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SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

VOL. VIII. NO. 31, SEPTEMBER 5, 1959 ²²

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THE FOURTH ESTATE

Without treason
they can reason
with minister and monarch;
and they can turn
their pen and burn
—igniting the spark,
as with the bullet humming hot,
dictator and despot.

Swift as the beams of the sun,
swift as carrier pigeons, swift
their thoughts dash
from the world's corners, flash,
to melt the ore of ignorance,
and fill each rift
with hectic news!
authentic vicissitudes!

Knowing what these can do,
let no vested rights, the invested
few,
bribe or control
Liberty's soul!

Poverty may chill,
but can Capital kill,
and Censorship still
the voice of the soldiers of the
Fourth Estate?

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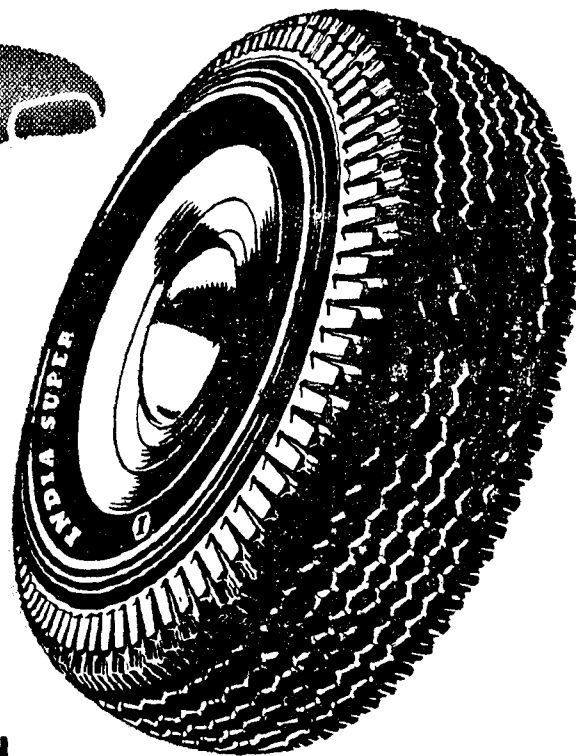
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THE MODERN

INDIA SUPER

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.

Amrutanjan is not of that species,
Its story is generations old,
It acts on numberless diseases,
Coming from extreme heat to roughest cold.

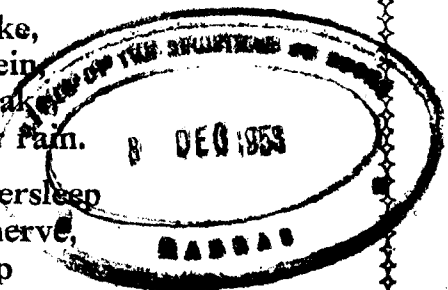
On every ache it puts a brake,
Over every pain it lays its rein,
Respite and rest follow its wake,
Comfort and cure thereafter plain.

If through overwork or undersleep
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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WHAT THEY SAY

- The astute politician whom his friends delight to call Chanakya had concluded rather prematurely that by returning to the Madras gadi he had got even with his ancient enemy. He is now finding out his mistake.

—VIGHNESWARA

- What is it that makes a Congressman? Is it admission into the fold of the Congress in the heyday of its power?

—SAKA

- There is a spectre haunting Harwell, where Britain's atom research station is set among cherry orchards. It is the spectre of McCarthyism.

—ANDREW ROTH

- Nehru is the last bulwark in India against a flood of chauvinism and militarism, and to put on the garb of Jack the Giant Killer in his presence is to look worse than clownish.

—V. SUBRAMANIAM

- Everywhere there is talk of cheaper pictures, but no one suggests how to make them. The only way out seems to be for the regional language productions to leave Madras forthwith.

—K. KUTUMBA RAO

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•Rarely does one see Vighneswara plain. And when he is that, as in this issue, the pinch of attic salt is more than one in his style, different from the pepper of his political utterances. One's best years are spent at College, memorable for their many ardours and enthusiasms. To hark back upon his and give a glimpse of student life in his generation Pandit Nehru comes as Vighneswara's happy inspirer.

•It's a cockeyed world—how cock-eyed, have you and I any idea? One loves music, another loathes it; one adores dance, another adhors it. Oh, these critics of the art! . . . What were the reactions of a famous exponent of classical dance when her last moments were come? Read her tragic story. It's really a cock-eyed world.

•"A group of Americans is disappearing," writes Andrew Roth, "being ravaged as surely as certain tribes of American Indians once disappeared before the rifles and strange diseases of the advancing white settler." Who constitute this group?

•Class war today has intensified itself on a world scale. Its total eradication can be brought about only by harmonising the opposing Capitalist and Communist blocs through an application of the absolute standards of honesty and selflessness. The power of an idea rests with the individual and he should change. Eleanor Butler makes a lucid, fascinating study of the personal factor in universal politics.

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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 silyly and others as a rocket,
With various degrees of loss or success
They dance a while and lose the axis.

Amrutanjan is not of that species,
Its story is generations old,
It acts on numberless diseases,
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.

If through overwork or undersleep
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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when

crackers crack

sparklers shine

roman candles coruscate

catherine wheels whirl

bringing in

DEEPAVALI

&

SWATANTRA ANNUAL TOO

to feast your eye and heart

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NOVEMBER 5, 1953

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THE ESTATE DUTY BILL

WHEN the Estate Duty Bill now before Parliament is placed on the statute-book, a notable gap in the Indian taxation system will be filled. The absence of this other great engine of direct taxation has often been described as a serious defect in our tax structure. Every enquiry committee in the past three decades has recommended the desirability of introducing this tax and yet, though it has been twenty years late in coming, the opposition to it has not abated. The level at which the exemption limit (Rs. 50,000 in the case of an interest in joint family property and Rs. 75,000 in other cases) has been criticised as low and the rates of levy (ranging from 5 per cent on property worth less than Rs. 1 lakh to 40 per cent on property worth more than Rs. 50 lakhs) as being too high and too steeply graduated. It has also been argued that the tax will adversely affect capital formation and consequently the pace of industrial development.

HOW far are these criticisms valid? It will be found that the objections raised to the estate duty have been raised whenever any new tax was sought to be introduced by those affected by the proposed measure. When opposition to the new tax itself had failed to compel the Government to drop the proposal, the rates of levy have always been criticised as being too high. When in particular a tax affects people who are better off, the charge that the new impost will hold up development and lead to depression has often been levelled. But the experience of other countries shows that neither the income-tax nor the death duty has held up progress and put an end to business activity, even though the rates prevailing now are far higher than those proposed originally.

THOSE who have criticised the rates of estate duty proposed as being too high have urged that, when the duty was first introduced in Britain in 1894, the maximum rate was only 8 per cent compared to 40 per cent proposed in India. But, in 1894, the functions and responsibilities of the State were severely circumscribed and in Britain the franchise was then confined to propertied people. By 1953 the responsibilities of the State towards its citizens have become all-embracing and in India at present every adult citizen is a voter. Besides, when Britain first introduced the death duty, she was experimenting with the new tax, whereas we now have the example and experience of many countries before us.

WHEN we turn our attention to the positive factors in favour of the introduction of this new tax, we find that the immediate reason is the need of State Governments for more money to put through various development

schemes. (It may be mentioned here that, though the estate duty will be administered by the Union Government, the proceeds will be distributed among the States). The need to mobilise all available resources for this purpose requires no special explanation. It must be pointed out that the tax is, however, not a temporary one to be abolished after the present plans have been implemented. This fact has been recognised by all critics of the Estate Duty Bill.

THE levy of this duty can be justified on other grounds also. The great merit of the estate duty is that the tax will be paid not by the man who accumulated the property but by those who are going to inherit it. The dead man is not going to be affected by the tax while those who have just come into a considerable possession are not likely to feel the tax burden. In this respect, we can say that the death duty will be paid without the least difficulty. It has been urged that because the basis of taxation of inheritance is capital, it is a tax on capital. This does not, however, mean that the death duty is always paid out of capital. Owing to the existence of the practice of insuring against the payment of death duty in foreign countries, which may very well come to prevail in India also, provision is often made for the payment of the duty in the form of small annual instalments.

THE death duty has been described as the natural complement of the income-tax. Even those who manage to evade the income-tax cannot hope to dodge the death duty collector. The estate duty in India may thus help to bring to book tax-evaders. It may be urged, however, that persons can avoid this eventuality by transferring or handing over property even in their lifetime. But, by this method, the estate duty itself can be altogether evaded. It is, however, extremely unlikely that every man of property liable to estate duty will follow such a course; the duty itself is based on the fact that the love of money is so great that individuals would rather have no objection to their heirs getting a reduced amount of property.

THE greatest justification for the estate duty is, of course, to be found in its distributional effects. In the matter of reducing inequalities, a graduated death duty is even more effective than a graduated income-tax because the former will reduce inequalities of both property and income while the latter will only reduce inequalities of income. In addition, in the case of India, the estate duty will help to distribute the tax burden more equitably. An analysis of the sources of the tax revenues of the Government of India shows that in 1953-54 the income-tax, the only direct tax, is expected to yield Rs. 104 crores, while indirect taxes are expected to yield Rs. 264 crores. On the other hand, the U. S. Federal Government is expected to get, in the year 1953, as much as 58.2 billion dollars from direct taxes and only 10.4 billion dollars from indirect taxes. True, conditions in India are different from conditions in the U. S., but the comparison will be useful in showing which section of the people in India is being heavily taxed.

A major defect in the present Estate Duty Bill requires to be removed. No provision has been made for appeals against the decision of the taxing authority in regard to valuation of property and estimate of tax to a tribunal or court. The importance of this cannot be exaggerated, for a Government official whose judgment is not open to question by an independent tribunal is not likely to exercise his power with discrimination and fairness. To meet another criticism, the Finance Minister has decided to incorporate provisions specifying the rates of duty in the original Bill itself.

IT must be admitted that an estate duty which is levied at the same rate, whatever may be the number of beneficiaries and the relationship between the heirs and the dead person, is not very equitable. For this reason, in Western countries, the estate duty is invariably combined with a succession

duty, which will be levied on the heirs after taking into consideration the amount inherited by each and the relationship between the deceased and the legatee. But, owing to the widespread existence of the joint family system in India, the levy of a succession duty is fraught with serious complications, which is obviously the reason why the Government has decided not to impose a succession duty.

TWO other good features of the proposed estate duty in India may be mentioned. A rebate of 25 per cent on agricultural estates whose value is less than Rs. 2 lakhs has been given. In the levy of the duty, the slab system, and not the step system (which is the one followed in Britain), has been adopted. Under the slab system, the tax will be levied on the various slabs of property at the rates specified for each slab. Thus on property worth Rs. 1 crore, the maximum rate will have to be paid only on Rs. 50 lakhs, no duty at all on Rs. 75,000, and on the remainder according to the rates for the various slabs. Under the step system, on the other hand, the rate of duty on the whole estate will be calculated at the maximum rate applicable to it.

Sotto Voce



THE KINSEY PARADISE

FIVE years ago Dr. Kinsey of Indiana University described the sex-patterns of the American male. He has now followed it up with a like survey of the American female. Newspaper prudes are shocked—perhaps rather more than the readers for whose edification they serve up the Report in neat summaries. The 5940 women whose case-histories have been studied are a fair sample of upper class American white womanhood. These women apparently knew that they were being interviewed with a purpose. In a mixed survey conducted in England two or three years ago by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree every care was taken to prevent the interviewed realising that there were snoopers about. But the remarkable thing is that in both cases little persuasion was needed to get the men and

women confiding in a stranger on their sex life.

But of course frankness is one of the great gains of twentieth century civilization. Now for some of Dr. Kinsey's facts. Half the women had had premarital intercourse but one half of these had had carnal knowledge only of their fiancées. One in four women had had extra-marital intercourse; and sixty per cent of these had gone with two or more men. A fifth of the women were homo-sexuals; the men beat them, however, Dr. Kinsey's previous Report showing there were twice as many perverts among them.

Dr. Kinsey makes no new discovery when he says that the craving for sex is strongest in youth, especially

the youthfully unmarried who represent 40 per cent of the population. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's survey shows that in Britain many youths of both sexes have sexual experience before they are legally major. Dr. Kinsey points out that the "acute biological need for a sexual outlet, if not satisfied, results in nervous tensions and possible personality disorganisation" or even "the aberrations that society detests." Though he ostentatiously disregards any intention to advise, it is clear that he thinks social and moral taboos are not worth the suffering they entail.

The attitude of the British researcher is rather different. He thinks that "freedom and more freedom" is not the remedy. A more rational use of leisure, more interest in useful social activity and greater devotion to religion might bring about a desirable change, though it is clear he is not very hopeful. He hardly seems to suspect that something must be radically wrong with a society in which leisure is a problem. And it is typical of the western outlook that neither of the two investigators thinks of earlier marriages as a solution. Working within the ambit of their conventions, they regard it no doubt as inevitable that men should look upon marriage as an evil to be postponed as far as possible.

Another disconcerting biological reality that Dr. Kinsey has discovered is that while at twenty the average man is five times as active as his wife at the same age, his powers steadily decline with the years; whereas the woman reaches her peak in the late twenties but thereafter "her drive seems to remain constant." These discrepancies explain why there are two great crops of divorces; in the early part of the marriage when the male is hard to satisfy and twenty years later when the boot is

on the other foot. In India, they knew this long ago. Joint family life controlled the young man's proneness to excess and prolonged the mystery and romance of the marital relationship. Twenty years later the woman, now mother and matron as well as wife, could sublimate her impulses in a harmonious and socially useful way.

Vatsyayana could have told Dr. Kinsey and his colleagues a vast deal more than they have found out about the similarities and the differences between the responses to stimuli of the two sexes. Our Indian women's traditional devotion to personal adornment answered to man's need of psychological appeal. And the very sensible social rules that operated against men and women mixing so freely as to provoke 'necking' and 'cuddling' was based on the realisation that physical stimulation is all powerful with women. And that explains too why women have, widows for instance, less difficulty in reining themselves in than men in the same plight, according to Dr. Kinsey.

It is the endless craving for sensation bred by a society that has lost its moorings that makes a cess-pool of sex when it might be the aroma of the flower of life. Dr. Kinsey kids himself into the belief that one divorce in three is no threat to the family—because, forsooth, "the proportion of married persons to the total population is higher than ever before in American history." And if women are more lax, he reports with satisfaction, they are less frigid. He notes that "devoutness decreases the amount of sexual activity in the male." But the American way of life has little use for religion. And yet our secular democratic Government is doing its best to transform the 'kitchen culture' of Hinduism into the Kinsey paradise.

VIGNESWARA

The man of peace is a greater conqueror than the man of war, and a nobler one; he who has in his soul real divine charity, real love of his brother man, has at the same time, real political genius in his mind. In a word for the ruler of men saintliness and greatness are identical qualities.

