducing the creator of *Do Bigha Zamin* to the premiere audience on Friday night at Metro (Bombay), Bimal Roy is "Shiromani Kalakar".

Writing about his last picture *Maa* I had expressed bitter disappointment at the commercialization of Bimal Roy; for that picture, I thought, was no credit to the maker of *Hamrahi*, *Anjamgarh* and *Pahla Admi*. But with *Do Bigha Zamin*, Bimal Roy has come into his own; in fact this picture marks his evolution as an artiste which began with *Hamrahi* and blossomed into *Anjamgarh*, the first picture to raise the banner of revolt against the decadent princely order.

Bimal Roy is, first and foremost, a technician; like John Ford and Nitin Bose he began his career as a cameraman. If I am not mistaken, he photographed Barua's *Devdas* and *Manzil*. Later he became a director and took Calcutta by storm with his very first picture *Udayar Pathi*—a progressive and popular social satire on the capitalist system set in the pattern of rich girl-poor boy romance.

Shy, tall, Bimal is a rather silent worker who believes in expressing his opinion through his art rather than speeches. Educated, he belongs to the progressive school of thought as is evident from his association with the People's Theatre. But while other progressives have been boastful and assertive, he has always preferred to remain in the background. Only a few months ago he appeared on a public platform as the President of the People's Theatre Conference.

held in Bombay. In electing him as the President, People's Theatre has honoured the most deserving artiste of the day who seems to have taken inspiration from De Sica's *Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle in Milan* to

mould the Indian film of tomorrow.

News Of The Week

A. J. Patel has assembled India's first 3-D camera. This camera will cost about Rs. 50,000.

Youngsters Run Their Own Business Firms

IN some 50 cities throughout the United States, American boys and girls are getting sound business experience in a national organisation called Junior Achievement, Incorporated.

With the help of adult advisers, 20,000 youngsters in this organisation have formed and run their own companies during the past school year. Operating on capital raised by the sale of shares, the youths have made and sold all kinds of products, such as toys, belt and screw dispensers, glass cleaners and belts. One enterprise called the Tasty Treat Company of Chicago, which manufactured and sold over 2,500 jars of salad dressing, won a New York Stock Exchange award for submitting the best report of this operation.

The objective of the Junior Achievement movement is to teach youths through actual experience how a business works. They acquire new skills and learn the value of cooperation. A Junior Achievement business emphasises the importance of good craftsmanship, meeting production schedules, keeping accurate records and satisfying the customer. Young people also learn business laws and regulations and the need for fair play in the commercial world.

Junior Achievement companies are organised at the beginning of the school year. Each September a representative goes from school to school, inviting students to join the programme. Recruits then visit the Junior Achievement centres where they meet adult volunteers from sponsoring companies who serve as business advisers.

To put a junior company in business the young people next go out and sell 200 shares of stock at 50 cents a share. Each member must

buy one share of stock for himself, but can buy no more than five shares.

During the early stages of organisation, members meet to draw up articles of incorporation and elect their officers. Later the members meet to act on production problems. Every stockholder is a director, no matter how little stock he owns.

When the corporation is established, the young people rent working space in a Junior Achievement centre and begin manufacturing. Each member works for two hours one night a week.

The 1,200 Junior Achievement companies operating last year throughout the United States manufactured a variety of products. One junior company, sponsored by the Detroit branch of the U. S. Rubber Company, ran a profitable belt-making business called Hide Tailors, Inc. The young employees and owners, under the leadership of their 17-year-old president, Tony Formicola, made and sold leather belts for women. Hide Tailors, Inc., like all Junior Achievement companies, was formed in the autumn and liquidated in the spring.

Junior Achievement was started in 1919 by the late Horace A. Moses, an official of a paper company, and became a national organisation in 1942. In 1951, some 5,000 private business concerns helped finance Junior Achievement projects. About 180 of the nation's top businessmen now serve on Junior Achievement's national board of directors.

Parents find that Junior Achievement helps their children develop self-confidence and poise.

One mother said of her son: "After he began to work with others, and did some door-to-door selling, he lost his shyness. Formerly he kept out of school and church activities. Now he takes the initiative."

—Newsfeature.

"The creation of the Andhra State is more a warning than an example to follow."

PERIL OF LINGUISTIC STATES

By P. KODANDA RAO

THE Government of India have already decided on the formation of the Andhra State, and the necessary steps are on the anvil. They have also announced that, after the formation of the Andhra State, they would appoint a Commission to examine the reorganisation of the present States of India. The Indian National Congress welcomed the proposal in a resolution passed about the 16th May 1953. The second Linguistic States Conference is to be held in Hyderabad on the 25th and 26th of July 1953. It may be worthwhile, therefore, to examine once again as objectively as possible the *pros* and *cons* of linguistic provinces.

In welcoming the constitution of a Government of India Commission to examine the re-organisation of the provinces the Congress suggested the following considerations: "the preservation of the unity of India, national security and defence, administrative advantages, financial considerations and economic progress of each State as of the whole nation." It may be noted that *linguistic* consideration is conspicuous by its absence.

It has been urged in some quarters that "administrative manageability" offered a good criterion. It has been also held that some of the present provinces were "unwieldly" and justified a fresh delimitation. But neither criterion has been defined clearly enough to offer a practical guide for action. In India today Delhi and Coorg are States; and so are Madras, Uttar Pradesh, Hyderabad and Madhya Pradesh. In the USA the tiny Rhode Island is a State, and so is large New York. In the international sphere, Luxemburg and Denmark are sovereign States as much as the USA, the USSR, China

and India. Before the integration of the Princely States, there were innumerable tiny States in Kathiawar, which survived for a century or more. India itself is an administrative unit for certain purposes, listed in the Indian Constitution, and the provinces are each an administrative unit for some other purposes. Within each province there are other smaller administrative units, like divisions, districts, tahsils and villages.

