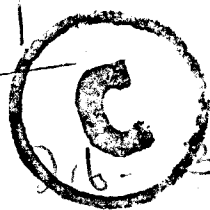


SWATANTRA

VOL VIII 1953

No. 216-30



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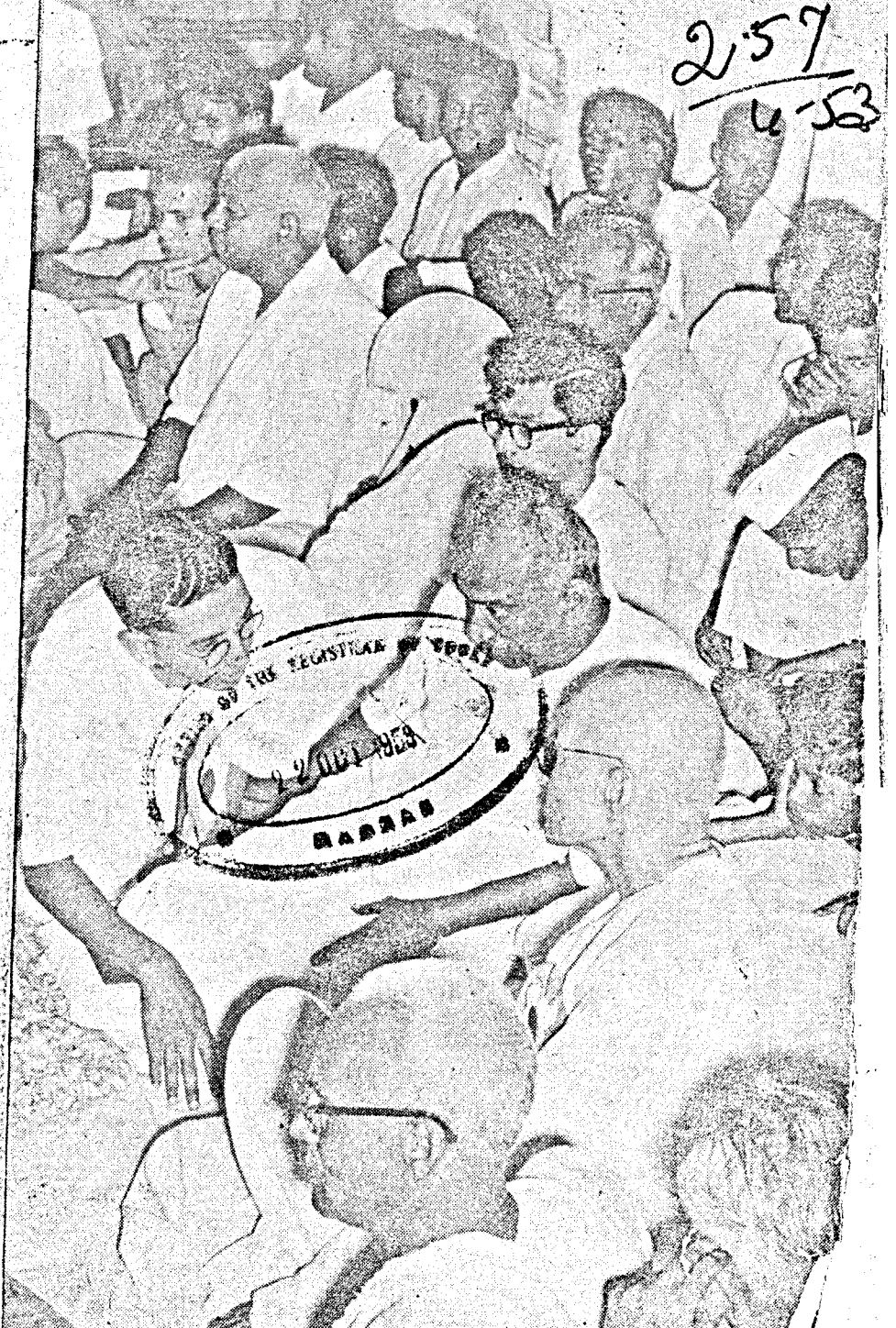
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VIII. No. 26

UG. 1, 1953

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August 1 1953

SWATANTRA

1

Amrutanjan

NO balm which is worth that name,
Fails to salute Amrutanjan fame,
As their smell and shape too are imitations
Of this hoary parent, though with limitations.

By a trick of trade they jump into market,
Some sily and others as a rocket,
With various degrees of loss or success
They dance a while and lose the axis.

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Coming from extreme heat to roughest cold.

On every ache it puts a brake,
Over every pain it lays its rein,
Respite and rest follow its wake,
Comfort and cure thereafter rain.

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Inactive turns his brain or nerve,
He uses Amrutanjan to reap
His former activity's reserve.

While to the children and to the young,
It serves a call and deals a cure,
To the aged and patients weak of lung,
It is a constant nurse and relief sure.

Ever remember this constant factor,
Amrutanjan is the foremost doctor
To consult for checking the paining sector
Of every disease and hence a nectar.

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

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SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

Vol. VIII. No. 26. Sat. August 1, 1953.

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COVER PAGE: Saidapet Taluk Political Conference.

• Montague Tigg, Esq., in Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit, an ever-needy character like our modern State Governments, wanted to borrow a paltry sum of five shillings from Mr. Pecksniff and failed. If Tigg had survived the fiscal cataclysm of a century and become our Finance Minister, he would have succeeded in getting ten shillings when he needed only five and without a qualm would have pocketed the amazing surplus.

• But one needn't practise the fine art of borrowing if one were placed in the position of Stationmaster Sri Krishnamurti, that ardent devotee of Lord Hanuman, master at cards, himself a card, and imbibing steadily from the bottle, was perpetually worried about feeding thirteen hungry mouths. He didn't borrow; he just took.

• Keep to the left is ever a good rule as many can tell. But policemen directing the traffic in the City through loudspeakers—and in such mellifluous voices too!—from mobile vans—should they not keep a civil tongue in their heads when they speak out the good rule? Instead they throw off such pearls and blossoms of good manners as these: "You dhadi wallah, there, don't walk in the middle of the road. You koodai, get up! Karuppu kullai, look alive, do you want to fall under the bus? Eh, padikira ponnu, eh, college ponnu, look about you!"

The cops surely have come to their kingdom.

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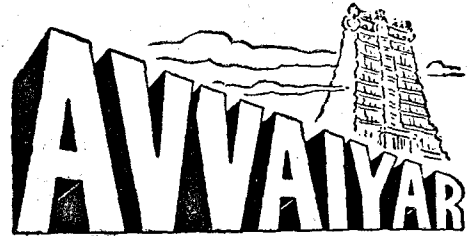
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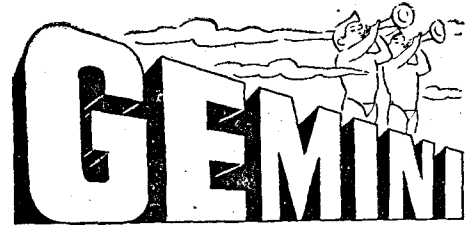
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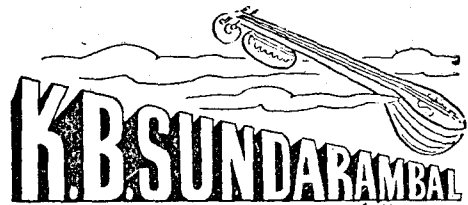
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G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

• When one falls in love, what is it that happens? It is an intangible something that none of us can explain. Perhaps it is as well, because it is an emotional miracle and miracles lose their enchantment when the mechanics of them can be neatly explained with diagrams of them in a book.

• From the lovely to the unlovely, it is a gear-change that jolts but the jolt is already being felt by the Andhras as the birth date of their 'Growth-child' is approaching nearer. For the Andhras, surely, the need of the hour is superior leadership to lift their politics out of the morass into which it has sunk. Retreat into the past is a favourite pastime with many of us, especially when the present is sordid and dreary; let us then read about the events that led to the formation of the INA under the leadership of Netaji Bose. It is one of the romances of Indian nationalism.

• Blessed are the sponsors of our New Elementary Education Scheme, for they know not what they do. When a cool-headed publicist looks into it he is puzzled; where will it all lead to?—he asks and presents before us the grotesque picture of the lad of eighteen, educated in the "new look" style education, ready for the State's Adult Education Scheme. Of such is the Kingdom of Congress Heaven.

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(Listed Weekly)

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• An intellectual hobo, a romantic without roots, a grown man still adolescent—that is Mr. Jaya-prakash Narayan. Now he swears by Bhoodan, and if sweet persuasion isn't going to fetch one-sixth of every man's land, does the Big Stick in the offing imply a touch of rum to the rosewater?

• Now for the soaring space from the solid land—got as Bhoodan!—beneath your feet. Johnson wrote in his RASSELAS a century and three-quarters ago: "I have been long of opinion that, instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground"; (but) "If men were all virtuous I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure, invade them from the sky?" Read this in conjunction with the FLIGHT INTO SPACE. With the spread at which science advances knowledge today, ignorance stands in danger of total annihilation!

• China and India, both historically the oldest of Eastern civilizations have dissimilar ideologies now; on the competition of these two rests Asia's future and ultimately the equilibrium of world power.

• And Communist China has her covetous eye on Malaya. But with the Britisher still doggedly hanging on and the national forces steadily consolidating, she cannot be an easy plum for the Chinese patch.

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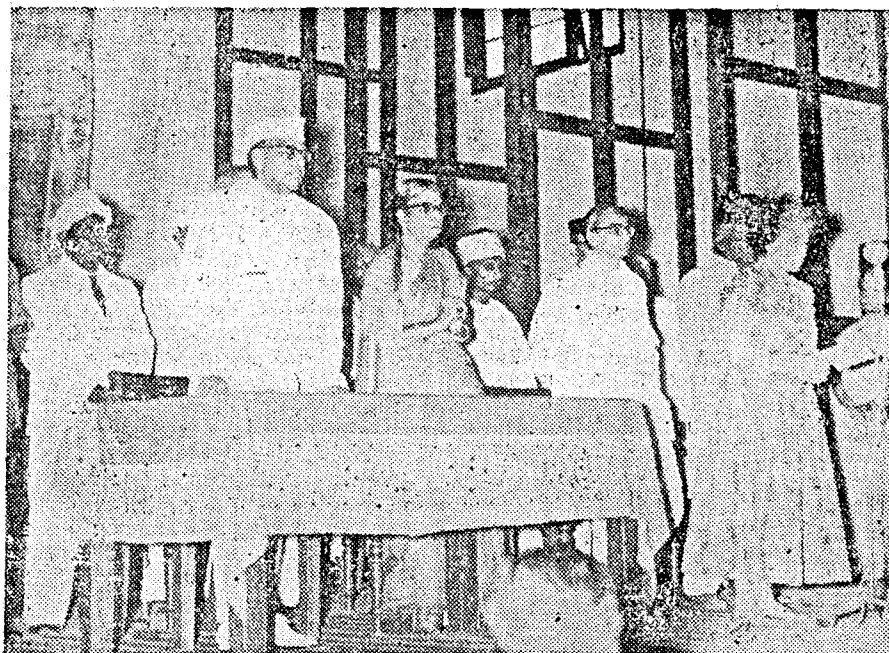
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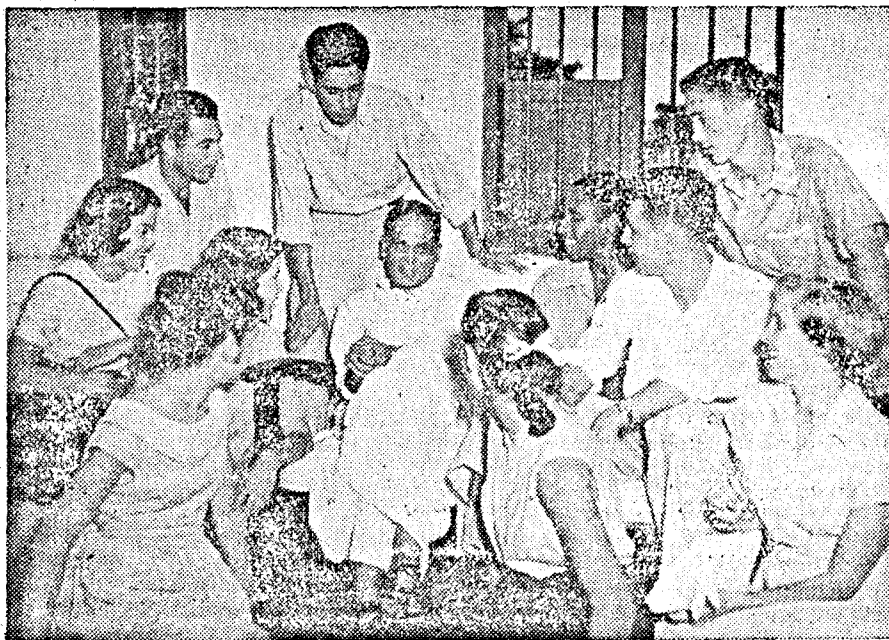
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(Above) Photo taken at a public meeting held at St. Mary's Hall on the 14th to demand kind and humane treatment to animals, showing Mr. Sri Prakasa, the Governor, Srimati Rukmani Devi, Mr. Tenneti Viswanadham and others.

(Below) AMERICAN STUDENTS STUDY "BHOODAN": Political leader Jaya Prakash Narain explains details of Bhoodan movement to ten American students from University of California.



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G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

WE BELIEVE

That a newspaper or a journal is by natural right the property of its readers;

- *That because of this, editors are but temporary custodians, their tenure related to and dependent upon their faith in the judgment and intelligence of the reader;*
- *That such faith can only be established by avoiding both the condescension of talking down and the presumption of talking up;*
- *That a journal requires, even as a person requires, certain qualities indelible and readily identifiable, in order to be effective;*

That high among these qualities is a response to values, the strength to create values and the faith to defend values;

That a journal should reflect a sense of adventure and excitement about life in general and about ideas in particular;

- *That ideals are the main business of the writers, and that people will respond to ideals far beyond the anticipations of their denominational leaders;*

That editing, ultimately, is not paring but creating.

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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August 1 1953

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OUR HALF-BAKED EDUCATIONISTS

IN an Introduction to the Guide Book published by the Education Department on the modified scheme of elementary education in the State, Sri Rajagopalachari has expressed his firm belief "that a half-baked craft teacher made to order cannot be an efficient instrument for the development of Basic Education." He is convinced "that we should make use of the actual farmer and craftsman who make their living by their work." Elaborating the Chief Minister's point further, the Guide Book says: "The present modified scheme may be considered as class room learning plus manual work. Basic Education is education through manual work and especially village handicrafts. The present scheme is nearer to Basic Education than the old system. That is why it is clearly anticipated that the modified scheme will pave the way for Basic Education."

THERE seems to be an utter confusion in the relation between the present scheme and Basic Education as expounded above, demonstrating clearly that several half-baked educationists have been at work on the preparation of the Guide Book. If Basic Education is education through manual work who is the instrument of such an educational process? He is either a teacher who has learned a craft, or a craftsman who has learned teaching, one who in either alternative would fall into the category of half-baked craft-teachers so superciliously sniffed at by C. R. While the craft-teacher is the pivot of Basic Education, he is anathema to C. R., he is contemptuously condemned as half-baked, and we are called upon to pin our faith on the actual farmer and the craftsman who make their living by their work as perhaps full-baked craft-teachers. This is the monstrous assumption that damns the whole scheme as immature and fantastic.

THE reduction of school hours from five to three will not do much harm nor the increase of working days from five to six. The enhanced burden of the two shifts with their additional daily and weekly labour may be compensated for in some form or other to the teachers bearing the brunt of it. It is quite true, as the Guide Book says, that "in a poor country like India it is absolutely necessary that all waste of expenditure must be avoided and the maximum results obtained from whatever amounts are spent on any item of work." And it may be accepted without hesitation, as claimed in the Book that under the Chief Minister's scheme, "with the same school space, the same staff and equipment, double the present number of children can come in". It is in the rosy hopes built under the scheme, of instruction in the skill of the fingers and on general manual work that its architects have failed.

take note of realities and begun to run away with their imagination. Hard-working men that have to earn their living will neither have the time nor the fitness to teach children, and after the first novelty of the innovation has worn off, things will go on just the same as before except that the children will spend two hours less in their schools and two hours more in their homes. Just as the subtraction of two hours from schooling is deemed unlikely to cause any hurt, the addition of two hours to out-of-school time must be deemed equally unlikely to confer any gain.

THE acquisition of skills in the work of fingers is a laborious process and calls for skilled attention and teaching by qualified persons, and the Chief Minister under-estimates the whole problem in ordaining airily that "the Village School Council will guide the various activities contemplated in the out-of-school programme." It is nonsense to speak of joy and happiness visiting the schools as a result of the scheme. Joy and happiness are not so easy to produce.

THE Chief Minister has gone the wrong way with his scheme, and instead of seeking co-operation from teachers and parents, offering his proposals for discussion and improvements in the light of discussion, he has imposed it on the public as an executive measure very much like a police order to be implicitly obeyed. Even the good points in the scheme have been impaired by its being taken out of the democratic procedure and enforced as an autocratic ukase. The Legislative Assembly has signified its displeasure at being reduced into the position of a dummy in connection with the scheme, by demanding in a resolution that the scheme be stayed and referred to an expert committee of officials and non-officials. The Chief Minister is reported to have dealt with the resolution lightly and flippantly by saying that it was only a recommendation. Evidently it is his conception of a recommendation that it may be ignored. If so, we shall be witnessing the aggravation of an indiscretion by the piling upon it of a patent constitutional impropriety.

Art Of The Borrower

BORROWERS have to be affable. The classic example of the affable would-be borrower is Mr. Montague Tigg, an ever-needy character in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*: How irresistible he seems as he makes his first appearance in the fourth chapter and seeks to extract from Mr. Pecksniff a loan for his friend Chevy Slyme, a small matter of five shillings, "to be punctually repaid next week." Finding that Mr. Pecksniff made no move to oblige, Mr. Tigg asked: "You are not in want of change, are you?"

"No," said Mr. Pecksniff, "thank you. Not at all."

"Just so," returned Mr. Tigg. "If you had been, I would have got it for you." With that he began to whistle; but a dozen seconds had not elapsed when he stopped short, and looking earnestly at Mr. Pecksniff, said, "Perhaps you'd rather not lend Slyme five shillings?"

"I would much rather not," Mr. Pecksniff rejoined.

"Egad!" cried Tigg, "it's very possible you may be right. Would you entertain the same sort of objection to lending me five shillings, now?"

"Yes, I couldn't do it indeed," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"Not even half-a-crown, perhaps?" urged Mr. Tigg.

"Not even half-a-crown."

"Why, then, we come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteenpence. Ha! ha!"

"And that," said Mr. Pecksniff, "would be equally objectionable."

On receipt of this assurance, Mr. Tigg shook him heartily by both hands, protesting with much earnestness, that he was one of the most consistent and remarkable men he had ever met, and that he desired the honour of his better acquaintance.

Whether it is the impecunious Mr. Tigg, or the Finance Minister of a great State, loans are raised on credit, and the essence of credit is an appearance of excess in assets over

the amounts sought to be borrowed. People are willing to lend so long as the borrower succeeds in creating the impression that he is conferring a favour and there is a limit to his capacity to oblige by accepting the loans offered. In State loans the return of the unaccepted surplus is a fine psychological device for whetting the appetite of the lender and making him avid for further investment of funds in the next loan without missing the opportunity. By increasing the amount of the loan to absorb excess subscriptions, instead of rejecting the surplus, it is to be feared our Chief Minister has acted inexpertly and undermined the very basis of official credit in the floating of loans.

Official Rowdyism

LAST Wednesday the Calcutta police made a wholly unprovoked attack on journalists on duty to report the disturbances in connection with the resistance movement against the increase in tram-fares. Evi-

dently the object of the attack was to put out of action the cameras which some of the pressmen carried, so that a true picture of the events may not appear in the papers. As the press is incapable of provocations in any form justifying direct police action, as it does not, for example, throw stones, indulge in riots, obstruct the traffic, or hold disorderly meetings, the action of the Calcutta police was demonstrably in excess of their duties, and it destroyed public confidence in the dependability of the city police as nothing else has done in recent years. The press of the country in all important centres had risen in united protest against the Calcutta atrocity. Ministers in their chagrin at press criticisms often indulge in disparagement and strike offensive attitudes, and taking the cue from them, the police run riot and manhandle journalists as at Calcutta. The Calcutta outrage is a symbol of the spirit of rowdyism rampant in the heart of officialdom.



Sotto Voce

ENTENTE OR INTERLUDE?

AS a child I remember wondering wistfully, while we bundled ourselves into the family bullock cart to return home, why life should not be one long marriage. I was not thinking of the bride and the bridegroom but of us the guests at some rich cousin's wedding. The week over which the wedding celebrations were spread was an interlude in fairyland. The beautifully decorated pandal—a vast expanse of white muslin inside, on which floated delectable lilies of

green and gold—the piping minstrelsy, the multitude of women's processions ceremonially carrying all manner of delicacies from the bride's house to the bride-groom's, in which one hoped to have a share, and above all, the relaxation of all domestic discipline and the complete holiday from books—one felt one could live contentedly for ever in that gilded setting.

Our Prime Minister feels the same

artless delight in light and colour, in the happy voices of festal crowds, in the atmosphere of enveloping if evanescent cordiality in which he likes to curl himself up like the child in the mother's womb. And just now his wishes are being abundantly gratified. Hardly had he returned from his triumphal tour of Europe and the sights and sounds of the Coronation, where he was the cynosure of all eyes, when the invitation to visit Karachi came. And everybody in Pakistan from the Prime Minister to the Editor of *Dawn* laid himself out to be exceedingly nice to him and welcomed him with fanfares. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Nehru would remain irresponsive to this glittering goodwill.

He went with a retinue which suggested a wedding party rather than a business delegation. He was received with honours reminiscent—if one may trust the accounts in the Press—of the glamour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And he has come back highly satisfied with the results of his mission. Whether the Indian public will share that satisfaction when it gets more details of what transpired remains to be seen. So often have our trustful Prime Minister's hopes been falsified—the Nehru-Liaquat Ali Pact was one of the last of his disappointments—that it might be well, in his own interest, not to take his effervescent tribute to the New Spirit in Pakistan literally.

So far, amidst much speculation, the public has been given but one or two crumbs of fact. And these are not of the kind that it will chew with relish. We are told that the two Prime Ministers have agreed that the Cooch-Bihar enclaves in West Bengal and East Pakistan should be exchanged. But the official communiqué omits mentioning a pertinent fact, that the territory India will cede will be much greater than that she gets in return. We are told that "the terms and conditions" of the exchange are to be discussed further. These may possibly bring out the compensating advantages India stands to gain. But if these further talks fail, as they have failed so often

in the past, one more 'grievance' will have been handed over to Pakistan on a plate.

That apart, have the Cooch-Beharis no right to be heard? Enclaves may be an administrative nuisance, but in trying to tidy up borders we must not overlook the heart-burning and the suffering it may involve thousands of unhappy families in. Likewise the Prime Minister's airy denunciation of the 'absurd' laws concerning evacuee property are not calculated to reassure the millions of unfortunates who have lost their all in West Pakistan. These laws have in fact been largely infructuous; they amounted to locking the stable-door after the horse has been stolen.

But, such as they were, they were better than nothing. Refugees from Pakistan have lost, at the lowest valuation, four times as much property as refugees from India. Most of the movable property they left in Pakistan has simply vanished. Such few assets as could not be disposed of in that manner have been sold for a song. And the sums credited on this account have been steadily nibbled away by charges for warehousing, cost of administration *et hoc*. As for the millions of acres of land which they had left behind—some of the finest land in the world—these have been allotted to evacuees from India at farcical rates of compensation.

Contrast this with what has happened in India. With quixotic generosity rich men who had moved out to Pakistan were for long enabled to do pretty much what they liked with their property here. They sold out at very favourable rates—for there was no concerted attempt to beat down prices—or drew rich dividends for many years in the shape of rents. They came and went as they pleased. When, belatedly, restrictions of some sort were imposed quite a few big men were granted special dispensations which left them untouched. Are we going to see the few remaining safeguards jettisoned?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

As our inclinations, so our opinions.
—GOETHE.

THE Chief Minister is to be congratulated on having abandoned his intention of stripping the buses of their cushions. Not being the sort of man with any doubts about his own infallibility, he is not given to reflect and revise a decision once taken and announced. Nor did he lack supporters in this particular matter of the bus cushions. One local daily newspaper actually saw in the proposed removal of the cushions virtues not visible to ordinary observers, it found in it scope for valuable spiritual discipline. The word *spiritual* is one of the most remarkable words in the language. Like *karma*, whatever is inexplicable, or indefensible, or not sustainable on the plane of ordinarily comprehensible logic or reality is referred back to it as to the all-sufficing major premise of a complicated syllogism. Those that are very comfortably off find in the distress of the destitute a spiritual value. Spirituality is an antidote gratuitously rubbed without charge into the consciousness of sufferers of all kinds, especially by benefactors who never have any chance of themselves passing through the experiences in which they are so ready to perceive spiritual virtues when they fall to the lot of others. It was therefore not surprising that a millionaire press baron whose existence is one of cushioned comfort at home and abroad should be quick to perceive the spiritual potency of hard wooden planks on buses, and proceed to plead for them with enthusiasm and gusto in his paper. All the more the credit due to C. R. for having retraced his steps, instead of going forward inflicting spiritual discipline through physical discomfort *en masse* on the City's bus-faring public, egged on by his Northcliffian friend and ally.

Though the bus-farers have escaped from the wooden seats, their lot is by no means enviable. More and

more of them are forced to wait in queues for inordinate periods, wasting their time unprofitably when it could be more usefully employed. The economic value of wasted time consequent on the inadequacy of the City transport arrangements must be prodigious, though it is largely avoidable and wholly due to the indifference and incompetence of the State authorities. The principle that for the fare paid a seat is due has long ago been buried. A great number of the buses are merely trucks, originally intended to transport sand or bricks or cattle. There is no excuse for imposing on the unfortunates having to depend on bus transport the status of goods and cattle indefinitely under cover of an emergency. No private company running a transport service in the manner in which the State is running it here, would be tolerated for a week. Competition would have kept fares down and efficiency up and promoted a fair measure of comforts and amenities. Having got rid of competition and converted the transport system in the City into a monopoly, the Government are running it with no other motive except profit, crudely, spending as little as possible on improvements and grabbing the maximum extractable as revenue. A very small fraction of the rapacity that has become normal form in Madras, has thrown Calcutta into a conflagration. Nowhere else in India is there so much exploitation by the Government of the docility and law-abiding character of citizens as here, and nowhere is it so peacefully and dutifully endured.

MADRAS traffic is probably the best regulated in the whole country, and the traffic constables of the City and their directing heads have good reason to be proud of it. But the educational endeavour of the Traffic department is deplorably lacking in polish and courtesy. It is a good innovation to send round police lorries fitted with loud-speakers to instruct wayfarers about the

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rules of the road and other relevant particulars. But the instruction would lose nothing of its efficacy if conveyed in polite language. Here is a sample of the directives that one ordinarily listens to, emanating from the voice, always gruff and never gentle, in the loudspeaker-fitted police van: "You *dhadi wallah*, there, don't walk in the middle of the road! You *koodai*, get up! *Karupu kullai*, look alive, do you want to fall under the bus? Eh, *padikira ponnu*, eh college *ponnu*, look about you!" These admonitions and exhortations are no doubt well meant, but they are offensive, and if they are not resented more than they are, it is because the sense of humour in people is greater than their irritation under the annoyances that come their way.

D. R. M. V. KRISHNA RAO and Professor D. Venkata Rao fought valiantly for retention of the Second Chamber in the new Andhra State. There was sound sense in one particular argument which they advanced; that the elections tend to shut out some men of real talent with a distaste for the hustings, and the Second Chamber through its limited seats open to nomination, provides a means for enabling such men to render valuable service to the State. It is one thing, however, to utilise an already existing Second Chamber to nominate to it desirable elements shut out in the elections. It is a totally different thing to consider the desirability of the Second Chamber itself from the standpoint of the political opportunity to be provided for such elements. This particular argument was moreover vitiated by the peculiar position in which its two principal protagonists found themselves. Had they not so much to lose through the scrapping of the Legislative Council in the Andhra State, their pleas for its retention would have commanded greater weight. It is a law of nature that to the extent self-interest is mixed up with principles enunciated in the name of public interest, the value of the principles gets discounted, and the size of the self-interest appears magnified.

SAKA

"... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

'A. I. R.', Delhi, celebrated the anniversary of its National Programme with broadcasts on two successive nights by staff musicians. On July 18 the A. I. R. Vadya Vrind, conducted by Pandit Ravi Shankar, broadcast an exposition of the northern *Rageshwari*. This was followed by a brief vocal recital of North Indian music by Sohan Singh, characterised by firm technical competence and a deep, nasal twang. An equally brief recital of Carnatic music on the violin by Mr. T. K. Jayarama Iyer concluded the programme. Next night, the Vadya Vrind, conducted by Mr. T. K. Jayarama Iyer, rendered an 'alapana' and a piece in the southern *Sahana*. A vocal recital of Carnatic music by Balamurali Krishna, characterised by a certain warbling in the higher reaches, followed; and finally Pandit Ravi Shankar treated listeners to a recital of North Indian music on the Sitar.

One cannot help feeling that with a little forethought this anniversary could have been made less domestic. Without sacrifice of the equal opportunity to North Indian and Carnatic music, distinguished exponents who have not yet performed in the National Programme could have been found for the occasion.

Mr. S. Vayapuri Pillay spoke on *Kalingathu Parani* as a work exemplifying 'Humour in Tamil Literature' on July 20, from Trivandrum. The choice of example intrigued me, for while Tamil is rich in every shade of humour, the *parani* is a highly rhythmical poetic form of triumph over the massacre of the enemy's forces, and *Kalingathu Parani*, which tells about the utter annihilation of the Kalinga armies by the forces of a Chola king, is noted for its vivid detail. In classical Tamil, 'ghouls' always figure in descriptions of corpse-strewn battlefields, and probably there is no fuller account of these gruesome fiends than in this poem. One would have

thought that a work of this description offers small scope for humour, especially for 'nakhai-ch-chuvai' (risible mirth) which was the specific form of humour that the talk featured.

Mr. Vayapuri Pillay spoke with the telling, expressive simplicity that only a scholar of his attainments can command. He knew just what he wanted to say, and it is a long time since I have heard broadcast Tamil of such charm and adequacy. The radio, along with the abundance of cheap magazines published these days, offers opportunities in plenty for every kind of tripe. It was refreshing to hear such Tamil.

ABOUT *Kalingathu Parani*, Mr. Vayapuri Pillay put forward an original view. At the outset he pointed out that in our old tales humour is often conveyed by humanising animal characters, as in the *Panchatantra*. After telling listeners about *Kalingathu Parani*, he went on to the descriptions of ghouls in the work—how humanised their appearance and behaviour were, with that touch of grotesque, gargantuan distortion in their description that made them seem ridiculous. He mentioned specific descriptions—of maimed and infirm ghouls; of huge female ghouls that lifted camels on to their hips, in the manner of children, and fondled them! of the unholy, uncontrollable glee of the fiends at the prospect of the feast that lay spread for them on the battlefields of Kalinga. His point was that the horror of the massacre of thousands of men and beasts was, to some extent, mitigated by the ridiculous humanisation of the ghouls. This, he said, constituted the peculiar humour of the poem.

I realise that primitive humour is often abandoned and cruel, moreover, that it is great art to depict ghouls with a primitive touch. All the same I think Mr. Vayapuri Pillay's choice of *Kalingathu Parani* as a humour-

rous work was a sad mistake. The humanisation of the ghouls he spoke of is not an unconventional, intentional attempt to make them seem ridiculous, but is wholly traditional. Fiends, demons and apparitions are always endowed with more or less human or bestial looks and behaviour, not only in Tamil but also in the literature of every language. The mind cannot conceive of imagery, however demoniacal, except in terms of the known. No doubt there is a grim, horrible humour about certain passages in *Kalingathu Parani*, but to speak of it as 'nakhai-ch-chuvai' is far-fetched—what dominates the poem is powerful rhythm and a sense of gloating triumph that induces the creeps in the reader and not laughter.

BEING an incorrigible crime story addict, I had looked forward to Mr. Justice Mack's talk on 'The Origin and Growth of the Crime Story' from Madras on July 24—and I was not disappointed. In a succinct introduction, Mr. Mack pointed out that crime stories are among the earliest records of humanity—he referred to the epic seduction of Helen of Troy and the biblical murder story of Cain and Abel, then went on, through murderers in Shakespearean tragedies, to the modern age of crime literature, where the police squad and private detectives make their appearance. His account of what one may call the classical period in this age was no less comprehensive and just. Beginning with Poe, the recognised originator of detective fiction, he gave a representative list, the immortal Holmes being given precedence, very properly (I thought, though, that in stressing Conan Doyle's deft exploitation of Dr. Watson's subordinate role, he rather ignored the fact that Holmes remains the most vividly and unforgettably sketched character in crime literature, to this day). Others he mentioned were Leblanc's Arsene Lupin; Chesterton's paradoxical Father Brown; the blind Max Carrados of 'Ernest Bramah' (posterity will remember this versatile writer, of course, as the creator of Kai Lung); Agatha Christie's dandified,

'foreign' Hercule Poirot, so full of faith in "the little grey cells"; Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey; Hornung's Raffles, the Robin Hood of



"Well, my dear Watson . . ."

crime fiction, and from among the host of characters created by Edgar Wallace, Four-square Jane. Quite a representative selection from the literature of the recent past, especially considering that Mr. Mack took care to point out that he had no time for a comprehensive list.

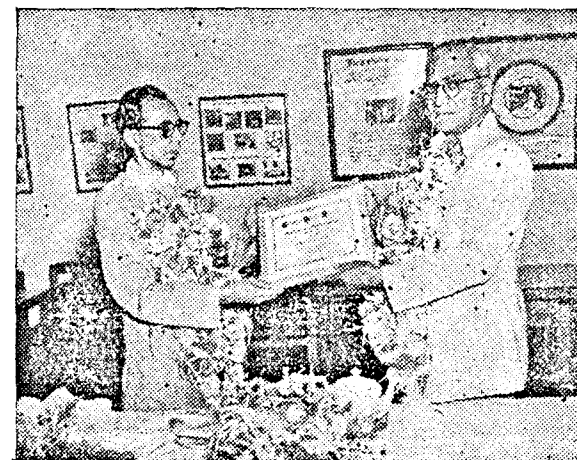
OVER the attempt to imbue the crime story with verisimilitude, by bringing in police records and judicial diaries and similar 'true-detective' documents (real or imaginary), Mr. Mack was refreshingly emphatic—he denounced the class, with a few exceptions, as balderdash. I am not sure of it as my wireless was confused for the moment, but I think he mentioned Ashton Wolfe's accounts of the exploits of the Paris Surete among the exceptions; these are accounts of actual crimes illustrated with photographs and told with a fine feeling for the dramatic that makes them fascinating reading.

Mr. Mack thought present-day crime literature rather poor; that the touch of genius that was there in what he called "the pre-combustion-engine age" was rarely recap-

tured by writers of today's machine age. As Ellery Queen and a number of other crime story experts have pointed out, tastes vary so widely and quickly in detective fiction that it is unsafe to hold on to fixed values in judging the best books. Most people will agree with Mr. Mack that many of the masterpieces of the literature belong to the past, but listening to him one did gain the impression that his reading of the current literature was limited. It was significant that after going on to English writers from Poe, he never recrossed the Atlantic. I was rather surprised that he did not mention Perry Mason, Gardner's lawyer-detective whose cases are so often resolved in law courts, for Gardner today has gained as wide popularity and is as prolific as Edgar Wallace was in his day. Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe will stand comparison to any of the older brigade of detective fiction heroes, and there are a number of other American writers with authentic claims to recognition.

TOWARDS the end, Mr. Mack was somewhat moralistically concerned with the social effects of the

literature, and it was while commenting on its "fortunate" lack of development in the Indian languages that he assigned a strange cause for the lack—that our multiplicity of scripts thwarts creative crime story writing. It is well known that Mr. Mack sincerely believes that if the Roman script were to be adopted in all Indian languages, many handicaps could be overcome, but even if that were so, I cannot understand how the fact that Tamil literature (for example) is in the highly individualistic Tamil script accounts for the paucity of crime stories in that language. It seems equally reasonable to attribute the popular lack of fervour for National Savings Certificates as the cause for the incipience of detective fiction in Indian languages. In fact, the only connection that one can see between Mr. Mack's criticism of vernacular scripts and his topic is something that is, how shall I say it, injudiciously criminal. How many otherwise undiscoverable master-minds have been betrayed, in crime stories, by their inability to control a strong habit (such as the tearing of a butterfly neatly in two) that is wholly irrelevant to whatever they were engaged upon!



Mr. N. G. Kewalramani, Chief Inspector of Factories, Bombay State, is seen, in the picture to the left, presenting an Award of Merit to Dr. S. V. Bhatt, Chairman, Safety Committee, Firestone Tyre & Rubber Co. of India Ltd. Firestone-India earned this award from the National Safety Council, U. S. A., for completing 1,008,912 man hours without a single lost time accident through the period July-November 1952.

"Andhra leaders gave to party what was meant for the people".

THE ANDHRA STATE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

TO those who feel enthused at the forthcoming rapprochement between India and Pakistan, which the current talks between their Prime Ministers seem likely to hasten, events in South India provide something like an anti-climax. Disintegration of the Madras State is turning out to be an unusually painful process, clogged as it is with ill-will and distrust at each step. How else are we to characterise the resolution of the State Assembly, providing for the appointment of a committee of experts headed by a Supreme Court Judge to apportion the assets and liabilities of the two States? And this by Congressmen who till the other day, were martyrs in the country's cause. Nevertheless, the carving out of an Andhra State is a strikingly easy process; and were it to be left to the decision of a few well intentioned people without the aid or pressure of power-politics, the State would have long become a *fait accompli*, spreading out an abundance of happiness and good-will all round.

As commonly conceived, the Andhra State is not essentially a lingual State; that is to say, it is not a Telugu State pure and simple, but something definitely more than that. Rather it is a commingling into one political structure, a contiguous and composite area of upwards of 60,000 sq. miles, commencing from Nellore and extending up to Vizagapatam, and from there to Berhampore now part of Orissa. The districts covered by it are Anantapur, Bellary, Cuddappah, Godavari (East & West), Guntur, Krishna, Kurnool and Vizagapatam, inclusive of Chicacole. These are the Andhra districts properly so called, which are also the sole repositories of Andhra cult and culture. These comprise some of the richest tracts in India, watered by two of its mightiest rivers (which unlike

Tamilnad Andhra has not to share with any other State) augmented just now by the Tungabhadra canals running over a region of 225 miles, not to mention its enormous cattle wealth and mines and minerals in Anantapur and Sandur. Such a territory is self-sufficient, and if only its resources are tapped skillfully, there will be no need at all for expansionist movements like Visala Andhra. Even less difficult is the choice of a capital. To a layman uninfluenced by policies, pacts and passions, who approaches the problem scientifically, Vizagapatam which is already placed in the world map by reason of its harbour, shipyard and the oil installations, easily suggests itself. The stupendous sums to be spent for fitting up Kurnool to be a capital may very usefully be spent on this town. If necessary, the University buildings could be improvised for the Government, the High Court and the Legislature; and the University itself may be shifted to Rajahmundry. Those at the helm in Andhra and Andhra politics cannot be absolved from the charge that for the settlement of so vital a matter as the capital, they have allowed themselves to be influenced by extraneous considerations and gave to party what was meant for the people. It is fairly apparent that the Andhra leaders were united only in their denunciation of the Tamils and of Rajaji; but once they had the complete whip hand, they could not leave aside their personal predilections and prejudices. A capital is chosen and designed by experts: or at any rate after their verdict is obtained. Exactly the reverse had happened. Kurnool has been selected by the legislators' vote; but its unsuitability has been vouched only after a subsequent reconnaissance.

As it is an Andhra State that is to be created and not a Telugu State, it

goes without saying that Bellary must form part of it wholly and entirely. The Misra award cuts across not merely the integrity of Rayalaseema, but even the fundamental notions of political and administrative convenience and adjustment. The idea that the Kannadigas in Bellary must opt out of the Andhra State the moment it is formed, is wholly erroneous, to put it mildly. Even the authors of Pakistan did not go that length. They doubtless endeavoured to create an Islamic State, but they respected the contiguity of areas more than even their race or religion. They did not for example, agitate for Aligarh, the Taj and the Jumma Masjid. The proposed transfer of the Telugu taluks of Bellary to Mysore, which is not yet a Karnataka State, is indefensible. Bellary has all along been classed as a Telugu district and it is a fact of history. When the district was ceded to the British, and when the Mysore State was re-established more or less simultaneously, it did not occur to any one to transfer it or any part of it or even Sandur to the Mysore territory. On the other hand, in 1803 it was clubbed with Cuddappah and Kurnool under Colonel Munroe's administrative headship.

THE effect of the Misra award would be well nigh serious indeed. Seven taluks of Bellary, Bellary town and Sandur are to go to the Mysore State and 107 miles of the Tungabhadra waters are to flow into it, which already controls two big rivers, namely, the Kaveri and Palar. The latter was for several centuries a "live river" and had irrigated the districts of Chittoor, North Arcot and Chingleput, now the scene of famine and starvation. At Arcot the bed of the river is half a mile and it is recorded that during floods it was not navigable. Now that is all past history, and at present the whole area is a desert. An agreement had been entered into by a British Viceroy and it is said that it cannot be re-opened now. Where is the guarantee that this will not be repeated in regard to the Tunga-

bhadra waters to the prejudice of the riparian owners?

AS Bellary is part of Andhra, Chittoor is likewise part of Tamil Nad. In fact until a few decades back, it was merged into the North Arcot district. The proportion of Tamils to Telugus is probably fifty-fifty; but the Telugus are not Andhras in the sense in which we connote the term. For example, the Chittoor Telugu is ethnologically more akin to the Chittoor Tamil than to the Telugu in Bezwada or Guntur, just as the Bellary or Mangalore Kannadiga is more at home with his Telugu compeer than with the Mysore Kannadiga. Long years of joint living and ties of friendship cannot be snapped overnight. In our law courts, one occasionally witnesses poignant scenes when a child is wrested from its mother by its father on account of his superior rights as guardian. Dismemberment of taluks and districts irrespective of their contiguity to adjacent areas, unfolds a similar tale. In the Chittoor district, there are predominantly Tamil areas like Tiruttani, Tirupati, Kalahasti and Sholingur whose shrines and temples are celebrated in song and legend in Tamil Nad. There is however one question of a very serious import. The problem of border areas or districts has always been tantalising, and it will be accentuated further when the neighbouring States do not enact uniform policies and laws, in regard to such common matters as Prohibition, sales tax, Shop Assistants Act and labour laws. If, as is likely, the residuary State and the Andhra State or the Mysore State, follow contradictory policies, then the foreign pockets in Chittoor and Bellary may well be used for mutual violation and circumvention which would ultimately set one State against another.

The new Andhra State should hence comprise the districts which are contiguous and composite to each other, with Bellary kept intact and with Chittoor left out. That way lies the solidarity and even the prosperity of the State. It is of course necessary and just that what was formerly the Ganjam district should be carved out of Orissa and added on

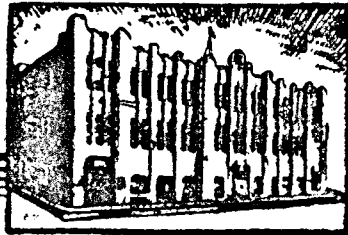
to the new Andhra State. It would however be more profitable to integrate Orissa, which is by no means a viable unit just at present, with the Andhra State. But in any view, integration should be voluntary, and it all depends on how the State conducts itself by its efficient and impartial administration. The recent move for the integration of Travancore-Cochin with Madras affords one illustration.

AS the ultimate authority for establishing the Andhra State, the responsibility of the Government of India is both great and grave. The daily press has not given a correct lead on any of the controversial questions, and hence the need for utmost caution and circumspection. It is now too late to call off linguistic division of the country so far at any rate as the establishment of the Andhra State is concerned; but it is absolutely necessary to cry a halt to

the parcelling out of districts and taluks on a linguistic basis. The Misra award must be scrapped forthwith, and as a corollary Chittore must go back to the residuary State. This incidentally would save the labour and expense of a Boundary Commission. The present proposals, though ratified by the State Legislature, will result only in creating too many Ulsters in South India and make for endless quarrels and irritation between the Tamils and the Telugus, with Mysore also butting in. And it is in the fitness of things that Pandit Nehru, whom even the mighty Western Powers look up to for solving international tangles, should take note of the controversy, and start on a clean slate, and endeavour to bring about a State which will take its place as one of the best governed Part A territories in the country, and which will subserve the interests of the Andhra people rather than of its politicians.

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"Attlee is getting too old to fight Bevan properly".

DEAKIN: THE DYNAMIC OCTOPUS

By ANDREW ROTH

THERE are surely few who attempt to use simultaneously a flame-thrower and a coldwater hose. But Arthur Deakin, uninhibited Transport Union boss, has shown that he is willing and able to inflame Labour differences and dispel any hopes for an early election victory if he can attain his main target: destroying Aneurin Bevan and Bevanism.

He has just made it clear that there is no room in Britain's Labour movement for both Deakin and Bevan. In fact, he has made it appear that there is only room in the movement for Deakin and those who are willing to fight with Deakin against Bevan. This explains two of his recent actions: his decision to throw on the scrap-heap Arthur Greenwood, aging but popular party treasurer, to make way for Herbert Morrison, and his attack on ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee. Both have disappointed Deakin by being more interested in Labour unity than in destroying Bevan. For that, Greenwood must go in September and Attlee soon thereafter.

Arthur Deakin gave this frank display of the way his mind works at the recent biennial conference of his giant union, which met at Southsea. The 1,300,000-strong Transport and General Workers Union, Britain's largest, was the creation of the late Ernest Bevin and Arthur Deakin was his 'crown prince.' Although by no means the man Ernie was, he has the same domineering strength. He will never attack with a feather when he can use a poleaxe. Deakin understated it nicely at Southsea when he said that "it has never been part of my philosophy to be pushed around." Ironical laughter greeted references by various speakers to control of the giant union by its membership. On the very first day of the conference Deakin twice demonstrated who was

boss by announcing the adjournment before the chairman was ready to do so. He did so even more emphatically when the 800 delegates declined to take his advice and voted the abolition of wage differentials for different parts of the country. Deakin had the last word: "All you will get in two years is a report back to say that it has not been possible to accept what you suggested."

With the same ham-handedness he threw icy cold water on the Labour Party's already tepid nationalization plans. These plans had been promulgated in June in "Challenge to Britain," a Labour Party document which bore throughout its pages the mark of compromise between the minority of Bevanites carried on to the Labour Party's executive by the angry votes of the constituency parties and the majority of rightwing and moderate Labourites. Most of the latter were backed by the block votes of the big trade unions like Deakin's. Even Deakin's nominee on the National Executive had voted for the final compromise on nationalization which suggests that there be substantial public control of chemicals, and that key firms in aircraft and machine tools be nationalized. These fell short of the decisions at last year's Labour Party conference to speed the advent of Socialism by extensive nationalization.

THE democratic vote of last year's conference is seen by Mr. Deakin as a bit of impertinence. In an article he wrote for the Transport Worker's journal just before the conference he lined himself up with those who refuse to "submit to the intimidation of certain elements within our movement." Submission, he insisted, could only be regarded as "tantamount to inviting the trade union movement to abdicate and shape its

policies to the political ideologies of these elements."

He explained his philosophy further to the conference, saying: "the trade unions have a continuing job to do regardless of the colour of the Government of the day...." In short, the trade unions had to fight for the bread and butter of their members. When this was forthcoming more generously from Conservatives than you had to credit the Conservatives, as he had in a much-debated statement: "With Sir Walter Monckton as Minister of Labour, we have had a square deal and done things which were difficult to do when our own 'Labour' people were in that position."

Because you had to work with Tory as well as Labour governments he saw no reason why one should not accept either titles or appointments from the Conservatives, as had his friend Sir Lincoln Evans. "I will never become Sir Arthur Deakin.... I do not look upon titles as an honour, but as a costly luxury to the recipient. The greatest honour that can be conferred upon anyone is the respect of his fellows." He was notably more restrained on this subject than he had been at the prior meeting of the General Council of the Trade Union Council when a minority had criticized the acceptance of honours and a post on the Steel Board by his friend Sir Lincoln Evans. The scene was described by E. J. Hill, the Boilermakers' General Secretary: "At times catcalls and innuendoes came from members of the General Council who should know better. Some people pose as ardent democrats, but when they cannot get their own way they use tactics similar to those applied under the worst form of totalitarianism." Deakin had quoted a newspaper article suggesting that those who criticized the knighting of Lincoln Evans should commit *hara-kiri*. "He said we should climb into a loft, take a rope, and hang ourselves like Judas Iscariot....."

Privilege For All

ARTHUR DEAKIN gave the best insight into his philosophy when

replying to the debate on a resolution deploring the acceptance of titles and honours from Tories and the distribution of honours by a Labour Government beyond those needed to carry on government. Supporting the resolution, delegate Gordon Stevens asked: "Why do we see our leaders purring like cats because they have been given one of the titles used by the class we have always sought to destroy?" Deakin replied: "We are not trying to destroy anyone, but to secure a readjustment in the balance of things which will enable us to be as privileged as the privileged class of today."

This concept of a society of equal privileges—presumably with special privileges for trade union bosses—rather than a Socialist society explains why he feels no qualm at defending the nationalization of transport, which did so much for his own union members, while opposing those further steps in nationalization considered necessary by the Bevanites and others wanting to convert Britain to Socialism by easy stages. He argued disarmingly: "The test must be: 'How will it serve the interests of the people?' He pointed out there was a feeling in the country that the improvements in coal, electricity, gas and transport had been brought about at the expense of the consumer. "We must carry the people in the industries with us so that they recognize they have communal responsibilities." He thought that nationalization of the chemical, aircraft and machine tool industries could only be approached after careful inquiry, after the election of a Labour government. "We will have no precipitate action which would involve us in a position of chaos and confusion."

Antithesis Of Bevan

BEING the antithesis of Bevan, who wants labour to use all its political and economic weapons to remake British society in a Socialist pattern, Deakin has set himself the task of destroying Bevan. To do this, old loyalties are scrapped for new ones. Thus 73-year-old Arthur

Greenwood, 9 years the party's treasurer and long the favourite of the union bosses against the political boss Herbert Morrison, is to be discarded in Morrison's favour.

Greenwood was apparently approached and offered a substantial testimonial fund if he would retire in Mr. Morrison's favour. Mr. Greenwood insisted he was still able to function at what is substantially an honorary post but which carries with it a seat on the National Executive. Mr. Greenwood's crime? He had sought to be a conciliatory middleman, bringing the warring factions together in the interest of party harmony. Mr. Morrison's new virtue? As Bevan's chief opponent for the leadership of the party he will do whatever possible to block Bevan. Early in July the Transport, Miners and General Workers Unions—the 'Big Three', casting 2,000,000 votes—put in Mr. Morrison's name for the treasurer'ship.

AT the Transport Union conference, delegate E. Evans scored the Deakin-dominated executive for this action: "Our union, with its block vote might now be used against Greenwood. This could well cause further strife between Labour and Labour, between Labour and trade unionist. I call upon (this) conference to....say to Brother Deakin we

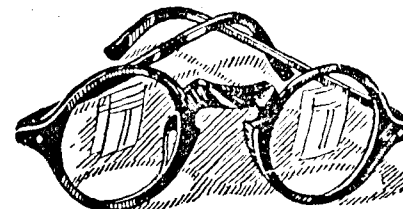
object most strongly to this dictatorship...."

Deakin answered on Greenwood: "There comes a time and tide in the life of men when in their own interests and in the interests of their health, and owing to their unfortunate inability to make their full contribution, they might make room for other people."

Deakin made it clear that he thought Attlee was also getting too "old" to fight Bevan properly. In defending himself against a resolution censuring him for his provocative speech at the Labour Party conference last year he added in what seemed to be a calculated afterthought:

"While I was making my speech, Clem Attlee was on the platform, and I looked at him and I almost said—perhaps I should have done—'It certainly should not be my job to raise this question (of Bevanism). It should be the responsibility of the leadership of the party to challenge the antics of these people.'"

This attempt to tell the respected leader of the party how to act recalled to some one of Deakin's denials early in the conference: "We are not an octopus. We are far too vigorous and lively to be described as an octopus."



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SOME FEATURES OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER

Professor of Economics at Harvard University

EACH country of the world tends to produce more or less distinctive economic institutions and economic traditions. It is not surprising that the United States, which for the most part is a new community that has grown up during the last century or century and a half in a rich and vacant continent, should develop distinctive economic institutions and a distinctive outlook. The city of Chicago, for example, which had 3.6 million people in 1950 was still a small place only a hundred years ago. Not until after the Civil War was the Pacific Coast connected with the East by rail. Capitalism in the United States, therefore, reflects the environment in which it grew up.

The following five characteristics of American capitalism are particularly significant:

1. Its extensive use of industrial research as a tool of management;
2. The keen competitiveness of American industry;
3. The tendency of the economy to building up a large middle class;
4. The tendency of the economy to distribute large amounts of income to persons who are in need but who are unable to produce;
5. The existence of large and powerful trade unions which are concerned with the immediate betterment of the conditions of their members. Let us look at these characteristics of American capitalism.

1. The extensive use of industrial research as a tool of management.

It is understandable that in a new country such as the United States, where there was little accumulated wealth but great quantities of undeveloped natural resources, emphasis should have been placed upon the practical aspects of earning a

living. The applied arts flourished in the United States long before there developed an interest in pure science. Certainly one of the distinctive characteristics of industry in the United States has been its reliance on technological research.

For many years technological research was done by inventors and operating men who worked pretty much on their own and were limited in their activities by their own resources. Largely within the last generation, a revolutionary change has come into industry. Enterprises have begun to set up research departments that have the specific responsibilities of studying ways of improving the products of the firm, adding to these products, and improving the producing methods of the enterprise.

DISCOVERY no longer depends on the enthusiasm of a few more or less daring individuals who are willing to make great sacrifices and risk their meagre resources in the hope of achieving successful inventions. In 1950, there were nearly 71,000 scientists employed in the industrial laboratories in the United States and about \$1,100 million a year spent by American industry on industrial research. In addition, the government employs a large number of research workers—30,000 scientists in 1946-47. Government expenditures on research in 1952 were over \$1,300 million. This includes expenditures on research by the Atomic Energy Commission. The search for better products, new products, and better methods of production is rapidly becoming a routine part of business operations, financed out of current revenues. Systematic attacks on problems becomes possible; programmes of research that may expand over years and require large teams of workers can be organised.

The rise of industrial research is in the main a development of the last 20 or 30 years. In 1929-30, the number of scientists in industrial laboratories was less than one-fourth the number in 1950, and the number of scientists in government laboratories increased three-fold between 1929-30 and 1946-47. Industrial expenditures on research in 1950 were more than nine times as large as in 1930 and government expenditures on research in 1952 were more than 52 times as large as in 1930. Twenty or 30 years ago industrial research was largely confined to four principal industries—the telephone industry, the electrical products industry, the petroleum industry, and the chemical industry. Today the large or medium-sized enterprise that lacks a research department is rapidly becoming a curiosity.

MAKING research a more or less normal part of business operations is truly a revolutionary change in the economy. It means that the economy has greatly raised its capacity to increase the demand for goods—that it has acquired a new capacity to expand. It is important that we understand clearly the economic significance of research. The large scale of industrial research is in the main responsible for the rapid rise in output per manhour. The gain in productivity has made possible the rise in per capita consumption which has been doubling about every 40 or even 35 years, or less.

Equally important, the large scale of industrial research has greatly increased the capacity of the economy to generate an increase in the money demand for goods. Indeed, the expansion of research has offset in considerable measure the decline in the influence of undeveloped natural resources upon the volume of investment opportunities, and hence upon the volume of investment spending. An increase in the money demand for goods facilitates expansion because it means that a growth in the physical production of goods has less tendency to reduce prices.

Research tends to raise the demand for goods in two principal ways. In the first place, it tends to raise (pro-

bably by only a small amount) the proportion of personal incomes after taxes which people spend on consumer goods. It does this by developing new and improved kinds of consumer goods—automobiles, deep freezers, movie cameras, television sets, and a multitude of other consumer goods. In the second place, research creates investment opportunities. It does this partly by developing new and improved kinds of equipment and processes for making goods, and partly by developing new kinds of consumer goods which create demand for the plants and equipment to make these goods.

2. The keen and growing competitiveness of the American economy.

American industry is highly competitive and is becoming more so. One reason for the competitiveness of American industry is the rapid growth of the economy. Had not markets been expanding rapidly, business concerns might have become interested in getting together to divide up the limited markets and to limit competition. The rapid growth of markets, however, has offered rich rewards to those concerns which were most successful in winning larger shares of the new demand. Hence, the expansion of industry has stimulated competition.

EVIDENCE of the vigour of competition is found in the large number of new enterprises started each year. Perhaps the most impressive evidence of competition, however, is the spectacular growth of technological research to which reference was made above. Industrial research is competition at its best because it means that the producer is making systematic efforts to reduce his costs or to improve his product. Furthermore, the kind of competition represented by research tends to spread and to become more intense.

3. The great capacity of the American economy to build up a large middle class.

About one-half of all money income before taxes and 53 percent after taxes goes to the middle three-fifths of the income recipients. There are several reasons for the large middle

class in the United States. One is the fact that conditions of farming in the most populous parts of the country have been favourable to the development of owner-operated farms of moderate size. A second reason is that the proportion of professional and skilled workers has been rising and the proportion of common labourers has been falling. Between 1910 and 1940 the professional workers rose from 4.4 percent of the labour force to 6.5 percent. When the figures for 1950 become available, a still further rise will undoubtedly be shown. Between 1910 and 1940 the proportion of common labourers in the labour force dropped from 36.0 percent to 25.9 percent. In 1950, the classification of common labour is slightly different than in previous censuses, but the proportion of common labourers dropped to 20.8 percent.

THE increase in the number of professional and skilled workers relative to common labourers may be regarded as a sort of victory for science and technology over the common labourer. By embodying their skills in machines and apparatus of various sorts, the scientists and engineers force more and more common labourers to become machine operators—sometimes rather skilled operators, as in the case of much of the earth-moving machinery that replaces pick and shovel men, sometimes semi-skilled factory workers. A big market, such as now exists in the United States, helps the scientists and engineers win out in competition with common labour. A big market is good for machines, which means that it is good for the scientists and engineers who invent them, the skilled workers who maintain them, and the skilled or semi-skilled workers who operate them. But since common labourers cannot run or repair machines, the big market limits the employment opportunities of common labourers and forces them to acquire skills.

4. *The tendency of the economy to distribute large amounts of income to persons who are in need but who are unable to produce or who do not have adequate incomes.*

IN this day and age the importance of distributing large quantities of income on the basis of need does not need to be justified. The national and state governments make large payments in the form of pensions, old age assistance, unemployment compensation, workmen's compensation payments, aid to the blind, aid to dependent children, sick benefits, and other forms of aid. In 1951, payments of the above kinds plus private pension payments were \$12,600 million; in 1929, they were \$1,300 million. About four out of five jobs in the United States are covered by the federal pension plan; about seven out of 10 are covered by unemployment compensation; in 1951, about 14,000 employers had private pension plans covering 9.6 million workers; and in 1949, over 10 million people were covered by group sickness and accident benefit plans in plants in the United States. Employer contributions to private pension and welfare funds have increased from \$128 million in 1929 to over \$3,000 million in 1951. During the last 20 years payments based on need have risen much faster than incomes. Back in 1929, these payments represented about 1.6 percent of all personal incomes after taxes; in 1951, about 5.6 percent.

5. *The existence of a large and powerful trade union movement which is concerned with the immediate betterment of the conditions of its members and which is pragmatic in the pursuit of its objectives.*

I do not mean to imply that a trade union movement which rigidly and uncompromisingly pursued certain more or less remote objectives would necessarily be bad for the country. It is plain, however, that such a movement could do immense harm. But that is not the kind of trade union movement which the United States possesses. The American trade unions are just as distinctively American as is American business. Their objectives and methods mirror the practicality and the optimism of American culture, the strong faith that this is an expanding universe, and that the key to the better life is growth, innovation and invention.

American trade unions have improved our economy and, indeed, our society, in the following principal ways:

- (a) They have made for better management of industry because they have been able to question the decisions of management. Hence, they have forced managements to base their decisions on policies and on facts.
- (b) They have introduced a system of industrial jurisprudence into industry which gives workers rights as against managements.
- (c) They have subjected managements to strong pressure to raise money wages and have thus stimulated managements to attempt to hold down labour costs by making improvements in methods of production. Thus trade unions have indirectly tended to raise the productivity of the economy and the level of consumption. Trade unions, of course, would not have been able to produce these results were management not strongly determined to operate their enterprises profitably—if managers were not willing to increase their efforts to keep down labour costs whenever money wages increased.
- (d) Most important of all, trade unions increase the sense of participation by workers (even by non-members) in the life of the community. In this day

and age, when many countries are torn by internal strife, the influence of trade unions is strengthening the ties that hold the community together. Trade unions add to the workers' sense of participation in various ways. Certainly, when the workers read in the newspapers of a wage agreement's being negotiated in the coal industry, the rubber industry, or the steel industry, employees in all industries must feel a sort of vicarious participation in running the country. Furthermore, when prominent spokesmen from the ranks of labour speak out on national issues, all workers, whether they agree with the particular spokesman or not, must get satisfaction that labour is being heard from.

THE five characteristics of American capitalism that I have set forth greatly add to the capacity of the American economy to grow and thrive in a tough and difficult world. The great use of technological research adds to the productivity of the economy and helps it bear the heavy costs of defence; the vigour of competition keeps managements alert and in touch with conditions; the large middle class, the distribution of large quantities of income on the basis of need, the strong trade unions and the active participation of unions in the life of the community prevent the development of serious social cleavages and keep the community cohesive.

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CHINA'S DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME

By H. ARTHUR STEINER

Professor of Political Science, University of California

LAST winter, Communist China adopted two basic policy decisions whose implementation constitutes the principal domestic task of the regime in 1953. The decision to begin a 5-Year Plan of economic development with a provisional plan for 1953—announced Premier Chou En-lai on 24th December, 1952—means the more rapid socialization of Chinese economic life and the liquidation of the few remaining areas of private economic activity. The decision to conduct nation-wide elections which will lead to the convocation of the First All-China People's Congress later in 1953—adopted by the Central People's Government Council on 13th January, 1953—signals the final consolidation of the political authority of the regime. We may conclude from the acceleration of the economic and political activity in 1953 that the Chinese revolution is entering upon a new stage of development. Our future conjecture will not so much concern the capacity of the Chinese Communists to establish themselves securely as their capacity to exploit the power potential inherent in the masses of the Chinese people and the latent natural resources of their country.

Four years of economic and political preparation lie behind the plans for 1953. Economically, the power of the "feudal" landlords and large capitalist proprietors (once called "bureaucratic capitalists") has been substantially destroyed. Steady pressure to root out remnants of "bourgeois mentality" has gradually destroyed the initiative and influence of the smaller industrialists and merchants. Rural "land reform," urban "democratic reform," the ideological remoulding of the intellectuals, and the "three-anti" and "five anti" movements of 1952 have all enhanced the capacity of the regime to manage, operate and control larger sectors of

the total national economy. Politically, the same years have seen the steady extension of Chinese Communist Party control over the other "parties" of the "united front," and the construction of a formidable apparatus of nation-wide "mass organizations" which has brought organized labour, women, students, youth, religious sects, professional workers, and the many national minorities under the rigorous leadership and control of the Communist Party. "Reactionaries" and "counter-revolutionaries" have been suppressed ruthlessly. The political climate no longer admits any organized expression of resistance to the growing totalitarian dictatorship, however greatly individuals may feel restive or discontented.

THAT Communist China would come to a 5-Year Plan or the equivalent has never been in doubt. The theme has been expressed in the economic polemics and in pronouncements of political leaders. The important Northeast (Manchuria) has had a succession of 1-and 2-year plans, and in other regions less comprehensive planning has been in vogue. During the final preparation of 1952, notable attention was given to the requirements of "capital construction" (with the implications attached to that term in the USSR); the party and State apparatuses were regularly purged and "reorganized" to provide the necessary hard core of leadership and direction; the eventual goals of the industrialized society were extensively propagandized in all mass media; and significant measures were taken to prepare for the collectivization of agriculture.

Organizationally, a strong team of highly experienced economic and political leaders has been assembled to direct the economic plan. The State Planning Commission,

which was established in Peking on 15th November, 1952, includes at least three influential members of the Party Politburo—Kao Kang, Ch'en Yun and P'eng Chen. Kao Kang, the Commission Chairman, is also a Vice-Chairman of the Central People's Government, the Chairman of the Northeast People's Government and appears to be a remarkably strong personality with a proved capacity for active leadership. Ch'en Yun is one of the principal Vice-Premiers of the Government Administration Council, the Chairman of its Financial and Economic Committee, and concurrently the Chairman of the All-China Federation of Labour. P'eng Chen, now the Mayor of Peking, is a specialist in political organization who is also Vice-Chairman of the Central Government's Committee on Political and Legal Affairs. Prominent members of the Central People's Government Council who are also members of the Planning Commission include: Teng Tzu-hui, the Vice-Chairman, who is also political boss of Central-South China; P'eng Teh-huai, Commander of the "Chinese People's Volunteers"; Lin Piao, military chieftain of Central South China; Teng-Hsiao-ling, a Vice-Premier; Jao Shu-shih, political boss of East China; and Po I-p'o, Minister of Finance. Several principal aides to Kao Kang in the Northeast have also been assigned to the Commission to increase its experience of economic affairs, Li fu-ch'un and An Chih-wen among them. This is a powerful group of men whose loyalty to Mao Tse-tung has not been questioned; as a group they have compiled impressive records of achievement in positions of heavy responsibility.

APART from announcements that a 5-Year Plan exists, no publicity has been given to the details of the long-term plan. Further information may become available later in the year when the All-China People's Congress will be called to ratify the plan. Apparently detailed information concerning economic plans falls in the category of "strategic intelligence" which must be denied to enemies. Meanwhile, however, in-

formation on the general objectives of the provisional plan for the first year was given by Premier Chou En-lai in his Political Report of 4th February, and by Finance Minister Po I-p'o in his Budget Report for 1953. According to Premier Chou, the economic plan begins with a relatively high achievement on the part of the State-owned sector of the national economy which, according to his estimates for 1952, accounted for over 60 per cent of the total industrial production and over 80 per cent of the production of heavy industry. He also announced specific production schedules for 1953 in terms of the base 1952 (which equals 100) as follows: pig iron, 114; steel ingots, 123; coal, 100; power, 127; petroleum, 142; copper, 139; lead, 149; zinc, 154; machine tools, 134; caustic soda, 131; cement, 117; cotton yarn, 109; cotton piece goods, 116; paper, 106; timber, 138; sugar, 123; grain, 109; raw cotton, 116; and tea 116. The most significant items on this list bear upon industrial productivity, already largely under State control, and the projection of these production schedules over a 5-year period suggests the possibility that by the end of 1957 the State-owned economy will produce well over 80 per cent of all industrial commodities, and close to all of the production of heavy industry.

TAKING the estimated budget expenditures for 1953, as given by Finance Minister Po, at their face value, State expenditures will total 233,499,100,000 Yuan—an increase of 242.97 per cent above 1950 and 23.36 per cent above 1952. Some 103,527,600,000 Yuan—44.34 per cent of the total—will be allowed for economic construction (not including social, cultural and educational development and the defence budget). Proposed expenditures in important sectors of economic activity for 1953 are planned to exceed 1952 expenditure as follows: heavy and machine industry, 47.31 per cent; fuel industry, 84.56 per cent; geological exploration and surveys, 611.46 per cent; "construction projects," assumed to be public works, 204.14 per cent; railways, 88.93 per cent, and forestry, 128.38 per cent.

Few of these statistics lend themselves to quantitative evaluation. Generally speaking, most economic production is currently claimed to stand at pre-war levels or slightly above, but "base years" are not uniform in all sectors of production, and the chaotic state of pre-war Chinese economic statistics would in any event prevent exact determination of base-year production. Nevertheless Communist China in 1952 (less than four years after the regime was established) would appear to have attained an economic development corresponding to that achieved in the Soviet Union by 1927. Should the First Chinese 5-Year Plan lead in 1953-57 to substantial socialization of industrial production, it would appear that the comparable development of collectivized agriculture and State farms might well become the goal of the Second 5-Year Plan of 1958-62.

IN the political field, the decision to hold national elections in 1953 is being implemented on the basis of the Electoral Law of 11th February, promulgated by Mao Tse-tung on 1st March. The All-China People's Congress is to be a unicameral body of substantial size—approximately 1,200 members—whose members will be "elected" by the members of provincial and municipal "people's congresses." The voting public will participate in elections only at the lowest levels—in the administrative villages (hsiang), small towns, and basic voting districts within larger municipalities. At these levels, elections will be conducted by a "show-of hands" in public election meetings on the basis of agreed lists of candidates put forward by the Communist Party and other parties or groups. The use of the secret ballot is also permitted but all elections occur under the supervision of an "election committee" constituted at a higher level. As a normal rule, membership in the All-China People's Congress is allocated to the provinces and municipalities on the basis of population, but with a discriminatory feature that gives special representation to the industrial centres at the expense of the rural populace. The provinces (essenti-

ally rural are allocated one member of the Congress for every 800,000 of population; the special municipalities and industrial municipalities which have populations in excess of 500,000 are allocated one member for every 100,000 of population. This discrimination has been publicly justified as necessary in a society which is moving rapidly toward industrialization, and in which rural communities must respond to urban leadership. Special electoral constituencies within the National Congress are also assigned for members of the People's Liberation Army, the overseas Chinese, and national minorities.

THE system of indirect elections above the lowest level will insure tractable "people's congresses" at the provincial, municipal and national levels. "Equal suffrage" is the slogan of the law, but the right to vote is denied to "landlords", "counter-revolutionaries," and others who have been deprived of political rights by law. Similarities with Soviet practice prior to 1936 are apparent. Vice-Premier Teng-Hsiao-Psing's official commentary on the law frankly stated that while the new law "is not so perfect as the (present election system of the Soviet Union... it will in general produce the same effects!"

The initial duties of the All-China People's Congress, to be convened later this year, will include the election of a new Central People's Government Council—in effect its presidium; the ratification of the 5-Year Plan; and the adoption of a new national Constitution to replace the "organic laws" of September, 1949. The Committee for Drafting the Constitution was formed on 13th January 1953, under the chairmanship of Mao Tse-tung; 17 of its 33 members are members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, including 3 members of the Politburo. Patently, the new Congress will be as devoid of capacity for independent initiative and action as the "Supreme Soviet" of the USSR. The "Constitution" it is to adopt will presumably remain the basic law of Communist China until the stage of "Socialism" is declared to have been attained.—N.N.F. Copyright.

A BASKET OF ORANGES

IF you lived amidst strong odours coming from baskets of cabbages, apples and bananas, stacks of animal hides, cases of soap and tallow, drums of castor and linseed oils—say for ten hours of a day, and did your work perched on wooden planks surrounded by greedy merchants that bullied you and their smelly servants that nagged you, their chatter synchronising with the noises of hooting trains and wheel-barrows rolling on cobbles, you needed strong nerves more than somewhat, a protective type of cynicism that could meet your boss's on its own level and above all a grim resolve not to go insane under any provocation. If you came out successfully in this endurance test, you would be rewarded with many comforts and satisfactions working as an assistant parcel clerk in a terminal railway station.

You could, for instance, get your supply of cigarettes free. All you have to do was to pinch them from cases stacked in the warehouse. You could sustain yourself completely on

a diet of fruits. Otherwise, why are those baskets of fruits sent by somebody to somebody routed via your Napoleonic authority? The railway station existed just for your own glory, merchants came to your desk mainly to offer you a little *mamool*, and incidentally to transact some work with the railway; passengers came and bought tickets at the booking counter just to forget to collect the odd change left in the tinner; and life would be idyllic if you identified yourself with the chief parcel clerk, fraternised with the A. S. M., and, most important, surrendered totally to that demi-god of the realm, the stationmaster.

I surrendered.

It was a beautiful experience, that process of surrender: a deep spiritual study in acceptance. A little adjustment of values, minor changes in the angles of perspective and

there you were—a pet of your boss, darling of your colleagues and a loyal friend of the merchants. And if by this excellent code of conduct the railway administration and the public got a little cheated of their normal dues, well, it was just unfortunate for them.

That was what my stationmaster used to say: he was sorry, always he was, for the public and the authorities, but what else could one do?—he asked us. It sounded so profound and true that we had no answer to give him. Our hearts swelled with admiration for him. Our doubts melted away.

HE was an admirable man, too, in many ways. A hefty six-footer stationmaster Krishnamurti was a father of thirteen children at fifty-one, a firm devotee of Lord Hanuman and

had nothing but contempt for those who did not worship Hanuman. A born genius in card-games, especially poker, you could always find him at the game whenever he had

SHORT STORY

By

GORA SASTRI

some respite from the pressures of drinking parties organised by his merchant-friends. His devotion to the bottle was no less than his devotion to Hanuman which was certainly no more than what he had for card-games. A master of slang in more than three languages, he called all the members of his staff "sons of bitches" so tenderly, so lovingly that we somehow felt flattered when he chose to describe us thus.

His day started at seven sharp in the morning, by which time he would have finished his Hanuman *puja*, *chota hazri* and half-bottle of whisky. Draped in pure white regulation-dress that proclaimed his authority, he would enter the office shouting at the top of his voice, cursing: "You good-for-nothing, mean, selfish, sons of bitches always after other people's money and their wives—what are you doing? Is everything all right?"

None of your monkey tricks—understand? You can't hoodwink me with your wily cunning. Get along to work." That was his daily dose of moralistic medicine administered to us for the upliftment of our corrupt souls. His day's duty as master of the station was closed with that and off he would go in pursuit of card tables, drinking dens, and other places where harvests of delight were for sale. He would make his appearance again only at eleven in the night, after the empty rake of the last night passenger rolled back into the yard, after the goods and parcel transactions were over and the night duty A. S. M. arranged the tables for the playing of cards. "Come on, come on," stationmaster Krishnamurti would shout at us. "What is the day's collection?" The *maalbabu* and the *parcelbabu* would then approach him quietly and whisper, "A very bad day for collections, Sir." After telling those two cronies that he had strong reasons to suspect their pedigree, he would yell at the goods clerk first: "How many mango wagons today?"

"A mere six."

"And salt wagons?"

"Four."

"And you have the pulses, oil seeds and coriandar wagons. And small *biiti* collections inward and outward. What do you mean—bad day? Remember, *maalbabu*, that of all things on this sacred earth, money is the filthiest. And you are attached to it like a leech. You want to cheat me—who has thirteen blasted hungry mouths to feed? Crooks, all of you! Unashamed thieves! And you—*parcelbabu*—what about you? You will steal coins from blind beggars' tins."

FEEBLE remonstrances would follow; calculations made, somebody would mutter about honest work getting no reward in this country, and in the atmosphere charged with anger, envy, dark hatred, a general bitterness in everybody's heart, the master of the station would quietly count the currency notes handed to him; one day they would add up to fifty, on another to hundred, sometimes even a couple of hundred—on the days when mango-baskets just over-

flowed the land and salt bags pushed back the horizons.

That particular night was a gala one to everyone of us. The total collection of grease-money that day I had forgotten but throughout that day our drive was so relentless and concerted that even I was able to offer to the pool almost twenty rupees after handling the booking tube for the down mail-train. The station-master complimented me and said: "You son of a very clever bitch, now you are showing some signs of human intelligence. May Hanuman bless you! Do you know young rascal, that everyone trained under Krishnamurti prospered and built a house of his own within five years?—And now, no more fooling. Let us get along with our work."

WHICH meant starting the card game. They sat round the table—the on-duty A. S. M., the off-duty A. S. M., *maalbabu*, *taarbabu* and the Chief. He was so pleased with the world that night our Chief, that he radiated pure good humour. His eyes sparkled red matching in colour the glow of the cigar in his mouth. The room was filled with the smoke of tobacco and the reek of alcohol.

The game started. A. S. M. Swami was dealing, when the cabin jamadar came in, bringing with him a hold-all and said: "Somebody forgot it in the down train, *Bada Saab*."

"Prepare a L. P. O. memo and hand it to the police," said the night duty A. S. M. to me. (I was also the station clerk.)

"L. P. O. my foot. You are an idiot, A. S. M. During my thirty years' service, I never even allowed so much as a match-stick to be sent to L. P. O. When idiots forget things in trains, we wise men benefit by them. Open it, jamadar," shouted our Chief.

The jamadar chuckled within himself and opened the hold-all. We saw inside a beautiful quilt, two pillows with embroidered covers, a blue Kashmir shawl, a small brownpaper packet containing two attractive cotton sarees, a mirror, a comb, a small phial of Evening-in-Paris scent, and a yellow-jacket thriller book. Our mouths watered.

"Belonged to a mysterious stranger," said our Chief, "and nice things too. Jamadar, take that blue shawl to my house and give it to my eldest daughter."

"And on your way, leave those two sarees at my quarters," added the goods clerk.

The A. S. Ms. got one pillow each. The quilt went to the *parcelbabu*. I was rewarded with the phial of scent and the mirror and comb were awarded to the jamadar. The empty hold-all and the thriller book nobody seemed to want and I suggested that they be handed to the police with a memo.

"Bright idea," agreed our Chief. "Do it. The wretched hold-all. Irresponsible people forget things in trains and create so much work for us."

THE card game progressed and I was sitting at the table, trying to clear some office correspondence which was heavily in arrears. It was past two in the night. There was some quarrel going on in the passengers' waiting hall. Beggars, mendicants, homeless coolies, vendor boys, four or five street-walkers—for all of them it was the sleeping place and every night it bristled with activity. One dame of the streets would accuse the banana-vendor of breach of promise and it required all the tact and resourcefulness of the night chowkidar to curb that quarrel and pacify the Pompadour. Those shouts and noises came floating in the air setting the nerves of our Chief on edge.

"The devils!" he bawled. "All the rag-tag and the bob-tail of this filthy town collects here and disturbs us in our work. Chowkidar! Clear the hall, wring the necks of one or two of them and the rest will behave."

I was going through a complicated file. The Head Office wanted some urgent information and had sent us already two telegraphic reminders. That evening we received a third one.

"*Bada Saab*!" I ventured in. "This is the third wire reminder. What shall we do about it?"

"Tear it," he ordered. I tore it. Another letter from the head office,

he asked me to burn it and I at once burnt it. "Remember, young man, the best way to dispose of such correspondence is to destroy it," our Chief postulated in his infinite wisdom and I acknowledged: "You are putting me in good shape, Sir. I am thankful to you for it."

The jamadar put in: "*Chota parcelbabu* is no good, *Bada Saab*. Do you know what he did this afternoon? The vegetable merchant's wife came to take delivery of cabbages. The *mamool* she brought was short by one anna. And he accepted it!"

Our Chief looked at me and said, "See! That shows what an idiot you are. Never spare these miserly women. You should have asked her to go back and fetch that one anna."

"But her home is three miles away," I remonstrated.

"Never mind even if it is thirty miles. You do not know their cunning ways. Never trust any woman."

The game exhausted everybody and they wanted something to eat.

"Jamadar!" shouted the parcel clerk, "have you any apple baskets in the godown?"

We had. Nice, cool, red apples from the Kulu Valley, Kashmir, packed in earthen pots. Most of the pots would come invariably cracked or broken. And pots of grapes too. The jamadar dexterously took out some apples and grapes from each pot and we had our quota of fruit diet for the night.

Alternately munching an apple and drinking from a glass of beer, our Chief said: "We have to eat some fruits every day. The doctor blokes say it is essential for health. And our meagre salaries keep us always on the verge of starvation. There is no justice in this world. The poor people have to go on leading a dog's life like this."