—Victor Hugo

SIDELIGHTS :

IN less than four weeks' time the Andhra State is to be inaugurated, but no clear picture has emerged of the composition of the Ministry to be formed. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has been laying claim to the office of Chief Minister on the strength of being the leader of the largest party in the legislature, but there are certain other counteracting factors that militate against the validity of the claim. The Communists are not far behind the Congress in numerical strength. It is well known that not a few of the so-called Independents could not have succeeded in the elections without Communist support, and in whatever manner they may style themselves, they are really Communists in disguise. If two or three of the pro-Communist Independents pass over formally into the Communist Party, the right to the post of Chief Minister would pass, according to the principle enunciated by Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, automatically to the leader of the Communist Party. He will have to be given a chance to gather support from the smaller parties so as to gain a parliamentary majority, even as Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has been doing.

THERE is no indisputable title to govern to the leader of any party that falls short of the requisite parliamentary majority, and a mere numerical superiority among the minority parties confers no constitutional right to preference as against other claimants subject to varying degrees of legislative ineffectiveness. The present set-up of the Andhra legislature shuts out any possibility of single party rule. Only a coalition of parties can form a Ministry competent to run the administration with parliamentary support. The leader of a coalition of parties will have to be a man of commanding force of character. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi does not simply fill the bill. He

managed to get himself elected as the leader of the Andhra Congress Legislature Party, but it was due less to his own acceptability than an accidental combination of fortuitous circumstances. There was a swift turn of sentiment in Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's favour when the Madras Chief Minister recommended Sri Sankara Reddi for the Andhra Congress leadership. Sri Rajagopalachari has the gift of persuading the Andhras to any course diametrically opposite to the one favoured by him, and the support he gave to Sri Sankara Reddi had the spontaneous effect of impelling Andhra Congress legislators, with Sri Prakasam's cordial approbation, to cast their votes for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi. Sri Sankara Reddi himself sensed the atmosphere and desisted from competition, and an election that might have been hotly contested, was turned into a unanimous victory for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, as a direct consequence of Sri Rajagopalachari's intercession on behalf of Sri Sankara Reddi.

SINCE then Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has had occasions for manifesting his qualities of leadership, and his electors had opportunities for realising what sort of man they had chosen for leader. One definite pattern of technique for consolidating his political position is revealed in Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's recent moves and statements. He has set himself up as the champion of Rayalaseema against the supposed threat to its interests from the Circars. He has exalted himself as a guardian of Rayalaseema interests, to the extent, if need be, even of resigning his Andhra Congress Presidentship, thus filling the political atmosphere with tensions supplied by the phantoms of his imagination. He does not seem to have faith in the institutions of the new Andhra State, or in his own capacity to look after them properly or improve them, as the aspiring

head of its Government. He declared at Tirupati the other day that it is more in the interests of Rayalaseema colleges to continue under the auspices of the Madras University than to be transferred immediately to the jurisdiction of the Andhra University! Defeatist, indecisive, with no positive outlook, and with ambitions out of proportion to capacity and character, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has descended to the bolstering up of cleavage as the path to power, he has become the fomentor of a clash of interests between part and part of Andhra, and lost the confidence of followers and prestige with the public. A substantial section even among the Congress legislators has turned against him. There is nothing in him to draw to his support other parties not subject to the disciplinary ukase of the Congress High Command. He will not make a worthy Chief Minister to the new Andhra State.

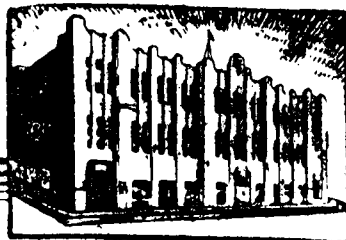
SAKA



Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, one of America's outstanding educators and president of Brooklyn College, N.Y., now in India on a lecture tour.

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KINSEY: ON DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN & WOMEN

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Are women inferior to men? A heated controversy is raging over that question. And both sides will discover many surprises in the latest report by one of the world's foremost authorities on sexual behaviour.

If years had names, 1953 might be called the year of the second emancipation of women. There have been books to prove the equality of women, books proclaiming the superiority of women and books assailing the brutality of men for preventing women from becoming equal or superior. Anthropologist Ashley Montagu points out that women live longer, are less warlike and more sensitive than men, and bear pain better; he insists that if men are often more creative than women in art, business and science it is only because they are trying to compensate for the smaller part they play in the creation of life. A distinguished French writer, Simone de Beauvoir, declares today's women are deprived of their rights by the privileged caste-men.

These feminist volleys have served only as a warm-up for what might be the most controversial feminist book of all; the long awaited soon to be published report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his staff.

Dr. Kinsey—considering men and women in their most basic relationship—has found strong evidence against age-old beliefs about sexual differences between the male and the female. His findings, based on the thorough questioning of 5,940 women, show that women enjoy love as much as men, that they are just as quick to respond physically (if the husband's approach is right), and that frigidity in women is far less extensive than most doctors and psychiatrists believe. He also challenges the long-held psychological theory that there is a difference in the levels of

desire in the two sexes. In some ways, the Kinsey findings may even indicate feminine superiority. He is nowhere near so extreme in his contentions as Ashley Montagu, who claims in his book, *The Natural Superiority of Women*, that a man is an incomplete woman whose life is warped from the day he realizes he can't have a baby. Dr. Kinsey does say, however, that women have stricter standards of behaviour than men, and that they seem to have certain biological advantages which make them harder and sexually longer-lived than their brothers.

In comparing standards of behaviour, Dr. Kinsey cites one of the striking revelations of the 1948 Kinsey Report on the human male—that half of the married men he interviewed had reported relations with women other than their wives, many of them with dozens of other women. But the married women he questioned reported much less promiscuity. Only a quarter of the wives had had extra-marital relations by the time they were forty years old, and of these nearly half had their extra-marital experience with only one man.

The Kinsey findings on pre-marital relations showed the same degree of variation: nearly all the husbands, but only half the wives, had had experience before marriage—and 46 per cent of the women later married the one man with whom they'd had relations.

THE second Kinsey disclosure which seems to give women an edge over men also is based on a comparison with the findings reported in his first volume. In that survey of 5,300 males, Dr. Kinsey found that most men reach the peak of their desire at the age of sixteen or seventeen and go steadily downhill from then on. An average man of forty has only about half the desire he had

when he was twenty; by the time he reaches sixty his sexual appetite has diminished by perhaps two-thirds.

A woman's desire during her late teens or early twenties is less than a man's at the same age but her appetite and activity then continue almost unabated into her sixties. That fact, says Dr. Kinsey, combined with the custom decreeing that a man must marry a younger woman, has led to one of the tragedies of our civilization—the husband often has lost some of his interest in sex by middle age, while the wife is still at her zenith.

These are among the more unexpected of Dr. Kinsey's new findings, but they are not necessarily the most important. Perhaps the key statement of his book is, "Males and females are basically alike and would understand each other better if they realized this." The new Kinsey Report may become the number one feminist book of 1953 because it gives woman equal status with man in a vital human relationship in which she generally has been considered the inferior.

In what way are men and women alike? Dr. Kinsey says, "We found no basic differences in the anatomy which is involved in the sexual responses of females and males, and we found no differences in the physiologic phenomena which are involved when females and males respond sexually." That's a revolutionary finding. Many psychiatrists, perhaps most, emphasize the importance of the woman's child-bearing organs in gaining physical satisfaction through sex. Simone de Beauvoir, in her book *The Second Sex*, says she resents the nature of the peculiarly feminine physical characteristics, but she regards them as a source of pleasure. Dr. Kinsey discounts their importance altogether, maintaining that they don't play a major role in satisfying a woman—that the most responsive area is that which is most similar to man's. And when he says he found "no differences in physiologic phenomena," he means that a woman's blood pressure, her pulse rates and so on are essentially the same as the man's during love-making.

Most experts have held that women are much slower than men in achieving satisfaction. Simone de Beauvoir says a woman's climax is never as direct and specific as a man's. Dr. Kinsey discounts all such theories. A woman's response is the same as a man's, he says; it's slowed down only when her husband talks or otherwise destroys concentration and rhythm. If it weren't for that, according to Dr. Kinsey, there would be little difference in the rate of response between an average man and woman. Then why the widespread belief that most women are frigid? It is a widely accepted figure among medical men and psychologists that one third of the college women who marry never attain sexual completion, and a noted gynecologist-endocrinologist team, Mr. W. S. Kroger and Dr. S. Charles Freed, recently suggested that as many as three out of four women may be unresponsive to some degree. But here, too, Dr. Kinsey's findings disagree with most previous theories. Nearly half the women report complete satisfaction in every experience, he says; the average wife reports it three quarters of the time. Again, his disclosures indicate that women react more like men than other experts have believed.

BUT if men and women are so similar physiologically, how does Dr. Kinsey explain known differences in behaviour, such as the greater promiscuity of men? Is the difference caused by the male and female hormones? Dr. Kinsey says no; estrogen and testosterone appear to have little to do with the patterns of responses. Even after radical surgery has destroyed the mechanism that manufactures sex hormones, many women have an increase in desire. The same is true of those who have passed menopause and no longer can bear children. Dr. Kinsey indicates that other hormones—manufactured in the adrenal and pituitary glands—more nearly coincide in volume with the peak years of activity in both men and women, and that further research may link them more closely. Meanwhile he can find only one major reason for the differences in

the sex behaviour of men and women: what he calls psychologic, or mental, factors. Dr. Kinsey writes: "There is considerable evidence that the response and behaviour of the average male are, on the whole, more often determined by his previous experience, by his association with objects that are connected with his previous experience, and by his vicarious sharing of another individual's experience. The average female is less often affected by such psychologic factors." In other words, the average man is stimulated by memory, by literature, by visualizing future experiences. The average woman is not. Nearly all men, for example, react to the sight of an attractive woman, whether they be wives, fiancées or movie stars but fewer than one woman in two reacts in a similar way to an attractive man. Nudity is extremely stimulating to most men; it seldom is to a woman. That's also true of pornography and erotic art and literature; practically all of it is produced by men for men and it rarely stimulates women. Also, many more men than women have climactic dreams concerning the opposite sex; a large number of women report that they've had such dreams only one to six times in their lives.

A curious statistic in Dr. Kinsey's report is that most women prefer "the more romantic atmosphere of a darkened room" for marital experiences, while a great many men like light. These preferences have little to do with "romantic atmosphere" at all, says Dr. Kinsey. It is just that the man gets added stimulation from viewing his wife. To the wife, visual stimulation is far less important.

Dr. Kinsey finds in these so-called psychologic dissimilarities an explanation of the principal differences in the behaviour of men and women. He says, for example, that they are the main reason why wives often are satisfied more slowly than their husbands. The average man, he says, is stimulated by looking at his wife, by thinking of past or future experiences, or by remembering erotic art and literature. With the help of such mental images, he remains aroused even when the physical action is

interrupted. In fact he often interrupts it deliberately to make the experience last longer. But the average wife is not affected by nudity or by erotic thoughts, so any distraction or interruption may become a barrier to her full experience. Dr. Kinsey says, "Many females are easily diverted when a baby cries and when children enter the house; when the doorbell rings, when they recall household duties which they intended to take care of before retiring for the night; when music, conversation, food or a desired smoke, or other non-sexual activity presents itself." Simone de Beauvoir wrote, in a more poetic paraphrase of the same thought "Sex pleasure in women is a kind of magic spell, it demands complete abandon; if words or movements oppose the magic of caresses, the spell is broken." "But it is the man himself," says Dr. Kinsey, "who sometimes is responsible for the introduction of the conversation, cigarettes, music and other diversions. And he unwittingly may be responsible for the female's distraction because he does not understand that the sources of her response may be different from his."

The important requirement for the woman, he says, is constant physical stimulation, continued to completion. Most men do not understand that need; they often keep themselves at a pitch of excitement with mental images and stimulating conversation, and mistakenly think the woman is keeping pace. Actually, the wife's ardour may flicker out and need rekindling; the man who then accuses her of lack of affection doesn't realise that it was his own interruptions and distractions which caused her to respond more slowly.

Dr. Kinsey also uses these "psychologic stimuli" to explain the startling difference in the degree of promiscuity among men and women. "Among all peoples everywhere in the world," he writes, "it is understood that the male is more likely than the female to desire sexual relations with a variety of partners." Dr. Kinsey's own statistics provide dramatic confirmation of this belief for the first time. But why is it so?

THE suspected difference in promiscuity has been rationalized with such statements as "The female has a greater capacity for being faithful," and "She has a greater responsibility in maintaining a home and caring for children." Simone de Beauvoir attributes it to the inferior position of women in our man-run society. She says that a woman restrains herself from being promiscuous so she won't jeopardize her principal security—her status as a wife and mother. But Dr. Kinsey's studies have led him to believe that there may be a less complex reason: "It seems possible that the female is less often aroused—as the average male is aroused—by the idea of promiscuity."

He points out that a man can look at a woman across a crowded room and become stimulated by imagining himself having relations with her. He anticipates exciting new experiences. Most women, on the contrary, cannot develop desire merely by thinking of it. When they meet an attractive new man they rarely become stimulated just by looking at him. With fewer thoughts of promiscuity to impel them, Dr. Kinsey says, they less often seek out affairs with men. All in all, women will find much in the new Kinsey Report to convince them that the human female is a more continent and more civilized person than the human male. But one of Dr. Kinsey's major findings seems certain to stir heated controversy because it clashed head on with a deeply rooted moral standard, taught by churches and schools and steadfastly held by most Americans. He found that although women aren't naturally frigid, about 28 per cent of them in this country become frigid (men almost never do). He then reached the conclusion that "our unrealistic moral codes are often to blame—that a girl who is forbidden experiences with men before marriage sometimes finds it impossible to change her ways after marriage. The solution, he infers from the statistics (and most Americans are likely to disagree violently), is to permit greater freedom before marriage. He says his figures show that nearly all women who had a

complete experience in some form, while they were single also attained completion with their husbands in the first year of marriage—while nearly half the women without a complete experience failed to attain satisfaction that first year. The first year is important, Kinsey says, because "most males will not temporize and allow their wives months and years for the development of sex techniques." Dr. Kinsey seems well aware that he is arguing against widely held beliefs; but he contends our actions rarely conform to our beliefs—and when they do, he says, the results are often unsatisfactory. He points out that in most States girls of 16 to 19 can be sent to institutions if they engage in petting. In Michigan, a boy can be sentenced to life imprisonment for petting if he is over 16 and the girl under 16. In 27 other States there are lesser penalties. Yet, Dr. Kinsey says, his figures show that by the late teens nearly nine American girls in ten do engage in petting—which is the principal outlet for single women because of the powerful convention against premarital relations.