Neither political nor administrative science seems to have discovered or evolved the criteria of the optimum size of a State from the point of view of administrative convenience and efficiency.

Administrative efficiency seems to depend largely on the speed of communications and the efficiency of administrative techniques. To be efficient, an administrative officer or his orders should reach the farthest corner of the unit in time to be effective. In the old days, when communications were slow and uncertain, the area of an administrative unit had to be very small to be efficient. But, today, with rapid means of communication, like the telegraph, the telephone and the wireless, the car, the train and the plane, the remotest corners can be reached in minutes or hours, instead of weeks or months, and no unit is too large for efficient administration. Indeed, a place but a few miles away from Delhi but with no rapid communications takes more time to reach than New York or London. In so far as administrative efficiency is limited by the time factor, it has been practically eliminated.

Administrative efficiency has been greatly improved in recent times by the inventions of numerous tools and systems. Formerly official records

had to be hand-written and hand-copied. Today duplicating and printing machines and filing and card-index systems enable larger volume of work to be transacted in the same time, and increase the size of the efficient administrative unit.

Another criterion suggested was "linguistic, social and other affinities of the population." But the latter have not been defined clearly enough for practical purposes. "Social and other affinities" may mean affinities based on caste, race, profession, religion, sex and age, etc. Australia is a State based on racial affinity, the white race. It has its critics. Pakistan is based on affinity to religion. It has its critics also. Nobody has yet proposed a State based on the affinity of sex, or professions like those of lawyers, doctors, smiths and shoe-makers. Unless social affinities are defined more restrictively, they are not practicable criteria for the constitution of administrative units.

Financial Viability

FINANCIAL viability has been suggested as a relevant criterion. But here too, political economy does not seem to have suggested the minimum financial viability for a State. The financial resources of the several provinces in India today are not equal or nearly so. Coorg has but two Ministers, while UP has about twelve, and West Bengal about fourteen. The judges of the Mysore High Court get smaller salaries than their confreres in Bombay and Madras. Coorg has no High Court or University of its own. The financial resources of Luxemburg are much smaller than those of the USA or UK. It seems to be a case of cutting the coat according to the cloth, and begging the Government of India for more, which, in its turn, has sought aid from more resourceful States like the USA.

All that can be stated with some confidence is that the fewer the units the less the cost of administration. From this point of view the integration of the former Princely States has reduced the cost of administration. More of the kind is indicated.

The advocates of linguistic States frankly start with the ideology of linguistic provinces and then seek to justify it on political, administrative, economic and cultural considerations. By far the most important argument is political. It has been said that India has adopted democracy, which has government by discussion. Discussion required a common language between the participants, and hence the justification for linguistic provinces. It may be stated, however, that, while a common language is a great convenience in the legislature and administration, it is still possible to conduct discussions even without single common language. For instance, at the United Nations and in all international gatherings, no single common language is used by all the delegates. Discussions of the highest import to all countries are carried on by means of simultaneous translations and the earphones. Canada and Switzerland are efficient democracies, but the parliamentary discussions are not necessarily carried on in a single language.

It has been suggested that efficient democracy demanded that the electors should follow the proceedings of the legislatures to watch what their elected representatives were saying and for that purpose, uni-lingual provinces are necessary. At present, most of the local-self government units, like district boards, are uni-lingual. But there is no reason to suppose that democracy is more efficient in them. Some of the States in India are practically uni-lingual, but there is no reason to believe that democracy is more efficient in them on that account. In multi-lingual States, the proceedings of the legislatures reach the voters by means of translations in the languages they know. It is the same in the international sphere. A speech made by a Soviet representative in the Russian language is transmitted by the news agencies to all parts of the world and published in the many local languages in translation, and reaches a world-wide public. Even in a uni-lingual unit, whether a municipality or district board or a province, most of the voters get to

know the proceedings in the legislatures only in summaries subsequently, for they cannot all attend the proceedings and watch them from the visitors' galleries. The lack of common language is not a serious handicap.

Centre And Provinces

LINGUISTIC provinces, each with a single language, may conceivably promote higher democratic efficiency in the provincial sphere. But if there be no common language among the members of the Central Parliament and between them and the electorate all over India, democracy in the Centre is *ex hypothesi*, less efficient than in the uni-lingual provinces. An examination of the Indian Constitution will, however, show that the Centre deals, quite naturally, with far more important matters than the provinces. It is more necessary to have the highest democratic efficiency in the Centre than in the provinces. And that is possible only when there is a common language in the whole of India, so that the electorate may follow the proceedings in the Central Parliament and Government. If India has a common language the whole case for linguistic provinces falls to the ground.

Linguistic provinces are bound to weaken the national unity of India. To the extent that loyalty to social affinities, based on caste, religion or language, is interposed between the individual citizen and the Government of India, to that extent smaller loyalties are likely to overshadow the larger national one. Communal electorates for Muslims led to the independent State of Pakistan. Linguistic provinces are likely very soon to demand full sovereignty, or at least Dominion Status, on the ground that questions like foreign policy, war and peace, income-tax and customs, military conscription, etc., should not be decided by a Government and Parliament with a different language. Mr. Jinnah once spoke of the Muslims in India as a sub-nation; they ultimately sought nationhood.