HIS tone sounded so pathetic, so pitiful that I was convinced that moment that he was a martyr to the cause of bettering suffering humanity's lot. A frenzy of self-pity overtook our hearts and the impact of grinding poverty weighed heavily on us.

That made us more hungry. Especially our Chief. The wall-clock was showing a quarter to four—time for me to open the ticket booking counter for the five o'clock up passenger train.

"Jamadar! Have we nothing else to eat?" asked our Chief, like a child who was desperately hungry.

"We can no more meddle with the fruit pots, Sir," said the jamadar, "the merchants will shout."

"What about that, peeping through the bottom of the rack?" inquired our Chief, pointing his finger to a small basket, obviously of fruits.

The jamadar inspected it and said: "You are right, *Bada Saab*. These are oranges. Nice ripe ones. And it is a private consignment too."

"Let us have them," decreed our Chief.

The jamadar ripped open the basket and took out six of them. Their size was delightfully large and they looked so appetizingly ripe. Somebody must have taken considerable efforts to procure them.

"Clever guys. I wonder how they are able to get such nice things!" wondered A. S. M. Swami.

"Crooks and cheats corner all the good things of life and enjoy them selfishly, keeping people like us away from them. But Hanuman is there, to look after us," said our Chief.

I ate two full oranges, the Chief finished six and between us we emptied the entire basket. The clock struck half-past four and we rose. Tables were cleared, card packs were hidden and I opened the booking tube. Our Chief went home to have a short nap before he did his morning Hanuman *pūja*. Soon it was dawn and daylight peeped in through windows.

At 7-30 in the morning, I was at the parcel delivery table, arranging my records for the day. Casually I looked around and the empty, gaping basket near the rack caught my eye. I went near it and prompted by an idle curiosity turned it over. On the sides of the basket were pasted broad slips of white paper carrying the consignee's address. It read: "To

Srimathi K. Sarojini, Bed No. 5, Maternity Ward, Edward Memorial Hospital." I read it once, I read it twice. I brought the empty basket and kept it near me, underneath the table. Presently the chief parcel clerk came in and when I showed it to him he just said, "Oh, don't be a sissy, when we have eaten an orange or two, we have eaten them and there the matter should end."

I felt a vague pain in my heart. Deep within me I felt so unclean. After an hour or so of mute agony I could not bear it any longer and calling the jamadar, told him to go to the hospital urgently on a bicycle, spot out Sarojini's people and tell them that a basket of oranges was waiting for her, and on his way back, to buy a dozen of local oranges and bring them.

WHEN the jamadar came back from the errand I rushed to him anxiously. With a bland expressionless face he informed me, "You needn't worry, *Chota babu*. No need to waste good money on oranges. Sarojini expired last night at two o'clock while giving birth to a still-born child."

WHO IS A COMMUNIST?

The Progressive, an American monthly, invited its readers to define a Communist. Here are some of the answers it has published:

A Communist is one who shares everything with his brother—bread and money.

A Communist is the citizen of the future; the future which exists only in the imagination of the members of the Communist Party and day-dreamers in other parts of the world.

A Communist is a pitiless inhuman person who thinks all the orders he receives are the best, even if he has to massacre his family.

A Communist is a wild cat as well as a snake. Always he asks for more than he needs. Jealousy and hatred grow in his heart. He becomes wild, and like a wildcat cannot be tamed.

Wanderer

I WANDER—there is wanderlust in my feet. My feet screech and groan if I am not borne in search of cool shades or sunny glades; lovely flowers or busy lives in hives.

My heart grows heavy and my head dims if I don't search for a perch where aves roost or the waves break.

I smack my lips at the thought of salt spray. I am never weary of plodding through dunes, or chase the whistling winds through the rustling leaves; wade in mud in quest of broken rainbows. Life within me! Life around me! Life attracts life!

I wander deep into the mystery of 'the Lust that Procreates.'

I wander on the shores of the seven seas absorbed in the sublime spirit.

The voice of the teeming millions of lives that sing in unison with the

breakers resounds in my ears.

I wander unseen into the weird world of corals—orange, crimson, gold and green,—pattern of infinite variety surrounded by deep greenish blue.

I wander into the cold depths of eternal darkness where tiny monsters emit phosphorescent lights.

I wonder through the haze of my mind. I am not blind. Multi-coloured birds flit through the density of foliage, pythons uncoil their strength in my biceps; the wail of the male Bushquail and the plaintive calls of the koil send pleasurable pain down my spine.

I wander and wonder.

The green glory of life! The unceasing strife! The eternal Life!

K. BHAGESWARA SARMA

RESIGNATION

YES, go my child! I had hoped, but it matters not what I had hoped; I have lived these many years doing without things I wanted most. I had almost forgotten myself and learnt to think I had cheated life of its frustration. Oh, how you filled my heart! I ought to have known it could not last; we are old friends, frustration and I. We've been chained together, two old savage dogs that tear each other—my poor heart hugging its own emptiness had grown to love it, till you came, and the old fool so sad before, got drunk with joy, and now! don't weep, my child, it's always been like that and always will be, one dreams fond dreams but wakes up in the end. I had lost those little fellows, one by one—they still tug at my heart and burn my eyes with unshed tears. When I got you, and you looked at me with those birdbright infant eyes, and then one day called me Father, and when your dear little heart was full of misery, and you cried it out to me, and let me comfort you and make you smile through your tears, I thanked god in the fulness of my heart—one thanks one's god too soon, for what he gives he also takes away, till what is left of love and life, fond hopes and foolish joy, is a few ashes scattered to the winds, and a nameless name! Don't weep, my little one!

NANUBHAI R. DESAI

NEW BOOKS

DESIREE

By Annemarie Selinko

William Morrow And Company, New York

4.50 dollars

HER full name was Bernardine Eugenie Desiree Clary. She was the daughter of a silk merchant in Marseilles. When the story opens, Papa Clary had been dead two months, and she was fourteen.

Accident threw Desiree in the company of Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph made love to her, but she thought her sister Julie who was older, was in more urgent need of a husband. Joseph was attracted by Julie's dowry, proposed and was accepted. The marriage took place in due course.

Through Joseph, Desiree made the acquaintance of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon was already a General but very poor. He looked poor. Describing her first meeting with him, Desiree wrote in her diary: "He was a small man, smaller than Joseph, who is only middle-sized. And nothing glittered on him, not a single star, or ribbon of any Order. His uniform was dark green, and his top boots weren't polished and didn't even fit well. I didn't dream that a General could look so shabby. I was horribly disappointed."

Disappointment soon changed to love. One day Napoleon said: "I know I shall do great things. I was born to build states and to rule them. I am one of the men who make world history . . . Do you believe in me, Eugenie? Do you believe in me whatever happens?"

What happened immediately is described in the diary: "His face was so near, so near that I trembled and involuntarily closed my eyes. Then I felt his mouth hard on my lips."

Some days later, while the Clary and Bonaparte families were at dinner, Napoleon announced, "I want to take this opportunity to inform you that last night I asked for Mlle. Eugenie's hand in marriage and that Eugenie has consented to be my wife."

Mama Clary said: "General Bonaparte, promise me one thing—wait for the wedding until Eugenie is sixteen, will you?"

The very next day Napoleon was ordered to report for duty in Vendee.

It was not till twelve months later that Desiree met Napoleon again. Goaded to despair by his silence, she left Marseilles in secret while mama and brother Etienne were away, reached Paris, and stole into a party where Napoleon was expected. In the height of the festivity the hostess said: "Our beloved Josephine has decided once more to enter the holy state of matrimony—Josephine has become engaged to Citizen General Napoleon Bonaparte."

Involuntarily Desiree shouted "No," rushed out, and in a maddened condition, leaned over the Seine bridge to throw herself into the river. She was pulled back and saved by General Bernadotte.

Three years later she married Bernadotte. A son was born to her who was named Oscar.

Napoleon grasped power and proclaimed himself Emperor and marched from conquest to conquest, annexing the kingdoms of Europe and appointing his brothers as kings to rule over them. Bernadotte became one of the famous forty Marshals of Napoleon. He was a Republican, pledged to the Revolution's creed of equality, but he was destined to become a king. When the Crown Prince of Sweden was assassinated, Bernadotte was elected by the Swedish Parliament to succeed him. He and Desiree and Oscar renounced French citizenship and set up residence in Stockholm.

One day the Queen of Sweden sent for Desiree and said: "I wanted to ask you, dear daughter, whether you yourself feel that you are fulfilling

your duties as Crown Princess of Sweden?"

"I don't know, madame," Desiree replied. "I can't judge, because it's the first time I've ever been a Crown Princess."

The Queen angrily retorted: "I will tell you, my dear daughter, how a Crown Princess must behave. A Crown Princess never takes a drive with one of her husband's aides without a lady-in-waiting."

Desiree said, quietly, "In my home in Marseilles, madame, the mimosa is now in bloom. When it's a little warmer, I will return to France."

And she did.

*

RUSSIA alone remained outside the Continental system built up by Napoleon. To become master of Europe, Napoleon must conquer Russia. From Stockholm Bernadotte contrives an alliance between England and Russia and tenders advice on military strategy to overcome the Napoleonic forces. Winning victory after victory on the way Napoleon makes a triumphant entry into Moscow with intent to camp there in the dreadful Russian winter. Then the Russians set fire to the city and forced the Grand Army of the French to march back. The sequel was catastrophic:

"Ten thousand men, a hundred thousand men, stumbling through the snow, crying from pain like children, because their arms and legs are frozen, they suddenly fall and can't get up again. Ravenous wolves surround them. They try to shoot but can no longer hold their muskets. The men scream in horror . . ."

There is no Grand Army any more. Napoleon is forced to abdicate, is detained in Elba, escapes, rallies the soldiers round him, is defeated at Waterloo, and entrenching himself in Malmaison, prepares for another supreme effort to re-establish himself.

It is then that representatives of the French nation, with Lafayette at their head, urge Desiree to persuade General Bonaparte to save bloodshed by voluntary surrender.

Desiree's subsequent interview with Napoleon is the most moving part of

the whole story. Here is Desiree's description of it in the diary:

On a little bench sat Napoleon.

He wore a green chasseur uniform, his thin hair was carefully brushed back. His face, with the pale plump cheeks and the dominating chin, was cupped in his hand.

Unseeing he stared at the flowering hedge before him.

He looked up . . . he recognised me. He was surprised and very pleased. "Eugenie—are you really here?"

He moved over to one side of the little bench for two. When I sat close beside him, he turned to me and smiled.

"It's been many long years since you and I looked at a flowering hedge together." And because I still said nothing, "You remember, don't you, Eugenie?" With which, still smiling, he moved his hand as though to sweep back a lock of hair, which had long since disappeared.

"One has time to remember while one waits. I'm waiting for a message from the Government. An extremely important message." He frowned, two deep furrows appeared on either side of his nose, his chin jutted out. "And I'm not used to waiting."

"You need wait no longer, General Bonaparte. I bring you the Government's answer." I quickly pulled the letter out of my handbag. I heard him hastily break the seal.

"How does it happen that you bring me this letter, madame? Did the Government not consider it sufficiently important to send me their answer by a minister or an officer? A casual guest, a lady, making a friendly call, chosen as messenger!"

"I'm not a casual visitor, General Bonaparte. Nor a lady making a friendly call," said I, and took a deep breath. "I am the Crown Princess of Sweden, General Bonaparte."

"And what has that to do with it?" he demanded.

"The French Government has asked me to inform you that the Allies will consider the surrender of Paris only after you have left France. To save Paris from destruction it is imperative that you leave today."

"I make an offer to repulse the enemy at the gates of Paris, and they reject it," he roared.

"The first allied troops have reached Versailles," I said quietly. "Do you want to be taken prisoner here at Malmaison?"

"Don't worry, madame, I know how to defend myself."

"That's just it, General. Unnecessary bloodshed must be avoided."

His eyes narrowed, only two slits. "So—must it? And if it's important to the honour of a nation?"

A little later:

He didn't shout, he didn't bluster, he sat down very quietly beside me. We had so little room that I could hear every breath he drew. At first he breathed very heavily.

"When I saw you awhile ago, and recognised your face, madame, I felt for a moment that my youth had come back. I was wrong—Your Royal Highness."

"And if I don't let myself be taken prisoner, but give myself up voluntarily as a prisoner of war—what then?"

"I don't know," I said unhappily.

"An island? Another island. Perhaps that rock in the ocean called St. Helena?" Naked fear showed in his eyes—his whole face. "Is it—St. Helena?"

"I honestly don't know."

"I am going now," I said. "Back to Paris. You have given neither the Crown Princess of Sweden nor the French Government an answer. But you have until—this evening."

With that he began to roar with laughter. It came so unexpectedly that it startled me. He felt for his sword. "Shall we cheat Blucher and Wellington of their sport?" He ripped the sword from its scabbard. "Take it, Eugenie, take the sword of Waterloo! . . . At this moment I surrender myself to the Allies. It is customary to hand over one's sword to the officer who takes one prisoner—Now go, Eugenie—go very quickly. Before I repent."

Thus passed away Napoleon from the scene of his glories. Shortly after, the King of Sweden died and Bernadotte succeeded him. Desiree returned to Stockholm and was crowned Queen. She was a queen with the heart of a commoner, and the whole story of her life, set down from time to time in a diary which was a present from Papa, concludes with these words: "The story of this citizenship is finished and that of the Queen begins. I'll never comprehend how all this came about. But I promise you, Papa, to do all I can so as not to disgrace you, and never to forget

that, all your life, you were a highly respected silk merchant."

ANNEMARIE SELINKO tells through the pages of Desiree's diary the story of one of the most fascinating chapters of the history of France. A heartless jilting and a great love are interwoven with the historical incidents of the story. Seen through the eye of a lady of great charm and naturalness, absolutely without awe in the presence of the mighty, the mask of glamour is torn from courts, conquests, kings and marshals, and the underlying humanity with all its limitations even on the most glorious of occasions, is revealed from very close quarters. This is the most unique enchantment of this book—that it mixes romance with history, and reduces history to the level of the human qualities of its makers and participants without exhibiting an iota of highbrow attitude to the vanities of get-up and behaviour of our kind that are so endearing. It is as if the reader is taken into the very heart of the drama of the lives of kings and queens, celebrities, conquerors, ministers and courtiers, right through the barriers that guard them from public entry, and treated to the thrill and delight of observing them from the inside, participating in their ecstasies and devilries. That is why it has taken society by storm and millions rush in for the pleasant novelty it offers.

K. S. R.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

A Romance of the Near Future

By Evelyn Waugh

Chapman & Hall, London
6s net

IN the comic world which Evelyn Waugh created for himself as a novelist, with the publication in 1928 of his first novel *Decline and Fall* sub-titled *An Illustrated Novelette*, he has been reigning supreme for a quarter century now, moving within it with consummate ease and confidence, master of a style which is a glittering two-edged sword, of wit and irony. Hailed at the outset of his writing career the *enfant terrible* of English letters, his reputation as



Evelyn Waugh

the best contemporary satirist has long been established, but Waugh at heart is a romantic. In his twenty-seventh year he was received into the Roman Catholic church. According to a distinguished critic the Catholic church for Waugh, "on the secular plane at least, is not merely Professor Toynbee's bulwark, the spiritual successor to the legions in the task of warding off the Eastern assault; it is also the whole heaven in the lump of Christian history—St. Mark's galleys, Roland's horn at Roncevalles, the lances of Acre and the smoke of Lepanto. It is therefore not surprising that when he takes time off from savaging the lesser breeds or depicting the tribal mores of California, Waugh should prefer to leave the heart of the matter to others and concentrate on the trimmings instead." The lesser breeds are the Abyssinians—Waugh approved of the Italian invasion and conquest of Abyssinia—and the tribal mores are dealt with in *The Loved One*, an account of the burial practices in Southern California "which has had a *success d'estime et de scandale* in two continents." In 1950 appeared *Helena*, his quasi-historical novel; the following year he attained the crown of Penguinhood, joining Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and D. H. Lawrence by having ten of his books published simultaneously in this popular series.

After *Helena* comes now *Love Among the Ruins*: A Romance of the Near Future, a *conte* just fifty-one pages in length, "with decorations by various eminent hands including the author's." To *Decline and Fall*, also an illustrated novelette, Waugh wrote the Author's note: "The action of the book is laid in the near future, when existing social tendencies have become more marked . . . I have assumed a certain speeding up of legal procedure and daily journalism." *Near Future* seems to be Waugh's most colourful and favourite bit in

his brilliant kaleidoscope; and if the destructive skit on Mayfair flashing with eccentric and erratic lights was not meant to be shocking but funny, this romance of the near future, appearing after an interval of such novels as *Vile Bodies*, *Black Mischief*, *A Handful of Dust*, *Scoop*, *Brideshead Revisited*, during which as Connolly says, "his (Waugh's) development has taken him steadily from the Left towards the Right, and Right Wing satire is always weak,"—this romance of the near future totally fails as fun. It doesn't even shock. There is speeding up of the sort of procedure which Waugh wants to convey, without the accents of daily journalism, for his verbal felicities, his wit are too sparkling to admit the clichés and worn-out charms of the periodical press. His irony, however, loses its edge because of his attitude of prejudice and peevishness. The theme of the story is the Welfare State—Waugh's attack of it is loud—and through it is woven the love-affair of the pyromaniacal Miles and the bearded *danseuse* Clara. The romance proves abortive.

Of Miles:

"For Miles, child of the State, Sex had been part of the curriculum at every stage of his education; first in diagrams, then in demonstrations, then in application, he had mastered all the antics of procreation. Love was a word seldom used except by politicians and by them only in moments of pure fatuity. Nothing that he had been taught prepared him for Clara."

Of Clara:

"Her smile started in her wide grey eyes. Her lips under her golden moustachios were unpainted, tactile. A line of pale down sprang below them and ran through the centre of the chin, spreading and thickening and growing richer in colour till it met the full flow of the whiskers, but leaving on either side, clear and tender, two symmetrical zones, naked and provocative. So might have smiled some carefree deacon in the colonnaded schools of fifth century Alexandria and struck dumb the heresiarchs."

The beard is removed by a surgical operation and Waugh's description of it is touching in the extreme. It is and the Director who invented it is "a new chapter in surgical progress"

so unselfish that he wants to call it the "Clara operation." The new face of his sweetheart staggers Miles.

"Her eyes and brow were all that was left of the loved face. Below it something quite inhuman, a tight, slippery mask, salmon pink."

"Miles retched unobtrusively. The ghastly face regarded him with fondness and pride. At length the right words came to him; the trite, the traditional sentence uttered by countless lips of generations of Englishmen: 'I think I shall go for a short walk'."

For all its speed and iridescence, its debonair and derisive touches, *Love Among the Ruins* fails as satire because its core is of sourness and rancour. Sadness born of pity and compassion, gentle sadness alone can be the well-head of healing satire. Here the good and the bad alike receive the whip; the twin voices of petulance and conviction being equally strong destroy the proper objectivity and the result is what is attacked gains our regard and sympathy.

PERSPECTIVES

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AFTER the disappearance, one by one, in recent years, of *Penguin New Writing*, *Horizon*, and *Life and Letters* from the English literary scene, and *World Review* "deserting the strait path of literature" two international journals of importance stepped into the void: *New World Writing* and *Botteghe Oscure*. As a good third comes *Perspectives*, a Quarterly "devoted chiefly to the art, letters and thought of the United States, but its sponsors are also preparing plans for activities aimed at presenting the cultural achievements of many other lands to American audiences." A grant from the Ford Foundation, established by the family of Henry Ford, has enabled the publication of this periodical and its sale

to the public at the low price of two shillings and six pence, a number. On its advisory board are famous editors, writers, critics, poets, and playwrights such as Marguerite Ceti-ani, Cyril Connolly, James T. Farrell, Harry Levin, Lionel Trilling, W. H. Auden, Wallace Stevens, and Tennessee Williams. Paris-born Jacques Barzun, now Professor of History at Columbia University edits *Issue*. Three of *Perspectives* presenting to the world "the cultural milieu of the United States." In his balanced, illuminating, and informative editorial Barzun writes:

"To have to come to the age of reason in Paris before the First World War, and been able to take as familiar household facts the works, the ideas, and often the persons of Apollinaire, Cocteau, Marinetti, Stravinsky, the brothers Villon, Severini, Picasso, and their peers is—to say the least—a formative experience. One of its effects is to make our century's slow assimilation of modernism seem by contrast almost unreal—as if the world were only pretending not to understand."

Life is a perpetual quest and adventure; the arts and letters should be a ceaseless discovery of beauty and nobility and a courageous assessment of their validity. The world is fond of blinkers, but only for a time can it pretend not to understand. When universal thought and vision soar to the very summit of the stars then only the sensibility of human understanding will unfold to its full bloom. India has given the world her priceless Upanishadic wisdom in the words: "Lead me from the unreal to the real; from darkness into light; from death into immortality." Every century has its leading lights revealing to a greater brightness those of the earlier or shedding a quite original lustre themselves.

The Poetry section in the journal is enriched by Wallace Stevens, one of America's outstanding poets. W. H. Auden writes wisely and well on the short novels of Colette, that gay, witty French novelist; and F. W. Dupee, an American scholar, now living in Paris, revealingly on Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea*. Under the title 'Observations' Professor Lionel Trilling's article "The

Situation of the American Intellectual at the Present Time' deserves deep study. Trilling today is the most respected of American critics. His major critical writings have been brought together in the volume, *The Liberal Imagination* which is the bible of the critics of the younger generation. Professor Trilling sums up his observations thus:

"Whatever the peculiar facts of our cultural situation may turn out to be, the recollection of Thoreau and Melville will sustain me in my certitude that the kind of critical interest I am asking the literary intellectual to take in the life around him is a proper interest of the literary mind, and that is

the right ground on which to approach transcendent things. More; it is the right ground for the literary art to grow in—the right ground for satire, for humour, for irony, for tragedy, for the personal vision affirming itself against the institutional with the peculiar passionateness of art. Art, strange and sad as it may be to have to say it again, really is the criticism of life."

Perspectives Three makes one anticipate with delight its successor. One feels one has the right, from the varied contents of the present volume, to expect therein mental as well as intellectual stimulus.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

A MIXED BAG

INTERPRETATIONS

Belladonna, In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.
Bigamy, A mistake in taste for which wisdom of the future will adjudge a punishment called trigamy.

("The Devil's Dictionary—Ambrose Bierce)

QUOTABLE QUOTES

James Thurber: Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy wealthy and dead.

Earl Wilson: Modern women fall into two classes: those who make a home for a man and those who make a man for a home. ("Reader's Digest").

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K. MAHADEVAN

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THE ARAB WORLD AND U. S. A.

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: The Arab world, from North Africa to Iran, seethes with anti-Western hatred that endangers American air and land bases and threatens the vital flow of half the globe's oil production. This hatred stems from the Arab's prime objective of crushing Israel, muscling the British out of the Suez Canal Zone and the French out of Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco. It took the Russians to make the United States discover the Arabs.

As far as the average American goes, the Arabs were colourful characters, wearing headdress like knotted towels and dashing on camels, firing barber-pole striped rifles. After building frantically against Russia in Europe and the Orient, the U. S. Government saw a side door open, the Middle East.

That's why Secretary of State John Foster Dulles visited Arab countries, offering membership in the American-financed anti-Communist club. That's one club you get paid for joining.

The answer was flying tomatoes and speeches knocking Harry Truman for being pro-Israel. Knocking Harry Truman is to a Republican champagne for breakfast, but Mr. Dulles kept a straight face. The Arabs suspect there are strings attached to loose wallets, like on April Fool's Day, and Mr. Dulles now agrees that any kind of "Middle East Defense" must be delayed. This is unfortunate, for Arabs make good infantrymen if properly guided. I have been touring North Africa, Egypt and the Levant for more than a month, speaking to sheiks, fellahs, and bubble pipe salesmen.

Mr. Dulles found in amazement that the Arabs are more interested in rubbing out Zionists than worrying about Reds. "We must drive the Jews into the sea! Until then we will not be able to walk proudly before our Lord."

So spoke an Oxford-educated Egyptian officer, tapping the one remain-

ing finger of his right hand on the table: the others were blown off in the war against Israel.

The Arabs fear that Israel plans to dominate the economy—if nothing else—of the Middle East. Arab blockade committees comb ships, planes and camel caravans, cutting all trade from Israel. The blockade hurts, despite some fancy smuggling.

Ex-German officers, rebuilding the Egyptian army, gladly show how the desert tricks of Marshal Rommel could be used in "the second round." Another whack at Israel will surely be more thoroughly planned than last time, when loosely-knit Arab legions wheeled off to war, firing "joy" shots in the air as if they were charging 13th century Crusaders. When they smacked a modern European force they collapsed. Egypt, the largest Arab State, has an all-army government sworn to make the Nile delta a base for the toughest troops between Turkey and China. The head man, Mohammed Naguib, thrice hit by Jewish bullets, used public shame over the last war to seize power.

ISRAEL'S other neighbours, Syria and Lebanon, are studying armament catalogues, and Jordan and Iraq are improving their British-trained units. Thus it is easy to see why Israel shrieks when the Pentagon talks about arming Arabs against a possible Russian gobble for their oil fields.

The Jews say: "Once the Arabs get your shooting irons, they'll practise on us."

Although talking less, Israel has kept itself well heeled with the latest model military machines, even though it depends on endless U. S. handouts for a slim living. There are many extremists in Haifa and Tel Aviv who eye the adjoining Arab real estate with envy.

And once again Jerusalem—Holy City for Christian, Moslem and Jew—wears a crown of barbed wire. Hardly a night passes without gunshots along the snaking unnatural

border dividing Jerusalem into sections held by Arab Jordan and Israel.

I toured the border on the Arab fringe and found the Promised Land far from promising, far from peaceful. Outside of bullets there is no exchange between Arab and Jewish Jerusalem, not a telephone call, not a post card, not a penny's worth of trade.

For 10 weeks now troubles here have tripled in ugly outbursts. The most vicious was the gunfire fight by Damascus Gate which leads to the Old City and the sacred shrines of the three religions.

The border patrols have been multiplied, and each camp is urged to violence by displaced Arabs or Jews, torn from their birthplaces, living a short stroll from their former properties across the contested frontier.

One cause for today's unrest is Israel's decision to make Jerusalem her permanent capital, although the United Nations has resolved to run it as a free, international city for all pilgrims. The Arabs generally agree and Washington has begged Jewish leaders to back down and center their activities in Tel Aviv. But Israel has moved almost all her government to her split of town. The other day Israel's Foreign Minister said finally, flatly, they'll never depart.

An Arab can't help hating Israel, because he can't stop seeing the 800,000 refugees who lost their Palestine homes during the conflict. Israel won't let them return, fearing a fifth column, and dirt-poor Arab nations can't spare land or jobs. The U. S. feeds 70 per cent of their 1,500 calories daily, barely enough to keep an active man slightly alive.

DRIVE around Jordan, Lebanon, Syria or Egypt and you'll pass their filthy tent cities, where the dead are buried in shallow graves. The Arabs save plenty of hate for the U.S., blamed for allowing private American purses to bankroll the original Jewish drive and skipping over UN in graduating Israel to statehood. All Americans are suspected of being Zionist spies. The traveller with a U. S. passport must swear he accepts the Christian faith before getting into most Arab countries.

The King of Saudi Arabia won't let the Arabian American Oil Company have one American of Jewish extraction among its 6000 U. S. employees working the precious petrol pumps.

IF we lose Arabian oil every pleasure car in Western Europe will be garaged, ship and plane timetables will shrink, American motorists will carry ration cards and cigarette lighters will retire. More important, the growth of Allied armies would be stunted. Excluding a Soviet sweep, how could the fabulous fluid slip from Allied hands? After all, Englishmen and Americans pioneered these digs before the first world war, suffering eternal prickly heat and strange boils.

The answer is: 1. Fanatical hatred of the West, particularly the U. S., for supporting Israel, Islam's Public Enemy No. 1, and for siding with the French in the North African colonial dispute. 2. Fear of foreign exploitation, making it easy to blame U. S., for everything, including the annual locust invasion.

A living example is Iran, where two years back Premier Mossadegh, conducting business in his pajamas, junked the British oil leases after an extended wrangle and nationalized the Arabian fields.

Without technical know-how few barrels have since come from Iran, formerly good for one tenth the global total.

In Saudi Arabia the American Arabian Oil Company is chummy with King Ibn Saud. His royalties pass \$200,000,000 yearly, and even relatives who cannot read have solid gold fountain pens, air conditioned Cadillacs and private hairdressers for their numerous wives. A dribble goes into public projects and under American supervision modern medical care is offered desert nomads who never heard of aspirin.

U. S. workers at Dharan live in imported refrigerated comfort next to medieval squalor where a convicted thief has his right hand chopped off, then—if still interested—can appeal the case.

The King could stroll through any oasis without being recognized; they've never seen his picture. And

in the deep interior slaves are still bought and branded for farm labour.

Although the American business invasion of Saudi Arabia is obviously a blessing the security of the lease seems based on Ibn Saud's continued health.

The King's many sons, nobody knows how many, are reported burying bulky valises of gold in the sands to finance an expected brotherly struggle for possession of the throne.

Korean Armistice Costs U. S. A. over a Billion

SENATE Foreign Relations committeemen were startled when shown the details of the secret 10 point agreement that Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson tentatively worked out with the aged South Korean ruler.

Significant among these costly terms are the following:

The U. S. to build up a South Korean army of 22 divisions *plus* a sizable navy and air force. It costs \$100,000,000 to train and equip one ROK division. At present there are 16 of them; that means six more will have to be developed, in addition to a number of naval and air units. Estimated cost of this military programme is upwards of \$600,000,000. The U. S. to provide large scale economic and reconstruction aid during the next few years for an estimated cost of \$1,000,000,000. The Senators received no indication how these expensive programmes are to be administered or whether they will be under American or South Korean supervision. In the past, ROK officials have been notably corrupt and incompetent.

The Senators also asked a number of questions regarding Rhee's demand that places limitations on the use of troops from India, Poland and Czechoslovakia in handling the exchange of prisoners of war. The Senators were told this concession by Robertson will have to be submitted to the other UN allies in Korea for their approval.

"Will they agree to it?" asked Sen. John Sparkman.

"We believe so," was the reply. "We are discussing the matter with them now."

"Did General Clark agree to this?" "He was kept informed of what was being negotiated with Rhee. But Robertson had full authority from President Eisenhower to do whatever was deemed desirable to come to terms with Rhee. Robertson did not need Clark's approval."

Franco Grabs That Billion Soon

AN agreement has finally been reached in those long-drawn out negotiations for air and naval bases in Spain. That's what Sec. Dulles has told the British and French Foreign Ministers conferring with him here. The formal signing of the accord will take place within a few weeks. As outlined by Dulles, the terms which have been under discussion for nearly two years are as follows:

The Franco government will make available to the U. S. seven airfields and three naval bases, all selected by the U. S. In return U. S. will give Spain approximately \$1,000,000,000 in economic and military aid during the next three years. This huge expenditure will include the enlargement and modernization of the 10 bases.

It will not include the cost of supplying and maintaining them nor the still-undetermined number of troops which will be stationed in Spain. All these outlays will be borne by the U. S. and may run as high as \$100,000,000 a year. The number of American air and naval forces to man the 10 bases is the one important question still under negotiation. The two countries are far apart on the matter.

The U. S. holds that 15,000 air men and 3,500 Navy personnel are necessary. The Franco government wants to limit the number to an overall total of 1,000. Behind this wide variance is Madrid's demand that the American garrisons be restricted almost entirely to technicians and mechanics. That would mean the control and management of these expensive bases would be in Spanish hands—although the U. S. would be paying the bill. The Air Force and Navy are strongly opposed to that, and a compromise is in process of being worked out.

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

DO BIGHA ZAMIN has been praised to the skies by the intelligentsia of Bombay. It has been hailed as one of the greatest pictures ever made; while I am second to none in acclaiming its greatness, I would like to remind these over-enthusiastic critics that *Do Bigha Zamin* is not the first picture of its kind. Though after the release of *Bicycle Thief*, neo-realism has come much into vogue, we in India have been making realistic pictures even before De Sica or Rossellini.

As far back as the silent days a picture called *Savkari Pash* (Money-lender's trap) was made portraying the struggle between the money-lender and the peasant. The same subject was made in talkie days by Baburao Painter from the script by Vishnupant Aundhkar of *Bharat Milap* and *Ramrajya* fame. As a piece of screen-realism and presentation of farmer's life it was in no way less poignant or powerful than *Do Bigha Zamin*. Pictures like Meh-boob's *Aurat*, Anand Kumar's *Zamin* and People's Theatre's *Dharti Ke Lal* also followed the same tradition. *Do Bigha Zamin* is in fact a result of this indigenous tradition—an advance on these past classics of realism. But those who have discovered neo-realism for the first in Italian films are hardly likely to be aware of the healthy and vigorous tradition of realism of the pre-war Indian films. Hence this reminder is necessary.

In this connection, a suggestion has been made that every year for about a week or ten days at least special shows of the old classics should be held in places like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras so that the younger generation of critics as well as film workers, stars, directors, authors and technicians may become

aware of the important past contributions to film art. Today, there are many people in the industry who have probably not heard of *Admi* and *Tukaram*. So in their interest as well as in the interest of the film industry such shows should be organised. Will IMPPA or Film Federation take up this suggestion and do the needful?

Personality Of The Week

AMONGST the film directors, few command respect and admiration as does Mahesh Kaul. It must be made clear that Mahesh Kaul has not yet won any box-office fame as such; he is not a creator of jubilees and goldmines. Yet, he is more respected and honoured than most of the jubilee makers.

He owes all this to one single picture, *Gopinath*, which he made six years ago under great difficulties. I still recall those days when Mahesh Kaul had to suspend the shooting of his picture for days and months together for lack of funds. And when ultimately he made the picture and showed it to a few people in the industry, the picture got a wide word of mouth publicity. The picture itself did not turn out to be a success, though it was ushered with the biggest publicity campaign imaginable. The spectacular publicity of a simple picture was perhaps the main reason for its failure. But those who saw it would always remember it as a moving emotional film purely Indian in its form, content and pattern.

There is nothing foreign about Mahesh Kaul, though he is a modern man well-educated and conversant with modern ways of life. Mahesh Kaul came thirteen or fourteen years ago to Bombay to write a story for Kishore Sahu, who was then producing *Bahurani* for India Artists Ltd. The story never came to the screen and Mahesh Kaul drifted from one place to another doing all kinds of jobs including acting. Yes, he played a featured role in Bombay Talkies' *Naya Sansar* and Debaki Bose's *Apna Ghar*.

In 1942, when Circo closed down, Mahesh Kaul got his first chance to

direct a film. I still remember the way he narrated to me the story of *Angoari*, a story of street urchins. From the narration it appeared that *Angoari* would turn out to be a remarkable film; but as Mahesh Kaul himself said "It was a nightmare." His next venture was *Paristan*, a comedy for Acharya Art Productions. It was a fairly successful film; but it did not raise the status of Mahesh Kaul as his subsequent film *Gopinath* did.

Gopinath was followed by *Nau-jawan* which though artistically good, did not fare particularly well at the box office. After making this film for months Kaul and Kardar could not decide upon the next subject till he saw *Bala Jo Jo Re* and found in it a story after his heart.

In an interview to Marathi journalists, Mahesh Kaul said that though he had made certain changes in it, the original author would be able to recognise his story in *Jeevan Jyoti*. While reserving comments on the picture itself till its release, it must be said that the credit for starting this new vogue of transcribing Marathi pictures to the Hindi screen goes to Mahesh Kaul and Kardar.

EVER since Mahesh Kaul and Kardar decided to adapt *Bala Jo Jo Re* and *Pedgaonche Shahane* in Hindi the vogue of transcribing Marathi screenplays and even original stories by Marathi scenarists has begun in full swing.

Several creations of Marathi writers are being brought to the screen. But unlike other directors and producers who have been swept away by the new tide, Mahesh Kaul is very well acquainted with Marathi literature. I found from his talk that he had read most of the important works in Marathi of the past three or four years; he had even followed a novel *Shitu* serialized in a Marathi magazine with great interest.

He is perhaps the only director who is acquainted with different trends not only of Marathi literature but literature in other languages. He knows personally many writers and finds pleasure in discussing literature with them.

Mahesh Kaul is full of ideas as to

what kind of pictures should be made. But his voice will have greater effect if his picture *Jeevan Jyoti* attains box office success. Then Mahesh Kaul will not be merely a great director but a hit-maker. And in the show world box office is a very important factor. So every admirer of Mahesh Kaul will wish him all success to enable him to make pictures according to his ideals and thus enrich the Indian films.

Picture Of The Week

THE subject of partition and refugees has so far not proved a very happy one for film-making. In spite of the failure of the past efforts in this direction M. S. Ahluwalia has undoubtedly shown courage in turning to the subject of the refugees in his latest production *Firdaus*.

The screenplay by D. N. Madhok scrupulously avoids any political reference to the situation created by partition. In a way, it does not deal at all with the problem of refugees as such. The partition and the consequent uprooting of millions of people brought about a radical change in the lives of many people. Millionaires became paupers overnight, and by a stroke of fortune, paupers started rolling in wealth. Celebrities became non-entities; and non-entities became celebrities.

This sudden and dramatic change in the fortunes of men and women from all walks of life provides an excellent basis for Madhok's screenplay; and we have an assortment of characters—a millionaire working like a munshi, a pauper finding a suitcase full of currency notes, a burly peasant trying to blackmail him, a young pregnant wife searching for refuge in a big city, her rich brother now plying a tonga and an unknown girl becoming a famous dancer in the hotel of Delhi.

All these characters are interesting by themselves; but Madhok has not been able to exploit them well and create an interesting drama out of their interplay. The actions of the hero who in the beginning is hesitant to accept the money he found by chance and who later falls for a dancer, refusing to recognise his wife

and child are inexplicable; and thanks to the miserable performance by Anoop Kumar, one comes to hate the man rather than like him. Even the dancer's characterization is confused and Geeta Bali with all her talents has not been able to save it. Om Prakash as the burly man who blackmails Anoop and at the same time unknowingly supports his destitute wife and child gives the most lively performance; unfortunately he has not enough to do. Lalita Pawar as the old mother of the hero who has gone crazy is almost a superfluous character introduced apparently to appease the audience with cheap sentimentalism with the mother working as servant in the son's house.

Thus, a basically very interesting story-idea gets lost in confused development of the script and but for a few really touching scenes it never succeeds in gripping or holding your attention. The production values are good and the outdoor sequences of

Delhi do lend pictorial charm to the whole show. Once Madhok was known for his lyrics; now he seems to have lost the zest for writing them. Neither his lyrics nor the tunes by Robin Chatterji have anything to commend them.

DIRECTION by Vasant Joglekar and Harindar is straightforward and technically the picture is competently made. Among the performers Om Prakash and Ashok Kumar, who plays the role of a pleader in love with the dancing girl are tops. Ashok is specially brilliant and steals some of the scenes.

News Of The Week

AMITA is the new heroine's screen-name appearing opposite Bharat Bhushan in Prakash Pictures' *Mahaprabhu Chaitanya*.

Agha will play the hero opposite Madhubala in All India Pictures' *Char Din Ki Chandni* which went on sets last week.

THE CINEMA INDUSTRY

By

R. SUBBIAH NAIDU

OF late, we have been hearing much about the harm done by cinematograph shows. It has been alleged that cinemas have a tendency to demoralise and pervert, specially the younger generation; and it has also been urged too often that 'cinema' has practically destroyed 'drama' and has lowered the standard of 'music' in the country.

Music, dance, drama and cinema are all fine arts. Some years ago a vendetta was raised against 'dance,' ostensibly on social and moral considerations. And for some considerable time 'dance' was relegated to the background and dance performances were tabooed and dances were looked down upon with contempt. But the urge of the people to restore the art to its proper place was too great to be easily suppressed. And 'dance' soon recovered from the blow and regained its position and is now occu-

pying a much higher status than it ever had. It has secured votaries from all sections of the populace and its future is assured.

Music pundits have raised the cry that cinemas have gone in for popular tunes and cheaper music and that classical music has been neglected and thrown behind. I fail to understand the force of this argument. For ages past classical music flourished in this country, and has been developed to a very high level. But the art is difficult and hard to master. Music and drama have been for long utilised in this land for propagating great ideals such as truth, devotion, and faith in God and all important aspects of our history and culture. Masses of our population have been long illiterate; but, these illiterate masses have been able to grasp, understand and assimilate our culture and our ideas, when taken to them in the form of easy popular music and cheaply presented country dramas. Although our people have been illiterate, they have ever been a highly cultured race. Folklore, ballads and dramas have been some of the media

by which the deeds of our past heroes, and important episodes in our past history and epics have been ever kept fresh in the minds of our populace; and one could see cowboys in the countryside regaling themselves with songs from the dramatic performances which they had witnessed previously. The songs could be easily mastered during the course of the dramatic performance and the tunes could be easily reproduced without any extra effort or tuition. While classical music has its own purpose to fulfil, it can never be the media for carrying our culture to the masses. That can be done only by means—easier to understand, easier to grasp and easier to reproduce.

IT has also been complained that cinema has practically killed our ancient drama. 'Drama' flourished in our country for ages past, and it served a great purpose in the cultural development of our people. But its range is limited. Not so the cinematograph. Based on scientific development of photography and other arts, it covers distant places (and sometimes distant worlds too) in a vast plot and caters entertainment to the masses for a comparatively cheap price. The language is easily understood. The music is popular. The dances are graceful. Cinema has become a powerful medium for approaching the masses in all spheres of human activity—political, social and economic. The allegation that children are perverted and adults are demoralised as a result of witnessing films is at least not my experience. Years ago some of the foreign films pandered to the cruder instincts, in a few cases, but such films are rarely seen in the present day. And Indian films have never descended to an indecent level. The censorship is vigilant and rigorous; and our popular instinct has never tolerated any undue indecency or vulgarity in public shows and entertainments. Incidentally some of our ancient dramas such as 'Tara Sasankam' are really lewd; but they are still permitted. As regards the lowering of the standards of our music, the masses appreciate the music that impress them most and which they can easily grasp and not

highly cultivated music which they cannot easily understand and appreciate.

CLASSICAL MUSIC is a rich heritage handed down to us by our ancestors and must be cherished and preserved by us. But our fine arts such as music and dance have not shown much sign of progress in the modern age. They are as they were centuries ago and to develop them suitably in the modern age is the responsibility of the great savants of these arts. Drama, though it has received a setback after the advent of the cinema, is showing signs of adapting itself to modern ideas, and commendable efforts are being made to bring back drama to a prominent position in our country. I believe it has still to play a noble and useful part and we can ill afford to lose it. Drama can never be killed. It has played and has still to play a very useful part in the regeneration of our country. But cinema which is a product of western culture has taken hold of popular imagination. As a means of popular entertainment it is unrivalled. As a medium for the social, cultural and economic development of our country it has played and is still playing a very distinguished part, and must not be discouraged on any account. But its costly mechanism and its delicate scientific equipment and the necessity for ready and cheap electric power supply have rendered its advance to the countryside rather tardy and difficult. Production and exhibition are alike handicapped. But drama and popular music are not circumscribed by any such limitations. They can be carried to the masses at not much cost and the efforts now being made to make them play a worthy part in the social and cultural life of our country must be encouraged by all means.

But 'cinema' as a national institution (and industry) has come to stay. Mistakes and defects, if any, may be set right and better standards may be insisted upon. But nothing should be done to discourage it and every encouragement must be given to expand its scope so that it can reach the masses as much as possible.

A MAN OF LETTERS

By "NAMBS"

SRIDHAR is known to his friends as a man of letters; not purely as one who holds a degree from the University, but as one who has acquired and experienced many things by merely writing letters. Casually the other day I heard him tell how the wording of an advertisement in the situations required column of a newspaper brought him letters which finally resulted in his landing himself in his first job in commerce. There are many things that he could tell young men and women of the present work-a-day world that would provide some useful experience for them and so I thought I might with his permission take a leaf out of his diary.

Writing letters is a passion with Sridhar and he said he owes it to his elder brother to have been first put on this. His elder brother wrote to him from college and then he replied from home when he was just a school boy. That gave him a kick to see how his letters reacted and then he started writing to all those who advertised in the newspapers about free gifts, free samples, literatures, catalogues. All these brought him news and views which have gone to mould his views on life and how it is to be lived. Some of the "free" advertisements turned out to be ruses. An astrological reading came to him by VPP and for the curiosity of it he paid for it. And then though he could have got the money back by returning the reading in a limited time he kept it. Soon he followed it through his friends and now has got a collection of astrological readings for over twenty four different periods of birth, according to the astral constellation in which one is born. His accumulation of catalogues went up steadily and he could talk on many subjects about which his elders were ignorant. He says that every postcard spent brought him much more by way of knowledge and experience.

Letter writing should be regular to make an impression and Sridhar

now finds that he has built up a reputation which he has to maintain at any cost. His friends may not be regular in writing but he has to be. That is what his own mother and relations also expect of him. But that keeps him alert all the time and he says he gets a real kick out of such joy. He is written to by relations and friends of all ages, classes and creeds and from many parts of the world and this makes him more worldly wise than many others. When he comes home he ardently looks out for what letters the postman has left for him that day.

Pen clubs and correspondence clubs also have played their part for Sridhar. He says that only the friends that he made through his school and college and his job have come to stay. He made an attempt to join a pen friendship club. He paid the subscription and received the printed list of members. But he got only one enquiry for fresh correspondence and that too he dropped when he found that the person was someone four houses off his and about whom he had known through other sources. But then he says he could peer at some interesting avocations and hobbies in the list. And in the next year some one from the list invited him to a picnic where men and women would gather in large numbers to celebrate the annual day of the clubs. There was a telephone number also in the invitation and lo, he found that was another place the people of which he knew about.

HE got his first job by putting a nicely worded application. The letter was specially commented upon when he was interviewed and selected. After that he was feeling upset at the routine nature of the duties he had entered on. Then came an opportunity to leave that work. To look out for a job he advertised in the situations required column. His friends laughed at the idea and even today they do. But the advertisement worked and he successfully

landed himself in a job that he was looking out for. So, says Sridhar, careful use of the art of letter writing has its benefits and anyone could usefully apply himself or herself to it.

SRIDHAR developed journalistic tendencies as a corollary to the letter writing fad and his twelve years of free lance journalism stand out as proof of success and he is glad and proud of it, he told me. Another interesting aspect was this. His edi-

tors appreciated his articles and letters more through seeing his letters than knowing him. He was scrupulous in not showing himself to recommend his merits, it was not worthwhile to push one's personal position into the forefront for it.

Sridhar went househunting once. Months of searching and going about did not bring him the house he wished for. Then came an advertisement and he replied to it. The house owner received over fifty letters from many people, big and small. Yet he said he made the first offer to Sridhar because he found something special in the way in which the letter was worded. Now Sridhar has carried this aspect of life to all spheres.

As a young boy of nine he came across what is called the Christmas and New Year cards, through a cousin of his who happened to be in Government service. And then he started sending them to his school mates. He found they liked it, so he followed it through. He did it in college and now he has a treasured list of addresses of college mates and friends, of which no one among his contemporaries is able to give a small portion even. Sridhar has however found that this task of annual remembering has got its tasks too. From about five a year it has grown to nearly a thousand a year and he has been discussing with his friends why not stop this new year card business. No, said some. Yes, said others. So he is in a dilemma. A very close friend of his who once ironically remarked that he was becoming clock-like and mechanical in letters, was the first to protest when one year he did not send a new year card to him. Sridhar's own opinion is that it is a good thing to send these every year, so that memories are refreshed and sweet recollections are given a good tickle.

Letters are the breath of life to Sridhar and he is rightly called a man of letters by his friends. And why not, says Sridhar, when letters have accomplished for him almost everything that one could wish for. Simplicity, charm and details are some of the points that make a letter and its writer lovable and loved.

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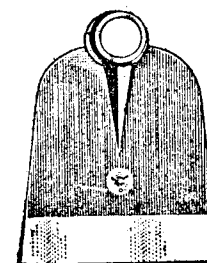
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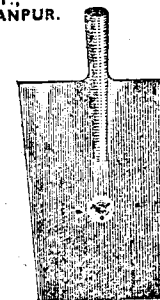
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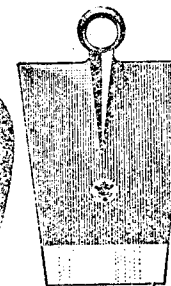
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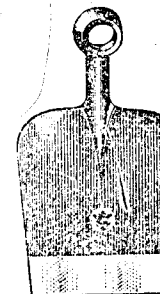
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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Politics Of Educational Reform In Madras

Sir,—The Executive Board of the S. I. T. U. has done well in protesting against the language used by the Chief Minister of Madras, while answering criticisms of his new scheme of elementary education. His greatest lapse in this direction was not when he called the schools of our day so many prisons, but when he commented on the proceedings of the State Educational Conference held in Mangalore, in some such manner as this: "I know that the members of the teaching profession have met, and besides discussing the usual and all-important question of their pay, have expressed their disapproval of the new scheme of education." My point is not merely that this sneer was flippant and irrelevant, but that it was mean and unworthy of a Chief Minister. Such scornful references to teachers' anxiety about their pay, come with little grace from one who is a self-confessed recipient of emoluments on two counts simultaneously, as ex-Governor-General and as Chief Minister of Madras! As the master, so his voices; and a couple of his colleagues too have had the cheek to indulge in cheap gibes at the teaching profession. Such expressions of scorn for the teaching profession as the Chief Minister's language has encouraged, is bound to prove subversive of discipline among the young for a long time to come. Even the Adviser on Education to the State Government seems to have caught the prevailing infection; for he was just his master's voice when at a meeting in Mangalore, he used such provocative language as this: "Those who like the new scheme will let their children work for three hours in the day under a craftsman; those who do not like it will stand on their heads and throw their legs up." Is this the language of persuasion expected of a Government propagandist of Gandhian persuasions?

So much about the language of the sponsors of the new scheme. Cannot a sense of the dignity of labour be instilled in the young without recourse to this

elaborate plan? Which of us does not take to labour when confronted by the necessity to do so?

Quite often those who lament from the platform that the present generation has no sense of the dignity of labour, are just exaggerating. At one public meeting a big-wig complained that his children do not care to do odd pieces of work which he might on occasion propose to them. The truth may be that he has never actually tried them and found them wanting; for he has no lack of servants in his house. How can a child acquire a sense of the dignity of labour in a household where it is not suffered to do any work, where there is an abundance of servants, and where it is given courses in music and dancing and so on, in the hours of leisure, but no labour? In the final analysis the sense of the dignity of labour seems to depend on the bringing-up given in the home.

The province of Governments should not be extended to take over the offices of the home and the parent in details like instilling a sense of the dignity of labour. A great deal of governmental nuisance would be stayed if only politicians would remember what Burke observed long ago: "Statesmen ought to know the different departments of things; what belongs to laws, and what manners alone can regulate. To these (latter), politicians may give a leaning, but they cannot give a law." It is a pity that such a simple detail as instilling a sense of the dignity of labour is to be entrusted to Government regulation and control, as if the fashioning of human personality down to a specification is any business of a Government! Thus do educational planners and social engineers place the child on the same plans as brick and mortar. Let us remember Maritain's plea in *Education at the Cross-roads*: "What is of most importance to the educator is a respect for the soul as well as the body of the child." Well has Harold Child observed: "You cannot make people good, it has been said in our own day, except by Act of Parliament. Thus does totalitarianism insinuate the thin end of its wedge into our democratic society." And, particularly, when it happens that the majority party in the legislature are content to have their thinking done for them by the self-styled martinet of the party, the fads of an individual plague a whole State, from tearing the cushions of the seats in buses, to wholly superfluous schemes for imparting to the young a sense of the dignity of labour.

P. NARAYANA RAO

Mangalore.

- In C. R.'s response to the recent Assembly vote on the elementary education issue VIGNESWARA sees matter for jubilation for the Communists. They may be expected, he thinks, to get ready to execute a wild war-dance round the forlorn rump that the Chief Minister seeks to rally. "How desperate his plight must have been to send him rummaging in the moth-eaten pages of Dicey?" For to VIGNESWARA it's nothing short of committing a fraud on the Constitution to perpetuate a government that has been disowned by its supporters.
- "In his dealings with Kashmir Pandit Nehru did not play the part of the realist politician. He played the part of a good Samaritan, spending lavishly out of the Indian exchequer for the welfare of the people of Kashmir." What is the inside story of the Kashmir tangle? Read it in "Sheikh Abdullah's Somersault."
- Not long ago, Joseph McCarthy is reported to have told a friend, "I will either end up in a jail or in the White House." As to which of these alternatives is likely to come to pass, you can form your own opinion from the amazing story of his life as told by Dr. P. G. Krishnayya of New York.
- The other day the Editor of the P.T.I. resigned. Later the General Manager was sent away. Some explanation of this top-level upheaval was due from the Management but none has been forthcoming. Saka searchlights the scene.

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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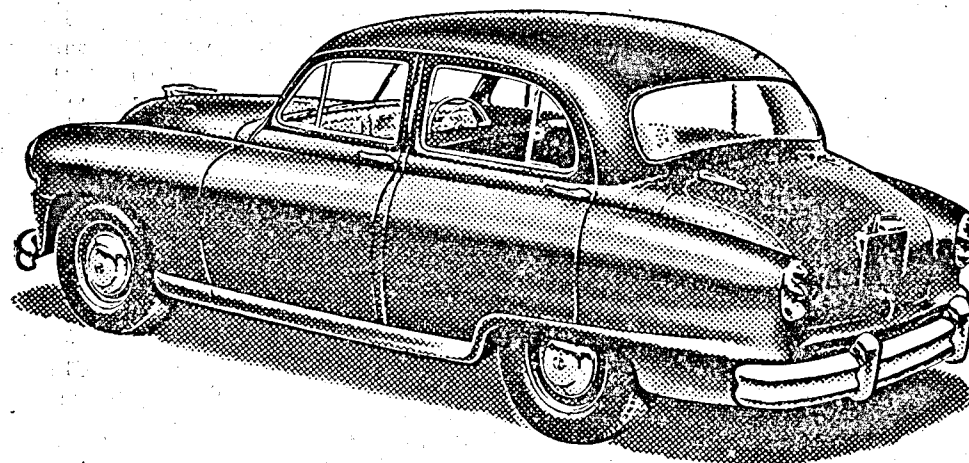
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SHEIKH ABDULLAH'S SOMERSAULT

TRIBAL raiders supported by Pakistan were within a few miles of Srinagar when Kashmir urgently pleaded for India's aid and intercession. The Maharaja then acceded to India. The accession was not however the individual move of an autocratic ruler. It brought with it the effective elimination of the monarchical regime and replaced it with a full-blown democratic system of government. Sheikh Abdullah has been the real ruler of Kashmir ever since Kashmir acceded to India. The rescue of Kashmir from the tribal raiders that had almost reached the capital was a magnificent military feat. A military solution of the Kashmir problem was well within India's capacity, but Pandit Nehru decided against it. We owe to his restraint the continuance of a part of Kashmir in the occupation of Pakistan. Politically, as the virtual sponsor of the Government of Sheikh Abdullah, India was in a very strong position in Kashmir, and if Pandit Nehru had only wished it, Kashmir's accession could have been immediately followed up by the incorporation of the State with India on a par with the other States in the Union like Mysore and Travancore.

BUT Pandit Nehru gave special treatment to Kashmir from the very outset. Sheikh Abdullah enjoyed a degree of freedom and power that no Chief Minister of any Part A or Part B State enjoyed in the rest of the country. The accession did not lead to integration of Kashmir with India, it was limited only to defence, foreign relations and communications. Subject to these limitations Sheikh Abdullah enjoyed virtually untrammelled authority within the State. Not only was the old ruler reduced to absolute political in consequence, the resources of the Government of India were utilised without stint for the building up of Kashmir's economy in order to enable Sheikh Abdullah to build himself into an unassailable popular position as a progressive democrat pledged to economic reform. No State in the world could ever have given so much for so little as India did to Kashmir. In his dealings with Kashmir Pandit Nehru did not play the part of the realist politician. He played the part of a good Samaritan, spending lavishly out of the Indian exchequer for the welfare of the people of Kashmir.

SHEIKH ABDULLAH and other Kashmir leaders responded to Pandit Nehru's excessively considerate treatment with a measure of goodwill that left nothing to be desired in the manner of its articulation. Sheikh Abdullah poured ridicule on the two-nations theory. He lost no opportunity of asserting and reiterating his faith that the future of Kashmir was linked indissolubly

with India. There was no whisper of any anti-Indian sentiment in any part of the State. This state of affairs lasted till a few months ago, when a dramatic change occurred in Sheikh Abdullah's attitude to India. He no longer speaks of the destiny of Kashmir being tied up with India's goodwill. He has become a protagonist of complete independence for Kashmir untroubled by any vestige of sovereignty from Delhi. Simultaneously with Sheikh Abdullah's change of attitude, mysterious movements of a quasi-religious nature have begun to stir in the State and they seem to have only one purpose, that of challenging the secular conception of government and emphasising the deep religious and spiritual bonds between the brothers of a common faith in Pakistan and Kashmir.

It would not be profitable to waste energy in investigating the causes that have led Sheikh Abdullah to make his somersault. Easily got money is rarely spent with care and efficiency, and one effect of the Government of India's generosity towards Kashmir would appear to be the encouragement of waste on the part of those entrusted with the disposal of the funds. Charges not of waste merely, but of corruption and nepotism also, have been made with increasing frequency of late against Sheikh Abdullah's Government, but he has shown no disposition to enquire into them. Only an administration completely above board can probe too deeply into charges of corruption, and perhaps Sheikh Abdullah is not in this happy position. On the other hand, Indian opinion could not rest content, acquiescing indefinitely in the distribution of largesse for the supposed economic benefit of Kashmir with no safeguards against its diversion into the pockets of corrupt politicians and administrators; and for sometime now, there have been insistent demands for a closer scrutiny into the internal working of Kashmir's political machinery to determine the social and economic value of India's lavish financial aid. Anticipating inconvenient investigations, Sheikh Abdullah seems to have found refuge in truculence, snapping his fingers at India in heroic guise as an apostle of Kashmiri independence.

THIS plea of independence is in reality sheer nonsense. The maximum of independence consistent with Kashmir's strategical location, the State is having already and to ensure it there has been need both of the prowess of the Indian army and the forbearance coupled with almost foolhardy liberality and selflessness of the Government of India. These conditions are not likely to be reproduced from other quarters for Kashmir's benefit if the State should stray out of India's protective orbit. Independence for Kashmir would only mean reproduction of the conditions that prevailed in the brief interlude when the State enjoyed it, before India was urgently entreated to step on the scene and save the harassed people from its consequences. It would mean the quiet conversion of Kashmir into a province of Pakistan if indeed a worse destiny is not to overtake her, as it did Tibet, through the insurgence of the northern Red hordes' ambition to conquer the world. Sheikh Abdullah cannot be unaware of all this, and it is surprising that he should be rash enough to seek to lead Kashmir out of the haven of security in which she now rests, into dangers and disasters of almost unpredictable scope. Has he chosen deliberately to leave the Kashmiris to their fate and cast his net in troubled waters to fish out a crown?

It is a gratifying aspect of the Kashmir tangle that Sheikh Abdullah has not been able to carry the National Conference with him. The National Conference in Kashmir is analogous to the Indian National Congress in India. It is the party structure lending political support to the mechanism of administrative power over which Sheikh Abdullah wields control. India still has very influential friends both in the National Conference and in the Government of Kashmir. The muzzling of these, with, if necessary, the wholesale shattering of the democratic foundations of the State, is likely to be Sheikh Abdullah's next step. Pandit Nehru should act in time to prevent it.

PTI Turmoil

FROM August 3, for a week, the one thousand employees of the Press Trust of India in 54 centres all over the country will wear "demand badges" claiming an amelioration of their working conditions. A very mild form of agitation, this, and it is doubtful if the bosses in control of the PTI will be moved to responsive sympathy by it. The charges of the PTI staff against the management make a formidable list. There is no definite system of recruitment; no rational principles for promotion; and no uniform correspondence between work and pay. Nepotism and favouritism stalk the organisation. Even the most elementary facilities are lacking. The staff complain, for example, that the PTI has no reference library in any of its offices, and no proper indexing and filing system. These defects, of long incubation, have lately reached intolerable levels through the iniquities of cornered control, and the general apathy of the members of the Press supposed to be the owners of the PTI, in its fortunes and welfare. A fine institution handed down by Reuters in an excellent condition of professional competence, has deteriorated even to the fatal extent of foregoing objectivity, the soul of trustworthiness in news-collection, on account of jealousies and bickerings and the wayward antics of the new heirs to its ownership and control.

Andhra Capital

WHEN the question of the Andhra State capital came up for debate in the Madras Assembly, Tamil and other non-Andhra members set up a healthy convention by abstaining from voting. They felt that the issue concerned the Andhras, and they alone, without any sort of pressure or interference from outside, should be left free to decide it. Unfortunately, the convention was violated by the action of some five dissenters. They threw in their weight in favour of Kurnool as capital, with the result that the resolution advocating location of the capital at Guntur-Vijayawada was lost

by one vote. It would have been carried with four votes had the Andhra members of the Assembly alone, and none others, participated in the voting. This is an indication that the original, fantastic decision of the Andhra legislators in favour of Kurnool has not finally disposed of the matter, and some of them have begun to think in terms of the welfare of the State and the overwhelming voice of public opinion within it. The Government of India should delve into the significance of the voting in the Assembly and take suitable action in time instead of allowing themselves to be fettered helplessly by technicalities.

Road Safety

IN England importance is attached to the spot-checking of vehicles to discover dangerous defects. Proposals have been coming up again and again to submit all vehicles to regular inspections for the issue of certificates of road-worthiness, but the prohibitive cost of the administration of compulsory inspections in the case of nearly five million vehicles on the road has scared away the enthusiasm of administrators for the innovation. In the United States they tackle road safety from the driver end. In New York there is an association interested in greater road safety which has opened driver testing clinics to enable the driving public to test its own efficiencies and deficiencies. In June this year 8,000 motorists took the tests at the clinics and 20 percent of them found they had unsuspected defects of vision which made them unsafe drivers. These defects were promptly rectified and the roads were to that extent rendered immediately safer. In India there is scope for a combination of both vehicle checks and driver tests in the interests of road safety. In big cities like Madras, if the police and municipal authorities took greater care in the prevention of congestion in traffic bottle-necks, many lives lost on the roads might have been saved. In this city in particular, far too many shops inviting crowds of customers, abut directly on to the road in narrow thoroughfares subject to terrifically heavy motor traffic

in an ever increasing number of localities. These and their environs are regular death-traps. It is indefensible folly to let them multiply.

Cinderella's Fate

AT the reception in connection with the Film Federation Day, Sri Vasan complained of heavy taxation on the film industry, and said the problem was how to get the money back after paying the taxes and make the industry go. Sri Rajagopalachari the Chief Minister admitted that he did not pretend to have examined the financial justification of all the taxes levied. But, he promised, "when he had done with the partition of the State, the policy of education and the distress of the handloom weavers, the cinema would have his attention." When an injustice is alleged, deferred attention means continuance of the injustice, and the cinema people have found little concrete comfort from the Chief Minister to soothe their present pains for all the clever epigrams so pleasantly exchanged in the speeches.

Redress denied in response to urgent appeals tends to continue denied ever. If one set of problems gets priority of attention from the Chief Minister now, another set will get it sometime hence, and the neglected Cinderella will go on pining on disappointed hopes.

The Speaker's Vote

SRI J. SIVASHANMUKHAM PILLAY enunciated an admirable principle when he said at Salem last Sunday that a Speaker must be highly impartial and stand by the status quo when equal votes are cast over an issue coming up for decision in the Legislature. But in the application of the principle he was not quite so admirable. In the division he spoke about, the new elementary education scheme was the innovation. The upholders of the status quo lost because the casting vote of the Speaker went against them. The Speaker does not seem to have been quite right in his judgement as to which was the status quo and which the innovation.

Sotto Voce

DUCKED BY THE MUD HORSE

THE Premier of Madras was not happily inspired when he cited the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as his exemplar. It was the repeated humiliations of the minority Labour Government headed by him in 1924 which led that astute gentleman to play the gilded puppet in the predominantly Tory Government that followed. He consoled himself with the gleeful reflection, recorded by his candid friend Mr. Snowden, that "tomorrow all the Duchesses in England will be dancing around me." But

the present makeshift Government of this State has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. And there are no Duchesses in Madras to dance round the venerable figure of our Chief Minister.

It is the Communists, rather, who may be expected to get ready to execute a wild war dance round the forlorn rump that C. R. seeks to rally. How desperate his plight must have been to send him rummaging among the moth-eaten pages



of Dicey! And how the ghosts of the old Liberals must shake their sides in silent laughter at this spectacle of the wheel turned full cycle! Dicey was not thinking of gimcrack Governments clinging to office by the skin of their teeth but of administrations whose solid majority could be taken for granted. Under the normal conditions of party rule, something more positive and considered than a snap vote on a hostile resolution would be needed to force the Government's resignation.

But the vote on the elementary education issue was one that the Government had deliberately sought. It is true that they had done this most reluctantly. They had found that it was unavoidable if they were to escape the charge of deliberately avoiding, on a major question of policy, the verdict of the House with which they had put themselves in the wrong by not consulting it in the first instance. Having thus asked for what was bound to be construed as a vote of confidence, they cannot be allowed to fall back on the plea that the adverse vote that has been given is merely a recommendation.

A member of the Opposition had in fact sought, when the Government's motion was about to be brought up for debate, to move a resolution under Rule 48 of the Assembly Rules. In effect that would have been a no-confidence motion. He was ultimately persuaded to withdraw it on the assurance that his purpose would be served by the amendments to the Government's motion which had been already admitted. It was natural to suppose that, if the amendments were carried, the Government would accept the decision of the House. The Premier's *tika* on the resolution, after it had been passed, that it was only a recommendation, clearly came as a surprise to everybody.

With an ostentatious display of constitutionalism the Chief Minister told the Opposition that if they felt dissatisfied they had their remedy, they could move a no-confi-

dence motion. As the Assembly wound up the sessions the same day and was prorogued the next day it was a clear case of Hobson's choice. A member of the Opposition has asked for another session, to test the issue, before the Andhra State comes into existence. Since the new elementary education policy has been introduced into Andhra areas also this is a legitimate request. But there is very little chance of its being acceded to.

The Chief Minister's stand on the respective rights of the Government and the Legislature was even more original. He maintained that the new education policy was merely an administrative matter and so wholly within the competence of the Government. How lawyer-like the argument is will be seen from the naive contention that as the new policy requires no modification of existing laws the Legislature cannot claim the right to prior consultation. Suppose the Government decided in the sacred interests of social reform that every Hindu shall wear his hair in the European manner. Could they issue orders to deny permits and other "privileges" within the gift of the Government to non-conformists who stick to the tuft on the plea that there is no law to prevent it?

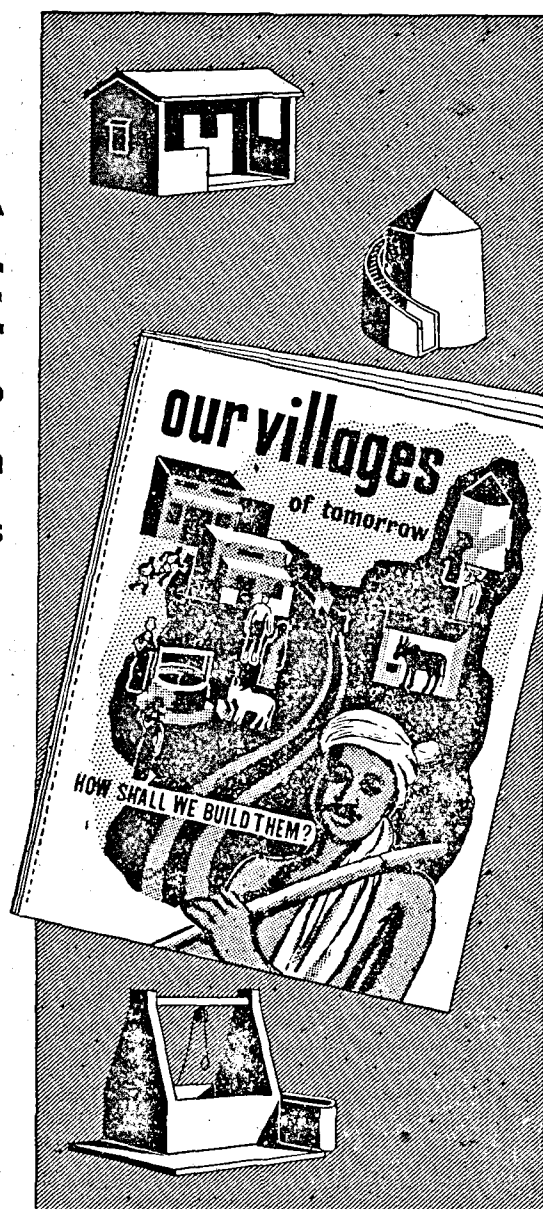
C. R. was content to go through the motions of governing with all the authority of the people's backing. The Assembly vote has pricked the pretence, showing him floundering like the man who got into mid-stream trusting to a mud horse. At the first ducking he had to be fished out by the Speaker. At the second no friendly hand came to his rescue and the mouthful of water swallowed must have been decidedly unpleasant. The pond has since been providentially drained. But the mud horse too has disappeared. The K. L. P. and many of the Independents who had invested him with a semblance of authority have denounced his new policy in no uncertain terms. To perpetuate a Government that has been disowned by its supporters is to commit a fraud on the Constitution.

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SWM.

SISTA'S CMI-127

SIDELIGHTS :

THE internal news agency of India, owned and managed by Reuters in the period of British rule, was in 1949 transferred to the ownership and control of the newspapers of India acting together under the name, the Press Trust of India. Unfortunately the owners of the important newspapers of India could not hold together in the management of the PTI. They formed into cliques and the control board became a hot-bed of intrigues. Eventually one section triumphed and ousted its rivals. The management ceased to be a comprehensive affair of the whole Press acting in unison together and became a truncated thing. As might be expected in the circumstances, the most influential and prosperous of the newspapers started organising independent news services of their own at home and abroad, depending less and less on the PTI supply. This was a development that was bound to come anyhow. But it was accelerated and its speed and tempo forced by recent changes in the character of the PTI management. Newspapers in other countries have distinctive personalities of their own, and no one paper is a replica of the other. But in Indian newspapers, a large portion of the printed material is, word for word, common to all. They suffer from a sameness passing through them all, to the detriment of variety and individuality, inflicting on the reader a certain oppressive feeling of heaviness and monotony. All this may become a thing of the past, before long, with the newspapers specialising in separate and exclusive news stories and correspondence.

FOR the present, however, the central core of the structure of news-servicing in the country is still the PTI, and it will remain so for some years. Small and medium-sized papers will have to depend substantially on the PTI and no newspaper will be able to dispense with it, quite. Trained to the Reuter

standards, PTI men are professionally equal to the best in the world. Under proper conditions the PTI itself is capable of blossoming out into a first-rate international news-service of global sweep and importance on a level with the great world news agencies. But it is pulled down by autocracy, nepotism and managerial waywardness, not all of which are of recent origin. The Editor resigned, and the Manager was asked to leave. The public know nothing yet of the circumstances responsible for this top-level upheaval. Some enlightenment was due from the management. As it has not been forthcoming all sorts of weird stories are going round.

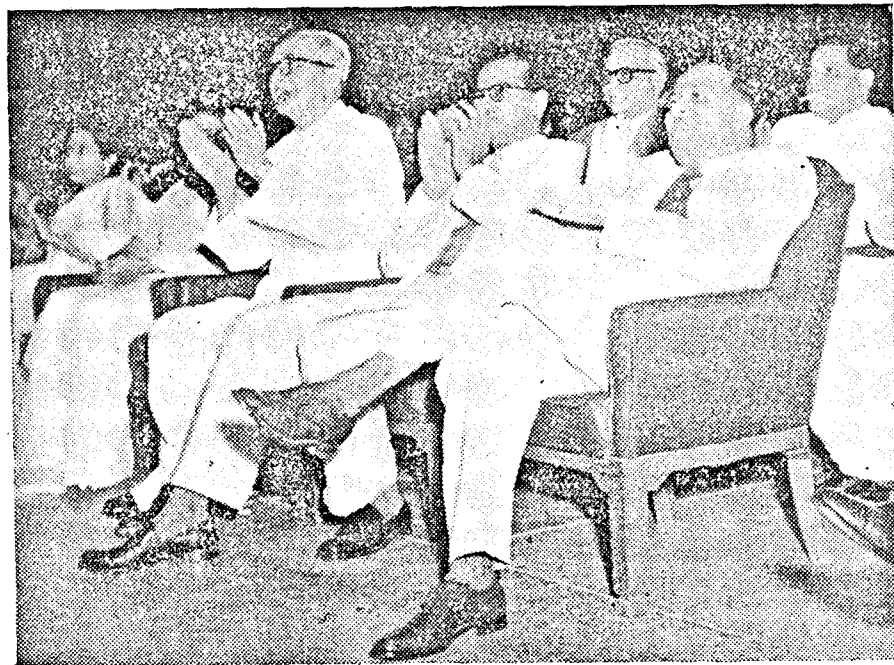
THE discontent of the PTI staff culminated last Monday in a very mild form of protest, the observance of what they called a "Demands Day". The Demands Day is characteristic of the intellectuality of the journalistic proletariat. The term "proletariat" is packed with a mixed content of power and grievance, and for much less than what the PTI employees have to suffer and endure, any other type of proletariat, with a fraction of the capacity for publicity that Pressmen enjoy, would have made the world ring with reverberations of their angry slogans, and hurled on the employers threats of defiance and direct action. But at the Madras meeting, the PTI Union actually passed a resolution of appreciative gratitude for the goodwill shown by the chairman of the board in agreeing to meet their representative some day in the future at Bombay! And this, after they had submitted a charter of demands six months ago seeking regularisation of their working conditions and failed to receive even an acknowledgement of it todate!

THIS charter of demands of the PTI discloses deplorable service conditions. Apart from lack of

accommodation, it would appear that even in some of the big branch offices like Madras, Delhi and Calcutta, there are not even enough chairs for the staff. In many offices there is not even a clean wash basin. Medical aid is non-existing. A dormitory for reporters on night duty is a rare luxury existing only in a few offices. No arrangement for night transport for the staff exists in any office, big or small. Nowhere in the vast organisation is there a reference library, a filing system or proper indexing arrangements. There is not, as a rule, strict correspondence between work and pay nor any uniform connection between work and qualifications. Hardworking men are ill-paid, and drones owing their admission solely to the favour of an influential or powerful god-father, rewarded munificently much beyond their deserts. The PTI men share with other journalists, the deep love and loyalty of the crafts-

man for the institution for which they work, which they are reluctant to hurt in any way by allowing their wrongs to impair their efficiency. If the owner contributes capital to the organisation, the reporter or the journalist contributes to it the devotion of his heart and soul and the energy of his body and mind. His pride in what he builds up will not allow him to let it suffer in credit through any act or omission of his own. This is why there are so few strikes on the part of sub-editors and reporters in newspaper offices and in news agencies however aggrieved they might feel with their lot. The assumption of the language of the trade unions by organisations of journalists is an indication of the strain placed on their finer sensibilities by owners and managers not endowed with the gift of comprehending them with all the niceties of sentiment pertaining to their profession.

SAKA



Pakistan's Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammad Ali, at a showing of the Moral Rearmament play Jotham Valley in Karachi. M R A plays were staged to crowded audiences in Karachi, and Mr. Mohammad Ali attended on three successive nights.

THE NEPAL JIGSAW

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THOSE who would try to piece together the jigsaw puzzle of Nepal relying for assistance for the purpose on news reports emanating from Darjeeling and Kathmandu must fail and give up the attempt. No news-reporting is entirely un-biased, and with regard to Nepal affairs in the last three years newspaper-men have taken sides without restraint. My own views as expressed in this article are hardly impartial but a recent visit to Kathmandu has enabled me to piece together the jigsaw puzzle of Nepali politics with some measure of satisfaction, at least to me.

It is not necessary to review the incidents which led to the ousting of the Rana regime in 1950. For a century the Ranas, an artificial creation of a single ambitious and forceful man, Jang Bahadur, had kept Nepal throttled. Under them the Kings of Nepal had been reduced to a cipher. These had neither the titular importance of a monarchy as in England nor the absolute power which they had wielded till 1845. The Rana Prime Minister was king in reality (Maharaja): he was Supreme Commander-in-Chief: his crown had the bigger and costlier jewels, some of these being those that were pawned with Jang Bahadur by Nana Sahib's widow.

Chafing under the tyranny of the Rana despotism a group of nationalists who had their education in India and who had been inspired by India's nationalist struggle met in the rooms of a Nepali student in Calcutta and formed the Nepali National Congress. Earlier, in 1935, a bolder man, Tanka Prasad Acharya, had with the support of the Palace formed the Praja Parishad. But the Ranas crushed the movement and jailed its leaders and executed four others.

But the National Congress fared better because it functioned in India. It had the support of Indian nationalists and it forced the hands of the Ranas in 1950 as a result of which

King Tribhuvan emerged from the obscurity in which he had been from his fifth year when he had succeeded his father and Rana Mohan Shum Shere Jang Bahadur agreed to form a coalition Rana-National Congress Government. It collapsed after nine months.

The founders of the Nepali National Congress were D. G. Regmi (educated at Patna and Madras) and B. P. Koirala, and the latter became the Home Minister in the Rana Coalition Cabinet. After the collapse of the Rana-coalition Government M. P. Koirala (half-brother of B. P.) who had been elected President of the Nepali Congress in 1949 formed a Government with himself as Prime Minister. B. P. did not take office this time. It was during this period that the rift between the two brothers widened and M. P. was voted out of the Party whereupon he formed the Rashtriya Praja Parishad. The M. P. Government lasted also nine months and the B. P. Group (which was a merger of the Nepali National Congress and General Subarna Mahendra Vikram Saha's National Democratic Party) came into power. Again it was a short-lived Government and in June 1952 it went out of office making way for the Advisory regime when India stepped in with four advisers (one of them Adviser-cum-Secretary to the King) and a Military Mission. In June this year, after several previous efforts on the part of the King and the Koirala brothers towards formation of a Government had failed, Mr. M. P. Koirala was entrusted by the King with the formation of a Government. For the second time in his career forty-two-year-old Matrika Prasad becomes Prime Minister of a country where commoners had until recently been metaphorically footstools and door-mats for the feudal lords.

AT the same time these last three years have seen the coming into being of several political parties and a general awakening of the people,

as to their rights. The *coup d'état* carried out by the Nepali National Congress in 1950 threw up a guerilla leader, K. I. Singh (not to be confused with Sikh names ending in "Singh", Singha or Singh being a common Nepali name) who after holding Kathmandu for two days fled to Tibet. He is a native of Bhairawa in West Nepal and the more recent incidents in the Western *terai* where Bhim Datt Pant held for a few days the district town of Kailikanchanpur for a few days have led to guesses as to the underground activities of K. I. Singh.

In East Nepal Communists have been controlling the small market town of Dharan for some months now and ninety per cent of the population there have turned Communist. The other ten per cent are shopkeepers and traders who travel daily between Biratnagar and Dharan and do not care to spend the nights at their places of business.

In Biratnagar, Nepal's only industrial town, the workers have been on strike for several months and the Marwari owners of the jute mills there have chosen to shut up their mills rather than concede the demands of the workers. The issue is further complicated by the fact that the Governor of Morang (of which Biratnagar is the capital) and the military commander are at loggerheads. Uneasy rumours of Marwari money finding its way into the pockets of certain high officials at Biratnagar lead one to the conclusion that in the event of mass disturbances the civil and military will be in opposing camps making the confusion worse confounded. Biratnagar is also the stronghold of B. P. Koirala where two of his brothers have great influence over the workers.