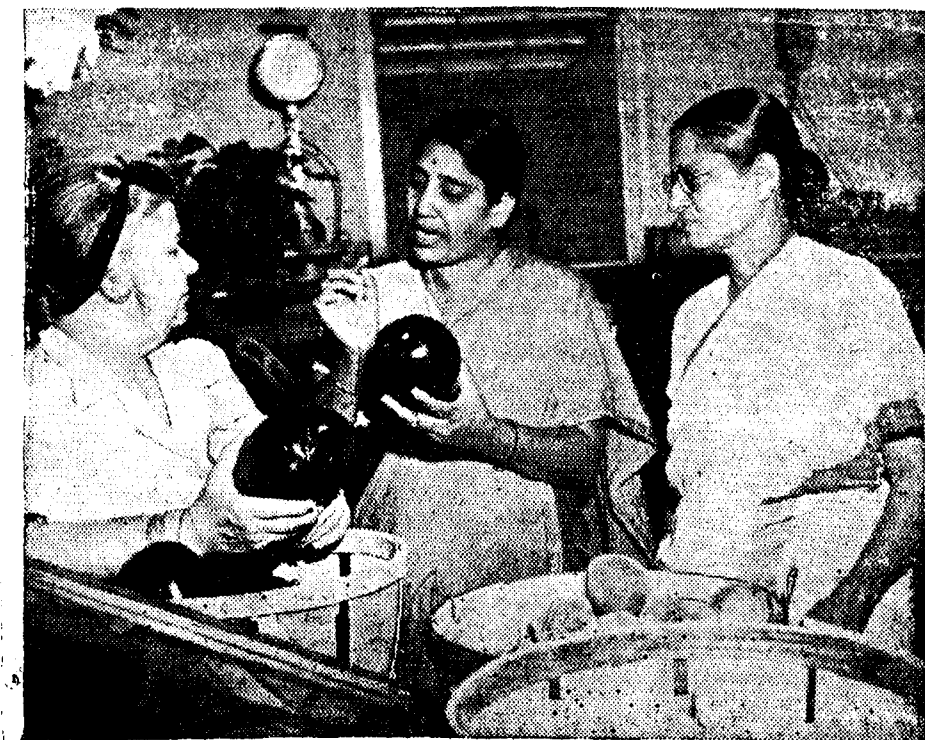
"Evidently," Dr. Kinsey writes, "the religious and public condemnation of petting has a minimal effect on the youth of more recent generations, since it has become a nearly universal practice. However, as the result of the condemnation, most of those who engage in petting do so with some sense of guilt." When that feeling of guilt is great, he adds, it may cause personality problems and psychic maladjustments which can hurt a marriage.

"IT is the church, the school, the home," says Dr. Kinsey, "which are the chief sources of the sexual inhibitions, the distaste for all aspects of sex, and the feelings of guilt which many females carry with them into marriage." Dr. Kinsey's view is shared by anthropologist Margaret Mead, who has protested that a girl taught from infancy to reject a man's advances can't be expected to change miraculously on her wedding night, and by many of the outspoken feminists, who feel that women are unfairly forced to comply with stricter standards than those for men.

Besides leading to frigidity those strict standards may do other harm, Dr. Kinsey holds. First, he says, during a man's most ardent years his wife may still be struggling to free herself from the inhibitions she was taught from childhood; by the time she has become more interested in marital relations—an interest that may last into the sixties—her husband often has become less interested, owing to the normal male decline that comes with advancing age. The result, he says, may be a wrecked marriage.

SECONDLY, "When frustrated or sexually unresponsive females attempt to direct the behaviour of other persons, they may do considerable damage . . . Some of them had been directors of organizations for youth, some of them had been directors of institutions for girls or older women . . . Some had been responsible for some of the more extreme sex laws which State legislators had

passed." As directors of women's prisons, Dr. Kinsey told me, such inhibited women were extremely harsh in their judgment of inmates, not understanding other women's desires. As teachers of young girls, they constantly harped on the theme that all sex is bad, thus planting the same inhibitions in their young charges, and starting the cycle all over again. "And it all takes root," claims Dr. Kinsey, "in the blank or sexually frustrated lives which our culture, paradoxically, has expected them to live." Such allegations are sure to make the new Kinsey Report a highly controversial book. Many psychiatrists undoubtedly will protest that Dr. Kinsey has oversimplified the "psychologic" factors involved in promiscuity and the slowness of response in women. There will be disagreements, too, by physiologists, doctors, hormone therapists and marriage counsellors—not to mention many readers of this article.



Mrs. Kuppuswamy (centre) and Dr. Krishnabai Nimbkar (standing) two Indian social workers in Maryland, U. S.

“... OVER A. I. R.”

By M. KRISHNAN

ON Saturday last I almost heard a great radio-play. A. I. R., Tiruchi, relayed by Madras, broadcast an extravaganza titled *Vazhvu-thantha Isai* (Life-given Music) for a whole hour, from 8 p.m. The story does not matter in such a play, it is the songs and their settings that count, but very soon it was apparent that *Vazhvu-thantha Isai* featured a cluttered plot.

It was all about matrimony in two moonstruck generations. Shekhar, who is extremely rich, and poverty-stricken Devaki are in love and secretly betrothed, and indulge in duets about the moon and the south wind. Shekhar's mother, on her death-bed, insists on seeing her son married before she quits this world, but will have none of the penurious Devaki. Shekhar is torn between his mother's dying wish and his promise to his sweetheart—meanwhile, convinced that he has succumbed to his mother's influence and will never wed her, Devaki moves out of the place. He does get his mother's consent to his marrying Devaki, but too late—by the time he achieves this Devaki has disappeared. Finally, to satisfy his rapidly expiring mother, he marries someone else. To his son, Kumar, he sings the old moon-song that he used to sing with Devaki, fondly, pensively.

Devaki pines for Shekhar but since she cannot have him, marries another, to satisfy her parents. Her husband dies soon after leaving her with an infant daughter, Shantha, to whom she sings the moon-song of her first love. It so happens, years later, that Kumar and Shantha are together in a college and fall in love. They meet in secret and sing songs about the moon.

By now Kumar's mother is on her death-bed and importunate in her desire to see her son married. Shekhar conveys this wish to Kumar, who thereupon discloses his affection for the impecunious Shantha. All these many years the memory of his breach of promise in re: Devaki

has lain heavily upon Shekhar, and he jumps at the opportunity to atone for his past default by bringing about the marriage of his son with the poor girl whom he (the son) loves. He tells Kumar the story of Devaki and the breach of promise, and promises that he will call on Shantha's mother to reassure her and obtain her consent to the marriage. This becomes necessary because Kumar thinks that Shantha's mother, who is mistrustful of the promises of the rich, might object to her daughter's engagement to an affluent young man.

In Devaki's house, somewhat similar things are happening. Appraised by Shantha of her love for Kumar, Devaki comes out with the story of Shekhar—she warns her daughter to beware of the rich. Of course neither Devaki nor Shantha suspect that Kumar is the son of Shekhar; nor does Shekhar know that Shantha's mother is Devaki. It is at this stage that Shekhar calls on Devaki.

It should be realised that in the radio-play all this is not narrated in the straightforward manner I have used. The play begins with a tuneless tryst between Kumar and Shantha, and progresses to the stage indicated through repeated use of the flashback technique. The *denouement* that one (with experience of the southern silver screen) would expect would be the ultimate reconciliation of everything in the marriage of Kumar and Shantha, perhaps with a few further complicating details. This was what I had expected right up to the meeting between Shekhar and Devaki. But as this scene came on I suddenly saw how different and unexpected the unravelling could be, and how cleverly the listener had been misled along the hackneyed path of the cinema love story.

IT was the setting of this scene that brought sudden realisation to me. Alone in her home (Shantha is

at college) Devaki is forlornly singing the first lines of that song about the south wind that Shekhar and she used to sing in their lost youth. Shekhar, approaching, is amazed to hear the well-remembered tune, known only to himself and his vanished sweetheart—he halts, then straight-away bursts into a spirited rendering of the subsequent lines of the duet, in his powerful baritone. Hearing him, Devaki is amazed, in turn. Then they meet.

“Devaki!”

“Shekhar!”

At last they have found each other.

What a great story was here! How cunningly I, along with hundreds of other listeners, had been misled up to this point! Devaki's dead husband, Shekhar's dying wife, the fact that each of them had but one child and that child was now grown and no longer in need of parental care, and now this surging response of Shekhar's to the old song, signifying the bursting into flame of long smouldering love—these could point only towards one ending. Who says that there can be no fire in resurgent elderly romance or that it offers no scope for true art? Perhaps the play would progress more or less along the lines following, after Shekhar and Devaki had got over their first glad surprise, and had become acquainted with each other's domestic past, an inquiry that they were even now pursuing.

Shekhar—Come now, you can no longer escape me! The doctors give my wife just ten days, and perhaps we should wait for a month or so thereafter—one must keep up appearances, you know.

Devaki—How spiky and fierce your moustache looks! And what has happened to your redundant black locks?

Shekhar—The same old Devaki, evading the point always! If it comes to that, you too have changed somewhat physically, you know—where is that beautiful, slim waist of yours? But let's not indulge in undignified personal comment, that sort of silliness does not suit our age. To the point now: it is just this, to borrow a line from Lear:

“O let us be married! too long we have tarried”—I mean, of course, after a decent interval and all that. Devaki—The moustache must go, however.

Shekhar—Don't be silly! These little details can be settled later. Very well, then, that's fixed.

(They break into a duet about the south wind, and follow it with the moon-song so as to leave the listener in no doubt, ending up just in time for the 9 o'clock news.)

Nothing of the sort happened. The story proceeded to its stale, long-foreseen conclusion, with Kumar



marrying Shantha. A great story, narrowly missed.

I HAVE given myself no space for the other broadcasts I listened to in August. In fact, I spent plenty of time with my wireless last month and listened in not only to the various stations of India but to other countries as well. The arrangements made by A. I. R., for coverage of the historic fifth Test between England and Australia were inadequate, for the scores were not up to the minute in the news broadcasts from Delhi, nor had any arrangement been made for relaying the B. B. C. Test commentary except from Bombay station in a very limited programme. Fortunately, one could get the B. B. C. commentary direct, though reception was poor at times. On the final day of the cricket commentary. A. I. R.

would have earned the thanks of thousands of cricket-loving radio licensees in India had it appreciated the 'listener-interest' of the B. B. C. commentary better.

THE B.B.C. was not the only foreign station I tuned in last month. Following in Dr. Keskar's footsteps, I listened to Radio Ceylon every day of the month. Dr. Keskar is quite right, I think, in considering the AIR

broadcasts every bit as entertaining as what Radio Ceylon has to offer. True that Radio Ceylon is far clearer than any Indian station and treats its listeners each day to a feast of Hindustani film music, which many of them relish (I do, for one), but A. I. R. has much greater variety to offer in music, radio-plays and talks. After all, variety is what counts, even in broadcasts meant only to entertain.

Holidays

THE demand for holidays grows. The Government of India have added one more holiday, the Buddha Jayanti, to the current holidays, such as the birthdays of Rama, Krishna, Guru Nanak, Mohammad, Jesus Christ, and Mahatma Gandhi and the Republic Day and the Independence Day. There are besides a number of local and communal holidays like Dasara, Moharrum, Christmas, Sivaratri, besides Sundays. A holiday generally means cessation from work for rest, and relaxation or worship and feasting.

Can there be a truly national holiday when all the nationals can stop work and enjoy themselves? Independence Day is a national holiday, when offices, educational and other institutions are closed. But essential services, national, municipal and domestic, cannot be stopped. Some workers have to work over-time, as for instance, the Defence forces at parades, the police in regulating traffic, the cooks and waiters in restaurants and hotels and the workers engaged in the transport system, and in amusement places like cinemas, theatres. While some men and most children stop study and work and seek enjoyment, their wives and mothers, and servants, if any, have to work over-time for the feast. It would seem that a national holiday is a holiday for a minority and normal work or over-time for the majority!

Officers, clerks, technicians and even so-called menials in offices, shops and factories have a weekly

holiday from work, and also casual and privilege leave periodically. But their women-folk and domestic servants have, with rare exceptions, no such facilities. Women, who form nearly half the population, do not stop work except when they fall ill and are disabled.

It is obvious that all work cannot stop simultaneously. Most work is non-stop. In some kinds of work fractions of workers get a holiday in turns, so that everybody gets a periodic holiday without the work itself having a holiday, as it were. Some such scheme deserves to be universalised. In England and America domestic servants get a weekly holiday generally on Sundays, when the women of the house, often assisted by their men, do the cooking of food at home or dine out. It is desirable that as many women in India as possible should adopt a similar system. Once a week the family should dine out in restaurants.

The best way we can celebrate a national holiday here or a national event is for all of us to work over-time. Normal work should not be treated as a misfortune to be minimised or avoided as far as possible, but as an opportunity for serving self and society. Schools and colleges are not, and should not be, prisons to escape from, but places of education, of which none can have too much. In any event, for a generation or perhaps two, all in India have to work more to better their life, and catch up with the more advanced peoples of the world. Work is the best worship.

P. KODANDA RAO

THE PROBLEM OF LAND TENURES

A REVIEW OF THE SUBRAHMANYAM COMMITTEE REPORT

By G. SRINIVASA RAGHAVACHARIAR

THE Subrahmanyam Land Reforms Committee submitted two reports. One deals with the relationship that should exist between owners of lands and persons cultivating them and the other with the taxes payable by land-owners to Government.

The first report is based mainly on the following assumptions:

- (1) that the relationship of the actual cultivator with the land-owner is now not all right, that the latter is exploiting the former and that the former should therefore be protected by means of statutory safeguards;
- (2) that absentee landlordism has impeded the development of agriculture;
- (3) that peasant proprietorship is the one best suited to the conditions of the country;
- (4) that there are separate classes of people, such as the tiller class, the cultivating class and the landlord class with conflicting interests; and
- (5) that the landlord class is in a more prosperous condition than other classes and can therefore afford to forego a portion of their share of land income in favour of other classes.

Main Proposals

ACCORDING to a set of self-constituted so-called leaders and friends of labour, the best way of solving our agricultural problem is to make the tiller of land straightaway owner of the soil. But the Committee was not able to support this proposal as it must amount to a policy of expropriation which will involve payment of compensation to an extent of 75 crores of rupees for land-owners to be displaced in ryotwari areas alone. As the next best method of solving the problem, the Committee has proposed:

- (1) limiting the maximum agricultural holding to an area paying an assessment of Rs. 250;

(2) prohibiting alienation of land to any person other than a cultivator or agriculturist paying an assessment of Rs. 250 and below, with penalty of forfeiture without compensation of any extent acquired in excess of the maximum holding;

(3) fixing the limit of personal cultivation by an agriculturist to an area paying an assessment of Rs. 250;

(4) requiring land-owners who cannot so cultivate to get their lands cultivated only through tenants as defined in the report by means of written leases which should be for a minimum period of 5 years and be subject to a maximum rental of 45 per cent of gross produce in the case of paddy crop under first class source of irrigation and 40 per cent in the case of other crops whether raised on wet or dry lands, without, however, any claim to any catch crops raised or straw, land-owners bearing Government assessment and cesses and tenants' expenses of cultivation which include supply of cattle, implements, seed and manure. The maximum rentals proposed are, however, subject to reduction with reference to any custom, usage or agreement, through land tribunals to be newly established.

(5) empowering tenants to carry out all necessary improvements after giving prescribed notice to land-owner and recovering the cost from the land-owner;

(6) limiting the maximum extent for lands taken up by tenants for cultivation to an area bearing an assessment not exceeding Rs. 50

(7) constituting a wage board for regulation of wages payable for work by men and women, which should be fixed in advance of each agricultural season and published in each village;

(8) forming separate organisations to protect the interests of tenants and labourers, which are generally conflicting; and

(9) constitution of land tribunals with appellate authority for adjudication of fair rents and other connected matters involving disputes and diffe-

rences between land-owners and cultivators and for implementation of other subsidiary proposals.

These proposals are in certain cases subject to some exceptions which are, however, not dealt with here as being not very material for the purpose of this review. For a proper understanding and appreciation of the proposals, it is necessary to note the following special definitions of a 'cultivator' or 'agriculturist' and tenant' given in the report.