Fissiparous tendencies on other lines of cleavage are likely to gather strength. If a common language is a

strong enough social affinity to justify a linguistic province, caste and sub-caste are even stronger social affinities. People speaking the same language do not necessarily inter-dine and inter-marry. But people of the same caste and sub-caste do, and the bonds are stronger than community of language. It would break up the national unity of India if caste and sub-caste affinities are made the basis for administrative reorganisation of India. *There is no correlation between administrative units like districts and provinces on the one hand, and languages, religions, races and castes on the other.*

The creation of linguistic provinces, with all public administration conducted in the single language of each such province, is incompatible with the All-India institutions like the defence forces, Indian administrative and other services and the national laboratories, etc. Some of the most unifying factors in the recent past were the all-India services and institutions under which people born in one part of India served or studied in its other parts. But that will be discounted greatly under linguistic provinces.

If these all-India services and institutions should be preserved and strengthened, it will be necessary to have two languages for everybody, one the local regional language for local and subordinate purposes, and another, the national language, for all-India purposes. It is so at present. The local regional languages are being used in the lower rungs of the administrative ladder, while English is being used in the higher and all-India and international spheres. Even if English be replaced by Hindi, each of the linguistic provinces will be bi-lingual and not uni-lingual. If such bi-lingualism be compatible with the ideology of linguistic provinces, there is no need to make any change in the present configuration of the provinces. In a multi-lingual province as Bombay, the local languages will continue to be used for local and lower purposes, and English or Hindi will be used for larger and higher purposes.

The great need for India, as to the rest of the world, is integration and not separation. There is need to adopt an *auxiliary common language for the whole world*. That way lies political and democratic progress.

Economic Considerations

IT has been urged that economic progress would be advanced by the formation of linguistic provinces. Economic development, however, has little to do with community of language. Till recently the British Government was largely responsible for the economic development of India, but it was not because of a common language between India and England. Today, the multi-lingual Government of India is taking the lead in the economic development of India. The economic development of the Mysore State had little to do with the Kannada language. Certain areas in the Mysore State have been neglected in spite of community of language. Rayalaseema feared that the Andhra province would neglect its economic development in spite of a common language and asked for guarantees in Sri Bagh Pact. The Tatas from Bombay did not develop the iron and steel industry in Bihar because they spoke the Bihari language. The Biharis did not do it, though they spoke the Bihari language.

Economic provinces will not coincide with linguistic ones. For instance, the great river valleys can be better developed on the pattern of the Tennessee River Valley. Their development is hampered by the rivers passing through several *political*, and not linguistic, jurisdictions. It may be desirable that river valleys should be constituted into units for administrative purposes for rapid economic development.

Yet another argument in favour of linguistic provinces is that they are essential for cultural progress. Culture is a much defined word, and means many things to many people. In the present context it means largely literature. But the correlation between a literature and an administrative unit is not obvious. The preservation and promotion of literature in any language needs, not

an administrative province, but a literary academy like a Sahitya Parishad, and a department in the universities and other organs of learning and research.

The progress of science calls for bodies like the Indian Science Congress and not a Science-State. A linguistic province is not needed to administer the several matters enumerated in List II of the Indian Constitution, like law and order, jails, fisheries, co-operative societies, burial grounds, public health, forests, communications, etc. *The promotion of languages, arts and sciences calls for specialised academies and not linguistic provinces.*

The proponents of linguistic provinces have not stated what they would do if they had linguistic provinces which they are not able to do in a multi-lingual province. The development of agriculture and industries, the raising of the standard of living of the people and other matters are common ground, irrespective of linguistic differences. *Development depends on public spirit and character, and not on language.*

The political, the administrative, the financial, economic and cultural arguments in favour of linguistic provinces are neither convincing nor conclusive. On the other hand, the danger is real that linguistic provinces will promote and interpose a narrower linguistic loyalty, create a growing sense of sub-nationalism, which will soon develop into a demand for linguistic sovereignties, and break up the national unity of India which has been painfully and laboriously built up, thanks partly to British imperialism and partly to Indian nationalism.

Whatever be the merits and defects of the problem, it is necessary to respect the majority view under a democratic system. But the creation of the Andhra State has not been smooth and entirely democratic, constitutional and non-violent. It is more a warning than an example to follow. *If unpleasantness be inevitable either way, it seems the lesser evil to face it in resisting the demand for linguistic provinces than in conceding it.*

CASE FOR HANDLOOMS

By M. S. P.

MR. GULZARILAL NANDA, India's Planning Minister, announced a step in the right direction when he disclosed that the Central Government would promote the growth of cottage industries and encourage "labour-intensive" rather than "capital-intensive" industries to tackle the growing problem of unemployment. Obviously in a country like India, where manpower is both abundant and cheap, Government's policy should aim at the full utilisation of the labour supply available. To achieve this object encouragement and protection of cottage industries is the only course. Should large-scale industries push out of existence handicrafts, the country will be faced with a huge unemployment problem.

This is precisely the situation now confronting the handloom industry. But the scant attention paid by the Government to prevent this industry from going to the wall seems to be completely contradictory to the policy propounded by the Planning Minister. The biggest cottage industry in the land, which ranks next only to agriculture as a source of employment, has been in the doldrums now for several years with the Government now and then offering palliatives when the crisis is at its worst. No attempt has been made until recently to study the organisation of the industry and the problems facing it. It is to be hoped that the Textile Enquiry Committee will recognise the importance of this industry and recommend to the Government proper measures for ensuring its survival.

In considering the difficulties of the handloom industry, the Central Government has been inclined to treat them as a purely economic problem—nay, not even as an economic problem, but as a problem of efficiency of production. To say that handloom cloth is costlier than mill cloth and that, therefore, any protection given to the industry would be a financial liability to the nation,

is to take too narrow a view of the problem. This attitude ignores the vital part cottage industries can play in providing employment in a country like India where a large majority of the people, particularly in the rural areas, are either unemployed or under-employed. There is also an inclination on the part of the Union Government to dismiss the handloom weavers' plight as a human problem and not an economic problem, on the supposition that there is no economic solution to it. The problem of the weavers is certainly a human problem, a problem of millions of weavers whose family occupation is provided by handlooms. No Government can afford to ignore this problem for this reason alone. But it is not on this ground that the weavers demand protection against the unfair competition of the mills. The economic case for protection to handlooms has not been recognised by the authorities primarily because the weaving industry is not a properly organised one. If an organised industry had been afflicted, as the weavers had been, all the resources of the industry would have been used to present its case and compel the Government to concede its demands.