Nor are Palace politics quite as satisfactory as they appear on the surface. One of the reasons for the ending of the advisory regime (a very unsatisfactory state of affairs from the start) and the hastening of the formation of a Government was that

it would enable King Tribhuvan to go to Europe there to consult specialists. (His complaint is coronary thrombosis.) His top favourite and adviser, General Mahabir, one of the five of M.P.'s Cabinet, who went to the Coronation with the second Prince, is still in Europe hoping that the King would join him there.

THE King's intention at first was to form a Regency Council consisting of his two queens and sons and one or two ex-Ministers to act during his absence. But the Crown Prince (he is thirty-four while his father is forty-seven) is said to be against such a Council because he feels he can act for his father without the aid of a Council. (The Crown Prince is a teetotaller and is altogether a "strong man" relatively.) This impasse coupled with the fact that the exchequer is nearly empty makes it likely that the King's visit to Europe may not take place.

General Mahabir himself will, therefore, have to curtail his holiday and return to handle the affairs of State. From 1950 General Mahabir has been in one Cabinet after another and was also a member of the Advisory Council. He is immensely rich with vast investments in India and if he were an ordinary citizen the Indian exchequer should benefit to the extent of about eighty lakhs of rupees yearly as income tax from him.

In the disturbed state of affairs that has been prevailing in India during the past three years it was inevitable that numerous political parties should have sprung up each of them claiming a huge membership and each of them claiming to represent the mass of the Nepalis. But let it be said at the outset that the jurisdiction of these political parties is limited to Kathmandu or at the most to the Valley. The hill folk such as the Parvatiyas, the Kiratis, the Rais, the Limbus and Gurungs, from whom are recruited fighting men who under the general name "Gurkha" have brought so much fame to Nepal—these people are untouched by the

political parties. But as the slogans such as those of "Dispossess the possessors", "Land to the Tillers" become more popular and widespread these people too will get affected and the political party that will then capitalise the situation is the Communist Party.

At present the Communist Party is under a ban but the Communist-inspired Kisan Sangh whose leader is Tulsi Lal, a former bank clerk, is growing in strength everyday. Mr. M. P. Koirala hopes to be able to lift the ban on the Communists soon so that they could work openly.

I HAVE already referred to Biratnagar where the situation needs watching. It is the gateway to the mountains of east Nepal inhabited by the martial races named above.

Without their knowing what Marxism or Communism is, the educated youth of the country who are averse to hard manual labour are being attracted to the theories now flying about to the effect that one has only to rob the rich to become rich oneself.

The Students' Federation of Kathmandu is now split into a leftist and centre party respectively. This does not mean, however, that either party believes in laborious work or self-denial. Students who two years back used to wear the spartan Nepali costume of kurtha, tight pajamas and cloth cap now promenaded up and down Judda Street, Kathmandu's main Street dressed in smart slacks and bush shirts cut to American pattern and stitched in Calcutta. Almost everyone of them without exception wears glare glasses and a wrist watch.

In the meanwhile the condition of the masses has deteriorated. Unemployment, exorbitant taxes levied by landlords who rarely pay their share of revenue to the exchequer, deflation of the Nepali rupee—all these have made a people who have been steeped in poverty—though the land itself is very wealthy—desperate and ready for change. Whereas formerly sixty-five Nepali rupees were worth a hundred Indian rupees today a hundred Indian rupees fetch one hundred and sixty-five Nepali rupees.

Among the things that Mr. M. P. Koirala discussed with the India Government during his recent visit was the establishing of Nepali currency and more aid to Nepal from India. Of the various Nepali politicians M. P. is a greater realist than the rest. Moreover, he is more aware than any of the others of the explosive condition of the country and of the steps necessary to be taken to prevent anarchy. He told me when I met him in Kathmandu in May that he hopes to complete the electoral roll (two-thirds of this was completed while he was Prime Minister previously) and hold general elections in 1954.

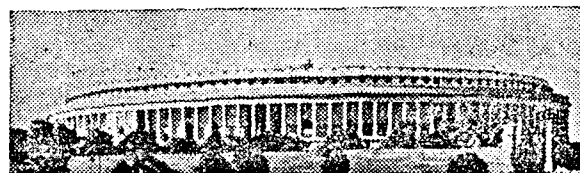
Nepal needs India's aid. India for her part cannot withhold that aid and at the same time feel secure. Either India has a friendly neighbour or she must watch a five-hundred mile long frontier incessantly. It has been British policy to make the Nepalis feel distinct and different from Indians. In the Preface of Perceval Landon's book on Nepal I read:

"But the great days of Nepal are before her, not behind her. I have no wish to elaborate the international significance of this keen and united State of mountain soldiers, wholly independent of Indian political life; free from the disintegrating and troublesome rivalries of India upon which she looks down from her hill fortresses; in a military sense more highly trained than any other race in Asia; rich with traditions gilded by great and recent glory, and dowered also with an ambition which knows few limits."

This book was written and published under the auspices of the Ranas.

JUST as India cannot afford to disregard what is happening in Nepal, Nepal cannot live in splendid isolation hiring out her sons, to fight wars against fellow-Asians. Rich with Buddhist and Hindu traditions Nepal is an integral part of India though one recognises well enough its distinctive history free from Muslim conquest and its qualifications for remaining as a sovereign nation, a fact which was recognised for the first time by India after she became independent.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister will inaugurate the new Andhra State on October 1. It is still not known whether he will perform the ceremony from Kurnool or from Visakhapatnam—or from some other no mean city. We also do not yet know who is to be the Chief Minister of Andhra. Opinion in the Capital seems to be more and more inclined to ensure a stable administration by inviting Mr. Prakasam to head the Ministry, and by giving him a free hand in the formation of the Andhra Government. It is felt here that any other choice of Chief Minister may result in prolonged popular demonstrations and disturbances, making it impossible to run the administration smoothly.

Even if Mr. Prakasam agrees to be Chief Minister, fresh elections will take place in Andhra before the end of 1954. There is likely to be a realignment of political forces in Andhra, which may ensure a stable administration for the new State with the Capital in Hyderabad for a period of five years. In the interim period, the Chief Minister will need any amount of goodwill from the people of Andhra, irrespective of party sympathies and party considerations.

There was no question of party or group in Calcutta during the recent demonstrations. Some observers believe that the Revolution has begun in Calcutta. Whatever be the political implications, we, journalists all over the country, gave ample evidence of the solidarity within our ranks. At a joint meeting of the Delhi Union of Journalists, the Press Association, the Delhi Reporters' Association and the Delhi Photographers' Association, we heard a first-

hand account of the police violence on journalists from Mr. Nirmal Ghosh of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THE resolution which we passed was unanimous—although we did not lack constitutional pandits who raised imaginary issues and suggested amendments—which were gladly accepted. Our President, Mr. K. Iswara Dutt, delivered a remarkable address on the occasion. There is hardly an anecdote in the history of either British or Indian journalism which is not known to him. Mr. Iswara Dutt drew a neat contrast between the police attack on the Calcutta journalists and the co-operation extended by the London police to the Fleet Street reporters. Recalling the autobiography of H. W. Nevins, he referred to the pro-Boer meeting in Queen's Hall, London, where the chief speaker was Lloyd George. "He delivered one of his finest speeches amidst thundering cheers," said Mr. Dutt. "At the end Nevins was rushing out to reach the *Chronicle* office in time for the night work. Outside the hall there was a violently hostile crowd. The police stopped Nevins at the door as he was rushing out. 'You will be certainly killed if you go out' they said. 'I can't help that,' answered Nevins. 'I have to get to my work in Fleet Street.' The police appreciated his sense of duty, thought of a ruse to let him out unscathed, pretended to throw him out for creating a disturbance in a pro-Boer meeting, and manoeuvred his emergence out of the hall. It was an entirely different story that Nevins was manhandled by the anti-Boer crowd outside, and that, 'torn, bleeding, and but half clothed, he arrived like a ship-wrecked mariner in the office'."

It is an episode which illustrates the risks in a journalist's life and, incidentally, the understanding of the police about the journalist's inescapable professional duties." Mr. Dutt pointed out that it was evidence of a civilised order of things when a country's constabulary realised that it had no power to do anything more than merely carry out the law.

Mr. Iswara Dutt also referred to the memorable occasion when Mr. Winston Churchill mischievously suggested that there was some divine right possessed by policemen. Sir William Harcourt, then made the rafters ring in the House of Commons (said Mr. Dutt) by administering the warning: "Once preach to the police this doctrine of unlimited power, once egg them on to unnecessary violence and harshness, and they will become the object of the aversion, instead of the confidence, of the public."

MY confidence in India-China Friendship was not shaken, although Mr. Rajagopalachari thought fit to impound the passport of Director Subrahmanyam, who was to have led a Delegation of Performing Artistes to China, and thus made it impossible for the Delegation to proceed. A hastily chosen Delegation had to go in its place—which naturally could not be as good as the original Delegation. Nor is Mr. Rajagopalachari the only person deserving blame. The Government of India—than whom there is supposed to be no better friend of China—has politely suggested to its employees (who happened to have been members of the proposed Subrahmanyam's Delegation) that they should dissociate themselves from that Delegation.

The trouble is that Pandit Nehru does not see to it that his general policies are scrupulously carried out by all the Departments of Government. When Sardar Patel was alive, it used to be pleaded on behalf of Pandit Nehru—and there was a great deal of sympathy for him—that he was powerless because the Sardar was acting at cross-purposes with

him. But now he cannot throw the blame on anybody else. The death of Sardar Patel has been a very great misfortune.

When a group of students from the Delhi University were invited to visit China, Pandit Nehru was reported to have been very keen that the students should go. Everybody else seemed to be in favour of it too, but the Delegation could not go. The passports were not forthcoming. The Government has a wonderful way of refusing passports. They just put things off. They ask you to come ten days later. When you present yourself ten days later, they ask you to come in another week. If you don't give up even then, you are asked to call after a month. They keep on asking you to come later and later and later, until you give it up. After you give it up, somebody meets you on the road, and says that if only you had come on the appointed day, you could have got the passport. You offer to go immediately, but he explains that the whole case has been cancelled, and that a fresh application will have to be made.

Fortunately, India-China friendship does not depend on antediluvian individuals like Mr. Rajagopalachari or officious minions of the Home Ministry. If it did, we would have been at war with China already. The secret of India-China friendship lies in the fact that it is a friendship between the people of India and the people of China. That is the reason why the Ambassador of New China, General Yuang, was spontaneously received by a cheering crowd of a thousand people when he alighted at the Delhi Station two years ago. In the old days, the top leaders of the Congress Party were accorded such a reception—but not nowadays.

EVEN the World Festival of Youth at Bucharest was anathema to our local authorities. I know of an instance when one of the chosen delegates was told to come at 11 a.m. to collect his passport—and his plane was leaving at 11 p.m. the same day. When he presented himself at 11 a.m., he was told that he could not get the

passport! Even Sir C. V. Raman had an inspiring message for the World Youth Festival. That is to say, he saw nothing wrong politically with the Festival.

One of the Delegates to the Festival was Indrani Rehman, who was chosen Miss India last year by a commercial firm. Indrani feels quite embarrassed now by the title. She was to have gone to China in the previous Delegation, but cultural circles of Delhi felt that although Indrani was a cultured young lady, there was something vulgar about the Sponsored Beauty Contest in which she took part—albeit unwittingly. Nothing displeases Indrani more—I am informed by her friends—than to be reminded that she is Miss India. Modesty being one of the chief attributes of beauty—at any rate as far as we in India are concerned—we should not be surprised that the dawn of a cultural outlook has enabled even Miss India to realise the folly of the Sponsored Beauty Contest.

IT is a sign of our true culture that we did not have a Beauty Contest this year. Even the Greeks have reacted violently to the selection of a Miss Greece this year. Was it not the great Euripides who said: "A woman shall be good for everything in the home, but abroad good for nothing"? It is difficult for us to agree whole-hog with Uncle Eurip, but we can very well agree with one of those who mistakenly participated in the Beauty Contest last year. She described the Bombay meet thus: "They with their Westernized ways and outlook! They never thought for one moment they are living in India. I am not talking about their dress or hair-style, but about their habits of smoking, drinking and dancing. Of course it looked strange to me because I have not seen young girls behaving like that before. Maybe I would get used to seeing things like that more often here—after in India.... They wanted girls from respectable families to come forward only to make use of their names for publicity." The trouble

was that the whole show was un-Indian. It is heartening to see that Indrani, who is half-Indian and half-American, has now opted completely for India.

THE Chinese Embassy is the most popular Embassy in New Delhi. The Ambassador and all other members of the Chinese Embassy have endeared themselves to the people of Delhi by their informal manners and deep culture. The founding of the People's Liberation Army of China was celebrated on August 1 by a Buffet Dinner. Chinese food is, as everyone knows, the best food in the world. Peking is the culinary capital of the world. I was hitherto under the impression that it was only the non-vegetarian food in which Peking excelled. But at the Buffet Dinner I discovered that their vegetarian menu was in no way inferior. Some of my Chinese friends assured me that Indian chicken was simply wonderful. Not being a connoisseur of non-vegetarian food, I had no difficulty in accepting the compliment.

The Chinese have a thousand ways of preparing dishes. It is the French who come nearest to the Chinese in their genius for cooking. Delhi and Madras had at one time their own excellence as centres of non-vegetarian and vegetarian cooking. But three hundred years of association with the worst cooks in the world—the British—has ruined our palates. And it may take another thirty years before we regain our legendary excellence. Incidentally, the man who was corrupted most by the British influence in cookery was not Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru still retains a wonderful taste for food. It was Mahatma Gandhi who imported and popularised British ideas of food. The Mahatma was a notorious cook—who believed in boiling vegetables and eating them up like the English. It was an American observer who said that he honoured the Mahatma as a politician, loved him as a man, worshipped him as a leader, but despised him as a cook!

CAN CHURCHILL COME BACK?

By ANDREW ROTH

THE newspapers of July 25 carried the reassuring photographs of Sir Winston Churchill, taken on the occasion of his transfer to Chequers, the official country house of British Prime Ministers. They confirmed Sir Winston's remarkable physical recovery after a month's rest, stilling many rumours.

These photographs could not still the political speculation. Can Sir Winston re-establish his undisputed sway, particularly in foreign affairs; Eleven weeks ago he could be depicted as seeking to storm single-handedly the summit of a world peace settlement, almost without the knowledge, much less the support of his cabinet. Since then, resting and inaccessible, he has been blocked off by his cabinet colleagues, who scarcely hide their opinion that his plan was little short of lunatic. They point instead to the deeply-grooved glacial paths of the 'cold war.'

Sir Winston's comeback is complicated not only by the terms of the Washington communique, but by the fact that virtually all his supporters are outside his own party. The 'rescue party' seeking to break through his cabinet colleagues to support him include Labour moderates like Clement Attlee, Patrick Gordon-Walker and Kenneth Younger, Bevanites R. H. S. Crossman and Ian Mikardo, and Liberal leader Clement Davies. Among the Conservatives virtually only that un-Tory Conservative, Sir Robert Boothby, has gone down the line for him.

As Parliament's summer session draws to an end one catches the tail end of many a rumour of back-bench Conservatives trying to unseat Sir Winston permanently in order to stop his diplomatic initiative. Only the *Daily Worker* has thought them substantial enough (or sufficiently damaging to Soviet hopes) to publish them. But there is no doubt that

most Conservative M.P.s will seek to dissuade Sir Winston from taking up where he left off with his effort for a high-level settlement.

Churchill's One Tory Defender

IT was revealing that Sir Robert Boothby, a liberal and undisciplined Conservative, was the only one to support fully Sir Winston's initiative at the July 21-22 foreign affairs debate. He reminded the House: "the Europe we are now discussing was divided in 1945 and is divided now by a line dictated.....by military operations.....Of course, it has been hardened by the Iron Curtain to a point at which it might fairly be described as semi-permanent. Why; Mainly because of the two hammer blows delivered some years ago by the Soviet Union, the seizure of Czechoslovakia and the blockade of Berlin. It then became apparent that the intentions of Russia at that time were aggressive in character, and that Germany was the focal point of an intensive struggle for power on the continent of Europe.

This called for an improvised policy on the part of the Western Powers (Sir Robert continued).....It aimed at a restoration of the balance of power in the world by rearmament, and by the re-creation of the Atlantic community.....

Inevitably, while this improvised policy was being pursued, the policy of the Western Powers was forced into a mould and, within that mould, certain European vested interests....sprang into existence, idealistic in character, but none the less formidable on that account, and powerful because they were fostered and directed by a group of able, sincere and determined men and fertilized by American subsidies on a pretty substantial scale. The names are familiar—Schuman, Spaak, De Gasperi, Adenauer.....

Meanwhile, events took charge, as they often do. The death of Stalin and the risings in East Germany have

produced a scene-change.....And the Prime Minister, with that unerring instinct in great affairs which I have seen displayed by him over and over again in this House during the past 20 years, showed himself aware of it.....

On 11th May the Prime Minister played a new tune. This came as a great shock to those both in Europe and in the United States of America who had just succeeded in learning the old one. At the same time, it brought hope to millions of people who had begun to despair. Then he fell ill, and his flute is for the moment muted. In the circumstances what could the Foreign Ministers be expected to do in Washington? Surely just what they did. They had not learned the new tune, so they went back, doubtless with a certain amount of relief, to the old one.....

SIR Robert Boothby then proceeded to quote Walter Lippman's striking article "The Mold is Broken":

Against the imminent breakdown of the existing West European diplomatic structure there exists—so far as I can discover—no replacement, no substitute, no second line of diplomatic defense. In Washington, in Paris, even I believe in London except as Churchill is playing by ear, in Rome and in Bonn, there is apparently no policy, no planning, not even some leading idea on what to do in case the Soviets have decided to bring about the unification of Germany and the enormous consequences which would follow, such as the evacuation of Austria, and some lifting of the Iron Curtain to restore contact with Eastern Europe.....It is imperative that the Western Allies.... should form a policy which is founded not on the partition of Europe, but on the ending of the partition of Europe. The mold of our present European policy is broken. No amount of exhortation or threats of the ending of subsidies can repair and restore it. The popular tides in Western Europe and the actions in Eastern Europe coming from the new regime in Moscow are releasing new forces all over Europe. They cannot be led by the existing formulae, they cannot be ruled by the existing rules and plans. They will get entirely out of hand.....if in place of the contracted and dismembered Europe we now support we are unable to propose a true all-European system.

Sir Robert Boothby suggested one last "attempt to achieve German reunion and Austrian liberation within

the wider context of a general European settlement." He suggested the withdrawal of *both* camps from a belt of territory in central Europe including Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and perhaps Poland. "If there was a disengagement, if the two great power systems were separated by (such a) buffer system.... an entirely different picture would present itself....."

Labour Recaptures The Initiative

Apart from Boothby the only M. Ps. to speak in terms of the Churchill of May 11 were Liberals and Labourites. Clement Attlee's speech was superb in the gently aggressive manner he adopts so successfully when he feels strongly about a subject and is on sure ground. He started out by asking Butler "what prospects he sees of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary again assuming full control of their offices," suggesting that their cabinet colleagues had betrayed Sir Winston's initiative. With gentle but persuasive understatement he tore apart the Washington communique: "It does not seem to be forward-looking enough or to be really in tune with the Prime Minister's (May 11) speech. There seems to be much emphasis on positions already taken up."

WITH infinite patience he told Mr. Butler that he really wasn't going about talking to the Russians in the right way to judge by the communication just sent them on the September talks. "There we set out our position and seemed to expect that that would be accepted by the U.S.S.R. . . . We would all like it if they would, but that is not the way things work."

The crucial matter that concerns all of us is the position of that great country, Germany, in the middle of Europe . . . Is she to have complete freedom to be an armed Germany again? . . . I suggest that the only possible way of discussing this matter is in the larger context of the future of a peaceful Europe . . . I do not think it is any good proposing that we should have by itself a Germany kept down to a low level of armaments. We tried that before, but it did not work. It is only pos-

sible if we are to get some agreement for a reduction of armaments all round . . .

There is further the broader questions. It is not only Germany. There is the future of the other States of Eastern Europe . . . There are indications that these are all very restive. It may be—one can only speculate—that the rulers of Russia themselves feel that it would pay them better to work for the development of their resources inside Russia and relax their hold on the satellite States. It may be so; I think it is worth trying out.

.....I believe that everywhere the world is waiting for a new start. I believe we thought we had got it.....

AFTER this speech one naughty Labour M.P. quipped: "If he goes on like this he will become leader of the Labour Party!" But if leadership consists of telling blows, Kenneth Younger the well-bred son of a Viscount and former Labour Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, outbid Mr. Attlee. He suggested in no uncertain terms that Messrs. Churchill and Eden are too good for the Conservative Party, quoting Aneurin Bevan on Churchill's "difficulty is that he is trying to ignite a lot of wet flannel all around him."

"It is not the first time in recent months that we on these Labour benches have had to rescue the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary from the Conservative Party behind them," needled the aristocratic Mr. Younger amid Labour cheers. He recalled how Labour had supported the Foreign Secretary on the Sudan and backed him against American pressure on Formosa when his own party wanted capitulation. He also taunted the Conservative with recollections of the appeasement era:

All this is unpleasantly reminiscent of a previous and altogether lamentable period in Tory foreign policy. It reminds many of us . . . of 1938 and 1939, when the present Prime Minister was an outcast from the Conservative Party opposite, when the present Foreign Secretary had resigned in disgust at his own party's foreign policy, and when the House had to take R. A. Butler . . . who is now Chancellor of the Exchequer as its main spokesman on foreign affairs. Now . . . we have to hear the same

accents from the same right honorable Gentleman on topics of foreign policy. I can assure him that we like his accents no better than we liked them in those days.

This was a below-the-belt attack on Mr. Butler, who would rather forget the days when he was the Foreign Office's Parliamentary apologist for appeasement and 'non-intervention' in Spain. It suggested too that 'talks with Russia' are now coming to have the same sort of broad emotional support that 'aid to Spain' once had.

Mr. Butler had invited such attacks by the supercilious way in which he had delivered, as the first major British statement since Sir Winston's May 11 initiative, a verbose Foreign Office brief. Butler was in a difficult position because Lord Salisbury was simultaneously reporting on the Washington talks in the House of Lords and Butler was compelled to take the same Foreign Office 'line,' which Ian Mikardo summed up: "I come to bury Churchill, not to praise him."

THE Foreign Office brief Butler read was strikingly dishonest. It pretended that the Washington communique was a continuation of Churchill's initiative and a "prelude" to 'Big Four' talks when, in fact, it was its negation. It did this by distorting Churchill through re-emphasis. On May 11 he had said that the West, while remaining strong and united, *had* to make an effort at an overall settlement. The Foreign Office position is that while the West should always be willing to listen to Russian offers (preferably of surrender), it *has* to maintain and expand its strength and unity.

Two fundamental assumptions underlie this jettisoning of the Churchill initiative. The first is the acceptance of the Dulles line: the Soviets and their satellites are on the point of disintegration; with patience much of East Europe may fall in the West's lap. The second is that an armed Western Germany—but, better still, the whole of Germany—integrated into the Western defense system must remain the chief objective of the Atlantic coalition.

Against this background it becomes clear that the September talks have two objectives: to strengthen pro-Western Dr. Adenauer in the September 6 elections while pretending, for purposes of psychological warfare, that the West is really willing to carry forward talks with the Russians. The invitation to talk, was summarized by Mr. Attlee as "we set out our position and seemed to expect that that would be accepted by the U. S. S. R." Sir Robert more blunt, described the invitation as "a demand for unconditional surrender of the Russians in advance."

The Foreign Office has put out the

story that Sir Winston saw, during his temporary retirement, all of the telegrams on the Washington meeting and approved the line taken, both there and by Mr. Butler in his House of Commons statement. If true, this seems explainable in two ways. He may have felt his position so weak that he could not buck his Cabinet colleagues. The other, and more likely explanation, is that he was agreeable to a preliminary, low-level appeasement of the United States as a prelude and contrast to his own climactic effort at a top-level world settlement. The one sure thing is that it doesn't pay to underestimate him.

BETTER LIFE THROUGH ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY

By

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

IN Karaikudi, South India, where once there was a shrub jungle now stands a great functional structure of high significance to India's industrial progress. But the work that goes on inside the building is as mysterious to the layman as life in the depths of the jungle.

This is the new Central Electro-Chemical Research Institute, one of an expanding chain of research stations of the Government of India's Council of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Electro-chemistry means electricity applied to chemistry. The work requires specialists; in other words, laymen willing to learn a special skill and to devote their entire working life to it.

They have their work before them. When the nation's several hydro-electric and irrigation schemes are completed, enormous quantities of electricity will become available. It is the job of the scientists to find good uses for this great flow of power.

India has raw materials which electricity can convert into vital

chemicals and metals. Electric power will stimulate local production of caustic soda, chlorine, calcium carbide, carbon bisulphide, phosphorus and superphosphates, pig iron, ferro-alloys and other special steels, aluminium, magnesium, graphite and carbon products. The production of these materials will depend not upon electricity alone but upon the availability and capability of skilled workers.

INDIA'S iron ore deposits are so vast that it will be economical to build electric smelters instead of the less efficient coke smelters. Here again will be work for skilled and unskilled alike. Large quantities of magnesium and chromium ores found in India yield magnesium and chromium metals, potassium permanganate and potassium dichromate through electrical treatment. India has rich deposits of bauxite for the production of aluminium.

None of this happens in a day. The Government of India recognized the need for an electro-chemical industry as long as ten years ago. Karaikudi was selected as a site in 1948 when Dr. Alagappa Chettiar, a noted philanthropist, offered the Union Government 300 acres of land and Rs. 15 lakhs for establishing an institute to do research.

Shrub jungle covering the plot was cleared by bulldozers. Drills bored deep into the earth for the large supply of water needed. The Council

of Scientific and Industrial Research named Dr. A. Jogarao to make a start. Together with a local advisory committee he guided construction and saw to the provision of stores, instruments, chemicals and laboratory services. That job done, Dr. Jogarao became assistant director and returned to his speciality, gaseous electro-chemical reactions.

The Institute director, Dr. B. B. Dey, has contributed to electro-organic chemistry, one of the many specialized parts of the whole.

Dr. H. V. K. Udupa, senior scientific officer, trained in the United States under Professor C. J. Wilson of Ohio State University, works like Dr. Dey, in the field of electro-organic chemistry.

With room for 75 specialists, the Institute now employs 15. Some of their research work starts with requests from interested industries. Other problems are assigned by the Director because of their wide industrial importance.

These problems include: electro-polishing and hard chrome plating of piston ring bearing surfaces, electro-chemical oxidation of glucose to calcium gluconate, electrolytic reduction of nitro-benzene to para-aminophenol used as a dye intermediary and photographic developer, production of manganese metal from low-grade manganese ores and preliminary investigations on new-type wet cells using magnesium as simple anode, and preliminary investigation on heavy water production.

RESULTS obtained by the Central Electro-Chemical Research Institute are published in the Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research and in news bulletins. Liaison is maintained with related industries.

The floor space of 60,000 square feet at Karaikudi provides for six work divisions. Space is reserved for Heavy Investigation and Pilot Plant departments, since the Institute means to put every one of its research successes into practical use.



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**now
in
TABLETS**

JVZ-4

THE SHORE TEMPLE

The sea washed up a lovely white figure clad in a saree over the low stone wall and into the courtyard

THE Shore Temple . . .

What a thing of beauty it is, simple and unadorned, standing on the very sea's edge, perched precariously on those old black rocks which have weathered so many storms, with the sea beating in with foam and spume across the low stone granite wall until it lashes against the plinth of the deepa-sthamba, and then retreating with quiet side eddies and low gurgling sounds, while the granite walls of the temple itself stand remote and aloof sheltering the Holy of Holies where a slim image with an ageless face reminds the worshipper that God the eternal is not so far away.

How many secrets can it not tell, of the men and women who have entered within its courtyard, who have moved with faltering steps

doing the sacred walk around the Holy of Holies with some deep prayer or anguish in their heart. Others there have been, the young and the gay who come there in laughing jovial mood attracted by the delicate beauty of the structure which houses the shrine, the thought of God far from their minds and yet withal conscious of the spell of the place, the quiet charm of its granite colonnades and who go away conscious of a peace they had not sought.

Such is the temple in which the setting of this strange story lies. For to it there came a young man and a young woman seven years ago, on a picnic escapade, in the first flush of their love, anxious to spend a whole day in each other's company. Not rich enough to possess a car of their own they had arranged to meet quietly at a well-known bus terminus and from there they had with

glad conspiratorial air taken the eight o'clock bus to the village of the shore-temple thirty-six miles away.

WHAT an exquisitely happy journey that was! They sat side by side on the double seat and when others were not looking held each other's hand. She was radiant with happiness: her deep black eyes had all the glow of young love in them and her smile as she surveyed her man was exquisite in its serenity. As for him, barely twenty-two with his good looks and his strong young figure, clad in a silk jibba and white dhoti, he was full of pride at the love he had evoked in this beautiful girl which he returned in such full measure and conscious of all the happiness that awaited them in the future.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when they arrived

at the village where the bus stopped. The return journey was timed for five o'clock: so they had six hours ahead of them. They each carried a bag. One was full of good things to eat and the other contained towels and a change of clothes as a sea-bath was one of the important items in the day's programme.

Leaving the others behind, the young couple struck out ahead and reached a casuarina tope which fringed the sea. Here they rested in the grateful shade (for the sun was now hot) and whispered those sweet nothings in each other's ear which are so dear to lovers and so meaningless to the rest of this prosaic and hard-hearted world. But even love-making can induce hunger when the two participants are young and healthy and at about twelve o'clock they took out their picnic lunch and ate their sandwiches, and

their vegetable puffs and chutney with keen relish and followed it up with some oranges and grapes. Coffee from a flask completed a most kindly repast. Then after food they continued to rest wisely in the welcome shade of the grove and at about 3 p.m. they moved on towards the shore-temple.

To the right of the temple was a strip of sandy beach which was free of rocks and ideal for bathing.

SAVITRI wore a dark cotton saree to bathe in, and Shantaram had put on a shorts. They had the beach to themselves and were soon in the water. It was lovely and cool inside the water and the breakers came at them with gusto. Savitri screamed and Shantaram held her and stemmed the force of the breakers with his own strong torso. On one occasion the breaker was too powerful for him and seized both of them in its curling embrace and threw them down and rolled them over and over locked in each other's arms but Shantaram held on like grim death knowing that his girl was no swimmer and when the wave receded there she was gasping for breath, badly shaken but withal conscious of her safety in the strong protecting arms of her lover. It was the most ancient story in the world: a tale of young and happy love.

And then after they had changed into dry clothes they walked across hand in hand to the little side-gate in the stone wall of the shore temple and entered it together. The white sea was beating against the sea-ward wall and the deepa-sthamba lifted its delicate spire to the sky. Religiously, with sudden hush of awe they entered the colonnade and did the sacred round and then stood before the opening of the doors leading to the shrine and peered within. And Savitri prayed that she and Shantaram might always be as happy and as one in their love as they were at this moment and may the years be kind to them both and bless them with happiness. And Shantaram who was less introspective looked down at the closed down-cast eyes of his future wife and wondered at the sudden seriousness of her expression. And

they wandered out of the temple hand-in-hand even as they came.

II

THE scene is seven years later.

It is the shore temple. It is nearly six o'clock in the evening and the pujari who officiates has come and performed the puja for the day and returned to the village. It is a lonely spot and as the last bus for visitors leaves about five-thirty there are very few stragglers around.

However there is somebody moving in the colonnades, and soon a figure is visible doing the sacred round. It is a woman and she is still young and beautiful. She finishes the sacred circle around the Holy of Holies and there stands and prays. She prays for quite a long while and then she moves away to the foot of the deepa-sthamba and sits down on the plinth and looks out to sea.

What a host of memories crowd in on her. Is it possible that life can be so cruel to the defenceless? Is it a law of Nemesis that such ideal happiness as was hers was never doomed to last but was destined to break and destroy her in the process? Is true happiness always ephemeral?

She thought of the lovely weeks of courting when Shantaram had declared his love and asked her to be his bride. She thought of all the fever and the fret and the excitement of the wedding and of the congratulations of her numerous friends both in college and outside it. She thought of the first few months of married life: of the tremendous happiness she had known and of the thrill when she knew in the second year of their marriage that she was to be a mother.

And then she groaned where she sat when she remembered the accident in the seventh month which not only had deprived her of her son—she was sure it was going to be a boy—but which left her, strong and healthy though she was, incapable of having any more children.

IT was the old old story. She saw how Shantaram's love gradually changed when he found he could no longer have a son by her. At first

she thought his coldness and his indifference were due to his official worries and pre-occupation: after six years of married life, a man and wife do not behave always like lovers, but when he began to show interest in another girl, it was too much for her to bear. And that too it was her cousin Sarojini whom he had first met in her father's house. At first she could not believe it that her husband was interested in Sarojini, but later she had ample proof. He began to come home later in the evenings and it was clear he was not in office till 7 or 8 p.m. And then the final blow when he told her that he must have a son to succeed him and that he wanted to marry Sarojini. He would provide for her and she could go and live with her parents in all comfort.

So she was to be discarded like a worn-out shoe. He was not all to blame for she had failed him in one of Nature's primary functions, the begetting of a child who was to be his heir, and he was not big enough to take it and share her misfortune, and break the bitterness of the blow for her.

And that is why she had slipped away by the bus and was here alone at the shore temple where she had once known ideal happiness along

with him. It was clear there was no Paradise on earth for mortals except for a very short while. But Heaven knows she had known happiness and the taste of that could never be taken away from her. But she was not prepared to go on living and see another woman supplant her in her home and claim her husband while she was alive.

A cold breeze blew from the sea and she shivered. A big white breaker beat against the low sea-wall and the breaking wave swept into the courtyard and came up to her feet. She rose wearily and walked with halting steps towards the little wicketgate in the wall which gave access directly to the rocks. From there she had only to clamber on to one of the larger rocks, consign her soul to God and jump...

III

NEXT morning the sea washed up a lonely white figure clad in a saree over the low stone wall and into the courtyard. The pujari who came for the morning puja discovered her lying there quite still at the foot of the deepa-sthamba, her face distorted with grief and smudged by sand and the sea-water and her body draped in her saree as in a shroud.

WORKS OF ANDRE GIDE

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER 1947

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K. MAHADEVAN

82 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

Pep. in Ad. (Ad-dendum)

Brevity is the soul of wit and wit always brings with it a whiff of fresh air to clear the atmosphere of stuffiness. Makers of advertisements today have realised the value of brevity and wit so well that their slogans have the precision and originality of epigrams. A slight twist given to a simple word, a subtle combination, a dexterous compounding—and you have an ad.,—it may or may not clear stuffiness, but it is calculated to speed up the sales of goods. Here are a few examples, in continuation of those that appeared in SWATANTRA for July 4. Their compiler has the gift of hearty laughter,

A GIFT that counts. (Adding machine)

A clean case for plastic. (Transparent plastic box)

A credit to your cash. (Leather purse)

For all time. (Semca watches and clocks)

Quit your skidding. (Tyre ad.)

Top fright mystery thriller. (Novel ad.)

Rest assured. (Insurance slogan)

Bosom friend. (Brassiere ad.)

Zippo "sure fire" flints. (Cigarette lighters.)

For the rest of your life. (Quilt ad.)

Small fevers gratefully accepted. (On the signboard of a specialist doctor to whom no patients came.)

The write gift for your friend. (Fountainpen ad.)

Wanted salesmen with cap-ability. (Hatter's ad.)

We require your head to run this business. (Barber saloon poster.)

50 beautiful girls, 45 gorgeous costumes! (Road show ad.)

A craven tobacco man. (Picture of a man smoking Craven-A cigarettes)

No bones about it. Stays up without stays. (Perma-lift girdles)

Trust to locks and not to luck. (Yale lock ad.)

Solve those searching problems. (By the Shannon filing system.)

It beats everything. (Electric mixer.)

R. RAMACHANDRAN

Creator & Character

JAN STRUTHER—in private life Mrs. A. K. Placzek—, creator of "Mrs. Miniver," died of cancer in a New York hospital on July 20, 1953. She had the distinction of being the only woman member on the Editorial board of *The Times*, London, which in the course of a tribute to her records thus:—

"Mrs. Miniver was, in conception, a product of Printing House Square. In 1937, it was decided that the occasional articles which at that time appeared on the Court page would be the better for an infusion of feminine interest; this, it was thought, might conveniently be accomplished by inventing an imaginary female character, not very direct in outlook and background from many of the ladies who (it was hoped) would read of her doings..."

Jan Struther did it and Mrs. Miniver was born, that "amusing (to quote E. M. Forster) clever, observant, broadminded, shrewd, demure, Bohemian, happily-married triply-childrend, public-spirited and at all times such a lady... She has delighted thousands upon thousands of readers of *The Times* and been the subject of two *Times* leaders and of innumerable letters to *The Times* calling her charming, and she has been a clue in *Times* crossword puzzles. Why do a few of us stand glum by the roadside as the gallant little pageant passes? Is it not just our own silly jealousy that prevents us from following in her train?... People still go on studying the English National Character. And Mrs. Miniver furnishes useful material. But the world moves so fast under the relentless lash of science that national characteristics are not likely to be of much importance in the future."

Human nature is the same the world over; such characters as Mrs. Miniver are the salt of the earth enabling one to snatch a brief respite from the frictions of everyday life and look at society's goings-on with good-humoured tolerance

NEW BOOKS

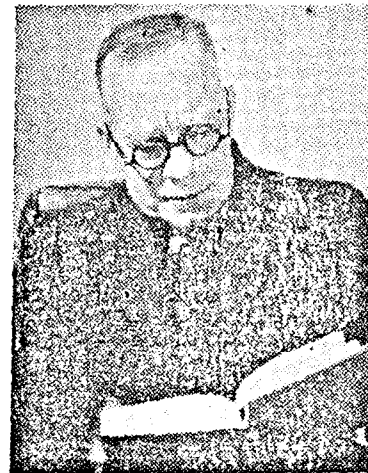
FORREST REID *A Portrait and A Study*
By Russell Burlingham

With an Introduction by Walter de la Mare
Faber & Faber, 24 Russell Square, London
25s net

"**B**ELFAST, as all men of affairs know, stands no nonsense, and lies at the head of Belfast Lough. One slides up to it at dawn through mists and past the clangor of ship-yards . . . Close outside her is some beautiful country which has ghosts also. The exquisite valley of the Lagan disentangles itself with a sigh, and losing its shiny foreshores winds among solemn beech trees, beside parks, and between round green hills . . . It is only the ordinary Celtic atmosphere which may be breathed more fully elsewhere, but it gains a peculiar quality when near to a great city and to such a city as Belfast." So wrote E. M. Forster as long ago as 1919 in his article on Forrest Reid, later included in his first collection of occasional writings entitled *Abinger Harvest*.

Reid was born in Belfast and in *Apostate*, that "memorable spiritual biography" of his, first published in 1926 he has given a beautiful account of his childhood and youth. His later trilogy of novels—*Uncle Stephen* (1931), *The Retreat* (1936), and *Young Tom* (1944) may with interest be placed beside his autobiography, and "though any book about childhood is bound to seem autobiographical even when it is not so," remarks Henry Reed while referring to these as the finest works of art in contemporary fiction, "the extent of the invention in these books is a triumph for Mr. Reid." *Private Road*, published in 1940, is also autobiographical reminiscence, in a certain way a continuation of *Apostate*. Among his other important works of fiction are *The Garden God* subtitled *A Tale of Two Boys*, "a Platonic but Hellenic Romance, dedicated to Henry James but which 'scared the Master' and withheld from him closer literary contact—'Reid' was hurt and surprised, but not affronted

and his high estimate of James's character and art did not waver," says E. M. Forster; *The Bracknells*, *Following Darkness*, re-written towards the end of his life as *Peter Waring*, *The Gentle Lover*, *At the Door of the Gate*, *The Spring Song*, *Pirates of the Spring*, *Brian Westby*. Most of the scenes of these novels are laid in and around Belfast; this fact, however, does not limit Reid as a regional novelist; his range and vision (wholly poetic) extend beyond topography, penetrating with pagan power and mystical insight, cutting through much hideousness and squalor, into the source of things,—reaching out to a presence of such haunting beauty, a harmony the blending of whose notes for ever remains a mystery. It is the world of youth, of the changing hues of nature, of awareness of the supernatural, sometimes clear, sometimes dim,—"misty beings without flesh or blood, but knowing all the grim secrets of the grave." Reid's own growth to maturity was retarded and



Forrest Reid

painful, and not before he reached his middle years did he attain to any clarity of the life of the imagination and the spirit.

"The primary impulse of the artist springs, I fancy, from discontent, and his art is a kind of crying for Elysium. In this single respect, perhaps, there is no difference between good and bad art. For in the most clumsy and bungled work (if it has been born of the desire for beauty) we should doubtless find, could we but pierce the dead husk of it to the hidden conception, that same divine homesickness, that same longing for an Eden from which each one of us is exiled . . . I am speaking, of course, of a particular kind of art, for I know there are artists whose work bears witness to a complete acquiescence in the world and in life as it is . . . Take it, then, as a point of view suggested because it helps to explain my own writings, because the general impression remaining with me of the origin of these experiments and strivings is that they were for the most part prompted by just such a feeling of exile—exile from a world of which I did have a later glimpse from rare time to time."

This quotation from *Apostate* provides ample scope for the literary critic apropos the subject of his study, to elaborate upon and to add his own conclusions, and Mr. Russell Burlingham in his book *Forrest Reid: A Portrait and A Study* has set upon himself the responsible task of criticism through a three-fold path: of "Illumination, Interpretation, and Interpenetration." Quite learned words but a trifle pompous, smacking of Mr. Mossbross taking the class. In his preface Mr. Burlingham is somewhat scornful of "the fashionable, but debilitating critical code of today—faintly political, faintly authoritarian, faintly philosophic, and barely at all literary." Forget the Preface, and we forget the momentary superiority which Mr. Burlingham assumes; conscious of the gravity of his undertaking he confines himself at the outset to sixty pages, to a brief survey of Reid the man in his surroundings, in his own home in Ireland—"sitting in the firelight, a book on his knee, talking with enthusiasm on some favourite subject—(Walter de la Mare, a friend of Reid's for half of his long life-time who has written a delightful introduc-

tion to the volume, speaks of his interests in "old woodcuts, Champion—Croquet, street cricket, bull-dogs, story technique, and via Wagner, to Italian Opera"), pausing now and again to knock out his pipe and driving home his more subtle points with that curious Puck-like twitch of his eye-brows;" then allowing himself a space of four chapters running to hundred and fifty-four pages, he enters on a detailed examination of his novels and critical writings (W. B. Yeats and Walter de la Mare are the full-length studies of poets); and finally in the chapter headed "The Dream" interprets the vision which Reid released as artist. Mr. Burlingham concludes:—

"For him (Reid) the world of dreams was the real, the more satisfying world, the one which he most vitally apprehended. But it was, this world of dreams, an ideal world as well. And in the convex mirror which it held up to his imagination he saw reflected and gathered together all his longings and desires."

Forrest Reid: A Portrait and A Study is a literary appraisal done conscientiously and with considerable pleasure. "In the pages of *Apostate* and (although it wasn't so much a work of art) in the equally interesting *Private Road*, Forrest Reid left behind him two singularly complete records of his personality," writes Mr. Burlingham and drawing a large part of his material therefrom he has laid himself heavily in debt to these two books. Besides he quotes extensively from the other works of the author, purveying an exquisite foretaste to the newcomer to the writings of Forrest Reid. I had that foretaste five years ago now when my friend John Hampson who wrote an Introduction to one of my volumes of short stories, mentioned the name of Forrest Reid to me and to whom he had dedicated his first novel *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, praising his warm generous nature which had made him the "distinguished mentor" to many young writers. Since Hampson discovered Forrest Reid for me I have a special fondness for this author and have found the reading of his works highly rewarding. And as I began so I end with another quotation from

E. M. Forster who on Reid's death paid a personal tribute to him thus." . . . To those who knew and loved him, he was more than a creator of books. He existed in his own right, and by the right of being unlike anyone else. His integrity, his patience and humorous irritability, his prejudices and occasional ruefulness about them—how can it all be conveyed without overdoing the tang or missing it out?" Mr. Burlingham endorses this admiration of a great author for another with words of his own.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Greek Way To Western Civilization
By Edith Hamilton

A Mentor Book

The New American Library,
501, Madison Avenue, New York 22,
New York
35 cents

LOWES DICKINSON in his book *Plato And His Dialogues* writes: ". . . Greek speculation, arising out of Greek experience gave the general form to all later political thinking, howevermuch the scale may have been enlarged and the details varied in two thousand years of history that have elapsed since Plato's death." It was the same period which produced such men as Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides whose great tragedies still remain to be surpassed. It is an age to which men will naturally look for guidance during periods of crises. And ours being an age rent by strife and a crisis too deep to be resolved, before we can be advance to the future we have to look back to the past and learn from it.

The Greek Way to Western Civilization by Edith Hamilton sets out to interpret Greek culture to modern man. She stresses the balance of mind and spirit of the ancient Greeks which was the true essence of their greatness. They developed both and did not permit the lop-sided growth of one to the detriment of the other. "Heroic daring and the imponderables of high civilization were the inheritance they were born to." Describing Greek civilization she says: "Where imponderables are the things of first importance, there is the height of civilization, and if, at the

same time, the power to act exists unimpaired, human life has reached a level seldom attained and very seldom surpassed. Few individuals are capable of the achievement; periods of history which have produced such men in sufficient numbers to stamp their age are rare indeed."

Through the pages of this book we get glimpses of Greek life, homely anecdotes of Socrates, of Herodotus and his travels, Thucydides the first great historian and of much else for which ancient Greece was justly famous. The author has many wise things to say about the nature of tragedy and of its originators, Aeschylus, the first dramatist, Sophocles, "quintessence of the Greek" and Euripides, the Modern Mind. The world knows only one other writer of tragedies of such calibre and he was the product of another great period in Western Civilization, namely, the Elizabethan age. Very few of us can leave the book without a desire to know more of the great men of the Hellenic age and of their work.

Here in a small compass, we are given a succinct account of almost everything for which Greece is famous. There is Xenophon, "the ordinary Athenian gentleman" who led the famous retreat from Persia and who wrote a book about it which is a model for all military historians; Pindar and his famous odes; Aristophanes, the great satirist of his age. In short anyone who is interested in knowing about ancient Greece can do no better than to read this wise little volume.

The Prince

By Machiavelli

A Mentor Classic

The New American Library,
501, Madison Avenue, New York 22,
New York
35 cents

MENTOR Books have brought out a reprint of *The Prince*. Christian Gaus, the late Dean Emeritus of Princeton University contributes an introduction to this edition in which he explains the significance of a study of *The Prince* for us and gives a brief outline of the life and historical background of Machiavelli.

V. V. S.

AETAT FORTY

HAPPY birthday to you, old man, happy birthday!
Do not be disheartened, you are only forty today.
Let us wish you many happy returns of this dear dear day.
Hearken! it's no delusion, someone knocks at your door;
no, not dreary death nor withering yellow age;
get up and smile for all the men you made of your life,
forgive yourself for the greenness of your salad days;
what makes you sad?—thoughts of unrequited love
or loaded with guilt your uncommitted sins?
I can never see you bleat like a lamb for pleasures beyond your measures,
nor blink like a naughty child for offences running in your blood;
cry avaut to your blues, from your doldrums rise, dear man,
when your friends compliment you on your youth,
and flattery discounts your age by a decade or two,
although you know you are no longer in that state
gay, roistering, reckless, ripping the rosy web of dreams
to romance with a budding blossom in her becoming youth,
or flirt with a star or the screen of sultry looks,—
do not look back on your wishes unfulfilled,
and mourn over false steps you took or mistook;
your failures haunt you like weary ghosts and wan,
you look jaded, faded, a musty paper-fold,
did you miss the tide in the affairs of men
when it crashed at your gate?—

nay, did you rub the wrong side of future
when you had a date with your destiny?
Come, old man! Come, live in the living present,
have no regrets for might-have-beens,
give back all the treasures you got or hoped to get,
what you have taken has not made you happy;
so give it back so that someone else may be happy;
give you must, for you can never take it with you,
love, loveliness, and rapture no longer mean anything to you,
except as fond words for your fancy to feed;
do not try to run away from truth, but running where can you go?
stay where you are and take the best of all,
for life begins at the shining two score years;
why do you dabble in poetry, philosophy, art?—
I know you will never take these to heart;
what a sorry make-believe, your truck with the past!
live unto your thundering white lies, live, dear man,
you have never lived at all to have loved and lost,
you are like Arjun of old who could never make bold
to shed the garb of illgotten pride,
who tried to fly from himself, his own self;
come, old man! strip your soul of false pretexts,
and put before your supreme self all your sins and wild behests,
pat your back for the past—a saga of scarlet loves,
of tastes hidden, chidden, forbidden;
live and let live the pleasures of pagan lure,
here you are—a man of fruitful life, gloom or shine,
avowed to fight the battle of life, alone but unafraid,
to conquest of the realms of the spirit sublime;
fear not the world that scorns, you are more sinned
against than sinning.
stand erect, man of forty, a warrior strong and hearty.

SRIVATSAVA

In Ethiopia they have quietly rushed through one of the most spectacular national transformations in all history

MODERN ETHIOPIA

By DOUGLAS BLANCHARD

FOR 2,000 years Ethiopia remained practically unchanged—an isolated Christian island in a vast African sea of paganism. Twelve years ago Emperor Haile Selassie I decided to change it into a modern State. The experts scoffed. Where would he get the men with technical know-how? What would his 15,000,000 ultra-conservative black-skinned native subjects have to say about new-fangled ideas? How would he beat back the rush of businessmen and foreign powers to get a slice of the rich natural resources of this last frontier land?

Even today many experts at the U. N. in New York, the Colonial Office in London and Point Four headquarters in Washington will tell you Ethiopia is one of the backward countries of the world. They just haven't caught up to the fact that the shy little man with the whiskers has been quietly fooling them all. Other countries advertise their progress. Ethiopia has carefully avoided the spotlight while she has rushed through one of the most spectacular national transformations in history.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I drove into Addis Ababa after leaving the modern airport on the edge of town. Talk about contrasts. The roads were alive with gharrys—the native taxis that look like a Canadian sulky and can carry two passengers squeezed beside the driver. There were thousands of them rushing in all directions, and frequently colliding head-on. Each was pulled by a horse that looked like a thoroughbred racer. There were a few U. S. made cars, and there were plenty of donkeys carrying huge loads.

The Magic Key

IF you looked to either side you saw streamlined modern buildings that make many a Canadian main street seem antiquated. And swarm-

ing all over the place were native characters who looked like an African-Arab version of U. S. hillbillies. We headed for a hotel that looked like a royal palace, and I ended up in a luxury suite with bath, shower and all the trimmings. And when I went to pay the bill I was told everything was on the house—"We are honoured to have you."

Ethiopian Airlines, the statistics show, is one of the few in the world to show a profit. There's not much mystery why. Ethiopia is so cut up by mountains and deep valleys that it literally takes weeks to cover the ground you can do in a few hours by plane. Ten years ago this was still the kind of country in which you had to outfit an expedition to get anywhere—unless it happened to be on the French-owned railway that climbs up from Djibouti on the Red Sea.

It doesn't matter what your nationality is—you'll find plenty of fellow countrymen in Addis Ababa. That's how the Emperor has solved the problem created by absence of Ethiopian technicians and experts. He has brought in colonies of willing brain workers from a couple of dozen lands. And he has made them work doubly hard for him by playing off their rivalries and suspicions against each other.

For just one example of what I mean, take the Russians and the Americans, you see a big new hospital not far from the city's centre. It is run by experts from Moscow. They flew in by planeloads and they make no effort to conceal the fact that one of their objects is to spread the Red gospel. Once cured, some of their patients become disciples of the Red cause and spread it around Africa.

Not so many blocks away is a big new office-building, the centre of

U. S. business and propaganda activity. Nearby is a sleek new structure where Point Four aid (millions of dollars of it) is administered. It's the talk of Addis how the wily Emperor gets the last possible drop of aid out of both groups. If the Americans begin to slow down a bit, he gives the Russians at the hospital a big verbal slap on the back that's heard around the world. Anybody who knows the American mentality knows how powerful the reaction is to anything Red nowadays. Are they going to let Ethiopia slip from the Western camp? No, sir. They pour in some extra millions and go to work harder than ever. Then the Russians go to town on some new medical ideas and make their hospital the talk of tropical doctors.

The net result: hospital and office buildings give the Emperor and his people about twice the service they would if it weren't for the opposition. And there isn't the slightest chance of either group's running the country because the Emperor has plenty of rival expert groups from Sweden (they specialize on the air force), Germany (roads and business) Yugoslavia (jacks of all trades) Britain (army, police, education), French (everything), Chinese, (plenty of things besides laundering), Turks, Indians, Greeks, Portuguese, etc. And he has one of the most elaborate and expensive secret service organizations in the world to make sure no danger develops to his own security.

It didn't take long for me to find some fellow Canadians, and I soon felt just as much at home as I would in any Ontario city. The first big secondary school I drove into turned out to be a hotbed of Canadian culture. I couldn't find a teacher from anywhere else. Some were French-Canadians from Montreal and Quebec and Northern Ontario. Others were out-and-out Torontonians who hadn't changed a bit since going overseas. They wanted to know how the subway was getting on and whether Mayor Lamport was still in office. Every one of them was a booster of Haile Selassie as the greatest politician on earth. After looking over their quarters I could understand their loyalty. They're living the life

of Riley at imperial expense. And they're doing a marvellous job in education.

"We couldn't miss with the material we have to work with," said Bill German, of Toronto. "These students are so eager to learn that you couldn't bribe them to stop studying. There just isn't any problem in discipline. If anything, the students keep spurring the teachers on in this school."

Education is the magic key with which the Emperor is opening the door to an insured future for Ethiopia as a modern State. No country in the world spends as much money on education in proportion to its population. A dozen secondary schools have been rushed to completion in the past five years, where there was only one formerly. Four hundred foreign teachers have been brought in. Accommodation for 75,000 primary school students has been built. But more impressive still is the remarkable quality of these schools. I visited half a dozen in and around Addis Ababa. I haven't seen anything better in Ontario.

Conquering Lion Is Loved

THIS was a big surprise to me. After all, we've been in the educational game for a century and we're a rich country. Yet the school libraries were better equipped and stocked with a wider selection of books and magazines than any I had seen at home. Even in the Tafari Makonnen elementary school there were magazines in several languages—including French and English.

The boys get out a newspaper of their own in English, which is not their native language. It's as smart and witty as any Toronto high school annual. They have several large playing fields. The manual training set-up is recognized as a model throughout the world. There are modern gymnasiums, scientific laboratories, residences, swimming pools, hobby shops and an auditorium, where visiting experts give talks on such subjects as the international situation and the best way to take good photographs.

Ten miles out in the country the Emperor Haile Selassie secondary school was even more impressive. The students there learn everything from literature to the fine arts, chemistry to agriculture, public relations to advertising, building skills to marriage. His Majesty deliberately chose the most beautiful location in the country as a site for the school. The Emperor, by the way, chooses, orders and directs everything. Nobody can figure out when he sleeps. He's the mainspring of the whole country.

"Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Haile Selassie I, Elect of God, Emperor of Ethiopia, we proclaim as follows....etc., etc." That's how the public announcements start. You might get wrong ideas from reading these proclamations. You'd be right in figuring you were in a pretty despotic country. The divine right of kings had nothing on the Ethiopian doctrine of the absolute power and authority of the Emperor. Even the sleek new Parliament building was his idea.

The M. P.'s have about as much authority as junior office boys on a newspaper. His Majesty calls them together when he feels like it, tells them to shut up when he feels like it and sends them home when he feels like it. If he feels like proclaiming a law without them, he does it. If he feels like sending a law to them for approval, they approve it. Yes, it's a one-man country. If the wrong man were in control, it would look like a pretty

grim dictatorship. But this dictator is proving every day that human feeling and character are more important than all the laws and constitutions on earth. He works 20 hours a day for the good of his 15,000,000 subjects—and they love him for it.

"King of Kings" may be his official title. But in actual practice he is one of the most democratic monarchs on earth. Not only does he drop into the schools to see how the boys are getting on and discuss their problems with them, not only does he walk into factories and get the lowdown on the labour situation from labour itself—he goes right into the homes and discusses the domestic situation with Mr. and Mrs. John Smith as the big-time politicians in London or Washington don't. He may have a few cabinet ministers, but he does most of the work himself in his secluded palace on the outskirts of the capital. He has even been known to pick the mules for his army. And he has to give endless audiences to diplomats from a dozen countries, all trying to elbow their way into the royal favour and a bigger slice of the Ethiopian pie. Unlike almost everybody else in the country, he's a model of domestic virtue with one wife.

IN the eyes of Ethiopians, the Emperor is much more than just a secular ruler. He claims direct descent from King Solomon of Jerusalem, famous in the Bible, and the Queen of Sheba, who was supposed to have come from Africa to visit

him. Local historians have worked out a whole system of legends that make Ethiopians the chosen peoples of God ruled by one who is a blood relation of Christ.

Actually he is the head of the Ethiopian church, which has 18,000 places of worship. You see the priests and monks with their white turbans everywhere. It has been estimated that one Ethiopian man in every five is in religious orders. This whole organization is completely under the control of the Emperor and he makes full use of it to ensure his power in every department of the life of this supremely religious people. That is one reason he has dumbfounded the septs who said the conservative nature of the Ethiopians made their overnight modernization an impossibility.

Haile Selassie came up the hard way. He had to dispose of several rivals to the throne, and just when he was beginning to go places the Italians invaded the country and it looked as if the country was finished as an independent State. Maybe he didn't plan it that way, but the Emperor turned the invasion into a blessing in disguise. The Italians built thousands of miles of roads for him. They constructed modern buildings in every city, town and hamlet. They installed all kinds of modern conveniences from water-works to power stations. By their oppression they unified all the tribes and provinces in the country in the freedom movement.

Invaders In "Bondage"

WHEN the British finally went to war and chased the Italians out of the country in record time, they turned over a vastly improved physical set-up to the returning Emperor, who promptly set to work to remove every trace of British power in his realm, although he still

retains many British experts to work for him. Today thousands of Italians are working for the Ethiopian Government—preferring bondage in Africa to freedom at home in Italy. Maybe they hope to get back their short-lived colonial empire when the present Emperor dies.

There are no more enthusiastic supporters of the U. N. anywhere than the Ethiopians. They have troops fighting in Korea, and the folks back home watch and cheer their every move. In New York you hear Ethiopia spoken of with respect. Her delegates don't pussyfoot when it comes to issues involving the rights and freedoms of coloured nations everywhere.

Ethiopia has come a long way in 12 years. It won't be long now until the experts will be writing books to explain Haile Selassie's success. I'm no expert. To me Ethiopia is just about the most novel and interesting place to visit in Africa. It's not far from the equator to Addis, but the elevation of 8,000 feet and the clear skies make life more enjoyable than it is in Banff or California. There are bathing beaches in the nearby crater resorts and miles of paved roads near the capital. There's plenty of space everywhere and nobody is in a hurry—except on a gharry. You see glimpses of life as it was 3,000 years ago and yet you never feel very far from the atmosphere of Broadway.

After listening to all the rubbish about colour lines and race supremacy they hand you in places like Kenya and South Africa it is good to visit a place where everybody is too busy trying to make his country the best on earth to get snobbish about the colour of his skin. These black-skinned Ethiopians have developed a better community spirit than all the white lords of creation farther south.—Copyright NNF.

The diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable obstacle to a uniformity of interests. The protection of these faculties is the first object of government. From the protection of different and unequal faculties of acquiring property, the possession of different degrees and kinds of property immediately results; and from the influence of these on the sentiments and views of the respective proprietors, ensues a division of the society into different interests and properties.

—James Madison.

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UNIVERSITIES IN EUROPE

ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

*Acting Deputy Director, The International Institute of Educational sciences,
University of Utrecht.*

IF one examines carefully a modern Atlas, he is impressed by the accuracy and excellence of the maps. No money is spared in the attempt to come ever closer and closer to a true picture of the world's surface. Mercator does not remain the last word in map-making. Likewise, every year geographical explorers attempt to get new and more accurate information about the world and its regions.

But not everyone looks at the world from a scientific point of view. Many "maps" today are as inaccurate and fantastic in their shape as were those of olden days. And none are more based on fantasy as opposed to Truth than the educationist's maps of the world.

A Harvard man in America, for example, draws an "educationist's map of the world" with Harvard University at the center. Harvard is a first magnitude star—or institution. Utrecht and Leiden, and Stockholm and Yale, are just barely visible to the naked eye. (How went that famous "situations vacant" advertisement in the American newspaper? "Wanted: One Harvard man, or equivalent." And the questioning applicant wrote back: "What is the equivalent of a Harvard man? Two Yale men, or one half a Princeton man?")

Likewise, an Oxford man pictures the world with Oxford as the center. He sees to it that the graduates of London or Nottingham or Calcutta or Delhi are inculcated with a good inferiority complex. Cambridge, of course, does not exist. And neither do the great American or Scottish Universities! The Oxford man draws his map, as does the Englishman, with an impregnable island in the center; and around it are masses of waste land. But a scientific cartographer sees the island as less im-

pregnable than it used to be, eight centuries ago; and the scientific, and realistic, unbiased map-maker also sees the waste land as less waste than it used to be. Perhaps the world has been treated with an educationist's "wonder drug", which makes the deserts produce. Perhaps it is only that Universities in most countries derive from the same stock and are therefore basically the same!

Now, we need not elaborate too much about the narrowmindedness of educationists or the devoted loyalty of alumni. A Leiden graduate does not recognize the existence of Utrecht. No more does an Upsala graduate recognize the existence of Lund—only three hundred years old! But how does an Indian draw an "educationist's map of the world"? The results of this attempt are not uninteresting.

The Indian University man takes his telescope and searches the University heavens. Suddenly he utters an exclamation: "By God, Balliol, I declare." He sees Oxford and maps it out. The sweep of the instrument takes him next to Cambridge. (Though sometimes the sweep moves in reverse order). He goes into ecstasies about Trinity College—or King's. It is only if the telescope is powerful enough, or if the observer is astronomer enough, that he recognizes and plots the University of London—the Imperial College of Science and Technology or the Institute of Education—and perhaps the Universities of Manchester, Glasgow, etc....

OFTEN these days, a good observer can make out the beauties and the significance of great American institutions—of the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, etc., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and so on.

(Yet be it said since we are *scientific* students of map-making, that just as often the observer deliberately overlooks these institutions and fails to record them). But now what happens when the university observer turns his instrument to the continent of Europe. He very rarely sees anything at all. And it is just sheer blindness. And unfortunate blindness, that this is so—that he sees nothing. For there is much to see.

Let us assume that our amateur observer is pointing his telescope at the universities of Europe—and that he has good guidance. He sees the University of London, with its 22,000 students, and the University of Paris, with 53,000. He also sees Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oslo, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Montpellier (as well as Oxford and Cambridge)—all with more than 5,000 and fewer than 8,000 students. He picks out the larger (in size) Universities of Nottingham, St. Andrews, Ghent, Lund. But what does he really see?

HE sees that every university today is an emergent, is the product of its own history (Influenced of course by the history of the country) but is also the product of the history of all universities. When he considers what Rashdall calls the "servile fidelity" with which the "institutions of a mother-University" are reproduced in its daughters, he is not too much surprised at the similarities of universities. Rashdall, again, says that "the Universities of all countries and of all ages are in reality adaptations under various conditions of one and the same institution." If this is so, and our astronomer-observer finds sufficient evidence that it is; then although there are important local differences (of size, financing, etc.), he sees that there is also the all important thread which leads from the first Universities (Bologna, Paris) to the newest, perhaps the Visva-Bharati or the Gujarat universities in this country. Some of the differences, incidentally, such as the present-day absence of "colleges" in Paris or Louvain, are due to the

loss of institutions (several centuries ago) and not necessarily to a different upbringing.

SECONDLY he sees that there are in Europe today State (or municipal) Universities and that there are privately-run institutions. Oxford and Cambridge are privately-run, as also are the Universities of Stockholm, of Aarhus, of Louvain. In Holland the Free (Calvinist) University of Amsterdam and the Roman Catholic University at Nijmegen are private institutions. St. Andrews is a private University. But in the long run it makes little difference in most instances, at least if we can learn from the history of European universities, whether an institution is publicly or privately governed. Countries have their education rules and regulations, which provide for a certain uniformity; and more pleasant to think about, they aid the private as well as the public universities with grants of money. Though, of course, some nations do more for their universities than do others.

With this as a background, our observer wants to make a classification of the Universities of Europe as he sees them. Of course his guide influences him in his pointing of the telescope; and the guide has had time to see only England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France. So in his classification the Indian university observer ignores (at the moment) universities of whole sections of Europe. But in the countries that he did look at through his telescope (and in his books) he sees that there are "ancient institutions" and new universities. He sees that there are conflicts between the two types, and the strangleholds of prestige. Of *fundamental* differences there are now few, as he discovers; but age does provide him with one convenient classification basis.

To be sure, in Scotland the "new" University, the University of Edinburgh, was founded in 1582—whereas the venerable old institutions, Aberdeen, Glasgow, St. Andrews, go back only to 1494, 1450, 1411. In England the antithesis is clearer between

Oxford and Cambridge and the newer municipal universities—Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Reading. Compare, to visualize this completely, the twelfth century birth-dates of Oxford and Cambridge with those of Durham (1831), Manchester (1880), Reading (1926).

The same pattern is to be seen in Sweden with Upsala founded in 1477 and Lund in 1668—whereas the Universities of Stockholm and Goteberg go back only to 1877 and 1889. Similarly, in Holland, the University of Leiden dates back to 1575 and the University of Utrecht to 1636; but Amsterdam established its municipal university only in 1877. In Belgium, the State Universities of Liege and Ghent, and the University of Brussels, were founded in the not too distant past; Louvain goes back to 1426.

Our educational astronomer sees, incidentally, that France follows a different pattern. Almost all of its 17 Universities date back many centuries. Lyons (1808) is an exception—which stands out in a group including Montpellier (going back to 1125), Paris (to 1150), Toulouse (1230), Grenoble (1339), etc.

In his classification, then,—which we can also make our classification—he has on the one side the venerable old-age universities such as Oxford, Cambridge, Upsala, Lund, Copenhagen, Leiden, Utrecht, Paris,—and opposing them (sometimes very literally) such newer universities as those of London, Manchester, Stockholm, Aarhus, Amsterdam, Brussels, etc.

AGE, of course, is not the only classification basis—nor necessarily the best. And yet organisational peculiarities are not of greatest importance when we want to draw up an educationalist's map. There is, as the telescopic observer has well noted, a basic similarity between all universities—despite their age or organisational pattern. Perhaps we can ascribe this basic similarity as much to the functions as to the traditions of universities. For the function of universities today, despite all of the "pep talks" from educationists about

culture and general education, is to produce a product, albeit an animate and learned and trained product.

Now, universities in Europe, just like the Indian or the American, are much bound by strong forces of tradition; this is true regardless of whether we think of Upsala, founded in 1477, or of Stockholm or Amsterdam, founded 1877. The "servile fidelity" to the mother form is operative in most universities. So, by and large all of the European universities, at least all examined by the observer, use outmoded methods in attempting to build the "defences of civilisation" in the minds of men. As one keen observer of matters educational has noted, "nothing must ever be done for the first time."

THERE are, to be sure, bright students in the European universities who know that they are suffering under outmoded and outdated systems. In all the universities that our Indian observer searched out, at least a number of the students see the urgent need for reforms in teaching methods and press actively towards these. Different universities, being of course in different stages of development, show different reform movements. Perhaps it is in Sweden that the students have been most successful in getting a say concerning teaching and the curriculum. And the influence of these Swedish students is probably increasing. This development, by the way, has been the result largely of the support the students are receiving from the Swedish Ministry of Education. Something unusual, is it not, for a Ministry of Education to support students.

Apropos of student activities, our observer is impressed by the calibre of the present-day university student in Europe—in England and in Norway as well as in Holland and Denmark, or Sweden (as we have indicated) or Scotland. He sees that they have their pessimists in Europe just as he has them in his own country—pessimists who complain that the students of today are so narrow and apathetic and dull. But he thinks on the basis of personal observation and not just of arm-

chair philosophising, that this interpretation of the character of the modern student is far wide of the mark. While, of course, it is almost impossible save in a subjective manner to compare the qualities of one generation of students with those of another, he is quite satisfied with the quality of the modern student especially since he does not ignore the not infrequent unpropitious social background of the student. He is, as a matter of fact, convinced, noting the ever greater numbers of students in European universities who come from poor backgrounds and who are not given generally exceptional social amenities—or educational—in the universities, that the present-day scholar is in no way inferior to his 19th century or 18th century counterpart.

European university students naturally feel the frustrations of the times. The phenomenon is prevalent in Europe, as in India. A time of frustration is just as unhealthy for the students as for anyone else. But the frustrations are not dissolved away by talking as if they do not exist—nor even by talking against them—nor, certainly not, by substituting denunciation of results for denunciation of causes. When we consider the "crisis in the university" we must be realistic and realize that the crisis is in the society. Our observer is thus realistic.

But what about the teachers at these European universities? When university staffs are attacked, as is the hobby today, for not providing "moral leadership", our Indian observer counterattacks and charges that the immoral society itself is responsible and not the usually very capable—and highly moral—university teachers. He does not wish to whitewash the teaching profession or to side-step just attacks. But he will do his bit to deny false charges, as usually levelled against teachers.

TEACHERS, he finds, do their best, whether in Europe or in other parts of the world. In European universities they are probably doing a better job than their predecessors did in many of the so-called "golden ages." And European university tea-

chers would do a better job yet if society gave them the tools—in the shape of better equipment, more personnel fairer salaries, and so on. To be sure, the same is true of Indian university teachers too, but considering only the problems of Europe (as our Indian educationist-cartographer is supposed to do), the observer who is making that educationist's map is convinced that the universities of Europe are reasonably healthy institutions and that the teachers, as well as students, do their best continually to improve from within. What is going on in European universities, our observer feels, is too significant educationally to be any longer ignored.

MEETING TO PROMOTE ANIMAL WELFARE

A public meeting to promote animal welfare and support Sri-mati Rukmani Devi's Bill of Mercy in Parliament for humane treatment of animals, will be held in St. Mary's Hall, Armenian Street, Madras, at 6 p.m., on Friday, 14th August, 1953. His Excellency Sri Sri Prakasa will preside. His Holiness Jainacharya Sri Vijayalakshmi Suriswarji Maharaj will inaugurate the meeting. The convenors of the meeting are: the Animal Welfare League, Sri Balasubrahmanya Bhakta Jana Sabha, Chennai Sivanadiyar Thirukuttam, the Cow Protection League, the Crescent Society, the Jain Association, the Saivasiddhanta Mahasamajam, the Samarasa Sanmargha Sangam, the Servants of India Society, the Sivasubrahmanya Bhakta Jana Sabha, the Thiruvalluvar Sentamil Sivaneri Kazhagam, the Vedanta Sangam, the S. P. C. A. and the South Indian Humanitarian League.

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

ARE Kardar, Shantaram and Mehboob planning to start a rival organisation to IMPPA? When I put this question to one of these producers he categorically denied any such move.

True, these three producers did meet and discuss a scheme of mutual co-operation and solidarity. As one of the producers explained, if a few producers could get together they could help each other in many ways. They could loan their equipment—specialized equipment—to each other; they can loan stars. Also if a star tries to be funny, at least this small group of producers can penalize the star by boycotting him or her. The co-operation of the producers will be based on day-to-day exchange and cooperation for mutual benefit.

This scheme was later put before five other producers—viz. Raj Kapoor, Chandulal Shah, Tolaram Jalan, Homi Wadia and Shanker Bhatt. It is interesting to note that barring Mehboob all these producers are studio-owners; and even Mehboob is busy constructing his own studio. As such these producers have a bigger stake and are in a position to help each other in numerous ways. Now the same scheme, it is learnt, will be put before other important producers and after it is thrashed out completely these producers will form a group or association whatever you may call it, and lay down certain rules and regulations. These top producers through this organisation of their own will lay down a code of conduct and mutual co-operation which, they think, will not only safeguard their interest but help their joint progress in effective manner.

If this move succeeds it is expected that the menace of the present star system will be checked and the cost

of production will also be checked. It is too early to prophesy the outcome of these steps; but though not a rival to IMPPA the new organisation comprising as it does the top producers will be in a better position to implement their decisions and penalize recalcitrants.

Meanwhile the IMPPA has elected its new executive which is dominated by Jaimani Dewan and his group. Jaimani Dewan continues to be the president of the IMPPA. One does not know what his reaction is to the new move; but though the sponsors have no intention to be rivals of IMPPA, there is no doubt that the new organisation will undermine the strength(?) of IMPPA.

Picture Of The Week

THE failure of Navketan's ambitious picture *Andhiyan* at the box-office seems to have sobered down the idealism of Chetan and Dev Anand. And so with *Baazi* as their model they have made another crime picture *Humsafar* at a modest cost with a hope that if it achieves nothing else, it will bring good box-office returns.

To some extent this hope may be realized. For the picture has what is called mass appeal with Dev Anand's own character modelled on the lines of *Baazi*. If however it does not become another *Baazi*, it will be due to the lack of compact screenplay and skilful direction as well as of Burman's hybrid but catchy tunes.

The story by Uma Anand recounts the tale of two persons—played by Chetan and Dev respectively—who meet on the Bombay bound train. In Bombay, both these friends faced with poverty and unemployment take different lines of action. While Dev becomes a criminal and a robber, Chetan who thinks stealing is wrong, is forced to live in squalor and poverty in spite of his intelligence. Chetan is the philosopher of the picture also; it is his comment on life and society that gives a progressive social significance to an otherwise 'they made me a criminal' type of story.

There is of course the inevitable triangle provided by Kalpana Kartik,

a simple girl, and Smriti Biswas, an alluring dancer, both of whom are interested in Dev. Alternately romance and crime dominate the story which sketchily moves to a logical end.

While the director has failed to invest this interesting tale with the requisite amount of polish and suspense, it is all the same a fairly pleasing film. Ali Akbar's music also follows the popular light pattern while Sahir's lyrics are again apt and pointed.

The performances are the principal attraction of the film. Kalpana Kartik, Smriti Biswas Chetan, Dev and Mohan Saigal turn in fine performances, and thus lend more plausibility and conviction to the whole screenplay.

Personality Of The Week

TALL, dark, charming Uma Chatterji, daughter of Punjab's well

known educationist, is a Bengalee-Christian who expresses herself better in English than Hindustani. Since her college days she has taken interest in drama and acted on the stage, mostly in English plays. In Bombay, when People's Theatre started the English section, Uma took a prominent part in its organisation and played an important role in J. B. Priestley's *They Came To A City*. After the partition also she appeared in some plays staged in Simla and Delhi.

Uma also has experience of film acting; along with Kamini Kaushal she made her debut in Chetan Anand's *Neecha Nagar*. Though her diction, being anglicized, was faulty she played the heroine's role well and was particularly impressive in the climax scene.

For a maiden effort, she has not at all done badly. In fact, her first screen story holds a bright promise for the future. Let us hope Uma succeeds in her new vocation.

LAVRENTI BERIA

By

S. P. M.

THE 54-year-old Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria is a Georgian. Though of a poor peasant family, he contrived to obtain a good education, graduated from the Baku Polytechnical Institute in 1919 with a view to becoming an architectural engineer. He looks mild and scholarly with the pince-nez, but is shrewd, cool, calculating and versatile. His personal interests are music and painting.

Beria joined the Communist Party in 1917—eight months before the outbreak of the Great October Revolution. In 1921 he joined the *Cheka* organized to detect and prevent the success of counter-revolutionary plots and foreign interventionist invasion by the armed forces of fourteen nations.

The *Cheka* had replaced the Military Revolutionary Committee which was abolished when no longer necessary. Later the *Cheka* was itself abolished and replaced by the

G. P. U. (*Gossuderstvennoye Politicheskoye Upravlyeniye*—Political State administration) which combated counter-revolution and espionage.

With little danger of counter-revolution the G. P. U. was incorporated in the N. K. V. D. (People's Commissariat of International Affairs) in 1936. But, until March 1953, there remained a separate Ministry of State Security to detect and combat espionage. In March 1953 it was incorporated in the Home Ministry.

Until 1938 Beria served in the Caucasus. In 1931 he became Party chief in Georgia and Transcaucasus assigned to expel inconsistent members of the Party. Later, he was also deputed to organise oil production at Baku.

Rise To Power

IN 1934 Beria was elected a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR. Four years later, in 1938, he became Minister for Internal Affairs. In 1946 he had already become a member of the Politburo.

In 1946, during the war, the Ministry of State Security was created

separate from the Ministry for Internal Affairs. Beria was then assigned to serve in the State Defence Committee. While he nominally remained Minister for Internal Affairs, the actual control of the Ministry of State Security was assigned to Viktor Abakumov and to Sergei Kruglov in actual control of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

For his war-time services Beria was made a Marshal of the Soviet Union and also awarded the Order of Lenin, the Order of Red Banner of Labour and the Order of Suvorov. Beria was actual head of the Ministry of State Security only for some three months prior to his arrest. During these months it was his Ministry which was responsible for the arrest of a number of doctors on a charge of conspiracy to kill Soviet leaders but which was found to be false by a committee of enquiry.

Beria's Opportunity

THE incorporation, in March 1953, of the Ministry of State Security in the Ministry of Internal Affairs, with Beria as the Minister, for the first time gave him command of a large body of efficient and well-armed troops.

Before March 1953 Beria was chief of the Militia, as the ordinary police is called in the USSR, chief of the "secret police", the Soviet equivalent to our combined criminal and political (Intelligence) branches of the C. I. D., chief of a central directorate of penal labour of which we have no equivalent as such. In India employment of prisoners on national projects, such as dams, is decentralised, decided and directed by the provincial Governments severally.

After March 1953 Beria also became Minister of State Security in command of the Frontier Guards—a well armed, efficient, exclusive army responsible inviolability of the frontiers of the USSR. Frontier Guards wear a uniform more impressive than those of other Soviet armed forces. On Indian frontiers Army units have ordinary police and C. I. D. personnel attached to them.

No Treason Charge

On the decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party

of the USSR, Beria has been expelled from the Party, dismissed from all his posts in the Government and has been arrested for trial on the following charges:—

(1) Becoming a hireling of foreign imperialist forces. (2) Machinations aimed at seizing power. (3) Attempting to put the Ministry of Internal Affairs above the Party and the Soviet Government. (4) Impeding agriculture and endangering food supply. (5) Encouraging bourgeois nationalism and striving to undermine the fraternal relations between the peoples of the USSR.

Beria's case has been referred to the Supreme Court of the USSR. He is charged with hindering progress towards Communism, attempting to make himself supreme in service of imperialists, attempting to disunite Soviet peoples and to encourage bourgeois nationalism in the USSR. He is not charged with actual treason. If that had been the charge his case would have been referred to the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court, not the Supreme Court itself which tries cases involving the administration of State security. In fact, the *Pravda* reports he is charged with anti-Party and anti-State activities "in treacherous attempts" to make his Ministry supreme with himself at its head.

The New Minister

BERIA has now been replaced by Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov, the war-time actual chief of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Colonel-General Kruglov holds the Order of Lenin, the Order of Suvorov, the Order of Kutuzov. He was awarded the Legion of Merit by America and is a Knight of the British Empire made by George VI in 1945 for his work as director of security of the delegates to the Yalta Conference. He was also responsible for the security of Allied delegates to the Teheran and Potsdam Conferences.

The dismissal of Beria, in the opinion of the U. S. State Department, strengthens the Soviet State without any alteration in Russian home or foreign policies.

THE AMAZING STORY OF McCARTHY

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

ON a cold day back in the winter of 1927, the most successful young chicken farmer in Outagamie county, Wisconsin sat at his kitchen table and wept. He had spent five years building up his business. He had worked twelve and fifteen hours a day and then almost overnight, he had lost everything. He had come down with influenza and his chickens, with nobody to look after them, had frozen and starved to death. Things looked pretty bad at that moment.