"A 'cultivator' or 'agriculturist' means any one who cultivates land on one's own account—

- (i) by one's own labour;
- (ii) by the labour of any member of one's family; or
- (iii) by servants on wages payable in cash or kind, but not in crop-share, or by hired labour, under one's own personal supervision or the personal supervision of any member of one's family.

A 'tenant' means a person lawfully cultivating any land belonging to another person, if such land is not cultivated personally by the owner and if such a person is not—

- (a) a member of the owner's family;
- (b) a servant on wages payable in cash or kind but not a crop sharer, or a hired labourer cultivating the land under the personal supervision of the owner or any member of the owner's family, or
- (c) a mortgagee in possession.

The Legal Aspect

IN considering the proposals, the most important point to be borne in mind is that the owner of a land under ryotwari tenure unlike his brethren in the zamindari, has absolute property right to the land, subject only to payment of the assessment leviable by Government and that the so-called tenant is only a casual labourer employed by the land-owner with freedom to cultivate at his pleasure the land he chooses on terms mutually agreed upon and without any manner or right to the land or right to cultivate. The relationship between the land-owner and the so-called cultivating tenant cannot therefore in any way be better than that between an ordinary employer and employee in any other walk of life. And if this view is conceded,

as it must, then the legality of interference in the matter by Government by way of any special legislation or otherwise or through courts, except on complaint of the parties on the ground of invalidity or breach of conditions of the terms of agreement, is open to question, more especially in view of the fact that such interference will amount to a violation of the fundamental right vouchsafed by the Constitution of India which lays down:

"All citizens shall have the right to acquire, hold and dispose of property and no person shall be deprived of his property (or rights in the property) without payment of compensation" (Sections 19 and 31).

No doubt, there are, amongst the "Directive Principles of State Policy" the following provisions (Section 39):

"The State shall, in particular, direct its policy towards securing

(a) that the citizens, men and women equally, have the right to an 'adequate means' of livelihood,

(b) that the ownership and control of the material resources of the community are so distributed as best to subserve the common good,

(c) that the operation of the economic system does not result in the concentration of wealth and means of production to the common detriment.

Whether and to what extent these provisions can legally justify Government interference with the freedom of two independent parties by way of creating a new relationship between them which may amount to a policy of robbing Peter and paying Paul, more especially when most of the Peters happen to be in possession of small and uneconomic holdings with inadequate income and burdened with a load of debt and therefore no better, perhaps worse, than the free lance cultivating tenants, is a matter for serious consideration.

If it is realised that the cultivator under a ryotwari land-owner has no legal right to the land or to cultivate it except with the permission of the owner and on terms mutually agreed upon, it is improper for Government or any other party to interfere in the matter and dictate any terms of cultivation. It is a recognised fact that rent due to the land-owner generally represents the an-

nual value (i.e.) gross produce less cost of production, including the value of the labour actually expended by the farmer and his family on the holding and the return for enterprise; and if there is anywhere any variation in rentals, whether in the case of fixed rent or crop-sharing systems, it is because of the variations in rentals, whether in the case of fixed rent or crop-sharing systems, it is because of the variations in yield and cost of cultivation due to nature of the soil, facilities of irrigation, vagaries of monsoon and other factors affecting both the yield and the expenses of cultivation and also capital investment, etc., and not, as presumed, to any exploitation on the part of the land-owner who, it should be noted, is generally at the mercy of the cultivating tenant who can and does have the terms of cultivation modified by bargaining, whenever necessary, as actual experience has shown. It should be remembered that the present share of gross produce varying from 80 to 60 per cent in the case of the former and 20 to 40 per cent in the case of the latter, which is however liable to remission (part or whole) under exceptional or abnormal circumstances, is based upon centuries of experience and any interference with it may lead to disastrous consequences. In spite of the seemingly excessive share of the land-owner, landowners, as a class, continue to be more and more indebted as will be evident from the reports on agricultural indebtedness of Sri Sathianathan and others. Any further reductions in the landowner's share as proposed will further reduce his capacity to cultivate the land efficiently or to help the cultivating tenant who has generally no finance of his own or credit to command and to whom, for want of repaying capacity, neither the Government nor any co-operative society has been able to give the necessary help, as actual experience has proved.

The Committee has found that 10 acres of wet and 15 to 20 acres of dry land without any regard for their varying fertility constitute a fair agricultural holding and that 65 out of 69 lakhs of present landowners are in possession of uneco-

nomic and scattered holdings. It is well-known that, due to vagaries of monsoon and various other factors, the income from land except in years of high yield and good prices which rarely coincide, (after meeting cultivation expenses, Government kist and cesses) is hardly sufficient to keep one's body and soul together and that this accounts not only for the land-owner's growing indebtedness but also for large-scale emigration of middle-class landowners and able-bodied labourers from villages to already congested urban and industrial areas. And if the Committee's proposals are given effect to, it will further worsen the situation and result in lands passing into the hands of fewer but inefficient and impecunious labourers that may be left in the village, who may find it difficult to pay even Government dues which are even now being paid by many of the small land-holders in several years, not out of their land income but from earnings from other sources if any or from borrowings. It is a mistake to suppose that a small percentage increase in the tenants' share of produce or other measures as proposed by the Committee will bring salvation to the tenants or agricultural labourers or appreciably improve their economic condition or promote the Grow More Food campaign, unless some suitable subsidiary occupation to engage them during the non-agricultural season is provided for them.

Proposals Unnecessary

THE proposals made by the committee, besides being apparently illegal and undesirable, are also unnecessary. It should be noted that neither land-owners nor cultivators, as a class, have ever sought Government's intervention in the matter. The move for such intervention has come from a few self-constituted so-called friends and leaders of labour who have little or nothing to lose but want to rise into political prominence by enlisting the sympathy of labour which has got the largest number of votes under the present adult franchise, by promising it a millennium; and the Gov-

ernment, apparently with a view to counter-acting the activities of these persons and to show that it is also equally interested in labour, has hastened to give publicity to the Committee's report without examining it, quite regardless of the serious unfavourable repercussions which must follow such premature publicity.

Unfavourable Repercussions

SOME of these repercussions are listed below:

(a) The relationship between land-owners and cultivating tenants and labourers will become further strained.

(b) There will be a general fall in land-value owing to the restriction placed on alienation of lands by way of limiting their sales only in favour of agriculturists paying an assessment of Rs. 250 and below, who may not generally have the necessary resources.

(c) With the fall in land value and in the land-owner's share in the produce, landowners will no longer be interested in improving their lands or helping the cultivating tenants with necessary and timely finance.

(d) There will be a general shrinkage of credit without which no agriculturist can carry on his profession.

(e) Owing to fall of value of the land income, on which depends agricultural credit, the present creditors will be obliged to demand either further security from their land-owning debtors or sue for recovery of the amounts due before further deterioration of the value of the securities.

(f) Co-operative societies and land mortgage banks which have lent large sums upon the security of landed property will seriously consider ways and means of recovering their dues from their debtor-members whose repaying capacity is further reduced, not to speak of their disability to command further deposits to run their business.

(g) The various original and appellate tribunals proposed for adjudication of disputes and differences that must arise in the course of implementation of the several proposals besides involving Government to a huge expenditure necessitating further taxation, will subject land-owners and cultivating tenants to endless and ruinous litigation which will foster litigious spirit amongst the sim-

ple villagers and divert a good deal of their useful time, energies and scanty resources from fields to law courts.

Misconceived Measures

THE whole report discloses a complete lack of knowledge of the country's agricultural economy and of the economy of the State in particular. In submitting the proposals, the Committee has apparently forgotten that, in agriculture as in other industries, three things are required for success, land, labour and capital, and it is against the nature of things for all these three to exist combined in one individual and that for long.

In proposing the extinction of big and absolute landlordism the Committee has failed to note that big land-owners alone can have the required finance or command the necessary credit for adopting improved methods of agriculture in order to supply the required food to the nation and that the absentee landowner is a greater benefactor to the cultivating tenant than the resident landholder by reason of the former being obliged to take from his cultivating tenant whatever he may be pleased to give, while the resident land-owner will wring out his full share of produce from the cultivating tenant. The Committee is further wrong in holding that there are in this country permanent classes such as landlords, tillers, and cultivators as, on account of the uncertain and risky character of agriculture, a landlord, if he sticks to the village, gradually becomes a tiller a tiller a cultivating labourer, and vice versa. The Committee is again wrong in adopting Government assessments as basis for the purpose of fixing the area of maximum holding or for gauging one's land income, as such assessment has not been fixed on any scientific or accurate basis and is subject to periodical revision at every future settlement or on fiscal and other grounds.

It is hoped that the Government and the Legislature, which have to consider the Committee's proposals, will take due note of the several unfavourable repercussions indicated in this article before arriving at any final decision.

Action Needed

IN considering any scheme of land tenure reform, it should be noted that agriculture is a risky and precarious profession, dependent as it is upon the vagaries of the monsoon and various other factors beyond human control, that, except in the case of a few fertile and specially monsoon-favoured areas, it is generally more a losing than a profitable concern as will be evident from the growing rural indebtedness, and that if Government really wants to improve agriculture, it can be done, not by any of the ill-conceived and disruptive measures such as those proposed by the Committee, but only by making land-holding an attractive concern for solvent and moneyed persons to come in and undertake the risks, which again can be brought about by Government affording all facilities by way of better irrigation, cheap supply of manure, good seed, improved implements, etc., by lessening the burdens of taxation on land and by providing villagers with suitable subsidiary occupations to enable them to supplement their generally inadequate land-income and to keep their body and soul together in the event of failure of crops, which is not an un-

common thing in this country. This is essentially the first step to be taken towards the resuscitation of our villages on which depends the prosperity of a country and the country's pride, as rightly observed by Oliver Goldsmith in the following beautiful lines:

"Ill fares the land to hastening
ills a prey,
Where wealth, accumulates and
men decay,
Princess and lords may flourish
or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a
breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their
country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never
be supplied."

If, however, it is considered necessary that the relationship between land-lord and tenant and the period of tenancy should be statutorily fixed, a much simpler law than the one proposed by the Committee may be enacted similar to the one which is in force in Britain, and which is fair both to the land-lord and the tenant. Details of the British law extracted from an article by Edgar Thomas in an American journal are given below.

LAND TENURE IN BRITAIN

TENANCY in Britain is not a sign of inferior social or economic status. Land in Britain is very short—that nation has less than half an acre of cultivated land per person compared with 2½ to 3 acres in the United States. This accounts for some of the reasons why the British land tenure system may seem strange—or even unacceptable—to the American farmers.

Farmers of England and Wales, unlike American farmers, have never regarded farm ownership as the highest rung of the agricultural ladder. Instead, they have accepted long-term tenancy as a legitimate business arrangement. The average tenancy in Britain lasts 21 years! So

it is not surprising that renters operate two-thirds of the farm land in Britain. The relationship of land-lord and tenant in British agriculture has been subject to legislative guidance since the first Agricultural Holdings Act was passed in 1875. Much of the legislation passed since then has been patterned on practices which were always observed on the best of the old private estates in the country. These provisions have virtually given the British tenant-farmer most of the farming advantages of ownership—without having to shoulder the economic and financial responsibilities of ownership.

The English land tenure system distinguishes between the functions of land management and farm management. Land management is the job of the landowner—whether he is an owner operator or a land-

lord who rents out his land. Farm management is the job of the farmer as a farmer.

The really significant modern trend in British land tenure practice is the legal recognition now given to the view that both land management and farm management contain elements of public as well as of private responsibility. This recognition is expressed in the very important Agricultural Act of 1947.

This Act deals with three aspects of the British land tenure system. Together they determine its economic efficiency and social justification. The first concerns the relationship between tenant and landlord. The second concerns the rights and responsibilities of the farmer as a farmer—whether he owns or rents his land. The third concerns the rights and responsibilities of the landlord—whether he farms his own land or rents it to a tenant farmer.

Rents still are fixed by competition in Britain. But the tenant's position is now strengthened by the legal provision for submitting rents to arbitration. Under the 1947 Act, both the landlord and the tenant can get the rent of a farm varied by arbitration. But the rent, once fixed, must run for a period of at least 3 years.

The purpose is to insure that rents can be adjusted at reasonable intervals in keeping with the changing times. In addition, a landlord can charge his tenant a higher rent where the landlord has carried out an improvement which has raised the value of the farm. This should give the landlord an incentive to better the permanent improvements on the farm.

A tenant farmer has almost complete freedom to manage his farm and to dispose the products according to his judgment. This freedom does not of course mean licence to mismanage or damage the farm. If he does, the landlord can claim an injunction against the tenant who is 'violating the rules of good husbandry.' The landlord can also claim compensation against his tenants for injury to buildings or the land itself by bad farming.

The legal safeguards to insure security of tenure are one of the most important features of the British system of land tenure.

A landlord must give a tenant prior written notice of his intention to end the agreement, even of a yearly tenancy. This notice must be given at least 12 months before the end of the current tenancy year. In effect, this means that every tenant farmer can safely assume he can stay on his farm for at least two farming seasons.

When a tenant gets notice to quit, he can serve a counter notice demanding consent of the Minister of Agriculture. In making the decision the Minister applies the test of whether the change in tenant is likely to result in more efficient farming of land. He also considers whether excessive hardship would be caused by his either consenting or refusing.

If either party is dissatisfied with the Minister's decision, the case may be submitted to the agricultural land tribunal. This tribunal consists of a legal chairman appointed by the Lord Chancellor. Two other members are chosen from panels representing the landlords and tenants respectively.

These important safeguards against the eviction of tenant farmers are buttressed by further provisions for compensation for unreasonable disturbance. This compensation must not be less than one year's rent, or more than two.

The tenant's right of compensation for disturbance may be forfeited under certain conditions. These include—bad husbandry, failure to pay rent or violation of the contract.

Finally, the 1947 Act insures that the relationship of landlords and tenants should be clearly defined in a written tenancy agreement. Where an existing agreement is oral or if in writing does not cover all the important points, either party may ask an arbitrator to put the agreement in writing.

As a businessman, every farmer has the right to conduct his business of farming in such a way as to earn the greatest possible profits

from his farm. To do this he must have a reasonable measure of security. He must be able to invest freely in his farming business with the confidence that he can stay long enough on the farm to reap the full benefits of his investments.

The Agricultural Act of 1947 states that both owner operators and tenant farmers have certain obligations to the community. These come from the privilege of being entrusted with the use of land which is one of the community's most important assets.

The Act makes it the duty of an owner operator as well as tenant to farm according to the rules of good husbandry. If they fail to do this, "sanctions" may be exercised. These may mean removing a farmer from the occupation of his farm.

Broadly speaking, the 1947 Act states that the job of the farmer as a farmer is to maintain a reasonable standard of production. This covers both his type of farming and the way he carries it out. And he must preserve the fertility of the land.

Sometimes failure to observe these rules is due to causes beyond a farmer's control. Then he will not be penalized. But if the neglect is clearly traceable to the farmer, the sanctions come into action.

There are three sanctions: supervision, direction and dispossession.

Owners of agricultural land whether they farm such land themselves or rent it to tenant farmers—are also under an obligation. As owners, they must manage the land according to the rules for "good estate management."