THE importance of the handloom industry in the national economy can be understood from the fact that there are at present 2.8 million handlooms in India providing employment to at least as many weavers. Those engaged in subsidiary occupations will form an equal number. It has been estimated that if the weavers have work throughout the year, they can produce 3,000 million yards of cloth (that is, 1,000 million yards more than would be necessary to meet the nation's demand in saris and dhotis); but, at present, owing to the present difficulties and slump, less than half the potential quantity is being produced. The common argument of those who oppose protection to handlooms is that the price of hand-woven cloth is higher

than that of mill cloth. It is a well-known principle in economics that average costs will be higher, the greater the difference between the actual output and the optimum capacity. Thus the present under-employment in the industry is at least partly responsible for the comparatively higher prices of handloom goods. Consequently, every measure which encourages the weavers to expand production will, by providing them more employment, lead to a diminution in costs.

There are also other reasons why handloom cloth is costlier than mill cloth. The weaver has to buy his yarn requirements from mills and the profits of the mills and any taxes that have to be paid cumulatively affect the final price of handloom cloth. Apart from this, as the Fact-Finding Committee has observed, "The handloom weaver is being mulcted on a number of fronts by a host of middlemen whose existence leads to a 'pyramiding' of the price of yarn and who have carried out nefarious practices in regard to the quality as well as the quantity of yarn supplied and fully exploited the ignorance, poverty and helplessness of the weaver." It has been calculated that the profits of the middlemen vary up to 46 per cent on account of the defective marketing system which largely contributes to the high price of handloom products.

THE present writer, therefore, suggests that, to get rid of these parasitic middlemen, it should be made obligatory on the part of all weavers to join cooperative societies, which would not only procure their needs but also market their products. Weavers would by so doing get their requirements cheaper than they would otherwise be able to, and can also sell their goods at lower prices. For cooperative societies would not raise the price of goods in an attempt to get maximum profits. It would also be worthwhile to consider whether weavers' co-operative societies could not be aided to establish spinning mills in selected areas, so that they can supply yarn to weavers at cost price. The recent decision of the Government to abolish control on

the price of yarn makes action on this suggestion all the more important. It has been the experience that when there is no yarn control, there is a seller's market for yarn and the weavers are the sufferers.

BESIDES, the argument that handloom cloth is costlier than mill cloth ignores the difference in quality and durability between the two products. Handlooms may not be able to produce goods as cheap as mills, but no one can deny that their products are superior. When I say that handlooms produce better cloth, I am referring only to the two varieties in which handloom weavers want reservation—dhotis and saris. But mill-owners are perturbed and pained that the poor consumers would have to pay a higher price for their dhotis and saris. The reader can judge for himself whether the organised mill-owners can exploit consumers, or weavers' co-operative societies which will be prevented statutorily from making more than a certain percentage of profits.

The argument that the consumer will suffer is misleading, as indeed it is designed to be. Did not the consumer suffer when cloth and yarn imports were heavily taxed so that our mill magnates may pocket sizable profits? Are they not paying a higher price for Indian sugar when cheaper sugar can be imported? The Central Government will do well to bear in mind that it was the ban on imports of cheap yarn which is partly responsible for the present troubles of the handloom industry. Evidence of this can be had from the remarks of the Tariff Board (in 1932) which said, "The Indian mill industry has been placed in a better position to compete against the handloom industry." Even now, if yarn imports are freely permitted, our handloom weavers can produce goods which may be cheaper than Indian mill products.

A solution of the handloom problem is being delayed only because the mill-owners are afraid that their profits would go down and they would have to change over to the production of other varieties if the production of dhotis and saris is reserved for handlooms. The Government is afraid to take the only

right step because of pressure from the organised industry. Instead it tried without success to throw dust into the eyes of the weavers by announcing that the mill production of dhotis and saris will be restricted to 60 per cent of the output in 1951-52—a peak year when production was 50,000 bales a month, while the output in 1949-50 and 1950-51 was only 25,000 and 16,000 bales a month respectively, which is the normal output of saris and dhotis.

THE social and political consequences of allowing the handloom industry to die out will be disastrous. Already a large number of weavers have taken to begging and can be seen on the streets of many cities and towns in South India. If the industry completely disappears, throwing out of employment nearly six million men, and depriving them and their dependents of their only means of livelihood, the disaster that will overtake the country may well

be imagined. The States will then have either to provide them alternative avenues of employment or maintain them at public expense. At the present rate of industrial development in India, no industry, not even all industries put together, can provide employment to the weaving population. Nor can agriculture, already overcrowded, absorb them. The country cannot afford the phenomenal cost of maintaining indefinitely millions of weavers. Society can therefore ignore this problem only at its peril. For, deprived of the means of earning their livelihood, and denied alternative avenues of employment, the weaver will drift swelling the ranks of the hungry and the discontented—an easy prey to those who want to stir up trouble and cause disaffection. Alleviation of the handloom weavers' suffering is, therefore, urgent and vital if greater problems which may well defy solution are to be avoided.