Today, in room 5-A in the Senate Building in Washington, the ex-chicken farmer sits at the vortex of American political life. He is surrounded by telephones and dictating machines. Outside, in the long corridor, reporters and photographers wait for his appearance. His name makes headlines almost every week. By some, he is hailed as the great savior who has come to rescue their country from Communism; and others denounce him as the arch enemy of freedom. But who, really, is this man, and how did he manage to rise to the prominent position he seems to occupy today?

Joseph Raymond McCarthy was born on November 14, 1908, in a white frame house near the shores of Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin. He was the fifth child of Bridget and Timothy McCarthy, and there were no indications that he was any different from the other children in the Irish settlement where the family lives. He went to church on Sunday, to school on weekdays, and after graduation from grammar school at the age of fourteen, he went to work on his father's farm.

The McCarthys and their neighbours were a close-mouthed, clannish breed. They worked hard and their minds hardly reached beyond the sandy, used-up soil from which they derived their livelihood. They were



Joseph McCarthy

suspicious of all "foreigners" and foreign ideas. And sometimes they expressed their opinions in a violent way. Little Joe always remembered the time during the first World War when the people of the settlement dragged a farmer of German descent from his house in the middle of the night and threatened to hang him if he didn't buy liberty bonds right away.

The outside world must have seemed glamorous and exciting to a boy who had grown up in the confinement of this narrow community. At least Joe McCarthy became ambitious. He rented an acre of land from his father and started his chicken farm. When this enterprise failed, Joe, at the age of nineteen, packed his bag and went to Manawa, where he became the most hustling manager the local Cashway store had ever seen. But several months later, when the store's profits began to drop off mysteriously, Joe was fired. By now, however, he had

seen enough to convince him that he needed an education. So Joe set out to storm the heights of Manawa High School. He set himself a time limit. He wanted to get through high school in one year. He had no trouble talking the school officials into this speed-up plan. But when it came to a final test one teacher refused to give him a passing grade. It happened that this particular teacher was a rather susceptible young woman. After several dates with McCarthy she changed her mind. Joe won his diploma on schedule, and the following autumn he wrote on his application to Marquette University that he had "attended four years of high school."

At college, Joe McCarthy excelled in three fields: as a crammer, a boxer, and a politician. As a crammer, a fraternity brother recalls: "He could get more of the crib law briefs.... into his noggin the night before a test than anyone else, although he didn't remember a thing two days later." As a boxer, swinging wildly and laughing at every blow, Joe was a terror to behold.

But it was as a campus politician that he made his most vivid impression. He was always running for the head of some club or other and in his senior year, after an all-out campaign, he won the class presidency by one vote. Later he admitted jovially that he had voted for himself—even though he had previously pledged that he would not do so. In 1935, McCarthy graduated from college, hung out his shingle as a lawyer, and began trying his hand at the real thing. As one of his first moves Joe McCarthy joined the Democratic Party, and in 1936 he became president of the local Young Democratic Club. In his speeches he blamed Hoover for the depression and supported social reform. He even favoured world government, a thought that must have shocked the folks back home. But all this liberalism only resulted in his resounding defeat as a candidate for district attorney. So Joe McCarthy decided to turn conservative. He moved to the town of Shawano, joined the Republican Party, and took a job as

assistant to the local GOP boss, Mike Eberlein.

At that time Mike Eberlein had set his eyes on a circuit judgeship. When the nomination came up, Joe McCarthy assured his boss he would help him get in. The next thing Eberlein heard was that McCarthy himself had grabbed the job. Next to fall before the onslaught of the vigorous young man was the judge, Edgar V. Werner. McCarthy charged that the sixty-six year old Solon was lying about his age. The political demise of Werner was followed rapidly by that of Gilbert Lappley, an agriculture department attorney who had crossed McCarthy's path. Lappley was fired. McCarthy's term as a judge is remembered as one of the wildest periods in Wisconsin legal history. Obviously inspired by the assembly line theory, Joe McCarthy polished off cases in record time—sometimes in as little as two minutes—granted "quickie" divorces, and when it appeared that a higher court was interested in learning more about one of his decisions, he polished off the court records, too. They vanished.

McCarthy managed to keep his judgeship while he was in the service and even after he filed for nomination to the U. S. Senate, which at the time was a statute violation.

McCarthy's two years in the U. S. Marines, from 1942 to 1944, only added to an already promising political career. He went in with a commission and served all his time as an intelligence officer. But, oddly enough, according to his campaign literature, he "joined up as a private." He also received a special citation from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz for a "severe leg injury" suffered while serving as a "rear seat gunner" in the South Pacific. Actually, he received his "wound" in a fall down a gangway while his unit was crossing the equator.

Following his return from the Marines, McCarthy plunged back into politics and in the 1946 Republican senatorial primary he was the number one challenger to Sen. Robert La Follette. He kicked off his campaign against the grand old man of

Wisconsin politics by calling him a "war profiteer," since La Follette had made \$47,000 in 1944-45 from a radio station he owned. (McCarthy himself had made \$42,000 on the stock market in 1943). La Follette ignored the charge and went down to defeat. But it was not this charge that provided McCarthy with a narrow victory. It was the all-out support of the Communist Party which put him on the ticket. The CP, then in complete control of Wisconsin's CIP, listened to La Follette's warnings against Soviet Russia, compared them with McCarthy's postwar pronouncements that Russia was "sincere," and decided McCarthy was their man. A few weeks later, however, after a trip to Chicago to win the support of Col. R. McCormick, McCarthy kicked the Reds off his bandwagon again. And, in the election campaign itself, he accused his Democratic opponent, Howard McMurray, of being a fellow-traveller. This was the first time that Joe McCarthy had used Communism as a campaign issue. McMurray was defeated. But as late as 1950, McCarthy still did not seem to take the Communist threat seriously. He voted against military aid to halt Communist aggression abroad and his general voting record, oddly enough, paralleled that of Vito Marcantonio, pro-Communist Congressman from New York.

Actually, McCarthy's main interest after he got to Washington was not communism but his own financial affairs. An inveterate gambler, he had, following his windfall on the stock market in 1943, borrowed around \$300,000 and set out to make a killing. However, his luck did not hold and he arrived in the nation's capital with a pocketful of creditor notes. His first effort to iron out this precarious situation was to strike up friendships with E. Merl Young (later of mink coat fame) and "five percenter" John Maragon, who then represented a molasses company. Maragon wanted molasses controls lifted and McCarthy volunteered to help—for a consideration. Next, he turned to a Pepsi Cola lobbyist, Russell Arundel, who endorsed a \$20,000 check since he

wanted industrial sugar controls lifted. Soon, McCarthy was known all over Capitol Hill as "The Pepsi Cola Kid." But the life of an ambitious Senator is expensive. McCarthy never seemed to catch up with himself. The Lustron Corporation paid him \$10,000 to write a pamphlet for them while he was chairman of the Joint Congressional Housing Committee, but this was only a drop in the bucket. What Joe McCarthy obviously needed was a group of well-heeled patrons who would be willing to invest in him on a long term basis. Walter Harnischfeger, a prefabricator from Milwaukee with a peculiar affinity for Nazi race theories, knew just such a group. And McCarthy, with the help of Harnischfeger's lawyer, went to bat for the German SS troopers who were held as war criminals in the infamous "Malmedy Massacre" of World War II. McCarthy claimed that the Nazis who had shot down 150 Americans in cold blood had been unfairly treated and hinted that they were the victims of a Jewish plot. At last, he seemed to have solved his financial troubles.

But although his debts were being paid, questions about his finances lingered on. In 1951, at the behest of Sen. W. Benton of Conn., the Senate subcommittee on Privileges and Elections began digging into McCarthy's record. In 14 months, the Senators found indications of possible violations of the Federal and State Corrupt Practices Acts and signs that he had used relatives and close associates to avoid income tax payments. Also there were some questions about \$148,000 in cancelled checks which failed to show up on McCarthy's income tax return, and the matter of some \$400,000 which he had used to play the stock market.

McCarthy's "crusade" against Communism actually began in 1950. He had dug into Congressional files and had come up with an old list of 205 State Dept., employees who had been investigated by Congress for possible disloyalty. Most of the people on the list already had either been dismissed or cleared after exhaustive inquiries. But McCarthy announced on the basis of this list that there were 2-5- "card-carrying Communists" in the

State Dept. Later, the list was reduced to 57 names, and finally it became clear McCarthy did not have the name of a single Communist in the State Dept., or any other dept. But his reputation was made. Every time a Communist or Red sympathizer was discovered anywhere in the Government, McCarthy took the credit for finding him. At last he had discovered a surefire political weapon. The right-wing press, with few exceptions, has praised McCarthy for his attacks. But the liberal press seems to have done the most for his reputation. These newspapers turn out reams of copy about McCarthy's "big lie technique" and picture him as a sort of political Beelzebub with almost superhuman powers. Actually, McCarthy is an actor. His technique is merely calculated to make headlines. It is based on the thought that "Anything goes" in politics.

He has no objection to adverse publicity and he glories in being pictured as the Great American Menace. When appearing in public, he attempts to be as sinister and mysterious as possible to perpetuate the myth that is growing up around him. He is at his best under the klieg lights as the grimaced, tight-lipped Senate Committee cross-examiner.

Off stage, Joe McCarthy is anything but a Machiavelli. A heavy barrel-chested man with short muscular arms and a nervous twitch of the head, he wears his clothes awkwardly, his shoes are never shined, and he presses his pants under the mattress at night. With members of the press and close associates, he is bluff and friendly. But at fancy Washington cocktail parties and similar gatherings, he is often as uneasy as a country boy at his first dance. He fiddles with his tie, gulps his drinks, and runs out at the first opportunity.

For Joe McCarthy, it has been a long journey from the farmhouse kitchen to the Senate Building in Washington. But the end of his road is not yet in sight. McCarthy, as most of his political colleagues will tell you, is an adventurer. His horizons are unlimited. Nominally a Republican, he bears allegiance to no man, party, or creed. His big goal in life is Joseph McCarthy. For him,

the struggle against Communism—perhaps the most vital struggle in our history—is merely a political football.

For the time being it pays for him to pose as the scourge of Communism. But his frontiers are already expanding. He is dipping into foreign affairs, and he is already preparing the ground for future accusations, so that some day he might well assume the role of "the man of the hour."

He recently denied that he wants to be President, but there is no other goal toward which his ambition can take him. As he told a friend not long ago, "I'll either end up in a jail—or in the White House."

*

Keymen Of The Kremlin

FOUR men hold the key to what may happen in the murderous struggle for supremacy among the Red czars of the blood-drenched Kremlin.

L. M. Kaganovich, Deputy Premier, brother-in-law of the late Joseph Stalin, and long a top Soviet ruler. Kaganovich, who has powerful ties with the Red Army and the industrial bureaucracy, was chiefly instrumental in getting Malenkov his first Kremlin job, as Stalin's secretary.

Marshals Alexander Vasilievsky and Georgi Zhukov, the two most powerful military chiefs. Both have notable battle records: Zhukov captured Berlin and had cordial relations with President Eisenhower when he commanded Allied forces. Largely because of that, Stalin shelved Zhukov, but that did not impair the latter's great prestige and influence in the Red Army. Several weeks after Stalin's death, Zhukov returned to Moscow as Chief of Staff of the Army. Actually, they overshadow Marshal Bulganin, the Defence Minister, who is on good terms with them. The three are the real rulers of the military, with Bulganin the "junior partner."

Nikita Krushchev, little known Secretary of the Communist Party, a strategic job which Stalin held throughout his lifetime after ruthlessly using it to make himself supreme. Krushchev zoomed into the

limelight when it was suddenly announced he was taking over from Malenkov as Party Secretary. The younger careerist is a power in his own right in the Party apparatus, which with the Army and Secret Police (formerly headed by the purged Beria) constitute the three ruling elements in Russia.

Ambassador Bohlen deems it highly significant that not one of the four key figures is tied up with the dread Secret Police. In his opinion that explains why it was Beria and not Malenkov who got the axe. Malenkov's ties are with the Communist machine and the equally potent military, through his relations with Kaganovich and the three Army Marshals, old friends of Kaganovich.

When these officers, with the approval of Foreign Minister Molotov, threw their weight to Malenkov, that was the end of Beria.

That doesn't mean the terroristic power of the Secret Police is broken. It still wields immense authority and continues a highly dangerous factor in the inner struggle for control. But the downfall of Beria is viewed as strong evidence that the Secret

Police has sustained a smashing blow from the other two ruling elements—the Party and the Red Army.

That combination is also viewed as highly significant. It is taken to mean the Party had to seek the aid of the military to overthrow the Secret Police. That is a tremendously important development. It could foreshadow the eventual emergence of the Red Army as the top power in Russia.

Meanwhile, Western authorities are closely scanning Krushchev's background and record. One important clue has been uncovered in the proceedings of the 19th Communist Party Congress that took place early last year. This heretofore overlooked reference is in the account of a resolution offered by Kaganovich to create a special commission to draw up a new Party programme "in the light of modern conditions and international developments." It has been discovered that one of the members of this all-powerful group, which included Stalin, Molotov, Beria, Malenkov and Kaganovich, was the then-unknown Krushchev.

Gandhi & Bernard Shaw

WHEN Shaw met Gandhi, he exchanged his views on various subjects—ethnological, religious, social, political and economical. It is curious that no full report of their discussion exists, such as that of the Gandhi-Rolland meeting. It is still more curious that whereas Gandhi and Chaplin were photographed together, there is no pictorial record of the Shaw-Gandhi meeting. Still Shaw thought: "Gandhi never cared to be photographed and yet, like myself, he was the most photographed man in the world. We were modest, but hid our modesty under a bushel of publicity."

Keeping fit was a duty and a serious business with them. Gandhi went on with his application of mud poultice for checking blood pressure and never missed a massage. Shaw had a passion for a dip up to his eightieth year, but missed his swim of which he was very fond. Defying doctor's advice he kept windows open

and in wintry days dared to go out without a coat. He ate frugal meals but was particular about dressing before dinner. In approval of fasting he said: "If Gandhi goes on for fasts, he certainly will live up to two hundred years. I have often been tempted to give the whole show away and let it out that fast is not a penance but a healing force." Shaw underwent various exercises for eyes, hands and spine. He could conjure up a nap after lunch and in between his attendance to a radio programme. He knew how to work and how to relax. He possessed two cars but spent most of his time in his garden in a shed which some considered was not fit for housing a lawn-mower. He pruned trees and sawed wood. He did not allow a day pass without scribbling; if he could not do his quota, he felt miserable. When told he was not morally bound to write, he retorted: "Nor was Gandhi obliged to go on spinning, but he did." —Anu Bandhyopadhyaya, in National Herald.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Should Madras Ministry Resign?

Sir,—Speaking to Pressmen about the "Constitutional irregularity" that had resulted from the Chief Minister's action consequent on the Assembly's adverse vote on Wednesday, Sri Tanneti Viswanatham is reported to have said: "The situation is such that under the existing English Cabinet system, the Cabinet would have immediately resigned. But human nature being what it is, and our tendency to stick to power being there as an eternal factor to count with, the framers of our Constitution embodied the English practice in the form of a specific provision in the statute itself (Art. 164). If, therefore, nobody takes action, I can only say, 'God help the Constitution and our democracy.'"

It has become the fashion of the day to swear by the English practice of parliamentary democracy whenever it suits one's own convenience. Having adopted English institutions, there is no harm in looking for guidance to established English practice. One who swears by the English analogy should under all circumstances be prepared to follow the same under similar situations arising in our country. It cannot be said that Sri Tanneti Viswanatham is not aware of this simple logic. But he asserted that "in England.....the practice had been that when a Government sustained defeat, within less than an hour or two, the Prime Minister tendered his resignation." When the Speaker rightly pointed out that it is for the Government to consider what they should do in such a situation, this exponent of the English practice turns round and says: "You are following the English practice, Sir..... We are bound, however, by our Constitution." This alternating allegiance to the unwritten English practice; and to our own written Constitution on the part of Sri Tanneti Viswanatham passes the comprehension of simple folk who are not conversant with the dexterous art of somersaults in politics.

To one who approaches this question of the consequences of an adverse vote in the Assembly purely as a matter of academic interest and not in the light of vulgar politics, the issue is not quite so

simple as Sri Tanneti Viswanatham wants us to believe. As for the English practice, Dicey in his Law of the Constitution (pp. 457) says: "When you come to inquire what are the signs by which you are to know that the House has withdrawn its confidence from a Ministry,—whether, for example, the defeat of an important ministerial measure or the smallness of a ministerial majority is certain proof that a Ministry ought to retire,—you ask a question which admits of no absolute reply." Again, even coming to our own Constitution, Durga Das Basu, in his Commentary on the Constitution of India, deals at some length with the English practice and the relevant article of our Constitution and clearly points out the circumstances in which a Ministry is not bound to resign on adverse vote (pp. 300). As a significant illustration, one may pertinently point out the recent example (29th March 1950) of the refusal of Mr. Attlee to resign on the defeat of the Government on a motion to adjourn the House at the end of the debate on fuel and power (by 26 votes).

Curiously enough, in the case in question, the members who exhorted the Assembly to pass an amendment to the Government motion expressly told the Assembly that the amendment was not intended to have the effect of a motion of no-confidence in the Government.

A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

Planning Ministry And Cottage Crafts

Sir,—While generally appreciating your forceful editorial comment under the heading "The Wrong End" in Swatantra (dated 18th July 53) allow me to point out one ambiguity. Referring to Planning Minister Nanda's Ahmedabad announcement that the Union Government would adopt the policy of the development of cottage industries more vigorously to tackle the problem of unemployment, the editorial says: "Unemployment is the effect of failure to achieve social security. The positive aspect of the elimination of unemployment is social security." I am afraid that is putting the cart before the horse. Would it not be more correct to say that social insecurity is the result of failure to achieve gainful employment for all? And that the positive aspect of social security lies in providing productive occupation for all? If the latter is accepted as the correct position, it can be shown that in the circumstances obtaining in our country, cottage crafts alone, next to agriculture, offer the single largest opportunity of productive occupation. For instance, the total number of workers engaged in all the ten thousand and odd factories, indus-

tries and workshops is said to be about 27 lakhs while almost an equal number are engaged in, or depend upon, the single cottage industry of handlooms. Leaving the needy landless agricultural labourers who would have to be absorbed largely by settling them on new lands, there are, on a rough estimate, some ten million unemployed or underemployed in the country in the non-agricultural sector. Of these, the educated unemployed of urban areas would be but a few lakhs while the large majority running into millions are artisans like weavers, potters, basket makers, carpenters, coir makers, cobblers, etc. The leather industry alone, if properly organised on a cottage craft basis and duly encouraged, can absorb some half a million families. While further industrialisation is certainly possible and desirable in certain spheres, it cannot by itself offer as effective a solution to the problem of unemployment as revitalisation of cottage crafts can, because industrial expansion can absorb a few lakhs and not millions as far as can be envisaged.

As regards factors such as competitive rates of production and consumer's capacity vis a vis cottage crafts, the point that has to be considered is whether it would be more economical, even from the ultimate consumer's standpoint, to maintain a huge army of unemployed on a minimum State subsistence allowance or to minimise unemployment a great deal by paying, if necessary, a little extra price for hand-made goods. To make the point clear, suppose handlooms can produce Rs. sixty crores worth of fairly good quality cloth offering occupation to say, two million families. The same quantity of cloth may be produced by less than half a million people possibly at a cost of Rs. 45 crores through mills. Either we would have to find employment for the surplus 1½ millions or give them a minimum subsistence allowance, the total amount of which would be far more than Rs. 15 crores and which would have to be borne by the tax payer, let alone the demoralising effects of chronic unemployment. So, the best and most economical way of achieving social security lies in providing ample occupational opportunities thereby minimising the number that would have to depend on State subsistence allowance during temporary periods of unemployment.

The problem of educated unemployed is no doubt different and cottage crafts cannot offer a complete solution to the problem. Although a certain number can be absorbed in the clerical and supervisory work of craft co-operatives, large scale absorption of the educated

unemployed would be possible only by extension of public utility and social services, industrial cum commercial expansion and a general increase in prosperity affording greater opportunities for private enterprise in diverse spheres.

So, while a well-integrated plan based on requisite data and taking into account all the above mentioned factors is necessary, and while any clash of interests between small-scale and large-scale industries should be resolved as far as possible, it is apparent that the revitalisation of cottage crafts and small-scale industries, both by Government support and public encouragement, should form the most important factor in such a plan. It is to be welcomed that this basic truth which Mahatma Gandhi realised long ago is being increasingly realised by the Planning Ministry. Hence it would be more apt to say it is the "right beginning," though belated, rather than the "wrong end."

D. V. RAMA RAO, M.A., LL.B.
Berhampur.

"Politics Of Educational Reform"

Sir,—May I refer to page 48 of Swatantra dated Aug. 1, 1953 where there is the letter from Shri P. Narayana Rao of Mangalore under the title "Politics of Educational Reform in Madras"? In it there is the following delightful paragraph towards the end of the first column. To make my explanation clear, let me quote that paragraph.

"Even the Adviser on Education to the State Government seems to have caught the prevailing infection; for he was just his master's voice when at a meeting in Mangalore, he used such provocative language as this: 'Those who like the new scheme will let their children work for three hours in the day under a craftsman; those who do not like it will stand on their heads and throw their legs up.' Is this the language of persuasion expected of a Government propagandist of Gandhian persuasions?"

I did not say what is attributed to me. I was referring to the children and not to the parents at all. I was pointing out how work and play must alternate in the out-of-school programme. In that connection, I said that some children might watch, observe or even participate in some craft work or other. I then added that children would be inclined to play more than work and that even if some of them stood on their heads and waved their legs in the air, it would be part of the programme. You will now see how utterly different is what I said from what Shri P. N. Rao has quoted. That being so, it must be clear I caught no prevailing infection,

that I was no master's voice; that I used no provocative language and therefore the query "Is this the language of persuasion expected of a Government propagandist of Gandhian persuasions?" is absurd.

G. RAMACHANDRAN
Educational Adviser to Govt.
Gandhi Gram.

"A Basket Of Oranges": A Protest

Sir,—Kindly permit me to voice my deep resentment and strong protest, at the disparaging remarks made by Sri Gora Sastri against the railway staff in his short story "A Basket of Oranges" published in Swatantra on 1st August 1953.

The characterisation of the station master by Sri Gora Sastri as a gambler, drunkard, pilferer of parcels and the inclusion of all the staff right from the jamadar to the assistant station master as abettors in his corrupt practices is a distortion of the reality and a sad commentary on things as they are. It looks as though the railway staff, en bloc, are addicted to unsocial activities. Perhaps Sri Gora Sastri was not mindful of the tremendous responsibilities shouldered by the railway staffs day in and day out, in moving the voluminous traffic and in their train-passing duties.

With the railways passing into the hands of the Government on the advent of freedom, corruption has been almost rooted out; malpractices have been put an end to and efficiency has appreciably gone up. Many a leader has spoken of the work turned out by railwaymen in highly appreciative terms.

A recent editorial in *The Hindu*, while backing the claim of the assistant station masters and station masters for better scales of pay, rightly emphasised that "prestige goes with salary." When we, assistant station masters and station masters are collectively agitating for the enhancement of our scales of pay which at present are disproportionate to the onerous duties we are asked to shoulder, it is indeed distressing and humiliating that Swatantra should publish Sri Gora Sastri's short story tending definitely to lower our prestige and integrity in the eyes of the public without whose support, ours will be a lone battle.

The Editor of Swatantra is a champion of the railwaymen's cause and he presided over a conference of railway commercial clerks held recently in Madras, and we still look forward for his guidance and succour.

J. V. CHETTY
Venkatagiri. Assistant Station Master.
Sri J. V. Chetty has misconstrued the scope of the short story. The short

story, artistically considered, is not concerned with a didactic purpose. It is concerned with the realistic presentation of human nature in all its variety and complexity and also simplicity. Railwaymen are no more honest or no more corrupt than other congregations of the human species, not excluding the most highly or the most lowly rated, and in the story the railway station just provided the setting as there could be no story without a setting. Instead of the railway station the setting for the story, with of course necessary amendments to suit, might have been laid in the secretariat, or a minister's house or office, or even the ashram of a saint. In no case would it imply any wholesale condemnation of any body of men. In fact it is the very essence of a short story that it is individualistic. Nobody is entitled to complain, on the score of specific sectional disparagement, of any portrait of a corrupt man in a short story until the last corrupt man has been made extinct on the face of the earth; nor can railwaymen feel aggrieved at Sri Gora Sastri's story while they continue to be part of our common humanity with their due share both of its good and evil. As for the rest, the writer of the story and 'Swatantra' have nothing but good wishes to station masters, assistant station masters and all other categories of the railway staff in their struggle for improvement of their service prospects and material welfare.—Ed. S.

Inter-State Sales Tax

Sir,—The Indian Constitution prohibits collection of sales tax on exports. The term 'export' is given a very wide interpretation by the Executive and the dealer is in the dark as to what exactly constitutes an export within the meaning of the Article in the Constitution.

The recent judgments of the Supreme court of India in the Bombay Sales Tax case and the Travancore-Cochin appeals, it is stated, allow the Government of the State into which the goods are imported to realise tax on all goods delivered within its area for consumption. This leads to extra-territorial levy which is beyond the scope of the State legislature, causing untold hardship to the mercantile community. Moreover the exemption granted under the Constitution regarding inter-State sales, is nullified once collection of sales tax in such cases is authorised by the Government of the important State in the country.

It is necessary that the Government should clarify the points early.

P. R. MUTHUSWAMY
Honorary Secretary, Tamilnad
Foodgrains Merchants' Association
Limited, Mathurai.

SWATANTRA

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SAVED A SECOND TIME

FROM the standpoint of internal necessity there could be no doubt that a change in the Government of Kashmir had become overdue. This much has been made clear both in the announcement of the Sadar-i-Riyasat dismissing Sheikh Abdullah and in the broadcast talk of Bhakshi Ghulam Mohamed, the new Premier, on assuming office. Sheikh Abdullah came to power six years ago in the wave of awakening that swept over Kashmir under the insurgence of the national movement, but six years ago, when the movement was at the summit of its influence, it looked as if it would be wrecked, along with its leaders, in the depredatory violence of tribal invaders egged on by Pakistan. It was then that the Government of Kashmir acceded to the Union of India and applied to Delhi for succour. As Pandit Nehru has made plain in his recent statement in Parliament, the union was a free union of free people without any compulsion on either side. It was a symbol representing certain ideals and principles for which the national movement in Kashmir had always stood. The Government of India, as explained by Pandit Nehru, recognised from the very outset that the peculiar position of the State made it necessary for a special position to be accorded to it in the Indo-Kashmir constitutional relationship. They were generous in according financial aid for economic rehabilitation, but except with advice which was given only when invited, they never interfered in the internal administration of the State.

AFTER a trial of six years to the partnership, an agreement that has come to be known as the Delhi Agreement was drawn up last year, by which there was to be a common citizenship for India and Kashmir, and a special provision was made in respect of agrarian and economic reforms in Kashmir. But this agreement was never implemented in the proper spirit by Sheikh Abdullah. He chafed at its financial procedures and its system of audit and accounts and checks and balances, devised to ensure that wasteful expenditure was prevented and available funds well spent, and he made it an excuse for a new attitude of independence, resiling from the earlier six-year old constitutional relationship with India. It was at this stage that his colleagues, who remained loyal to the principles of the national movement while Sheikh Abdullah departed from them, discovered that his leadership had taken a wrong turn, and under it "a betrayal of the country's interests and the traditions of their democratic struggle was in the offing." Sheikh Abdullah's independence, they felt, would lead to merger of the State with Pakistan, and merger of the State with Pakistan would result in its dissolution as an entity, and Sheikh Abdullah as Premier "was thinking in terms of carving out a portion of the State from the wreckage as an independent State." Fortunately for

Kashmir, Sheikh Abdullah was in a minority both in his own cabinet and in the national conference, the ruling party in the State with a majority in the legislature, and those that dissented from his new policies, made use of their constitutional advantage to oust him from the Premiership and instal Bhakshi Ghulam Mohamed in his place. It is doubtful if, in so grave a crisis, so drastic a change could have been effected so peacefully but for the protective umbrella of order and security held over the State by the Indian Army. Six years ago, Indian intervention saved Kashmir from pillage by savage tribesmen, and established democracy in the State, wresting it from the slavery that hung over it. The beneficial agent of that intervention, the Indian Army, has saved the State a second time now from a shattering of its democratic freedom and a relapse into the mercy of enslaving raiders.

THE really complicating factors in the political crisis that has brought about Sheikh Abdullah's downfall lie outside the State. Within the State he has lost his hold on the masses, and voices of protest raised at his disappearance have been feeble and puny. But powerful interests have been at work, both in Pakistan and the United Nations, disquieted over the steady growth of Indian influence and its contribution to peace in the capitals of the world, and these are not averse apparently to utilise to the full any opportunity handy for undermining our credit and getting us dubbed with the title of aggressors. There have been half a dozen changes of government imposed on Azad Kashmir from Karachi, without any reference to local opinion, yet nowhere outside was the peace of democrats in the least disturbed. But when in Kashmir, without any change in the political status of the ruling party, one leader of it is replaced by another, convulsions of agitation over it are heard from London to New York as if a cataclysmic event of fatal world-shaking import, had taken place. It is on account of this that the natural exercise of his constitutional duty by the Sadar-i-Riyasat and the legitimate use of his political right by Bhakshi Ghulam Mohamed, assume the character of a daring feat. Pandit Nehru is of course on unassailable ground in enunciating the principle that the personnel of the Government in Kashmir is an internal affair in which he did not wish to interfere, but his experience with Sheikh Abdullah should teach him not to put too great a faith on the present liberal intentions of his successor. Every Government overflows with virtuous determination to serve the public interest when it starts on its career, but as time passes, the original zeal is replaced by a stagnant routine, and rash critics calling attention to the disparity between the two are resented and received with hostility. The Government of India with their own dismal economic record, do not seem to be well qualified to express displeasure at the economic failings of the ruling parties and their leaders in other States. There must be no throwing away of Indian money carelessly and without stint to purchase a second betrayal in Kashmir.

Leaders' Privilege

AS soon as the session of the legislature is over, Ministers run about on tours from district to district, and are rarely to be seen at work in the secretariat. Some of the purposes for which they go on tour are of the triviallest. No conscientious Minister, taking his duties seriously, can indulge in so much of touring as has become the general practice in Madras State today. An

occasional journey to a place of specific importance for practical study of a difficult problem engaging the Minister's attention may be necessary and desirable. But the excessive indulgence of Ministers in tours, which is now the rule rather than the exception, not only diverts their attention from their legitimate duties, it inflicts on the public exchequer a heavy financial burden without adequate justification. The

diversion of public resources without any sense of shame to purposes connected with personal interest and inclination has become a deplorable feature of Congress rule in several States, and to it is traceable, perhaps, to a considerable extent, the remarkable decline that has taken place in recent years in the esteem of the public for the Congress and its leaders. It is not Ministers only that take advantage of their positions in this manner. The entire executive of the Andhra Pradesh Congress has been summoned to meet at Kalahasti where Sri Sanjeeva Reddi is fighting as a candidate in a bye-election. What is corruption, except the conversion to individual benefit, of resources and energies that should have been held as sanctified for a public purpose or a specified method of utilisation? The needy wretch that swindles an anna is ostentatiously punished in the blaze of publicity in newspaper columns. All the time, the great leader, who probably has a part to play in such a punishment, is privileged to misappropriate to himself enormous benefit, with no loss of credit, and none to challenge his right to do so.

USIS

THOSE who have been following with keen interest and some anxiety the good work of the United States Information Service in many Indian cities, will be relieved to learn that the Senate Appropriations Committee has restored most of the cut made by the House in the funds provided for the activities of the Service. The restoration, which will become effective if approved by the Senate, was from \$60 millions to \$80 millions, and is in the nature of a rebuke to Senator McCarthy who has been specialising lately in uncharitable attacks on U. S. overseas information service, boasting himself to be the controller of the budget for its programmes. It is a welcome innovation that the State Department will now be divested of authority over the USIS, which will operate independently with, let us hope, even greater effectiveness.

Labour Crisis

THE State can sometimes be paralysed by privileges of its own creation," said M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister, commenting the other day on the strike situation in France. He was referring in particular to what happened in Languedoc, where wine-growers had taken to barricading the roads by way of protest against the Government's intention of reducing its purchases of wine. The official policy of purchasing wine owed its existence to the unsaleability of large quantities of it. It was designed to cut down surplus production, the State stepping in with aid to the distressed producers in a transition stage of adjustment to the reduced production, conceived as purely temporary. In reality, however, the clamour of the peasants defeated the intentions of the Government, and an innovation introduced on a temporary basis got established as a right not to be tampered with. The French Government has in consequence been finding itself unable to cut down its purchases of wine which it could not dispose of by sale. Reforms have had to be put off year after year, artificially bloating costs and precipitating the collapse of the national economy. When the cost of living outstrips income, and millions find their earnings eaten away by inflation, the conditions tend to be ideal for the spread of unrest and trouble, by Communists and the like, and this has been the cause of the continual precariousness of French Governments. There is a limit to the State's power of overcoming economic realities with artificial substitutes for prosperity, and when that limit is transgressed, the whole balance of the economy is disturbed, and the illusion of temporary relief is purchased with multiplied disaster in the not distant future. To a large extent, the disequilibrium in India is the same as in France. We have an industrial structure unable to support the economic aspirations of those making their living by it, with the result that it is pulled down just by those on whose zeal and industry it has to depend for growth and strength.

Sotto Voce

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SPLENDID SCANDALS

THE Public Accounts Committee has been reporting with monotonous regularity cases of incompetence, negligence and fraud. The jeeps scandal has had a whole series of disreputable successors. But the bland imperturbability of our sea-green incorruptibles is undisturbed by the slightest flicker of unease. One of the latest exposures of the Committee relates to a trifling loss of Rs. 55 lakhs on the purchase of Japanese cloth in 1946-47. The Committee recommended a judicial enquiry. But the Minister for Commerce in his wisdom has decided that there is no need for an enquiry since all the facts are known.

The facts may be known, but the interpretation is everything. The need for a judicial enquiry is emphasised by the crucial fact, unconsciously revealed in Mr. Krishnamachari's elaborate statement, that the present administration is incapable of taking a judicial view of such things. Take his own sketching in of the attendant circumstances. He portentously observed that the Government then functioning was a Congress-League Government and it could not concentrate on work because of differences between the two sections on policy matters. But the Muslim Leaguers were admittedly not concerned in this particular business. And preoccupation with party bickerings can be no excuse for Ministers' neglect of their responsibilities.

So far as one can make out from the statement, it was Mr. C. Rajagopalachari who had sanctioned the purchase of the cloth. And he is

readily available and could have been asked to give the authentic history of the transaction. His successor need not have put himself to the trouble of fishing out an unofficial note prepared in 1948 which said that C. R. had done it. Though most of the European I. C. S. officers concerned have retired, one supposes that they are still in the land of the living, and a judicial enquiry could have got them to speak. Only thus could the responsibility be precisely located and the reasons, such as they were, which had influenced the decision, ascertained.

From the Commerce Minister's statement it transpires that it was a European Deputy Secretary who had played an effective part in the matter. No doubt his superior the Secretary had seen the file. And Mr. Krishnamachari says that the Secretary had called for the file at the instance of his Minister. He asks us to infer from this that the Minister had constructive responsibility for the transaction and therefore the charge that big transactions could be put through without the knowledge of the Ministers—the gravamen of the Public Accounts Committee's charge—cannot be sustained.

But guessing is not proving. Whether the Minister concerned did see the file and did apply his mind is a fact that can be ascertained. Equally capable of verification is the Committee's categorical statement, "Certainly the Cabinet had been unaware of the whole transaction from beginning to end." If that is true, are we to take it that

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the then Government normally proceeded on the footing that a transaction involving crores of rupees was not one that called for the combined wisdom of the Cabinet? Or was it thought that because the League habitually disagreed with the Congress it might disagree on this matter also and hold up a great, beneficial and urgent measure of the Congress Half for remedying the lack of a primary necessity?

The Commerce Minister's statement absolves the Textile Commissioner, the Deputy Secretary *et hoc* of all blame. It appears that they regarded the question of purchase of Japanese cloth as a matter of policy that was the exclusive business of the high-ups; "theirs not to reason why." It would be interesting to know whether certain later decisions taken with a view to getting rid of the unwanted cloth were also those of the Ministers and who these were. Thus it seems that

more than half of the cloth imported had before 1949 been actually sold at 10 per cent profit. On the admitted monthly deficit of 75 million yards, more, it seems to me might have been sold; but apparently no one had felt any particular sense of urgency.

It appears that even so late as 1949 the unsold balance could have been disposed of without a loss. But somebody had the bright idea of bartering this cloth for food grains from Argentina. It was, however, discovered later that Argentina was not keen on the cloth and by that time the bottom had fallen out of the internal market. One must suppose here again a Minister was responsible. Who was it? Our Congress administration's self-complacency in so successfully playing Moses at the fair is the one constant thread that runs through the whole series of splendid scandals.

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SIDELIGHTS :

THERE has been a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Andhras for the new Andhra State, quite in contrast with the excitement which used to stir them at the very mention of it in the long period when its accomplishment seemed to be remote. Nothing in the world is perhaps so delicious in the actual enjoyment as in the imaginary anticipations of it. In the case of the Andhra State, other factors besides the normal have come in, to dilute the feeling of satisfaction at the moment of victory. Kurnool as capital, and Sri Sanjeeva Reddi as prospective Chief Minister, have taken the joy of achievement out of the Andhra State and turned it into a dull, bleak, unattractive affair. The antipathy to Kurnool is not merely, as some allege, the outcome of the formidable total of propaganda indulged in by parochial patriots out to raise their own native towns to capital level. Kurnool shines positively in the glory of its own incomparable unsuitability for capital status. There is no fairness in the charge that Telugu daily newspapers owned by Circar Andhras have smeared Kurnool in unduly black colours. The *National Herald* of Lucknow is owned by no Circar Andhra and enjoys an enviable reputation for honesty and rectitude throughout the country. It has called Kurnool Mahomed bin Toughlak's dream town for a capital attaining in one sentence a degree of severity which none of the other critics has been able to reach in thousands of words.

Sri Lobo Prabhu is a level-headed administrator with no interest in any of the Andhra factions tearing at each other's throat in the bitter conflict over the capital issue. His report on Kurnool was a masterpiece in objective study. It should have made some breach in the obduracy of the fanaticism of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi and others, and impelled them to look about for a less depressing and more suitable capital for the Andhra State. They seem to build their

hopes on the theory that once the town of their choice is actually fashioned into a capital, the inexorability of it will with its momentum force the dissenters to acquiescence, and there will be no further disturbance afterwards. They will be disillusioned. As with persons, so with cities; there is a limit to their capacity to digest the importance thrust on them, and when that limit is exceeded, the result will be not assimilation and adjustment, but a break-down. Sri Chandulal Trivedi will be well advised to make a visit to the proposed capital of the Andhra State before proceeding with further paper arrangements to make it capital-worthy.

Sri Sanjeeva Reddi is in a way a paragon of negative virtues, and there was a brief interlude when, in the general offensiveness of Andhra-Tamil disputes over the partition, his mellifluous utterances, carefully drafted to avoid ill feeling, fell pleasantly on the ear and looked like sanity. But very soon it turned out that there was a difference in quality between the prepared speeches and on-the-spot improvisations. His most skillful exhibitions of statecraft revealed the touch of a master hidden in the background. In politics and administration, the field of action is so widespread that the requisite knowledge for mastering the whole of it in an expert way is attainable only by a very few. It will quite suffice if the leader is wise in his choice of advisers. And who is there in the whole of Andhra more competent to tender advice than Sri Kala Venkat Rao? He made the fatal blunder of unseating Sri Prakasam from the Premiership, and paid the price for it, like all the other Andhras who participated in that effort. But though he was unscrupulous in the promotion of party interests, he was not one of the corrupt Ministers that feathered their own nests. He is a knowledgeable man of vast experience with a great capacity for organisation and getting

things done. He towers over other Andhra leaders in ability. No Chief Minister can hope for a more capable adviser, and it will be auspicious for the Andhra State, if the old feuds among the leaders that had fought for power and office, could be buried, and all the talents now sulking in the wilderness could be salvaged for running the new government.

Andhra leaders like Kala Venkat Rao, Gopala Reddi and Chandramowli have had time to reminate over their past follies, and their reformed selves can make a valuable contribution to the good of the new State, provided they get the opportunity. They are anyhow of taller stature than the present pigmies who seem to have nothing in them except their overweening ambitions to grab power. They must be given a chance of recovery through a general election in Andhra, and they are as much entitled to it as Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to his reinstatement after defeat. It is the void created by their relega-

tion to the wilderness that has given the chance to Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to erect himself into a leader. The defeat of the ex-Ministers has served its purpose and there is nothing more to be gained by their further immobilisation. With their return to active public life and work in the legislature, things will fall into their natural proportions in Andhra, and the way will be cleared for a real and not dummy leadership, and for a worthwhile cabinet composed of efficient Ministers capable of running the administration competently.

In these few weeks when he was being groomed as leader and Chief Minister, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi failed miserably on every occasion when a specific attitude among the alternatives in a controversy was expected of him. He seemed nervous to take a decision, and sought other shoulders to take over the responsibility. This is not leadership, but a timid, uncertain, non-committal wobbling that is the very reverse of it. In Andhra, political influence belongs to Sri Prakasam and parliamentary ability to Sri Viswanatham. No Ministry worth the name can be formed without their active aid and co-operation. This simple fact which is in the comprehension of the commonest man in the street, the would-be Chief Minister of Andhra has not been able to grasp yet, and he has been going round and round in confabulations with inconsequential office-hunters that have no goods to deliver, with the result that in spite of his prodigious air of excessive activity and unremitting consultations, the situation remains stagnant, with not an inch of progress made in the practical preliminaries of forming the Ministry. Nothing but emptiness has come out of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's stewardship. And into the emptiness of his manufacture, all sorts of confusing animosities have been rushing forward: the Reddi-Kamma rivalry, the Circar-Rayalaseema conflict, the Kurnool capital crisis, and so on. Andhra badly needs superior leadership to lift it out of the morass of involvement in petty aims into which its politics has sunk. SAKA

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THE MADRAS ELEMENTARY EDUCATION SCHEME

By M. KRISHNAN

SO much has already been written and said about the new elementary education scheme, and with such fervour, that it is hard to view it with detachment now. Especially is this difficult because it is not the educational worth of the new scheme so much as its possible social repercussions and the manner of its introduction, that has roused people. It has been said that it tends to promote sectarian feeling, even that it favours the Brahman minority community—I cannot comprehend this criticism. It has been said that it is an arbitrary imposition and that the mode of its introduction was undemocratic—a point of view that I can see. Other arguments have also been advanced, for and against, based on propriety of procedure, apprehensions of increased exploitation of child labour, service ethics, finance. Let us consider none of these things here, but only the educational worth of the scheme.

Right here I should make it clear that we need not go into what, for lack of a better name, may be termed the 'larger national good' aspect of the matter. The scope of this aspect is vague and very apt to lend itself to misapplied zeal, as two examples from the correspondence columns of the press, both advocating the new scheme, will show. In the first, the scheme was commended for its increased rate of education; it was said that it would take a century to achieve 100% literacy in India with the educational facilities obtaining, and that the new scheme, by doubling the provision of such facilities, would achieve the ideal in 10 years—undoubtedly, 100% literacy in 10 years is worth great sacrifices, but I wish those who plan our elementary education would be sounder in their arithmetic. The second letter posed the question whether, in view of the massive illiteracy of the nation, we should cling to the high standard

existing or lower that standard to make education quicker, and preferring the latter course commended the new scheme. This, again, is unhelp-



ful advocacy—the new scheme does not contemplate any sacrifice in academic standards.

What it does give up is craft and physical training, which have been removed from the regular school curriculum and relegated to the home environment. And, perhaps for this very reason, it is claimed for the new scheme that it is a half-way house to Basic Education. Basic Education, of course, has the warm approval of our educationists.

BEFORE going further into this semblance and claim of the new scheme, I would like to digress and postulate certain biological trends in the education of the very young that are either not appreciated by our educationists or, much oftener, not sufficiently appreciated. The new scheme, like any other scheme of elementary education, is for a particular age group and for the beginnings of education. We should never forget that all such education is for children from 6 to 11. The early commencement of education at about 6

years of age is neither a modern idea nor peculiar to our country. For centuries and in different countries children of that age have been thought fit to receive their primary education. But educationists all over the world and more particularly in our country have always had a tendency to ignore the biological trends of education at this age level.

It is not possible to trace these trends here, but some of them, especially those that obtain in the childhood of the higher mammals generally, may be stated. I wish every educationist would take the pains to study the development of skills and faculties in the young of the higher mammals. To those who would ignore this significant study because we are *human*, I can only say that I think a humanity that ignores our community with the rest of creation is pathetically limited and uninformed. Looking at the childhood of the higher animals we find that while the 'play way' does have a very important part in their education, it is not the only way and that at times a Spartan discipline is imposed upon them. We find that while instinct (a word widely misunderstood by educationists) does play a much larger part in their education than in ours, there is often the compulsory facing of circumstances that necessitates the gradual development of skills. We find that early education centres around those things that have survival value in life, and that instruction or coercion is accompanied by the utmost patience and personal care—education is never casual or impersonal at this early stage, even in gregarious mammals. Lastly, we find that while education is a complex process that proceeds with the help of instincts, play, repeated lessons and precept, it is always suited to the development of the young and is not imparted in massive, continuous doses. I realise how different we are from other mammals, and how easy it is to go too far into their lives in search of values for our children, but I still feel that our elementary education tends to ignore certain biological trends especially the important facts that the human child matures very slowly, and that while

we differ so much from animals in our intellectual development, we have the greatest community with them when we are very young and our faculties then are unblunted and highly sensitive.

I am afraid that all these statements will not be specifically correlated to my criticism of elementary education here. We need not consider how they should be so correlated; it is enough if we realise that they are significant facts, and are useful in assessing the claims made on behalf of Basic Education.

NOW, Basic Education has one great virtue—it is life centred. All education is in a sense, artificial, except to the extent that instinctive skills are supplemented empirically. Left to his own devices, no child can acquire, in due course, what private or school education can give him. In passing we may note that the very idea of providing schools is to provide education by qualified teachers, and presupposes not merely the shifting of a private domestic responsibility to a public institution but also the more efficient discharge of that responsibility by the institution. However, it is always possible, especially during the school stages of education, that a too theoretical bias may render the schooling provided unrealistic and unsympathetic to the circumstances that actually surround the pupils. In the Basic Schools this risk is avoided at all cost. Craft training by trained teachers is featured in them, and much of what there is in the life of the community is brought into the classes by the teachers, so that the education imparted is congruous with the natural environment. Right from the earliest stages, Basic Education provides a curriculum that is not unrelated to life, through craft training, through group activities with a bodily or cultural motif, through pastimes. At the same time it seeks to impart the fundamentals of academic knowledge to the pupils, the much-clichéd "three R's". It is important to note that every teacher in the Basic School is trained for his job, a professional educationist before he is an enthusiast for crafts and culture. Elementary education

in such a school comprises the fundamentals of academic knowledge and a number of pleasant activities that are inspired by the culture of the soil. That is the positive virtue of Basic Education, or so it seems to me—otherwise it is encumbered with fads and fetishes.

BUT in the new Madras scheme there is no such attempt to coordinate early learning with the culture of the soil. Under this scheme the child learns only his academic lessons in the school, and that part of his education that concerns his acquiring a certain familiarity with the ordinary avocations and culture of his surroundings is left, haphazard, to the home and neighbourhood. It should be realised that neither this scheme nor Basic Education can contemplate the acquisition of any expert manual skill by the pupil; children under 11 are unfit for apprenticeship to any expert art or craft. But in the Basic School such bodily and cultural exercises and recreations as relieve the pursuit of academic knowledge are guided and taught by trained teachers, who know how to deal with children. Here, in the Madras scheme, there is no provision at all for this important relief and education. Even where the child does learn to use his hands, outside school, his mentor is unqualified to teach, sometimes even a person who is no good at the job, leave alone the knowing how to teach it. Where, then, is the truth in the claim that the new scheme is a half-way house to Basic Education?

In the Basic Scheme one of the greatest difficulties experienced, in practice, is the nonavailability of teachers trained for the scheme in sufficient numbers. There will never be any difficulty over this in the Madras scheme—no trained teachers are required for any sort of manual, bodily or cultural education for the simple reason that no such education is provided. There is no attempt whatever to 'life centre' education here. Apart from this vital lack, the new scheme suffers from these severe handicaps:

(1) By extending schooling to 6 days in the week and intensifying

academic studies to 3 or 4 periods run more or less together, with no leavening of craft or cultural training, too great a strain is imposed on the concentration of the very young.

(2) There is too much academic study—much too much.

(3) By eliminating pastimes and play, the young scholars are denied the opportunity for liking their school and schooling. School is made too much of a concentration camp.

(4) Group activities, to which children are so susceptible and which do a world of unforced good to the young of gregarious mankind, have been banished from the school.

(5) The new scheme renders the teachers unfit for their vocation by overworking them. Ask anyone who has taught in a school, and he will tell you that the hardest part of the grind is the lack of variety and the need to concentrate in the classroom, however casual the lesson may seem. The elementary school teacher working in two shifts, teaching the same lesson twice a day, having no open air work, change of work or leisure, is bound to lose efficiency. The scheme, even if it provides a doubled payment to the schoolmasters, which it does not, is inhumanly hard on the staff of elementary schools.

WHERE will all this lead to? No one can say but I hope the new scheme will be scrapped in due course. If it is not, there is always the delightful possibility of its paving the way for other pet schemes of the government. This way. The young scholar goes through the new elementary education scheme and emerges, at about 11 years of age, crammed with hurried academic knowledge. Then he goes, from the half-way house to the destination, to the Senior Basic School to acquire manual training and 'life centering'—and have a chance to grow. Allow a year here, a year there and a third in between, to cover breaks and failures, and he is 18 when he emerges from the Senior Basic School, at the post-Basic level.

Then he is ready for the State's Adult Education Scheme.

AMERICA'S DOLLAR PROBLEM

By M. S. P.

NEXT to securing a settlement in Korea, the most important task now facing the U. S. Government is the implementation of its new foreign policy of "trade, not aid," propounded by President Eisenhower in his State of the Union message to Congress and in his election speeches. In declaring that his Government will reduce foreign economic aid, Mr. Eisenhower was obviously appealing to the average American who wants that the tax burden on him should be reduced and could not understand why he should be asked to part with a fifth of his income in the form of taxes to the Federal Government alone so that billions of dollars may be given away as free gifts to enable foreign countries to balance their external payments. But, in promising America's allies that he will try to remove U. S. trade barriers, he has undertaken a task in performing which he will have to face strong opposition in Congress. It has become evident that while Congress has no objection and indeed is only too quick to implement the policy of reducing foreign economic aid, it is extremely unwilling to reduce import duties. A move to raise tariffs sponsored by some Republicans was defeated in Congress only because of the opposition of the Democrats. To have the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act (which is itself not a particularly liberal measure as it stands now) extended for another year, the Administration had to promise that no new agreements would be negotiated under its provisions in the course of the next year.

It is obvious that in his aim of enabling America's allies to earn the dollars they need by increasing their exports, President Eisenhower has not progressed at even a snail's pace. He has only been able to maintain the *status quo* with the greatest difficulty. But, since cuts have been imposed on the amount of aid proposed by former President Truman, the U. S. is certain to be faced with a dollar surplus problem

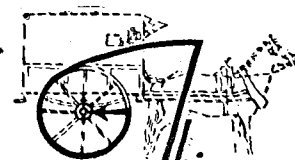
in the ensuing year, unless of course other countries reduce their imports from the U. S., in which event she will be faced with a production surplus. So long as U. S. import duties remain at the present level, outside nations will have no alternative but to reduce imports from her if they want to balance their payments and maintain external stability.

The U. S. Administration realises that a reduction of imports from the U. S. by the rest of the world at present will have disastrous consequences both on the American domestic economy and on the economies of America's allies. The fact is that American industry and agriculture have managed to be as prosperous as they have been in the last few years, only because the level of exports was maintained through grants to foreign countries, just as the latter's economies have been kept going by these gifts. In 1952, the world's dollar payments gap was nearly six billion dollars. American exports and imports being respectively about 15 and 9 billion dollars. A major share of this deficit was made up by grants from the U. S. Government. In 1947 the dollar gap was 11.5 billion dollars, in 1948 6.7 billion and in 1939-50 4 billion. In the last year, a large share of the deficit was bridged by various countries by the transfer of assets, but in subsequent years grants from the U. S. were the main means of financing imports. But now, with the allotment for aid having been out considerably, the question of finding other means of financing imports from the U. S. have to be explored. The only means which will be not only immediately effective but also beneficial in the long run is reduction of U. S. import duties, so that foreign countries can export more and earn sufficient dollars to pay for their purchases from the U. S.

THE need for this reform is all the greater in view of the fact that permanent peace in Korea has almost

become a certainty. The American industrial machine will hereafter turn more and more to the production of goods for consumption and, though a considerable portion of the additional output may be absorbed by the home market, America will have more commodities than ever before for export. This means that the U. S. must not merely maintain her present level of exports but even expand them. She can do this only if she enables other countries to export more to her. It is in such circumstances that the actions of Congress, or rather its refusal to adopt the necessary measures, threatens to lead to a reduction of exports.

THIS situation in which the Administration is aware of the risks involved in maintaining trade barriers, but Congress refuses to reduce or remove them, needs to be explained. The outside world is unable to understand why the U. S. which claims to be the most efficient country in manufacturing industries and fiercely believes in free competition, should be so fearful of permitting the entry of foreign goods to compete with home-made products. The clue to this apparently inconsistent attitude is to be found in the traditional influence which special groups exert over the decision of Congress. The overwhelming majority of American people are not interested in maintaining high tariffs, nor are they interested in reducing them. This indifference of the majority places a great deal of influence in the hands of minority groups which are vitally interested in the maintenance of heavy duties on particular commodities. With the system of election to Congress every two years, members of the lower House in particular are averse to alienating such groups which will carry on a virulent campaign against them if they do not act according to their wishes. Eisenhower's decision to postpone for one year plans for overhauling the tariff is, therefore, to be regretted; for next year is mid-term election year and Congress will be chary of reducing tariffs on the eve of an election.



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But the alternatives before the U. S. are clear and inexorable. Either the U. S. imports more if she wants to maintain her present level of exports and thus maintain her present state of prosperity, or reduces her exports which may lead to a decline in industrial activity. Of Course, she can maintain her exports by continuing to provide economic aid to bridge the dollar gap. But such a course is acceptable to neither the U. S. nor to the nations faced with a dollar deficit as a permanent solution to their payments problem. Nor can it be by any means a remedy to the real malady. At the root of the payments difficulties of many countries are causes which cannot be tackled by mere economic aid or even by lowering American tariffs. But reduction of import duties and an assurance that they will not be suddenly raised will greatly help these countries to reduce their payments problem to manageable proportions. In fact, one of the factors which discourage foreign businessmen from venturing into the American market is the great uncertainty about U. S. tariff policy. These countries may even be able to earn all the dollars they require if imports into the U. S. are allowed on fairly easy terms.

Should, however, the U. S. Congress reach decisions on tariff policy according to the beliefs of the protectionists, the world will be faced with the prospects of a depression. If such a depression really comes about, it will not only be a standing testimony to the incompetence of the U. S. for world leadership, but it will also force nations in the democratic camp to seek to re-establish trade with the Communist nations. The U. S. will then be in the position to persuade her allies to avoid trade with the Communist nations. The isolationists among Congressmen will certainly not mind a depression which will not affect the U. S., but a depression abroad will mean that foreign countries will import even less than at present from the U. S., with its cumulative effect on American industrial production, the employment situation and the standard of living. No adminis-

tration can cope with the disastrous problems that will be thrown up by a suicidal policy of neither allowing America's allies to earn the dollars they need nor giving them sufficient dollar assistance. But the isolationists will like even less the prospect of greater trade between West and East Europe. It will mean a collapse of the anti-Communist front with the free nations of Europe becoming dependent on the Communist States for essential goods. What is worse (from America's point of view), while the West European nations may be able to solve their dollar shortage by buying from Eastern Europe, the United States will be faced with an insoluble dollar surplus problem. Her output of goods will be surplus to her requirements, but she will not be able to sell them abroad.

THE real solution to the problem, consistent with the objectives of America's foreign policy, consists in America imposing a drastic cut on import duties, at the same time initiating a foreign investment programme directed towards increasing the production capacity of other nations. On Eisenhower's success in carrying through such a policy depends the economic well-being of the United States and other free nations.

ON THE COVER

The era of our Independence has today completed six years and enters its seventh year. As usual organs of the Press will bring out special colourful numbers and rulers sitting in high daises will deliver special messages. Buntings decorate and festoons of lights illuminate the ramparts of our citadels. Amidst all this din and clatter, the woman on the Cover sits and silently cries. She is but a symbol of the suffering of millions of submerged humanity living in this land. Until these also inherit the fruits of freedom, our Independence will not acquire its full meaning. "Freedom is the recognition of necessity."

"I. N. A.'s contribution to the liberation of India is unique and no student of public affairs can afford to ignore it."

I. N. A.'S CONTRIBUTION TO FREEDOM

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

ON the eve of the sixth anniversary of the dawn of Indian freedom it is meet and proper that we should recall the activities and achievements of the Indian National Army which was responsible for the early liquidation of foreign rule. The formation of the I. N. A. under the leadership of Sri Subhas Chandra Bose during the Second World War proved to be one of the romances of Indian nationalism and a queer constitutional phenomenon.

During the First World War Lala Har Dayal tried to organise an army for liberation of India with the help of the German Kaiser. Samji Krishna Varma, Rajah Mahendra Pratap, Professor Khan Khoje, Sri Darsi Chenchayya, Sardar Azit Singh, Chattopadhyaya, Nambiar, Sailen Ghose, Moulvi Obeidulla and a host of Indian exiles strove towards the same ideal. Actually Moulvi Barakatulla of the Hindustan Gadar Party of San Francisco (U.S.A.) became the head of the Indian Provisional Government established in Afghanistan during 1915-16. The Gadar (which means war of independence) movement founded in 1913 spread like a forest fire among the four or five thousand Indians of all communities who had settled on the west coast of the United States. Its activities became most embarrassing to the British, especially because many of its members came from the Panjab, the recruiting ground for the British Indian Army, and these members began preaching sedition at home through their relations and friends. The position changed however in 1917 when the U. S. A. entered the war on the side of Britain. The very next day after the declaration of the war, the U. S. Government swooped down on the Gadar Party and its leading members were arrest-

ed and brought to trial. The Hindu-German conspiracy case lasted for six months and made the nation's headlines. There were over 100 accused, Indians, Germans and Americans and they were charged with conspiracy to violate the neutrality of U. S. A. Of the 30 odd Indians, only 16 took their trial and others including Hara Dayal escaped arrest. Dr. Govinda Behari Lal who is now the Science Editor of *The American Weekly* and a Pulitzer prize-winner, Dr. Taraknath Das now on the staff of Columbia University, and others were sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment. The Gadar Party was suppressed. But some of its members made their way back to India and carried on their revolutionary activities. The upheaval in Northern India which culminated in the Lahore, Meerut, Benares, Delhi and Cawnpore conspiracy cases, is traced by some to their activities.

A firm believer in the doctrine that Britain's difficulties were India's opportunities, Sri Subhas Chandra Bose after he left India went to Rome and Berlin to organise the Indians living in those areas. During a period of war the subject nations try to break their chains by all means. The enemy of the master naturally appears as a friend, guide and philosopher. In the meantime the Japanese with the slogan of "Asia for Asiatics," quickly and successfully dislodged the Allied Powers from the countries of South East Asia. The British armies withdrew, leaving the native Indian population numbering two to three million and their Indian comrades in the army to their fate. In order to save them Captain Mohan Singh opened negotiations with the Japanese. Major Fugivara invited the representatives of the Indian resi-

dents and the prisoners of war to discuss the formation of the Indian Independence League. Later, Mr. Rash Behari Bose who had been an exile in Japan since the beginning of this century, convened a conference at Tokyo which was attended by a number of delegates from Shanghai and other places. It was there decided to start the Indian Independence League. The object of the movement was to secure complete independence free from foreign domination and it stipulated that military action against India would be taken only by the Indian National Army. The second conference held at Bangkok resolved on a policy in line with the declared aims of the Indian National Congress. The "Quit India" slogan raised by the Congress was equated to "Drive away the British." Mahatma Gandhi, being accustomed to think aloud, declared that Britain's presence in India was a standing invitation to the Japanese to invade, and expressed his desire to go to Japan and conclude a peace treaty. But he immediately added that he would not be permitted by the British to go to Japan and the Japanese Government would not be inclined to conclude a peace treaty with him. He also proclaimed that anarchy was better than slavery. The arrest of Mahatma Gandhi and the other national leaders in August 1942 gave a fillip to the Indian National Army. This army consisting of 10,000 personnel functioned from September to December 1942. It had an Army Act of its own. Subsequently the relations with the Japanese became embittered and Captain Mohan Singh was arrested with the result that the army was broken.

At this juncture Sri Subash Chandra Bose came on the scene. He assumed command, completely overhauled the army and announced his intention to revitalise it. He made a moving appeal for men and money. His personal magnetism worked wonders. Nearly sixty to seventy thousand men joined the Indian National Army. Thus the second I. N. A. began to function regularly from May 1943. The training schools for officers were established at Singa-

pore and Rangoon. A women's unit called the Rani of Jhansi Brigade was started and Captain Lakshmi was made the commandant. Training was given in Hindustani. A spirit of comradeship prevailed in the ranks and caste and communal barriers were set aside. All needs were met by contributions which ran as high as 20 crores of rupees and the money was deposited in the Azad Hind Bank.

ON 21st October 1943, India was proclaimed free, and a provisional cabinet was formed. The provisional Government was immediately recognised by the then Governments of Germany, Japan, Italy, Thailand, Philippines, Croatia, Manchuria and Burma. This recognition confirmed its Statehood. Then as an independent country it acquired the right to declare war and it declared war on Britain and U. S. A., but not on China or Russia. The fact that the emigre Governments were deprived of their territory removed the old emphasis on a local habitation for a State. Sri Subash Chandra Bose insisted on credentials being produced before receiving the envoy from Japan.

In the middle of March 1944, units of the I. N. A. crossed the Indo-Burma border and the fight for India's liberation commenced on Indian soil. The I. N. A. units successfully encountered numerically superior and better equipped forces. The Azad Hind Dal consisting of 200 persons was established to administer the territory taken by the I. N. A. from time to time. The Andaman and Nicobar Islands were ceded to this State by Japan; they were renamed as Shahid and Swaraj. An Indian was sent to administer them. Similarly, the estate of Ziawada in Burma with an area of 50 Square miles and a population of 15,000 Indians was administered by this State. Later the Manipur and Vishnupur areas covering 15,000 square miles were administered for four to six months. This Government had a civil and army gazette of its own. "Delhi Chalo" was its slogan and "Jai Hind" was the form

of salutation adopted. Special stamps were issued for use in Imphal.

Whenever Indians were arrested or tortured by the Japanese, they were invariably saved through the intervention of the I. N. A. It assisted in protecting Indians in Burma from April 1945 to 3rd May 1945 when Rangoon was occupied by the British. It also looked after the properties left by the Indians before invasion by Japan. As a matter of fact the Indian population of the countries of South East Asia felt secure under the protection of the I. N. A.

THE decision of the British Government to try the members of the I. N. A. was severely criticised by all sections of the public in India. The Congress Working Committee set up a strong defence committee consisting of front rank lawyers led by Sri Bulabhai Desai. The first trial began in the historic Red Fort at Delhi on 5th November 1945 before a court-martial. Mr. Desai put up a very brilliant defence and raised issues of fact and of law of wide application and roused public interest. Though the first batch of three accused, (a Muslim, a Hindu and a Sikh) were convicted in the first instance, they were subsequently released by the Commander-in-Chief, the confirming officer for these sentences.

These trials became historical and assumed constitutional importance as intricate questions of international law were involved. In this connection it is necessary to remember that the Allies spoke of the French, the Czech and the Yugoslav partisans as patriots because they were fighting for the freedom of their countries. Mr. Desai contended that the oath of allegiance to the Provisional Government of Free India, could legitimately be compared with the American declaration of independence. Wheatson's *International Law* declares: "A war may certainly exist between a State and its suzerain as in the Boer War". Sir Hari Singh Gour, the great jurist, pointed out that "the theory of allegiance to

the Crown postulates the fulfilment of the Crown's duty towards its subjects of safety and protection both of person and property. When on account of its defeat in war this protection is no longer possible and international law takes the course of inter arms lile leges, i.e., war suspends the law." Even the British Government got reconciled to breaches of allegiance not infrequently within the Empire. There are the instances of Ireland, Canada, and the Boer war in which the British subjects taking arms against the Crown were given the status of belligerents. In the revolt of the Spanish American colonies Britain recognised the belligerent rights of the colonies for freedom.

THUS the action of the I. N. A. should be judged by international standards. As President Grant of America said in his message of June 13, 1870, "The relations between the parent State and the insurgent State must amount in fact to war in the sense of international law." As Chief Justice Fuller of the U. S. A. Federal Court observed, "Where a civil war prevails, foreign nations do not presume to judge of the merits of the quarrel. Even if the revolt fails warfare cannot be made the basis of individual liability." The British Year Book of International Law (1937) says: "What we call belligerent recognition is not so much recognition, even temporary and provisional, of a new Government as the recognition of the existence of a war." One need not be apologetic today to show that a subject nation may free itself. Legal allegiance cannot be a matter of perpetuity, because if it is so, then no subject race will ever attain freedom. Thus there was the fundamental question of love of freedom which created affection among millions of people for the I. N. A. because, in spite of exceptionally difficult impediments, they fought for the freedom of their country. Hence the contribution of the I. N. A. to the liberation of India is unique and no student of public affair can afford to ignore it.

ANDHRA CAPITAL: CASE FOR KURNOOL

By A. UMAKANTHA SARMA

(SWATANTRA maintains that Vijayawada is marked out as the natural capital of the Andhra State. This article advocating a different view is published out of respect for its upholders' right to freedom of expression.—Ed. S.)

THE storm which arose over the decision to locate the Andhra capital at Kurnool has become more violent. The bitterness of feeling that arose in the Circars over the question of location of the capital at Kurnool is not so much spontaneous as an intoxicated passion that was aroused as a result of editorials in the three Telugu dailies with a monopoly in Andhra and some popular weeklies. These newspapers have by their partisan pleadings succeeded in arousing regional and sectarian patriotism in the Circars. Naturally this regional standpoint taken by these papers has produced an even more violent regional patriotism in Rayalaseema. A position has been created by the papers where the Circars and Rayalaseema are arrayed against each other, imperilling the bright prospects of the future Andhra State.

The dispute over the location of the Andhra capital is now no longer one of Kurnool versus Vijayawada, but Rayalaseema versus Circars. As no Andhra journal with a considerable circulation is championing the case of Rayalaseema I am endeavouring here to present it.

It is a well-known fact that in the regimes of so many Governments that presided over Madras State, Rayalaseema was neglected and consequently it fell into a backward state, backward economically, socially, culturally and politically. During the devastating famine that ravaged Rayalaseema last year it was observed by no less a person than Sri K. M. Munshi, then the Food Minister of India, that gross negligence in regard to minor irrigation works had been the lot of Rayalaseema for decades. Whether or not Rayalaseema is poorer than the rest

of Andhra, the fact remains that there is a feeling among its inhabitants that the other parts are richer at its cost. This, as well as the fact of its being given secondary importance in newspaper reporting, provided excellent material out of which hatred between the two sections of Andhra could be powerfully fomented.

Many influential leaders of these districts, mostly belonging to the now extinct Justice Party, utilised this situation to the full so as to meet their own personal ends. The trouble that had all these days been the cause of the delay in the formation of the Andhra State had its origin here. An impression that if a separate State is created, Rayalaseema will be exploited by the Circars, was pictured and many Rayalaseema people, though unwilling to remain in the composite State, were not willing to have a separate Andhra State. The far-sighted Andhra leaders belonging to both the Circars and Rayalaseema having realised that the cultural, economic and social position of the Andhras cannot be improved unless a separate State is created, made attempts at rapprochement between Rayalaseema Andhras and Circar Andhras. These attempts resulted in the famous Sri Bagh Pact which gave Rayalaseema some constitutional guarantees and the right to choose the capital or the High Court and locate it at any place of its choice. The Sri Bagh Pact gained for the Circars the confidence of Rayalaseema.

THE united efforts of Rayalaseema and Circar Andhras, catalysed by the supreme sacrifice of Sri Potti Sreeramulu, resulted in the cherished decision of the Government of India

to form an Andhra State. With this decision, the time came for the leaders of Andhra to implement the Sri Bagh Pact. It was contended by some that the Sri Bagh Pact was barred by time since fifteen years had elapsed before the time for its implementation arrived. Another contention was that Sri Bagh, where the pact was signed, was left out in the residuary State and so a pact signed outside Andhra could have no relevancy inside it. Other objections raised were (i) that there is no accommodation in Kurnool to house the capital; (ii) Kurnool is not in the centre of Andhra; (iii) Kurnool has no broad gauge railway station nor proper communications; and (iv) Kurnool is very thinly populated. A Telugu weekly printed a photo, obviously taken in Kurnool, of a lone donkey strolling in the street. It commented: "Even though there is no human movement in the streets, there is donkey movement." Such outrageous comments have become a common feature nowadays in all journals owned or edited by people from the Circars.

THAT the Sri Bagh Pact has become void by time bar is a most absurd proposition. The condition of Rayalaseema economically, politically and culturally has not progressed an inch from what it was fifteen years ago when the pact was signed. The rest of Andhra, too, has not progressed in any way in these years. Both the parties to the agreement are in the same positions in which they were when the pact was signed. Except that years have passed, nothing else has changed. The pact which was engineered so as to make conditions in Andhra take a progressive direction is as valid today as it was when signed. The pact has to be translated into practice only when conditions are at the starting point on the road to progress. Now conditions are at the starting point and the pact has to be implemented. Therefore it makes it morally, if not legally, obligatory on the parties that they should honour it. The second contention that Sri Bagh has not been included in Andhra and so a pact that was signed outside Andhra is untenable, is flimsy. That a pact

signed between Russia, United States and United Kingdom should not be valid because it was signed somewhere in Teheran, is a proposition that would be laughed at by every sane-minded person. Another objection to the Sri Bagh Pact is that its signatories were not people's representatives. Mere election as office-bearers of some organisation does not make anyone a people's representative. The mere fact that they were members of a national organisation that then had the unrivalled support of the masses and that they enjoyed the confidence and high esteem of that organisation, shows that they were not merely people's representatives in the ordinary sense of the term but they reflected the people's opinion that was not biased by any kind of dinning of newspaper editorials.

WHILE the Rayalaseema people did not grumble that constitutional guarantees as mentioned in the Sri Bagh Pact were not provided, they insisted that the capital be in Rayalaseema. Various places like Tirupathi and Anantapur were suggested; but on the whole they were satisfied with the choice of Kurnool. Broadminded leaders of the Circars like Sri Tenneti Viswanatham and Sri T. Prakasam agreed to the choice of Kurnool and the decision of the Andhra legislators was in favour of Kurnool. Despite the decision the Telugu newspapers owned or edited by people hailing from non-Rayalaseemaite Andhra, began an unceasing and intolerable war against Kurnool. The report of Sri Lobo Prabhu said that not a single building was constructed in Kurnool for over a century and it provided excellent material for these editors in their attack on Kurnool and in their campaign of slinging mud at the leaders that were responsible for such a decision.

There are no two opinions about the lack in Kurnool of luxuries mis-called amenities. We have had as our capital for the composite State such an imposing and beautiful city as Madras. When an immediate change of capital has to be effected, no second Madras can be secured. Initial difficulties have to be encountered as when the Punjab was par-

tioned and Lahore went to Pakistan. If the issue had been merely one of accommodation, Visakhapatnam would have been the most suitable place for the capital. Mr. Justice Wanchoo favoured neither Vijayawada nor Kurnool. I am sure that if Vijayawada had been selected as capital another report almost exactly similar to that of Sri Lobo Prabhu would have greeted the protagonists of Vijayawada. If Rayalaseema had a big city like Madras or Vizag it would never have asked for a capital. The urge to have a capital can be traced to the urge to have a big city. Andhras, I am sure, will not mind Kurnool being developed into a first-grade city. Another point is that we should stop being enamoured of big palatial mansions to house the secretariat and legislature, which tend to make those working in them oblivious of the fact that there exists an outside world full of poverty and misery. This idea was propounded by Sri Goparaju Ramachandra Rao, the Gandhi-ist atheist hailing from Vijayawada. There should be no opposition to the selection of Kurnool as capital for the reason that it has no good communications. Once a capital is located, the communications will take care of themselves out of necessity. The voices that ring in opposition to Kurnool are similar to those that were raised against Delhi's selection as capital in preference to Calcutta.

WE must not lose sight of the long range political developments

that are sure to arise if Vijayawada is selected as the capital of Andhra. It is a well known fact that Communists are strongest in Vijayawada in Andhra. The Andhra Government after partition requires some years at least to stabilise itself and meanwhile discontents are bound to arise among people, particularly in Vijayawada where the cost of living will go high as a result of increased congestion. With the support of the disgruntled elements of Vijayawada, Communists following their age-long policy, will attempt at a *coup d'etat* to capture the Government and if they succeed in it civil war is bound to take India in its grip. In Russia, when the Bolsheviks staged the October Revolution, the first city that fell a prey to their activities was Petrograd, then the capital of Russia. If such an exigency has to be averted, Kurnool should be made the capital.

THE wrangle over the capital has gone too far. A narrow sectarian outlook has taken hold of the M.L.As. as well as the Andhra editors. Communists are cleverly manipulating the situation by stirring discontent in the Circars and in the Anantapur district of Rayalaseema. (Communists have promised that Anantapur will be made the seat of the High Court if they agreed to Vijayawada being the capital.) It is high time that we patch up our differences and accept the choice of Kurnool and proceed to build up a united and prosperous Andhra.

ALONE AND UNAFRAID

He loved solitude and isolation. Nobody ever liked him really . . . And so he stayed in the borderland between happiness generated by his conceptions and unhappiness caused by his factual life.

STANDING a little to the left of the window which was half open to the cold January night, I could see the tradesmen closing their shops, and retiring to their dwellings. It seemed an age since I had lived in that small provincial town. I glanced uneasily at the door, imagining some familiar voice to greet me, but no such came through the thickness of silence around. I went out, as the clock struck eleven, into the garden white with flowers beneath a dim sky and down the grove of trees toward the small gate leading to the High Road. The lights of the town had gone out. I walked straight like a blinkered horse, whistling a tune to inspire me in the gloom

when a procession emerged out of a by-street. It moved solemnly to the sonorous music of pipes and drums. I felt as if I had slipped into a realm of shadows alive with a strange melody. They were carrying a corpse garlanded and perfumed. An aged woman in a white saree was weeping whilst a pretty girl who walked by her side shuddered in irrepressible anguish. Half a dozen priests were chanting hymns for the peace of the departed soul. A tall broad-chested man, with a shaven head, paced slowly in front, carrying an earthen pot emitting curls of smoke. But one man in the company drew my attention more than the others did. He was small and harassed looking, inclined to plumpness and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. I wished to follow him up and discover all about the dead person. My idle curiosity worked up in me an odd series of

complicated surmises. Soon I was by his side requesting him whether I could accompany him. He civilly answered that if such was my desire, I surely could. I put on a sad look to befit the occasion. Noticing my presence some in the company began to whisper among themselves. Every few yards they turned round on me in inquisitive wonder. This act of theirs annoyed me greatly. But I was not so easily to be brow-beaten; my curiosity, though ill-mannered emboldened me and I walked up with them.

"Do you know him?" they asked.

"Know—I wish very much to," I replied.

"Oh!"

With chins uplifted and lips curled sneeringly

they proceeded. My companion signalled to me with a wink of his eye not to make a scene.

"What were you talking to them?" His voice was less than a whisper.

"I only wanted to know if they had any objection to my following."

"Good man," cried he, smiling, "the departed man was no ordinary person. Men like him are not born every day. No religion was an offence to him. Well, his is a long story and a strange story too. He lived a life all his own. The old woman who is weeping is his mother, and that is his sister, there."

I WAS interested and requested him to continue.

"He was the son of a well-to-do paper merchant (the gentleman began), and in the whole district there was none richer than he. He was a precocious child and grew to a

SHORT STORY

By

ANAMI

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sensitive, intelligent young man. He plunged in his studies so wholeheartedly that he hardly ever remembered he had to live in the common work-a-day world. He was never conscious of his responsibilities. He loved solitude and isolation. Nobody ever liked him really. He was called a monomaniac, a pervert, a sickly abnormality. And he himself did not know why he was so hateful and disagreeable. He had an irresistible impulse to come into touch with concrete life and live it to the core with the ardour and ecstasy of a great artist. He was too timid of society, too baffling to be understood, too exalted to reach up. He moved with nervous gestures, with furtive steps, for fear the world would let him down. And so he stayed in the borderland between happiness generated by his conceptions and unhappiness caused by his factual life.

"One day he cried. A certain sense of artificiality dawned on him. His heart was maimed with grief. He came running to me. He clutched my arm with feverish fingers, and before I could recover from my surprise at his unusual excitement he was gone. Nobody knew the secret torture of his mind for he hardly ever spoke. He exerted a sort of curious prehensile influence and one felt uncomfortable in his presence.

"His father died and the responsibility of running the house fell heavily on him. His mother was old and his sister was unmarried. Though not a mysoginist, he disliked the idea of marriage; but his mother's pleading changing into sharp reproaches, he took a wife. It was an escape; it meant nothing to him; and there lay the tragedy of it.

"His sister felt lonely and neglected, in the big, gloomy family house. She thought him haughty, cold, and misunderstood him to the degree of cruelty.

"And what of his wife? She was a philistine. She didn't care a fig for all the wisdom of the world. She hated his library, she hated his self-absorption, she hated his lightless face, hated everything about him. He loved her as much as he loved every-

body else. There was neither a preference nor an exclusion in his love and he lived in that ideal forgetful of its concrete manifestation. His wife was a conscious fuss; she liked wealth and show. Her ideal was a smart, dashing, cosy, portable husband who would dance to her tune: visit cinemas, go on frequent picnics, attend once a month a soiree in the Town Hall. This then would be life; not mere existence. And she looked up for these things for a long time, but she got nothing from her husband, except queer and fantastic ideas which, she said with ill-concealed disgust, could never be harnessed to action. She felt a perpetual grief in her life and she did well in cutting away from him. There was a scandal; people said that my friend was entirely to blame. So assiduously had she created public opinion in her favour. He came to know of the whole truth, but he was too good to refute any charges, too noble to hit back even in self-defence. He regarded such incidents as but the result of Vast Imperfection, of an Intellectual Vacuity, from which he could save humanity by the discovery of his ideal world. Still he loved the memory of the days spent with her and had no grudge against her.

"**H**IS mother was a rash, assuming sort of woman. She took many things for granted. She was quick to understand, quicker still to misunderstand, and quickest to dash off an opinion on insufficient data. She was sure that her son loved another girl and she believed in the scandal set afloat by her daughter-in-law. To her he was almost a wreck, a moral ruin, just tottering on the brink of insanity.

"He never took his proper place in society. He had braved the agonies of his heart and the strictures of his people to live the life he loved. His moments were intense.

"He remained oblivious of the changes in his fortune. A crisis in his family affairs was imminent. His father's business which he had inherited had gone poorer day by day. His sister's marriage had cost him a pretty penny. To crown all he was

stricken with typhoid, and when he recovered he was but a bag of bones.

"His creditors were soon upon him. Human sharks that opened their ravenous jaws for juicy flesh—what could they do with bones and skin? He lived in an atmosphere of chase, suspicion, mistrust. He spoke touchingly to his mother but her heart did not respond. He wrote to his wife to come and see him: as well he would have addressed a stone wall.