If the owner fails to carry out his responsibilities under the rules of good estate management, the same three sanctions of supervision, direction and dispossession can also be brought to bear.

Powers to enforce reasonable standards of husbandry and estate management are less important than provisions of encouragement and advice. Thus the National Agricultural Advisory Service exists for the purpose of providing free technical advice and instructions to all farmers. Likewise the Agricultural Land Service is responsible for advising land owners on problems of estate management.

Good husbandry and good estate management are also encouraged by provision for assisting the supply of intermediate and long term capital. Grants and aids are available for land reclamation.

Finally, the State has the power to acquire agricultural land by force—where necessary. However this action can be taken only under the advice of the Agricultural Land Commission set up by the Act.

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"The keynote of an editor's profession should be sympathy and understanding."

REWARDS OF WRITING

By NILKAN PERUMAL

IN the middle part of the last decade, I was free-lancing for forty publications in India. That meant my getting several cheques in a week! The feeling crept into me that all was well with Indian journalism, since I had found a little reward for writing. But free-lance journalism, in general, is never a paying proposition in this country, and none could bank upon it for a living. I say this after twenty-five years' experience in writing to papers, not only in India, but also in about fifteen countries abroad. If a man wants to have a good hobby in India, he could certainly choose journalism, provided he has the necessary flair for it.

It is difficult for an Indian to live anywhere on earth as a free-lance writer. Newspapers in England or America would always want articles *written by their own people*, unlike us who consider it an honour if Mr. Louis Fisher wrote for an Indian paper! Still, if publications in America or England had, at times, given space for an Indian writer, it was because they had to be fair to some extent. Though I wrote several articles for newspapers in England, Japan, China, Australia, the United States and many other countries in the 1930s, I should say I did not earn anything to my satisfaction from free-lancing. But there are many Britishers and Americans who have earned fabulously as free-lance writers. How? The editors encourage meritorious writers in their country and pay them high rates.

The greatest chance for a free-lance writer lies in the field of fiction-writing, in the West. There is always a vast market for short stories, and most men who have thriven with the pen abroad, have been writing them. Edgar Wallace was one example, P. G. Wodehouse another. Even in America, men like Hemingway made their pile from stories

and novels. It was De Witt Wallace, the founder-editor of *Reader's Digest* who suggested that people should be given more *serious articles* than fiction, and in America now, several newspapers follow his lead. In Indian journalism, too, the short story writer has a better chance of success than the writer of serious articles, in the matter of making money and getting famous. For example, we have such names as Mulk Raj Anand, Manjeri Isvaran and R. K. Narayan.

The editor's taste comes into play in deciding which article is good and which not. He is, after all, a middleman. His business is to buy from the producer-writer, and pass it on to the consumer-reader. If the editor knows that his readers would love a particular piece, he would always take it. But then, he has also to think of his own purse, and other limitations, while deciding to take an article. Indian journalism is not financially successful ordinarily. The editor would like to distribute the available money in all fairness to a variety of writers, rather than to one or two of his favourites. One can't blame him if some of these considerations govern his actions in the matter of acceptance or rejection of a contribution. Like the movie-producer who says that he is the barometer of the tastes and dislikes of his theatrical audience, the editor too asserts that he knows his readers quite well. Small blame to him!

A free-lance journalist should, first of all, make a close study of the papers to which he aspires to contribute. What type of articles they publish, what kind of style is generally preferred, what kind of readers generally buy that paper, he must know. Then he should make a study of the personal whims and fancies of the editor, if possible, because that counts for more than

anything else in India. It is a problem of psychology for the writer: it is so, even for a lawyer! "If a judge has a weakness for jokes, the lawyer has to manufacture a few good jokes to win the case," advised Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar recently. Mr. Stanley Jepson, for many years the brilliant editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, had an especial weakness for *shikar stories*. From the day he confessed it to me, I never wrote for him anything else except *shikar stories*! But I had my own doubts whether all the *Weekly* readers were *shikar story* fans! An editor's job is to cater to as many diverse interests as he possibly can, if his publication is to be popular with all types of readers. I betray no secret when I say that most of our editors have not sufficiently developed the essential virtue of *open-mindedness* in judging contributions.

LET our editors have sympathy and understanding for the man who approaches them with a written piece in hand. The fact that the editor gets a regular monthly salary in his seat, should not make him underestimate the turmoil of the outsider who writes to sell. The free-lance writer, first of all, studies the taste of the editor, then selects his subject; he jots down his ideas, then goes about looking for books for the sake of reference, then makes out a draft, then revises, gets the script typed, again revises, and finally writes a polite covering letter explaining, in brief, his article and himself. His fingers tremble as he approaches the post-box to drop in the article! His mind, at that time, is no better than that of the man who is staking his money on a horse at the race course. He might win, or lose!

Now, the editor gets the article on his table. He has usually no time to think over the manifold troubles the poor scribe had undergone in its preparation. He is so very busy. He takes a look at the article and then says *yes* or *no*, instantaneously. Many writers feel that he had not been fair to them. It appears that a woman short story writer once sent Mr. G. H. Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* a story, pasting toge-

ther many pages, in order to test whether he took a proper decision while rejecting a piece. The great editor returned the contribution, whereupon the lady hotly protested that even without going through all the pages, he had rejected it! She cited the fact that the pasted-pages had remained intact, even as the story was returned! Lorimer wrote back: "Madame, when I open an egg at breakfast, I haven't got to eat it whole to discover it is bad!"

After writing for the Press for the past twenty-five years to make a living, I still get *rejection slips* from editors in India. In a country like England or America, an experienced writer will be spared this unpleasant experience. But young men who are beginning their writing career in this country, should not be scared away by the *slips*. Try, try, try again, like Bruce! Life is a game of chances and opportunities in every sphere, even in journalism. Many a rejection slip receiver of today, may receive cheques instead, some day, who knows? Journalism like law, is a mistress who should be continually wooed. Even then, the rewards will not be in consonance with the actual amount of effort put in by a writer. More than fifty years ago, Meredith complained that, "the better the work, the poorer the pay and esteem." If that was the standard in literate England, have we any reason to despair of the pitiable lot of those who are out to sell their scribbled-wares in the newspaper markets of India, where most men are illiterate? "Journalism as a profession has not, except in the case of very few, material prizes to offer. It has, however, compensations in that feeling of satisfaction of work *well done*, and that, constantly done in the service of the people," observed Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar, one of our veteran journalists of the past.

THE editor has certain inescapable duties to perform, on his part. It is true that each paper insists on the writer sending a self-addressed envelope bearing enough postage-stamps for returning a script which gets rejected. Suppose a poor writer did not, then, the editor should not mind spending an anna for book-post

charges, in the return of the script. Secondly, if you don't accept an article, return it to the writer *at once*, because he might try other sources without losing time. If you thought that the script could be of some future use, please do not shrink the labour of writing a brief note to the writer, telling him so. Do not keep the writer guessing about the fate of the script he sent in, giving him needless anxiety. Like the *curate's egg*, if the article is good in parts, write to the contributor and ask whether you could improve the article just as you like and publish it. By these means, you show humanity towards the writer, and also win his confidence that, as an editor, you are endowed with fine qualities and human feelings. This is essential for an editor, because he can thrive only on the goodwill of the people at large.

PAYING for contributions is a recent development in Indian journalism, after the post-war prosperity of some papers. Only the British-owned papers and progressive publications like *The Hindu* paid the writers, say twenty years ago. Now, our editors should plainly make the writer understand that they do not pay, since they cannot afford to. On the other hand, if they declare that they pay, by all means they should stick to the declaration, even if it be five rupees an article! In America and England, they pay the writer on acceptance of an article or in the week following publication. Here, we should pay at least in the first week of the month following publication.

Whenever an editor asked me, how much I would take for an article, I frankly answered, *anything that he could afford to pay*. One Indian editor, years ago, sent me a rupee as "token payment" and demanded an article. I wrote him a fine piece, putting all my heart into it. The consideration he showed me as a writer meant to me much more than the sixteen annas he sent. In 1943, a Bombay editor wrote me a grandiose letter ordering me to write every week for him, on the promise that he paid the writers. If I wrote a dozen articles in a month for his *weekly* publication, he paid me only

for eight! I warned him without effect. Then, I ceased writing for him. If he had frankly asked me for free articles, I would have certainly obliged him, but I do not like dishonest editors who say one thing and do another. An editor-proprietor friend of mine who does his business with a few lakhs capital once wrote to me: "I will send your cheque in another two months' time!" The late Dr. Sudhindra Bose, a famous Indian in America, often wrote me some of his painful experiences writing to Indian papers. A well-known Bombay daily newspaper had asked him to write a *weekly letter* and occasional special articles. For a couple of years the *carrot* was held up before him, the carrot of payment for his writings! But not a pie was paid! Dr. Bose, in despair, wrote me as follows:

"Can you not shame that heartless crook who made me sweat at my typewriter for the past two years, and now refuses even to answer my several letters? I would request you to please meet him and make collection of the amount I honestly laboured for. If he pays, you can take ten per cent of the cash, for the trouble you will take and remit me the rest!"

I did not succeed in extracting even an anna out of that particular editor, in spite of my personal representations to him! Now, may I plead with the editors of India who can't pay for articles not to make professional writers sweat fruitlessly? Labour must be paid for, and every man is worthy of his hire. When I questioned a Madras editor years ago, about his low rate of payment, he surprised me with a stock-argument of his own:

"My dear man, Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer and men of his eminence write free for me! You should be thankful I pay you at least five rupees for thousand words!"

I told the editor that I was not making thousands every month from a roaring practice at the Bar, in order to write free for him!

THE keynote of an editor's profession should be *sympathy and understanding*, and therefore, like a king, he should be above wrong, as far as possible.

A. S. Raman—Art Critic

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

FOR the first time in its seventy-three years of eventful existence, India's famous pictorial magazine, *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, carries in imprint the name of an Indian as the Editor. The person who has wrenched this unique distinction is Mr. A. S. Raman, of whom very little is known to the bulk of the reading public in India. One of India's brilliant journalists, he is familiar only to those who have followed his writings in very distinguished papers in India and abroad.

Raman joined the *Weekly* as the Assistant Editor only in March last, and within two months, became its first Indian and youngest Editor. When the versatile Mr. Mandy went on a four month's holiday to Europe on June 1 this year, he nominated Raman as his temporary successor. A more happy choice could not have been made.

The Illustrated Weekly has the singular distinction of being the only worthwhile pictorial magazine in India. It enjoys a reputation throughout the English-speaking world. It is also true that there are very few Indian journalists who are capable of editing an illustrated journal on ideal lines. The only other important name one can recall to mind is that of Mr. Nilkan Perumal, who for a brief period of one year (1949-50) edited the *Orient Illustrated Weekly*, Calcutta. The way the *Orient* was produced then evoked much admiration in journalistic circles; it would have grown brighter still had Mr. Perumal's editorship lasted longer.

The young Editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India* has a few surprises to throw about himself. He is better known as a writer on art and culture in the foreign press than in the Indian, evidently because most of his writings have appeared in the British, European and American journals. In the beginning of his career, he rarely wrote for the Indian papers. But, by now, almost all leading Indian newspapers and journals have had his contributions.



A. S. Raman

Modest and unassuming, Raman avoids the limelight of publicity. When this correspondent was eager to know something about this comparatively less known figure in Indian journalism, he contacted a few persons he knew in the *Times* office to elicit some information but only met with disappointment. That Raman was in Delhi before he joined the *Weekly* was all that they knew. With much hesitation the writer then decided to approach him direct. Unwilling to oblige at first, Raman tried to evade. "There is nothing interesting about me," he said.

Thirty-three-year-old, handsome-looking, well-built, pleasant-mannered Avadhanam Sita Raman is a picture of perfect culture. Frank and sincere, it is a pleasure to talk to him. He is, first and foremost, a brilliant art critic. He was a member of the selection committee for the Indian section at the International Art Exhibition (*Salon de Mai*) held in Paris in 1951. His views on art are progressive, even provocative. He belongs to the small band of Indian critics who are greatly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs in the Indian art world.

OUR museums, Raman points out, are under the care of historians and archaeologists, not artists. In the

existing conditions no student in quest of knowledge of art could make any use of these museums. They are organised and maintained in a bad way. Labels are all misleading; lighting arrangements are poor; display is appalling. If the Indian artist is unable to assimilate the great ideas and techniques of the master minds of ancient India, it is because of these deplorable conditions perceivable in the field of art.

RAMAN has no hesitation in even suggesting the demolition of all museums and art schools in the country, and on their ruins building fresh ones, if that would help the growth of art on proper lines. As "Critic" of the "Art and Artists" column of the Delhi edition of *The Times of India*, he carried on until recently a crusade against the evils that retard the progress of art in India. He vehemently attacked Government's indifference, or rather, unsympathetic attitude towards art and artists. He deplored the indiscriminate ways of the public in appreciating and encouraging art. "Mine was almost a solitary voice in the wilderness," he said with sadness.

Raman is critical of Abanindranath Tagore, Sher-Gil and Jamini Roy, the masters of the three prominent schools of art. While appreciating the Parisian idioms for their "bold, virile and realistic" characteristics, he is pained to note that the Indian artist has no opportunities to master these idioms and is quite certain that books and prints cannot serve as effective sources of knowledge of vital movements in art history. He could easily see innumerable sources of inspiration offered to our artists by the toys and dolls, scrolls, textiles and tapestries, decorations and designs found in abundance in our villages. He is for the revival of folk art.

Raman comes from one of the arid districts of Rayalaseema—Cuddapah. He is the second son of that erratic genius of Rayalaseema, Mr. A. K. Muni, who is himself an accomplished writer. Raman was educated in Madanapalle and Waltair. Throughout his scholastic career, he left a blaze of brilliance, bagging

several distinctions. Looking back, however, he feels that his academic education had benefitted him little. "I learnt nothing at the University," he says with frankness.

Failing to become an ICS officer, Raman chose journalism for his career. Even during his college days, Raman had a flair for writing. He edited college magazines, and his interest in art grew from an early age. As a student, he enjoyed the reputation of being a finished speaker. For his forceful and faultless public speaking, he owes much to the intensive training he had under the late great Dr. C. R. Reddy.

In 1941 Raman arrived in Delhi without any plans whatsoever. His influential uncle insisted that he should take up a Government job and settle down. But, differing from him, Raman stuck to his decision and launched on his career as an intensive free-lance journalist, writing on art, the theatre, drama and other cultural subjects. His contributions appeared in several famous journals in England, France, Italy, Sweden, U. S. A., Australia, Ceylon and Japan. By the way, he is the first Indian contributor to that most distinguished art magazine of the English-speaking world, *The Studio*, published from London. (The October 1951 issue of this august journal opened with his article on "The Present Art of India.") He still continues to write for these papers even though his task as Editor of the *Weekly* demands all his time and energy. He was also the Delhi representative of *Marg* (Bombay), one of Asia's leading art journals.

AFTER two years of creditable free-lance work, Raman joined in 1948 *The Hindustan Times* where, however, he remained only for a brief period. The next venture of Raman was the starting of the semi-pictorial monthly *Our India* devoted entirely to art and culture. For a one-man show, the journal was a great success. During its brief span of life of two years, the magazine, admirably edited and produced, earned a name for itself.