KARNATIC MUSIC

By

T. S. PARTHASARATHY

FROM many points of view, the 19th century was the Golden Age of Music in the history of the world. It was a golden era not only for Karnataka Sangita but also for Hindusthani music and European music. In the South, the great musical Trinity Tyagaraja, Muttuswami Dikshitar and Syama Sastri lived up to the middle of the century and enriched Karnataka music with their matchless kritis which will live as long as that system of music exists on this earth. Their brilliant disciples, many of whom became talented minor-composers in the post-Tyagaraja period, kept the flag of Karnataka music flying high. The period also witnessed a great revival of interest in classical music in North India and produced many of the immortal gavalayas who have left their tradition intact with the disciples of their various 'gharanas.' By a curious coincidence, some of the greatest composers and musicians of European music such as Beethoven,

Mozart, Wagner and Haydn also lived during this period and made invaluable contributions to Western music.

The beginning of the 19th century witnessed Karnataka Sangita at the pinnacle of its glory, but the main venue of its development had shifted to Tanjore, where first the Nayak rulers belonging to the Vijayanagar Empire and later the Mahratta Kings proved to be great patrons of music. Although several of the writers on music who followed Sarngadeva came from the Karnataka such as Vidyananya, Ramamatya, Somanatha and Govinda Dikshita, their classification of Melas and Ragas was not based on any scientific principle. It was finally left to Venkatamakhi, son of Govinda Dikshita, to invent a scientific system and this work he completed by writing his famous Chaturdandi Prakasika by about 1620. He fixed the maximum number of Melas that were possible and his scheme ruled unchallenged after his time. King Tulaja of Tanjore followed it up by writing his Sangita Saramrita about 1735 and he closely followed the system of Venkatamakhi. During the time of Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and

Syama Sastri, the 72 Melakarta scheme had become an accepted fact and the former two composers in particular composed their immortal melodies in the new Melas of Venkatamakhi.

TYAGARAJA, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri were highly accomplished musicians, masters of language and great bhaktas. Their compositions, which are in Telugu and Sanskrit, rank with the best in the world. As regards their music, one can say that they have, among themselves, exhausted all the possibilities that existed in the system. Some of their disciples became brilliant composers and among them may be mentioned Vina Kuppler, Venkatasubbier, Subbaraya Sastri and Venkataramana Bhagavatar. From the year 1870, the several *sishtyaparamparas* commenced publishing the compositions of Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, and the pioneers in this field were Tachur Singarachari and Sarveswara Sastri. In 1904, Subbarama Dikshitar published his monumental work in Telugu called the 'Sangita Sampradaya Pradarsini', which was a landmark in the musical history of South India. The days of *lakshana-karas* were coming to an end and musicians and composers concentrated on evolving a system of concerts which became very popular with the public.

During this period, although the Kannada speaking areas situated in the Bombay State were slowly changing over from Karnatic music to Hindustani music, the contribution of Karnatakas to the Southern system was no less significant. The unbroken line of the Haridasa movement of combining music with bhakti, continued till the middle of the 19th century, the last two Dasas being Gopala Dasa and Jagannatha Dasa. In Tanjore also, many of the Court musicians were Karnatakas and the most important of these was Pachimiriam Adiyappayya, who was a contemporary of King Tulaja. The composer Syama Sastri is stated to have treated him as his Guru and benefited much by listening constantly to his music. He composed a large number of Kritis with the mudra

'Venkataramana,' but he achieved immortality by composing his varnam in Bhairavi, commencing with the word 'Viriboni.' His son Krishnayya was a great Vina player and an adept in Tala. Mysore Sadasiva Rao was the Palace Vidwan at Mysore and was a younger contemporary of Tyagaraja. He belonged to Tyagaraja's own *sishtyaparampara*, being a disciple of Walajahpet Venkataramana Bhagavatar, a direct disciple of Tyagaraja. He was a talented composer of kirtanas, varnas and tillanas, and when Tyagaraja visited Walajahpet, Sadasiva Rao composed a kriti in Todi beginning with the words 'Tyagaraja Swami Vadalina' and sang it for the occasion. His song in Athana, 'Vachama Gocharundani' is famous. Lingaraj Urs of Mysore was a composer of sweet Sanskrit kritis and his famous kriti in Nilambari is 'Sringara Lahari.'

THE beginning of the 20th Century saw a rapid democratization of music. Raga lakshanas and musical theory were no longer the property of the expert but were available even to the common man through various publications. There was great activity in the publishing field. For the first time in history, music conferences were held in various parts of the country and raga lakshanas were discussed in public. Concerts became very popular and several giants like Maha Vaidyanatha Iyer, Vina Seshanna and Bidaram Krishnappa came to the field. The period also saw a complete change-over to Hindusthani music on the part of the Kannada speaking areas around Dharwar district where Karnatic music became a rare phenomenon.

Maharashtrian and Karnataka musicologists, however, continued to take an interest in the theory of Karnatic music and the late Sri Bhatkande of Poona even copied a few chapters of the Chaturdandi Prakasika from a manuscript in Madras and printed it for private circulation. Publishers in Bombay and Poona brought out a number of Sanskrit treatises on music by South Indian authors.

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The most significant contribution in this field was, however, made by my friend, the late Hulugur Krishnachar of Hubli. He was a rare combination of a practical musician and an erudite master of musical theory. His father was a professional Karnatic musician and a Sanskrit scholar and Krishnachar inherited both these qualities from him. His sound knowledge of Sanskrit gave him access to original works on music and he made a thorough study of the Natya Sastra of Bharata, the Sangita Ratnakara of Sarngadeva, its commentary Kalanidhi by Chatura Kallinatha and other works by later authors including those from the South. He was one of the handful of musicologists in this country who based their knowledge entirely on original sources.