"One day, on entering his house, I overheard a conversation going on in his room. 'Well, you may be a scholar, a demigod, a saint, anything you choose to call yourself, but you have got to pay me my money next week. You may be sick, you may be dying, but you have got to pay me my money. You are a big humbug, but mind you, you can't trifle with Sankarlal.' It was the gruff voice of the marwari money lender.

"I breathed heavily. I felt I was stabbed through my heart. I dashed into the room beside myself with rage at the insult offered to my friend by the loathsome reptile that called itself a banker. But I stood tongue-tied at the sight of my friend's face which shone like a lamp in the cloudless skies. I didn't take count of the marwari; for aught I knew he must have been in the nether darkness.

"**"Brother"**—he always called me like that—"it's a sad world we live in, gaudy outside, it is at bottom an unrelieved picture of squalor and ugliness, full of thirst for blood. There is nothing in common between me and the world in which I live. Life is a moving irony, a confusing paradox. There is a fatal lack of cohesion between its head and heart. Ideas blunder into a hostile territory only to build a tomb over themselves the moment they appear. It is not possible to love and live up to it. My whole life is a travail of an unfulfilled ideal, so I regard everyone's case. All's over with me, and I don't mind dying any day cheerfully."

"Seven days after the dawn of this ominous enlightenment he sank into his bed never to rise again."

HERE quite overcome, the gentleman turned his face away from me. After a minute's silence which

seemed an eternity to me, he spoke more to himself than to me who had been his interested listener: "All his life was one intense moment of misery."

"It was, it was," I echoed fervidly.

We passed through a narrow gate into the crematory. I was deeply moved by what I had heard. Some pain as yet unknown and unfeared tugged at my heart strings. My companion dropped a tear as the noble body of his friend was laid on the funeral pyre. Through the smoky flames which now plumed up I strained to see the face on its last bed of faggots, and saw it as in a glorious vision. Something more than an emotion ran through my inmost being: it was a shuddering sense of inexplicable mystery at the waste of beautiful lives like blossoms on burning desert sands. Death in a field of battle, in the act of a vile crime, could not have excited a trifle of the emotion which now purified every fibre of my body.

BIDDING farewell to my companion I walked through the town growing weird under a louring sky. As I was nearing by habitation some instinct made me suddenly look up: and even as I looked I saw a star trembling in a cluster of three and falling with an iridescent streak. And I murmured within myself: "Does a star also die when a dreamer dies?"

THE ANT-HILL EPOCH

The age of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual leveling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing.

Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price?—**AMIEL.**

This Thing Called Love

By

KHASA SUBBA RAU

(This was broadcast as a talk from the Madras Station of the All India Radio twelve years ago, and was later published in Triveni. At the request of several friends, it is now reproduced here with the permission of the A. I. R.—M.I.)

I HEAR people cry everywhere, "O, this dull, drab, dreary world!" It is indeed dull, drab and dreary to those who think so. But to others who have eyes to see and ears to hear, there is exciting drama and romance in every common sight.

The exterior surface of life is a placidity veiling turbulent storms underneath. We may miss them when we think only with the eye, but they will be thrown into relief in the sidelight of imagination.

Imagination is a quality of the mind which it is difficult for the self-satisfied to attain. A touch of distress is needed to evoke it. Castles in the air spring into being when means are lacking for the construction of terrestrial mansions, and the poor, the discontented and the unhappy live in a phantom world of the imagination where desires are gratified without reference to the vexed question of expense.

The superiority of acquisition over imagination is not so axiomatic as it is generally assumed to be. A work of art does not cease to belong to its creator after it is purchased by the collector; and it belongs none the less to every appreciative critic. Dante adored Beatrice from a distance. But the world acclaims her as his over the head of the husband of whom we know next to nothing.

The enjoyment which a cultured imagination can confer is independent of all limitations and nothing can take it away from its possessor. The greatest loves are born in this way and are cherished for ever, irrespective of reciprocity. The falling-in-love process is one of the most complicated feats in life's experience, achieved in a trice, but producing effects which years may

not be able to undo. It is like a knot which you can only tie but not untie.

Love produces in fact a monstrous mental state. To fall in love with one means to become utterly indifferent to everyone else. What makes one love another is rarely intelligible. I am certain, beauty has nothing to do with love, because, if it were so, the more beautiful should supplant the less in one's heart; which it rarely does except with some Don Juans of the sex-hunting type.

Nor is character the inspirer of love. If we could order our love on the basis of character, the saints should be ruling the hearts of all of us. Whereas the saints are a rather lonely lot whom common people are somewhat reluctant to get into close contact with.

The exclusive quality of love seems however to have suffered a set-back in this restless age. Cupid, it was said, spends no second arrow on the same heart. I am not so sure. Cupid, I think, is not now what he was when he was born, and has adjusted himself completely to the twentieth century. Nowadays he is less careful with his arrows. The result is that not a few receive from his bow a fresh arrow in their hearts each time they come across a fair skin in a bright 'sari.' As this is a frequent occurrence in this part of the country where we are happily free from 'purdah,' I guess in the case of several there must now be only the arrows left where once the hearts used to be.

Humanity cannot get on without love. Dogs and books are humanity's refuge against the emotional storms of an uncertain world. If you happen to be poor, all the difficulty of the poor man in the matter of raising money will enter into your heart and strengthen your bond of affection for the books which you have managed to buy. These mute companions of leisure hours are irreplaceable; they are like children, friends, philosophers, guides, all rolled into one. I like to have them near about even when I am otherwise engaged, just as we love to have in our homes the children of whom we have grown inordinately fond; and

my exasperation knows no bounds when acquisitive men come rudely on with the demand, "But you are not reading this particular book now. Do lend it to me just for a couple of days." I have known couples of days that have become eternities in the hands of borrowers of books, but even if they did not, do people with natural human sentiment ever part with their babies for a couple of days for the reason that they do not want them in the interregnum?

As for dogs, you can feel with your dog that you come first in his affections. He may have his partiality for bones, and sometimes his amours with other dogs, but never can you have any doubt about the enduring constancy of his devotion and friendship for you. There is no tinsel in the delighted wagging of tail with which a loving dog greets his master. A dog will stand by you against all the allurements of civilisation and snobbery. This is more than what can be said of the friendship of man which, alas, is so ready to fly away from you in your moments of adversity or when others, better endowed with the world's goods, appear on the scene. Pascal therefore said, "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." Despite Pascal there is no more beautiful thing than a genuine and sincere friendship.

A faithful and true friend, said Robert Hall, is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

It is perhaps just as well that improvement by friendship is rare. If you and I set about to improve each other, it is only a question of time when we are to fall out. One of my earliest friends had a passion for improving others. He analysed human perfection into so many virtues. He made a list of them. He made also a list of the besetting vices that flesh is heir to. Day after day, we were weighed in the scales of perfection and iniquity.

He was generous to appreciate merit and ruthless in waging war against weakness of every kind. We admired him prodigiously. But we also feared him. Result, posing took the place of easy, spontaneous existence. We bought his good opinion with falsehood.

Admiration stifles friendship. To admire, one should feel a little small. We cannot forgive being belittled. Nature hence takes revenge against the admired by becoming exacting. A little flaw becomes a fall from grace. Distance alone can save admiration from the cruel fate of disillusionment.

Respect is a common ingredient of friendship, but by no means indispensable. Strong attachments are not destroyed by loss of respect. Nothing can shake a friendship that is sustained by affection. Affection is a mystery that is inexplicable. It has no relation to merit or even to character. The greatest love is perhaps lavished on scamps.

Gratitude between friends is a contradiction in terms. Gratitude implies separation. We are grateful for something that another does to us, which is a little in excess of what is expected of him. But nothing is an excess in friendship. Its give and take is subject to no calculation.

The ordinary affection of friend to friend is exclusive. Jealousy battles with it on every side. If you grow too fond of a friend, the wife at home gets jealous; and your friendship is doomed, from start to finish, to banishment from the home.

Triangular friendships are risky. The essence of affection between two is that each should be all in all to the other. Friendship will survive disparity in age, station, wealth and attainments, but it must perish at the blighting touch of jealousy. Hence, for ordinary mortals, one absorbing friendship is as much as poor human nature will allow, but even that one is rare to find. Ambition, snobbery, and incapacity to get out of one's skin often work as factors to ruin a dear friendship. Any one of them is enough to bring about the tragedy of unreciprocated affection.

tion, which is one of the hardest crosses for the heart of man to bear.

Self-centred as we are, a touch of divinity is needed for anyone to become anyone's friend. But life throws up many tests for affection. Access to fortune of one of two friends acts as a test which either strengthens it greatly or makes it perish. To the snobs of the world, money means status, and affluence a fascinating deity to be worshipped with incense. They are incapable of

becoming friends either of the poor or of persons in adversity.

The thrill of friendship is not for these men of false ideas and poor spirit. Misfortune, poverty, disease, sin, are the transmuting fires that separate false friendship from true; and since affection is not for prosperity alone those must count themselves blessed whose ministrations have been able to bring some cheer and comfort to friends in distress shunned by an unkind world.

thing since has been—bearing the seeds of a mono-theistic religion and a monistic philosophy, classified as the religion of the Bhagvat-gita or the Song Celestial.

It is a well-known fact of history that both the Christian and Muslim creeds have laid stress on the conversion of other religionists, especially carried out with fervour when they had political power, and it is needless to say that these creeds led to wars and other evils in the past. Nay, even in England there had been feuds between the Roman Catholics and Protestants in late sixteenth century, resulting in bloodshed. Christianity had also progressed with the wars of the crusades in an earlier period of European history.

An inference is therefore justified that it is well within the creed of Indian Christians that the spirit of conversion of other religionists may prevail, that their activities may tend in this direction owing to bigotry. Would this also be banned under state policy? The speech reported in the dailies by the Bishop of Madras on the coronation day of Queen Elizabeth II is very significant in this respect, namely the statement that Christians will even lay down their lives, if the State, in the matter of achieving the national unity of India, should interfere with their 'loyalty to Jesus Christ.'

In our English studies in the University classes, the parables of Jesus, the Sermon on the Mount, the thirteenth Chapter in the Epistle to the Corinthians I, on charity, have been read by us as youngsters. It may be said generally that the Hindu does

A Note On Proselytization

SINCE the ban was laid by the Prime Minister of India on the activities of foreign proselytising Christian missions in India, there has been some discussion on the rights and wrongs of that dictum. The Ramakrishna Mission (note that it styles itself a mission) would say that the 'race-soul' of the Hindu would be 'vitiated' thereby. Others quote from Gandhian speeches that 'all proselytising should be stopped if Christians should go over here as preachers of the 'true gospel,' to people wandering in darkness etc.', evincing—shall I say—a pride in the religious tenets of the Hindu.

Hinduism is a very comprehensive word comprising in it all types of worship—both animistic and fetichistic—starting with Ayyanar believed to ride on a horse, earthen images of which can be seen in Malabar and in the south-east coast of Madras, or the Goddess of Smallpox, Mariammun, or the emblem in stone of two serpents entwined with each other placed at the foot of an *asvattha* tree, or the stone image of the fat-bellied Ganesha with the trunk of an elephant dangling from its face, showing a satisfied good feed in this hungry land of India, or that of Siva-linga with the *yoni*, the phallic symbol, as the westerner would put it, right up to Vedantic philosophic thought, commencing with the Rig-Vedic hymns, 'the sages call that One in many ways' and 'That One breathed breathlessly by itself; other than it, there no-

not object to the ethics of the above teachings of Jesus, though he may not agree with the institutional religion and the creeds, or say, of the authority either of the Pope or the established Church of England and other forms of Christianity. Even Mahatma Gandhi's last phase of life is comparable to that of the Russian author Tolstoy, affected by the simple tenets of the teachings of Jesus. What is the *satyagraha* movement of Gandhi but the 'ye-resist-not-evil' principle of Christ, though the Buddha may have said the same in other words, 'Hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by love?'

What is it then that the Hindu objects to, in the fact of proselytization? Are there any tenets of Modern Christianity which go fundamentally against the basic ideas of Hinduism or the true religious spirit? Those repugnant to my mind are:

(i) The doctrine of *original sin* of man originating with the eating of the forbidden fruit of the tree of the myth of creation, under the temptation of Satan, the fallen Archangel. This doctrine has had its ramifications in the mentality of the Hebrew race, which has percolated into the mind of Christians. The commandments of Moses with their many 'Thou Shalt Not's' had also its repercussions in the minds, especially of growing children in the west. What was intended to secure social welfare became laws of God which should not be transgressed. The instilling of fear into the minds of children by their mothers that God ever looks over—I had almost said, spies—on their acts and thoughts is perhaps responsible for the complexes in the adult mind of the Christians. Far better it is to appeal, like the Buddha, to the positive aspect of right living, right speech, right thought and right action.

(ii) The acceptance of the birth of Jesus and His dying on the Cross for the redemption of man from the original sin, as the central fact of human history.

(iii) The everlasting hell-fire for the man who does not believe in Christ, though this idea may not be shared by the Modern Christian. (Both

Browning and Tennyson believed in the immortality of the human soul, saying that God will have His own purposes for human souls after death).

The main reasons for a Hindu youth, for giving up his religion and embracing the Christian faith in the past, may be classified as under:—

(i) Amongst the depressed classes, it gave a lift in social status, and brought about a cleanly living to some extent.

(ii) In the higher intellectual classes, who took to English education, as I found by observation, there was an attraction to a woman, besides advantages of material comfort.

(iii) In other cases, it was a softening of the brain of the adolescent, who was led to feel a disgust in the pictorial forms of Gods and Goddesses of the Hindu pantheon, as represented in pictures, to portray power, with a large number of faces and many arms, and sometimes by horrid looking pictures or images striking terror in the shape of *Kali*, as described in the Puranas.

(iv) In some cases where the youth had lost his father at an early age, and was dependent entirely on the mother, it so happened that the affection of the son towards the mother, when he had become adult and was unmarried, failed to get sublimated; the constant feeling that his love was unnatural and incestuous, brought forth the sense of sinfulness in the mind, and he desired to get baptised as in Christian faith, which seemed to relieve him of the Oedipus complex.

It is upto us to avert these causes by proper education.

Without fear of contradiction, it may be said that the morality of the Old Testament is that of a savage with an angry, jealous and unforgiving God, and the morality of the New, a remarkable ideal, unfit for the world as it is now, or ever has been—e.g., the parable of the Samaritan 'Go thou and do likewise' or the command 'Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.'

C. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAR

NEW BOOKS

COLLECTED POEMS

1934-1952

of

DYLAN THOMAS

J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London

12s 6d net

IS Poetry very essential for human evolution? Personally I think it is. Then the question arises whether symbolism in Poetry has a purpose or not. It is not for the Muse-intoxicated critic to decide the laws of poets. Poets differ in their laws among themselves, but they are rarely scornful of humanity. What we need is the sympathy and understanding of a great poet who uses minimum words to express maximum feelings. Why should he express his feelings at all? If he doesn't care to share his feelings with others he is not a poet. He may be a good technician of words. We have too many technicians, too many craftsmen, with intellect-powdered faces, well-versed in the algebra and geometry of poetry. Poetry is not rhetoric. A poet fails in his purpose, if he has any, when he orates in irritating words, though they may have music in them.

The poetic spirit need not write poetry to realize its own life and the lives of others. It ascends the spirals of thoughts to the heights of forgetting life and its verities. Life must be forgotten when it lasts; but a few great who forgot it when alive have transformed it to immortality in their fine works of art. How many of us can forget and transform our passions and emotions, our values, our symbols of creation, life and death?

With my thoughts on these lines I took the Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas and before I had glanced through a few pages I found myself tumbling into a little despair and an uncertain joy. A poet still under forty, of whom no University but God's Universe can be proud, Thomas gives one much to think. Lawrence, another genius, when obsessed with



Dylan Thomas
(The poet as a young man)

a particular problem was obscene in his expression. Thomas when obsessed is obscure. He is never obscene. The difficulty with him is that he demands a full surrender of the reader to the music of his words. One must get into the core of his words to catch the glow in them and flow along with them to inundate one's heart. Thomas kindles the passions in the ashes, enriches them, gives them a colour or a cry, attacks them in a very subtle way, and preaches them of the womb, time, and the grave. Like every major poet he has his own personal laws and symbols. What profound reflection and compassion are realized in "This bread I break":

This bread I break was once the oat,
This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit;

Man in the day or wind at night
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy.

My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

On the other hand, how dense is the obscurity in some of the lines in "My world is pyramid":

Bisected shadows on the thunder's bone
Bolt for the salt unborn.

The fellow seed and shadow as it babbled

The swing of milk was tufted in the pap,

For half of love was planted in the lost,
And the unplanted ghost.

If these lines convey a biological obsession with sex or birth, Dylan Thomas is neither mystical nor metaphysical. Of course, a poet has every right to demand the views of his admirers but all his admirers are not poets who could read meanings into a modernised *tantric* use of word-play. I don't say that Thomas is not an intellectual. I only ask whether Thomas has written poetry for poets, or for words, or for the English language, or for his country, or only for himself unconcerned with the myriad lives around him and many thousands of miles away from him. We judge him not by the language in which he has allowed the flood of his passions to course through. An intense reading of Thomas's poetry cannot but fuse the spirit in us to the poetic spirit that is within him.

It is a violent search for the Ultimate, the denial of which is an impossibility to this very austere poet whose faith in Lord Jesus Christ is immense and profound. In his strength to cultivate the compassion of Christ, Thomas negates neither sex nor death. Does he think of Christ in the poem, "There was a Saviour"?—

There was a saviour
Rarer than radium,
Commoner than water, crueller than truth;

Children kept from the sun
Assembled at his tongue
To hear the golden note turn in a groove,

Prisoners of wishes locked their eyes
In the jails and studies of his keyless smiles.

How tropical, oriental, and mostly Indian in conception are these lines:

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart

Push in their tides;
And, broken ghosts with glow-worms
in their heads,
The things of light
File through the flesh where no flesh
decks the bones.

Light breaks on secret lots,
On tips of thought where thoughts
smell in the rain;
When logics die,
The secret of the soul grows through
the eye,
And blood jumps in the sun;
Above the waste allotments the dawn
halts.

I read Dylan Thomas to my ears and to my heart. A remarkable man talented in his own techniques, a great creator of opposing images to sustain, integrate, or disintegrate a simple thought of variegated hues, a poet who is more gorgeous than sublime, Thomas has most successfully harmonized the functions of the cadaver with the passivity of the soul. He never analyses his thoughts as some modern poets do. He thunders and maddens. Thomas has not written poems for an age or a nation, but for all times and all nations. One wonders what prevents him from being sublime, from being more precise, than being a loquacious, unapproachable genius of conflicting thoughts and colourful words?

Modern English poetry is for surgeons and scientists, not for lyric minds. Thomas is full of lyric beauty, but why that kind of sarcasm in lyricism? Is it a defect of the age in which this superb mind works or is it a self-infliction of the poet himself in despair of the hidden mysteries? Without the innocence of Blake and the soaring grandeur of Milton, Thomas still has affinities with both.

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN..

The Knotted Cord

By Jerzy Pietrikiewicz
William Heinemann Ltd., London
7s 6d

IN these days of heavy cost of production in the publishing trade and as a consequence books being highly priced, it is really a courageous experiment of William Heine-

mann's to issue a series of novels priced cheaply at 7s 6d, intended to reach the common buyer. *The Knotted Cord* by a young Polish author is the first in this try-out. Jerzy Pietrikiewicz, we are told, came to England in 1940 and learnt to write English since. The name of his famous countryman Conrad, one of the glories of the English novel today, must have been a great inspiration to him, and in *The Knotted Cord* he has made a good beginning. It is a tale of present day life in a Polish village, delineating the character of its folks, primordial as the soil from which they spring, their superstitions, innocent joys, and violent cruelties. With the knotted cord go the cassock and gown of priesthood which the hero has to wear, for as a child he has been delicate and for his safe passing through an illness his mother dedicates him to St. Anthony. The scenes described are enchanting in their simplicity and colourfulness of details. This novel is an exquisite flower and not a garish croton in modern fiction.

The Poetic Sense in The English Nineteenth Century Novel
(The Rt. Hon. Sir George Stanley Endowment Lectures, 1953, University of Madras)
By P. R. Krishnaswami

THE history of the novel through the centuries has been a history of developing technique. "We cannot pluck it up," says Richard Church in his *The Growth of the English Novel*, "to examine it with microscopes, and weigh it in balances.... As we recognise it today, it did not properly emerge until the eighteenth century with the work of Richardson, or at the earliest at the end of the seventeenth with *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders*." In the evolutionary process of the novel the novelist has been historian, philosopher, artist, poet, and today thanks to the immense growth of psycho-analytical literature, a frightening psychologist. But whatever his role he has been a friend and guide to the non-specialist mind. In *The Poetic Sense in The English Nineteenth Century Novel* Mr. Krishnaswami comes well-fitted to the task of his survey, for

he has been a teacher of English for over three decades in some of the Government colleges in the Madras State. Lecture I is taken up by Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. There is violent division of opinion over Scott; for my part I have never rated him high; beyond *Rob Roy* which I had to study as a non-detailed text in my Intermediate Class at the University I could only negotiate his *Bride of Lammermoor*. The minor poet that Scott is, his poetic sense is merely decorative, never impassioned, but he is an excellent story-teller. Mr. Krishnaswami is on sure ground when dealing with Thackeray. The women novelists occupy Lecture II, and Jane Austen shines like a pearl beside the fiercer glow of Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* and of some of the novels of George Eliot. Meredith and Hardy come in for Lecture III and though Meredith is essentially a poet Hardy certainly is his superior in this respect. For poetic apprehension and realization Hardy is with Shakespeare. Mr. Krishnaswami quotes Hazlitt for comprehending the poetic sense thus:

"... there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man, which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight that is not a fit subject for poetry. It is the stuff of which our life is made. Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry; contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, or madness, are all poetry."

The nineteenth century English novel has steadily pushed back the poetic horizons with its heightened perception of life. MITRA

EVEREST

(Everest was conquered on May 29, 1953. Soon afterwards, a heated controversy arose as to who reached the peak first—Tensing or Hillary; and national rivalry.)

NO more shall man, heart lifted high
Above all peril, climb the snows,
The inviolate now he knows
Precisely, photographically:
The weed of success richly grows
In terrain where no blossom blows—
Hillary-Tensing, Tensing-Hillary.

VAGEESA

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

AT last the Indian motion picture is showing definite sign of artistic progress. The new trend started in a way by *Humlog* and *Do Bigha Zamin* is making rapid strides. For once, we have pictures, which in spite of their shortcomings, we would be proud to acknowledge and show to the world. Romance, the chief ingredient of our stories, is being relegated into the background and an effort is being made to portray the diverse aspects of Indian life in a typically Indian manner.

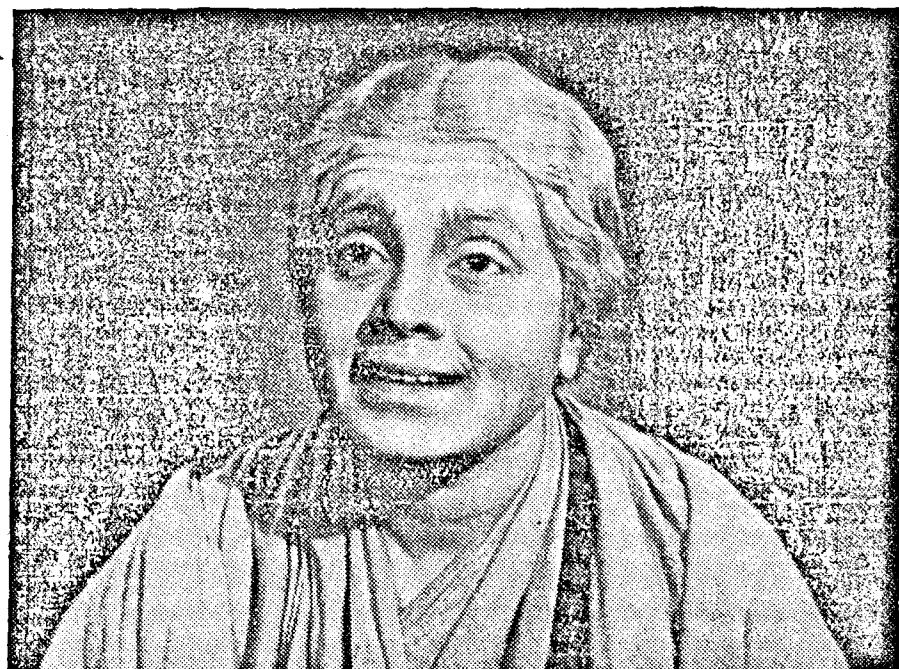
Though all these pictures which herald the new era are not yet released, I am quite confident about their contribution to the advancement of motion pictures, having heard their screenplays, watched their shooting and seen the rushes of some of them. I am referring to pictures like *Do Bigha Zamin*, *Jyoti*, *Rahi*, *Footpath*, *Papi*, *Parineeta*, *Bootpolish* and *Surang*. Of these two are already released and *Rahi*, a story of workers in tea plantations and the foreign owners and the 'supervisor' who licks the shoes of his masters until he is converted to the side of the working class, is being released this week. *Papi*, a story of a unemployed youth who becomes a thief and a preacher with a message for modern youth groping for light in the darkness of life, and *Parineeta*, a Sarat Chatterji classic, are being released next week. *Footpath*, a story of man's conflict between good and evil within himself and an exposure of black-marketing which still prevails in our country, *Surang* a tale of quarry workers and their fight against an unscrupulous owner are also in the final stage of editing. They will be released soon. *Bootpolish*, as already pointed out more often, is a tale of two poor children trying to find a stable life. All these

pictures have this in common; their themes and stories are not only purely Indian content but have a vital bearing on the social life. And as these pictures are being made by competent people with talented technicians and artistes, there is hardly any doubt that these pictures would effectively present the provocative themes and thus not only enrich our screen but save our industry from falling into a rut.

Picture Of The Week

KIDAR SARMA has always been an individualist. Though he has not been very lucky, he has always been making pictures more according to his own ideas and conceptions than submit to any outside influences.

His latest picture *Gunah* also is no exception to the rule. It is perhaps the most typical of Kidar Sharma's productions. Kidar Sharma is brilliant when he is presenting the life of very common people living in villages. Out of the beautiful countryside he creates a rhythm which is poetic and gives a lilt of lyrical beauty to his narration. The character of Panditji, the hero's father, though reminiscent in some respects of the heroine's father in Sharma's *Aulad* is beautifully conceived and presented. Under his direction Gyani again gives a remarkable performance as Panditji who 'sells' everything to educate his only son in the hope that one day he will become a judge and pay back all his debts. When the son comes back he gives him a right royal reception, but his son disappoints him, refuses to marry the girl selected for him and pining for him since childhood and goes back to the city and to a gold-digger girl who traps him. The village girl is not a new character; it is the same kind of role which Geeta Bali has been playing in almost every Kidar Sharma's picture. The city girl who enamours the hero has traces of goodness in her; but Kidar has sacrificed them for obvious melodrama. Indeed, the racket of selling water as injection is too far fetched and unconvincing; similarly the idea that the heroine gets her leg cut so that she could get compensation of Rs. 1,500 to save the hero in distress



Srimathi K. B. Sundarambal as Avvaiyar in Gemini's *Avvaiyar*.

is not only unreal but morbid and unnecessary. That way the story follows the pattern of the triangle drama—two girls and a boy—which is evident in all Kidar's pictures from *Sohag Raat* to *Gunah*. It is high time Kidar gave up this eternal triangle and evolved some other romantic pattern.

This pattern of love triangle is the major weakness of *Gunah* which also lacks a moving climax. This lack of climax is however compensated by the beautiful ending in which Geeta conjures up a vision of what would happen when the hero returns to the village. This whole sequence is sheer poetry and thus when the repentant hero after atoning for his 'Gunah' comes back, one knows how he would be received by the girl and the father whom he had wronged.

The presentation of the story is telling and imaginative. No director perhaps could have made such an effective use of the outdoors as does Kidar Sharma. The outdoors are more picturesque and beautiful than in Kidar's previous films; and the

picturization of the song *Na Mai Dil Ki Baat Bataungi* is the highlight of the picture; the song itself is poignant and moving. The music, as usual with Kidar's pictures, is typically Indian and tuneful. While Gyani and Geeta Bali put over brilliant portrayals under his direction, even Jagdev and Vijayalaxmi do a good job.

Gunah is thus all that one expects and admires in a creation of Kidar Sharma. How one wishes he had made a departure from the usual triangle of a boy, a village girl and a city girl and given us a new story as well; as it is, it is only Panditji's character that distinguishes it from his former creations.

Personality Of The Week

MAHESH KAUL'S *Jeewan Jyoti* which has created a controversy amongst critics because of Kaul's manner of presentation has brought into the limelight one more promising star—viz. Chand Usmani.

Four years ago, if anybody had told me that Chand was going to be

a film star I would not have believed it. For she was so coy, so simple and so unlike a film star in every aspect that somehow one could never associate her with films. Moreover, as she always put on spectacles, wore simple clothes, no make-up she looked too simple and non-glamorous for a vocation of film-acting. Besides, she appeared to be too shy a person—a school girl.

But at the same time, she was fond of acting. Even in those days she took keen interest in People's Theatre and if I am not mistaken she did appear on the IPTA (Indian People's Theatre Association) stage.

Hence though I was first surprised when I heard that she was among the contestants for Kardar-Kolynos-Teresa contest, I was not at all surprised when her name was mentioned as a likely winner. Besides, when I saw her during a Press interview of runners-up, I found that not only had she discarded her spectacles and put on a new glamour. All the

journalists had forecast that she would be a winner; but the selectors chose Peace Kanwal and Chand Usmani was just the runner-up.

Yet today, after the release of *Jeewan Jyoti* one can safely say that Chand has scored over her rival. Her simplicity and innocence have been her greatest assets; and though she had one disadvantage in that she had to portray a role already played superbly by Usha Kiran in the Marathi version, she came off with flying colours mainly because of her looks and simplicity and her refusal to imitate Usha Kiran or any other well-known star. The result is she has been able to retain her individuality and impart sincerity and conviction to her role.

She owes her success to both Mahesh Kaul and cameraman Divecha who has so beautifully photographed her.

Jeewan Jyoti has definitely carved out a bright career for Chand Usmani.



A scene from *Avvaiyar*.

"Mao's power structure is a mixture of the modern police state and an old-style oriental autocracy."

MAO AS SEEN BY AN OLD COLLEAGUE

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y. American papers published this portrait of Mao Tse-tung, leader of Communist China as revealed to his intimates to see whether they offer clues to the course of events flowing from the Korean truce. The following is a free translation from Chinese.

Mao Tse-tung is a typical Chinese "hero of the grass wilderness," a shrewd but rough-hewn rural Robin Hood. Influenced on the one hand by Chinese history, politics and society and on the other by the revolutionary thought of the twentieth century, he has a mind in which Chinese monarchical concepts, Marxist-Leninist ideas and dreams of glory exist side by side. Fundamentally he is a calculating and practical Chinese schemer gold-plated with Communism. Mao has many talents. He has a clear mind; he is sensitive and quick to react to specific situations; he has a good Chinese background; he knows how to run his army, and he is courageous. I recall Mao's actions when some hoodlums with knives extorted money from us while we were making a boat trip from Shanghai to Hong Kong in 1924. Mao insisted on fighting all of them until we dissuaded him by pointing out that the amount of money involved was too little to fight over.

But he has deficiencies, too. He is physically weak, for all his ebullience and his hale appearance. Physical exertion seems to bother him. Perhaps this is because he does not take care of himself. He is a heavy cigarette smoker. Even at Yen-an (the Communist headquarters from 1937 to 1947), where luxuries were rare, he liked to smoke only the best brands and his men managed to scrape them up somehow. He also liked to drink pai kan (Chinese rice spirits), and kept a flask of wine on his desk. In-

asmuch as he suffered from insomnia, he would often work late in the night, sleeping only from the morning hours on.

Mao leads an irregular life and is rather nervous. For a time in Yen-an he was so exhausted physically that he had to be helped out of bed by his bodyguard. The doctor prescribed horseback riding for him as a form of exercise, but he had to be assisted in mounting the horse. During the "Long March" from Kiangsi to Northwest China in 1934-35, he travelled part of the time in a sedan chair with the First Direction Army. My group, the Fourth Direction Army, from the Hupeh-Honan-Anhwei Soviet area, met the First Direction Army at Mojung, in Szechwan, and I remember how angry our soldiers were when they found that some of the Kiangsi leaders had been carried in sedan chairs.

Another of Mao's deficiencies is his conceit. He considers himself a hero and has a great sense of personal destiny. After V-J Day he wrote a poem eulogizing the beauties of China, recalling the limited accomplishments of past Chinese emperors and suggesting that the really great heroes would emerge in his era. It is significant that he must have been rather proud of this poem, for he sometimes gave autographed copies to his friends.

HIS conceit shows also in the way he occasionally assumes the airs of a scholar of China's old literary elite, even in his walk. At the same time, however, he has the manners and eccentricities of a Chinese country jack. Sometimes he likes to quote the essays of ancient Chinese scholars, but he is also fond of his provincial accent and his earthy epigrams directed against "bureaucrats"

and "intellectuals." The fact is that he possesses little scientific knowledge and is poor even in rudimentary arithmetic. Although he can be friendly, sympathetic and even sentimental, he sometimes lacks sincerity. Superficially, Mao is usually courteous in his relations with others, but he is very dictatorial and firm in his views. Nor is he always as benign as he looks.

SHORTLY after the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek during the "Sian Coup" of December 1936, I went to see Mao one day at Paoan in Shensi and overheard him berating Chang Wentien, now his Ambassador to Moscow, in the most obscene language possible.

"You fellows opposed me before, and now you oppose me again," Mao raged. Then he exploded with an outburst of profanity. Chiang Wentien slipped out of the room, ashamed.

Mao does not hesitate to indulge in violence, as is shown by his liquidation of "counter-revolutionary" elements in China after the outbreak of the Korean war. At Futien in Kiangsi province in the 1930-31 period, before the arrival of the Central Committee from Shanghai, Mao arrested and executed hundreds of anti-Mao Communists who were dubbed members of the A-B (Anti-Bolshevik) Corps. But Mao later admitted that he had learned a lesson at Futien, and in 1937-38 he criticised Stalin for the latter's violent party purges. Whereas Stalin was merciless and purged many of his old comrades, Mao has a certain fondness for "old cadres"—provided they support him and do their best for him.

In many ways Mao is even trickier than Stalin was, but he is not so venomous.

Just before I left the party, two of my closest associates were assassinated by Mao's men in Sinkiang. Later about one hundred military officers close to me were arrested and some were given prison sentences at a court-martial over which Tung Pi-wu presided, but they were not dealt with so harshly as would have been

the case under Stalin. Possibly things are different today.

A further understanding of Mao can be imparted by describing the influences and events which moulded his character and ideas. He comes from a peasant family in Hunan province, in Central China, where he was born in 1893. As a boy he was attracted by the exploits of warriors and dynastic heroes, and he became engrossed in such historical romances as the San Jue ("The Three Kingdoms") and Shui Hu Chuan, ("Annals of the Water Margin"), which has appeared in English translation (by Pearl Buck) as "All Men Are Brothers."

When he was fighting his early guerilla battles in Kiangsi, Mao carried a copy of the Shi Hu Chuan with him, avidly interpreting the activities of the Lake Liangshan bandits—almost as if the book were his Bible. Indeed, one character in this book is an older prototype of Mao. Mao grew up in a period of political corruption and national crisis in China. Having read the writings of such reformists as K'ang Yu-wei and Liang Ch'i Ch'ao, as well as certain revolutionary pamphlets by Sun Yat Sen and his followers, Mao became interested in changing things and modernizing China. After many gropings in the dark, he finally enrolled at the first Normal School in Hunan to qualify himself as a grammar school teacher. As he neared graduation, Mao advertised for friends in a local newspaper under the pseudonym of "the fellow with twenty-eight strokes"—Mao Tse-tung being written in Chinese with twenty-eight strokes of the brush. Foremost among his respondents was Lo Chang-lung, a student in the German Department of Peking University, who knew something about Marxism. The two met at the city wall of Changshaw. Lo later deserted the Communist party, but in that meeting he opened a new continent for Mao.

MAO began to read radical books, organized the Hsin Min ("New People's") Society and eventually went to Peiping where he became assistant to Li Ta chao, the university

librarian. Li Ta-chao was a Marxist and had a great influence on Mao, but Mao was still primarily a "radical patriot" at that time. He busied himself in 1921 and 1922, for example, in promoting the cause of General Tan Yen-kai, a Kuomintang moderate, in the provincial politics of Hunan.

I met Mao in May, 1921, when he was invited to attend the first meeting of the Chinese Communist party in Shanghai. There were twelve of us at the conference. Two schools of thought existed, one favouring ideological and cultural activities while the other favoured a labour movement. Mao was for the latter. He made no constructive suggestions at the meeting and seemed to know little about Marxism, but he proved to be rather loquacious in private conversations.

Mao told me once in Yen-an that before he rose to power in the party he had been expelled three times from the Central Committee and had received eight warnings.

Unpopular with the party leaders, Mao devoted his time to training peasant cadres and when the Kuomintang-Communist coalition broke up, he started his guerilla career in Kiangsi. Later he organized the so-called "Central Soviet Area" in Kiangsi, where the scattered Soviet areas were eventually united into the "Soviet Republic of China," with Mao as the first chairman.

Mao made a number of important contributions to the guerilla movement during this period, solving many appalling difficulties. After the Communist army was forced to abandon Kiangsi in 1934 and start its difficult 8,000 mile "Long March" to northwest China, Mao denounced the military leadership. His criticism was supported by the majority of the Politburo and from that time on he began to rise to actual leadership of the party.

The outbreak of the Anti-Japanese War in 1937 gave Mao Tse-tung new opportunities to try his hand as a Communist leader. I recall a report brought back by Chen Shao-yu following an interview he had with

Stalin just before he left Moscow in the winter of 1937. The gist of the conversation was about like this:

Chen: "Now that China is fervently pursuing the Anti-Japanese War, the Chinese Communist party is bound to follow the policy of the united front. Will you tell me if the directives issued by you and the Communist International are still binding?"

Stalin: "Let bygones be bygones. What you should do is to struggle independently. What confronts you now is a vast sea of wide distances and tumultuous waves, over which you must swim to reach the other side successfully. I am rather apprehensive lest you be drowned on your way, but what else can you do except to swim courageously and independently?"

I watched Mao's reaction when this report was made to the Politburo. He seemed pleased at the prospect of being able to pit his talents against both Chiang Kai-shek and Japan. He adopted the principle of "independent guerilla warfare," refusing to meet the Japanese mechanized troops either in positional or mobile warfare. He also adopted the slogan of "aligning while struggling," but the amount of "struggling" with the Kuomintang often exceeded the amount of "aligning" with it.

In the years since he won leadership Mao has acquired a reputation as a Communist theorist. But there is nothing outstandingly original about this social theory. It is a combination of Moscow theory and Sun Yat Sen's later ideas. Mao sees the theories of Marx, Lenin and Stalin as universal truths, but he believes that he understands China best and that these theories must be filtered through him to suit conditions in China. He has become adept in spouting the formulas of "world revolution" and "class struggle," but he understands power better than theory. His power structure is a mixture of the modern police state and an old-style Oriental autocracy. He is a "military first" man.

He is not good on civil administration matters, and he is reluctant

to accept responsibility if something goes wrong. Part of his trouble as a civil administrator is that he is vague about details and has a rather poor memory about people who are not constantly around him. Although he knows how to use power in the top leadership, he has little talent for building up a large personal following except as a remote symbol. Unlike Stalin, who was a past master in building secret services, Mao does not know how to handle such matters well.

He relies on Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister who is also Foreign Minister, in work of this kind. Chou En-lai is everything that Mao is not when it comes to implementing a policy—quick, decisive, careful, thorough and smooth. No matter how multitudinous his tasks are, Chou remembers everything. Furthermore, Chou En-lai is probably closer to Moscow than any other Chinese Communist leader and, in my opinion, is the leading candidate for succession should anything happen to Mao.

So far as I know, there are only two major factions in the party—Mao's and Chou's. But the two men are working together even though they are diametrically opposite in temperament and can never be in really complete harmony.

The men closest to Mao Tse-tung are Liu Shao-chi (secretary of the party), General Lin Piao, and Kao Kang (head of the party in Manchuria and now also chairman of the State Planning Commission), Chou En-lai's group in the past has included such men as General Chu Teh (commander of the armed forces), General Nieh Jung-chen (acting Chief of Staff), General Liu Po-cheng (commander of the southwest), Chen Yun (chairman of the financial and Economic affairs committee) and Li Li-san (Minister of Labour).

Sometimes, however, individual members of this group have supported Mao on specific issues. Fortunately for Mao, Chou En-lai—who is not

so bold or clever in policy making as he is in carrying out a policy—has shown no inclination to compete for power with Mao. Thus, he makes a good Chief of Staff and a perfect Secretary-General.

What of the future?

When Mao Tse-tung came to power, he announced a policy of "leaning to one side" in close co-operation with the Soviet Union. This relationship will not be easily dissolved, now or later. There are numerous factors responsible for the relationship, but they can be summarised briefly as follows: long years of association, a common spiritual belief in communism, the concrete ties of the Sino-Soviet alliance and the Korean war.

AND there is one other factor—Mao Tse-tung is ambitious. He wants to keep and increase his power, and the Soviet Union is the only country that can help him. Therefore, Mao, a pragmatist, will continue to co-operate closely with Russia (even though he used to curse Borodin, the Soviet political agent who aided the Chinese Communist growth in the 20s, as a "foreign devil"—behind the latter's back).

Malenkov's "peace policy" also fits in with the desires of Mao Tse-tung at this time. Mao is confronted with many difficulties internally, and he is just starting his programmes of development.

Behind the slogans of "anti-imperialism" and "patriotism" in China lurks the true face of Mao Tse-tung's material dictatorship. The people of China, who have been oppressed by centuries of autocracy, hope only for an honest government, a disciplined army and no more exploitation and war. The oppressive tactics of Mao's regime already have outstripped those of his predecessors. Yet compared with the numerous inept rulers in Chinese history Mao Tse-tung is indeed more capable. This is a fact that must not be underestimated.

HOW ROY CHOWDHURY CAME TO THE SCHOOL OF ARTS

By Mrs. DEVI PRASAD ROY CHOWDHURY

WHEN I first met Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, he was not more than 29 years old. Unlike other men of that age, his face wore a severe expression which made him look much older than his years. It was only after I had mixed with him and heard his frank and unreserved laughter that I realised that it was all a fake. What gave cause to this sort of appearance was, as I ascertained when I became more familiar with him, his early life. He had to struggle and cut his way through all sorts of difficulties and hostilities before he could realize a particle of his ambition.

In spite of his heritage he had to fight against penury as he was a self-made outcast from his own family. He was determined to escape from it and to win the highest office that the Government could offer in his line. This, he thought, would facilitate his path towards creative work. Modesty is not one of Devi Prasad's qualifications. He was confident that he deserved what he desired.

The principalship of the Government School of Arts, Calcutta, fell vacant. He was tempted to apply for the post but refrained from doing so when he came to learn that among the candidates there was one who was backed by a person whose words carried weight. Not long after this, Devi Prasad was invited to Ootacamund by Sri S. V. Ramaswamy Mudaliar. It was for an interview with the Minister who was to appoint the head of the Madras School of Arts. Little did he know when he started with a heart full of hope, that another rebuff was awaiting him. On this occasion his drawback was his age. He was about 25 years old at the time. When the young artist stood before the Minister he stared at him strangely. Perhaps he was surprised at the aspiration of

such a young man for so responsible a post. Finally he came out with the remark, "You want the Principal's job? But you are too young." "Is it a crime to be young, Sir?" responded the proud artist. But this answer could not convince the Minister about the ability of the youth. Once more fate stood against him and he had to suffer frustration for no fault of his. Though it hardened the man, it could not damp his spirit. He struggled on till about four years later his efforts were crowned with success. With almost a unanimous voice he was then selected as the head of the Madras Art School.

But the matter did not end here. A sort of tug of war ensued between two Ministries as to who should have control over their chosen man. The Education Department offered a higher pay and pulled the artist towards their side. The Industries Department, on the other hand, put the weight of permanency on its scale which the Ministry of Education could not. Devi Prasad having had to struggle several years for sheer existence, had a partiality for a steady income and gave his vote in favour of the Industries Department. This department has to its credit the extraordinary quality of having been able to cope with for over 24 years with an artist who to all appearance, seemed to be beyond the power of control.

THERE was yet another problem which stared Devi Prasad in the face on the eve of his good fortune if I may call it so. He firmly believes that however great the qualities of an artist might be, his talent is sure to stagnate if he does not practise it diligently. As it costs a lot in money and labour to do one's own creations, specially in the case of sculpture, an artist cannot very well continue with that sort of work for long, unless he knows there is a

possibility of getting something in exchange. He therefore wanted to know whether he could accept private orders to work after school hours. If the exalted position of a Principal debarred him from having the facility to practise the art that he loved, he would rather struggle than accept the post.

Since the previous Principals did not feel the need of working after office hours, it never occurred to any one that such a question could ever arise. After much discussion, the authorities decided in favour of the artist and gave him full permission to work as he desired so long as it did not clash with his duties in the school. This has given their artist the opportunity to execute works which have attracted the admiration of the entire art-loving world.

AFTER Devi Prasad took the helm of the school, the institution underwent a thorough shuffling in its system of education. One of his first acts was to abolish the part-time classes for girls who came not so much to learn as to get a diploma which enabled them to work as drawing mistress in some schools without having the necessary background for the work. The girls who wished to take up art seriously were invited to join the school and work with the boys. Devi Prasad is of the opinion that a person has no right to give instruction in a subject in which his own foundation is weak.

Another innovation was the absolute elimination of black board drawing. According to Devi Prasad practical demonstration is the best way of imparting knowledge in the field of art. A student therefore is at full liberty to watch the master while he works.

The teachers in the Madras School of Arts do not sit idle while they are in class. They become one with the students and keep themselves busy with their own works. The teachers and the students are equally benefited by the introduction of this method. It prevents the teachers from producing stereotyped works by allowing time for experiments, and it gives the students the oppor-

tunity to come in contact with various modes and techniques of picture making.

Another peculiarity in the system of teaching that is followed in this school is, that the teachers do not do any correction on the work of a pupil. If they feel the necessity of pointing out the mistakes by practical demonstration, they take a separate paper in order to do so. When a student is sufficiently proficient in drawing and has assimilated the different techniques, he can choose his own mode and style of painting. That this has led to a lot of variety in the works of the students is manifest from the products that we see at the periodical exhibitions.

Devi Prasad has all the characteristics that go to make an artist. He is able to understand and sympathise with the problems that confront students and allow them as much concession as possible. If a student is not in the proper mood and finds it difficult to concentrate, he is allowed to go out for a little recreation instead of wasting his time in the class in a jaded condition, and start his work afresh. The process has proved very effective in the case of students who are really earnest.

Correct understanding of natural form is absolutely essential for those who wish to specialize in figure drawing. It is therefore incumbent on them to practise from life. Nude models are allowed for the benefit of the advanced students of this section. In western countries this is a common practice. Puritanism finds no place with them where art is concerned. But it is still a taboo with some of our people and is looked upon with suspicion. A very amusing episode once occurred in the school in this connection.

THE Director of the Industries Department of the time came once to inspect the school and sustained a terrible shock when he entered the class where the boys were engaged in nude study. This he thought was detrimental to the morals of the students. In his opinion the only person who was fit for such a privilege was Devi Prasad since he was a

saintly man! Instead of feeling elated at such an attribute being thrust upon him without any effort on his part, he had the expression of one whose manhood had been impugned. For a person who considers most creative works to be the result of a sublime sex impulse, this was certainly not a compliment. When he was able to recover his equanimity, he pacified the mental unrest of his boss by putting forth the example of the doctors. Their case was sufficient proof to justify his cause. His proposition was that when a person is immersed in his work, sex does not rouse his emotion. Whether the Director was convinced or not, he was discreet enough not to interfere in a sphere where he knew his knowledge was extremely limited.

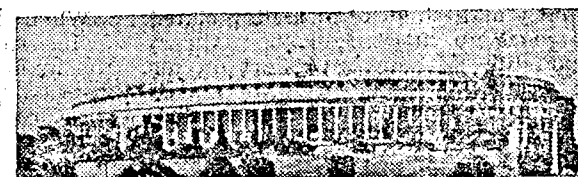
During the school period, that is from 9-30 a.m. to 4-30 p.m., Devi Prasad's time is occupied with what he calls the clerk's job—attending to the files, correspondence, and such other matters. He has then little time to attend to the subject nearest his heart excepting for a short while which he keeps apart to spend with the pupils in their classes. The time before and after the school is the time for his "sadhana" (practice). It is then that the artist is free to occupy himself with his own creations. To watch him while he is so engaged is interesting. Having had to oblige him by sitting for my portraits on more than one occasion, I had the rare privilege of studying the artist during these periods. If he is in the mood for painting, he squats on the floor surrounded by colour, brushes, water and the students. The last-named came to watch him while he worked and to assist him to find the things that seem to vanish from his sight at every other moment! His clothes are usually wet with water and bedecked with various shades of pigments giving him an appearance not at all compatible with the post he holds. It is not surprising therefore if a visitor who comes to see the Principal during this period should become suspicious about his identity.

When the sculptor predominates in his works, the artist has to forego the luxury of sitting down. If he is inspired he remains in the standing position for ten or twelve hours at a stretch excepting for the few minutes that he has to deduct for his meals. I have my full sympathy with the person who occupies the place of a model while he is in this mood. Such a one has to stand the test of a severe scrutiny of the artist's piercing eyes. Devi Prasad gets so absorbed in his work that at times he forgets that his sitter is a living being. Once a lady sitter felt so uncomfortable under his penetrating gaze that she remarked, "You know you make me feel very self-conscious when you stare at me like that. Your eyes seem to search for my innermost thoughts." Probably his intense desire to bring out the character of his sitter is responsible for this.

One rather unusual incident took place while Devi Prasad was doing the portrait bust of a Governor of Madras. In his intensity of work he forgot the position of his sitter. "Turn" came the command from the artist. The Governor who was accustomed to issue orders and not to receive them, was perceptibly startled. No sooner was the order given, then the artist realized his mistake and apologized. The sitter in this case was one to whom appreciation of art came almost as a birthright. He therefore took it all in a sportsman spirit and thought no more about it.

IN spite of having served the Government for so many years, much effective change is not discernible in Devi Prasad, and he is still as domineering and self-willed as he was when he first joined the service. Yet I wonder whether a person who knew him 24 years ago will recognise him today. The luxuriant hair that once adorned his head is no more there and the ravages of time have left their mark on the surface of his face.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE sacking of Sheikh Abdullah was a courageous act and one that proves the essential strength of the Indian Government. There can be little doubt that the Tiger of Kashmir transformed himself into the running dog of foreign imperialists in the course of a few months. Bakshi, who took over the Premiership after the dismissal of Abdullah, boldly accused "foreign imperialists" for their interference in the internal affairs of Kashmir. Pandit Nehru spoke in Parliament only of the role played by "certain interests." Ambassador Allen of America promptly issued a statement denying any interference in Kashmir.

A British correspondent told me that he saw Sheikh Abdullah in Srinagar going about in a Cadillac in the morning one day and in a Humber the same evening. I therefore asked him whether he insists that it was an Anglo-American conspiracy in Kashmir—because Cadillac is an American car (Rs. 82,000) and Humber is British (Rs. 65,000). The Sheikh was thus cutting himself off from the people. It was really the Cadillac that finished the Sheikh.

The idea of an independent Kashmir started as a genuine demand in the mind of Sheikh Abdullah about four years ago. But he found little support for it in New Delhi. He therefore looked for support elsewhere. We used to say in jest that Kashmir had not acceded to India, but that India had acceded to Kashmir. India would have acceded to Kashmir if the foreign imperialists were allowed to play their mischief for a few more months.

When I was last in Srinagar two years ago, I noted in this Diary (July 1951) that the Government of Kash-

mir was even more corrupt than the Government of India. We cannot therefore expect Bakshi's Government to be less corrupt than the Sheikh's. Bakshi's charges of nepotism and favouritism and corruption against the Sheikh are therefore merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black. What was commendable, however, was the land reform, and the genuine attempts of the Kashmir Government to improve the standard of life of the common man. In this the Kashmir Government seemed to be a little more successful than the Indian Government. It is to be hoped that Bakshi will be able to improve upon the Sheikh in this direction.

Is Andhra to have a corrupt Government or an incorruptible Government? Much depends on the person who becomes Andhra's Chief Minister. And this Chief Minister must have Mr. Tenneti Viswanatham as Finance Minister. Everything points to Mr. Prakasam as the obvious and inevitable choice as Chief Minister, but our subtle minds unfortunately cannot see what is obvious and cannot admit what is inevitable.

Mr. Viswanatham, whose looks of forty do not reveal his age of near-sixty, is the outstanding parliamentarian of the Andhra legislature today. His marshalling of facts is equalled only by his skill in argument and debate. I have seen several Andhra M.P.s in Delhi belonging to different parties taking counsel with him regarding the points to be raised in the course of the debate in Parliament on the Andhra Bill. I don't think any other individual in Andhra has at his finger-tips even half of the information he has on the resources of

Andhra and on the injustices done to Andhra. He easily carries conviction, because he does not attempt to bamboozle his listeners by intellectual gymnastics and verbal acrobatics.

I was astounded by his scruples. He hesitated a great deal before agreeing to stay as the guest of a Central Minister. He told me that he believed that it was wrong to stay with a Minister. I pointed out that this was correct as a general rule, but not if the Minister happens to be a personal friend—and especially if he happens to have shared a room for months and years with the Minister as a political prisoner in a jail. Mr. Viswanatham said that it was finally on account of this reason that he decided to be the Minister's guest. Andhra expects much from Mr. Viswanatham. As Mr. Prakasam said, the only person who has been unselfishly working for Andhra without expectation of any reward is Mr. Viswanatham.

Balamurali Krishna, the rising musician of Andhra, was amply rewarded by his visit to Delhi. The completion of one year of the National Programme of All India Radio was poorly celebrated by a two-day session, consisting of items by the star-performers of the A. I. R. staff. The only worthwhile feature of the two-day programme was Balamurali Krishna.

I had heard Balamurali years ago in Vijayawada when his guru, Parupalli Ramakrishnayya Pantulu, was alive. Since then he has made great strides as a musician, and is today undoubtedly one of the foremost younger exponents of Karnatic music. Already he is the equal of G. N. B., but his *swara kalpana* is of a superior order—Madura Mani Iyer alone among South Indian musicians being in the same class with him.

Balamurali gave a short concert at Rashtrapathi Bhavan, and President Prasad was visibly moved by his music. This was incidentally the first concert of its kind arranged at Rashtrapathi Bhavan—invitations having been sent out by Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar. Rashtrapathi Bhavan has a large number of

rooms which are ideally suited for *kacheris* of this kind. The audience was seated on the floor, instead of on the usual chairs which are provided for such occasions—and which make the audience rather stiff and uncomfortable. Squatting on the ground in the Indian fashion provides the right atmosphere for a *kacheri*. *Supari*, *ilayichi* and *lavang* were passed round, and we cleared our throats with *lavang* while Balamurali sang—as is the Indian custom. The musician, who is a composer to boot, included a number of his own compositions, including one specially composed for the occasion in praise of Rajen Babu. He should have included a few more by Thyagaraja and a few less by himself.

Another great artiste from Andhra also was very much in the news in Delhi during the past few weeks. That was Banda Kanaka Lingewara Rao of Eluru. He captivated Delhi audiences by the recitation of poetry in the unique manner of the Telugu stage. Whether he gave excerpts from *Shivaji* or from *Chitranaaleeyam*, he was most effective and almost proved that the *padyam* was quite appropriate in drama—at any rate, in Telugu drama.

One great feature of the Press in Delhi is that it has at last come to give some importance to artists, artistes and other cultural personalities—unlike the newspapers of most other cities in India. Banda Kanaka Lingewara Rao, for instance, was given three-fourths of a column—including a photograph—in the *Hindustan Times*. Two years ago, we could not have dreamt of such a thing. The credit for noticing cultural events of this kind in a systematic manner goes to the *Statesman* in Delhi. Several years later, other newspapers in the Capital took up reviewing drama, music, dance and painting. Now almost every newspaper can boast of its own band of critics. We have even got a well-organized body of the Capital's critics, known as the Critics' Circle. The Critics' Circle has become so important that it has begun to be criticised in some of the foremost journals of India!

COST OF LIVING IN INDIA

By H. RANGACHAR

IN a detailed study of the cost of living indices in India, the U. K. and the U. S. A. issued recently from New Delhi, it is stated that

(i) "In March 1953, the cost of living index was the lowest in India among the three countries as compared to 1948."

(ii) "This gradual shift in the position to the advantage of India may be attributed to the measures taken by the Government to hold the price line when the Korean war had unleashed forces of speculation and stimulated stock-piling—"

The claim has thus been made that the Government of India have been more successful than those of U. K. and U. S. A., in stemming the tide of the post-Korean war inflationary forces and that the consequent improvement in the economic conditions is reflected in the cost of living which in March 1953 was the lowest in India among the three countries. How far the claim made is justifiable and warranted by facts may now be examined in some detail.

The manner in which the case has been presented and certain statements therein are apt to lead to the misleading impression that the cost of living in India in recent months has been lower than in U. K. and U. S. A. This of course is not the case, as the following cost of living indices for 1952 of these countries compared to the pre-war year will show:

India: 350 to 400; U. S. A.: 190; U. K.: 254 (1939—100). Thus the present cost of living in India is about four times that of the pre-war years whereas it is less than twice in the U. S. A. and in U. K. about two and a half times. Thus our relative position in regard to cost of living is by far more unfavourable than in the other two countries. The point that is however sought to be made in the New Delhi statement is that the cost of living index in March 1953 was much lower than in U. K. and U. S. A. assuming 1948 as the base year and 100.

for all the countries irrespective of how the indices for that year stood in relation to those of the pre-war year.

It is not clear why 1948 has been selected as the base. In any event, due allowance should be made for special circumstances and factors affecting the economy of each country in the period if a correct assessment is to be made of the comparative results. In regard to U. S. A. 1948 is the year in which the index of the cost of living was about the highest till then in the war and post-war period. As observed by the President in his Midyear Economic Report to Congress in July 1952, "the premature abandonment of controls after the war permitted the cost of living to rise 30% from the middle of 1948—the great bulk of rise since the war." In the U. K. also the cost of living has been increasing in the postwar years. Thus 1948 represents in the case of these two countries the year in which the price line successfully held in war and early post-war years had yielded to the postwar stresses. It is well known that in India the price line could not be held and the cost of living was soaring higher and higher till 1950. Due allowance should be made for this in any comparative study of price levels of these countries.

Turning to the post-Korean war period, it is found that the index number of the cost of living in India was the same in March 1953 as in August 1950, viz., 100 against the corresponding figures of 105 and 123 in March 1953 and 94 and 98 in August 1950 for U. S. A. and U. K. respectively (base 1948—100). In the case of India, the Government attribute the result to the success of their measures to counter the inflationary forces and hold the price line. Before proceeding to consider the validity of this claim, a very significant fact should be noticed, viz., that a similar tendency of fall in prices is evident in the case of other non-belligerent

countries in Asia and the far East, the Economic Survey (Provisional as the following table extracted from Draft) for 1952 of the ECAFE shows:

(January to July 1950-100.)

	1951	1952	Jul
	I qr	I	II
India (Bombay)	105	108	111
Ceylon (Colombo)	105	106	104
Pakistan (Karachi)	101	106	104
Malaya (Kuala Lumpur)	130	138	137
Philippines (Manila)	108	107	104

It may be doubted if some of the countries mentioned above will also claim to have successfully combated the post-Korean war inflationary forces. This apart, the table discloses a common tendency in the countries in the region for decline in prices in the period. The ECAFE Report observes that in the countries referred to above "the price increases of the preceding years slowed down and died out during 1951 and finally gave way to a price fall—that the dominant tendency has been for prices to weaken is confirmed by the index numbers of the cost of living." In these countries there are some common factors which account for the tendency for increase in prices to slacken and to fall. Similarly,

there are economic factors and forces leading to the comparative increase in U. S. A. and U. K. during the period. Due consideration should be given to these before correct and useful conclusions can be drawn from a comparative study of prices and other economic trends. The soundness and strength of the economy of a country cannot be judged solely by the cost of living index without due regard to other major economic factors. The crucial question is whether the decline in cost of living indicates an improvement in the overall economic position of the country or is due to temporary or adventitious circumstances. All these aspects will be considered in the course of a subsequent article.

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16	22	11	9
7	13	20	18
14	8	17	19
21	15	10	12
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THIS SECTION IS OFFERED TO READERS FOR FREE DISCUSSION ON SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO THEM. LETTERS SHOULD BE BRIEF AND TYPE-WRITTEN.

Kakinada Pithapur Rajah's College Affairs

Sir,—The control, and management of what is known as 'The Pithapur Rajah's College of Kakinada' which is one of the biggest educational institutions in the State was taken over by the Government during the year. But under what process of law and under what terms and conditions it was done, is not known. It is not known, either, whether what is taken over by the Government is merely 'the control and management' or the whole of the institution as such, with all its 'assets and liabilities', relieving the present trustee, the Maharajah of Pithapuram, of all obligations. The Maharajah had for some time been anxious to pass on this institution to other hands, and it is all to the good that a public institution like this should pass on from private hands to Governmental management. Even so, the public is entitled to be assured that this whole transaction is fair and square, and thoroughly appropriate to preserve the integrity of the trustee. A 'trust', and more particularly a 'public charitable trust' is not something which is capable of being bartered away by the trustee through private treaty with the Government or any other authority, so as to relieve him of existing obligations. The Government or the Education Minister who is probably in charge of and particularly responsible for this matter, owe to the public the duty of disclosing in a public statement, all relevant particulars in regard to this transfer.

It is necessary that the public should know a little about the origin of this institution, to appreciate the relevancy of the particulars in respect of which elucidation is sought. A very unfortunate expression went into vogue in relation to this big educational institution, namely, that the Maharajah of Pithapuram had been the 'proprietor' of it, as though it were some bit of private property capable of being enjoyed by a private individual. It was under a deed of transfer dated 3rd August 1909 by the then management of the institution, that its assets and management passed

into the hands of the Maharajah of Pithapuram, on his agreeing to take up the trusteeship. In respect of certain other assets of the value of Rs. 1,25,000 (4% 1906 Rangoon Municipal Loan debentures and 4% 1906 R. P. T. loan debentures) he was to create an endowment himself as a guarantee by him of an annual grant of Rs. 5,000. The Maharajah did in fact create such an endowment under a deed of trust dated 21st September 1910 executed by him, which also governed the conditions of his management and control of the institution. Later still, in about the year 1926, when the management sought affiliation of the institution as a first grade college, on the insistence of the authorities of the University, the Maharajah who by then came to be the trustee in sole charge, guaranteed a further annual grant of Rs. 6,000 by creating an endowment in respect of his 7% dividend-fetching preferential shares in the Tata Hydro Electric Works of the face value of Rs. 95,000. All these matters were gone into by a committee of the Syndicate of the Andhra University at one time. The condition of the trust was that the Maharajah should have a right of disposal only over the income of the endowed properties, so long as the promised annual grant was being derived from his zamindari estate. The corpus of the trust-estate could not be disturbed at any time, as the purpose of the endowments was to cover the contingency of the Maharajah's zamindari estate ceasing to provide for or pay the annual grant. This is by no means an educational institution maintained by the landholder of an estate which can possibly come under Section 61 of the Madras Estates Abolition Act.

One other fact needs to be noticed. At the time when the original trustees made over the assets and management to the trusteeship of the Maharajah in 1909, under a deed dated 3rd August 1909, they also made over to him all the then existing assets of the institution, which consisted, among others, of moveable assets in the shape of G. P. notes of the value of Rs. 43,700 and various items of immovable property among which was an extensive playground bounded on all sides by a compound wall, granted by the Government in trust, as per its order Mis. No. 4442 Revenue dated 20th December 1899.

In the circumstances, the particulars that need to be elucidated are the following:

(1) Whether in handing over the management of the institution, the Maharajah of Pithapuram handed over all its assets, moveable and immovable, and what those assets are;

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(2) If not, whether the Government deducted, under Section 41 of the Estates Abolition Act, from the compensation payable to the Maharajah of Pithapuram, the value of the assets covered by the endowments and the trust estate, which must be deemed to be a charge on his zamindari estates? Whether the Government will be pleased to take necessary steps for the recovery of such assets of the institution as may not have been properly accounted for by the trustee of the institution, the Maharajah of Pithapuram.

(3) How could the 'Cosmopolitan Club' of Kakinada come into possession and occupation of the playground bounded by compound wall, referred to above and granted by the Government in 1899 for the purposes of this educational institution?

(4) The conditions, if any, under which the Government has taken over the institution, and if one of such conditions was, that so far as the Government was concerned, the position presented by the Maharajah in regard to the assets of the institution, was acceptable.

(5) Whether the Government is willing even now to refer the various matters indicated above for a thorough public enquiry by a competent authority.

M. V. V. K. RANGACHARI,
M. S. SOMAYAJULU,
J. SAMBASIVA RAO,
E. V. R. SUBBA RAO,
and A. RAMA RAO,
Advocates, Kakinada.

Plea For A Fair Deal To Railway Commercial Clerks

Sir,—The commercial clerks, that is, the booking, parcels, luggage and goods clerks of the Southern Railway have got legitimate grievances to be redressed immediately. The Central Pay Commission recommended revision of the scales of pay with effect from 1947, and the Railway Ministry have implemented many of the recommendations with effect from 1947. But justice was not done fully to the pre-1931 staff and the matter is still pending, awaiting proper disposal. As per E (R) 50 JAC 36 of 12-12-50 of the Joint Advisory Commission Report, it was recommended that out of the 15% of the staff upgraded to Rs. 100-185, the grades on Rs. 150-225 and 200-10-300 may be implemented according to the requirements of each zone and it was left for the respective General Managers to put up proposals for the 2 grades. There has been a lot of correspondence between the Board and General Manager, Southern Railway. But nothing has been done yet.

Mass representations from commer-

cial clerks, individual and collective telegrams to the Board, constitutional agitation, have all been nullified by the Board's inaction and indifference on this issue and for all their pains, the poor clerks have had nothing except a sugar-coated letter from the Chief Operating Superintendent, Madras, to the Regional Traffic Superintendent, Tiruchirappalli, that proposals have been sent to Railway Board regarding the up-grading of the grades on Rs. 150-225 and 200-10-300 as per HPB/C/25/7 Ex. S.I.Rly. of 29-6-53.

Many commercial clerks have retired within the past two years and many are on the verge of retirement after full 30 or 35 years of faithful service. These are restless, frustrated and disgusted over the inordinate delay on this matter. They have no other chance of promotion no alternative except submitting mutely, helpless to secure any alteration in the state of affairs. If this up-grading had taken place as soon as recommendations of the Joint Advisory Commission were published, many commercial clerks would have had the benefit of drawing more amounts of gratuity on retirement, since the gratuity amount is fixed on the pay drawn by the staff at the time of retirement.

I request the Hon'ble Members of Parliament to take up this issue and raise a debate, elicit information from the Railway Board as to why such inordinate delay has been caused in upgrading these two grades for the benefit of the commercial clerks of the Southern Railway, and see that justice is done to them without more delay.

P. S. RANGACHARI
President, Commercial Staff Association, Southern Railway.

Politics Of Educational Reform

Sir,—In Swatantra of August 1, I had criticised a statement supposed to have been made by the Educational Adviser to the Government of Madras. Since then he has protested that the statement attributed to him in my letter is not a correct quotation. His explanation of what he had actually said in his speech at Mangalore, makes it very clear that I have commented on an incorrect report of his speech. I do apologise to him for my misquotation from his speech and also for my comment on the misquotation.

He concedes that some children may neither participate in nor observe some craft work but may play instead. If the sponsors of the scheme will so light-heartedly allow the craft part of the programme to be observed in the breach, it will seem that no great store is laid by that part of the scheme!

P. NARAYANA RAO..

August 22 1953

SWATANTRA

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GODAVARI FLOODS

THE Godavari floods have spread devastation on an unprecedented scale. Even the Quetta and the Behar earthquakes do not seem to have inflicted so much human distress and loss of property. Two entire districts have been wiped out by the floods. Owing to the vast area of the inundation, no accurate estimate of the full extent of the calamity could be made out, but even from the cursory accounts that have been published, it is clear that many lives have been lost, all the cattle in the area killed, valuable stocks of food destroyed, hundreds of thousands of houses reduced to debris, and crores worth of property lost. There has been nothing like it in living memory before, so sudden, cruel and gigantic in its infliction of suffering, so unsettling in its effects, so bleak and chilling in the prospects it has left for millions of people. Even if the entire machinery of the State and all available resources are geared up in relief operations, they will not suffice, so colossal is the dislocation that has been effected. Yet there has been no sign on the part of the Chief Minister that he has realised either the gravity of the tragedy, or his own duty in the matter of rendering succour and directing the relief operations. The Tanjore cyclone was not a hundredth part as destructive as the present Godavari holocaust, yet with a magnificent comprehension of the urgency of Government's responsibility for comforting the stricken victims, he threw aside every other task, rushed to the scene, and concentrated all his energies in distributing largesse and inspiring every agency, official and non-official, to pour out its maximum shower of beneficence with record speed to restore hope to the despairing sufferers. But now we find him taking the infinitely worse misfortunes of the Godavari people with calm fortitude in the most exemplary spirit of detachment and philosophy comprised in the Gita doctrine. Now all his passion is concentrated in propaganda on his new elementary education scheme, and he is in no mood to take time out of it for other tasks. What is the secret of the disparity between the Chief Minister's excited zeal, then, to shine forth as the saviour of Tanjore, and his apathy, now, in the face of the horror that has come upon the people of Godavari? Is the virtue of humanity subject to confinement in administrative fetters? Is it liable to variations under linguistic stimuli, or the exigencies of partition, or considerations connected with votes and leadership-prospects as factors governing the fortunes of politicians?

THIS sort of Sri Rajagopalachari's administration, seething with discrimination redolent of Malanism, is an evil force that makes for disintegration in South India, and its disrupting effect on every unifying principle accepted as sacred and binding in our Constitution, subtle, continuous, unrelenting and tenacious. He has let himself down with intangible animosities which have

lowered him from a national leader into a regional partisan, and he has lost in consequence the faculty of useful contact outside his limited region. Godavari looks to Pandit Nehru for relief from the disabilities the Chief Minister of Madras has imposed on himself in the matter of discharging his administrative duties impartially between the two major linguistic areas in the State, even in the short period intervening before separation.

Short-lived Victory

DR. MOUSSADEK'S victory over the Shah has turned out to be short-lived. The dispute between the Shah and Dr. Moussadek developed into a crisis when the latter demanded a dissolution of the Majliss. There were elements in the Majliss that insisted on playing the role of an opposition, but it was the ambition of Dr. Moussadek to be an autocrat with unfettered power. He therefore called upon the Shah, who alone was constitutionally competent to do so, to dissolve the Majliss even before the expiry of its term. The Shah, educated in the West, was a constitutionalist, and a lover of parliamentary institutions. He declined to comply with the Prime Minister's behest. Dr. Moussadek retaliated with a referendum in which he appealed to the people to choose between Parliament and himself, and with all the arts of bullying coercion and intimidation of which he was a master, he managed to secure a poll in his own favour. Thus cornered, the Shah made use of the last constitutional weapon in his armoury, he dismissed Dr. Moussadek from the post of Premier, and appointed a favourite of his own, General Zahedi, to his place. But Dr. Moussadek was too quick. He had long ago secured keyposts in the army and the police to supporters on whom he could rely. This power he employed to immobilise the Shah and deprive him of such remnants of military and executive power as he still wielded, with the result that the Shah fled the country.

It was the reaction of the Shah's flight on Teheran citizens that swiftly brought about Dr. Moussadek's doom. Feudal loyalties are still strong in Persia. After the initial thrill of Dr. Moussadek's defiance of British power to secure the nationalisation of the oil industry, its fruit perhaps began to taste bitter in the mouths of many that

had shouted themselves hoarse earlier in patriotic frenzy over his feat. No nation can live long on excitement when it coincides with substantial economic impoverishment. This happened to the Persians under Dr. Moussadek's regime. In addition, he suffered by the unwisdom of too much rapacity for power, which compelled public attention to the meagreness of effective benefit enjoyed by his country-men under his stewardship, in contrast to the abnormal excess of the power he drew to himself. No democratic interest has suffered by Dr. Moussadek's fall though the political future of Persia under the restored rule of the Shah does not seem to be very bright.

University Autonomy

IN his address at the Convocation of the University of Madras, Dr. V. S. Krishna laid particular stress on the importance of maintaining the autonomy of universities in the face of their growing dependence on the State. He drew liberally on British experience for the solution of Indian difficulties. In Britain there is no direct exercise by the State of financial patronage over universities as a means of influence and control. This power is exercised by the British University Grants Committee, a body of technically competent men interested only in the spread of knowledge and higher education, with no political entanglements to draw them into discriminatory practices. This committee has laid down that "a university which allowed itself to become the tied house of any special interest or calling, would lose the world as well as its own soul, for it would soon be found, that every limitation of its academic freedom was accompanied by a weakening of the very qualities which originally made its services seem so desirable to secure." And it has framed its policies accordingly.

Indian delegates to the recent Commonwealth Universities Conference held at Durham and Cambridge seem to be very favourably impressed by the present British system of university grants. For we find another distinguished Vice-Chancellor, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, bestowing very high praise on it. More valuable than even the grants system, is the provision of liberal scholarship facilities as a special fillip to the encouragement of talent in British universities. "Notwithstanding the present financial and economic difficulties of Britain," says Sir C. P., "over 70 per cent of the students in the various universities in the United Kingdom received scholarships or grants either from the Central Government, or the Local Government, Corporations or philanthropic bodies."

Family Planning

SRI A. B. SHETTY, Minister for Health, told the Rotary Club on Tuesday that in India the growth of population much faster than the means of production had defeated all efforts to raise the people's miserably low standard of living. The Minis-

ter's remark will no doubt be greeted by the moralists with the stern admonition that karma should have its way; but the problem raised by him is for settlement by commonsense and not the rubbing of outmoded old doctrines on present society. There is certainly less morality in raising a large family without the means of bringing them up properly and letting them sink into want and misery than in restricting the size of the family in accordance with the resources available for maintaining it in comfort and decency. The gutters into which uncared-for children gravitate constitute the most fecund of humanity's breeding grounds for Communism. There is a very sound case for Sri Shetty's suggestion that the opening of birth control clinics should be treated as a duty of the Government and as an essential health service that should find an important place in preventive medicine. But why does he pontificate and merely preach when it lies within his own competence to set the example? There will be more merit in ministerial utterances when practice and theory coalesce.

Sotto Voce

MAHDIS & MERRIE MEN



MR. JAYA PRAKASH NARAYAN is that pathetic thing, a leader in search of a cause. If he has not found one to which he can permanently attach himself, it is because he prefers to take his successive enthusiasms ready made. He is the moon that shines in the reflected light of suns that pass. It was first Gandhiji then it was Nehru, now it is Acharya Vinoba Bhave. As his loyalties wax and wane so do his

enthusiasms. But each transient admiration invests his personality with a new sheath. From the Mahatma he took his passion for fasts, from Nehru his petulance and pouting, from the Acharya his evangelical pride. But underlying it all is his allegiance to Marxism preserved in rosewater.

The Socialist utopia has undergone strange transformations under our

Asiatic skies. And J. P.'s particular brand of Socialism is chamellion-like in the bewildering succession of 'new looks' it has improvised. He took the popular imagination as our Indian version of Robin Hood the gallant outlaw, who delighted in outwitting the stupid myrmidons of the hated Britisher. He would not hurt a fly and he did not go nearly as far as the August Tyagis of the orthodox Congress variety in working off the vandalistic impulses of our unregenerate human nature on unresisting telegraph poles and railway rolling stock. In these respects he was the very antithesis of the hero of Merrie England. But he specialised in vanishing tricks: I think he still holds the record for burrowing under-ground.

But the under-ground is notoriously cramping: it is not a place where you can add a cubit to your stature by taking thought. And J. P. has been handicapped by the company he keeps. The willowy Ashok Mehta with his pard-like beard and myopic glasses is much more nearly the 'intellectual' of legend. In spouting pseudo-philosophy and shocking the bourgeoisie Ram Manohar Lohia, who looks and hurls himself into the fray like a ten-pounder, easily takes the palm. J. P. tries to look like Hamlet but merely succeeds in being pathetic in a conscious way, a paste-board saint of the type beloved by cinema producers.

Leftists belonging to very different schools, M. N. Roy, Dange, Lohia, have all sought to show by the display of much irrelevant erudition that their particular gospel has the support of India's ancient thought. The Charvakas, the so-called Smrti of Brhaspati, the "realistic" thought which is supposed to be the distinctive contribution of the Dravidians—all these have been heavily indented upon to prove that India knew Radical Humanism, Communism and Lohianism long before these were patented in Russia or in Russia Minor. But J. P. is unique in claiming to be in the main stream of Indian tradition. He would make the lion of Marxism and the

lamb of meek faith lie together.

That can have only one denouement, that of the young lady who rode to Riga on a tiger. J. P. swears by Bhoodan because it is 'non-violent' (sic) and believes in loving persuasion. But if billing and cooing has no effect, there is the Big Stick ostentatiously placed in its stock at the centre of the platform. "If you do not of your own accord contribute your quota, why then, it will be taken away from you, and much more than it. So make a virtue of necessity; give such marginal land or uncultivable waste as you may have and enrol yourself in the company of the elect while there is yet time."

The Communist bogey-man is conveniently at hand to reinforce this gentle pressure. But if J. P. goes on telling the world that the Telengana Reds for all their terrorism and violence were able to get much less land for the landless than Vinobaji has been able to do in two short years, is it not just possible that people might take him at his word? They may decide to stick to their possessions and wait for the Reds to come and take them instead of meeting half way the more gentle depredators who coquet with anarchy. Expropriation without compensation will not smell any sweeter because it goes by the name of Bhoodan.

Mankind has never been more afflicted than when megalomaniacs have mistaken hallucination for inspiration. They float to power on the escapism of a frustrated people. Peter the Hermit had no divine call to lead the Crusades, one of the most barbarous and meaningless wars of history. Taking away one-sixth of every man's land by gentle pressure or threat of non-cooperation is not going to solve the problem of poverty in a country where ninety per cent of the pattas cover less than an acre each. It will merely breed insufferable St. Simeons and numberless Narakasuras by wantonly exciting the most insensate and the most dangerous of hungers, land hunger.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS:

ON 28th March 1950, Mr. Attlee, who was then Prime Minister of England, was kind enough to receive me at 10 Downing Street. The talk turned upon Kashmir. Giving an account of it in "Sidelights" later, I wrote:

The Kashmir issue came up for discussion. Mr. Attlee said: "India blames me for being pro-Pakistan. Pakistan blames me for being pro-India." I said that India had a Prime Minister whose creed of secularism impelled him to be pro-Muslim, whereas there was none in authority in Pakistan who was pro-Hindu similarly. The two countries were not on a par, and it was the substance of the Indian complaint that they were placed on a par in the British estimate. Mr. Attlee said, "The rights and wrongs of a situation are subject to differences of opinion. The results that have to be produced are really more important. Certain results have got to be produced on certain occasions, and statesmanship consists in producing them. On the present occasion, settlement between India and Pakistan is the result that has to be produced. How it is to be produced, it is for the leaders of the two countries to determine. If 400 million people cannot live at peace, the peace of the whole world will be affected. You must come to a settlement. You must come to a settlement. Tell your leaders that."