Winding up the venture in 1948, Raman joined the Ministry of Infor-

mation and Broadcasting where his last assignment was the editorship of *Kashmir Fortnightly*. It was a contrast to the inglorious *Indian Information*, long defunct now. But then, being a Government publication, it suffered a great handicap—it would not sell! During his five years with the *Fortnightly*, he gained knowledge and experience in the editing of a pictorial magazine. It was then that Mandy, whom Raman had always admired from a distance, suggested his name to Mr. J. C. Jain, General Manager of Bennett Coleman. Raman joined as Assistant Editor and when Mandy went on leave, stepped into his shoes. It may not be long before we see him fixed permanently in the saddle.

UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

By M. S. P.

THE public discussion in the past few weeks on the unemployment problem has been most instructive. While several people have recommended a variety of remedies, opinion seems to be almost unanimous that there is no quick or immediate solution to the malady. In regard to the long-term measures, of course, there are great differences of opinion. Spokesmen of capitalists trace the origin of the present problem to the heavy tax burden and other restrictions placed on businessmen and argue that a sufficient amount of relief to them alone can help to solve it.

But the man without a job, whether he belongs to the educated middle class or is an industrial worker, farmer or village handicraftsman, is not interested in the correct remedies and real causes of the growing unemployment. His immediate concern is to secure a position and consequently he will be anxious to know what the Government is doing or proposes to do to solve the problem. When he tries to find this out, the apparent lack of awareness of the magnitude and seriousness of the present problem on the part of the Central Government will surprise and astound him. Yet, the Finance Minis-

Besides being the first Indian to become the Editor of the *Weekly*, he is also the youngest of its editors. But Raman appears to carry the heavy task on his shoulders pretty lightly. Many a reader has been impressed by the bright and interesting appearance of the magazine these days. Readers want more reading material and Raman satisfies their wish. There is more Indian stuff and new features too.

For his age, the rise of Raman in Indian journalism is meteoric. He is one of those fortunate scribes whose way to the top has not been hazardous. His is a case of merit being rewarded amply—something rare in the annals of Indian journalism.

ter, Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh, some time ago made the laconic statement that he could see no easy or quick solution to it. Everybody knows that, but no one expected him to content himself with a mere confession. But, fortunately, the Planning Commission has come out with an eleven-point programme to relieve distress, indicating that the Government is not entirely unaware of its duty in this vital matter.

When we begin to consider the Commission's proposals we are struck by their inadequacy to deal with the present problem. The Commission itself has confessed that it has only made suggestions to the State Government for tackling urban unemployment. But at present unemployment is by no means confined to towns. In fact, rural unemployment is more widespread and is the main problem facing the country. The Commission's proposals also do not give any indication of the part the Central Government is to play in solving this problem. One would have supposed that the Centre and not the States should have been assigned the major responsibility in this matter, in view of the fact that the former controls the country's economic policy and determines the pace of development.

Apart from this, the Planning Commission has made two false assumptions in drawing up the programme. It makes the statement:

that the Five-Year Plan had recommended labour-intensive methods of production to make the fullest use of the available manpower resources, whereas the truth is that the schemes contemplated in the plan are mostly capital-intensive. There is no use in now trying to hide the fact that the Five-Year Plan is misconceived in the context of the conditions in India where labour is both plentiful and cheap. Having gone about the task of formulating the plan in the wrong way, the Commission cannot but proceed from wrong premises in its "programme" to fight unemployment.

THE Commission has also assumed that the employment aspect was fully kept in view in the Five-Year Plan and that the present unemployment problem is at least partly due to a gap in the rate of development contemplated in the plan and the rate actually achieved. On the other hand, the employment targets in the plan fall far short of the number who will be newly seeking employment in the course of the period of five years. While the increase in the volume of employment resulting from the implementation of the plan will be under six million, over two million new people will seek employment every year. Thus, though at the end of the plan more persons will be in employment than before, more persons will also be without employment than at the beginning.

The present unemployment problem, however, is not entirely the outcome of the failure of the Planning Commission to take into account the rate of increase in India's population. There had always been a certain amount of disguised unemployment in the country, particularly in the rural sector. In drawing up the plan the Commission had hoped that its implementation would gradually lead to the disappearance of this unemployment. Nor was this expectation unfounded. In view of the predominant agricultural bias of the plan, the Commission was justified in assuming that the underemployed rural population will get steadier employment as a result of the execution of the irrigation and other schemes to improve agriculture

contained in it. Though this will help to reduce the severity of rural unemployment, neither the Commission nor the Government of India had thought of any other measures to solve this problem. Still more surprising is the failure of the Commission to take note of the problem even at the present stage.

However that may be, the Commission has made a valuable suggestion for relieving the distress of middle class unemployment arising from an output of graduates and matriculates both men and women, far in excess of the number required to man white-collar jobs. It has recommended the establishment of work and training camps for young men without jobs, where opportunities exist for work on projects of slum clearance, housing for low income groups, road construction, afforestation, soil conservation, etc. In particular, there is a great scope for using all unemployed men in improving housing accommodation in both urban and rural areas. A housing subsidy scheme similar to the wells subsidy scheme will be a most desirable line of development. Not only is this to be welcomed for itself but also on account of the effect it will have on other lines of activity. This proposal has the great merit of utilising only labour which will otherwise remain idle and go to waste. But the Commission has not indicated who is to foot the bill. Moreover, the Commission's proposals as a whole suffer from the serious defect that those suggestions which are of a long-term nature do not have much employment potentialities, while those which can help to relieve distress in the immediate future cannot be permanently continued.

A paradoxical feature of the present unemployment situation may be pointed out. In spite of the fact that opportunities for employment have been declining, the price level has been maintained as well as the level of output. This, however, indicates that the level of employment has not fallen to any appreciable extent. Hence the present unemployment, apart from the chronic rural problem, is essentially a problem of those newly in search of jobs.

BERNARD BARUCH: AMERICA'S ELDER STATESMAN

FOR Bernard Mannes Baruch, 83 year old on August 19, the state of retirement is perhaps as remote as it was four decades ago.

And indeed, looking at him today, there is no reason why this should not be so. If some geriatrician were looking for the perfect specimen of vigorous old age, he would be hard pressed to find one better than Baruch. A handsome, white-haired man, Baruch is nearly six feet, four inches tall and weighs about 200 pounds. He has survived duodenal ulcers, gout, mastoiditis, and arthritis with no apparent ill-effects. A great believer in cold baths, he still exercises with dumbbells early in the morning, and tries to walk at least a mile a day.

Baruch seldom accepts late invitations because he likes to be in bed by 10 o'clock each night and also because he dislikes opinionated bores and people who ask prying questions. In such crises his hearing aid (equipped with a secret cutoff) suddenly goes dead. Of one prominent politician he says with a chuckle: "I've heard nothing he has said to me since 1935."

Bernard Baruch takes good care of himself because he considers himself—in his role as the nation's most prominent advice-giver—more or less public property, with no right to sicken and grow old. He has given advice whenever it was solicited and sometimes when it was not. He is a tireless writer of memoranda to persons high up in government. Once in a while, he has dropped in at the White House on whoever happened to be President at the time and has given him ideas orally. And all through the years responsible men have sought out Baruch for advice and their confidence in his judgment never seems to have diminished.

The fact that his advice has been listened to so respectfully for so many years is due partly to his sense of timing, but even more to his reputation of being right so often. It is possible that the secret of Baruch's



Bernard M. Baruch

consistent rightness lies in the precautionary nature of his advice: this or that calamity will come if this or that watchful step is not taken.

Thus he prophesied the coming of the depression at a time when everyone was reaping riches; in 1937 he returned from a visit to Europe to urge that America accumulate stockpiles of certain strategic materials; he foresaw the rubber and tin shortages during the last war.

BARUCH has often said to his friends that he would rather be right than rich. He is habitually both. Born the son of a Polish immigrant doctor, he began his career as a \$3-a-week messenger boy for a wholesale merchant of druggists' glassware. Before he was thirty, he had made his first million through shrewd investing. He wound up a couple of decades later with a vast fortune, at one time estimated as high as \$25 million. Most of his money, he admits, was made through what he modestly calls "speculation." Through-

out his life he had an intuitive sense of selling stock when it was near the top of the market.

HIS success was due in no small measure to the clarity of his mind and his capacity for work. He learned quite early that the only way to make money on the stock market was to study hard, assimilate all that he studied, and let the logic of his facts rather than the pull of his instincts guide him.

In one of his early jobs in a small brokerage firm, he investigated the structure, personnel, activities and prospects of all the enterprises his firm handled. Before long he had become an infallible information spout and investors began to take him out to lunch to get the dope. All through his life he has retained his somewhat frightening memory, so much so that President Wilson always called him "Dr. Facts."

Another reason Baruch's word on national affairs is usually taken seriously is that he is manifestly a patriot. He really seems to want nothing for himself but a good name. On all his government appointments he has served without pay. He declined the two offers he had of a regular government post: both President Wilson and President Franklin Roosevelt asked him to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Actually, Baruch's official contributions to national policy have not been very numerous considering the length of his life. In fact, he had lived almost half a century before he was called, in 1917, into government service and he has held all told only four big governmental jobs: he was a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence in the first world war; he was chairman of its offshoot, the War Industries Board; he was a delegate, concerned with the reparations and economic section of the peace treaty, at the Versailles Conference; and after the second world war he served as U. S. representative on the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission.

It is in this last capacity that Baruch made his greatest contribution to world history. Intensely emo-

tional about his efforts for his country, Baruch took this work so seriously that the job became a kind of personal crusade. As with his work on the Versailles Treaty, he began to feel that this time peace depended on him personally.

The basic proposals of his report to the United Nations were: (1) An international authority to develop atomic energy for social gain and to prevent the manufacture of bombs for war; (2) the right of free and full international inspection to ensure this; and (3) punishment of violators unhampered by any veto.

As the world knows, the Baruch plan on atomic energy was not accepted finally. But his advice continued to be sought. As late as 1950, after the invasion of Korea, Baruch was testifying before the Senate Banking Committee and urging that the United States initiate economic safeguards—rationing, and price, wage and rent controls.

The image of Baruch the park-bench statesman is not false. He started several historic pieces of business—his famous report on rubber and his atomic energy plan—on a bench in Lafayette Square just across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House.

Baruch spends much of his time on his 23,000-acre estate in South Carolina, which teems with game. He is still a fair shot, and when he was younger he spent a great deal of his time hunting. He is almost anxiously gregarious, and his estate gives him the opportunity of having good company of his own. Sometimes he is visited by his son and daughters. His wife, the former Annie Griffen of New York, died in 1938.

The vast Baruch fortune has largely (and quietly) been given away. Besides supporting the standard charities—the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus—he has put considerable amounts into charitable enterprises of his own. He has given over a million dollars to medical schools to provide fellowships and residencies.

BUT "right up to the day they put the coffin lid on me," he says with a grin, "I'll always have a dollar more than I need."

THE LETTER

The postman bringing in the twelve o'clock mail at two caused the women to hurry back to their homes. Peace reigned in Gandhi Avenue once again. But somehow, like the Garden of Eden after the Serpent had appeared, it was not quite the same.

AT eleven o'clock on a mild winter's morning, Gandhi Avenue presented a typically suburban appearance. Walking down the street past the two rows of depressingly symmetrical semi-detached houses departmentally known as the C type, one would notice not only the similarity in construction of the houses but also the sameness of the life led by the inhabitants. The *mundu* would be hanging the day's washing on the clothesline which stretched across the small space on one side of the building hedged in by a thick flowering bush, which passed for a lawn. The *sabjeewallah* shouting the names

of vegetables in a sing-song voice moved from door to door. The housewife, after seeing the children safely to school and the husband to office, came out with a basket chair and the knitting to bask in the mild and pleasant sun and chew *pan* or gossip with the neighbour or drowse as she chose. There was an atmosphere of peace and opulence about Gandhi Avenue that hour that inspired the thought that God was in His Heaven and all was right with the world. That was also the hour when the postman brought in the nine o'clock delivery, for, unlike the three o'clock train that sometimes left according to schedule, the nine o'clock delivery was made invariably at eleven.

All eyes, as usual, were trained on top of the street; the postman should turn the corner any moment now. He was already at the bottom of the neighbouring street. The atmosphere

was tense. As he walked down, now delivering a letter at a door, now going past another without halting, now handing over at a third a sizeable bundle, he was a veritable hero. Like God, he dispensed happiness, disappointment or sorrow. He was easily the most popular person in the place for, like the swallow, harbinger of summer, he brought news from home. And home, to most inhabitants of Gandhi Avenue, was far south.

Srimathi Karpagambal of No. 10, Gandhi Avenue, was agog with expectation. She couldn't contain herself. She told herself often that she was genteel and it was unbecom-

ing to display eagerness or anxiety before neighbours. But then she was expecting important news that day. If she went as far as the garden gate to receive the post, she couldn't be blamed, could she? Just as she turned from her gate after receiving her mail, the postman called after her:—

"Maijee, here is a letter addressed to Karpagambal, Gandhi Avenue. There is no door number. Could this be for you?"

KAPPU, short for Karpagambal, put out her hand absentmindedly for the letter. It was only when the postman repeated the question that she realised that there was something peculiar about it. The address was incomplete. She couldn't very well claim the letter, for, Gandhi Avenue had no less than half a dozen Karpagambals. On the other hand, if it was for her, she couldn't bear to think that it might fall into the hands of another woman. So, vaguely

SHORT STORY

By

MAGHA

wondering what to do with it, she took the proffered letter and returned to her garden chair. If she heard the postman say, "Maijee, I hand it over to you, but if it is not for you, please give it to the proper person," she did not quite catch the sense. For, from the moment her letters were delivered the postman had lost his importance. He was forgotten. Kappu sat down to read her mail. Slowly and lovingly she opened her letters one by one, keeping the more cherished ones—recognised by the handwriting—to the last, like a child sucking lollipops. Nostalgically, she relived scenes of years ago, back in her native village. She was incredibly happy, for a while. She forgot everything else. The insufficiently addressed letter lay on the lawn, where it had dropped from her hand.

"Kappu, you have got one of my letters by mistake."

IF anything could make a frown appear on that radiant brow, sure enough it was the raucous voice of the lady from No. 20, who followed her voice and parking herself on the lawn, promptly took possession of the unopened letter. Kappu No. I—you would easily have guessed that the intruder was another Srimathi Karpagambal, also called Kappu—was annoyed and distressed. The caller was the one person into whose hands she would not like a letter of hers to fall even by accident. They were rivals. Good-looking, well-read and all that, but they couldn't help mutual jealousy. When one of them sported a fancy saree that hurt the eye and made the Tonga horses shy and gave the impression that it was specially made for her in Dhara-puram and took two months in the making, the other would the very next week sport an equally gaudy saree, which according to her came from her grandmother at Kollegal and with all the hustling she was capable of, took three months to weave. Truth to tell, she would have bought it only that day from a hawker. So, there was nothing strange in her behaviour when Kappu No. I hurriedly snatched the letter from her neighbour and replied sweetly: "Welcome sister! So good of you to call, but I don't think the

letter is for you. The postman would have given it to you if it was, wouldn't he?" She pointed triumphantly to the insufficiently addressed envelope, saying: "He has entrusted me with it. I shall hand it to the proper person, in case it is not mine." And she smiled. Kappu No. II returned the smile, concealing her chagrin and her opinion of Kappu No. I and said: "Thank you, sister. What nobility of spirit! Shall we open the letter and see?"