ON the practical side, he apprenticed under Sri Palande and mastered a number of stringed instruments. His knowledge of applied music and also theory was warmly appreciated by doyens in the line such as Mangesh Rao Telang and Bhatkande. His mastery of Sanskrit secured for him the titles of 'Vidya Bhushan' and 'Vidya Bhaskara' from Ayodhya. Fully equipped with knowledge from original sources, he wrote as early as in 1924 his research article on the 'System of Srutis' as expounded by Sarngadeva in his Sangita Ratnakara. His explanation of this obscure theory was so lucid that it was warmly praised by experts in the field. In 1927, he presented at the All India Music Conference held at Madras his papers on "An introduction to the study of Bharatiya Sangita" and "The Indian Musical Scale." Although there was much opposition to his views at first, he was able to convince them all that the conclusions arrived at by him were based on authority. His firm conviction was that there existed throughout India only one musical 'mata' and it was the Bharata Mata handed down by Bharata and developed by Sarngadeva. He was also equally convinced that later day South Indian authors like Somanatha, Venkatamakhi and Tulaja, with the

solitary exception of King Raghunatha, totally misunderstood and misinterpreted Bharata's system.

He was of the belief that the system of 22 srutis was a perfectly practical proposition and could be demonstrated through a properly constructed Vina. To prove this, he himself devised an instrument called the Visva Vina and gave a demonstration of it before the Music Academy in 1941. In a Sanskrit poem written by him on this Vina, he says that the fretting principles of the Dhruva Vina and eight other Vinas were incorporated in the new Vadya. This Vina is now in the Palace Museum at Mysore. Among his works on music published so far, mention may be made of the "Karnataka Sangita Sastra Vimarse," "Karnataka Sangitavu Dasakutavu" and "Bharatiya Arya Sangitada Itihasavu." But most of his works are in the shape of lengthy research articles on music in English and Kannada, contributed to various journals. His work in Sanskrit verse called the "Sruti Siddhanta" is yet to be published.

AMONG the modern composers in the Karnataka Desa, mention must be made of Vasudevachar and Muthiah Bhagavata, both of Mysore. The former, who is happily in our midst even today, is the grand old man of music in Mysore. He is a prachina vidwan and is an embodiment of sampradaya. He is a disciple of Patnam Subrahmanya Iyer, the great composer and musician of Tiruvaiyur. Vasudevachar has composed hundreds of kritis, Tillanas and Ragamalikas in Telugu and Sanskrit, and some of them are very popular among musicians. The late Muthiah Bhagavata of the Mysore Samasthanana composed 108 kritis in the Kannada language in praise of Goddess Chamundeswari, the tutelary deity of the Mysore Royal family. Many of the padas of Purandara Dasa and other saints of the Dasakuta have been set to music in Karnatic ragas and are even today sung in concerts in South India.—English version of radio talk in Kannada broadcast from A. J. R., Dharwad.

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SWATANTRA

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Greatest Englishman Of Our Time

THE Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H., for so many years a Cabinet Minister, spoke in the BBC's General Overseas Service series, "Personal Portrait" about Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill. "For forty years of public life we agreed and differed, collaborated and fought," he said. He felt that he was still too near Sir Winston to be able to achieve a historic sense of perspective and he did not attempt to portray the dogged, grimly imperturbable features so well known to everyone. He had his own mental picture of more than sixty years ago when he was suddenly butted into the school bathing pool at Harrow and emerged to see "a freckled, red-haired little boy grinning with unholy glee at my discomfiture. He was indeed then, as ever since, aggressive and wholly irrepressible, too original to be popular with more conventional school fellows, but from the first a public character" said Mr. Amery.

Sir Winston won no laurels at Harrow and his real education was the one he gave himself in his spare time. He started with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and followed it with Macaulay. "Both coloured, or I should say, over-coloured, his literary and oratorical diction for years" said Mr. Amery. "From both he imbibed that profound and vivid sense of the romantic pageant and fateful movement of the history of nations and empires which have dominated his outlook through life." Churchill was an adventurous young soldier in many lands but he soon decided that his ambition would find greater scope in the political field. "It was a restless, passionate and consistent ambition which had sustained him through life" said Amery, "a determination to be remembered in after years as the outstanding figure of his age, above all if that age should be one of those great periods of world crisis in which England, in every century, has played the leading part." His birth and ancestry favoured him, but he had to earn his own living.

Luckily the early books in which he described his military adventures brought both fame and money, "In fact, he wrote himself both into and through public life" said Amery. He was a writer first, an orator later, and before becoming a successful public speaker he had to overcome an unmelodious voice and irritating lisp. It was hard for those who had listened to his mellow and sonorous eloquence in Parliament or when broadcasting, to realise the natural difficulties which he had overcome by infinite persistence.

There had been many vicissitudes in his political career and after thirty years in Parliament, many in high office, he was in 1929 consigned for ten years to the political wilderness. He spent many of them in writing the life of his great ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough. "Before it was finished," said Amery, "it became the preparation, by the nation's destined future leader, for a new struggle transcending all that had gone before in its long history." In May, 1940, Winston Churchill was by common consent accepted as the only possible national leader in the hour of mortal danger. "Now the time and place for greatness were his and he rose to the full height of his opportunity" said Amery. Everyone knew the story of his great leadership during the Second World War and, even when defeated in the General Election that came soon after, his was still the master mind on the world stage, and at Zurich, in 1947, "he launched a movement for European unity in a speech which may well prove to have been one of the great turning points in history." Now he was once more in power, still with all his unquenchable faith in the possibilities of a sane world order and also a determination to restore the Commonwealth to its rightful position of authority in world affairs. "There he stands," said Mr. Amery, "four-square, tenacious, ardent, persuasive, irrepressibly humorous, with a statesman's breadth of vision and not a few healthy human prejudices, the greatest Englishman of our time."—B. B. C. Weekly Talks Summary.