THE Korean war had not then broken out, but Mr. Attlee evidently had some dim vision of American involvement in Asian affairs, dragging the United Nations too into the fray, though he did not locate the scene of it quite correctly, and placed it at Kashmir instead of Korea. The Korean truce does not seem however to have saved the world from war. The disengaged powers might presently find themselves drawn back into conflict, as the Indo-Pakistan relations now tense over recent events in Kashmir, ripen towards hostility. The real complication of the Kashmir problem arises out of the comparative ease with which, if a military solution is to be sought, India is capable of seeking it to her own advantage. The old balance of

power theory which plunged Europe into war for centuries, has not disappeared with the advent of the concept of the League of Nations, later on transformed into the United Nations Organisation. It has only expanded from Europe into every other continent, with the United States stepping into Britain's shoes as the holder of the scales. Pakistan is diplomatically the darling of the Western powers because she is by them considered to be militarily India's inferior. The technique of imperialist aspiration, wherever the spirit of it has found abode throughout the ages, has lain in the strengthening of weak countries and the weakening of strong countries, whatever be the jargon with which sophists might seek to mask the reality of it, and that is what Pandit Nehru is now up against. At the back of the present Delhi talks between the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan, there lie the repercussions of high power excitement passing through Washington, London and Moscow; and President Eisenhower, in the garb of the apostle of democracy sniping at Nehru, and General Auchinleck's mysterious pursuits in Karachi under cover of promoting a carpet-making industry, are inter-related symbols of a vast cosmic entanglement of power politics.

THE assumption that India has no business in Kashmir runs like a silver lining of harmony in the midst of all the other differences between the British and American outlooks on world affairs. Sri V. P. Menon disclosed at Bangalore on Independence Day that even Lord Mountbatten, so close a friend of Pandit Nehru, would not endorse India's right to go to the aid of Kashmir at the time of the tribal invasion. It fell to the lot of Sri V. P. Menon to fly into Kashmir to discuss the pros and cons of the State's accession to India. He found Srinagar in a "hopeless condition." As he recalls the story, "half the army and police force had deserted,

and those who remained were without leaders. He contacted one officer who guaranteed that they would fight to the last man by way of a delaying action if the State acceded to India. Within twenty four hours from the signing of the accession, the Indian army had landed in Kashmir." The accession saved Kashmir from the horror of enslavement to savage tribal invaders and was hailed by the people of the State as an instrument of deliverance, yet Lord Mountbatten had an argument over the propriety of it with Sri Menon!

AS Sri V. P. Menon told Lord Mountbatten, "India never wanted Kashmir, nor did she want Kashmir today," in the ordinary possessive way of expansionist nations for the purposes of power and exploitation. Pandit Nehru's sentimental attachment to Kashmir as the land of his forefathers does not cover the entire reason for the Government of India's anxious concern over the future of the State. The fact is that over the past six hundred years, every invasion of India has come from the north, and in view of the strategic importance of Kashmir for the safety and defence of India, the authorities at Delhi are convinced of the imperative need of having Kashmir in friendly hands. They therefore set up Sheikh Abdullah as the guardian of goodwill and embarked on a policy of assiduously dancing to his tunes. The cost of it has mounted up to Rs. 600 crores till now. The net effect of the policy was that Abdullah's head was turned and he cast about for means to win even bigger prizes if possible, by overtures with other bidders.

*

KASHMIR will be lost to India and captured by Pakistan, unless, to counteract the communal solidarity stunt in the spirit of Jinnah's two nations theory which reverberated throughout the State under Sheikh Abdullah's lead in the closing months of his regime, an internal movement with effective mass support, pledged to the secular creed embodied in the Indian Constitution, gathers momentum and becomes an effective force

in State politics. The emergence of Bhakshi Ghulam Mohammed as Kashmir's Premier could have been taken as evidence of concrete advancement made by such a movement, but for the arrest and detention of Sheikh Abdullah that coincided with it. The forms of democracy can be easily copied, but the true test of its essential spirit lies in the avoidance of extra-judicial exercises of power when changes in personnel occur. It is not necessary in England or in the U. S. A., when one leader succeeds another as the head of the administration, to cast the supplanted one in jail to ensure the stability of the administration. Just as Pakistan's pretensions to democratic rule are nullified by the detention of the Khan brothers, the arrest and detention of Sheikh Abdullah will undermine his successor's prestige and reveal in him a sense of fear which no ruler claiming the allegiance of his subjects, can afford to yield to.

SAKA

I live, and yet methinks
I do not breathe;
I thirst and drink,
I drink and thirst again;
I sleep and yet do dream
I am awake;
I hope for what I have;
I have and want;
I sing and sigh;
I love and hate at once.
O, tell me restless soul,
What uncouth jar
Doth cause in store such, want,
in peace such war?

Anonymous, 1609

THE HIGHEST HONOUR

Some day... there will be a representative in the Indian Government who will look after the protection of the animals and will see there is no cruelty for the animals of India. I should like to be the chosen representative of the tiger, the lion, the dog, and the deer. That is the highest honour of all—to be chosen representative of all who are helpless, of those who are voiceless; to become the voice for the animals is the highest honour to which anybody can ever look.
—Rukmini Devi.

Two Asian Powers With

DISSIMILAR IDEOLOGIES

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

"China and India, sister nations from the dawn of history with their long tradition of culture and peaceful development of ideas, have to play a leading part in this world drama, in which they themselves are so deeply involved."—PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

IT is a tragic irony that the two ancient lands of China and India who have had so much in common from time immemorial should move today in diametrically opposite directions and traverse different roads, being wedded to conflicting ideologies of comparatively recent growth. The well-known saying that the seed of liberty grows when watered by the blood of tyrants hardly applies to India. For, thanks to the non-violent leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, independence was achieved without bloodshed and bitterness. Moreover, India, forgetting bitter memories of alien domination, chose to remain within the Commonwealth, participating in terms of equality with her erstwhile ruler. The transition that was a peaceful evolution in India was brought about by a bloody revolution and civil war in China. Today, inspired by the ideals of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Mahatma Gandhi, the two countries—New China with Mao Tse-tung and new India with Jawaharlal Nehru at the helm of affairs—seem to lead the rest of the Asian countries. It therefore follows that "the future of Asia and eventually the world balance of power may rest on the competition between democratic India on the one hand and Communist China on the other."

The Western world is looking with hope and expectancy at events in India. Democracy is on trial; should the experiment fail, more than half the people of the globe would be under totalitarian Communist sway—a none too pleasing prospect for all those who cherish individual liberty above everything else. In Jawaharlal Nehru, fortunately, India has a leader well equipped to keep alive the vital spark of individual freedom. Nurtured in the Western tradition,

India has adopted the parliamentary pattern of government. The Constitution embodies guarantees of individual freedom which are ensured by an independent judiciary. Many are sceptical as to how far the system would work in India in the absence of a strong opposition to the ruling party and they envisage the possibility of a dictatorship under one-party rule, reducing the guarantees provided by the Constitution to mere illusions. However, there is no justification whatsoever to visualise such a contingency. Something of the Gandhian aura still lingers in India, the country of freedom and tolerance.

FROM the dim past, China lay open to foreign commercial exploitation. There was a succession of encroachments upon Chinese territory by several European powers by means of unequal treaties. Dr. Sun Yat-sen who saw "the slow but sure elimination of China as a free and independent nation" through foreign economic exploitation enunciated his Three Principles of Nationalism, Democracy and Livelihood. The Republic founded by Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1911 passed through many travails before it reached the present "position of freedom and equality among the nations." But today, under Communist leadership it has deviated considerably from the pattern envisaged by the Founder of the Republic. In China, five hundred million people are working under a ruthless Communist dictatorship. The People's Republic of China is functioning on the basis of the Common Programme adopted by the People's Political Consultative Conference in 1949 when the whole of the Chinese mainland came under Communist sway. Based on the Soviet

notion of Unified Power rather than the bourgeois conception of Separation of Powers, the revolutionary State of China has become a monolith of totalitarianism.

Communist China is said to have accomplished many remarkable things in the domestic field. Efficient administration, equitable distribution of food, land reforms and a sound financial policy—these are some of its achievements. However, the use of highly dubious and dreadful means to bring about even the most desirable ends cannot be looked upon with equanimity by free minds. It is significant that the infant democracy of India has shown that such sweeping changes as were effected in China with the ruthless haste so characteristic of the revolutionary regimes, can be achieved by wholly legitimate means if in a less spectacular fashion, without sacrificing the ideals of human freedom. In any case, those who believe that most present-day Asian problems require revolutionary solutions might well pause to consider the suggestion that “in making an estimate of the benefits to be gained from changes in social and economic conditions, the cost of the methods should be brought into the bookkeeping.”

THE most unpleasant aspect of modern China is the curtailment of personal liberty. The people are identified with the State but the real power lies in the Communist Party. The regimentation of education stultifies the youth and the process of thought control imposed from above results in “a muzzling of spiritual liberty.” The phenomenon of re-educating millions of people, the principle of ‘indoctrination’ of the youth and the wholesale campaign of ‘brain-washing’ are undertaken with a view “to bringing an individual’s mode of thinking into line with Communist Party policy and to destroy his individual self-pride and self-reliance.” To crown all, there is the liquidation drive against so-called anti-State elements. The existence of such a machinery crushing all opposition makes one doubt whether such a society may not justifiably be described as “a jungle

through which the naked power of the Government prowls like a beast of prey, making all men afraid.”

THERE are still many who think that there is nothing Communist in China beyond the red of the flag and an occasional hammer and sickle seen on the transport vehicles. They argue that Chinese Communism has a peculiar Chinese flavour and that “the Chinese will before long consider their Communism to be superior to the Russian brand.” Yet there are others who with equal emphasis assert that it would be an idle dream to expect Mao to go the Tito way.

In the international field India has made many noteworthy contributions towards the solution of the various problems confronting the United Nations Organisation. The Prime Minister of India who is also her Foreign Minister has often declared that it is the policy of India to steer clear of the two power blocs. In keeping with that, she has taken an independent stand on every issue depending on the individual merits of the particular case. For adopting such a course, she has been criticised in both the camps. She has been consistently pleading for early recognition of the claims of Communist China for a seat in the United Nations. She is not happy, either, regarding the juridical uncertainty about the status of Formosa. She refused to sign the San Francisco Peace Treaty of Japan. She has raised her voice against racial discrimination in South Africa and against the perpetuation of the French colonial rule both in Africa and in Indo-China. To Western observers this attitude of India is baffling and their irritation is reflected in a leading article in *The Economist* in which it is said that “it is not China that has been drawn away from Russia, but India that has been drawn away from the company of the free world.” On the other hand, the peace proposal sponsored by India to end the Korean deadlock has brought forth the wrath of Russia and China who have dubbed India as trying to “camouflage horrible American policy.” What, then, is the

foreign policy of India? To quote Nehru himself: “Whether there is a cold war or shooting war, India will keep aloof. India will guard peace as long as it can.....In this path of working for peace, we are not going to be deterred by accusations and imputation of motives against our bona fides.....This is the basis of our foreign policy and nobody can stampede us into doing anything else.”

IT is in the field of foreign policy that Communist China reveals herself beyond doubt as a satellite of Soviet Russia. Communist China has a justifiable grievance at not being recognised by the United Nations, besides, there is an atmosphere of unreality about it when the defunct Chiang Government is accorded continued recognition while one quarter of humanity is sealed off from the rest of the world. The so-called ‘neutralisation’ of Formosa by America is regarded with high suspicion. This is considered as an attempt to use Formosa as a base of attack on the Chinese mainland. The action of the United Nations in Korea, not to speak of the crossing of the 38th Parallel despite sincere dissuasion by India, is taken to be an uncalled-for European-American interference in Asian affairs. Again, the French colonial policy in Indo-China serves as an incitement for Red China to send assistance to the Viet-Minh forces. The position has been well summed up by an Asian correspondent in *The Economist* as follows: “The tension will remain so long as the Americans are in what the Chinese consider their security zone, and so long as the Chinese interfere where the West considers they have no right to do so.” The so-called liberation of Tibet has brought Red China to the very door of India. Maybe the attitude of India towards the occupation of Tibet was motivated by considerations of good neighbourliness with Communist China but there is no denying the fact that India suffered a diplomatic defeat in this affair. There are still disquieting reports coming in to the effect that the Communist Government is laying claim to the tract of Indian territory lying to the north

of the Wangtu bridge in Himachal Pradesh. The late Sardar Patel alone seems to have been aware of the potential danger from the proximity of Communist China which brought forth the warning so typical of him that “any encroachment of Indian territory would not be tolerated.” Therefore, it is quite clear that the Chinese impact on Tibet is bound to have its repercussions on Indian foreign policy and her domestic situation. The strategic importance of Nepal for the defence of India can hardly be exaggerated and the Red signal across the borders calls for a constant vigil on the part of India. In this matter Prime Minister Nehru did not leave any room for the slightest ambiguity when he categorically declared in the Indian Parliament on March 18, 1950, that India would not tolerate any invasion of Nepal from anywhere. Mao Tse-tung has, no doubt, declared that New China will work to promote world peace and freedom. But it is common knowledge that “the Communists have nearly succeeded in pilfering the word ‘peace’ out of the vocabulary of reason.....The Communist dove of peace has blood on its claws.”

INDIA endeavours to build a bridge across the gulf which so disastrously divides East and West and to convince them that there is room in the world for two different political creeds to live amicably side by side. Unfortunately, the neutral voice of India urging peace seems to sound as a partisan cry. The United Nations sprang as an agency to heal the wounds of the world. It should, therefore, be an abode of peace and goodwill, a meeting place of minds. India believes that toleration among nations may lead to co-operation resulting in the replacement of the principle of ‘collective security’ by the nobler concept of international solidarity. One Asia within the framework of One World,—that is the aspiration of New India. In the words of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu: “We dream in Asia a common dream, that of a comity of friendship. There shall be no death but a spirit of undefeated hope. By compassion and by love, not by hate, will the world be redeemed.”

A BENTHAMITE EPOCH

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

CHANGE is the law of life, even a biological necessity; and when buttressed by discontent, it is ever an aid to progress and achievement. The most perfect system of administration degenerates, if it stands still. This is especially true of the arts and sciences, of medical science in particular. Where would humanity be, if the profession of healing had not experimented and expanded? The watchword in all human endeavour, in fact in all things great and small, being progress, it behoves nations and people to be up against lethargy and conservatism. Social evils acquire agelong potency in every country, and in democracies as contrasted with dictatorships, their wholesale eradication cannot be effected in a trice. To those in our country who are dismayed at the amount of opposition the Hindu Code Bill has to reckon with, the example of nations with a more enlightened population may provide a soothing reminder, and exemplify that democracies, though valuable as forms of government, are stumbling blocks for all-round progress.

The democratic approach for the solution of social or legal ills goes through a dreary routine. First, the idea is ventilated in the press and on the platform followed up by interpolation and resolution in the legislature. But implementation by legislation is not automatic, and has to wait for years, and even ages. Even so perfect an enactment as the Indian Penal Code was left in cold storage for 34 years.

It is hence not surprising that innumerable evils and anomalies in the body politic should have lain unredressed for centuries. In this respect, most curious to relate, things in England are much worse than anywhere else. On numerous occasions Parliament has shown itself unwilling to go forward with beneficial or even necessary legislation. Only recently, the disability of the appellate criminal court to order a retrial upon annulling a conviction

for a technical defect, was sought to be removed by the Lords but was vetoed by the Commons. The codification of income tax laws had been on the tapis since 1927, but a bill prepared in 1936 has not yet been proceeded with. Measures devised to approximate the laws to ethical principles in certain matters, have not merited parliamentary attention. The main reason for such remissness and hesitancy is to be found in the circumstance that public interest has not been alerted effectively.

The British common law carries a reputation throughout the world and all through the ages, as the best and most perfect in every particular. Indeed, until very recently, no one would have thought that it has also a long catalogue of anachronisms and anomalies. A band of 21 outstanding jurists and lawyers under the aegis of the Haldane Society, amongst them being the late Harold Laski, laboured long and hard and produced what has been aptly styled "Text Book of Law Reform" running to 216 pages in excellent format, edited by Prof. Glanville Williams of the London University and published by Victor Gollancz. The main thesis of the compilation is a plea for the establishment of a Ministry of Justice, which would effectively carry out all the suggestions adumbrated in it. It will fill the lacuna created by two independent Ministers being in charge of civil and criminal law administration and working at cross purposes. The Lord Chancellor is only nominally head of the administration of justice: over crimes, criminals and the criminal law, the Home Secretary has the last word.

THE book is a great revelation of very many shocking evils in the administration of justice in England, and the authors have not spared criticism. Every particular is laid out threadbare, and many passages reveal the master hand of that great man, Harold Laski. Who else could

have spoken so strongly about the deficiency of English legal education, and so feelingly about the treatment meted out to aliens in that country? "An alien" it is pointed out, "is liable at law to deportation at a moment's notice" upon information "filtering through even anonymous communications." In a country which has prided itself upon its protection of the liberty of the subject and the inflexibility of the rule of law, an alien "implies an outcast or a lesser breed within the law". Comments on the other factors of British administration and laws are likewise forthright and frank. English judges are proverbially able and incorruptible: but "quite a substantial number do not do their work efficiently and in some cases even impartially." "Years of work as an advocate getting the side of the client sometimes make it difficult to maintain the scales of justice even." As regards the judicial robes, the writers consider that "the judicial apparel, (wig and gown) are an anachronism symbolic of the old outlook of the law, the only effect of which is often to overawe and confuse the humble litigant and prisoner."

The London policeman to whom no tourist fails to pay tribute, is not a happy being. The police, we are told, are "underpaid, under-staffed and under-criticised." The lowest paid are brought into contact with "offenders who have plenty of money and few scruples" and it is amazing to note their incorruptibility.

THE censorship of plays and films has impeded the free circulation of ideas and the self-appointed arbiters of thought appear to have the ear of the authorities. In regard to the penalising of prostitution, the law operates merely as "a system of taxation and an inducement to bribery." Girls who have merely smiled at one or two have been convicted of soliciting. Many innocent women would be convicted on a policeman's evidence. Any woman going out in the evening is in fact at the mercy of the policeman. Sober and honest criticism of courts and of the decisions of courts should be

permitted but newspapers are afraid to criticise the judges. As regards punishment, the authors feel that there are "still some judges with a childish faith that all that is necessary to reduce crime is to make punishment bigger, worse and longer." In respect of lawyers they complain that there is no profession "so grimly ignorant of what it is doing or so remarkably unself-critical." Barristers in England, it is stated, know little about the prevention of crime or of the relation of crime to psychology or economics.

OTHER spotlights attributable to the slackness of the law, have also been alluded to. Owing to the unscientific Macnaughten rules, 36 lunatics have been hanged for murder in recent years. The revenue lost to the Treasury on account of tax evasion is officially estimated annually at 5 to 10 million pounds. In 1944, there have been 100 000 abortions in England and Wales, of which 40% were criminal; but of these only 128 were convicted.

Against such a background, the distinguished jurists naturally feel that "the present drive towards protecting the dead practices of the past against the imperative needs of the present must cease. Legal habit is fruitless without legal philosophy. Barristers who seek for change are looked upon with suspicion and dislike. Eminent counsel are overworked, and judges avoid offending their contemporaries by a zeal for innovation or renovation. We should be appalled at such an atmosphere in physics or chemistry or biology. The time has come for a new Benthamite epoch, but we cannot get there without preparing men's minds for it."

If the eminent authors have portrayed the shortcomings so skilfully, they have also worked out a plan for weeding them out from the body politic. Indeed their suggestions for a root and branch reform are eminently valuable and practicable; and well worthy of being adopted in our country which has not had so far such an intelligent attempt by either the lawyers or their accredited agencies.

WELFARE STATE: A BORROWED CONCEPT

By K. S. SRINIVASAN

THE concept of the Welfare State has been borrowed from Sir William Beveridge, the British economist. But all ideas undergo great transformation when they are transplanted from a soil which is congenial to their growth to a soil which is not only not fit for them but is basically antagonistic to them. We in this country, who have been liberated from a hundred years of British domination and a thousand years of domination by all sorts of undesirable characters, need to have some historical sense. However enthusiastic we may be about catching up with advanced countries even in the matter of the hydrogen bomb, we cannot achieve what took others a hundred years in the short space of a few years. All our schemes of reconstruction and the training and education imparted in our colleges have this defect, that they cannot be applied to a country which is still largely semi-feudal in its make-up. The grafting of a parliamentary democracy on such a set-up is itself a great burden to which however at least the town people and the propertied people of the mofussil districts had been gradually habituated under the British regime. The extension of voting rights to the illiterate populace of the countryside was a great risk but it has fortunately proved a success in most places. That it will continue to be a success in the future, it is not possible to foretell with certainty, as the people might have been attracted to the polling booth by its sheer novelty. Anyway, in this respect the experiences of the bye-elections are not discouraging. Hence the risk has been justified by subsequent events, which however cannot make the original risk less risky.

People in India do not quite realise the industrial progress that had been achieved before the concept of the Welfare State began to gradually

take shape. The bases for such industrial progress had been laid in England and the U. S. A. not only by able, enterprising, and thrifty businessmen but also by the puritan philosophy in the beginning and the utilitarian philosophy later. Thrift was considered a great virtue. Christ's warning that it would be easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of Heaven was completely forgotten. Calvinistic asceticism had lost its original purpose. But it resulted in thrift which was now the chief end of abstinence. All these things contributed to the industrial progress of England and the U. S. A. Side by side, science for whose single-minded pursuit money was forthcoming in larger quantities contributed when its turn came quickly to the industrial progress.

It was only when the excesses of the industrialists' craze for profit, regardless of human suffering, began to be visible more and more glaringly, that any kind of economic control was thought of. The comparative economic freedom of the businessmen and the leaders since the days of mercantilism gave way to restraints to which the business and the trading community were compelled to submit.

BY larger and larger percentage of taxation and by resorting to other fiscal measures the State began to obtain money for the specific purpose of social services. With the success attendant on this experiment, the social welfare schemes have been gradually enlarged. The law and order theory of State went down before the welfare theory of State, welfare including the functions of the previous theory. It has come to stay in England for some time at least, where even Socialism is finding it unable to make headway because the edge of the people's discontent

has been taken off by all kinds of ameliorative services by the State.

The political and economic thought in this country has very naturally been imitative. Since the British were rulers till very recently, our universities were built on the model of the British 'varsities and the curriculum closely followed the British pattern. If we consider economics, for instance, a student was taught Keynes's multiplier theory and the Pump primary remedies which are totally inapplicable to our country's economy. The engineers know how to construct big dams and erect big factories but few of them can come down to a lower level and do a small-size job equally efficiently. And the doctors can treat very difficult diseases but few of them have made original studies of the diseases peculiar to our climate.

Naturally, with such human material often of high quality, we tend to go in for huge schemes costing several crores of rupees. The writer is not acquainted with the progress of these huge projects which, a few people proclaim will usher in an era of milk and honey. He does not know whether they will be economical and enduring, whether they will be fully utilised. He hopes that the dreams of these planners will be fulfilled. It is his purpose only to examine the incidental interpretation given to the concept of welfare by interested parties and thereby to demonstrate the class interest in copying advanced countries. Oftentimes, we do not bear the differences in our mind, which is mostly necessary when we copy. If we bear these differences in mind, the copying may not be so dangerous but may even be productive of benefits to us.

TO come to the point, Welfare State is a most advanced concept, if we give it a range which has come to it only in recent times. Asoka and other Hindu emperors did lay down avenues and dig tanks. But that is not what we mean by Welfare State today. It has an ever-increasing range and even the most efficiently

administered Government is finding it strenuous to fulfil the increasing demands of this concept. Whether it will survive at all in the future is very doubtful.

NOW we have neither the resources nor an efficient administrative machinery. Our steel frame was very efficient in administering law and order. Though drawn from among the ablest men, barring a few exceptions, it has neither the enthusiasm nor the character necessary for administering a social service State. And a Welfare State administration needs to be above all incorruptible and zealous in the execution of its tasks.

The absence of character among even the higher ranks is becoming more and more obvious. The enormous wastage incurred in the purchase stages and the execution stages needs no mention here. The Government has to be picking out able civilians and non-civilians to form committees to enquire into the corrupt or inefficient transactions of the administrators of the projects.

The latest is the Rau Committee's exposure of the Damodar Valley Corporation's transactions. Rs. 125 lakhs have been wasted. I suppose being only 33 percent of our budget it is trivial. Should we not bother about big things in a big way?

Then there are the fertilizer deal, the Japanese cloth deal, the Calcutta telephone wires deal and so on. Even the best newspapers are full of such stuff. The anti-Government newspapers are of course seething with deals and swindles.

A cynical spectator is bound to remark that the welfare idea is being scrupulously applied to the black-marketers, to traders to corrupt officials and to all those involved in the monetary transactions connected with these grandiose projects. That is the degrading condition of the welfare concept. When will we learn to work at our facts and formulate schemes in accordance with our capacities?

Conviction is the Mind's conscience.—Chamfort

SENATOR KNOWLAND

SENATOR William F. Knowland (Republican, California), new majority leader of the U. S. Senate succeeding the late Senator Taft, is one of the youngest (age 45) senators in American history to serve as majority party leader. He decided early in life to enter public service and chose journalism for his apprenticeship.

Knowland's political career was thus moulded early. At the age of 12 he was making political speeches. Three years after he was finance



chairman of a California Republican club.

After receiving his bachelor of arts degree in political science from the University of California, he joined the staff of the *Oakland Tribune*, owned by his father. In 1933 he became assistant publisher of the paper and directed its political policy.

That same year, at the age of 25, he won his first elective office to become the youngest member of the California State Legislature. Two years later he was elected to the assembly as a senator. Later, he became the youngest man ever to serve as chairman of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee.

Knowland interrupted his political career in 1942 to enter the U. S.

Army. While serving in Europe as a major in 1945, he was appointed to the U. S. Senate by California Governor Earl Warren to fill a vacancy. At 37 Knowland was the Senate's youngest member. He has served there ever since. His current committee assignments are the Armed Services, Appropriations, and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy—three of the most important in the Senate.

Always a strong vote-getter, Knowland's popularity reached a zenith in 1952 when he won the nomination of both the Republican and Democratic parties in the California State primaries. In the Republican primaries, California voters gave Knowland 1,499,290 votes to 185,827 for his two opponents. In addition, another 1,000,000 Democrats favoured Knowland over their own party candidate to give him the largest total vote ever recorded in a California primary. With both party nominations his election was undisputed.

As a senator, Knowland's stand on various important issues has evoked descriptions running the political gamut from conservative to liberal.

Knowland has vigorously supported civil rights and labour legislations. He helped formulate an eight-point wage formula where labour and management in yearly conferences would determine wages based on anticipated profits.

CHARACTERISED by his associates as "resolute in his political principles and earnest and hardworking," Knowland's political and personal colleagues regard him with respect and affection.

Knowland's views of world affairs are global. He sees the Communist threat as world-wide rather than localised. Although supporting all of the programmes for aiding Europe, his interest has centred primarily in the Korean struggle and related problems of the Far East and South Asia.

Senator Knowland is married to the former Helen Davis Herrick, and they have three children.—USIS.

TAGORE'S PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

By P. V. RAJAMANNAR

Chief Justice of Madras

THOUGH every social reform is based on a positive philosophical concept, its proximate cause is invariably the prevalence of a social evil. The origin of Tagore's great experiment in education, namely, the starting of the school at Shantiniketan in Bolpur was, as he himself confessed, not any new theory of education but the memory of his school days. Tagore's school days were far from happy. He recalled them always with aversion. The school for him was wooden and conventional; it was rigid, unimaginative and loveless. The harsh discipline, bordering almost on cruelty, made a deep impression on his sensitive mind. One school master made him stand bare-headed in the sun for hours. His dread of school life was such that he even attempted to get ill so that he could escape going to school. His father came to know of the unhappiness of his school life and withdrew him from school before it could do more harm.

In 1901 Tagore started his school with a handful of students. He had a place as it were prepared and consecrated for the work. Maharishi Devendranath Tagore, the poet's father, in his early youth found a place in Bolpur where he used to meditate under a big Chatham tree and it was there he first received his enlightenment. He created a lovely garden there, built a house and a temple of coloured glass with white marble flooring, open to light and air on all sides; and gave it away as an endowment for all those who wished to spend time in quiet meditation and communion with God. This was Shantiniketan, the "abode of peace". It was while residing there that Rabindranath conceived the idea of undertaking the great educational experiment which has now become world-famous.

There could be no doubt that Tagore was inspired by the idea of

the ancient gurukulas, the ashramas—the forest schools of ancient India. These gurukulas and ashramas were strictly neither schools nor were they monasteries in the modern sense of the word. They consisted of homes where with their families lived wise and learned men leading a spiritual life. Boys left their homes and studied with their guru in his hermitage. Both the guru and the sishyas lived a simple, almost an ascetic life, far away from all the excitements of cities, close to the very heart of mother nature. Teaching was not a profession for the guru. It was a part of his life and study.

WHILE this was the main source of Tagore's inspiration, the immediate provocation was the hopelessly defective educational system prevalent then in Bengal. The main, indeed the greatest fault was that the system completely overlooked the fact that every child was an individual with a personality which was many-sided. In short, the system did not recognise that the boy had a soul. Havell, whose services to Indian art and culture can never be forgotten, once said that "perhaps the greatest fault to be found with the educational methods adopted under the British rule was a lack of imagination, the absence of all stimulus for the spiritual side of human nature and the neglect of all that conduces to the brightness of school or college life." Tagore himself once described the then prevalent system of education in the country as if it were a "tin of condensed and congealed milk untouched by the human hand." Education was understood to be synonymous with mere book learning and the imparting of theoretical information in the classrooms. The other important drawback was discipline which stifled all freedom.

Tagore used to say that his religion was essentially a poet's religion. Its derivation was not from knowledge but from vision. Likewise, Tagore's philosophy of education is also a poet's philosophy. Tagore's vision was a vision of man's unity with nature, the individual's life in harmony with all that exists. So he says "the highest education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all existence." But sadly he found that in the schools, knowledge was being imparted in such a manner that life was weaned away from nature with the result the boys lost their world and found instead a bagful of information. As Tagore forcibly pointed out "we rob the child of his earth to teach him geography, of language to teach him grammar. His hunger is for the epic but he is supplied with chronicles of facts and dates. He was born in the human world but he is banished into the world of living gramophones."

According to Tagore, the object of education is to give man the unity of truth. The ordinary schools which devote their sole attention to give the children information put the entire emphasis on the intellect which results in a break between the physical, intellectual and spiritual life of the children which should have a harmonious development. Tagore believed in a spiritual world, not as something different from the physical world but as the innermost manifestation of reality. This spiritual world had to be gained by the children by fully living in it and not through the medium of dry theological instruction.

AS a poet, Rabindranath was a lover of nature, sensitive to all its beauty and responsive to all the emotions which beauty awakens in the human mind. He felt and felt strongly that the education of the children should be in an atmosphere of beauty and freedom of nature. Knowledge should be imparted in such a manner that the children should have a real first hand and direct experience of nature. Children should not get the impression that the world is a big school room

or a drawing room. Children love colour and movement and they should not be stifled from enjoying them by a wooden system of schooling. The place of nature in the education of the young man was often stressed by him; thus: "We do not want now-a-days temples of worship and outward rites and ceremonies; what we really want is an Ashram. We want a place where the beauty of nature and the noblest pursuits of man are in a pleasant harmony. Our temple of worship is there, where outward nature and the human soul meet in union."

TAGORE was an apostle of the abundance of the joy of life, to be realised through the senses as well as by the spirit. Monotony of life and lack of joy were according to him the outstanding defects of the Indians of today and he wanted to remove them by a system of education which gave full scope to his theory. A great educationist, Whitehead, shares the same view. He points out that there can be no mental development without interest. You may endeavour to excite interest by means of birch-rods but that is certainly by no means the best method. Joy is the normal healthy spur for the creation of interest. Hence the unimportance, indeed the evil of barren knowledge.

Tagore certainly believed in discipline for the young. But he firmly believed, as did Whitehead, that over-vigorous discipline in education was harmful. "The habit of active thought with freshness can only be generated by adequate freedom." Indiscriminating discipline dullens the mind. "Trust the boy and let him grow" is the secret of great modern systems of education like the Montessori's and that was also Tagore's motto. Tagore advocated for the children freedom from soulless mechanical habits and conventionalism.

Tagore insisted on simplicity of living during the period of education, not because of a frame of mind which idealised poverty but because simple living leads to complete touch with life and personal experience of the world. He believed that luxuries were likely to be burdens on boys.

A short account of the daily routine of the school will give a concrete shape to Tagore's philosophy of education. At 4.30 in the morning, a choir of boys go around the school, singing songs and rouse the sleepers up into the beauty and calm of early dawn. The boys then clean their rooms; they draw water for their bath; they then go through physical exercises in the open air, bathe and then the boys sit and meditate for quarter of an hour. Referring to this practice, Tagore says, "I insist on this period of meditation not, however, expecting the boys to be hypocrites and to make believe they are meditating. But I do insist that they remain quiet, that they exert the power of self-control, even though instead of contemplating on God they may be watching the squirrels running up the trees." At 6 a.m. a musical gong sounds. The boys all move reverently in a procession into the school temple where there is a brief service. Before the lessons commence, the boys assemble and chant together mantras from the Upanishads. Classes are held in the open air when the weather is fine; in fact, the whole life of the school practically goes on out of doors. The boys have their mid-day meal at about 12 o'clock and their evening meal at 7. It is a simple meal, consisting of rice, dhall and vegetable curries together with ghee and milk. In the evening there are games. The elder boys go to the neighbouring villages and hold evening classes to teach village lads. After the evening bath, there is again a quarter of an hour of meditation and the chanting of hymns before the last meal and when the meal is over, the boys have an hour for storytelling, acting, singing and so on. After the day's work, they retire to bed at about 9 and again a choir of boys go round the school singing evening songs. They begin their day with songs and they end it with songs.

The school discipline is very interesting. The boys elect the captain for every week; he sees that order is kept and the boys have to obey him implicitly. Under the captain are many sub-captains, also elected, who have each under their special charge a group of six or seven boys whom

they look after. There is a sort of court of justice that sits every night. Breach of conduct on the part of any member of the school is brought up before it for trial. It is only in extremely difficult cases that teachers themselves deal with them and such only occur very rarely. Punishment takes the form of complete boycott of the offender who is reinstated at once on confession of the fault. Corporal punishment of any description is absolutely forbidden. There is no great distinction between the teachers and the pupils of Shantiniketan. Teachers are on intimate and living terms with the pupils. The children, according to Tagore, should receive their lessons from a living teacher and not from text-books. This was the basis of the ancient Indian system of education. A teacher was not a vehicle of text-books. Teaching must be made of life-stuff, easily assimilable by the living human nature of the children. Children are living beings, probably more living than grown-up people with their shells of habit around them. Therefore, it is necessary for their mental health and development that they should not have mere schools for their lessons but a world whose guiding spirit is personal love.

I CANNOT do better to sum up Tagore's conception of the ideal school than to quote his own words: "It must be an ashram where men have gathered for the highest end of nature; where life is not merely meditative, but fully awake in its activities; where boys' minds are not being perpetually drilled into believing that the ideal of the self-idolatry of the nation is the truest ideal for them to accept; where they are bidden to realise man's world as God's kingdom, to whose citizenship they have to aspire; where the sunrise and sunset and the silent glory of stars are not daily ignored; where nature's festivities of flowers and fruit have their joyous recognition from man; and where the young and the old, the teacher and the student, sit at the same table to partake of their daily food and the food of their eternal life."—Radio talk, Madras Station, A. I. R.

THE CAUSE

She was so enraged that she was not amenable to reason. She scolded me in the way an uncultured brute would... Then I met the rustic cobbler. He assaulted me ferociously.

IT was in the Central Jail, Trichinopoly, that I picked up his acquaintance. I am an ex-convict and I do not know whether a convict's impression of another convict can be any other than a normal man's view of a normal man. For, my own experience and experiments with truth have shown me that in the axiomatic, two negatives which make an affirmative, there obtains some such law as can have a universal application. Thus, I am confident of my normalness when I venture upon recording something of a fellow criminal who looked very like a man at that time. Of course, I do not know whether he does look so now, when he might have been set free.

My crime was that I knowingly and wilfully broke a law of His Majesty's Government, 'misguided' by that half-naked fakir known as Mahatma Gandhi. The thing which made Marimuthu a prisoner, properly convicted and securely confined was, that he, without knowing what he was about in a realm where forensic frenzy has much to do, tested the strength of cohesion on the shin of somebody for some reason psychologically intelligible but juridically untenable. That there were such things as laws forged by great logical brains and approved by very high personages, lying in wait for every man, it is inconceivable he could ever have known. As for the business of breaking the shin in question, he decidedly meant it and actually accomplished it without a mincing of matters. But, as soon as the shin he aimed at was broken, the

very sacred thing of a law caught hold of him.

I first met Marimuthu the day I was taken in from the Quarantine. That day it was given to him to save a patriot (meaning me) from a humiliation, not worth mentioning here. The conversation which followed that incident brought him nearer to me. Casually he informed me that he was a cobbler and untouchable. This made me all the more attached to him.

Within a few days, Marimuthu became a faithful *chela* of mine, and this earned for me the respect of the whole jail. Moreover, his company and his voluntary services to me made life in prison bearable and even com-

fortable. At first I abhorred the idea of using contraband things. But, in course of time, I had to yield to the affectionate persuasions of Marimuthu and the aesthetic inclinations of my own tongue.

"Master, don't you have a wife, home, and all that?" was the curious question suddenly put to me one day by Marimuthu.

I could not help smiling.

"If I had no wife and no home my life here would be no sacrifice at all. Don't you see?"

"Then, would they not suffer through your absence?"

"They would."

"But, Master, we shouldn't think of our home now. It would be unmanly and silly to do so. Wouldn't it be?"

"Silly, of course."

SHORT STORY

By

T. J. RANGANATHAN

HE kept quiet for a while, and then suddenly brightening up, whispered in my ears: "I shall bring you a cocoanut to-day. I have pitched upon a fellow to do the thing."

"What shall I do with a cocoanut?"

"Anything", was his crisp reply; and he scampered off before I could think of any further question.

Half an hour passed by, and he came back, not with a cocoanut but with a handful of onions.

Giving them to me, he muttered: "The fool! He made a mess of it all. You mustn't trust that idiot of a warder, Master. The very fellow who was in the habit of conniving at these things has betrayed us. I don't know whether my name also will be dragged into the affair. If the fellow bungles before the Superintendent, I am blowed."

"What will they do to you?"

"They won't take me out, and I want to go out to-day."

Marimuthu was a short-term prisoner and generally short-term prisoners are not taken out for extramural work. But the Superintendent was so pleased with him that in Marimuthu's case an exemption was allowed. Extramural work means not a little to prisoners. If you are poetically inclined, it means another day's glance at the wide vast world with all its sounds and scenes; if, on the other hand, your mind is bent upon behaving in a matter-of-fact manner, it means so much of tobacco, snuff, beedies and what not, arriving in a mysterious way. I was aware of it all; yet I asked him: "But why are you very particular about going out? There are only fifteen days more for your release, and is it not a good thing to have as much of this jail inside it as you can these fifteen days?"

"Fifteen days!" he murmured with a jerk of his head, and added in bitter drawl: "Fifteen days is nothing, and I don't mind it." Then his voice rose: "But, Master, I feel like telling you something of my story today. Shall I?"

"Go ahead," I nodded.

"I am not a vain fellow, as you know well, Master. . . but my wife

is a very pretty girl," he began clumsily. "You should have a look at her one of these days."

Maybe she was a pretty girl. As every silly husband has got an affectionate wife, so every jealous husband possesses a pretty wife whom somebody is always on the look-out to lead astray.

"But, where is your story?" I asked impatiently.

"Hm! I am coming to that," he paused awhile, and after humming and hawing a little, continued: "She is a pretty girl, as I told you just now. She loves me. She helps me. Cobbling is not a joke, Master. It requires strong teeth and callous fingers. She helps me a lot, and nobody knows it. She comes from town. She knows reading and writing. She is that intelligent."

HE paused again.

"I will tell you the story another time, Master," he ended abruptly, and went away without giving me time to make any remark.

But as I was wondering what all this strange behaviour of his meant, he reappeared inside of a few minutes and in an anxious tone asked me: "Master, Are you angry with me?"

I laughed and made no reply.

"I will tell you the story," he began; "after all it is not a long one."

"Then why this beating about the bush?"

His face became very serious. "Yesternight I dreamt a very bad dream," he said. "Hm! I am here and she is there. You are here, Master, because you wanted Swaraj for our country. I am here because I wanted to fulfil the wishes of a girl. Yet the girl is weeping there. It is absurd—the whole business, I mean. I don't know what they gain by this. By keeping me away from her, they can't make a foolish fellow's shin turn all right . . ."

He did not finish. His eyes brimmed with tears, and his lips quivered like the strings of a well-tuned violin when bowed by an expert hand.

"Don't be silly," I said in a soothing tone. "It won't lead you any-

where to think and talk like this. Fifteen days more, and you are off to be by the side of that loving girl. Leave these queer thoughts aside and be a man."

My words were of no avail. He burst into a violent fit of weeping and departed without telling me his story even then.

That day he did not pay me his usual evening visit before the jail-birds were driven to their nocturnal roost. When the warder made his appearance, I entered my cell, and while he slammed the door with a mechanical swiftness, I wondered whether my well-intentioned words could have had anything to do with Marimuthu's failure to turn up that evening.

The warder locked my door, and clinking the bunch of keys, passed on to the next. It was time for me to go to bed.

JUST at the moment when I unrolled the coarse flaxen sheet to stretch myself on, I heard somebody rapping on the iron bars of my door in so wild a manner that I thought it was an illusion born of my strange musings about Marimuthu's unusual behaviour. But the rap persistently continued, and I looked up to find Marimuthu himself dressed from crown to toe in a white uniform, so like a convict warder.

He signed me not to speak aloud; he shed a few drops of tears. "I am come to take leave of you. Don't forget me. Keep this," he whispered, and something flew from his hand and fell into my cell; the next instant the robust figure of Marimuthu had disappeared. I was stunned.

Half an hour passed. All of a sudden the whole staff of the jail became very busy, and I heard and saw the restless movements of men outside my cell and a chatter among the denizens of cells like mine. The counting of prisoners took place many a time and various methods such as queuing, marching in and out, were adopted. It took them three hours to discover somebody was missing, an hour more to find out who that 'somebody was, and a further

half to make sure that their conclusions were correct.

In the very beginning I conjectured aright what the whole business was about and who that missing somebody was. Who else could it be but my own Marimuthu? But I was careful enough to dissemble like one innocent of any knowledge of it for obvious reasons.

Yes, he had escaped and the authorities commenced anew the adventurous task of recapturing the 'dangerous criminal'—which name was bestowed upon him in justification of the precautionary methods the jail officials had been adopting, making it impossible for any prisoner of ordinary talents to get out of their hands.

Next morning I looked for the thing thrown by Marimuthu into my cell prior to his departure. It was no other than a beautiful, many-coloured, hand-woven purse. I opened it and found a small bit of paper inside. Something was scribbled in pencil by an illegible hand on that. With some difficulty I was able to make out what it was. "*Now I am a Gandhi-girl. I am supplying shoes to all Gandhi-men in our town when they picket. If you were with me now! But the fellow whose shin you broke annoys me. I do not know what to do.*" This was the text of it. I put the letter back into the purse and kept it safe in a hiding place.

SOME days elapsed before I could find a companion from among the prisoners of my own type. The lad I came upon had a quiet glow about his face, and, as it seemed to me at the first instance, possessed an alert brain and a quick mind. We got attached to each other very soon. This friendship proved a different kind. We spent much of our time together, discussing things on a level above the reach of average minds. I did not feel the deprivation of contraband things. I even felt joyous at the experience of this intellectual association. In spite of it all there was a feeling within me which indicated that a vague something eluded me that could not be made up for with any of the happiness derived

from this new companionship. Even the mute presence of that rustic cobbler had been giving me an inexplicable pleasure which I did not have now.

A month went by. My acquaintance and I were as usual at the bathing tank one morning.

"After all the fellow is recaptured, Sir," someone gleefully informed me.

"Who? Marimuthu, you mean?"

"Yes, the very fellow."

"Where is he—in the Quarantine or has he come in?"

"Come in. Under lock and key in a solitary cell where red caps are usually kept."

Without saying a word I hastened towards the particular row of single cells intended for red caps, followed by my friend in amazement.

I SPOTTED out the cell. The moment Marimuthu saw me, he rose and leapt forward violently as if he were bent upon breaking asunder the iron door. But the next moment he stepped back with an embarrassment about his face as it were at the sight of something abominable, and his eyes gazed blankly behind me. I turned my look towards where his attention seemed riveted and saw there none else besides my companion. The suppressed emotions within the breast of that motionless figure were visible to my searching eyes.

"What the devil does it all mean?" exclaimed Marimuthu, recovering from the confusion. "You fool! You too are here! I thought you so—a cut-throat. But your skin is turned all right?"

"The days are changed, and an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is not to be," I mumbled to myself mechanically, though not understanding what it all meant.

"I joined the movement," muttered the friend behind me, irrelevantly, "and they have brought me here."

"You joined the movement and became a Gandhi-man to get a pair of slippers from a girl who belonged to somebody else," roared Marimuthu. "Then the movement be blowed, and Gandhi—no, he is a great man."

I did not know what to say.

"Marimuthu," I called out.

"We shall meet some other time, Master," said he, abruptly the rudeness of his tone shocking me.

I LEFT the place.

After a while, I was joined by my new friend in my cell.

Seeing a revulsion in my attitude towards him, he tried to explain the whole thing to me.

"You are mistaken", he said. Allow me a word of explanation. I tell you that fellow is under a misapprehension."

"What is that? Come to the point," I growled.

"He is very much enamoured of that girl, who is after all not so much of a witch, I assure you. It is all a mistake. And that girl, I tell you, is a mischievous sort. She is desirous of possessing things which she could not even dream of getting in this life of hers. He is awfully infatuated with her and the law seems to be very often intervening in the manifestations of that love. He assaults somebody for her sake; he scales the walls of a prison for the sake of her; he is caught because of her refusal to seek a hiding place; in all likelihood he will be going on doing things to please her, which also may turn out something cognizable in a court of law—"

"But the explanation?"

Although I grew impatient over his roundabout way of saying the thing, I perceived yet a ring of sincerity in his voice.

"Yes, it is like this," he began. "You know I am no exception to the crime of absentmindedness in intellectuals. I am a chauffeur by calling, which fact I have been concealing from you because of my fear that you would avoid mistaking me for a non-intellectual. I had to resort to that vocation, failing to secure something better. Once I had parked my Master's car somewhere. This ubiquitous girl seems to have had got into it out of inquisitiveness and without my knowledge. Imagining her to be my Master, because of my absentmindedness, I jumped into the car and drove away. The carburetter was

somewhat out of order and making such a hell of a noise that I could not hear the scream of the girl before I had driven a considerable distance. I knew my mistake when it was too late. She was fretting and fuming. I tried to pacify her and promised to get her back to her place. She was so enraged that she was not amenable to reason. She scolded me in the way an uncultured brute would. She attributed motives; that was rather thick. Then I didn't care a hang and bundled her off straight to where my boss was. The very next day I met this rustic cobbler. He took me unawares and assaulted me ferociously. My left shin was broken. Everybody was convinced of my innocence, and the fellow was convicted. So that's that."

He finished. With a silent nod of my head, I asked, "But what do you say to this?" and handed him the little scroll I had found in the purse.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE British Museum, that storehouse of priceless treasures, celebrates this year the bicentenary of its foundation by Sir Hans Sloane. Dr. Gavin de Beer, Director of the Natural History section of the Museum, broadcast in the BBC's "Radio Newsreel", and described the way in which the huge collection grew from the single private collection made by Sloane in the eighteenth century. He recalled that Sloane was a doctor and as the most important drugs used in medicine came from plants a man who wished to progress in the art of healing needed to be an expert botanist, and a good, well-ordered collection was like a dictionary in which facts could be quickly turned up. Sloane's interest in natural history led him to collect animals, fossils and minerals and as his interests widened he acquired books, manuscripts, coins and medals, Egyptian and Roman antiquities and works of art. In those days it was quite the mode for great men to have their "cabinets of curiosities," usually with a stuffed crocodile hung from the ceiling, large ammonite shells, and perhaps the clothing of some savage tribe, but Sloane's Museum was diffe-

At first he could not understand me.

I told him the story of the purse and the scroll.

HE tried to read it. Then he burst into laughter, crying: "Oh the girl thinks too much of her beauty! She began helping the movement, and I joined the movement. Along with others I went to her for a pair of shoes. She refused me. I didn't care. I never went to her again. Many a time had I met her on the road, and she seems to be under the delusion that all my activities centre round her. Absurd! I don't know where it will all end. But the law is there."

Yes, the law is there as it ever will be, and the girl also is there. But where will Marimuthu be? I can't say. For that matter nobody can say.

(Rendered from the Original Tamil)

rent. "The chief function of a Museum is education and the discovery of new knowledge, which is research," said Dr. de Beer, and Sloane knew this. In order that his wonderful collections should be preserved after his death for the advancement of learning, the benefit of mankind and all posterity he conceived the idea of a museum belonging to the nation and proposed that the Government should buy his collection from his executors for twenty thousand pounds. Parliament did this and added to it books that had once belonged to Sir Robert Cotton and manuscripts collected by Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. And so the British Museum was founded, by an Act which received the Royal assent in June, 1753.

The great library, the manuscripts, coins and medals, prints and drawings, antiquities and ethnographical exhibits are still kept in Bloomsbury, whilst the British Museum (Natural History) contains the animals, plants, fossils, rocks and minerals and books about them. Both Museums are fully equipped for research on their collections which provide the greatest instruments of education of their kind in the world.

Tabloid Wisdom

By

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

"GROW old with me, the best is yet to be," sang Browning. The best in growing old can be interpreted as awakening to a greater and greater wisdom. Such wisdom is seen enshrined in the world's proverb literature—wisdom which is conveyed through shrewdness, commonsense, good sense; often with quite an Upanishadic profundity, wit and humour, healing satire and innocent cynicism. Ancient saws appear slightly modified, sometimes with an original air, as modern instances. A saw is a proverbial saying, an adage, as distinguished from the aphorism which is an epigrammatic saying; and a proverb, more than an aphorism, belongs to life, for it cannot be made a mere jugglery of words, as the aphorism is often done as a literary form, by men, even eminent men of letters. The *apothegm* is Greek; the *maxim* and *dictum* are Roman; the *pensee* and *bon mot* are French; the *referendo*, *adagio* and *proverbio*, Spanish; the *detto*, Italian; the *poslovitsa*, Russian; the *lokokti* and *laukikanyaya*, Sanskrit; the *pazhamozhi*, Tamil; the *pazhanchol*, Malayalam. Thus a little etymologically the word proverb which itself comes from the Latin—'pro' publicly, and 'Verbum' a word.

This thesaurus was opened to me casually the other day by Dr. Selwyn Gurney Champion's monumental work entitled *Racial Proverbs*, which is a collection of proverbs of twenty-seven countries and from hundred and eighty six languages. Dr. Champion defines a proverb as "a racial aphorism which has been or still is in common use, conveying advice or counsel, invariably camouflaged figuratively, disguised in metaphor or allegory." The metaphor's claim, however, is often modest in that it is satisfied with a musical quick phrasing, while the allegory opens up a parallel avenue for the analogy.

In the cosmopolis of Thought, prejudices can never have any place, and one nation does not hesitate to

import from another a word, a phrase, strange though its apparel, should it satisfy the purpose of utility. For example, such popular sayings as: "Call a spade a spade!" "Speak no ill of the dead!" "Those whom the gods love die young!" "Life is short, Art is long!" can all be traced to Greek sources. A proverb or proverbialism, in fine, may be said to illustrate a nation's climate of thought, and proverbs are the entelechy of universal human experience, thus "to confirm the good knight Don Quixote's view that proverbs are true, being opinions extracted from the same experience." Or, proverbial wisdom is exactly the same the world over differing only in rendering; love, hunger, and fear are the basic factors that rule mankind, primitive or cultured, factors uninfluenced by environment or civilization. To take only one instance and its racial variants:—

"One day a guest, two days a guest, the third a nuisance." (Urdu)

"Fresh fish and newcome guests smell in three days." (English)

"Guests and fish will get old on the third day." (Estonian)

"After three days fish and a guest who tarries become odious." (Czech)

"After three days, a woman, a guest, and the rain become very tiresome." (Latin)

"Guests and fish stink on the third day." (Montenegrin)

To which may be added the Tamil variant which is rather peppery, as the following story will illustrate:—

A newly-wed young man who was a guest at his father-in-law's for the first time was so welcomed and feasted and fed that he could not refrain from giving expression to his happiness. So, with the nearest piece of charcoal he could lay hands on, he wrote on the whitewashed wall: "A father-in-law's house is verily a paradise." Early next morning he was surprised to find beneath it, charcoal writ: "After three nights like unto a dog." It was the work of his amiable brother-in-law!

The same proverb occurs in many other European and Eastern languages; such a similitude can be traced

to the territorial expansion of nations and intermarriage and thus the mutual assimilation of customs and modes of thought. And in an era of splitting the atom and setting up speed records in land and sea and air, of the growth of the Press in whose writings references to foreign languages and literature occur increasingly and so presuppose some knowledge of these on the part of both writer and reader, wisdom, which in days of old was cried at the gates by prophets and preached bivouacked under changing skies by philosophers, puts a girdle, like Ariel, round the world, defying time and distance, and unifying human thought with the boon and benison of a miracle.

The theme of the proverbs is an extraordinary variety: love, marriage, wives, children, luck, destiny, character, and for a happy ending, such as they lived happily ever after, happiness. And the truth of the proverb, as of the pudding, is in the tasting.

Here are some samples:

"Eyes meet eyes, and love slips out between."

"Love can't be hid by hiding."

"Love, musk, and a cough, cannot be suppressed or concealed."

"He that marries a widow with three daughters marries four thieves."

"Men love their own compositions and other men's wives."

"Put jewellery on a woman and look at her, and plaster a wall and look at it."

And so on. With the exception of the sublime sayings of great poets, prophets, and philosophers which have become proverbial, the proverb is unique as the expression of the universal mind, unfading flowers in its crannied wall, of which one may well apprehend with the poet:

I pluck you out of the crannies
I hold you here, root and all in my
hand,
Little flower—but if I could under-
stand

What you are, root and all. and all
in all,
I should know what God and man
is.

OTHER JOURNALS, OTHER MINDS

Problems Of Authorship

"DOES an author get a living wage from his profession?" asks *The Economist* of London in its issue for April 25, 1953 and goes on to examine the various aspects of the problem under the title 'Author's Pay' from the standpoint of the creative writer, especially the novelist.

"What rewards—what inducements to continued effort and output—do authors of 'Serious Books' command? Their position today is probably somewhat happier than that of the average 'creative writer' though this is not necessarily saying much . . . The non-fiction writer in the majority of cases obtained the material for his books while practising some other profession, of which teaching is most important. Falling incomes from royalties may produce chagrin and even household economies, but hardly turn a man from his vocation."

Non-fiction writers are in a happier position. They belong to two classes: writers at the secondary education and university levels. The text-book writer's market is thus wider and the life of his work much longer.

Cheap reprints of books (apart from the Penguin) has almost disappeared. No publisher will take a risk on a new and young author. Only standard editions of classics have a chance with the bookseller. Even these have only small initial sales and have to wait for another generation to discover them.

"Indeed the growing difficulties of publishing serious books amount to the gradual destruction of the one channel through which, in a mass society, minority opinion can make itself heard and slowly but surely effective. Only by a drastic reduction in the cost of book making, and an increase in the habit of book-ownership, can this distressing tendency be righted.

The position of the imaginative writer today is precarious.

Contemporary Soviet Novel

THE Post-war Russian Novel is a subject of study by Helen Rapp in *The Listener* for April 30, 1953. She

confines herself largely to the Stalin Prize-winning Novels in which no single individual but Collective Effort is Hero. Simplicity is the post-war Soviet writer's *summum bonum* in life. Anything 'smart' is suspect: it is not wholly good. These novels with their stress on dialogue as a medium of action are comparable to film scenarios.

The Soviet novel has ceased to be an art form. It has become what Chernyshevsky a hundred years ago hoped it would be; a manual of life to men. But what it teaches is worth examining if one wishes better to understand the Russian point of view. Its constant insistence on an extremely high level of effort and achievement, seen in the light of the vast public it reaches, makes it an important factor in assessing the mind and outlook of our Russian contemporaries. It is all too easy to make fun of a dairy maid whose life centres on one rather superbovine cow, but one can sense a great deal of poetry in this human abandonment to work, and one can certainly lose any inclination to underrate the degree of fanatic perseverance and idealism on the other side of the curtain."

A DREAM, THAT'S ALL I ASK

NOW,
in this pain,
this all-aloneness,
as hopes dissolve,
and beliefs effervesce,
mnemonic arms grope
pastward,
when,
beneath the blue bower of your looks
drunk with the night-scent of your
tresses,
I dreamt.

A dream, that's all I ask;
in which you will smile,
and from the heavy-lidded drowse,
slipping, my ache shall die in you.

The dream that'll free me
from the night's rough embrace,
so I'll ask:
what's reality
but the ragged end of a dream—
the remains of the party,
the disorder and the hangover?

R. C. RAJA SEKHAR

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NEW BOOKS

MARSHLANDS
and

PROMETHEUS MISBOUND

By Andre Gide

Translated by George D. Painter

Secker & Warburg, London

12s 6d net

ANDRE GIDE, the French writer of world renown died in February 1951, at the grand old age of eighty-one. Novelist, critic, playwright, candid and fascinating autobiographer, his literary output is enormous; the journals which he kept since when he was a youth of twenty (1889) till 1949, which run into four bulky volumes are "generally acclaimed as his cardinal work... a brilliant conspectus of the social, literary, and the political trends of the age of the Third French Republic." An artist splendid in action at conferences, a tireless searcher after truth (as his correspondence with Paul Claudel shows), his mind ever open and vigorous, he got the maximum out of life. He helped to found and run the important literary monthly in France, the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, "which made him feel that even when he was not writing, he was being useful." His energy was phenomenal. Calling Gide a humanist, "the humanist of our age—not of other ages, but of this one," E. M. Forster has paid him the highest compliment: "The humanist has four leading characteristics—curiosity, a free mind, belief in good taste, and belief in the human race—and all four are present in Gide." It is an incisive pen-portrait, clear-cut as a cameo.

"I remember so well the last time I met him (writes Forster); it was in an international congress of writers at Paris in the 'thirties, and he had to make a speech. A tall, willowy figure, he undulated on the platform above the vast audience, rather full of airs and graces and inclined to watch his own efforts. Then he forgot himself and remembered the human race and made a magnificent oration... As his thought soared, his style became fluid, and sentimentality passed into affection."



Andre Gide

Society reacts differently and in varying degrees of heat and cold to the thoughts and personality of an imaginative writer and Gide had enemies not so much for his primacy as an artist as for his political and religious views. But he was bold and always spoke out; "devoted to his personality," as one of his saner critics observes about him, "if it is true that some writers have sought to live in an ivory tower, it is equally true that Gide insisted on living in a glass one. He liked people to see what he was doing." Maybe, but he was not afraid of stones being thrown at him, and from where he lived (the glass tower) he taught thousands of men "to mistrust facades, to call the bluff, to be brave without bounce and inconsistent without frivolity."

Marshlands and *Prometheus Misbound* (*Paludes* and *Le Promethee Mal Enchaine* in the original French) are now published in the Standard

Edition of the Works of Andre Gide, and the English translations are by George D. Painter who has already written an excellent study of Gide. Mr. Painter, an assistant keeper in the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum, has the reputation of a poet and critic, and it is profitable to read his translations parallelly with his critical evaluation of the famous French writer.

Marshlands is about an author who is trying to write a book called 'Marshlands.' "Before I explain my book to others," writes Gide in his preface, "I am waiting for others to explain it to me. To explain it beforehand would be to restrict its meaning; for though we may know what we intended to say, we do not know if that was all we have actually been saying." All the characters depicted are the author's friends and he wants to propel them into action by showing them how humdrum and how meaningless are their lives compared with his. His friends are the victims of his satire too. Here are "my great friend, Hubert," Angela, "the literary lady whose remarks are always infuriatingly and sometimes penetratingly sensible." The author attends an evening at-home at Angela's when the assembled guests dart their barbs of animadversion against his unwritten book; he plans a sort of elopement with Angela which will mean the beginning of a new life; but, alas, their journey which takes place on a Saturday is a failure because it rains that day, and they are forced to come back in time for church next day. Add to this disaster falls the bolt from the blue—throwing to the winds all his responsibilities Hubert leaves for Biskra.

"Oh, Hubert!—what about your charities!" (The author sends a telegram to his friend).

"Balls, letter follows." (Comes the reply.)

"When 'Marshlands' is finished God only knows what there will be left for me to do."

Marshlands, however, remains unfinished and the author now sets to work on a sequel to it to be called

Netherlands—"an old subject which wouldn't make me contradict myself."

Prometheus Misbound is a delectable fantasy. It tells how the demigod of the Greek legend—chained to the summit of the Caucasus by Zeus and an eagle feeding on his liver daily because of his attempt to make men free—"descends the boulevard leading from the Madeleine to the Opera, and sits down in a restaurant where he is joined by Damocles and Cocles both in a state of acute anxiety." Soon comes in his wake the mighty eagle. Amazing events occur. Zeus appears as a banker. The waiter at the restaurant tells Zeus that he is regarded by some as God Almighty. Zeus doesn't repudiate it. Gide treats the theme with great hilarity and unflagging humour; the significance beneath is grave. Mr. Painter illuminates many points here.

"Gide in Paris was surrounded by literary rivals who were his inferiors. The price they demanded for admiring his works was one that he could not pay: that he in return should admire theirs. Gide was not to feel at home in Paris literary circles until, in the next decade, a new generation of young disciples had grown up around him. His satire in 'Marshlands' and 'Prometheus' has a brilliant gaiety that comes of exasperation partly digested, and partly turned against himself... Virtue and vice, passion and duty are, in this aspect of equal worth; and when the quest is completed its result can itself be abandoned and utilised; we may eat our eagle."

Towards the end of *Prometheus*, Tityrus and Angela of *Marshlands* appear once again.

In the world's comic literature these two brilliant satires—*soeties* as Andre Gide would classify them—hold a high place.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Secret Stream

By Marcel Ayme

The Bodley Head, London

11s 6d

AMONG contemporary French novelists Marcel Ayme is one of the most popular and versatile. A first-rate storyteller, he is a close

observer of human nature, warm, witty,—a polished ironist. Writing of him in the *Sunday Times* Somerset Maugham said: "He is little known in England, and should be much better known." His first novel appeared in 1925 and since then he has written many, more than sixteen: plays, short stories, and books for children. *The Transient Hour* which began making him known outside his own country, *The Miraculous Barber*, *The Barkeep of Belmont*, *The Fable and the Flesh* are some of his more celebrated novels.

The Secret Stream deals with a repellent murder. Sex is the motive. It is done by a lawyer, a respected townsman. The crime is fastened on a misshapen day-labourer. But a boy happens to witness the deed; unwilling at first he reports it to his father who is also unwilling to talk out; eventually the truth is ferretted out by a police sergeant, an industrious plodder in his work. A simple story but pregnant with pure horror, M. Ayme constructs it with great grace and technical charm. He is rich as ever in imparting comic hues to grisly realism; his compassion flows like a natural stream, sparkling in its belief that human nature is fundamentally good.

The Echoing Grove

By Rosamond Lehmann

Collins, St. James's Place, London
12s 6d

"THE novelist," says Rosamond Lehmann, "must care tremendously about words, about every word in every phrase, every sentence, every paragraph, about the rhythms of prose, which can be subtle as those of poetry, and although less concentrated, should give almost if not quite as much trouble in the making. Above all, the novelist must listen accurately to what people say and the way they say it." Author of *The*

Ballad and the Source, *The Weather in the Streets*, *Dusty Answer*, *A Note in Music*, *Invitation to the Waltz* — and at least among these *The Ballad and Dusty Answer* well-known—Miss Lehmann can speak with knowledge on

the art and craft of fiction, with her fine feminine sensibility to tone as well as tempo. *The Echoing Grove*, her latest novel, is her first for eight years, and its theme is the triangle of love—her usual formula for story. The hero Rickie is loyal to his wife and children,—Madeline is such a lovely, adorable creature; then comes the rift, he falls passionately in love with Dinah, his wife's sister, who gives birth to a stillborn child. Dinah passes through a phase of drunkenness to drown her misery; the end records no triumph for anyone; Dinah is reconciled to her sister after Rickie's death but not before Rickie dupes both the women by sleeping with the wife of his best friend. Conventional morality may be shocked by the adultery and eroticism that form the basic of the theme; but Miss Lehmann achieves dignity by her technical virtuosity and by the incandescence of her perception which reaches beyond the innumerable labyrinths and ramparts of society and religion. However, *The Echoing Grove* suffers from too much concentration on the theme, through analytical cerebration, to the detriment of atmosphere in the evocation of which Miss Lehmann, as a novelist, is justly reputed. Not satisfied with listening too accurately to what people say and the way they say it, she seems to have retreated into her intellect, murmuring to herself with a finality: "This bed, thy centre."

MITRA



Rosamond Lehmann

Carefully observe those who never praise but blame always, and are contented with nobody, and you will see that they are the people with whom nobody is contented.—*La Bruyere*

POWER OF THE FILMS

By T. V. G. PAL

SRI C. Rajagopalachariar spoke more like a good Samaritan than like a puritan when he addressed, last Thursday, a large gathering of people connected with one branch or other of the film industry at a reception held at the Vauhini Studios in observance of the Film Federation Day. With his characteristic frankness and gusto, he told the film magnates, who were already thrilled by his very presence in their midst, that he was not against entertainment, nor did he want cinemas to disappear. He only appealed to them to devise measures to reduce sex appeal in pictures, and improve their moral tone and content. "I have no thoughts in my mind," he said, "based on mere prejudice to ruin your interest, or industry. At the same time, you will forgive me if I am anxious about the whole thing with regard to the effect of the film on the character of the people as a whole. We want the country to progress, and we should all aim at making our people happy, good, and wealthy."

Few will disagree with the Chief Minister on the need for improvement of the artistic standards of the film which has an irresistible and hypnotic power to convey its message to the people in a way that has no parallel among the recognised arts. The motion picture, during its short period of existence, has become not only a potent organ of entertainment, but also the most powerful single factor in modern life. Films dealing with historical subjects, with social problems, with human psychology, and with the various phases and aspects of life open up before the spectator new realms of enchantment and affect, to an amazing degree, his beliefs, principles, aspirations, and desires. In fact, films provide a process of unconscious education without masters. Expatiating on this, Col. A. C. Bromhead of the Gaumont British Corporation says: "Penetration by the films is certainly peaceful penetra-

tion; it is subtle, sure and sweeping. It embraces not trade issues alone, but exerts a ceaseless pressure on the thoughts and emotions riveting the attention of so many countless millions day by day. Earth's thousand races of all languages, creeds and colours are deriving impressions, acquiring ideas, formulating judgments, and drawing conclusions from what they see upon the screen."

The film is not only a great weapon, but a double-edged weapon with immense potentialities for good or for evil. Rightly used, the film has an ennobling influence upon men and their manners; but a perverse picture corrodes human society by serving as an incentive to anti-social behaviour. For this reason at least, leaving out of account other considerations it is necessary that the film industry should be "in the right hands, in the control of people who realise that they are under some obligation to civilisation to serve it decently and intelligently," without, of course, landing themselves in an economic morass. The industry is essentially a social industry, and it should care for the interests of contemporary society.

IN India, the film industry is still in its nonage stage from the artistic point of view though it has made great strides mechanically, and in the production of feature films it ranks next only to the United States. Lack of variety, stereotyped patterns, gross exaggerations, cheap sentiments, and excess in display of matters conducive to sex appeal are some of the major defects of our films. There is scarcely a picture in which "the impertinent servant maid, the romantic widow, the silly college girl, the overbearing housewife" and such other stock characters do not appear in one shape or other, as promoters of the sex urge. It is argued rather glibly by film experts, that there is no Indian film devoid of some moral instruction, and that the bad side of life is also presented in the film merely to accentuate the moral

involved, and to bring home to the spectator its importance. But an impartial examination of the matter will show that the so-called moral is not the natural denouement, the inevitable culmination of events, but something superadded by a slender thread just to cover up the ugly aspects.

THE cinema, is no doubt, mainly an entertainment business, and, if one may say so, a poor man's entertainment at that. The main purpose of the film is to provide pleasure and recreation to tired men and women in this workaday world. As Rajaji rightly observes, "those who provide healthy and good entertainment will be doing a patriotic service."

It is true that producers have travelled far from Puranic themes, and their predilection, at present, is towards social themes. There is nothing wrong in that, but social themes require greater vigilance in the development of character, and presentation of situations. As a matter of fact, films tending to promote the establishment of a homogenous, classless and casteless society consistent with the secular character of our Constitution, are the crying need of the hour. But it is necessary to bear in mind that such a sweeping social reform can be effected not by the derision of other people's religious faith and belief, but through slow persuasion. Malevolent attacks in films, directly or indirectly, on certain sections of people, or caricatures of people which smack of personal vendetta and malice will only embitter relations and impede progress. In the West, references to religious practices are scrupulously avoided by agreement among the producers, and the observance of such a "code of self-restraint" by the producers here will go a long way in restoring sanity and decency to our films and, at the same time, lessen the work of the censor. In the matter of character presentation also, there will be no harm done as long as a correct balance of the fundamental instincts is maintained; but if this balance is lost, lust will take the place of love, hatred of righteous anger, cowardice of fear, and brutality of self-preser-

vation. It is here that producers should be cautious and vigilant.

Rajaji's advice to the Federation to produce a dumb show is like advocating a bullock-cart method in this atomic age. There is a school of thought in the West also which feels that there should be a separation of the two media of sight and sound, and that the effect of illusion created by the films is cancelled by spoken words. Some time ago, a correspondent in *The Times* referred to this controversy, and stated: "The ruling condition in the film is the condition of silence, and we have to remember that silence is far from being a negative thing, a mere absence of words, it is a positive accentuation of the other means—a gesture, a facial expression—by which an actor's intentions are expressed. Most film actors and film producers have taken no account of this." The idea, however, has not gained momentum, and it remains to be seen how the producers will react to Rajaji's suggestion.

On the whole, there is thus, a chaos of ideas, and a welter of confusion in our film world, and the Government would do well to take greater interest in the matter, and set things in order. Till now, the Government's interest has been confined to the collection of taxes, and that of the producer to see that the film becomes a commercial success.

IN this atmosphere, it is, to some extent, refreshing that at last a mention is being made of legislation for the regulation of the industry. Speaking at a meeting at Vijayawada, last month, Dr. Keskar, the Union Minister, revealed that the Government would introduce a Bill in this connection in the current session of Parliament. He also revealed that the Government would advise the State Governments to adopt a uniform policy of taxation. The Film Inquiry Committee, appointed by the Union Government, recommended in 1951 the appointment of an autonomous Film Council, and the establishment of a Film Finance Corporation. The Government would do well to implement these recommendations, ensuring, at the same time, adequate supervision for the proper utilisation of the monies.

COST OF LIVING IN INDIA

By H. RANGACHAR

This is the second of two articles. The first was published in SWATANTRA of 15th August 1953.

IN regard to the claim that the decrease in the cost of living in India in 1952 and 1953 as recorded by the Indices was due to the Central Government implementing successfully their policy for holding the price line, attention was drawn in the first article in this series in SWATANTRA of 15th August to the fact that the fall in prices was no special feature applying to India only but was common to most of the under developed countries of Asia and the Far East. This showed that there were some common factors behind this comparative fall in prices. For a correct appreciation of the position, it is necessary to consider what these are.

As the Economic Survey of Asia and the Far East by the ECAFE shows, this common factor was the fall in the volume of exports, their prices and the income from them in the post-Korean war period. During the greater part of this period, there was some increase in imports into these countries coupled in some cases with a moderate expansion in local manufactures. Thus total supplies of goods to home markets became more plentiful at a time when lower export earnings reduced the flow of money incomes. "The relative decline in spendable incomes and in actual spending was sufficient to make for weaker prices."

These forces which have varied in intensity from country to country, according to the comparative importance of exports in their economy, have further been influenced by domestic factors. "In India, where exports make a relatively small contribution to total output, speculative influences from within the economy greatly accentuated the price fall. While consumers tended to postpone purchases in falling markets, commodities held in stock were unloaded when it seemed no longer profitable, or indeed possible, to finance inventories that had become excessive. This collapse in inventory investment

was mainly responsible in India for the shake-out in domestic commodity markets during February and March 1952; the uncertainty created by it has made itself felt in domestic trade and production in subsequent months." It is the interaction of the economic forces, particularly the decreased income due to fall in export prices of tea, jute and to a small extent textiles, etc., that accounts for the fall in prices far more than any Government action.

THE case of U. S. A. and, to a smaller extent, that of U. K. present a marked contrast to this. The outbreak of the Korean war and its aftermath "unleashed" powerful inflationary forces. The expenditure of vast sums on security programmes of the U. S. A., stock-piling and rearmament in U. K. were forces which, unless effectively countered, would have made prices "spiral up" to unprecedented heights. That this has not happened and that there is only a comparatively modest increase is due to the strength of their economy and its expansion. This is well illustrated by U. S. A. where total output rose from an annual rate of about 300 billion dollars in 1950 to 340 billion in the second quarter of 1952, private business investment from 35 to 38 billion dollars and personal income by \$10.5 billion, all in 1951 prices. The record of U. K., though not so impressive, also reveals substantial progress. The industrial production has gone up by about 23% since 1948 and national income by about 30%. Weekly wages index in March 1953 was 135, against 100 in 1947. Thus the rise in the cost of living in these countries has been more than counter-balanced by increased production income and employment. In India, the fall in prices is due to decline in spendable incomes and purchasing power. Paradoxical as it may seem, the decline in prices in India brings to relief the weakness of our economic structure while the moderate increase in U. S. A. shows the strength

and flexibility of their economy. No correct or useful lesson can be deducted from a comparative study on the basis of the cost of living indices alone, without making allowance for other equally important factors, as has been done in the "study" put out by New Delhi.

A disquieting feature of the "study" is that there seems to be no awareness of the weak state of our economy which recent trends, including those of the cost of living, indicate. There is, on the other hand, a feeling of complacency and satisfaction with what is supposed to have been achieved. Whether the moderate fall in the cost of living indices points to a sound and improving position does not seem to have received the careful consideration it requires.

The cost of living, though an important factor, is not the sole indicator of the economic well-being of a country. It has to be considered in relation to such other equally important factors as production of goods and services, income, real wages, etc. Such a study will show how weak our economic position is in comparison with U. S. A. and U. K.

In U. S. A., compared to 1939, total output had increased by 90% in 1952, industrial production by 100%, agricultural production by 30%, business investment by 17%, and per capita income, after adjustment of price changes and taxes, by 40%. Civilian employment had increased by nearly 35% and real weekly wages from \$22.5 a week to \$36.50. In U. K., industrial production was 123, weekly

wages 135 and employment 107 against 100 in 1948.

COMPARABLE statistics are not compiled and published in India and such as are available are in some cases not complete. According to the statistics published by the Director of Indian Statistics, the general index of industrial production was 128.9 in 1952 and 132.5 in May 1953 (Base 1946 = 100). According to the *Eastern Economist* indices, industrial production in India was 115 in 1951-52 against 100 in 1939. General index of agricultural production was 100 in 1949-50 and 94 in 1950-51. The general index of business activity stood at 113 in 1951-52 against 100 in August 1949. As regards capita national income, the United Nations Monthly Bulletin of Statistics for June 1953 shows that it was Rs. 225 in 1948 and the estimate given in the report of the Planning Commission shows that the position has not changed for the better since then. Employment statistics are not available but there is no doubt that the comparative position now is unsatisfactory. There is serious unemployment. When the increase in the cost of living which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 times that of the prewar year is viewed in this background, it is clear that the country's economic position is very poor and vulnerable. There is little cause for satisfaction in the fall of the cost of living index in 1953 as compared with 1950, which as stated above was due to adventitious circumstances and not to any improvement in the economic position of the country.

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DRAVIDA KAZHAGAM AND THE BRAHMINS

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

IT is unfortunate that the activities of the Dravida Kazhagam and its allied organisations lately crystallised into Brahmin baiting in Tamilnad. It is necessary to come to grips with it and do the needful before it assumes dangerous proportions. Whatever be the nature of the Brahmin domination in the past, to-day they want to live usefully and peacefully. Even the late Sir Theagaraya Chetty, the founder of the Justice Party, used to say that his grievance was not against the religious Brahmin, but against the political Brahmin. To-day all are citizens of an independent country and a sovereign democratic republic, assured of justice, social, economic and political. The persecution of the Brahmin of to-day for the alleged acts of omission and commission of his ancestors reminds us of the story of a Christian who attended the church for the first time and heard that Jesus was crucified by the Jews and began to kick the first Jew he met on the road while returning from the church. When the Jew protested, the Christian exclaimed that he deserved kicking as he crucified Jesus. The Jew replied that Jesus was crucified by Jews two thousand years ago. The Christian retorted that it did not matter and he was right in retaliating soon after he heard of it. Historically and culturally, Brahminism has a higher claim to exist than other isms. It represents a culture and civilization extending over millennia and bequeathed to us by the distinguished *rishi parampara*. To start with, most of the great rishis were not Brahmins though they attained Brahminhood later. But it is the Brahmin who preserved and fostered this precious heritage during the vicissitudes. It will be the height of ingratitude and an act of vandalism to attack the Brahmin who had embodied it so long against heavy odds.

Another danger engendered by the

cult of hatred propagated by the Dravida Kazhagam is that sooner or later it may be directed *inter se*. Those who hated the Brahmin altogether, will learn to hate their erstwhile colleagues. The rivalry to capture power among the various sections of the non-Brahmins was never so pronounced as it is to-day. The simple truism, united we stand and divided we fall, is forgotten when passions are roused and self-interest is pampered. Chandra Gupta, son of Mura, a Sudra woman, became the ruler of Magadha with the aid and assistance of Chanakya, the shrewd Brahmin. Trust begets trust and mutual aid and co-operation alone can lead us to peace and prosperity.

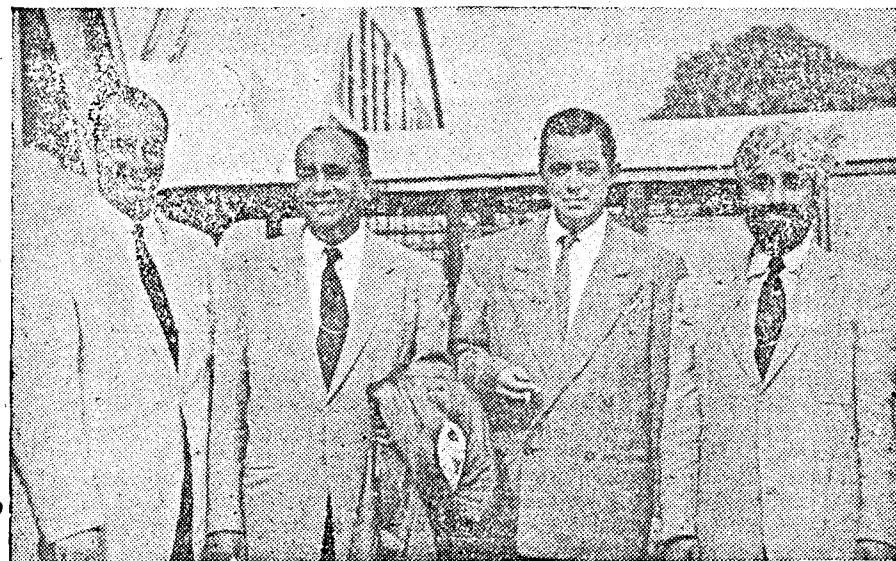
PERSECUTION revitalises movements and persons alike. Look at the Jews. Persecuted by the adherents of the two great religions Christianity and Islam, banned by the feudal system from owning land and by guilds from taking part in industry, shut up within congested ghettos, mobbed by people and robbed by kings, outcast, ex-communicated, insulted and injured—yet without any political structure, without any legal compulsion to social unity, without even a common language, this wonderful people maintained itself in body and soul. It has preserved its racial and cultural integrity, guarded with jealous love its oldest ritual and tradition. In the words of Will Durant "This community patiently and resolutely awaited the day of its deliverance and has emerged greater in number than ever before, renowned in every field for the contribution of its geniuses and triumphantly restored after 2000 years of wandering to its ancient and unforgotten home. What drama could rival the grandeur of these sufferings, the variety of these scenes and the glory and justice of this fulfilment? What fiction could rival this romance

of reality?" But Germany under Hitler which subjected the Jews to diabolical persecution paid heavy penalty.

The theory of racial purity stands exposed to-day. There are no Aryan and Dravidian races as such, though we have Aryan and Dravidian languages. Even the Grecian contempt for the barbarian was not racial but cultural. Curiously, an attempt is made to throw a mantle of lofty idealism on the Dravida Kazhagam. It is said that the membership is thrown open to Brahmins and some Brahmins actually courted imprisonment under its banner. Some time ago, the Communists also played this game by setting up the candidates of a majority community at the elections to trap voters. But the thinking public saw through the game and realised that a Communist is denuded of everything once he enters the party. A similar analogy applies to the so-called Brahmins in the Dravida Kazhagam.

IN these circumstances it is upto the far-seeing and truly cultured non-Brahmins to counteract this

movement on all fronts. The Brahmins also should not get panicky but stand erect and face the consequence with courage and equanimity. They should note that their fall is due to their abandoning the higher values of life cherished by Brahmanism. They should harbour no illwill against their persecutors in thought, word and action. They should learn to live and work for humanity and try to revive the manifestation of divinity latent in their present-day persecutors. They must tread the path of Jesus and Prahlada. A famous church father of the middle ages, Bernard of Clairvaux, in a Latin hymn asks, "who will achieve universal peace," and answers, "the disciplined, the dedicated, the pure in heart and the gentle in spirit." These are the qualities that typify Brahminism in its pristine purity. What is needed is a united effort by the Brahmins and non-Brahmins alike to vindicate the central motto of India which has all along been one of live and let live, of tolerance and of toleration, and above all, unity in diversity.



Mr. K. V. P. Rao, Manager Southern Division and Sardar Sucha Singh Anand, Manager Northern Division of the Firestone Tyre & Rubber Company of India, Ltd., returned from the U. S. A. after a survey of the latest developments in Firestone products. From left to right: Mr. D. L. Forbes, Special Service Representative; Mr. K. V. P. Rao; Mr. A. E. Beaver, Jr., Sales Director, and Sardar Sucha Singh Anand.

FLIGHT INTO SPACE

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW York City. There Are no Insurmountable Difficulties in the Way of Building a Space Ship That Could Reach Mars. But Will Man's Body be Able to Stand the Trip?

If it were fantastic fiction, it might read like this: "Unstrapping himself from his bunk, the space travelling crewman rolled over and lazily swam through the air to the exercise lockers. Taking out a tension spring, he stretched his arms and legs for several minutes. Then, breathing lightly, he swam forward to the navigation compartment."

The picture may seem fantastic—but it's not fiction. It is a sober illustration drawn by scientists of the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine who are working on the human elements involved in flight through space. Stimulated by a panel discussion on space medicine held last year at the School of Aviation Medicine, prominent American civil scientists, as well as those of the Air Force, have been exploring the possibilities.

Space flight is no longer a mere dream. Serious researchers consider interstellar travel a certainty, and the first flight only a matter of time. Not too distant at that.

Solution to the major engineering problem—propulsion—now awaits only the development of an adequate engine to power the rockets. Engineers are working on the physical problems of space flight. Motors, metals, construction designs, storage space, controls are all under consideration.

But before and after the physicists and engineers get finished, the human equation remains paramount. Several major questions are posed to the investigators. Man needs an earth-like environment to live, and the requirements are known. Many of the conditions that will be faced in space are unknown. But earth conditions can only be partly simu-

lated in space—and space conditions even less on earth.

What changes and adaptations will the body make away from earth? How will men compensate for gravity, How can human reactions and thinking, sometimes too slow for today's autos, adapt to incredible speeds? What about eating—and breathing?

Some of the answers are already known. Experience derived from submarines and pressure cabin aircraft has provided an operating base for such questions as climatization of the ship; elimination of expired carbon dioxide, water vapour and body wastes; and the maintenance of a comfortable temperature.

Despite general misconception, the question of oxygen, for instance, would be comparatively simple. "Only perhaps half a ton of oxygen would be necessary," said Dr. Hubertus Strughold, one of the space medicine men of the School of Aviation Medicine, "for each man on a trip to Mars and back. In fact, by just increasing the oxygen content a trifle in the air originally pumped into the interior of the ship, that air would be healthy for breathing for several weeks."

Food and water would be matters merely of storage. Refrigeration and cooking present no problem. The choice would depend on whatever combination, storage area and taste dictate.

ON the other hand there are several major physiological problems, chiefly that of reduced gravity. The source of all weight on this earth arises from gravitational force. Muscular strength and sensomotor nervous systems are adapted to this gravitational pull. But in a ship in space, gravity is practically weightless. "In gravity-free space, the body will be exactly as light as the surrounding air in the ship," explained Dr. Heinz Haber, another of the space medicine researchers. "Thus,

swimming movements will propel the crewmen through the air exactly as the movements of a fin move a fish through water. Of course, once the novelty had worn off, he might prefer to pull himself along on a series of handholds. "Similarly," Haber continued, "on the earth, orientation is effected by perception of both the eyes and the gravireceptors (the pressure senses and the vestibular, or balancing, apparatus). That is, the person feels, as well as sees, the relation of other objects, to himself. In the spaceship, the gravireceptors cannot be utilised. As a result, orientation in space will depend upon vision. For instance, appearance alone will tell a man that he is upside down—in relation to the ship, of course, since there is no 'up-side-down' in space."

Investigators do not know whether man can adjust a purely optical orientation, but are continuing experiments to find an answer.

Essential difficulties as far as respiration, heart and circulation are concerned, are not anticipated by the School of Aviation Medicine researchers.

"THE bodily activities may slow down a little," said Dr. Strughold, "because of the lesser demand on them as a result of weightlessness. Metabolism, for instance, will probably slow down to the basic rate, that is, the same rate as when a person is sleeping. The heart rate may slow down a trifle, and breathing become shallower because less oxygen is needed. Less food will be eaten than normally, because less energy is expended. In fact, crew members will probably have to force themselves to exercise with something like tension springs, just to keep their muscles from atrophying."

Because of lack of gravity, however, details of living will require considerable adaptation on the part of the crew. Eating and drinking will require special tools. For instance, it would be impossible to drink from a cup—or even through a straw—since there would be no weight to keep the liquid inside the con-

tainer. A special sealed pump would be needed to force the beverage into the mouth. Dining will require special clamps instead of spoons and forks. Uncontained, the food would simply be thrown to the ceiling by lifting movements. When the space flier exercises, or simply sits reading, he will probably have to fasten himself to the wall or to a fixed place of furniture. Otherwise, almost any of his movements will send him, gracefully but unintentionally, wafting through the air in the ship.

HIS bed, instead of a flat bunk, will be a semi-circular trough, upholstered for comfort, and covered with strong netting or straps to keep him from floating away every time he turns over in his sleep. An excellent forced ventilation system will be a must if only to blow a man's breath away. Without a strong draft, expired air would remain in front of the space flier's face until breathed in again, resulting ultimately in asphyxiation—unless the spaceman pushed it away with his hands every time he exhaled. Otherwise, the reactions should have no more harmful effects than would a long rest. Except that the men may have to consciously fight against laziness—and perhaps boredom.

Even "steering" the space ship won't be necessary. Once in space the ship will be essentially a celestial body. Its course, actually its orbit, will have been pre-determined before launching, to meet its destination at a given point. Motors will be used only on take-offs and landings—unless correction of the orbit should be needed in flight. Otherwise, the ship will take care of itself. The crew will become passengers. They will, of course, be expected to make constant scientific observations but as actual 'crew' they won't be active again until landing. Something the scientists have more positive information about is what will happen on take-offs and landings. After the take-off, the doctors anticipate that the crew will be subject to accelerations with a pressure about four times the gravity of the earth, for a period up to nine minutes. Experiments with huge centrifuges have

shown that such accelerations can be tolerated without too much difficulty as long as the crew is properly positioned. If boosters are used which might bring the acceleration pressure up to six to ten times gravity, danger periods, say from immobilization of respiration, would only last about 20 seconds. Another great complex of problems for which there is still no answer arises from the question of whether a man can think fast enough—whether the velocity of mental processes involved in control of the ship will compare with the speed of the spaceship itself.

"So we get to Mars," asks Joe Doakes. "Then what? War between the worlds?"

NO, Mr. Doakes, not according to the scientists. Researchers do not entirely discount the possibility of some form of animal life on Mars. They do say, from astronomical findings that if it does exist, it will be tiny and unlike any terrestrial forms.

Before any political questions enter, however, a whole new set of physiological adaptations will be necessary for the men who get there. First, the space traveller must accustom himself to weight again. The gravity of Mars is only one-third that of Earth—yet at first the crewman will feel oppressively heavy—in contrast not with his weight on earth but with the complete weightlessness he has undergone during the trip. It might be compared with weight-lifting. After a man has lifted 40 pounds, a succeeding lift of 15 pounds after would seem light. But a lift of 15 pounds after one of a few ounces would feel heavy.

Still the original muscular strength, earth-adapted, would be present. Once the crewman got used to the new gravity, he would have no trouble carrying the cumbersome equipment he'd need. The space traveller, to get about on Mars, would have to wear a pressure suit, or space suit, which would provide a pres-

sure equal to that of earth. He would have to carry oxygen tanks and perhaps a portable heating system. With all the weight, however, he'd still be able to move around easily.

The earthman would have to stay close to home—to his ship. Were his pressure suit to open in the Martian atmosphere, he would be unconscious from lack of oxygen within 15 seconds, and dead shortly afterwards. Why waste time and money—possibly lives—on the proposition? There's no money or other advantage in it? Let Drs. Haber and Strughold tell more about that. "Of course, there won't be any gold brought back. Nor enterprising colonies of earthmen populating Mars. But the scientific return alone would be incalculable in ultimate value. Samples brought back to earth would provide possibly even a new era for geologists, botanists, biologists, astronomers, meteorologists. Knowledge would be increased a thousand-fold. The possibilities for research and application would be literally without limit. The practical return, too, would be enormous. Weather forecasting—and even control—now more or less sketchy, would be practically infallible from space, where weather processes could be completely followed from beginning to end. The profits to agriculture alone in one year as a result of absolute weather forecasting would amount to many times all the expenses.

ASIDE from ultimate applications of space travel, the doctors emphasize that more immediate use of their findings can be made. Plans are on the boards today for planes that will fly at 100,000 feet—and possibly make the trip from New York to Paris in less than an hour. Conditions likely to be met at such heights and speeds will closely approximate those of interstellar space. Intercontinental passengers will be, in essence, space travellers.

Those who are of the opinion that money will do everything, may very well be suspected to do everything for money.—HALIFAX.

MALAYA, THE RED SIGNAL TO INDIA

By J. K. SOUMITRI SHARMA

MALAYA is one of the most vulnerable countries in Asia today. The indigenous Sakai have almost disappeared. Malaysians invaded the land about nine centuries ago. The Chinese have over-run the Peninsula. The Indians living there have no big political ambitions. Only once they put their shoulders to the wheel when great Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose built up the I. N. A. at Kaula Lampur. Malaysians are ardent Muslims and the Chinese are indifferent Buddhists. The cleavage between the two remains very thin. There is a very powerful fifth column of Chinese Communists. There is another strong section of young Malaysian Nationalists. These desire an ultimate union with the Indonesian Republic. A strong sense of resurgent Islam is trying to blend these two countries together under the distant and unmethodic guidance of Pakistan. There are a few idealists envisaging a Malaya State under the cultural and spiritual leadership of India.

Malaya is the only important colonial country left in Asia today. All the rest have freed themselves from foreign rule. Malaya is caught up in a triangular fence of influence of India, Indonesia and China. But the prospect of danger is only from China. The blood of expansionist ambition does not flow in the veins of India. The threat from Indonesia is remote if not removed; for she has to consolidate her fragmentary islands and liberate Irian (Dutch New Guinea) from the Dutch. So if something happens to Britain, Malaya will fall to China by night fall.

Young Anthony Brooke the last heir of the famous white Rajahs of Sarawak, has had a run of bad luck and he is now forced to accept banishment, after having been virtually evicted from his kingdom, larger than England in size. His old uncle fled to Australia when the Japs came

and then wandered back to England—the refuse of banished kings and exiled Governments. After the war was over he sold Sarawak to the British for one million pounds. What was then a kingdom is now a petty British colony. The British ignored all the claims of this young nephew Brooke and obstructed even his re-entering Sarawak. The British seem determined to establish their own law and order. General Templer's ruthlessness has been let loose. The Tanglin Club in Singapore which for generations has been the very acme and symbol of British arrogance in Asia, still remains exclusively racial not allowing even the Eurasians into it. The English women see to all this. But the times are rapidly changing. It is now Asia's turn.

Malaya is a federation of various kinds of States. It is densely forested, having only about 60 lakhs of population; 50 per cent Chinese, 40 per cent Malaysians and the rest Indians and others. The wealth of the country comes from rubber and tin, the export of which alone accounts for more dollar income to the British Empire than from all other Empire exports. So Britain wants to defend Malaya at all costs. For the very same reason China covets it too. The Chinese already feel like winners. They control the mountain areas where their marauders are attempting to prevent rubber production.

THE dominance of the Chinese in Malaya's economic life is enormous. They serve as bankers, wholesale merchants and shippers. In almost every nation, every city, every island in Asia to the east of India, there is a Chinese enclave many of whose members remain fanatically loyal to China regardless of what type of Government rules China at the moment. And China refuses to relinquish its claim on such nationals even if they accept citizenship else-

where. There are about a crore of Chinese expatriates—about 25 lakhs in Thailand, 20 lakhs in Indonesia, 5 lakhs in Burma and the rest in Indo China, Malaya and other islands. Thus China's pull is enormous in South East Asia.

THE Malaysians do not seem to evince much anti-British feeling. If the British leave the land, they are afraid that the Chinese will over-run the country. But they object to two things about the British. Firstly, the Englishmen are not earnest about training Malaysians for the administration. Secondly, the Britisher still cherishes a sense of colour superiority. The Japanese had taught during their short sojourn in these Asian countries that any Asian is as good as a whiteman. Malaysian riots are all upsurges against British racial arrogance. Often the riots are not led by any one. But in these riots no Indian or Chinese is ever touched. The Malaysians look at an Indonesian with envy and pride. They wish to make common cause with them.

The recent Nadra riots are very instructive. The lower Singapore Court announced that Nadra (or Nara) the Muslim girl actually did belong to the Che Aminah and not to the strange Dutch woman who was her real mother. She was allowed to leave home. She married Mansor Adibi, a young Malaysian Muslim in full conformity with Muslim law. But the higher Court held that there had never been a marriage and that Nadra must go to live with her mother. Nadra shouted that she was a major and had nothing to do with that mother. But they took her away, smuggled her out of the country secretly into Holland. Malaysian Muslims saw pictures showing Nadra kneeling before Virgin Mary, they got into a furious frenzy and caused mass killings. They found that the Dutch Government was paying her legal fees to prove to Muslims that the Dutch were superior and Christianity a superior religion. So the riots broke out and every type of white man was killed alike.

On one side the British want to hang on further with General

Templers and Dato Onns. Dato Onn Bin Ja'far is the President of the United Malaya National Organisation. But no intellectual takes him seriously. They take him as an old haggy signed up by the British to serve as their stooge. On the other side Uncle Sam wants to buy loyalties with his luxurious libraries, dollars, tourists and diplomats.

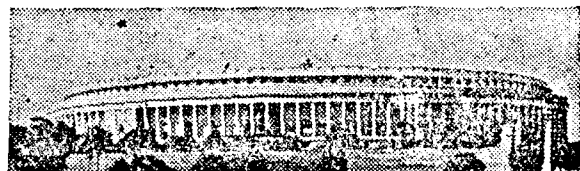
There are big business kings still functioning of the type of Lee Kong Chian, inwardly aiding the Communists. They do so with a view to winning their favour for the moment and avoiding their wrath, but ultimately to cut their own throats. Lee Kong has a biscuit company, a rubber company, a pine apple company, saw mills, engineering, printing, ice making and other investment companies. But their safety will be short-lived on account of the imminent Communist menace.

It is the Korean battle that has prevented Red China from gobbling up this peninsula and capturing Singapore. This has given many responsible Malaysian and Chinese citizens breathing time to strive for a unified non-Communist State. With the British still doggedly hanging on and these national forces consolidating, Malaya may not fall an easy plum into the palm of Red China in spite of several splinter parties and Red bandits operating to seize power.

AMIDST all these complexities, a cruelly amusing feature is the problem of the Eurasian who is a 'marginal man.' The position of this class is tragic. He stands astride two societies belonging spiritually to neither but inheriting the prime evils of both. The half-breed has an unenviable time of it in all the Asian countries. Only in a few places like Mexico he has a decent house. The Englishman has a pathological contempt for a Eurasian and the Asians ridicule him. These attitudes were evolved at a time when the whites were considered a superior race. But now! As if they were entering the first life boat available, the Eurasian girls are turning Communists. They feel they can thus get freed from their social disabilities.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



THE grand welcome that was accorded to Mr. Mohammed Ali in Delhi seemed to be an acknowledgement and an appreciation of the essential reasonableness of the man. But this is more than offset by the war-hysteria that is being generated by Miss Jinnah, Abdul Qaiyum and other elements which wish to remove Mohammed Ali from the office of Prime Minister. Mohammed Ali, moreover, has the reputation of being a pro-American—having been catapulted into the office of the leader of the Pakistan Government at Karachi from Washington where he was Ambassador. This kind of assumption of Prime Ministerial office has now become a pattern. Indonesia also has now got a Prime Minister who was Ambassador in Washington until he was named head of the Government.

There can be no settlement of the Kashmir dispute between India and Pakistan by peaceful means—except on the principle of "what we have, we hold." Plebiscite is simply not possible, and any acceptance of the principle of plebiscite will be subject to the return of normal conditions in Kashmir. And normal conditions will not return until Pakistan troops completely leave the soil of Kashmir. The only solution, therefore, will be one of recognition of the ceasefire line as the permanent boundary between India and Pakistan. If Mohammed Ali accepts the solution, it is not certain he will continue as Prime Minister of Pakistan. Pandit Nehru will suffer greatly in prestige if he does anything which will ultimately lead to the loss of Kashmir—over which nearly many crores of good Indian money have already been spent.

Mr. Mohammed Ali has actually come away to India more as an escape from the pressure tactics of the fanatics in Pakistan than under

the impression that the present is a propitious occasion for negotiations over Kashmir. He hopes that after a few days of stay in India, he will find the people of Pakistan in a less frenzied mood. We can only hope that such will be the effect of time.

According to observers who have been recently in Pakistan, there is in fact a military dictatorship functioning in that country. The Governor-General of Pakistan—who is a sick man—was merely carrying out the behest of the military leaders of Pakistan (headed by General Ayub), when he dismissed Nazimuddin and installed Mohammed Ali as Prime Minister. General Ayub is said to be a frequent visitor to Government House in Karachi, from where the Government of Pakistan is now said to be carried out. The emergence of a Nguib in Pakistan with a radical social outlook will be a great blessing to the people of Pakistan as well as to the people of India. A Nehru will be able to negotiate more easily with a leader of that kind than with leaders whose continuance in office is problematical.

There is a general feeling among Andhra legislators in Delhi that the step-motherly treatment which the undivided Madras State has all along accorded to the Andhras was not very much more cruel than what the Central Government seems to have in store for them. The Andhras as a people are more feared than loved by those in authority here. They seem quite displeased that the Andhra State should have been created as a result of the fight put up by the Andhras rather than as a gift for their subservience (which they undiplomatically lack). Nobody seems to like a people with plenty of grit in them—not even people of grit like Jawaharlal Nehru!

DR. P. SUBBARAYAN

SHRI BALASAHEB KHER is stated to be soon returning home for reasons of health. Before he went to London as our High Commissioner, the Gandhian Kher was thought of for the Vice-Presidency, but Pandit Nehru was strongly in favour of Dr. Radhakrishnan. It was also Panditji who proposed to the ex-Premier of Bombay to go on his present diplomatic mission to England. The case of Krishna Menon was different. When he became the first High Commissioner of Free India in London, he had several advantages. First, a Socialist Government was in office. He knew every member of the Cabinet as a pal, since he himself had grown up with the British Labour Party for about twenty-five years. He always addressed Attlee by his first name *Clement*. The result was that his High Commissionership was diplomatically very successful.

News is to hand now from Delhi that Dr. P. Subbarayan is being tipped for the place of Kher in London. It is a fine choice. His early Oxford education and close friendship with men who count in British public life today, should be able to help him in the task that will face him at the India House. He knows the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill rather closely. Dr. Subbarayan visited the British Prime Minister last in 1937 at his Chartwell home in Kentshire, and for a couple of hours they were in deep conversation, and finished off with dinner. Churchill, a great lover of roses, even presented a bunch of them to be taken to Mrs. Subbarayan, who was then in London.

Subbarayan's one-year Ambassadorship in Indonesia was a great success. He returned home in 1951 to re-enter Indian politics. Foreign Ambassadors in Batavia have a club of their own and they meet frequently for exchanging information. Amidst them, Subbarayan was a towering personality who was much respected for his letter-perfect society manners, flowing information, cul-



ture, varied scholarship, fund of anecdotes and witty conversation. He has also the fine background of a sound administrator, having been once Chief Minister for four years, and twice Home Minister in the Rajaji Cabinet of 1937 and Omandur Cabinet of 1948, in Madras State.

ON September 11 this year, Dr. Subbarayan will be sixty-four. He was born in the Kumaramangalam zamindari family at Thiruchengode, Salem. Paramasiva Gounder, the father, was a powerful lord of acres in his place, but he had many personal enemies, due to family feuds. They laid a trap for him one night, as he was driving home in his horse cab at a terrific speed, from Sankaridrug, a nearby place. The man fell, and succumbed to the injuries he sustained. Subbarayan was then a very young boy, and was the only son of Paramasiva Gounder. The mother took a lot of care and caution in bringing up the boy. She had a suspicion that someone would even poison him. For that reason, she always made a cat eat the food, before giving it to the boy, to assure herself that it was poison-free!

Subbarayan was fond of books and learning even from childhood. He

was sent to *Newington*, a school in Madras reserved for the education of the children of Rajahs, zamindars and aristocrats. The *Court of Wards* took over the Kumaramangalam estate after Paramasiva Gounder died. Subbarayan studied at the Presidency College, and when he was there, he married Radhabai, a Mangalorean Brahmin lady, the alliance having been brought about by the late Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu, the veteran Brahmo leader and educationist. The couple then went to England for further studies. Subbarayan joined the Wadham College, Oxford, and Radhabai went to the Somerville. The Bajpai brothers, the Suhrawardy brothers, the late Dr. Syed Hossain, all were Subbarayan's contemporaries in England. Radhabai was a college-mate of Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, our Health Minister. Dr. Subbarayan took his M.A. and B.C.L. degrees at Oxford, and a *Doctorate in Laws* from the Trinity College, Dublin. He also developed a great love for cricket, which he retains to this day. A few years ago, he was President of the Board of Cricket Control for India.

1918 saw him wandering in the corridors of the Madras High Court, attired in his black gown and white collarbands. He wanted to practise law but soon politics got the better of him. He got himself elected to the Madras Legislative Council. He became Parliamentary Secretary to Sir K. V. Reddy, then Minister for Education, but after a little while, he resigned.

In 1926, Dr. Subbarayan's day of destiny arrived. That year, there was a general election in Madras. Neither the Justices nor the Congressmen could form a Ministry. The Congressmen had gone into the councils to destroy *Dyarchy*, not to nurture it! Such a puzzling position proved advantageous to the "Independent" Subbarayan and he soon formed a Ministry. A Christian engineer Arokiaswamy Mudaliar, and an ardent Theosophist, A. Ranganatha Mudaliar became his fellow-Ministers. But they fell out with the *Chief* in 1928 on the question of co-operation with the visiting Simon Commission. Subbarayan wanted to co-operate, saying that he and Sir

John Simon were *Wadham* pupils at Oxford, products of the same *alma mater*! Both the Mudaliars then resigned. Into their seats came S. Muthia Mudaliar and M. R. Sethurathnam Iyer. By 1930, Subbarayan's Ministry went out of office, giving place to Thiruttani Muniswamy Naidu, the Justice leader, who became Chief Minister.

Subbarayan was successful in office. He was popular too, but once when a no-confidence motion was brought against his Ministry, the Congressmen refrained from voting. When Governor Goschen proposed to award a *knighthood*, the zamindar from Thiruchengode promptly declined to accept the honour. Again, in 1937, he was made Home Minister in the Rajaji Cabinet. He held the same portfolio in the Omandur Cabinet eleven years later. Acute differences with the stubborn Omandur led to his resignation from office. It was then that he was sent to Indonesia as our *First Ambassador* to that country.

IF in the 1952 general election the scale had tipped in his favour, Subbarayan would have been today a Cabinet Minister in New Delhi. He is fond of telling friends a fine anecdote. It appears that if Mahomed Ali Jinnah had been elected Congress President at the 1929 session in Lahore, he would never have turned a bitter Moslem communalist! When Subbarayan had a talk about it with Jinnah one day, the latter appears to have wittily asked: "Yes, but how could I have presided at all, when the *Father*, *Son*, and the *Holy-Ghost* were predominating there?" Well, the joke was turned on Subbarayan himself at the last general election, as far as the Salem constituencies were concerned. Here too, Father Subbarayan, son Mohan Kumaramangalam and the Holy Ghost of their conflicting-politics played havoc against each other, and brought down all the three at the polls! Indeed, the Communist Mohan appears to have good-humouredly burst out at an election-meeting: "Don't vote for my father. He is like a *joker* in a pack of cards, mixes with any one, at occasion demands!" P.

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE release of the English version of *Rahi* created quite a flutter in the film industry. Everyone was curious to know what kind of English is spoken in the picture—the King's English or the pigeon English. In fact though many producers have toyed with the idea of making pictures in English, they have been worried about this accent problem very much. They believe that the accent should be perfect and in spite of the previous two efforts, *The Court Dancer* and *Dr. Kotnis*, they are still adhering to this belief.

Abbas and David have shattered all the illusions entertained about the English version in *Rahi*. The characters, except the foreigners, speak English as Indians. The clerks speak the Babu English, the workers speak in a simple, unaffected manner; only Dr. Thomas played by Balraj Sahni speaks English like an Englishman. Even the exclamations like *Are*, *Wah*, *Aacha* have been retained to lend colour and atmosphere while the songs are in Hindustani.

Whether this approach, bold and unconventional, is correct or not one does not know. It would depend upon what reaction it produces if the picture is shown in England. The Indian audiences seem to enjoy this English version, though the interjection of *Aare* and *Wah* seem to tickle them.

Whatever may be the ultimate result, *Rahi* in English, or shall we say 'Inglish,' establishes one thing beyond doubt, and it is that our producers should have no inhibitions and complexes about Oxford English and its accents. Let the English of a Hindi picture be purely Indian; only then it would look natural. The dubbing process with all its efficiency may give an Indian picture the

appearance of a foreign picture; but it would certainly rob it of its Indian colour. That, if any, is the conclusion one can draw from the English version of *Rahi*.

Picture Of The Week

STRANGE are the ways of critics. When the preview of *Jeevan Jyoti* was held at Naaz (Bombay), the film people went into ecstasies over the direction of Mahesh Kaul; he was literally showered with compliments. But, before he could get over the feeling of elation, Mahesh Kaul was torn to pieces by a section of critics, who expressed the opinion that he had misdirected everything and ruined a simple and moving story and made all the artistes indulge in gesticulations and mannerisms which robbed their performances of naturalness.

This unexpected criticism must have come as a shock to Mahesh Kaul as it did to many of his admirers including Raj and Nargis. In Raj's opinion *Jeevan Jyoti* was perhaps the only picture which had a smooth flow with comedy merging into pathos, romance blending into tragedy without a jarring note. The whole story with its varying moods of romance, farce, emotional drama and pathos moves so smoothly that one never feels the jerk of change of mood. That, according to Raj, was a triumph of Mahesh Kaul's direction.

And Raj is right. Indeed *Jeevan Jyoti* is one of those pictures in which the director dominates the show and with his treatment succeeds in holding you almost spellbound as he unfolds the tragic drama of an unfortunate girl against whom fate conspired from the very outset. The beginning after the flash back is almost farcical. The characters of Mama, Manu and their ward, who are just good-for-nothing people, are drawn deliberately as caricatures in almost slapstick fashion. The director has no sympathy for them and hence even their humour appears to be grotesque. One feels almost disgusted with Shashikala who plays the role of Leela, the girl who has the habit of constantly bit-

ing her nails; but that is exactly the effect Mahesh is striving at.

In contrast, he portrays Kishori as a simple, sweet, coy girl—a girl who just cannot do anything wrong and yet is wronged at every step of her life. No wonder, the hero prefers her to Leela and marries her against the wishes of his mother. The wedding sequence itself is very moving. The blending of the 'Dholak' tune sung by the girls with Dohas sung by the widowed sister of the hero who cannot join the celebrations, is superb and poignant. Indeed the couplets of the widow bring tears to your eyes and the accident and death of the godly woman touch you profoundly.

The death of the sister-in-law is a harbinger of suffering for Kishori. For, her mother-in-law, aided and abetted by Mama, Manu and Leela, not only blames Kishori for the accident but makes her life miserable and ultimately the mother-in-law walks out of the house. Peace reigns; but it is the calm before the storm. The clouds start gathering when the mother-in-law returns and takes charge of Kishori's child. Poor Kishori she cannot even touch her child lest her mother-in-law be offended.

The storm breaks out when in the absence of her husband, Kishori wants to go away to meet her ailing father. Her mother-in-law refuses permission and would not allow her to take the child. She steals her own child and runs away to the station to find that the train has left. Forced to spend a few hours at the station at night she is confronted with a goonda who tries to seduce her. Her mother-in-law comes on the scene, takes away the child and brands Kishori as a sinner.

Worse is to follow. Kishori's father dies and she herself faces sure death. Her only wish is to have a glimpse of her husband and son before death. That 'wish' is granted; her soul visits them. Her visit has been most poetically depicted by Mahesh Kaul; only if as in the original, Mahesh had shown Kishori coming in the same attire and knocking at the door, he would have succeeded in building

up a greater suspense. Now it becomes a little obvious that she is already dead. So the death itself does not give the jolt it should. But as the whole story is told as it happened to Shammi, the treatment and style adapted by Mahesh have every justification.

Elaborately produced with the best technical craftsmanship, the picture is a treat to both the eye and the ear. For once, the sound, the photography, the sets and even the music have a character in consonance with the spirit of the story. Every artiste has given a good performance. Chand Usmani carried her role with her looks; she looks her part and wins sympathy. Shammi's performance suffers from exaggerated gestures; but it would be wrong to dub his exuberance as over-acting. Leela Misra as the mother-in-law gives the best performance of her career.

A moving and gripping picture, it is a triumph for Mahesh Kaul as a director, just as the original version was a triumph for its scenarist and poet, Medgulkar. If, at all, Mahesh Kaul can be blamed for anything, it is that he is inclined to over-emphasize the details and the atmosphere; this over-emphasis has a point but sometimes it does confuse the picturegoer as he loses the track of the story and its bearing. But for such an occasional lapse, *Jeewan Jyoti* remains one of the finest emotional domestic dramas to enrich our screen.

Personality Of The Week

STRANGE as it may seem, *Rahi* is the first picture inspired by Mulk Raj Anand's novel. This internationally renowned author has written many novels in English and some of them like "Coolie" and "Two Leaves And A Bud" have been best-sellers.

Mulk is one of those few Indians who after obtaining education in England settled down in the land. But unlike most of the anglicized Indians, he remained Indian at heart and directed all his energies in portraying the true picture of India under the British regime and expos-

ing the British rule in this country. Unlike other writers who cashed on the alleged mysticism of the orient, Mulk dealt with the problems of modern India and the oppression of the common man. He evolved a new style of Indo-English and liberally used Indian expressions to give colour and robustness to his characters.

Leftist in his political inclinations, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand is one of the most amiable men who stayed in Britain during the war and returned to India in 1946. Since then he has made India, rather Bombay, his home. After his return to India he has been interested in films and at one time he was a promoter of a film producing concern. The project however did not materialize. He has also been editing "Marg", an excellent art magazine, and writing more stories, articles and novels. He has been an active participant in the peace movement; and visited frequently China, Russia and other people's democracies.

The greatest honour was conferred upon him a few months ago when he was awarded the peace prize. Is he a Communist? Or a fellow traveller? I think both these expressions are wrong; he is a votary of peace and progress and would have no hesitation in aligning himself with any party which works for both these aims.

Yet, so far, none of his stories has been brought to the screen. Only recently he worked with Herbert Marshall on the script of *Wajid Ali Shah*; but it was left to Abbas to bring his name on the theatre marquee. For "Two Leaves And A Bud" forms the basis of *Rahi*. Of course, the story has been changed considerably, but the spirit and the foreign characters remain the same. And again, unlike other writers, Mulk has made a public avowal of the acceptance of the changes by Abbas. That itself is a proof of Mulk's liberal and rational outlook.

One however hopes *Rahi* is just a beginning and that Mulk Raj will continue to have closer and greater association with films in future.

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

Greeks And The Kalinga War

Sir,—One of the English lessons included in the selections for the S. S. L. C. Public Examination to be held in 1954 is "The choice of Asoka" which describes the Kalinga War and the great non-violent change that came over the life of the Great Mauryan Emperor as a result of the horrors and sufferings on the battle field. History is distorted in this lesson and the astounding statement is made that Asoka fought with the Greeks and defeated them in the campaign of Kalinga. It does not seem to be a slip or oversight on the part of the author because the author persists in his error throughout the lesson and even goes to the length of saying that the country of the Greeks is somewhere adjacent to Kalinga. One of the leaders of Asoka called Sothram, soon after the defeat of the Greeks in the battle of Kalinga, begs the great Emperor to permit the Mauryan army to chase the defeated Greeks into the country of the Greeks, "so that within a few months their territory will be ours."

The position of the English teacher with some historical sense becomes rather unenviable in teaching this lesson, because he has to make and stand by certain absurd historical statements which are not borne out in any of the standard history works like Doctor Vincent Smith's or Mazumdar's. I have not so far come across anywhere in the course of my studies in Indian History that Asoka fought with the Greeks and defeated them in his Kalinga campaign. Nor do I remember to have studied anywhere that the country of the Greeks is situated somewhere adjacent to Kalinga.

Will any of the esteemed readers of SWATANTRA come forward and throw some light on this interesting point.

S. RAMANATHAN, B.A., L.T.

Karur.

Misleading Leaders

Sir,—It is seven years since India became independent, but we have not yet settled down and are still in the midst of chaos and confusion. Disharmony and hatred are still rampant in the country. Hardly a day passes without some hymn of hate

being preached and passions roused, one set of people tarring the name boards, and another set cleaning it with kerosene. We are thus making ourselves the laughing stock of the world.

What is all this due to?

It is all due to want of discipline and utter disregard of the welfare of humanity as a whole. India has been a land of rishis and selfless workers. But alas, we have now very few leaders worth mentioning. Our present-day leaders are mis-leaders only. Their one aim is grabbing power and making an indiscriminate use of it. They pander to the low instincts of the masses to ensure for themselves the power which they seek. It is always difficult to instil good sense into the masses, but extremely easy to poison their minds with outpourings of hatred and jealousy. The so-called leaders do not in any way suffer for their actions, but the poor masses under their sway have to undergo much trouble and misery.

What is the remedy?

The remedy is simple. The masses should awaken and make a firm resolve that they would not be made a cat's paw or get their minds poisoned for the selfish interest and benefit of the so-called leaders. For this let each one ask himself the following questions and answer them truthfully and honestly: Who am I? What is my mission? What do I carry with me after death?

Everyone must resolve to create an atmosphere of love and kindness all round, and at the end of the day take stock of his action to see how far he has succeeded in implementing his resolution.

Men in responsible position should come forward and condemn the unsocial activities now going on, in unequivocal terms, call for mass meetings and create an atmosphere of goodwill, love and peace so that the Government may concentrate their attention on beneficial and lasting things instead of wasting their energy in precautionary measures here to prevent possible breaches of peace.

Cinemas which are of great educational value can assist in bringing amity and concord among the public and the directors of the film industry will be earning the gratitude of posterity if their inestimable services are employed towards this end.

If everyone could act in this manner, society would be completely overhauled, with the blessings of peace and plenty showered on it. Out next Independence Day will really be a day of rejoicing and happiness for the nation, unlike what it is today.

T. N. NATESA AIYAR

SWATANTRA

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AMERICAN DILEMMA

THE United States does not want India to participate in the political conference on Korea to be held in October. This does not affect India's prestige, as India has no desire to butt in on any conference where she is not welcome. But it will materially lower American statesmanship in the esteem of the world. It is not as if America has any objection to India or feels that she is not in any way qualified to participate in the conference. She has no such objection or feeling. Nor has any other important member of the United Nations. In the United Nations, there is a general consensus of opinion that India has a very valuable part to play in any peace settlement involving the future of any Asiatic power. Russia and China wish to have India included in the conference. The Commonwealth countries insist on it. The voice of Dr. Syngman Rhee is the lone voice raised against India, and to placate him, the United States has taken upon itself the task of bringing about the exclusion of India. In order to gain the requisite voting strength, the U. S. A. has started rallying the Latin American countries to her side. France was originally in favour of Indian participation, but the United States has weaned France to her view with the bait, it is alleged, of a promise to block the Moroccan issue from any discussion in the U. N. Security Council.

THE outlook for world peace will be bleak, if to sustain the intransigence of Dr. Rhee, America should persist in tampering with freedom of opinion in the United Nations Organisation, and seek to subdue it to her will with economic and other pressures. American unwisdom of this stamp will wreck the United Nations itself as an instrument for the promotion of international harmony and understanding. The old League of Nations collapsed because it proved to be ineffective for the elimination of the intrigues of power politics from its precincts. The same fate will overtake the United Nations if the same defect is not guarded against. The world is a jumble of countries of the most diverse description, with enormous dissimilarities in power and prosperity. These countries cannot be held together in a common organisation conducive to the freedom and dignity of all, unless the utmost care is taken for avoidance of military or economic pressure as a means to secure agreement.

ALREADY the United Nations is tending to be ineffective for the purposes that brought it into being, on account of the over-dominance of the U. S. A. in its affairs. Millions of American dollars overflow all over the world fertilising plans for economic rehabilitation of the comparatively backward. If the gift of dollars does not entail any form of subservience in exchange, it will shine forth as an emblem of humanitarian enterprise. This prospect is still open to the USA. If it is missed, American leadership will bring no peace to the world. It will only cast on the UN the dark shadow of a menacing economic imperialism, making the future gloomy and hopeless.

Nandanam

THE residents of Nandanam Colony have been lamenting in the papers about their hard plight. It is six months since this colony, constructed by the Madras Improvement Trust, was opened by the Chief Minister. At the time of the opening of the colony, the houses lacked essential amenities like water and electricity, but it was understood that the omission would be rectified without undue delay. This has not been done, and the residents are being put to a lot of trouble in consequence. What is the impediment to quick action in a case of this kind? In a week at the most, the two essential requirements of the colony, water and electricity, could have been completely attended to. But because of the apathy of the authorities concerned, or else their complacent feeling that they could do things as they like, the public being powerless to impel them to expedition, a little matter that could be set right in a week is left unattended to for months indefinitely. Another administrative monstrosity peculiar to Madras is the concentration of far too many tasks in the Chief Minister's hands. There is nothing too trifling for him, every little detail has to wait for his approval, and his interference is all-pervasive. The net result is a certain chronic paralysis of initiative in every rung of the administration. Nothing moves unless the Chief Minister moves it. We have therefore to urge him to move in the matter of setting right these difficulties of the residents of Nandanam, though ordinarily it is a simple departmental matter much below the level of attention of the Chief Minister of a State.

Municipal Journals

IS it advisable for municipalities to run journals of their own? This question evoked a heated debate in the Madras Corporation on Tuesday, and eventually a monthly grant was sanctioned for the expenses of the *Madras Corporation Chronicle*, a monthly, of which two issues have appeared already. There is sound commonsense in the view that was

expressed by some of the Councillors that it is a sheer waste to merely reproduce in the *Chronicle* speeches and other proceedings of the Corporation that had already found wider publicity much earlier in the columns of the daily press. If the publication of material of this sort is to be accepted as the sole function of a municipal journal, the objections raised against starting a journal of that kind are unassailable. But it need not be so accepted. There is a definite field of special interest in which a municipal journal can render useful service, on the line, for instance, of professional journals like *The South Indian Journalist*, in their respective fields. These are unfortunately too few in number. There is only one journal, *The South Indian Journalist*, dealing with problems affecting the profession of journalism, whereas there is room for several more. The practical aspects of municipal administration lie outside the range of the daily newspapers, and if they could be dealt with intelligently and with objective vision and sincerity, the resulting benefit would not be negligible in the case of municipalities pervious to such an influence. This however is not suitable work for tired and overworked officials in their spare hours. It requires the consecrated energy of a skilled journalist with the proper aptitude, and if such a one could be found and set to work in a congenial atmosphere, a municipal journal conducted by him will certainly be worth the effort.

It is in the matter of securing advertisements that municipal journals are liable to encounter grave pitfalls. The Independence Number of the *Madras Corporation Chronicle* carries an announcement which runs: "As municipalities and local bodies in India buy many products in huge quantities for their requirements, there can be no better medium to advertise your products to prospective buyers." This is tantamount to saying, "If you do not advertise in our journal, we will not go in for your goods." It remains for the Councillors to consider whether such an attitude will be conducive to the maintenance of proper standards of

journalistic morality, or promote the essential interests of the ratepayers.

Centre's Handicap

SOME significant remarks of Dean H. Appleby in his recent report on "Public Administration in India," are worth quoting. Says Appleby in the chapter on "Structure and Administration":

"Language usage and sentiment seem to support minimizing Central powers. 'Autonomous States' is a phrase in wide use and as used of tremendous influence on modes of action. Yet the Constitution does not provide for autonomous States and their creation would destroy India as a nation. Phrases of such enormous implications should have no such casual usage."

Elsewhere, Mr. Appleby points out that the new national Government of India at the Centre is given less basic resources in power than any other large nation, while its needs are far greater. The dangers of linguism as a disruptive force, or as a "form of tribalism" have been rather overstressed till now. But the real criterion for the creation of new linguistic States, should not be the same old sentimental arguments for and against them, it should be whether such a creation will make for smooth administration and planning. It is clear from Mr. Appleby's analysis that the recent developments are not desirable at all. He has gone further and has characterised even the present set-up as haphazard in structure. The Centre's resources are not at all adequate for Central planning on the scale envisaged in the Five Year Plan. The powers of supervision of the Centre over the list of subjects in the 7th schedule, the powers of integration of the Centre in the matter of the States' plans, all these leave much to be desired. To quote Mr. Appleby again: "The power that is exercised organically in New Delhi is the uncertain and discontinuous power of prestige. It is influence rather than power."

Mr. Appleby gives some instances of lack of coordination. In a State he visited, the expenditure for development was actually declining although the State was nominally

qualifying for grants conceived at the Centre as required for increased outlay. He also deals at length with the "raggedness of the sales tax assessment, levies and collection efforts and the raggedness of the state of administrative effectiveness—things most notable, perhaps, in the case of Part B States but by no means confined to them." He calls into question the assumptions that the States will use the existing reserves, and increased revenues and that they will consistently carry out the Plan. He even fears that some might choose alternative and even mutually conflicting lines of development. He concedes that at present under the strong one-party situation in the States and Centre and with the present leadership, an *ad hoc* machinery exists to get over the difficulties. But the concluding sentence of the chapter is remarkable for its mild satire. "*National planning on so large and crucial a scale requires more facility for implementation in the long future than any such ad hoc machinery can provide.*"

The pity is that while even the *ad hoc* machinery is beginning to crack, no note seems to be taken at any level of the grave administrative implications of the controversies now going on.

Sales Tax

IT is welcome news that the Chief Minister of Madras has at last consented to consider the conversion of the sales tax into a single point tax. The collection of the tax at many points has imposed an unduly heavy strain on traders and consumers, and it is probably responsible for the fact that the tax has ceased to yield increased revenue and entered on the stage of giving diminishing returns. The Government no doubt are concerned with revenue, but the collection of revenue should be combined with equity. Of all taxes of recent imposition, the sales tax takes pride of place for unpopularity and for the irritation caused by its possibilities of harassment. The sooner it is simplified, the better it will be from every reasonable point of view.

Sotto Voce

THE NEW GOBLIN MARKET



IN the good old days of *ma-bap* rule, the European Collector of a district out on inspection found himself thirsty and hungry in the hot sun. Just then a villager happened to pass along, carrying an inviting water vessel in his hand and a bundle on his head. Seeing the obvious distress of the white man he pressed upon him food and drink. The Collector found the milk-white wafer-like *dosais* so fragrant and appetising that he consumed the lot and washed it down with a copious draught of the sparkling element from the *kujja*. And in his gratitude he gave the villager a written order on the spot appointing him tahsildar.

And then the fun began. The taluk sheristadar, an old bandicoot, having a shrewd idea of what had happened, told the tahsildar-designate that his duties would begin with the slow mastication and digestion of the paper on which the Collector's order had been penned. And the unfortunate appointee had to do this under the stern eye of his subordinate. No wonder that he did not turn up next day for a repetition of the ordeal. When next the Collector chanced to see him and asked what had happened, the villager candidly recounted his experience and wound up with the suggestion, "If Huzoor will give me another chance, let him write the order on a *dosai*."

But the poor mites, who will be herded into the schools which are to be run as famine relief for the educated unemployed, under the Government of India's paternal dispensation, will not be able to resort to this effective way of curing presumption.

They can however take heart of grace from the thought that the muster roll in rural schools is never called except on inspection day. And the 'educated' (how or how much we shall never know) who are thus put on the dignified dole will be even less anxious to see their charges than these them. Truth to tell, they will have quite a different row of beans to hoe.

They will be invited to lend a hand with the panchayats and the 'co-ops'. And, unlike the teacher who is and can be nothing else, they will be nothing loth to go canvassing for the party boss, scandalising the enemy and picking up unconsidered trifles that are plentiful at election time. After all, honest men must live, and the wages of an elementary school teacher will not support a self-respecting mouse which knows that there is corn in the ear at hand. If the old gibe that a man who was fit for nothing else became a teacher was a foul libel, the man who is no good as a mere teacher may blossom into an ideal instructor in social education.

For, according to Mr. S. K. Ghosh, the enterprising Director General of Community Projects, the instructor's job will be to peddle enthusiasm. Experienced administrator that he is, Mr. Ghosh observed, with an admirably judicial air, that it was an important question how far these men "can create the necessary emotional awareness among the people." The emotional reaction may sometimes be disconcertingly unexpected; as, one suspects, it is at Nilokheri, the one-time wonder-town of the

Punjab, as the sole begetter of which Mr. Ghosh woke to fame one morning. Hastening from triumph to triumph, he may have heard, with but moderate curiosity, the belated official verdict that Nilokheri is "industrially a failure." He is too busy sending up other rockets.

The social education organisers may not free themselves with equal *elan* from the necessity of reaping where they sow. But Mr. Ghosh has thought out ways and means by which they may keep demos, that hungry beast, in good cheer. They will have *carte blanche* to engage 'the village poet and the litterateur' to pipe them merry tunes. *The New Goblin Market* will go somewhat thus:

*Come, buy, good burghers, come,
buy, come, buy,
Uplift and blather, hot air and
graft,
Stunts and black markets, spend-
thrifts galore,*

*Come, buy, good burghers, come,
buy, come, buy.*

The Congress Party has a simple solution for unemployment: "Close down the colleges." The Planning Commission prefers to plant phoney jobs. First Bharat Sevak Samaj, now Social Education. And the States have their temple executive officers, village guides et hoc. But the purse is rapidly, inexorably emptying. And window-dressing is not wealth. The talk is all of village industries, small-scale industries, decentralised industries. But the moment a resolute young man with brains tries to make things there is a mighty flutter. He is inveigled into a maze of red tape, fed on fat promises, disciplined with threats of nationalisation and immobilised by rules that make out that he is too big or too small, too poor or too prosperous. If he is lucky he keeps his sanity by cutting and running in good time.

VIGNESWARA

"Avvaiyar"

AVVAIYAR is the story of a devotee of God who eschewed the normal path of marriage and dedicated her life solely to the service of her fellowmen. She prayed to Vigneshwara to be converted to old age when marriage seemed imminent. The prayer was granted and Avvai was spared exclusively for the mission of her choice. She never stayed for long in the same place. She travelled tirelessly spreading benefaction wherever she went. She had the gift of working miracles, and she used it to heal the sick, to patch up quarrels, to teach generosity to the stingy and humanity to the selfish. A series of incidents has been worked up into the story of Avvaiyar's life to give it its proper significance and the correct historical atmosphere and background. Through them all, Avvaiyar shines as the cleanest embodiment of Tamil culture ever presented on the screen.

Srimati K. B. Sundarambal has played the part of Avvai to perfection. Magnetic without being beautiful, adorable with a characteristic

benevolence never repelled by evil, fiery and dogged in the pursuit of redress for injustice, compelling attention with her wisdom, charming with the melody of her songs, overpowering in the intensity of her soul-power, she seemed marked out for this extraordinarily difficult and strenuous role and she played it with magnificent success with not a moment of dullness anywhere in the long story. Sri Vasan has risen in this film from the ordinary level of commerce to the height of social service through culture-inculcation. The loving labour of years is manifest in the production. Its power is evidenced by the fact that even confirmed rationalists do not find the miracles with which it seethes, jarring in the least degree. The lavishness and gorgeousness of the settings and the prodigious power of the scene of assault on the fort with an army of elephants using their trunks and heads as battering rams are of unparalleled realism. I only wish the Kailas scene that marked the finish of the story had not ended with a dance pulling its grandeur from its intended divine level to a merely mortal pattern. K. S. R.



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SIDELIGHTS : :

THE havoc caused by the Godavari flood was due to breaches that occurred in the north bank of the river. There was ample warning from Bombay of very heavy rainfall and the possibility of a record-breaking inundation. The river began to rise on 8th August, and from that day onwards, the rise was continuous. The authorities whose duty it was to undertake protective operations in time to minimise loss on account of the flood, were negligent, and ignored the injunctions laid down in the relevant Government Orders. The Chief Engineer to whom belonged the prime responsibility in the matter, failed in the requisite degree of alertness. Had the north bank been properly attended to, as the south bank was, the destruction inflicted on Rajahmundry would have been lessened to a very great extent.

The river water rushed through the breaches in a current of great velocity. It lifted in its march huge logs of timber piled in the vicinity by the traders. The logs knocked against the walls and doors of houses, and when they met with obstruction, they were thrown back and pushed forward again, like so many battering rams directed by a mighty element. The timber traders who do a good business here have had their trade completely wrecked. Means of living have been taken away from some four thousand families in consequence.

Two-thirds of Rajahmundry was submerged in water, which passed over the tops of houses. The loss of human life was not so great as was feared at first, but the loss of cattle and poultry was enormous. The scene of devastation that was revealed when the flood subsided, is indescribable. Entire streets in Aryapuram were a mass of debris. All huts in the flooded area had been destroyed. Many terraced and tiled houses had come down. The building in which the sales tax office was held, had collapsed in ruins, and in several Government offices, the records were completely soaked in

water and rendered useless. Currency notes of immense value were disfigured. Stocks of rice and food-stuffs and of *avakkai* laid for the whole year, were swept away in the flood. All household articles except those invulnerable to damage by water, were lost or destroyed.

Here and there, the air was filled with the suffocating smell of rotting corpses and carcasses. It would have been much more insufferable but for Sri Linga Raju's wise forethought. He went forth on the water in a boat in search of dead bodies of men and cattle and cast off as many of them as he could get at into the current of the river. While on this task, the bottom of the boat struck a hard substance causing a leak. He tore a cloth and plugged it with the pieces and managed to reach a place of safety.

The present plight of the townsmen is wretched beyond description. Thousands of them have nothing left except the cloths on their bodies—no home, no money, no means of livelihood, not even a change of clothing. They are sunk in utter destitution. The good-neighbourliness of the people in one-third of the town that escaped the flood-havoc has saved them so far, as also the rush of help from neighbour municipalities, but it is a situation that cannot last. Several of the Ministers have been on the scene, but they brought no comfort as they themselves appeared to be symbols of pathetic helplessness. The one effective source of prompt and competent official helpfulness came from Sri Sathianathan. It was perhaps due to the report that he took back to headquarters that the Chief Minister himself relented and came by air for a lightning survey of the desolate scene. This was the Chief Minister's first visit to an Andhra locality in a long period, and though the stimulus that prompted it was not auspicious, it is to be hoped that it will bring about a more human and less partisan spirit into his outlook and administration.

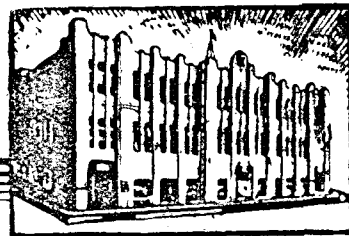
As a result of the Chief Minister's visit, it may be expected that the Madras Government will embark on relief operations with energy and determination. But the magnitude of the Godavari catastrophe is such, that provincial resources, however liberally applied, will not be adequate for repair of the ravages. The occasion calls for rehabilitation effort on an all-India scale. Though the heart of the public all over the country has been stirred by accounts in the papers of the distress of the sufferers, and generous outpourings of sympathy, cash and voluntary medical and other aid have been spontaneously forthcoming in an impressive measure, it has to be realised that the untrained efforts of unrelated organisations will not suffice for expeditious restoration of normal conditions. The sordid game of politics does not exclude exploitation of distress for making an impression, and in the present unhappy atmosphere of Andhra politics, competition between groups and cliques

in the capitalisation of the situation for political and sectional ends, to the hurt of co-operative concentration on the practicalities of actual relief operations, is not altogether ruled out. It is advisable therefore that the main burden of the rehabilitation effort should fall on the military. The military alone will be able to clear the debris in record time.

The great fire of London was converted by the architects of the time into an opportunity for building a more beautiful city. Even so, the destruction of the Godavari floods must be utilised for the initiation of substantial improvements in town-planning and house-building. Along with much that was valuable, the floods swept away a lot that was ugly, squalid and slovenly. It is for our top-level administrators to combine their labours of relief and rehabilitation with plans for beautification of the damaged areas and wiser and more affective control of the waters of the dangerous river. SAKA

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PROFILE OF A PERSIAN PLOTTER

By ANDREW ROTH

ALMOST every Persian thinks Persia a giant stage, avidly watched by the rest of the world. Almost every Persian leader fancies himself an actor-manager-producer: now plotting in the wings, then wangling support from domestic and foreign backers, but finally striding to the centre of the stage, over-acting the lead in the best Persian tradition.

Everyone has been amazed that Dr. Mossadeq's tragi-comic portrayal of a nationalist combining the qualities of Gandhi and Machiavelli has had a two-year run. His British critics—and more recently the Americans—have always thought his performance terrible. There had been several prior efforts to 'hook' him off the stage. But, by playing to the Persian gallery, the tearful doctor had seemed set for an endless run.

Dr. Mossadeq has now been displaced by a dapper militarist who strode on from the right wing, encouraged by a nod from the vacillating young occupant of the royal box—who himself has no taste for Persian histrionics. The hard-profiled, 63-year-old Gen. Fazollah Zahedi will no longer play much to the gallery and will certainly evoke catcalls from the left, Tudeh side. His plaudits will come from the circle of the 'hundred families': the Court, large landowners, tribal chieftains, obscurantist religious leaders like Kashani, and other senior army officers like himself.

Gen. Zahedi clearly models his performance on the military dictator who made himself a Shah and made Gen. Zahedi a general and his *aide de camp*. This was Reza Shah, the father of the present Shah.

Undoubtedly the most embarrassed critic in the audience is Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, the British Conservative M.P. He would love to applaud rapturously Gen. Zahedi's feat in

elbowing Mossadeq off the stage. But he cannot erase earlier notices insisting Zahedi is only fit to play a real-life villain.

General Zahedi, though pleasant to meet (Maclean wrote), was really a bad lot: a bitter enemy of the Allies, a man of unpleasant personal habits and, by virtue of his grain-hoarding activities, a source of popular discontent and an obstacle to the efficient administration of South Persia.

Of course this was in 1942 when Maclean (then a Captain in the British forces in Iran) was playing the heroic counter-intelligence kidnapper and General Zahedi (then commander of the Persian forces at Isfahan) was a leading Nazi plotter. The story: In 1941 the British and Russian forces had entered Persia to safeguard the Persian 'backdoor' to the embattled Russians. The pro-German dictator-monarch Reza Shah had been deposed and his son, the present Shah, enthroned in his place.

German agents were still active in South Persia. British Counter-Intelligence feared a rising of pro-Nazi Persian militarists like General Zahedi to coincide with a general German offensive in the Soviet Caucasus and a German airborne attack on the allied Tenth Army.

"Operation Pongo" was the British answer. A staff car flying a Union Jack drove openly up to Gen. Zahedi's house. When the General came down, "he found himself looking down the barrel of my Colt automatic," recalls Brigadier Maclean. The General was smuggled out in the staff car with a gun in his ribs and flown off to Palestine. A search of his bedroom revealed a collection of German weapons, some opium and a letter from the "German Consul General for South Persia." "His letter," Brigadier Maclean wrote in his book *Eastern Approaches*, "left no doubt that

the general's arrest had not come a moment too soon."

Same Setting, New Plot

THE daring and cunning Gen. Zahedi was involved in a new plot almost as soon as the Allies released him in 1945. He became inspector of military forces in South Persia in 1946, just in time to participate in the manoeuvre which gave the burgeoning, Communist-led Tudeh Party its first set-back. The Tudeh-led strike in the Abadan oil-field in July 1946 and the inclusion of three Tudeh ministers in the Qavam cabinet in August 1946 had frightened Britain into counter-action.

British-controlled Indian troops were landed in Basra, the Iraqi port virtually adjoining Abadan. The pro-British Iraqi government started demanding the "return" of Khuzistan, the oil-bearing Persian province in which Abadan is located. And the tribes in South Persia began a "spontaneous" revolt in October 1946 demanding the exclusion of the Tudeh ministers from the cabinet. Gen. Zahedi, long an intimate of the tribal chieftains, served as the intermediary for persuading the Qavam government to "capitulate" to this pressure which it welcomed.

In 1949 Gen. Zahedi resumed the post of chief of the national police, a post he had held in 1931. It was a post rich in possibilities for furthering his ambition for becoming Prime Minister of an ultra-rightist government. But the more moderate and modern-minded Gen. Razmara had his own eye on the job, as well as the backing of the Shah and Britain, and had him replaced by his own man. The Shah rewarded Gen. Zahedi by naming him to the Senate in 1950.

A Period For Plotters

GEN. ZAHEDI's present starring role is the climax of over two years of wily manoeuvre, off-stage and on. When Dr. Mossadeq first formed the government in May 1951 which nationalized AIOC, Gen. Zahedi participated as Minister of Interior. At this stage Dr. Mossadeq was anxious

to carry with him the Shah and his rightwing military supporters.

The dapper general was out again after three months when Dr. Mossadeq suspected that the Shah was using him to displace or moderate his government in its July-August negotiations with the British and American emissaries, Richard Stokes and Averell Harriman. This suspicion emerged from the bloody riots of July 15, provoked just as Harriman arrived.

"You are the culprit!" "You ordered the troops to shoot!" were the cries which greeted Gen. Zahedi in the Majlis as he tried to explain the shootings. According to foreign observers Tudeh demonstrators had been shouting anti-American slogans in an orderly manner when rightwing Nationalists began heckling them and pelting them with stones. The police and soldiers entered the affray after the Communists, using the poles carrying the slogans, had scattered the nationalists. A score were killed and thousands gathered to try to reverse Zahedi's orders that the corpses should be withheld to prevent political demonstrations. They shouted: "Give us the bodies!" and "We want the bodies of our brothers and sisters!"

Gen. Zahedi's career with Dr. Mossadeq was finished when it was disclosed by British correspondents that he and Zia-ed-din were being tipped as Mossadeq's successors by the Court and the British Embassy. Norman Cliff cabled a warning to the *News Chronicle* (August 21, 1951): "The only successor who could hope to restore the situation..... would have to be a strong man prepared to suppress opposition.....and.....the only men of this type known to be available are old and of tarnished reputations, (and) if such a strong man succeeded Britain would be placed once more in the position of supporting a repressive and reactionary regime and handing the leadership of the popular movement to the Communists."

Retired But Not Resigned

OUT of government, Gen. Zahedi became leader of the influential

Retired Officers Association, whose numbers mounted as Mossadeq purged the army of 200 rightwing senior officers considered sympathetic to the Shah and likely to be used by him to oust Mossadeq.

When the wily Zahedi saw the Mossadeq-Kashani alliance weakening last autumn, he entered into negotiations with the Mullah. Mossadeq retaliated in October by announcing his government had quashed a "foreign-aided plot" which aimed to make Gen. Zahedi Prime Minister. As a Senator, General Zahedi was immune from arrest. From the Senate floor he accused Mossadeq of political blackmail, rigging the elections, creating chaos and deluding the nation with hypocrisy. Within a few days the Senate's term was cut by Mossadeq from 6 years to 2 years, thus ending Zahedi's immunity.

Zahedi was not arrested until developments suggested an Army-Tribes-Court plot was maturing. In mid-February 1953 the 2-million strong Bakhtiari tribes—the Shah's wife, Soraya, is half-Bakhtiari and half-German—started a minor revolt. At the end of February, Gen. Zahedi, whose influence with the tribes is well-known, was arrested and accused of setting up a shadow cabinet to take over from Mossadeq.

Two days later many members of his Retired Officers Association together with Kashani's agitators led the demonstrations which persuaded the Shah to change his plans for leaving the country. Dr. Mossadeq, always frightened of an army coup in the name of the Shah, renewed his effort to eliminate the Shah as Army Commander-in-Chief.

Barely out of prison, Gen. Zahedi's name was linked with the kidnapping, torture and murder of the chief of police Brigadier Afshartous in April. A relative of Dr. Mossadeq, he had retired many army officers since he had become head of the police.

He was lured to the alley on which the Retired Officers Association is located, chloroformed, taken off to the hills, tortured for 48 hours, killed and buried. The Persian police alleged this was supervised by Brigadier Ali Asghar Mozayeni, an associate of Gen. Zahedi. When asked to report for questioning Gen. Zahedi took refuge in the Majlis (Parliament).

For Fear Of Tudeh

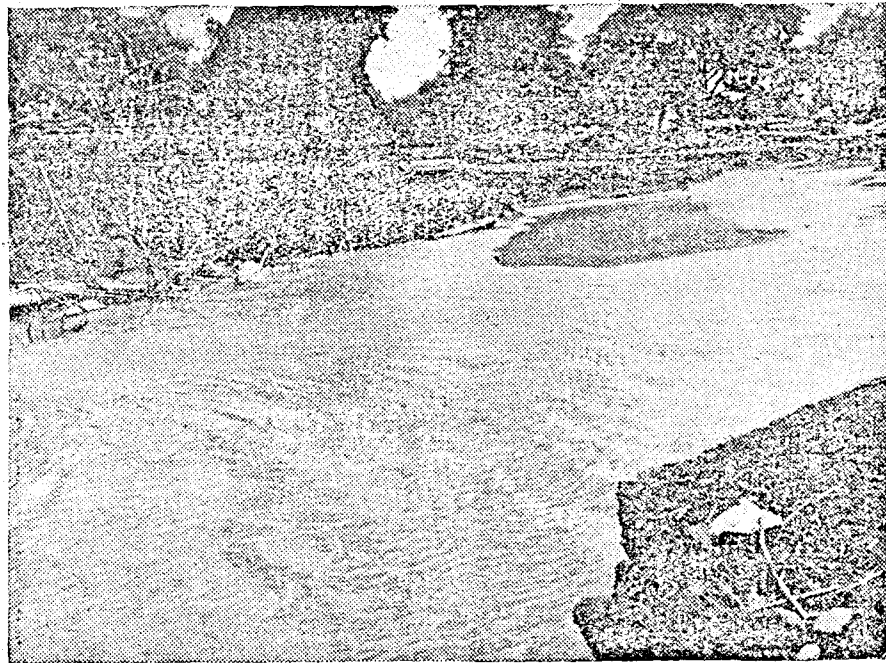
THE Communists gave Gen. Zahedi his chance to be Persia's "Man on Horseback." The Shah was becoming impatient with Mossadeq's efforts to oust him, with control of the army and set up an unopposed dictatorship. Mossadeq was losing popular support because of his quarrel with Kashani, his failure to break the British oil blockade and the decline of Persian currency.

The July 21 demonstrations frightened the Shah and convinced him he would have American and British support if he overthrew Mossadeq. This was the anniversary of the killing of demonstrators protesting the July 1952 dismissal of Mossadeq. Tudeh demonstrators turned out 100,000 strong and the Nationalists only 5,000 strong. Cabled the *New York Times* correspondent:

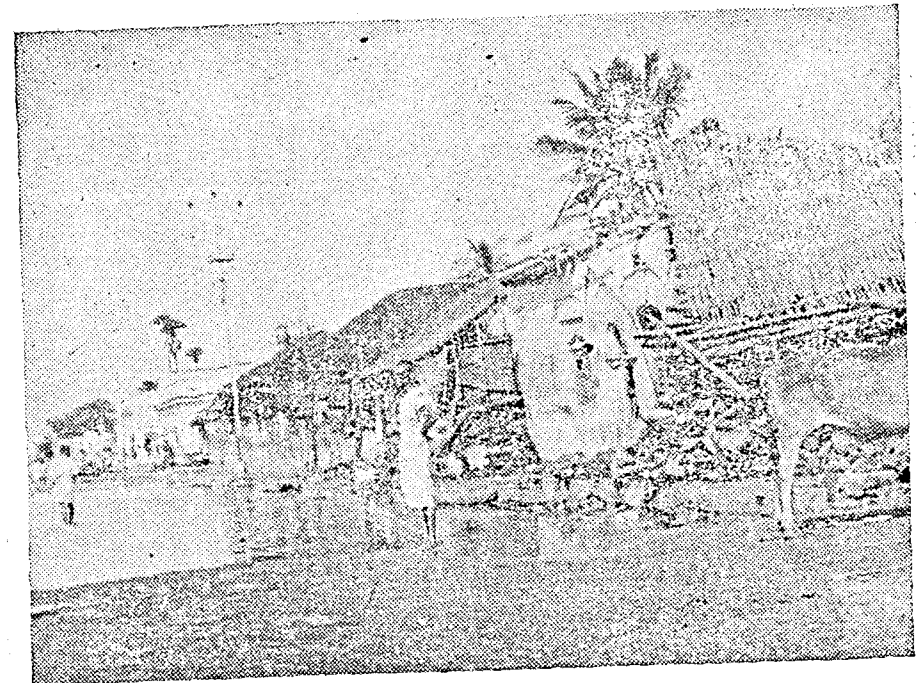
In one of the biggest popular demonstrations in Iran's history, the Tudeh (Communist) Party served notice today that as the nation's strongest and best disciplined political force it could no longer be ignored.

On August 14 the vacillating young monarch signed the decrees appointing Gen. Zahedi as Premier and dismissing Dr. Mossadeq. When Dr. Mossadeq did not comply immediately, the Shah left the country, leaving the dirty work in Gen. Zahedi's hands. And there were none more suitable in Persia.

When a woman marries again it is because she detested her first husband; when a man marries again it is because he adored his first wife. Women try their luck; men risk theirs.—Oscar Wilde.



GODAVARI FLOODS



SCENES OF HAVOC



Send Me A Postcard

F. R. BUCKLEY, a freelance writer and broadcaster, speaking in the BBC's Midland Home Service, gave an amusing account of the craze for picture postcards which was current some forty to fifty years ago. "It was customary for recipients, especially maiden aunts, to say picture postcards had provided them with a real armchair tour" said Buckley, "and without the necessity of tipping the guard for a corner seat facing the engine with a clean anti-macassar. Obviously such treasures must be preserved for rescrutiny when wanderlust should attack Auntie again; mankind being what it is, preservation led to collection and collection to exploitation; and indeed, by 1904, cartophily was an established craze and already leading to strange excesses." Many of the cards in the collection to which he had recently fallen heir were unused and brilliantly coloured and he had great fun in sending them to correspondents on occasion, especially those he termed the "Death and Disaster" series. At that time any public event of this kind was always peddled in postcard form by some local publisher and he possessed postcards of a single-deck tram which turned over in Birmingham about 1910, a railway engine which ran bloodlessly off the rails at about the same time, some Hull trawlers which in 1904 were fired on by the Russian Navy and one of two Hamburg gasometers which blew up in 1909. There were more cheerful topical items too, including Joseph Chamberlain at a tea party in Birmingham in 1906 and King Edward VII opening Birmingham University. But there were other kinds of postcards, such as those enhanced by a sprinkling of tinsel, and there was a period "when practically everything was frosted, including the music hall stars." This tinsel rubbed off so freely in transit that the Post Office had to make a regulation that such cards must be enclosed in envelopes and then the manufacturers really let themselves go. "I have a spirited likeness of the Liverpool landing stage printed for no reason

whatever on a postcard-sized piece of aluminium" said Buckley. "Furthermore, the question arose what was postcard size?; my unwanted collection contains a panoramic view of Gloucester eight and a half inches by five, and they came larger still." This was not all. "One genius," he said, "invented postcard transparencies; another turned out cards which you squeezed and they barked or said, 'Mama!'; still another, deciding to give the fine arts a whirl, put out a series of Dore's illustrations to the Inferno—and, probably thinking they didn't look hellish enough, printed them in an ink practically indistinguishable from blood. A rival, evidently aware that old masters were notable for their brusr-work, emitted Rembrandts, Leonardos and Titians galore on card so embossed as to give the impression that the masterpieces had been painted with a shevel."

There were also trick cards, mainly French, and Buckley almost blushed when he revealed that his collection contained a card portraying a boudoir scene in which two ladies were shown, fully dressed; by pulling a tab they appeared in negligee with one actually showing her ankle. He had many cards of actresses and others, more mundane ones, of railway engines, steamships, and views. There were comic cards, some of private citizens in fancy dress, British troops in the first World War wearing gas masks, Edward VII Coronation cards, rickshaw boys, Indians with spikes through their noses and many more. Recently he consulted a magazine through which almost anything can be bought, sold or exchanged, and in it found one forlorn advertiser who said "Postcards wanted for cash. Many kinds for sale or exchange." He wrote saying he had thousands and would the advertiser come and fetch them quickly. "He replied on a coloured postcard showing a scale model of the Sydney Harbour Bridge," said Buckley, "saying he'd get in touch with me very shortly; but that was weeks ago, and he hasn't; and so here I am with one more hideous postcard than I had before and hope ebbing fast."—BBC

"All Britons would breathe easier if the Korean question were removed from American hands and put back into those of the United Nations."

KOREAN TIME BOMB

By ANDREW ROTH

B RITAIN has awakened from the drowsy lull of an August holiday season to try to stamp on a sputtering fuse which promises to set off a bigger and more devastating explosion in Asia next January.

August Bank Holiday had started off vacation month in the first blaze of consecutive good weather this island has seen this summer. The post-Coronation glow still lingered. Despite gloomy predictions, unemployment remains very small. Britain's balance of trade continues to improve slightly. The armistice in Korea and the more peaceful sounds from Moscow had enabled Parliament to rise for the summer recess at the end of July with the most relaxed attitude since before the war. Both Mr. Bevan and Mr. Attlee went off to holiday in Yugoslavia, causing comics to ask whether they would meet in Split.

Three loud sputterings disturbed Britain's drowsy daydreams of peace. The first was the release on August 7 of the 16-nation declaration signed secretly in Washington on July 27 which warned that in the event of a renewal of Communist aggression they would "again be united and prompt to resist." The crackling came from the rider which added that "the consequences of such a breach of the armistice would be so grave that, in all probability, it would not be possible to confine hostilities within the frontiers of Korea."

Labour moderates, Patrick Gordon Walker and Douglas Jay, formerly Commonwealth Minister and Financial Secretary respectively, complained in a letter to *The Times* on August 12 that this would be "widely regarded as a quasi-promise by this country to join in operations against the Chinese mainland, should the war be resumed.... The British Government should never have made such a half-promise. An extension

of the war to China is contrary to the clear policy of both Labour and Conservative Governments ever since 1950. Public opinion in this country is unanimously against it. It is no answer to say that no new commitment is involved, or that there is only a statement of probabilities. If the words mean nothing they should not have been included. If they state probabilities, they are highly alarming."

The Times supported these correspondents in an unusually outspoken editorial which sternly advised the Foreign Office: "Never announce a threatening policy unless you are ready in the last resort to carry it out." It recognized that the declaration was meant for "political warfare" against the Chinese, but feared that it might mislead American opinion into believing that if the truce were broken, fifteen nations—"Britain chief among them—would immediately join in launching a war against the Chinese mainland."

The Labour Party then moved into the attack on August 14, deploring the fact that although the statement had been signed on July 27 it had not been communicated to Parliament before it rose on July 31. (Actually it was communicated in confidence to Mr. Attlee on August 1 and to Mr. Morrison, former Foreign Secretary, on August 4.) The Labour Party also rejected "a new commitment to the extension of hostilities in the Far East."

Within five hours came the answer from No. 10 Downing Street, bearing the unmistakable imprint of Churchill's own pen. He denied absolutely that this was a new commitment. It had been agreed on in December 1951. He recalled that in February 1952 he had disclosed in Parliament that the Labour Government itself had agreed to associate itself with action not confined to Korea if heavy air attacks from bases in China were

made on the UN forces in Korea. He himself had, in his address to the U. S. Congress in January 1952, promised that if a truce were made and broken, the allied response would be "prompt, resolute and effective."

Despite this Sir Winston made it clear that he now fears that the truce may be broken by Syngman Rhee. He warned: "If there were any breach of faith by anyone on our side, her Majesty's Government would be entitled to reopen the whole question."

The Dulles-Rhee Axis

THIS Churchill warning underlines the fact that authoritative British sources, which never accepted the Communist talk of a South Korean attack, now fear being dragged into an enlarged war by a South Korean provocation. It is not that they fear that South Korea can do anything by itself against the Chinese-North Korean forces. The British knew that the UN-US command has been limiting gasoline and munition supplies to the South Koreans. The ability of the South Koreans to "go it alone" has been little credited here since receipt of the official report of the Communist offensive on the central front immediately before the armistice. Three South Korean divisions were almost destroyed, including the 'Capitol' Division, the pride of the South Korean Army. Another division lost 70% of its personnel and abandoned practically all its field-guns and heavy equipment. Some South Korean elements fled in panic, leaving a 17-mile hole in the front which required the throwing in of five full U. S. divisions, the largest number of Americans to have been engaged since 1952.

What is feared is the alliance of political lunatics like Syngman Rhee and unstable American leaders like John Foster Dulles. Mr. Dulles, who ranks after Senator McCarthy as the American Britons could most easily do without, reached a new low in British estimation after the publication on August 7 of the U.S.-Korea Pact and the Dulles-Rhee statement. The Foreign Office had resigned itself to a mutual defense pact permitting the stationing of U. S. troops

in Korea, although it would have liked the 'political conference' to take place before. What was not expected was the combination of a pact and an accompanying Dulles-Rhee statement which, in effect, consigned the conference to failure before it started and, by inference, gave Dr. Rhee a free hand after January.

The Dulles-Rhee statement declared flatly that if, after ninety days, the political conference is "fruitless" in the sense that it does not achieve the joint American-South Korean objective of a "peaceful unification of historic Korea as a free and independent nation" there will be a "concurrent withdrawal from the conference. We will then consult further regarding the attainment of a unified, free and independent Korea....."

The British did not, of course, accept Mr. Rhee's interpretation of August 10. He told the Koreans that the achievement of unification had only been delayed and that if the political conference failed to unify Korea after three months "sixteen United Nations, including the United States, will join us in an effort to achieve our unification by other means."

They did note certain striking facts. "South Korea's status was until now that of the victim of aggression which was being protected internationally," pointed out the *Manchester Guardian* on August 11, "but it has now been raised to that of ally of America..... America and South Korea are to decide policy over the heads of the other members of the United Nations."

The one conclusion which the British are a bit loath to draw is the fact that this marks the inevitable conclusion of the argument of Washington's 'Asia-firsters.' If Asia is more important than Europe and if you estimate allies in Asia by the number of lives they are willing to sacrifice in fighting the Communists, who can be more important than Syngman Rhee? He has made no mystery of the fact that he is willing to sacrifice every Korean if that will make him President of a unified Korea. Beside such heroics, an ally

like Churchill must seem very tame. And Nehru no good at all.

It was not lost on British observers that the same week that Mr. Dulles committed the U. S. to active intervention on the Asian mainland, saw the strengthening of the position in Washington of Senator Knowland as Republican floor-leader of the Senate and Admiral Radford as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Not only are both of these ardent Asia-firsters, but they are both determined that the Peking regime must be overturned. Neither has attempted to hide this determination.

The Rude Shock

THE new militance which the Dulles-Radford-Knowland group and their Asian allies are instilling came as a rude shock to the British delegation on the eve of the General Assembly. When Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd left London for New York on August 10, he felt everything had been done to preserve Anglo-American unity. In Parliament, before the summer break-up, Britain's spokesman R. A. Butler had pledged to maintain "an absolute unity of front with our American friends, with our Allies and all the countries of the free world." In order to do this, the Foreign Office has been working with might and main to persuade people to defer consideration of those issues—like the recognition of Communist China—which divide Britain from the United States. A considerable measure of agreement had been reached over the political conference on Korea, including the value of having Russia and India present.

By the time Mr. Lloyd's plane had landed in New York, British efforts evaporated into nothingness as American strategy crystallized. The essential difference is that Britain has genuine hope that some general settlement may emerge from the

political conference and is anxious that it be held under circumstances most likely to start the peace ball rolling. U. S. leaders seem certain that little or nothing can come of the political conference and want the spotlight of blame to be sharply focussed.

These cleavages took a sharper form at the preliminary discussions on August 12-13 of the 16 States participating in the Korean conflict. The British and Canadians were anxious for a 'round table conference' which would soften antagonisms, while the U. S. wanted the contending sides facing each other. The British wanted India and Russia present, since they would be needed if the political conference were to be the prelude to a general settlement. At his press conference on August 13, U. S. representative Henry Cabot Lodge startled the British by his vehement declaration that it would be "chaotic maybe catastrophic to invite non-belligerents. It became clear the U. S. would grudgingly agree to Soviet presence but—because of a promise to Syngman Rhee—would not support India being there. Sir Winston Churchill, following the cables closely in London, gave the word that the British delegation should part company with the U. S. on this rather than risk offending India.

"War on the Ninety-first Day?" is the *New Statesman's* slightly sensational way of warning that the new Rhee-Dulles alliance threatens an unsuccessful political conference followed by the South Koreans' already-proclaimed "march to the North" dragging the U. S. and the latter's allies in its wake. This is not yet a general fear but all Britons would breathe easier if the Korean question were removed from American hands and put back into those of the United Nations where it theoretically belongs.

There was once a philosophical hedgehog, covered with spines like the rest of its species. One day this deep thinker said to himself: "What is the good of all this collection of unproductive bayonets, which bristle on my back at every alarm? This warlike preparation must be annoying to my neighbours. I will get rid of them." And he did so, the idiot! For a weasel came along, and finding him defenceless gobbled him up like an egg.—*Labiche*

"Socialists have a mission which is still unfulfilled."