DANCES: FOLK AND CLASSICAL

By E. KRISHNA IYER

IN the memorandum of the Music Academy, presented to Miss Nirmal Joshi, Secretary of the Sangit Natak Academy, I was surprised to find the following: "In the proposed festival of folk dances, regard must be had to the rich variety of dances in South India. Between the aboriginal dances of the hill tribes and nomads on the one hand and Bharata Natya on the other there were a number of them like Yakshagana, Bhagavata Mela, Kuchupudi dance, the Kathakali and Karavanji." The memorandum has ignored the well known and typical folk dances of South India and reduced the three in italics to the level of folk dances.

As a matter of fact, Bharata Natya, properly understood, is a comprehensive generic system of Indian classical dance art, the principles and technique of which are applied to three species, namely (1) the lyrical solo Sadir-nautch (now monopolising the generic name, Bharata Natya), (2) the heavy dance-drama of an epic nature belonging to the Bhagavata Mela art, which is surviving only at Melatur in Tanjore district, and (3) the Lighter Kuruvanji ballet. The Bhagavata Mela is a superior classical type. The songs heard there resemble the masterpieces of Tyagaraja and Kshetragnya. Tyagaraja himself is said to have derived inspiration for his opera compositions from the dance-dramas of Venkatrama Sastriar. In the actual rendering of the dance-drama songs even today, they are far richer in raga bhava than those of the average concert platform. The vidwans who sing them are all highly trained musicians, some of whom, like Balu Bhagavata of Melatur, belong to Tyagaraja's *sishyaparampara*.

In *nritta* and *abhinava*, the Bhagavata Mela tradition is even today austere classical, following, as it does, the Natya Sastra rigidly. The dance and abhinaya of some of the veterans of the last generation like Melatur Natesa Iyer, Soolamangalam

Sitarama Bhagavata and Oothukad Swami Bhagavata were said to have elicited the unbounded admiration of leading Devadasi dance experts like Tiruvalur Gnanam. Moreover, in the Bhagavata Mela, rasas other than the cloying *sringara* of the Sadir-nautch are also expounded in an elaborate manner with a plethora of *kalpana* and rigid conformity to Natya Sastra, in *hasta-viniyogas*. The *sollukattus* for the rhythmic nuances of *adavujathies* are all sung in tune with *sruthi* unlike the unmusical *konnakole* mode of rendering them in Sadir-nautch. According to Natya Sastra, *natya* meant dance-drama and not merely dance. Hence Bharata Natya Sastra can be said to be more fully expounded in the Bhagavata Mela than in the solo Sadir-nautch. Such an art cannot be classified under folk dances.

THE Kuravanji belongs to the Natuva Mela and is expounded with classical music and Bharata Natya dance and abhinaya. Its exposition by Rukmini Devi and Balasaraswathi brings out its classical nature. The Kathakali, though evolved out of folk dance and still resembling it in some respects, is superior to folk dance.

The real folk dances of South India, with varying degrees of refinements, are the Kummi and Kolattam, the Bommallattam or marionette shows, the Puravi attam or dummy horse dance, the shadow play of Andhra Desa (with painted flat leather figures thrown on a white screen and manipulated by bamboo sticks), the Therukoothu of Tamil Nad and Veedhi nataka of the Andhras. The silhouette shadow plays of Tamil Nad seem to be dead now. It is rather strange that the Music Academy memorandum does not mention any of these topical folk dances. At any rate, the Bhagavata Mela dance-drama and Kuravanji cannot be called folk dances.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

"Donations" From Students

Sir,—It is understood that some engineering colleges in Mysore have started the practice of demanding and collecting from each applicant for admission a lump-sum donation of one thousand rupees, in addition to the fees. It may be presumed that the managements of such institutions were satisfied about the appropriateness of the procedure, though there may be legitimate difference of opinion about it. It has presumably been adopted with the object of finding funds for capital expenditure on buildings and equipment to improve the educational efficiency of the institutions. Some institutions, more enterprising and more in need of funds, may go one better and auction the seats to the higher bidders, even as Governments auction excise shops to get maximum revenue for welfare expenditure!

Perhaps there are better methods. The Poona Law College was organised by Mr. J. R. Gharpure, its first Principal, some decades ago. If memory serves right, only standard fees were charged to the students. The professors served in an honorary capacity, with only their out-of-pocket expenses paid. The classes were held in the mornings in the rooms of the Ferguson College, kindly lent by its authorities. The professors, who were practising lawyers, pooled their own law-books, and made them available to the students. The savings from college fees were accumulated for years. Subsequently, the college was able to purchase a whole hill-side, and put up magnificent buildings, equip a large library, and pay the teachers. Sacrifices were made voluntarily by the teachers and not imposed on the students. The objective was to extend educational facilities, and not to restrict it to the rich.

The same spirit, though not the same details, may inspire an engineering or other college, if a band of retired engineers or professors combined their competence, experience and public spirit. It may be easier if less expensive Arts departments are run side by side with the more expensive technological departments, so that the savings from

the former may be used for the latter, while the fees paid by students remain the same as elsewhere, if not lower.

Retired officers have some economic competence in their pensions; they have expert knowledge and organising experience and have been used to regular work, which they miss on retiring. They are in a position to render unique service to the young, if they will.

Bangalore.

P. KODANDA RAO.

S. S. L. C. Public Examination

Sir,—Kindly permit me to bring to the notice of the Government and the public, through your valuable columns, the disastrous effect of the changes frequently made by the S. S. L. C. Board in the scope, method and technique of the S. S. L. C. examination. During the past quinquennium, syllabuses were revised and re-revised, and the pattern of questions got re-formed and re-dissolved almost with kaleidoscopic effect. Pupils ask in despair, "What about the S.S.L.C. examination in 1954, 1955 and thereafter?"

Headmasters smile and look wise, teachers get distracted and pupils look weary and confused. The whole educational world seems to have lost its mooring and authors and publishers stake their all in a maze of ever-bewildering changes. In the name of the hundreds of thousands of the people affected, may I appeal to the authorities concerned to make the position clear and to see that a scheme and method, arrived at after a critical study and discussion by the people actually engaged in teaching the pupils, continues at least for a period of ten years? Is this a voice in the wilderness? I hope it will not be.

May I also appeal to the authorities to issue a clear and urgent notification about the scope and content of S. S. L. C. Public Examination, 1954?

V. KRISHNASWAMI SARMA.

E. V. R.

Sir,—In his article on E. V. R. in SWATANTRA of the 19th instant, Mr. P. C. Ganesan, while pointing out the merits inherent in E. V. R., has failed to make mention of his defects.

E. V. R., first and foremost, is the sole policy-maker in the Dravidian Federation. There is no such thing as the rank and file subscribing to the party's policy and programme. He is not clearcut in his demands. His conception of Dravida Nadu is not as extensive as that of the Dravidian Progressive Federation, with the result that E. V. R. leaves behind the impression that he will be satisfied even with having a small slice of South India. His non-recognition of economic betterment as a precursor to social equality and general indifference to economic pro-

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blems, have landed his philosophy in Communalism. He can still make amends.

Chingleput. P. N. KRISHNAN.

Mentor And Signet Books

Sir,—The explanation given by Mr. William Rutter for the sale of the above books in India is quite convincing and rational. Even though one might take objection to the cheap get-up of the books themselves, one cannot deny the fact that they have met the requirements of Indian readers in that they provide reading material at very reasonable prices. Of course one has to oppose the import of obscene books but I think the discriminating reading public will gradually go in for only those books which are stimulating and enjoyable reading, and good matter for a healthy mind. This does not mean that books giving useful and much-wanted information on physiology and important aspects of sex life should be banned.

This is a problem which, I think, had better be left to the keen sense of propriety of the average reader who, after all, is the man who is going to encourage the sale of books.

Bombay. N. R. SUBRAMANIAN.

Film Federation

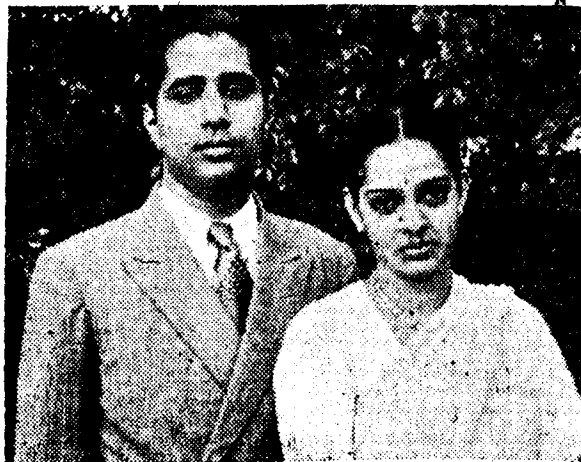
Sir,—Such of those as are genuinely concerned over the film industry's future, (which if not bleak, is far from bright) and watched with keen interest the proceedings of the Executive Committee of the Film Federation of India, which held two full days of deliberations and discussions at Madras recently, would have been sadly disappointed.

The all-important issue of self-regu-

lation was, instead of being boldly and squarely faced meekly sidetracked, under the plea that the Federation is averse to issue any directive to its own members, which has any semblance of compulsion. The establishment of the Film Finance Corporation, it is stated, is in the 'consideration stage' with the Central Government. As regards suitable measures to check the indecent publicity of pictures, it is understood that steps are being taken to draw up a code. There has been, however, one conclusive and unanimous decision and that was the observance of the 'Federation Day' on the 5th August, '53 and to request the cinema houses all over India to make over the proceeds of the evening show towards Federation funds!

It is repeated ad nauseum that India's film industry is the second largest one in the world. It is also tirelessly dinned into the ears of the public that the film industry's contribution to the provincial and Central exchequers is no mean one. These are indeed facts. But if there is an industry in India, which is most ill organised and woefully lacking in internal solidarity and is shockingly slow for any consolidated action for its own progress it is the film industry. Till such time as the so-called spokesmen realise this and shake off the inertia and indifference that has become the curse of this industry, and put up a united front, through virile leadership, it is useless to expect any sympathy much less support from the Central Government, which is admittedly anything but favourably disposed towards it. It stands today.

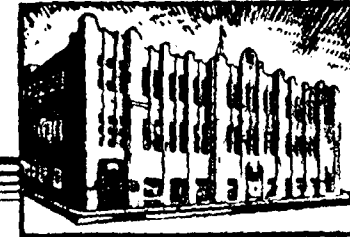
P. N. SUBRAMANIAN, P. Com.



Sushagayatri Devi, daughter of Sri N. K. Aiyer, Manager, T. I. Cycles of India and Chl. Venkataramani, who were married on 12th July in Madras.

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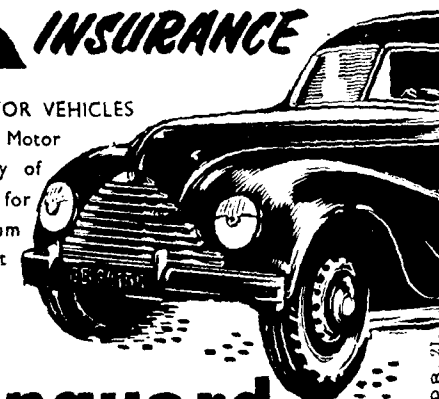
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