RECENT TRENDS IN SOCIALIST THOUGHT

By R. VENKATACHALAM

THE political pendulum is now swinging back. After a swing from unitary monarchy to pluralist democracy, it is now turning back to political unity. There is now a wave of thought passing through political minds in India. A historic experiment is now in progress in the political laboratory of the Praja Socialist Party. Perhaps few realise the significance of these new ideas. Whether it secures general acceptance or not, Sri Asoka's thesis on "The Politics of Planned Economy" is a notable contribution to modern political thought. He has made a searching analysis of a common democratic malaise. It is not a passing question that he has raised. In a democratic set-up, inter-party relationship is a constant problem which needs a lasting solution. Sri Asoka has raised the issue as to how far a democratic set-up can be readjusted to serve the efficient execution of a long-term plan.

The necessity for economic planning, especially in a backward country like India, is not in dispute. Should planning be totalitarian or democratic? The totalitarian method has certain advantages of thoroughness and continuity. But we reject totalitarianism in economic planning precisely for the same reasons for which we reject it in politics. That planned development should be brought about in a democratic way is the very premise of our political action. It is not too late in the day to question it.

No party or group can claim the monopoly of deciding what is good for the country. No plan is absolutely good or absolutely bad. In a democracy the test is whether the majority accept it as good. If a plan or any portion of it is found to be not good, the people have the right to change the plan or give a different

mandate. Sometimes the voters may also change their mind. This is an inherent democratic right which cannot in any manner be abrogated or subtracted from by nice considerations of exigency or convenience. Trial and correction is the democratic method. This method may sometimes unsettle things and perhaps cause a little waste. But in the long run, it is conducive to the best interests of the society. It is preferable to the totalitarian way of uprooting things and throwing them overboard by force and without consent.

In his Betul report, while conceding that totalitarianism cannot be a suitable promotor of social change, Sri Asoka observed: "If totalitarianism is unwise, parliamentary democracy is not much helpful." While it is too much to infer from this that Sri Asoka has revised his faith in parliamentary democracy, the arguments adopted in the Betul report reveal an erroneous approach to this problem. The assumptions that under the compulsions of backward economy opposition will play an irresponsible role and that the failure of a party like the Congress will discredit democracy itself, are unwarranted and have obviously forced the author's mind into regions of dangerous thought.

THAT the stresses and strains of backward economy produce certain political compulsions, may, to some extent, be true. But to say that they will cause social stagnation or appreciably hamper development is too pessimistic. From one point of view the more backward the community is, the more strong will be the urge for development. The need for planned development will also be felt on all sides. A backward economy is more suited for the operation of a socialist movement. Under a democratic set-up, a socialist plan is likely to evoke greater support in a backward

economy than in a developed society. Even in a backward society, political parties are expected to play a fair game and maintain certain standards of conduct. In a democratic set-up an opposition party cannot afford to be irresponsible. It cannot oppose for the sake of opposition.

That political parties operating in a responsible way and keeping to certain areas of agreement is a feature inherent in parliamentary democracy. The human mind cannot be erring constantly. Given certain circumstances, it is unlikely that two parties will differ on all matters. To a larger or smaller extent their opinions may coincide. On matters on which they agree, there will be no opposition either inside the legislature or outside. That is a code of conduct under parliamentary democracy. If political parties violate the code of conduct and act in an irresponsible way, the defect will lie not in democracy but in their functioning. An opposition party is bound to examine every measure on merits, and lend support to such measures as are acceptable. To find such areas of agreement it is unnecessary to have a coalition, joint responsibility or any other form of inter-party agreement. There is ample scope under democracy for an opposition party to give the Government such support as it deserves.

BUT the essence of parliamentary democracy lies in the role it gives to an opposition party in areas of disagreement. The democratic way is to arrive at the correct conclusion by difference and discussion. Where it differs, an opposition party must be free to propagate its views effectively as against the party in power with a view to mobilising public opinion. This is the only safeguard against governmental blunders. The existence of two or more parties, functioning freely and independently on well-set ideologies is essential for the success of parliamentary democracy. To the extent to which there are curbs, voluntary or involuntary, on the free functioning of such parties, there will be negation of democracy. The programmatic alliance or coalition-in-power of two or more major parties will result in a political

monopoly leading to virtual totalitarianism. That way lies danger to democracy and progress.

ANY alliance between a major opposition party and a party in power or any inter-party arrangement even in spheres of agreement, will decisively weaken the opposition party and hamper its functioning. Discipline, etiquette, and exigencies of alliance, and such nice considerations will unduly fetter the freedom of propaganda. A policy of non-embarrassment may sometimes silence voices of legitimate criticism. The opposition party will no longer be in a position to effectively discharge its duty to the public. Participation in government without full responsibility for its policies may land the opposition in public ridicule and suspicion. While pluralism of parties is the basis of democratic action, such monopolistic alliances will be a fraud on democracy. During elections such alliances will lead to fatal consequences for the opposition party, and tend to its liquidation. It is therefore unwise for a major opposition party with a growing strength to enter into alliance or coalition with a party in power.

Casteism, communalism and the growing menace of Communist activities have been shown as additional grounds justifying such alliance with the Congress. If there is any danger from communalism coming from outside the two major political parties it is quite possible to present a united front without detriment to party identity or freedom of action. We can help in tackling the menace even as an opposition party. If there is casteism and communalism inside the parties, an inter-party alliance is not the solution. We must seek other methods for eradicating the evil. As conditions are, there seems to be no menace from the Communist party as an electoral party. But there may be something up their sleeves. Their subversive activities and infiltration methods may create an emergency in particular areas. Under such circumstances it is for the party in power to seek the help of the opposition. Ordinarily the opposition must impose terms for accepting

joint responsibility. The parties must agree on a minimum programme. In the absence of such consensus there cannot be a coalition. But there may arise situations of national emergency like threat of invasion or civil strife. When the security of the State is in danger it is the duty of the opposition to share the burden of government unconditionally. But it must be limited to the duration of the emergency and cannot justify a longterm coalition.

EVEN while playing the role of an opposition, it is still possible for us in the interests of national progress to cooperate with the Congress in the execution of development plans. The suggestion that constructive work should be taken away from the arena of party politics is a welcome idea, and if followed, will go a long way to quicken the pace of progress. But as a pre-requisite of such cooperation the plan should be drawn on a national basis. All the major parties should be consulted and they should be duly represented on the Planning Board. To generate maximum enthusiasm the plan must secure the consent of major elements in society. There will arise sharp differences in policy as in the case of nationalisation of industries. It may be the parties concerned cannot agree on certain aspects of the plan. There may be difference over the ways and means of finding money for the plan. Still, in such deliberations, leaving out the differences, it may be possible to single out areas of agreement for joint effort.

Such agreement can easily be had in respect of river valley projects cottage industries, rural development and other social schemes. Public corporations, if need be on a regional basis, should be set up for the execution of river valley schemes. Similarly, regional rural development corporations may be set up. If these institutions are made autonomous and free from domination by the ruling party, all parties can cooperate in the task. Unfortunately the Five Year Plan is not of this type. It is a one party show. It is more urban than rural. It has not created any enthusiasm among the masses. Still, it is worthwhile to see in what ways we

can cooperate in the development work. We should not allow political differences or considerations of prestige to come in the way. We must however reserve the freedom to educate the masses on those aspects of the plan which we oppose. Otherwise we will be abdicating our duty as an opposition party. We will have to develop that sense of duty and mental attitude which will enable us to cooperate in certain spheres and oppose in other spheres. The game of politics then must be played on a much higher plane than that of personal recriminations and party hatred. Actions and policies can no longer be guided by the good old methods of manoeuvring for vantage positions of power.

While on principle a general coalition is inadvisable, we cannot lose sight of exigencies in particular States. The Andhra State is an instance in point. So long as the Communist Party has enough strength there to tilt the parliamentary balance, democratic forces must come together and present a united front. But the question is whether we can do it as an opposition party or whether we need to enter a coalition. If there is agreement on a programme of governmental action, a coalition with the Congress in Andhra may be beneficial to the interests of the Praja Socialist Party. It may provide the opportunity at least in one State to carry out radical reforms. Even moderate reforms will go a long way to assure public confidence. Such a step may immensely add to the strength of the party in Andhra, and when the next general elections come, the party may well be in a position to stand on its own legs and bid for a good majority. All this depends on our ability to put through some radical reforms. If however it is not possible to find agreement on a minimum programme, a coalition is not worthwhile. If there is no chance of our being able to do anything good, we cannot go in to share the blame.

IN this connection the services of Sri Prakasam will be of great help to the party. In Andhra he is still a force to be reckoned with. In an atmosphere of confusion and clea-

vage, his leadership has become indispensable to consolidate the democratic forces. No wonder, even the Congress eyes have turned to him. The role played by C. R. in Madras, Sri Prakasam will now have to play in Andhra. He alone can do it. When the call of duty comes, how can we restrain him? Political wisdom lies in giving a free hand to Sri Prakasam. If at least he succeeds in pushing through radical land reforms with village panchayats and co-operatives, and maintains a clean and efficient administration, he can really advance the interests of the party. Vigorous leadership, clear programmes, and swift and steady action are the needs of the hour. The task is arduous. His age is against him. A coalition may fetter his freedom. But at least an experiment in Andhra is worth a trial. Let us hope Sri Prakasam will have the backing, strength and courage in action to dispel the lingering doubts and illusions.

IN the present context it will be easier to have a programmatic agreement with the Congress in the States than in the Centre. With some adjustments here and there, it is quite possible to evolve an agreed minimum programme for the States. But—whatever be the personal views of Nehru—it is an open secret that the rank and file of the Congress are too power-infatuated to consider such an alliance. They are quite confident that they can carry on. Talks of alliance produce in them a scornful mood. What, then, is the use of our being political prophets and Solomons? We must build up strength before we dictate. It was the conviction that Congress can no longer be an instrument of radical social change that forced the Socialists to quit the organisation. There seems to be no justification to reconsider the decision. No doubt there are circumstances suggesting unity of action. Rather than fight up the whole way things can be done earlier and easier if there is agreement. It will be unwise to compromise progress for the sake of unity. There is no signal from the Congress camp. Wise as we are, let us march the weary path until wisdom dawns in the other camp.

The Jayaprakash—Nehru talks have naturally evoked a good deal of controversy. It is not known whether there was any offer of coalition in the States. Perhaps the suggestion was confined to the Centre only. The Prime Minister was very reluctant to be pinned down even to a moderate programme. There was a very significant omission in the 14 point programme, for which our leaders owe an explanation to the party. The omission of capital levy gives rise to serious misgivings. One can very well understand a cautious step-by-step approach in respect of nationalisation. But have we given up our main plank of capital levy? If we are to usher in an equitable society and create the necessary atmosphere for a period of austerity and sacrifice, we cannot avoid an initial capital levy. Without it a socialist government will not have the means to carry out even minimum plans and will be reduced to a helpless position. Perhaps our leaders thought that there was no chance of the Congress accepting it. A categorical statement on this matter is needed to clear a lot of confusion. Even if we decide on coalition we cannot afford to give up this central plank.

Thus when we come to the Centre the hurdles are more formidable—capital levy, compensation, and nationalisation are glaring instances. For two political parties who are poles apart on such matters to sit together and run a government will be an impossible political feat. There is now no grave national emergency compelling us to ignore ideological differences. If such an emergency comes up and the security of the State is in danger the call must come from the party in power. Till then let us put a stop to this talk of coalition.

The position may be summed up as follows:—

(i) On principles, it is not desirable for the Praja Socialist Party to enter into a coalition with the Congress.

(ii) If there is a grave national emergency endangering the security of the State, whether on account of external or internal forces, the P. S. P.

can enter a coalition for the duration of the emergency.

(iii) in particular areas e.g., Andhra, where there is danger of anti-democratic forces capturing government power, the P. S. P. can form a coalition on the basis of an agreed minimum programme in conformity with the ideology of the party.

(iv) The Praja Socialist Party must function as a responsible opposition. Wherever there are areas of agreement, it must extend support to the party in power both inside and outside the legislature. The P. S. P. should give its full cooperation in the execution of development plans of a non-controversial nature. In particular it should assume an increasing share in rural development.

Teething Trouble Of Andhra State

By

K. S. SRINIVASAN

THE accomplishment of anything big is bound to meet with great obstacles from all sides. The formation of the Andhra State, being the first step in a rational division of the country into linguistic provinces, is bound to be a tortuous process, what with the split nature of the Andhra portion of the Madras Legislative Assembly. If there is any semblance of unity among the non-Communist Andhra members it is the result of the threat of Communist rule in Andhra. But even this 'Damocles' sword of Communism cannot, it seems, overcome the personal factor, which is, whatever may be said in favour of truth, ideals, justice and so on, the most powerful in the short run. Who is to become the first Chief Minister? Should he be Sri Sanjiva Reddi as the leader of the Congress Party in Andhra or Sri Prakasam, as the oldest Janata leader or Sri Ranga as the leader of the not so influential but crucial K. L. P. in preventing Communist no-confidence motions from triumphing?

It is reported that there is no agreement among the leaders. Each

We have yet to devise and carry out a comprehensive plan of social service. We can mobilise public opinion only through social service. We must build up strength through service and suffering. Isolating the Communists and communalists, we must build up a stable and strong opposition. Instead of turning to the moth-eaten Congress, let us turn to other democratic parties and try to rally them under our banner. Even as an opposition party we must feel full responsibility. In a democratic set-up we have to evolve new patterns of agitation. Socialists have a mission which is still unfulfilled. We have a future full of hopes. Let us therefore put faith in our cause, and march on along the thorny path of opposition until we have qualified ourselves for power.

leader has his special merits. Sri Sanjiva Reddi is not so dominant a personality as others but that may help him in keeping harmony among his colleagues in the Ministry like Mr. Attlee in the Labour Government in England. Sri Prakasam is entitled to serious consideration as the G. O. M. of Andhra. Sri Ranga is perhaps the most suitable choice from the efficiency point of view. But his leaving the Congress and after that his forming a party distinct from the P. S. P. because of personal differences, makes him *persona non grata* with both the Congress and the P. S. P.

The Communist Party of Andhra is waiting to see which will triumph, fear or the personal factor. If the first, they will be disappointed. If the second, a glorious chance will be in their hands which they may use to make themselves popular with the people. The last will be a tragedy inasmuch as the Communists are not steadfast but lose all scruples and ideals when they are safely entrenched in power. They will then throw overboard democracy and its periodic plebiscites.

Hence we suggest that Sri Prakasam, albeit unsuitable from several points of view, will be the least controversial choice. Will the Congress and the K. L. P. rise to the occasion?

August 29 1953

MURDER AT THE KUTB

"I could have put an end to myself from the sheer fright of it. I have never believed in the truth of ghosts or dreams, but there, at that time of dusk, I was witness to black magic and uttermost devilry."

THE road that runs from Delhi to Taghlakabad is one of those roads which never seem to end. It lunges through eternity, while time stands sombre and frost-bitten. I gasped at the wilderness of no man's tombs on either side of the road, memorials to man's feud with man; and smelt the blood of heroes which had blossomed into dust. We were going to the very heart of romance; and the road that led to it seemed to me more dreamy and haunting than the golden road to Samarkand.

"This is a road without end," I said, sitting next to the driver. That is a position which I would always attain even if it involved me in petty wars. Doluram was to my left, and he had put on his reverie, seeming to ponder but really anticipating the day's experience and poetizing in advance.

"This is the golden road to Samarkand!"

"You have begun," boomed Jalal from behind, referring to my endless chatter. Nazarulla was with him; he was one of those leaden-eyed incorrigibles who attach themselves to any party and form the intellectual black sheep.

"... wash-out like the Jama Masjid," Jalal was saying something; but the ultra-macaronic combination of the engine came in between us.

"What?" I enquired turning back.

"The Kutb will be another disappointment."

The women-folk, the variegated northern Indian women-folk, did most of the talking behind us.

The bus trundled on like a masto-

don among pre-historic ruins. We had passed New Delhi which hovered in the distance, a glittering salute to the gaunt and bloody past. Carloads of fantastic beings, bohemian-bodied men and women, with tired and frustrated faces, were passing us from the opposite side, loudly hurraing; and it seemed they were imaginary beings. fawns and goat-foot satyrs, transferred from one end of eternity to the other. We were utter strangers to those pale-white pink-white faces; but our eyes, I thought, were familiar and kindled with immemorial fires.

The road without end seems to linger for a while at Taghlakabad. The village, born out of the crust of the earth, is a wil-

dered cemetery, the shady dreaming-place of sultans, and the poor man's ghost of paradise, one of those bits of land's end, primeval and deathless, echoing with dead men's feet, watered by dead men's blood, beyond the pale of this life and death.

WE were faced by the birdless silence, no wind even; there were little clusters of pallid, pouting hypnotic faces, with something wise and ancient in their evil-suggesting eyes, and a leer between their carmine lips; a few ugly urchins making unnatural gestures; and famished dogs indulging in vigorous winter whoopee. And we saw asudden the Kutb Minar, the resting place of sun and moon and stars, a column of fire out of which a phoenix had renewed itself, not timeworn like the ghosts of Shajahanabad, but an ever-lasting thing, roaring with life.

SHORT STORY

By

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

THEN there was a war-time bustle; and men ran about and hid themselves behind trees and broken walls; and a wild woman came from somewhere, with wizened bramble hair and maddened eyes, singing I know not what and dancing round and round, and throwing her basket of fruit and pots and flowers at the terrified men, and cursing them, and calling them for battle, thumping her half-naked ribs, like a bull bewildered and infuriated, charging her mocking matadors. And then she vanished somewhere, and the men came out of their hiding places and it all seemed like the visitation of an enraged houri.

"Guide, Sa'eb." "Guide." "Guide." We were beset by a small crowd of natives, looking like dervishes in an Arabian Night's Story, and bringing fraternal greetings from another world. There could be none so raucous as those guides—they were more like animated cartoons than like men, and one of them had eyes which shone like glow-worms. (The evil spirits, it might be said, would be born as hounds in hell). He waved like a magician, and did not speak much, like others; clad in bedouin-rags, with a sprawled and cobwebby beard, a tattered tarboosh on his head; his face was harrowed and his gait unsubstantial; there was the glow-worm's haunted glow in his eyes. He spoke in hollow tones, in the manner of a bird, alternating between a screech and a song, and his whole being echoed whenever he spoke. His brow was prayerful like that of a muezzin.

Jalal interpreted him delightfully. I took an undue interest in him, the same that I take in all outlanders.

"What is your name?" asked Jalal.

"Don't ask my name, Sa'eb. It is anything, it is nothing." I thought he might be Sindbad, the Sailor. We asked him about the wild woman. He told an interesting story.

"It is a strange case, Sa'eb. Kutbuddin belonged to the house of Timur. He married her against the wish of his kinsmen. They said she was a witch. Kutbuddin loved her for her singing, and made her sing all day and night, and often in these far-

away places under the moonlight. But the fates changed their minds. She became mad and killed her child as soon as it was born. Kutbuddin would not leave her. But what could he do, Sa'eb? He had to run for his life. She has vowed to kill him also; and she comes once a day from the neighbouring villages in search of Kutbuddin."

"There must be some reason for her madness. Kutbuddin might have ill-treated her."

"No, Sa'eb."

"How do you know?"

"I knew Kutbuddin, Sa'eb. And very intimately too."

"Where is Kutbuddin now?" I asked.

"He is hiding here itself, and often at nightfall he sleeps on the top of the Kutb. They think it is a fancy but it is Kutbuddin."

"Does she not seek him there?"

"No, Sa'eb."

"Why not he kill her?" suggested Doluram.

Sindbad appeared thoughtful. "But he loves her too much, Sa'eb. He will not kill her."

"Has he no help?"

"He prefers to live alone. There is a curse on the house of Timur. He knows it. He will not try to break it. There is another thing, Sa'eb. Some say she turned mad because Kutbuddin committed adultery. It is not true."

I HAD a brain-wave. I thought our guide himself might after all be Kutbuddin. It was worthy of Sherlock Holmes; but it appeared fantastic and I liked him to be Sindbad, the Sailor.

"But what is wrong with adultery?" declared Nazarulla. Our guide mumbled something. Jalal was not able to translate it. I pressed him. "He speaks King's Urdu, and I do not know much of it, he said. I thought how adultery, whoredom, lust, gluttony, pride and patricide had sown their dragon's teeth and grown up into a infinite kaleidoscope.

A european gentleman and lady were admiring bits of ancient archi-

ture. We saw our old friends, the tiny gods, in inconvenient postures, like drunken men satiating themselves in a brothel and achieving nirvana. I was not interested in this jargon of stone, this race of by-gone men, pornographic allegories and relics anticipating to illustrate Havelock Ellis. I was gazing intently at the blinding renaissance wrought by the sun on the minar. It was like a tower of roses. Every grain of the surface of red sandstone sparkled and shone like powdered rubies. I was eager to mount up its steps and reach emptiness.

WE could not keep pace with the guide. We lingered panting at the windows. At one place we came upon a fierce-looking Afghan and were frightened; at another place we took a carnivorous interest in the corpulence of a bevy of beautiful-faced Kashmiri girls. There was fragrance in that darkness. We felt like encaged tigers; trying to attain touch but groping darkly among the tinkling bangles and eyes that twinkled. At last we came up. "From darkness into light," I murmured.

The horizons went bounding into the distance. There was no sign of life or death, but only stillness and a drab scene. Here, I thought, were the waste lands of the world, the barrenness of creation, undulating beyond the horizons. A fairy-like figure fluttered up the steps, humming golden laughter, followed by a smart-looking mollycoddle. "Ha ha ha!" said the fairy, humming golden laughter. "Hi hi hi!" said the mollycoddle. "Ha ha ha hi hi hi!" The pair dived down and disappeared. The european couple were sitting in the distance under a tree; they had adopted half-hearted nudism under the heat of the noonday sun, drawing towards each other, close-fisted, a little carnally, tickling their flesh, their physiques lying like parts of a jig-saw puzzle waiting for a solution. Jalal was quick with his camera.

I did not want to go down. Nazarullah and Doluram were eager to follow the guide. "There are many more things, Sa'eb." I felt I was rooted to the soil, as firm and magnificent as the tower on which I sat. I

did not move. The others had gone down. "Come, Sa'eb, come. There are more things down there. I must get away before it is evening." I could not resist him. His eyes fascinated me with their glow-worm's molten gold.

"What are you aiming at?" asked Jalal, when we were at the foot of the mighty minar.

"I am looking for gipsies. That is the only touch wanting here." Ever since my childhood I have thought of gipsies as perfumed forest-flowers, as carnations among men. There were no gipsies. There were a kind of beautiful women, laughing and frisking about in a dream fugue. I have seen more beautiful women all over the country, women that have combined body and spirit in flower-like figures, women that can beat the pot-boiled beauties of Hollywood for grace and beauty. But there was something peculiar about the women that gambolled at the Kutb. They had haunted faces, lips that commemorated all the roses in the world, voices like that of water, feet that were capable of fluttering.

WE were lost among the tombs. There was no end to them. Sindbad let loose his tongue. He identified every tomb and told a story about it. I liked to tease him, and he told us more stories.

"This is only one of the Delhis, Sa'eb. If you dig it up, you will find a hundred more."

"Delhi is a dusty nothing," said Doluram.

I had enraptured myself; I uttered profundities. "No, it is the immortal tomb celebrating the doom of empires. The history of civilization is the history of god's dissipation of man. This earth is composed of sultans dying in the red flush of wine and sultanas murdered in their sleep."

We were feeling utter strangers. Our guide was babbling, but we had begun to dream. We were unreal. We had walked abruptly into a world, where tombs had eyes and ears, where trees murmured half-mysteriously, and worms had established their empires. We were thinking of

only one thing, the most tragic on earth, death; and yet we could not speak of it. We were dreamers who had forgotten to dream in the place of tombs. Whose tombs were they? Some unknown fanatics, ministers of emperors who thundered across the land, servants, damsels who must have been beautiful beings made of fire and air and breathing like ourselves. We kicked about us to show our contempt for dead men. Then we became thoughtful and reverent.

Tombs! Thy belonged to nobody, yet somebody lurked behind every one of them, peeping with their pairs of dead men's eyes. We passed on. Not a tree or stump of tree. We walked as though we were the owners of those graves. The dust would not murmur of its proud boast, its entombed beauty and wisdom.

"It must be horrible to come here at night." I ventured to break the spell.

"Horrible, Sa'eb? Very very horrible. You could hear the tigers bark and the water of the Jumping Wells sing and moan."

We stopped at the Jumping Wells of Raziya, and looked dreamily at the dark waters descending to unknown depths. My eyes warmed with ecstasy. I saw a kingly sultana, riding a white palfrey, dressed in shining taffeta trousers and a taut emerald-coloured bodice burdened with pearls from Khorassan and Ormuz, with a golden dagger at her waist. The water was leprous and as ghastly as her fate. We threw coins in those wells, and the lads there made bold plunges and rose up from the whirling water holding the coins with their teeth.

"Here Raziya sultana bathed daily, and the wells, Sa'eb, in her time were filled with the attar of roses."

"Tosh," ejaculated Jalal, "do not listen to these old wives' tales."

BUT I had a mind to listen for ever. I thought how Raziya, she of whom Firishta wrote that she had a man's head and heart, went fighting to meet her fate. I encouraged the guide to chatter to me. I did not know his language, but I could guess what he was driving at; and the two

of us strayed from the company for a while.

"This is the tomb of Sher Shah, Sa'eb." It was rough and cracked at every point; and it was the farthest point in Golgotha, the place of skulls. The wilderness seemed to start and have its being there. It was a far cry to the Kutb. I was wearied and sat on a stone; and I did not know how long I sat there, musing, musing how it was better to stay in the place of tombs, away from the sulphur of life, in that peaceful suburb, where one was allowed to breathe and dream and roam about, where nothing is hurried, not even death, where there is a life, only with its beauty, its placid murmurous beauty, its vacuity which is true annihilation, its great beyond which is real peace.

IT was evening, and the guide, I thought was at his evening prayers. I looked for him. He was not to my right, nor to my left. I saw him prostrating at some distance behind me; and when he raised his neck it was empty—no head on it, not a hint of his beautiful muezzin's face. I could have put an end to myself from the sheer fright of it. I have never believed in the truth of ghosts or dreams, but there, at that time of dusk, I was witness to black magic and uttermost devilry. I sought the aid of my senses, but they refused to move. It was, I realized, the beginning of doomsday for this world; and when I turned my eyes again to the headless guide, his head was in its natural place. He was coming with a grin towards me. I did not talk to him, but hastened to join my companions.

"I must get home, Sa'eb. It is almost night time."

I was cashier of the company and paid him a rupee. He would not take it. He said it was too little for his five or six hours' work. The only work he had done was to talk all the time. Jalal took the hint and told him as much. He would not budge. There was terror in his eyes. He glowered fiercely.

"I must be paid, Sa'eb."

We had a last look at the Kutb, ris-

ing like a pillar of cloud in the dusk. A bus was half-empty. We boarded it with the gusto of Chicago gunmen. "Sa'eb!"

A lozenge-eyed maiden was sitting in a coach, enchanted in a reverie, absorbed in her delicate dove-like hands and her glass bangles and fingers that tapered like the petals of roses.

"Roshanara!" I said agonizingly and we watched her movements amorously.

"Start," said the driver, but the cleaner in sooty trousers lay dozing for more passengers. The second bus was starting. The lozenge-eyed damsel sat enchanted in her reverie, looking at her dove-like hands.

"Honk!" The second bus lunged forward. The cleaner in sooty trousers hawed, and rose up looking at the horizon.

"Sa'eb!" clamoured the guide. I can still remember his harrowed face. He did not speak much, but he was menacing. I did not compromise.

"Let us get down," threatened Doluram.

"Start," said the driver. The lozenge-eyed beauty was staring at us from the centre of her enchanted eyes.

"Sa'eb!" cried the guide plaintively. I did not move. The cleaner in sooty trousers was starting the engine.

"Kutbuddin! Kutbuddin! Kutbuddin!" It is a haunting cry. The wild woman, whom we had almost forgotten, came rushing by the side of the trees to our left, and before we could understand what was happening she stabbed him twice. He coiled and fell. She ran away frantically. We raised him up, but he could not stand

it. There was an intense uproar. Our guide, whom we had come to love and whom we had failed to understand, lay there dying among us. The crowd increased. The lozenge-eyed beauty sat disturbed in her reverie, looking at us. The moon and stars were holding rendezvous on the top of the minar.

He died.

"Sa'eb, I am Kutbuddin." Those were his last words.

The bus throttled, trembled, chafed, hummed, yawned, lunged forward in the darkness.

"If all these tombs would gape open and yield up philosophers like Kutbuddin!" I reflected.

"Kutbuddin was a fool," said Jalal. He was courting fate, or he must be a monster. To have such eyes!"

"No. There was nothing abnormal about him. He only belonged to the more lurid side of life. But what I cannot understand is how he could tuck away his head."

WE left behind us the other end of eternity, haunted faces, tombs that had eyes and ears, trousered sultanas, tigers that barked and waters that sang at midnight, worms that were the only things and silence which was the only owl that sat and ululated there; and before we could realise what was real and what was unreal we regained the beginning of the road that never ends.

(We are glad to reprint this story of the author's which was published eighteen years ago. Those who read it for the first time will be struck by its preeminent quality: the remarkable blend of fantasy with history which gives a richer hue to truth.)

If the world gained the affection of men for no other reason than the happiness of their present condition, it would have few worshippers, since it makes no men happy. It is the future which is the great and invincible attraction which the world offers. Not being able to satisfy us with its present gifts, the world binds us to itself by the hopes of the future which it holds out; and the deceitful fancies that its promises arouse, dull our perceptions to the nothingness of all its gifts.—*Massillon*

A Detached Page

MY memory has too many pages. Some are really beautiful. Some are extremely dirty. But the very dirty are by no means foul. The very beautiful are always fragrant. Here is a fragrant page detached for you. I am an idler. I am an idealist too. Why do you look quizzical? We are living in a divided country. My father died of coronary thrombosis just a year after the proclamation of the partition of India. Three months before his death Gandhi was shot. My father had regard for the great man for his spiritual convictions. But on his politics he never made any comment. He kept himself to himself. He was a Roman in life and in appearance. Being a delicate creature from birth I always clung to him. He died. Beneath my idle hours yawned an abyss. At no time do I remember to have written a letter to my father. Nor had he to me. He wrote to my brothers. He was very proud of us all. After his death, one day, I started reading his letters addressed to my brothers—all of them elder to me. I was amazed at the magnitude of his practical wisdom, at his view of the panorama of life. I wanted so much to see him again. I believe in spirits as many do though at times I pretend not to. Blavatsky and Beasant communicated with Master K. H. So they say. I am not a Theosophist. Still I thought that my father must be living somewhere in some form which could be contacted. Believe me, I saw a shadow moving fast across the wall a couple of days before he died. There was a dim light in the room where he lay propped against a mound of pillows in his bed. Was it his spirit? Did not Hamlet see the shade of his father? There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Father ought to have written at least one letter to me before the world vanished for ever from before his eyes. Perhaps he thought I was too young to be written to by him. Nothing matters now. He is dead. Why should I be angry with him? My brothers are writing to me with affection. My friends are writing to

me with love and warmth. Still there are moments when I cannot console myself. Why didn't my father write to me? I get wild. I rage within my mind. In one such rage I touched the pinnacle of violence. The result was a letter from my pen to the dead father. I must tell that my mother too is a denizen of the spirit world. I don't know whether my father has met my mother there. It is such a fantastic world.

How was I to begin my letter to my dead father? I never could think him dead. A moment after, my anger subsided, I began:—

My dear Father,—Five years ago you left us to grieve over your loss. I am writing to you in English. I hope you haven't forgotten this language in your new abode of which I have no knowledge whatsoever. Or is there any fight over the question of *lingua franca* where you live? How are you? Did you meet any of our relatives and friends who preceeded you? Or do they occupy a different world from yours? How is Gandhi? Is he fighting for the freedom of the spirits too? Here individual avarice quotes his words and goes back more ravenously to its avarice. His philosophy has been made glib, it has given the gift of the gab to persons who can't put two words together. And I have an honest doubt: How do you live when we ourselves don't know how to live? Does Marcus Aurelius add to his sayings which he uttered while he was an inhabitant of this earth? What is your pastime? Who are your political leaders? What is your constitution? Are your Fundamental Rights well defined? Is yours a Republic within the Commonwealth, as India is or is it a Periclean democracy? What is your profession? Are the names of Rama, Krishna, the Buddha, Christ and Allah on the lips of your associates? Is there another death for you before what is called Godhood is attained? Do you suffer from malaria? Have you something equivalent to our wonderful penicillin? How are Maxmuller and Jones? Is Plato still, an idealist and does Nietzsche continue to be mad? Dear father, what is your drink? You

were so fond of coffee, do you get it there? Here we have expansion boards for tea and coffee and drinking these beverages without sugar is a spiritual sadhana. Before I join you—I don't know when—as I hope to be with Maxmuller and Jones and not with G. B. S. or Blavatsky, I must find an American audience to talk on Sankara and Sex. So long!

—From Nemo's Diary

A Tenement in Soho

VERNON SCANNELL, a poet and schoolmaster, broadcasting about London's Latin quarter in a BBC programme, described the odd little streets of Soho, where foreign restaurants and shops abound and there are more foreigners to the square yard than in any other part of London. Soho is an enchanted district to many people, both British and foreign, and parts of it are haunts of writers, artists, actors and other Bohemians whose professions are less

easy to tabulate. In his youth Scannell had an exaggerated respect for artists and greatly revered an acquaintance who was known as a writer. It seemed so very fine to be a writer and to live in Soho and it was a long time before the young man discovered that his friend did make a living by writing but by writing addresses on envelopes. Another acquaintance passed for an artist but his artistry was confined to painting eyes in dolls' heads. He did this for only a couple of weeks before the firm that employed him failed, but as the employer was an honest though penniless man he paid his artist in kind with a suitcase full of dolls' heads. "Soon after I met him with a load of completed dolls in a carrier bag trying to see them round the pubs," said Scannell. Soho held an irresistible attraction for young and old alike, and whilst "phoney" writers and artists could indeed be found there, the district also supported its full quota of genuine talent.—*Writers & Artists: BBC Weekly Miscellany*

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Auden

the nature of things occurrences of every day or even every year; there have been blank intervals at even the richest moments of civilization. Time telescopes the years, and we forget too easily the obvious fact that half a dozen major poets would be a very high score for a single century. We often behave as though half a dozen were to be expected in as many years."

And in her introduction to the present volume she says that a year is a brief while for talent to display itself, let alone genius. A bardic voice like Dylan Thomas's is heard but once in many generations and recognition of it is immediate and universal. Many lisp in numbers and the lisping when it rises shrill, in summons to faked feelings, is an unseemly assault on language. There is a sameness in many of the voices here; there is brightness too in the new names. Auden is brilliant as ever; also Robert Graves, that exquisite lapidarist who has expressed many original views on poets and poetry. Among the younger poets are—to mention a few—G. S. Fraser, W. S. Merwin, David Wright, John Hewitt, and Kingsley Amis. Belonging to the same age-group of Dylan Thomas, Norman Nicholson, Clifford Dymont, Roy Fuller, Lawrence Durrell, is George Barker—all of them established reputations—and Barker is represented by his 'Channel Crossing' which was first published in *Penguin New Writing*, No. 40. Here are a couple of



Barker

In her introduction to the 1952 selection Miss C. V. Wedgwood wrote:

"Works of genius, whether in poetry, prose, music or painting, are not in



Graves

stanzas:

I thought of Britain in its cloud
Chained to the economic rocks
Dying behind me: saw the flocks
Of great and grieving omens crowd
About the lion on the stone;
I heard Milton's eagle mewing
Her dereliction in the ruin
Of a great nation alone.
That granite and gigantic sigh
Of the proud man beaten by
Those victories from which we die;
The gentle and defeated grief
Of the gale that moans among
Trees that are a day too strong
And, victorious by a leaf,
Show the winner he was wrong.

It is regrettable, however, that this superb poem should lose a line in the process of being reprinted in the anthology.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Sundry Creditors

By Nigel Balchin

Collins, St. James's Place, London

10s 6d

WRITING on the subject of unscripted broadcast discussions in the latest issue of *The BBC Quarterly*, Nigel Balchin the British novelist says that really good conversation is everything for the success of such discussions. And it is in his power for good naturalistic conversation through character and circumstance—the descriptive side being neatly subordinated—that Balchin's pre-eminent and among present day novelists, unique virtue rests. To this he adds two of his other qualities: a remarkable control over characters however innumerable—as the director of a film has over a mob scene; and a high-pressure evolution of the plot. *The Small Back Room* is the most popular among his novels which include *Darkness Falls from the Air*, *Mine Own Executioner*, *A Sort of Traitors*, and *The Borgia Testament*, "a historical novel which is also a study of great psychological subtlety." "Balchin's treatment of his women characters," says a critic,



Balchin

"seems to arouse a dislike in women readers comparable with that aroused by Somerset Maugham." His psychological probing must be the cause. Call a woman a cat and she will scratch, call her a kitten and she will purr.

Sundry Creditors, his new novel, has a small factory in the Midlands for its setting. Every detail of the place and its working is recorded with mathematical exactitude: the directors, their meetings and machinations, the girls who work "in three groups of ten." There is Jack Partidge, young and intelligent, the son of an old conservative director who resents his father's servility to the boss caste; he has a loyal wife, a seat in the Workers' Council, and a very foggy notion of social injustice which jeopardises his position in the Council. He falls in love with the daughter of the boss; she reciprocates his affection, *not as the daughter of the boss*—the factory is not to be a common factor in their attraction and love for each other. Here Balchin strikes a false note. It is stale and doesn't convince. Industrial problems are one thing, personal relationships quite another. And it is when he comes to the latter plane to the exclusion of the former that he registers a flaw in artistic unity.

It was Ford Madox Ford who said that the "true end of a novelist was to be a historian of the times." Contemporaneity is future history, and history achieves significance through imaginative integrity and not by remaining as mere reportage. *Sundry Creditors* has all the value of a documentary but lacks the element of the eventful that is the dynamics of creation. Living is a hard economic fact. Stomach is king. But the soul needs must seek its solace. Balchin handles skilfully the moral conflict between the two but his industrial preoccupation has kept the balance at a tilt.

SPQR

By Paul Hyde Bonner

Derek Verschoyle, London

12s 6d net

"WHO is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended."

Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* supplies this epigraph to *SPQR*—subtitled *A Romance* which has modern Rome for background. The four letters of the alphabet stand for *Senatus Populusque Romanus* meaning "that whatever was thus labelled was Rome's property; today they still appear on the objects owned by the city. And today Rome still puts this mark on its captives."

It is the story of Lovat Fraser, First Secretary of the American Embassy in the Eternal City. Fraser is young, healthy, and single—three qualities that equip him splendidly for any exciting adventure. Soon after his arrival in Rome he is warned by a colleague about the Roman virus and the danger of its infection:

"Keep your objectivity," he had cautioned; dine, cocktail, bridge, golf and talk, but never have an 'affaire du coeur,' or otherwise get entangled in the life of a Roman; for once you do that, you will cease to serve your country and will serve only them."

Wise words these of Fairfax Barrett, an old Roman hand, who had strengthened his advice by citing instances of men seduced and peremptorily transferred to other posts, or had tendered their resignation to serve the new loyalty; but the youthful blood of Fraser gets into a ferment and he finds himself entangled suddenly not with one Roman woman but two—although one of them is American born she has gone wholly Roman—and the quick-moving current of event upon event carries him through worlds too dazzling to be resisted. There is a murder; a communist spy is unmasked. His career as a diplomat, Fraser feels, is threatened; it is only momentary and he is steady on his feet. Gaiety prevails in the end. Mr. Bonner commands a beautiful prose style; his descriptive passages which are like bits from a technicolour picture are a sheer joy to read. MITRA

The Seven Storey Mountain

By Thomas Merton

A Signet Double Volume

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THE 1930's were a period of depression and turmoil to which sensitive souls reacted in a variety of

ways. Some turned out to be communists, others fascists, and yet others not able to find a way out went to the extent of committing suicide. Not a few of them took to a life of religion.

Thomas Merton was one such who was born of fairly well to do parents and who had no want. His was a precocious childhood and he was able to read and write at the age of five. *The Seven Storey Mountain* is the story of his spiritual Odyssey. He had a sense of the numinous from his boyhood and he suffered from an acute spiritual unrest which led him to experiment with various creeds, professions and philosophies. He even served as a baker for sometime. He finally found the "Sweet savour of Liberty" in a Trappist Monastery.

Personal biographies can be highly embarrassing unless they are done by an expert hand. Thomas Merton is a master craftsman. Though his canvas is broad the images are not blurred and the significant lines stand out clear. V. V. S.

BAHULA PANCHAMI

SADLY the moonlight saddles the night; mystic fantastic gives me a fright.

The sky is a desert so lurid so vast; the moonlight a sandstorm grills me aghast.

Ghostly presences silent and grim surcharge the spaces afloat and aswim.

The sea groans and bellows like a person in dread; the mountain resembles an elephant that's dead.

In the sky a desert there lies aswim, a lonely and legless camel the moon.

In sackcloth and ashes the moonlight anon sends down my spine a cosmic frisson.

SRI SRI

(Author's own translation from the original Telugu)

RAJAJI AT CHINGLEPUT

By P. N. SAMPATH

ON the 21st instant, speaking at a public meeting in Chingleput organised to win support for the new elementary education scheme, Rajaji said that his scheme was quite sound intrinsically, but that people who had basked in the vainglory of British rule and who had opposed the freedom movement of the Indian National Congress were now opposing the scheme out of sheer jealousy. In other words, he characterised the opposition to the scheme as made up of frustrated bootlickers of the British colonial administration and of 'patriots' who had worked hand in hand with the British in putting down the freedom struggle. Those who differ from him on this question cannot all be unpatriotic. This is downright bludgeoning of troublesome opponents with the butt-end.

In Madras State, it was the Justice Party which had hobnobbed with the British administration and had opposed the Congress tooth and nail. After it was truly routed at the polls when the Madras Congress affairs were under the inspiring and intrepid leadership of the late Satya-murti and Srinivasa Iyengar, the Justice Party became practically defunct until Sir P. T. Rajan revived it during the last general elections. Many of the former members of the party had in the meantime infiltrated into the Congress. Democracy ended with the elections and the Congress minority party was chaperoned into power by a resourceful Governor who incidentally provided Rajaji with a safe entree via the Legislative Council.

Sir P. T. Rajan did not stint his support to the Congress. Raja Sir Muthia Chettiar of Chettinad, an ex-Justice, is the most redoubtable pillar behind the Ministry. Another of the same stock, the Raja of Ramnad, adorns the Rajaji Cabinet. These are instances to show that Rajaji's diagnosis is incorrect; he knows it as such.

His accusation of jealousy is equally inapposite. People who have seen the achievements of the Congress in power during the past six years—their acts of omission and commission—know that there is little or nothing for the anti-Congress forces to feel really jealous about. The present educational scheme in particular makes such a hash of the children's education in the name of reform that it cannot excite feelings of jealousy. Rajaji himself, in a brief burst of candour, admitted that the educational reform he had originally conceived was the mere restriction of school time from five to three hours daily, to allow of a two shift system. His purpose was only to afford elementary educational facilities to a greater number of children with the existing school buildings and teaching personnel, and without extra expenditure to the State. He visualised himself as the deliverer of the overworked child from long hours in the school. This was what Rajaji had been hinting at, off and on during the last 30 years. But his advisers had spoilt the pudding. They suggested that children may be given opportunities to learn and take interest in manual labour and the different crafts. Rajaji proceeded to say that when he accepted their suggestion he never thought that he was bargaining for trouble. Thus he tried to shove the whole blame on his assistants. Only his advisers can throw light on this.

ROUSSEAU believed that education should be in accordance with the natural instincts of the child. The old system, though it provided the child with amusements in between lessons, was not best fitted to foster the latent genius in the child, or to rear the child in a way which would shape him to play his proper part when he grew up as a full citizen of the Republic. There is general agreement that the organisation, content and methods of the old edu-

cational system founded by the British rulers are outmoded and unsuited to the culture and civic needs of the new Republic. Further, the spread of manhood suffrage necessarily leads to a new conception of education, for clear-sighted statesmen can easily perceive the danger of universal suffrage if coupled with universal ignorance. Education must be adapted to social change, must be realistic and *in touch with the current social scene* or must go ahead and point the way to the future. It is not too much to say that social forces beating in on the school from without, in the long run, shall determine the essential tenets of its philosophy, the degree and kind of educational opportunities that will be afforded to the various social classes, the content and organisation of the curriculum, the preparation and status of teachers, the sources of financial support, the agencies of administration and the form of structural organisation which the educational system shall take.

INDIAN agriculture in a gamble with the monsoon. We know that the monsoon has failed continuously for the past few years. Indian industry is, still, more a hope than a reality. We are just starting from scratch. Due to acute poverty and unemployment, village life especially is far from happy. There has been largescale efflux of labour from the villages. Village crafts are in the lap of despair. The handloom industry which has been the principal cottage industry in the South is in a state of utter ruin. On account of lack of purchasing power, the products of the village industries and crafts do not have a market. The misery and squalor in the villages are all-pervading. These embarrassing facts must be realised and faced with candour and honesty before any real reform touching the subject of the rural population can occur. The idea behind Rajaji's scheme may be wise or otherwise. But, it should be clear that the craft-centred education for the children outlined in the scheme cannot thrive amidst such depressing environment. Rajaji gave a glowing picture of the enthusiasm

the potter's nook and the village smithy would evoke in the child-mind, as though the potter is working overtime and the village blacksmith is turning out endless country cartwheels. A host of unemployed artisans face the problem of existence and an equally great number toil with little return.

WE will now come to the point whether three hours of study at a stretch is good for the child. Hitherto, the five-hour day in the school was a judicious combination of instruction and amusement. The child was protected from the tedium of continuous study. The new scheme deprives the child of this consideration. Another moot point is whether children below a certain age can be allowed to handle tools and engage in manual labour albeit for learning.

Rajaji's full contingent of propagandists got going at the aforesaid public meeting. They waxed eloquent that the benighted children of the backward communities were without education until the advent of the new scheme. They said that out of an estimated total of 80 lakhs of children of school-going age in this State, only 48 percent were on the rolls of the elementary schools, and that even among them only about 25 percent actually attended schools. They gave out that many children stayed away from schools because the school hours overlapped with the time in which their services were utilised by their parents as midday meals-carriers, jog workers, etc. This is true of some children but not all. The real cause of the illiteracy among the great mass of the young ones is the grinding poverty of their parents and guardians. Their living conditions are determined by economic and social factors, nurtured by an inveterate tradition and the rigours and languors of the caste system. Education, as a social process, cannot therefore be divorced from economic considerations. The educational system requires to be more effectively geared to the needs of our society.

In a democratic State, education is too important a function to leave

to chance. Democracy presupposes the realisation of the ideal of the equal chance. In the words of George H. Martin, "The child is to be educated not to advance his personal interests, but because the State will suffer if he is not educated. The State does not provide schools to relieve the parents, nor because it can educate better than the parents can, but because it can thereby better enforce the obligations which it imposes."

In a democracy, every child must have access to education. John Dewey has said: "What the best and the wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children." But free compulsory education is perhaps beyond the present capacity of our rulers. The next best thing is to afford all facilities to the backward and the poor, in the form of stipends, fee concessions, grants-in-aid, etc.

The obligation on the part of a democratic Government to educate the people carries with it the indubitable right to employ all the means necessary to attain that end. But Rajaji pleaded that the finances of the State did not permit of new construction of schools, giving increased emoluments to the existing staff and employing additional hands. Relative social need should be kept in mind continuously in judging the equity of all public expenditure. Education is such a compelling neces-

sity that it should not await better times.

The teachers are the driving force of any educational reform. Even though they are organised, their repeated requests for better pay have not stirred a ripple. Under the new scheme they are required to work an additional hour per day and an additional day per week but with their exiguous pay remaining a constant factor. This is rather hard on them. Sufferance is the badge of their tribe.

Rajaji and his legion of supporters claim that the new scheme is modelled on the pattern of Mahatma Gandhi's basic education scheme on the one hand and the Sargent scheme on the other. Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, the great economist and disciple of Gandhiji, who knows the basic education scheme inside out, refutes this claim and adds that the basic education scheme is cheese whereas the Madras scheme is chalk (i.e.) they are as different from each other as chalk is from cheese.

The scheme has been inflicted on the people in great haste. Are we living in democracy or what? Even when a majority of legislators voted that the scheme be stayed, our Neo-Democrat took it as a recommendation only and not as a mandate from the people. The scheme has already been implemented and the evangelists of the scheme are now trying to lead the people by the nose.

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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

STRANGE as it may seem, it is as difficult to export films from India to the Soviet Union as it is to Pakistan. But while in the case of Pakistan the difficulty has been mainly created by the Government of Pakistan itself in the case of the Soviet Union it appears that the Government of India is mainly responsible for the deadlock.

The Soviet Union has a film representative in India whose job is to 'sell' Soviet films in India and to 'buy' Indian films for the Soviet Union. This 'selling' and 'buying' or import and export of films between India and the Soviet Union is being conducted on the merit of each picture for the past several years now. But the new Soviet representative thought it wise to put the film trade between the two countries on a more firm footing and hence he approached the Government of India with a proposal that every year the Soviet Union be allowed to import a certain number of Indian films and in exchange be allowed to export a certain number of Soviet films to this country.

He selected eleven Indian films, *Anandmath*, *Jhansi ki Rani*, *Andhayan*, *Do Bigha Zamin*, *Awara*, *Rahi*, *Humlog*, *Chhoti Ma*, *Nanhe Munhe*, *Baiju Bawra* and *Malkin*. Apparently no Indian could have any quarrel with this choice of pictures which represent correctly the different artistic and social trends in our films. But, in spite of submitting the list, the Government of India, it is reported has neither accepted nor rejected the proposal with the result that the original plan to hold the Indian film festival in the Soviet Union in August has had to be abandoned.

The Government's antipathy towards problems concerning the film

trade is too well-known to need further emphasis. It is strange however that the Government should have taken such a long time to consider such a simple and fair proposal. The delay on the part of the Government has deprived some of the Indian producers of an opportunity to send their pictures abroad and earn the additional income which they need so badly in these days of depression.

No wonder, therefore, that the producers who are affected by this negative attitude of the Government are submitting a joint memorandum and application to the Ministers concerned in the hope that they will gear up their respective departments into action and arrive at an understanding with the Soviet representative on an issue that will be of vital importance to the industry not only today but for years to come as it will open up a new permanent market for a certain kind of Indian pictures.

Picture Of The Week

WHEN I saw the preview of *Dhwaan*, its producer-director Roshanlal Malhotra asked me "Well, what do you think of the job we amateurs have done?" And my spontaneous reply was "There is nothing amateurish in the film."

Roshanlal who has had no previous experience of film-making was of course mainly referring to himself and his team of screen-writers as well as his brother Rajan, when he said 'amateurs.' Without exaggeration one could say that not only their work was not amateurish but in some respects it was better than the work of the professionals.

Yet, it is a pity that certain critics could not realize the fact that Roshanlal, for his maiden essay in film making, had shown a far greater command of the film-craft and manifested a keener eye for details, (insignificant in themselves but so vital in the build up of a murder mystery) than many a reputed director. Especially the clever manner in which he has handled the chase sequences and kept up the mystery about the real murderer deserves praise and Plaudits. It is only in a

romantic situation and songs that he appears to be a little uncomfortable; but then, neither romance nor songs have a place in a picture of this kind and if Roshanlal has introduced them it is because in his very first picture he could not take any chances with the audience which is accustomed to have its full quota of songs and romance in every Indian picture.

Yet by making the dancer and stage an integral part of the story, he has at least justified the first two songs and dance numbers. The rest of the songs may be superfluous but they have the popular lilt. The story itself is interesting. A youth falls for a stage dancer and in spite of the warning of his parents he runs away with her only to find she did not love him—but his father's wealth. Dejected he leaves her while she is murdered.

The police chase the youth who finds refuge in a girl's home; and, as is to be expected, the girl's blind father takes a fancy for him. Meanwhile the police continue their investigations mainly near the theatre, with the theatre-proprietor and a stage-actor as their main target. The enquiries reveal nothing and in desperation the youth gives himself up to the police. Ultimately, he gets a twenty-four hour parole to find out the real murderer and under most exciting circumstances he does find him. And when he finds the real murderer, not only is he surprised but the audience also gets a jolt. It would not be fair to the producer to reveal the murderer in this brief synopsis; all one can say is that instead of heaping suspicion on one character, had the screen-writers placed suspicion on more characters, the suspense would have been even more exciting. But, as it is, the writer and director are to be complimented on keeping the suspense so well till the end.

Among the artistes, M. Rajan, tall, dark and handsome hero, has to bear the main burden and he does it with both ease and grace. For his first major role, he has done surprisingly

well. With more experience he is sure to rise to greater heights. Of the rest, but for Asha Mathur, everyone has given an excellent account of himself or herself. The photography by V. Avdhut is tuned to the mood of the film which is effectively underscored by Vasant Desai's superb background music. The editing by Mayekar is smart and the production values rich.

Dhwaan may not be a perfect motion picture; but it is certainly a very interesting and entertaining film made in a most competent manner by a batch of enthusiastic newcomers.

Personality Of The Week

WITH the release of *Dhwaan* M. Rajan emerges as a full-fledged hero. Though he has been the hero of the picture he has hardly behaved like a hero during the actual production of the picture. Indeed, he did every possible job for the picture as he was interested in the production and never felt his ego hurt if he had to carry a thing from one place to another almost like a coolie!

It is in this humble and co-operative spirit that M. Rajan has joined the films. True, he owes his debut to his illustrious brother who is the producer of this film; but it is to his credit that he has neither betrayed the confidence of his brother nor put on the airs of the star or the producer's brother in his conduct with others. He has all the physical requisites of a hero. He is tall—rather too tall—and handsome with a feeling voice; all that he needs is experience to get agility and freedom of movement and now that he is working in outside pictures like *Pahli Jhalak* as well, he will soon qualify for the star honours.

Well-educated Rajan comes from a respectable higher middle class family of Lahore. Only a couple of years before the partition, his elder brother took active interest in the distribution of films and earned a reputation as the most fair, honest and straight-forward distributor in the North, and this reputation his firm in Delhi still holds. The parti-

tion brought the family to Bombay; and it was but natural that sooner or later the brothers should get interested in actual production, which eventually they did.

Rajan from the beginning has been interested in acting as a career; and when his small role in *Kale Badal* received good notices from the critics, he ventured to play the leading role in *Dhwaan* and justified the hopes raised by his first appearance.

Though his height in a way may prove a handicap in casting him in the usual types of roles, there is no doubt that, given a proper role, Rajan will make the grade and rise in popularity.

What Christianity Means to Christians

I HOPE that the article "A Note on Proselytization" in SWATANTRA of August 15 is not an expression of your views on the subject any more than another article appearing in the same issue on the case for Kurnool as the capital of the Andhra State.

Public controversy on religion, except as between friends, tends to arouse bitterness and is to be discouraged, especially in a land of many religions and a religiously neutral or "secular" State like ours. So I for one would not like to give a "reply" to Mr. C. Subrahmanya Ayyar. I would only make an appeal for wider tolerance and a more sympathetic understanding and appraisal of any religion than are in evidence in his comments.

I shall freely admit that we Christians are in the last analysis responsible for all misunderstandings of both Christians and of Christian activities. I shall also admit that those who have called themselves by the name of Christ (while being thoroughly unworthy of that name) have done evil sometimes even in the name of their religion. But I hope Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar will on his part concede that it would be as illogical, not to say uncharitable,

News Of The Week

WESTERN India Theatres Ltd., had the honour of introducing first, the wide panoramic screen in India. They introduced the new screen which gives a fuller image and greater depth on the premier of Ranjit's *Papi*.

Ashok Kumar is reported to have given an offer to Devika Rani to play a leading role in his next picture *Rikta* to be directed by Bimal Roy. Joglekar is directing Ashok's next picture.

Santoshi is now assigned the direction of New Premier Films' *Chachi* starring Suraiya and Kishore. It is a social comedy.

to judge Christianity by that fact as to judge Hinduism by the "horrid looking pictures" he himself speaks about.

If Christianity meant nothing more to us than a hash of the "morality of a savage" taken out of the Old Testament and a "remarkable ideal, unfit for the world" as Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar sees it, few of us would have become Christians or would be Christians now. Curiously enough, at another place Mr. Ayyar who dismisses the Christian ethic as other-worldly idealism claims that Mahatma Gandhi's *Satyagraha* movement was an application of the "Ye-resist-not-evil" principle. Surely, he cannot and will not maintain that the *Satyagraha* movement was sheer idealism that achieved nothing.

Mr. Subrahmanyam's analysis of the motives—conscious or unconscious—of converts would make one think that all converts are dishonest or feather-brained. But it is usually when people think hard and take life seriously that they become converted. Only this morning I met a young non-Christian who was "drawn to Christ" some time before I first met him. He has found in Christ—with all His true disciples—a peace and a joy the world cannot give and also a stimulation and satisfaction at once of the finest and noblest human feelings and desires. Jesus is to him

now the greatest spiritual reality and his one great longing is that his non-Christian parents should come to have a similar experience of Jesus. Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar seems to be conscious of the centrality of Jesus Christ in the Christian faith. Christianity is not a set of doctrines, not even the practice of the Sermon on the Mount or any other moral code but loyalty to Jesus Christ—a loyalty, however, that gives both the vision and the power for a life of purity, love and service. It is just this loyalty that impels the missionaries to traverse oceans and continents to tell other men about their Friend, Saviour and Lord. When the Bishop of Madras said that the Christian would be or ought to be prepared to lay down his life when he is asked to surrender that loyalty, he was not holding out a threat of fighting but merely stating that—as on many

occasions in the history of the world the true Christian will cheerfully—and lovingly—suffer martyrdom rather than give up his faith. For the Christian his faith in Jesus or his love for him is what makes him a man, a child of God. St. Paul says: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life.....not principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come.....shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Perhaps it is just this loyalty to Jesus Christ that our non-Christian brethren cannot understand or appreciate. But we can only assure them that it is loyalty that makes a true Christian love his country and his fellowmen and serve them all the better because it is the will and command of their Lord.

D. A. THANGASWAMY (Palayamkottai)

I perceive there are two kinds of death. The first, the loss of love and the loss of the power to win it, is the unendurable death. The other—the loss of life, is a mere trifle.—*Voltaire*

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SHEIKH ABDULLAH'S SECULARISM

By M. MADHAVA RAU

THE curtain has rung over the first act in the drama of Sheikh Abdullah's life in which he mainly acted in alliance with the Indian National Congress. The time has arrived to judge how deep was the freedom from religious or racial bias which he professed, and put forward as creating an indissoluble bond between him and Nehru's India, until his somersault demanding an independent Kashmir.

The educational and early political career of Abdullah did not tend to the cultivation of a secular spirit. He had his higher education in Aligarh University. He began his political life as one of the founders of the Kashmir Muslim Conference, which was meant to be the Kashmir counterpart of the Indian Muslim League. He thought that the Hindu Dogra Maharaja had no right to rule over the Muslim majority in Kashmir. But he found that Mr. Jinnah was everywhere in alliance with the Maharajas, and he therefore gave up the Muslim Conference to form the Kashmir National Conference, and allied himself with Nehru, who also wanted to put down the autocracy of all Rajas without distinction. In 1946, when Nehru was on the point of inducing the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress to accept the report of the Cabinet Mission, which acceptance would have prevented the subsequent formation of Pakistan, a message reached him that Abdullah's trial for sedition had begun. He abruptly left the meeting for Kashmir. The deliberations of the Committee took a turn unfavourable to the acceptance of the Cabinet Mission Report, a development which logically led to the Direct Action Day at Calcutta in 1946, and all the subsequent tale of inter-communal frenzy, which set the seal on the division of India. In this instance Abdullah was a pawn in the

hands of Destiny in preventing the formation of United India.

In 1947, Mr. Jinnah set the Frontier tribes against Kashmir, moving in Pakistan lorries, and armed with Pak guns. The tribes were profoundly secular in their greed for plunder; they robbed the Hindu and Muslim alike. Abdullah claims the credit for having co-operated with the Indian Army in driving out the marauders. Of course there was no co-operation in the military sense, as Abdullah's followers had not been trained in the use of arms. But they kept order in Srinagar. The triumph of the raiders would have meant an end to all hopes of a popular Government, without which Abdullah could not have reached the position of leader of Kashmir, which he so ardently aspired to.

Purity and efficiency of administration in a modern democracy require an independent audit, and a Public Service Commission. Abdullah was opposed to both. The latter would deprive him of the power of patronage which he so eagerly coveted. The former would tie up his hands in dealing with public monies according to his unrestricted pleasure.

With regard to the public service, Abdullah began with the 'spoils' system. Even the old village officers were replaced by Abdullah's nominees. In the process large numbers of Hindus were replaced by Muslims. There was naked unabashed communalism in recruitment to the public services, and many vacancies were advertised with the restriction that only Muslims could apply. In the colleges 80 per cent of the seats were reserved for Muslims. It was a strange secular State, Kashmir, wherein in higher education and the public services preference was given on the ground of religion.

A secular leader who tries to combine under his banner the followers of two rival creeds, will carefully avoid creating the impression that he is enabling one creed to flaunt its triumph over the other. Yet this is exactly what Abdullah did when he closed the Sanskrit College in Srinagar, and set up in its stead an Arabic College. Neither of the major regional languages of Kashmir, Kashmiri and Dogri, has anything to do with Arabic.

When the people of Jammu asked that Hindi might be regarded as the official language, Abdullah turned down the request, though it would have been statesmanlike to grant it. The difference between Hindi and Urdu is mainly a question of script, and it would have caused little inconvenience to anybody if both scripts were recognised. In East Bengal, Muslims themselves are asking that the Bengali script (which is akin to the Devanagari script) should be recognized even by the Central Government of Pakistan. In this as in other matters Abdullah showed the narrow spirit of the partisan politician rather than the broad heart of a national leader. The Praja Parishad leaders, charged with communalism, could very well point an accusing finger at these actions of Abdullah.

Two things for which Abdullah was keenly criticised by the Praja Parishad, take on a rather sinister bearing in the light of subsequent developments. The border villages of Jammu are subjected to frequent attacks from the side of Pakistan. The easiest way to prevent these raids would be to settle in these villages Sikh and Dogra military ex-servicemen. Such persons, displaced from Azad Kashmir, were available, but Abdullah refused to settle them in Jammu, while the Muslims that had gone over to Azad Kashmir were free to return to Jammu. It was reported in the papers that differences had arisen between Abdullah and the Indian military authorities over this. Certain it is that the Wazir Committee appointed by Abdullah himself, recommended that the settlement of

ex-servicemen ought to be encouraged. To Abdullah, the Dogra was anathema, and he would not seek his aid even in fighting invaders from Pakistan. Perhaps he was afraid of the Sikh and the Dogra as elements which would prevent Jammu from coming under his heel, and thought that his grip would be surer if Jammu regained its old Muslim majority.

The other controversial act of Abdullah, the carving out of the Muslim majority district of Doda out of the Hindu majority district of Udhampur, split up the National Conference workers of Udhampur on communal lines. Abdullah subsequently seems to have revised the demarcation of Doda district giving back some Hindu majority firkas to Udhampur. But the district of Udhampur remains a wedge between Ladakh and Jammu, furnishing ground for the accusation that this new district was meant to separate the two territories which would eventually express a desire to remain with India, even if the Kashmir Valley decided to cut adrift from India.

Abdullah delayed on some pretext or other the implementation of the promised accession with regard to Defence and Communications, though the Kashmir militia was annually costing him Rs. 50 lakhs, and the Postal and Telegraph Department a deficit of Rs. 20 lakhs. The radio still remains Radio Kashmir; it has not merged into All India Radio. After much pressure, the Cabinet majority in Kashmir forced him to hand over the militia and the Postal Department to India. In his Gandarbal speech at the end of July 1953, he accused India of discouraging the recruitment of Kashmiri Muslims in the Defence and Postal departments. The army requires brave officers, and the Kashmiri Muslim has the reputation of being the most timid person in India (Vide "Strachey's India—Its Administration and Progress"). The pandits of the Kashmir Valley, a very intelligent class, who have furnished so many leaders to India, kept out by heavy Muslim recruitment in other departments, appear

to have come in by sheer merit into the Postal department. Sheikh Abdullah's natural vision being communal, artificial aids for a secular vision did not help him much.

In the Delhi agreement Abdullah had promised to consider financial integration which involved two things, the eventual removal of the customs line, and subjection to the audit of the Indian Auditor-General of the expenditure of the State with reference to the money received from India. The second might be regarded as quite natural when a State received aid from the Federal Centre; but to a man who was coming to regard Kashmir more and more as a sovereign State, India's demand for check of expenditure appeared galling, even when it was with reference to Indian money given to Kashmir. The first was resisted on the ground that Kashmir would lose a revenue of Rs. 140 lakhs; but as the present Premier Bakshi pointed out, the transfer of militia, posts, radio and highways would save one crore, and it would not have been difficult to get the rest as a subvention. The real reason was that the customs line was sought to be retained as a vestige of sovereignty.

Sheikh Abdullah opposed the granting of fundamental rights to the citizens of Kashmir, and a few days before his arrest, he devised an ordinance for detention without arrest. This was obviously meant to break the cabinet majority against him, but by an irony of fate, he and his trusted lieutenant Mirza Afzal Beg were the first persons to be detained under the new ordinance.

It did not need anybody to put the idea of Independent Kashmir into Abdullah's head. Independent Kashmir would greatly magnify Abdullah's importance. He twice gave interviews to foreign correspondents in which he favoured the idea of an Independent Kashmir as a buffer State between India and Pakistan, and afterwards explained that he was thinking aloud. In his now notorious Ranabirasingapura speech, he said the Muslim majority in Kashmir should not trust itself to the

Hindu majority in India. This argument, used for separation of the Punjab and Bengal from India by Mr. Jinnah, led to the partition of the Punjab and of even such a culturally homogeneous region as Bengal. Sheikh Abdullah as an intelligent man must have known that history would repeat itself, and if on the strength of religious separatism the unity of such a culturally compact region as Bengal could break up, the unity of Kashmir, would irrevocably break at the first authoritative mention of religious separatism.

Abdullah regarded himself as the Man of Destiny who was to lead Kashmir into Independence. In actual effect he became an instrument to keep Pakistan and India apart. How his trial led Nehru to speed to Kashmir when he was on the point of inducing the Working Committee of the Congress to consent to the Cabinet Mission Scheme has been described above. When after the 'clenched fist' was closed, in death, Pakistan was getting itself reconciled to the loss of Kashmir, and had even reduced her troops, Abdullah's volte face against the accession to India and his deposition by his colleagues has again raised the cry of jihad in Pakistan.

India can have only a bipartisan policy with regard to Kashmir. If the USA has adopted such a policy with regard to foreign affairs, India is all the more obliged to adopt it in a matter which affects both her foreign relations and her home territory. Nehru in accordance with his declared principles will not consent to a plebiscite where religious influences will be brought into play. The figures of the 1951 census eloquently show that while the Indian Muslim has stayed in India, the non-Muslims have been squeezed out of Pakistan. Our duty to strengthen our hold on Kashmir is clear. All parties including even the Communists are united in the demand that we should not withdraw our army from Kashmir. Nehru does not want to defy the United Nations Organization, but if he decides to snap his fingers at it, India will follow him.

THE RAJAHMUNDRY DISASTER

By Maj. D. V. RAJA RAO, M.B.B.S.

ROUGHLY speaking, Rajahmundry consists of a central elevated area from which the town slopes down to Aryapuram, Seethampet, etc., on the north; Innespet, Kothampet, Alcotts Gardens, etc., on the south; to the river on the West and on the east it spreads out into a plateau towards Danavayapet and the Central Jail. This central area which constitutes the old town had no protection of a flood bank till the early part of this century, and houses along the water front here, were built on basements above the high flood levels. All the extensions into the northern and southern low areas were built without raised basements entirely depending on the flood bank for protection against floods. During nearly a century of the existence of the flood banks, Rajahmundry never knew any serious breaches, and to the people here Godavari in flood had never been anything more than a magnificent and awe-inspiring natural phenomenon.

There had always been heavy floods from time to time. In 1900 there was a record flood. In 1933 the flood was very near the record and the flood in 1942 beat the record by half a foot. The floods in 1933 and 1942 seriously threatened to breach the bund in the neighbourhood of this town but, thanks to the timely and efficient work of the authorities, the breaches did not occur. This time there was a near record flood on the 7th instant, and even as it was receding a few days later, warnings of unprecedented record-breaking floods came. For three to four days before the flood came the people here were expecting and looking forward to see it. In the light of their experiences in 1933 and 1942 and in view of the ample warning of the flood, the people of Rajahmundry felt confident and optimistic that the authorities will not fail to protect them from the flood. But the authorities failed and failed miserably. The bund gave way in many places both north and south of the town and an unsuspecting

people suffered heavily for their faith and trust in the authorities. Perhaps the calamity occurred in spite of the best efforts of the Government and the fury of the river was beyond their resources. But still, in fairness to the people's trust in the authorities, the causes for this failure should be thoroughly enquired into. Were the lessons of previous floods fully learned and acted upon? Has the flood duty G. O. been fully and conscientiously put into practice? These things should be thoroughly enquired into by an impartial outside authority and any and every officer found guilty of inefficiency, negligence should be severely dealt with without fear or favour.

The breaches having occurred, most of the loss and misery could have been prevented if the contingency has been prepared against. People holidaying with celebrations of the Independence Day were rudely shaken from their holiday mood when at about 8-30 a.m. on the 15th instant, it was announced on the local municipal broadcasting system that the bund breached down the Alcotts Gardens and the people living in the low-lying areas were asked to vacate their houses. Even as the warning was being broadcast, water began to flow into the southern-most parts of the Alcotts Gardens. Luckily, because of the contour of the area, the water rose very gradually. Then began a hectic evacuation by a panic-stricken people into the higher parts of the town and by whatever transport they could procure. Any attempt at organised evacuation by the authorities concerned was conspicuously absent. Neither the police nor the revenue officials took any interest in the evacuation, they did nothing to help the evacuation. Everybody had to shift for himself and rely on his own resources. In the meantime, anti-social elements began to get busy and pilfer whatever they could lay their hands on. The evacuees had no protection against even this and they had to

organise their own protection.

The breach down the Alcott Gardens seems to be a surprise even to the authorities. But the bund above Aryapuram was threatening to give way then for three days and the P. W. D. people were at the spot and doing something about it. Even so, as the night of the 15th came on, people had no warning of the imminence of the breaches and they went to bed without any suspicion of the disaster awaiting them. At about 11 p.m. the bund gave way and the only warning most people got was when the water came under their beds. They had scarcely time to run out with their lives. The only transport available to the common man at that time of the night was the cycle rikshaws which were not many. Once again any official organisation for organised and quick evacuation was conspicuously absent. The flood was so quick that most people had to be evacuated on improvised rafts and boats in the violent on-rushing current with great risk to the rescuers. That the loss of human life is not greater than it is, is a tribute to the daring and ingenuity of the individual humanitarians and volunteers of the P. S. P. and the Youth Leagues. The Municipal Chairman, more in his capacity as a popular leader than as the chairman, did yeoman service. The only Government servant of any rank that was present on the spot and helped the people was the District Judge. Perhaps that he is not long enough in service to be fully imbued with its tradition and that he was till recently a common citizen with an intimate knowledge, as a thriving lawyer, of the lot of the common man, is why he came out in the middle of the night to do his bit as a common man to help the people without waiting for orders or permission and the formalities that have to be gone through before officials can move into action. Even he could not get any official help. Once again the evacuees and volunteers had to face the problem of anti-social elements and deal with them as best as they could. As the day dawned hundreds of people were revealed marooned on house tops, tree tops and up-

per stories of buildings. These had to be rescued. The thousands that ran for their lives with nothing but the clothes they were wearing, were anxious to salvage what they could of their belongings from their sunken houses. Even then, a day after the disaster, there was no official endeavour or help to rescue the marooned people or salvage the properties of the refugees. Country boats had to be hired by individuals and volunteer organisations at fantastic rates for this purpose.

It was common knowledge that water from the south would flow into Kothapeta and Innespet after the Alcott Gardens fully submerged. There are only two outlets from the Alcotts Gardens area into the Innespet area. Both are culverts in the railway embankment which can be easily closed. It was not till late in the evening of the 15th, more than twelve hours after the breach in that area, that the Alcotts Gardens area was submerged enough for the water to flow into Kothapeta and Innespet through these culverts. It is a pity that nobody during all this time thought of closing these culverts and preventing these areas from being flooded.

On the 16th, as Kothapeta and Innespet were getting submerged, it was still the same story of no official organised evacuation nor any official help to the evacuees and no protection from anti-social elements. If many people risked staying in their houses guarding their properties till they were forced out by imminent danger to life, it was because they had no faith in our forces of law and order to safeguard their properties. After all, the events of these two days did not belie their want of faith.

Rajahmundry has a population of a little over 105,000 living in over 15,000 houses. Over 7500 houses were submerged. Over 2000 thatched and a few hundreds of pukka houses have collapsed. Over 54,000 people were rendered houseless. Thousands of working class people are taking shelter in choultries, public buildings, pials and verandahs of houses, roadsides and under the trees. These thousands who lost their everything

and were rendered destitute so suddenly were at the mercy of nature for their safety and of public charity for their food. It was fortunate that nature was kind enough and there were no rains. The public too rose to the occasion and many philanthropists contributed liberally for feeding these people. But the profit-minded merchant class with an inhuman callousness sent the food-stuffs underground and the philanthropists and social workers could get only a fraction of what they wanted for their relief work in the black market at abnormal prices. Once again the Government failed to do anything for the protection and feeding of these thousands of destitute refugees.

Separation Of Judiciary In Bombay State

By

J. T. KALLUKAREN

ON July 1 Bombay became the first State in India to effect the complete separation of the judiciary from the executive, thus ensuring the independence of all judicial officials, from the High Court judge to the city magistrate, and so "police courts" were renamed magistrate's courts to indicate the new status of the judiciary.

The independence of the judiciary is a fundamental principle of democracy, without which democracy will be soon reduced to a farce.

That shrewd observer of representative government, Montesquieu, realised that to combine all the powers of the legislature, the executive and the judiciary in one single authority is to offer too great a temptation to the rulers to turn despots. He believed that power must be checked by power to protect the liberties of the citizen and ensure a just system of government.

He proposed to achieve this by his famous theory of the separation of powers. This meant that the law-maker and the executive who administers the law and the judge who interprets the law are each inde-

pendent in his own domain and yet watch over each other's action; to see that none of them swerves from the path of law.

Montesquieu is reputed to have based his theory on his observations of the working of the English Constitution. The British, who are proud of having evolved the representative system over the course of centuries, did not believe, unless pressed by circumstances, in exporting democracy to their coloured dependencies. That did not suit their imperial and commercial interests.

So we find that, during the 150 years of British rule in India, no sincere and regular efforts were made to lay the foundations of true democracy in this country by building up an independent judiciary.

Perhaps, the only outstanding exception was Lord Cornwallis, the then Governor-General, who declared in 1793 that revenue officers, who were allowed to pocket a percentage of their commission, should be deprived of their magisterial powers in the interests of impartial justice. But his cry was a cry in the wilderness. The British administrators were more interested in putting Indians in their proper places than developing democracy here and so they ignored the growing demand for an independent judiciary, right from the level of the High Courts to what are called the "police courts".

In the forefront of this agitation were Dadabhoy Naorojee and Sir Pherozeshah Mehta of Bombay and Surendranath Banerjee of Bengal. Their agitation was kept alive by the Congress, which insistently demanded this vital reform.

It was left to an Independent India to include this reform in the Directive Principles of the Constitution, although, ironically enough, it has taken more than six years for some of the Congress Governments to implement it.

The Congress Ministry in Bombay took the lead in separating the judiciary from the executive. It did not have to begin from scratch. There already existed a separation of judicial and executive functions in the administration of civil justice. The problem was the separation of functions in the sphere of criminal justice. Even here, there was virtual separation in Greater Bombay. So the task of an expert committee, in 1946 to consider the whole question, was comparatively easy.

The committee submitted its recommendations by the end of 1947 and the Government drafted a measure along the lines broadly suggested by the committee. But it took nearly four years for the Bill to become law in June 1951. During that time the reform was discussed in the Constituent Assembly and finally adopted as a Directive Principle of the Constitution. When the question of the implementation of "this long-cherished ideal," to use the words of Chief Minister Morarji Desai, was taken up, the Government had to encounter certain "practical difficulties", which had to be resolved in consultation with the High Court. In the light of these discussions the 1951 Act was appropriately amended and the new Bill became law in June this year.

Although the progress of the Bill through the legislature and its final implementation has been slow, the Government has not been so slow in preparing the ground for the reform.

During the past two or three years it has been appointing whole time separate resident magistrates and there are now more than 125 resi-

dent magistrates recruited from the Bar directly. Besides these, some 60 city and resident magistrates, although drawn from the revenue side, have been doing exclusively magisterial work. Only a few revenue officers, like mamlatdars and aval karkuns, have been disposing of criminal cases in addition to their revenue responsibilities. But now their dual function has come to an end.

One result of this slow progress of the reform is that it was smooth and almost imperceptible. The formal implementation of this fundamental reform had nothing spectacular in it. It rather marked the end of a drama than the beginning of one.

Hereafter, practically every taluka in the State, where there is appreciable criminal work, will get a court presided over by a trained lawyer. This is expected to lessen considerably the cost of justice to the people and eliminate delays caused largely by too few courts trying too many cases. Regular judicial functions will now be exercised only by trained judicial officers. Except for the very limited purposes of maintaining law and order, executive officers will not meddle with the administration of justice, and even here they will be subjected to the judicial supervision of higher courts.

The Chief Minister said the reform would cost the State Rs. 10 lakhs immediately and Rs. 10 lakhs every year afterwards. But as he said, the cost is negligible in securing for ever "the confidence of the people that justice is not only done but appears to be done."

Broadcasting on the eve of the formal separation of the judiciary, Mr. Morarji Desai said: "In effecting this reform, the ideal which we have kept in view is that justice, especially criminal justice as defined by the law, is actually realised in its judicial administration. That realisation depends upon legal knowledge, skill in ascertaining the true facts, incorruptibility, impartiality and independence. A combination of these qualities is essential to the role of law which supports democracy."

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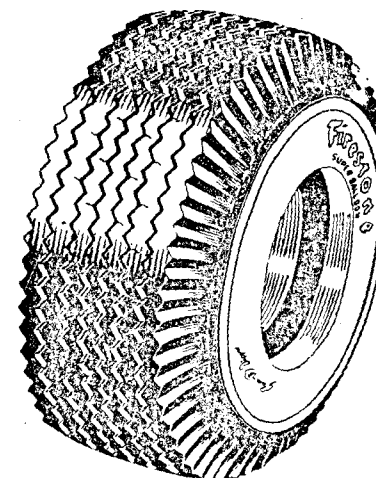
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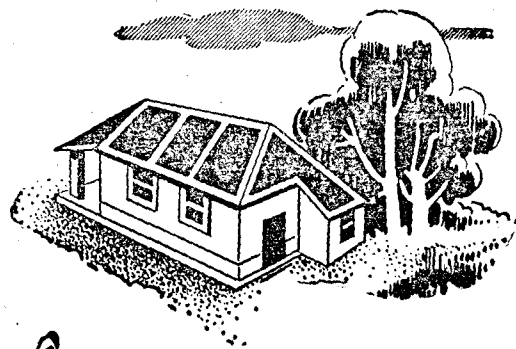
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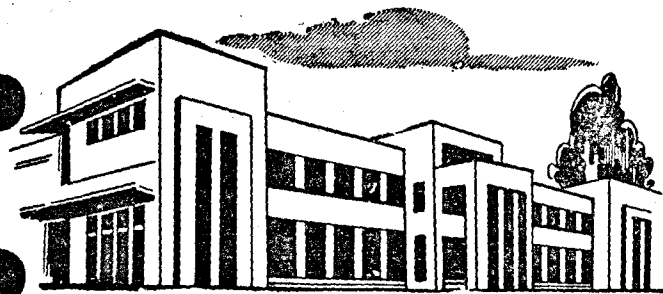
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