WE have now reached a stage of the story when it is important for us to know something about the Karpagambals of Gandhi Avenue. We have already met two of them. There were four or five more, who, as it transpired, were even then on their way to No. 10, for the good angel of a postman had been spreading the news. Let us meet and sort them before they assembled and got mixed up.

At the head of the procession was Kappu Patti, or granny Kappu, as she was known, an elderly widow of fifty who could use her tongue like a lash, but fortunately could not read. She belonged to No. 25. Needless to say she sort of queened it over the street. In her wake came Kappu from No. 13, a small dark woman of thirty decked in jewels that cat burglars dream about. Normally a sweet tempered lady, when her passions were roused, she could join battle as well as the next woman. Then there was Kappu from No. 16, a newcomer to the street, whose husband had just arrived on transfer from a distant upcountry town. Naturally, her voice was small and inaudible. The Kappus from No. 18 and 27 were matrons with babes in arms. The Kappu from No. 17 was a newlywed.

When there are a number of persons in a small community having the same name, people have a way of distinguishing them. For instance, take the name, Mani, short for Subramanian. If there are more than one, as is bound to be the case, for the name is very common, one of them is called Kala Mani, if he happens to be dark, or Lamba Mani if he is tall, or Mota Mani, if he is

stout and so on. On the other hand, it wouldn't do to distinguish the Kappus by such appellations. They are too personal. However, Gandhi Avenue solved its problem in an ingenious but natural way. One of them was called Shalimar Kappu, for her husband worked for a paints shop, another was called I. C. I. Kappu for a similar reason. Then there was Kappu Patti, on account of her age, and Finance Kappu because the husband was an Assistant in the Finance Ministry, and the Defence Kappu, because her husband was a clerk in the Defence Ministry. Kappu No. I was Finance Kappu and No. II, Defence Kappu, as you would easily have guessed. Now to return to the Union of Kappus. All roads led to No. 10 that hour and Finance Kappu's *mundu* had a brisk time of it fetching odd chairs and stools and boxes for the ladies to sit on. He was soon despatched to brew coffee, for, it looked as if the Kappus had come to stay until the issue was satisfactorily settled, and it looked far from settlement.

IT need hardly be said that Kappu Patti promptly took charge of the letter as soon as she arrived. She was that domineering. Curiosity had by now mastered the resentment in every breast. They sat down to the job of finding the owner without opening the letter.

At Finance's suggestion they looked at the postmark. It was not helpful: the letter appeared to have been posted at an experimental post office. One by one the Kappus expressed their opinion about the contents. One said that it might be a message giving news of a happy event, like the birth of a son; as a matter of fact, she added, she was expecting the very news from a distant relation. Another hazarded the guess that it might be quite the opposite. It might be bad news. A great grandmother was dying for the past six months. She might be dead. Another was afraid that it would turn out to be an appeal for monetary help from an impecunious cousin. Her experience seemed to point that way. Speculation was rife, but no sooner a theory was trotted out than it was ably extinguish-

ed. For example, it was customary to stain with saffron the corners of an envelope bearing news of a happy event. So, the theory about the birth of a child wouldn't hold water. As for the bad news, it was usual to intimate such on a postcard with a fine epitaph for the dead. Impecunious relations would not risk the cost of an envelope: it would be bad outlay when addressed to a source such as Shalimar Kappu. Finally, they decided that it couldn't be anything important, for, if it was, it would have come by wire. Moreover, their code of honour wouldn't permit them to open it and satisfy themselves. If it were a telegram anybody would, under the circumstances, open it. It wouldn't be proper to open somebody else's letter, for, as granny pointedly remarked: "Who knows what snake lurks in what hole?"

After nearly an hour's discussion they adopted the motion of Defence Kappu that the letter be lodged with Finance Kappu for a week—not that she trusted Finance more than the others, but, after all, the services should stick together in an emergency, shouldn't they? By then, whosoever had written the letter would write again, not having received a reply. The issue appeared to have been settled amicably for the time being. Parked in the lawn of No. 10, the Kappus imbibed the bad coffee that was brewed in anticipation of their stay and turned their thoughts to other topics under the sun. The postman bringing in the twelve o'clock mail at two caused the necessary diversion. They excused themselves, remembering things to do at home and fled, for who knows what the next post might bring! Peace reigned in Gandhi Avenue once again. But somehow, like the Garden of Eden after the Serpent had appeared, it was not quite the same.

YOU, no doubt, are equally curious about the insufficiently addressed letter. Save your three guesses. It was only an order on the nearest dealer for the supply to Srimathi Karpagambal of a tube of chlorophyll toothpaste at half the price. And thereby hangs another tale.

NEW BOOKS

NEHRU: THE LOTUS EATER FROM KASHMIR

By D. F. Karaka

Derek Verschoyle, London

8s 6d



MR. KARAKA, by his own confession, vaguely intended to effect through this book an introduction of Mr. Nehru to various ignorant individuals all over the world, particularly to a certain, obscure, sententious little old French carpenter who had professed a complete ignorance of "Neyruc." That was how, the author tells us in his preface, the book began. We might well add that was not how the book ended. For this literary belching forth of the editor of *The Current* is the culmination of his protracted, bad-tempered criticism of the utterances, the doings and the makings of our Prime Minister which has been going on for some time now. The chief preoccupation of Rebecca West these days is the concept of treason. Mr. Karaka's pet obsession is betrayal. "There is," he says in tearful accents, "a whole generation in India like me whom Jawaharlal Nehru has

let down." This generation, he elaborates pathetically, is too old to look for a new hero to worship, but "young enough to feel the sting of defeat." The writing of this book must have done Mr. Karaka a world of good from the point of view of his health; for, as if washed out of his system by a good purge has come out a lot of spit and spew, and black frustration and prejudice has foamed out leaving the habitation they had erstwhile occupied we hope, a cleaner, healthier place. Mr. Karaka indulged in that pleasant pastime which democracy gives us permission to play—that of getting things off our chests. He plays it to the hilt. He takes a deep breath and lets himself go. He is hurt. He is flabbergast. He is helpless. He is angry. He is vituperative. Above all, he is disillusioned about Jawaharlal Nehru. In effect he says: *What a fall, my countrymen!*

He does not merely try to prove that Nehru has changed, as one might expect. He tries to make out a case that from the start he has been a bit of a hoax. His very admittance into the Indian National Congress was a clever manoeuvre aimed at bringing the masses into the fold rather like Hedy Lamarr being brought into a village fair to attract the crowd. After having fed on popular favour on false pretences he has become bloated with pride, self-satisfaction and egoism and has now become a mixture, Mr. Karaka tells us picturesquely, of Franco, Ramsay MacDonald and Chiang Kai Shek who thinks like a combination of Karl Marx, Beatrice Webb and Nietzsche. This man with his "caesarian susceptibilities," with the shattered nerves and the frayed temper who now "litters his wrath all over the country," this man who once sat "in a bullock-cart behind Gandhi, humbly joining his hands to greet his people," but who now "drunk with

power" fancies himself a Tamburlaine with Asia as his 'beat,' allows "his minions to ride in a slow but sure moving steamroller crushing down every head that bobs up against the administration." One can almost see the cartoon which could go above such a condemnation. But, Mr. Karaka decides, all this is not to be wondered at. After all, what else could one expect of a man who had been influenced by Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater? This reflection shot, if I may call it so, against two of the most irresistible and indisputable of present day writers, would certainly lose Mr. Karaka a point in the estimation of any lover of modern literature. Even Nehru's claim of Kashmiri descent comes in for a jibe from our author. Naturally, he says with ill-concealed sarcasm, only Kashmir could be an "appropriate setting for a liberator." Then again, Nehru promised to hang every black marketeer from the nearest tree. Why, demands Mr. Karaka, didn't he? It almost sounds as if he had been detailed to 'cover' the lynchings for his paper and had hoped to go to town on such juicy 'copy.'

The Planning Commission, the author says now getting into stride, has not planned anything; our diplomatic officers abroad, "hand-picked" by Nehru, have embezzled and been extravagant; the Kashmir mess, started by Nehru, is likely to go on and on and on; the Communists conquered Tibet because Nehru let'em; why, even the trees that he planted as part of his great land reform scheme, have not yet grown. Who was responsible for the bungling on the food front? Nehru. Who is responsible for our drawing our culture from the Soviet, our arms from Britain and America, our money from the World Bank and our food from everywhere? Nehru. Who is responsible for the death of civil liberty in India which is "shot down by authority" and "bound down in heavy chains?" Nehru. And last but not far from least, who frequently insults pressmen? Nehru. That, evidently, is the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Karaka, who has on more than one occasion experienced official wrath, ought to know.

I am tired. It has the feel of a string of jangling beads of uneven shapes and sizes strung together by a furious and precocious child. And the spattering of praise in this song of censure, occasionally here and there like platitudes discreetly

placed in a politician's speech, tastes like the mouth wash after your tooth has been pulled out. If one believed all that Mr. Karaka said one would be scared into packing and going abroad quite convinced that India is swiftly sliding under the heel of an irresponsible, self-willed, short-tempered dictator. Mr. Karaka condemns his man without a trial. He does worse. He judges Nehru not by what he had done but by what he has failed to do. Nehru is not a perfect man. I can bear to read him condemned bit by bit, a little every week, in about five hundred words or so, when I would still have strength and imagination left after reading it to draw my own conclusions. But to have this mass of inside information and one man's personal inferences hurled at me at one sitting is, as the English put it, "a bit of a much." It sounds too bad to be true.

I hold no brief for Mr. Nehru. The section of educated middle-class opinion which has grown considerably in the last four years has very few illusions left about its leaders. Not even about Nehru. It was one such disillusioned who assassinated Gandhi. Nobody, for instance, can refute that. Nehru's weakness as an administrator is his emotion though it immediately follows that his most appealing quality as a leader is his capacity to be deeply moved on occasion. But calling a man a sentimental, impulsive, inefficient administrator is one thing and likening him to "a small-town dictator in a new-fascist State" is quite another. It is true we the people still permit him to walk in the rosy glow of the legends which are continuously being built around him. It is not we who pay the price for



D. F. Karaka

it. Crosses, unlike haloes, are made by men. Why blame the crucified?

To give another comparison, Mr. Karaka goes about his analysis of the makings of Nehru rather in the manner of working out a mathematical problem but the answer does not come out right because he is left with an unexplained remainder in the shape of an inevitable inference: *Even so, there is no dearth of worshippers at the Nehru temple. The legend continues.* Continuing the comparison one may say that is what usually happens when a consistent standard is applied to an inconsistent subject. Nobody can estimate Nehru as a whole. Because that whole is like quicksilver. It is ever changing. It does not fit any known pattern. And it is ever irresistible. His emotional appeal has that little something which sets a man above his fellowmen, which like a beacon light is discernible by the common men, by the illiterate, the ignorant, the inimical and the stupid. Gandhi had it. I believe Stalin had it. Churchill, impossible as he is, has it. Nehru has it. Jayaprakash Narain needs only power and responsibility to bring it into full bloom. It is a rare and precious quality like genius and the possessors of it inevitably become leaders of men. Such men can start revolutions, make wars, bend a whole people to their will. Once in a history, it is such a man who wins a non-violent war.

Mr. Karaka's evaluation of Nehru's intimate relations with Communism is confusing, more so because he himself distastefully seems to feel that Asia is not likely to be 'liberated' except by Communism. Jawaharlal Nehru, the aristocratic Kashmiri Brahmin, he feels, does not really belong to the people. But he has Communist sympathies and votes with the Soviet bloc time and again at U. N. meetings, not because he likes the Communists more but because "Stalin gave Nehru an inferiority complex which he did not feel in the presence of his British and American counterparts." And what jars on Mr. Karaka's delicate sense of propriety is Nehru's recognition of Communist China after he had once strolled in the Viceregal gardens

with Chiang himself! He makes a delicate difference between Britain and India in that while Britain recognised Red China in a forthright manner, we did it with "pious platitudes."

Mr. Karaka's attitude to what he calls Nehru's 'neutrality' is however less involved but more vulnerable. "We by our neutrality," he wails, have alienated all our friends." Noah must have lamented in a not dissimilar manner when only two of a kind marched in leaving thousands behind! But he managed to build a new world, didn't he? When Norman Cousins, the American, visited Nehru last year, this very topic came up for discussion and the Prime Minister then made a delicate point. "The word neutrality," he pointed out, "is not a correct word to describe our policy. Normally neutrality can only be used as opposed to belligerents in time of war. In time of peace the question does not arise—unless one is always thinking in terms of war." It is refreshing to note that at a time when most people have fallen into the habit of thinking in terms of war, one man has the courage to condition his mind to an atmosphere of peace. To feel as Mr. Karaka does that neutrality is possible only in the case of a small State in Europe is not only silly, it is wrong. Switzerland's neutrality right in the midst of the Balkan hot-bed and the Central European ideological conflagration is one of the wonders of our age. And a desire for peace is not the special prerogative of any one people. But, of course, Mr. Karaka has no patience, with all this waste of time trying to determine *how* we should think. What are we *doing*, he wants to know. Britain already has her supersonic jet. What have we? I can tell him. We have hunger, poverty, ignorance. We have the three hundred million people, who have the mentality of hungry people. What are we going to give them first? Food? Education? Jet planes? Entertainment? Art? Progress, Mr. Karaka, cannot be superimposed. It is not merely borrowing a technician or installing a machine. It is slow. It has to grow. You can't hasten it. Even a democratic form of govern-

ment cannot accelerate history. Even such a government is only a first step. For democracy itself is more than politics. It has something of the mind. It requires, as Nehru said, "a higher standard among far more people than other forms of government." Not higher standards in food and living alone but of the spirit and moral conscience of man. But while more and more at diverse rates of progress are achieving this higher standard, there would always be growing, side by side with it, that section of theoretical moralisers and intelligentsia who would find the pace intolerably slow. Such a situation occurs in every country in the passing from one epoch to another. The situation becomes all the more difficult when this evolution is protracted because of a wide diversity, geographical, cultural, religious and intellectual among the people concerned. When differences occur in a Communist country, Mr. Karaka tells us, the usual tactic the Government adopts to bring the people together is to find them a common enemy to fight with. What are the integrating forces binding our country?

There is certainly in all that Mr. Karaka says an element of truth. But a half-truth like half a brick carries farther. That is the danger of this book on "Nehru."

And, of course, it leaves the little old French carpenter no wiser.

SANTHA RUNGACHARY

Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse

By Patrick Hamilton

Constable & Co. Ltd., London
12s 6d

"WHILE a great many people are grumbling because, they say, there are now too many novels and novelists in this country, some of us are beginning to feel depressed because there seem to be, out of a great multitude, so few novels and novelists that have a matter and a manner of their own. One of this small company of originals is Mr. Patrick Hamilton." So wrote J. B. Priestley in his introduction to Mr. Hamilton's London Trilogy containing *The Midnight Bell*, *The Siege of Pleasure*, and *The Plains of Cement* which appeared under the covering

title of *20,000 Streets Under the Sky* in 1935. I was led to this trilogy and his other novels *Craven House* and *Hangover Square* after a reading of his play *Rope*, which has an exciting crime for plot, of such intensity—moment telescoping with moment in mounting *frisson*. Mr. Hamilton can tell a story and tell it well.

Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse, his recent novel, continues the career of Ernest Ralph Gorse, first presented to the world by the author in his earlier volume *The West Pier*. It is a sordid story and there are many unpleasant people in it,—a revelation of humanity in its fundamental nastiness. The target of Mr. Hamilton's attack is English snobbery. His backgrounds are vivid; his conversations achieve such a closeness to life that they establish forthrightly the credibility of his characters. Gorse is a disgusting creature, a sham ex-military officer, a fraud and a humbug; a rival with Mr. Stimpson, an estate agent, for the favours of Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce, the Reading widow, also a snob, boastful, arrogant, and a social climber, whom he swindles out of five hundred pounds. The incident is described in great detail. Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce talks about people who *did not come out of the top drawer*. She thinks Gorse is a 'gentleman.' Concerning the top drawer it is interesting to know what E. M. Forster has to say in *Mrs. Miniver*: "There is a natural sympathy between the top drawer and the bottom. The 'castle' and the 'hovel' have understood one another, and have even approximated in type. Those who had everything have felt easy in the presence of those who had nothing; and vice versa. A society constituted thus was not just and could not be permanent, but in the intervals of persecution and rebellion there was a harmony in the fabric of England which has been lost. The top drawer has now gone. The bottom drawer is being organised and dusted out. The top drawer but one makes its little jokes and imposes its whimsies and ideals as if nothing else was obtainable." Mr. Hamilton seems to be for the rejection of all drawers, but the virulence with which he satirises his characters shows that

he himself prefers to be on some kind of top—not to make his little jokes and impose his whimsies, but to expose mercilessly the means people adopt for their social and material advancement. In the flavour of his humour he recalls Dickens and for his realism Gissing. Sometimes the extravagances of the first and the dreariness of the other are pronounced, but these are not flaws in the narration of the story which is always neat and wholly articulate.

MITRA

The Passion of Mahatma Gandhi: A Play

By G. K. Ambady

Hoe & Co., Madras, India

Rs. 3-12

WE have had since 1947 so many books and articles, essays and poems, tributes and tales about Mr. Gandhi, not to mention the daily dose of quoted rhetoric which stands like a moral sentinel above the editorial in one of our leading national dailies, that even the most casual reader among us has become satiated with the theme. Most of us know at least the outlines of the Indian struggle for freedom, which is Gandhi's story. We know about the lapidations and the incarcerations, the fasts and the fatigues, the Dandi March, the Noakhali crusade culminating in the shocking assassination. But what do we know about Gandhi, the man? What manner of man was he? What do we know about the structure and workings of his mind or the betrayals and inconsistencies of his heart? Gandhi, the deified saviour of India's liberty, will go down in history and legend. But unless we try to understand Gandhi, the man and the philosopher, his definition of living, the causes and conditions which moulded his moral viewpoint, the influences which mitigated his weakness and mellowed his character, not in terms of isolated, hackneyed words like Truth and Non-violence but in more fluid descriptions, in the terminology of everyday living, the message that Gandhi tried to give us and to which the thinkers of the western world are now turning as a ship to a beacon of light in a fogbound deathly sea, will be lost to mankind.

Gandhi lived almost all his life among the people and yet they always worshipped him as a God. That was the cross he had to bear. That was his martyrdom, that his humanity was lost in his godhead. Thus there has been a need for some time now of a book which depicted not the Mahatma the political savant, but Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the barrister whose mind became the nursery of a strange idea which matured while the world fought two bloody wars and used the political arena to test its strength and integrity. Because we like to believe that even if there had been no opportunity to make a vast sub-continent his stage of action with the eyes of a whole world watching him, Gandhi would still have followed in the narrow orbit in which most private individuals enact the drama of their life; the creed and the way of life lasted first the laughter, then the bewilderment and finally the consternation of the west and emerged at last as his contribution to peace.

Mr. Ambady's play, frankly, does not fill this gap.

His canvas, for one thing, is too, too large. Its hugeness in terms of time alone leaves him no time to develop his central theme of the Passion of Gandhi. Starting in Durban harbour in 1897, he comes right up to January 30, 1948, a period of more than fifty eventful, tumultuous years in five hops. Gandhi as a dramatic character therefore does not grow in stature before our eyes on the stage but has to achieve his development in the wings. The general effect thus is of a fragmentation, little chunks of the man drawn to the populace like meat to an animal in a zoo.

The book has a misleading title. Mr. Ambady is not free of a confusion which is in all our minds. Where does Gandhi the politician end and where does the moralist and philosopher begin? Granting that the man and the political struggle were inseparable, transmitting his philosophy through a political medium inevitably qualifies the moral aspect

of Gandhi's way of pursuit of the truth as he saw it. The delicate balance between character and situation which must be struck in the dramatisation of a character of the complexity of the Mahatma's, would be a difficult job even for a more capable and experienced playwright than Mr. Ambady to handle.

By calling it a play Mr. Ambady at once in a sense limits himself and in another lays himself open to criticism. The appeal of a play is visual. A stage must be set and arranged. Realism must be effected by movements and a rise and fall in seriousness. The possibilities of contrast, dramatic irony and suspense must be exploited. If there must be long periods of dialogue or serious discussions of serious subjects, relief must be provided in one form or another. The court scene, for instance, is set, static. There is no movement, no play of emotions. There is no life in it. And again the long scene between Jawaharlal Nehru and his father, so full of scintillating possibilities, drags and plods along like a coach drawn by an apathetic horse. Above all, in a play, there must be a certain amount of humour. To crucify even a god upon an eternal cross is inhuman. They say Gandhi, in addition to being an honourable man, was a humorous man. Where then are the promptings to smile or laughter to be found in this delineation of the passion of Gandhi? The want is not so much in Mr. Ambady's capacity as in his experience and his knowledge of the craft of the drama.

What Vincent Sheean describes as Gandhi's long "rectilinear life compact with discipline and logic" has in it the makings not as much of drama as of an epic. It has individual moments of dramatic intensity which an ambitious writer could try to compartmentalise in acts and scenes. But the real drama in Gandhi's life is the drama of his inner conflicts, when he found himself placed in situations which challenged his creed or will or when he resisted the need or expediency of the hour with his moral conviction. They must have been bloody battles he fought in his soul against heavy

odds of doubt and indecision. His fasts must have called for as much moral resolution as went into President Truman's decision to use the atom bomb over Hiroshima.

But really, in the final analysis, we are not the historians of Gandhi. We are too near him in point of time. Not till the three generations of us who have shared a part of the life of Gandhi are dead can an attempt to understand this baffling character be made. The perspective from that distance alone would be right. There is even now a generation growing up who saw Gandhi only to see him die. Perhaps they can try to understand him. For the manner of a man's death is a good introduction to the matter of a man's life.

SANTHA RUNGACHARY

LOVE AND VANITY

'TIS true, my darling, that I once loved you,
and you perchance returned my brimming love;
but that is past, shall we now quarrel too,
and let the ghost of love his past reprove?
Or doth he linger still and might come back,
if we but beckon him to come and stay
in hearts he once enshrined now on the rack,
because we will not have him while we may.

But let him go, for vanity has long impatiently been sulking on the sly,
and will now have her day, let then a song
complete the tale and close it with a sigh.
For love of self, though painful, often is more pleasing than surrender with a kiss.

TULAL

LITERARY NEWS

Ineffectual Angel?

THERE is to be a new Oxford edition of Shelley's poetry. Referring to this Colophon in his "A Book-

man's Diary" in *John O' London's Weekly* (July 31, 1953) writes:

"I wonder whether there will be anything worthwhile among the early Shelley poems to be included in the new Oxford edition. About fifty poems, written between 1810 and 1814, are in a notebook that has just been made available by Mr. William Eisdale, grandson of Ianthe, Shelley's daughter by Harriet Westbrook. The poems are in either Shelley's or Harriet's handwriting and about half of them are new to the world."

Lehmann Again & Spender Too

IN September 1950 John Lehmann suspended publication of *Penguin New Writing* of which he was the editor. The magazine ran successfully for ten years. "In burying *New Writing*," he wrote in his last editorial, "we hold our flags ready to celebrate its successor's birth." *New World Writing* from America which appeared in April 1952—three of its selections have been published to

date—was decidedly a successor to the *Penguin* and bore the influence of Lehmann; now it is glad news we learn from Critic in his *London Diary* in *The New Statesman & Nation* for August 22, 1953 that Lehmann is "reviving the title *The London Magazine* for the new literary monthly which he is to launch in the *New Year*." He waves the flag again; his is an address to which young new talent can turn with hope.

"With John Hayward (writes Critic), Elizabeth Bowen, Veronica Wedgwood, William Plomer and Rex Warner on its advisory board, we may expect it to follow the pattern more or less established by 'New Writing.' Then in October there is to appear 'Encounter,' also a monthly and also published at 2s 6d under the editorship of Mr. Stephen Spender who, it is sometimes forgotten, was a co-founder of 'Horizon.' 'Encounter' is sponsored by the (anti-communist) Congress for Cultural Freedom and will be political as well as literary."

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K. MAHADEVAN

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TOUGH MAN ZAHEDI: HIS AMAZING STORY

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

TWO years ago when the 70 year old ailing Dr. Mossadeq sat on the Iranian saddle there was no mystery about him. He was the second richest landlord of his country, had fought for years against the richest landlord, the dictatorial father of the present Shah and had spent years in prison meditating and writing a treatise on the philosophy of capitalism.

The man who has ridden high and has just ousted him is obscure in comparison but nonetheless known for his toughness, intrigues, plots and for befriending the right man at the right time.

On a night-train to Baghdad from Basra eleven years ago an immaculately dressed man was travelling alone in a first-class railway compartment of a mail train. The big bulging suitcase lying before him had a label which read: F. ZAHEDI.

At a wayside station a German who spoke fluent French slipped an oversized sealed envelope into his compartment and left smoking and talking amiably to a porter.

A few days later Major-General Fazollah Zahedi, commander of the Isfahan Garrison in Iran had a British caller who strode, by appointment, into the General's mansion with two armed-to-the-teeth soldiers hidden inside the luggage pit of his staff car. And while the unsuspecting caller was being respectfully shown into the General's sitting room two truck-loads of picked British soldiers kept themselves hid close by, ready for immediate action.

In a few minutes' time the General was kidnapped, sped to a nearby airstrip and flown out of the country.

The man who kidnapped Zahedi is Brigadier (then a captain) Fitzroy MacClean, the Lancashire Conservative M.P.

Documents were also seized from

the General's mansion which spoke of Zahedi's collaboration with Germans to "strangle" the allied forces in Iran. He was reported to be a top hoarder of grains. The British Consul in Isfahan, John Gault, spoke of his personal impression of the General as "though pleasant to meet, really a bad lot, a bitter enemy of the allies, a man of unpleasant habits, a source of popular discontent and an obstacle to the efficient administration of South Persia."

Debonair, reflective, harder in outlook, three years later, after World War II, when he was freed, he had the new young Shah's orders to take over the Isfahan Garrison once again.

The General who began his career as a cop had unbounded dash; he made good his vegetating prison years with hard work, work that brought him closer to the politicians at Teheran. Three years ago he resigned his lucrative job and got himself elected to the now dissolved Senate.

Dr. Mossadeq found in him the person who could take over the Ministry of the Interior which had control over the State police.

A year ago Dr. Mossadeq suddenly changed his mind and dismissed Zahedi from his Cabinet. "He is a double-cross" the doctor spoke of him later. "He is working at my back and plotting with foreigners."

IN Zahedi's romantic career then began a queer partnership with Mullah Ayatullah Kashami who openly admitted his hand in the murder of General Razmara whom Mossadeq had succeeded.

Behind these two, the fanatic Kashami who helped Mossadeq grab the Premiership and the shrewd Zahedi pining for power, was yet another personality whose name is not so much known outside Iran.

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FOR sometime this personality was known in the European Press as a mysterious young woman of unusual charm. If at times she was seen to dine with the British Ambassador, at other times her presence at the American Embassy did not go unnoticed. She was seen lunching with the Soviet Ambassador and she was known to be parking her flashing automobiles outside the fashionable hotels where foreigners came to wine and dance.

The Tehran Press was curiously silent about this enigma in the Iranian skyline. But the ever-probing foreign newsmen solved the mystery one evening and uncovered the veil.

The eluding personality was Princess Ashraf!

Princess Ashraf is the twin sister of His Majesty Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlev, the king of Iran, who on August 16, 1953 after his air-dash to Baghdad had asked an aerodrome official, "Can you direct me to a good hotel? I am a foreigner and don't know your city?"

Dr. Mossadeq was a shrewd politician, but a very bad diplomat; and still worse, he was a bad intriguer.

Last April, just four months ago, he had been alarmed at the Tehran Police Chief's sudden disappearance and brutal murder. But he failed to outbid his opponents. The April murder he had known was an indication to a coup. At the first sign he acted and almost seemed to have succeeded. But at the second attack he collapsed.

Buccaneering Zahedi, 56, is in the prime of his ambitious career. From an ordinary cop he has manoeuvred himself to the most powerful cockpit of his bankrupt State. Above him is the 34-year-old, weak undecided King. Astride him is the shrewd unscrupulous Mullah Kashami. And around him is the mysterious Princes Ashraf. His job is big, the occasion great, but will he succeed? Will he be able to keep pace with the much bigger intrigues, much bigger manoeuvres which are boiling inside the foreign pockets closer to him in the very capital of his State?

GANGU BAI HANGAL

By V. SAROJA

AMONG the few artistes who still maintain the great traditions of Hindustani music, Gangu Bai Hangal occupies a unique place. Today she is one of the top-ranking musicians in North and invariably draws a crowded house. Those who had listened to her concert at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha recently would have been struck by the grand manner of her style, the superb richness of her voice and the sweetness and fragrance of her exquisite melodies. The audience listened in rapt attention to her performance lasting nearly four hours in which she sang "Madhuvanti," "Gowri," "Suddha Kalyan," "Malkouse," "Bhairawi" and a tumri in "Kamas." The technique of her raga alapana following the classical mode in the three *sthayees* was a notable feature, revealing the intensity of her voice culture.

I was supremely happy when Gangu Bai consented to be my guest during her stay in the city. What impressed me most about this artiste was her dignified bearing, engaging manners and utter humility. Her striking simplicity and extreme good nature made us feel that she would be one of us and in a short time she became part and parcel of our household.

Short of stature and thinly built, Gangu Bai has an alert and intelligent face. Music is in her blood; for, her mother who was proficient in Karnatic music taught her its rudiments even while she was a small girl. But, after hearing Sawai Gandharwa, Gangu Bai became greatly enamoured of Hindustani classical music and was intent on becoming his disciple. Sawai Gandharwa at this time was a leading Hindustani musician, having been the disciple of the great Abdul Karim Khan. A family friend who happened to know Sawai Gandharwa soon introduced the young girl to the Master. Sawai Gandharwa who happened to be an artiste of the stage found little time to teach his young pupil. And at times, Gangu Bai had to wait for days in vain to

learn a few lessons. Luckily, after sometime, Sawai Gandharwa settled down in Kundgol very near Hubli (Gangu Bai's home town) and almost every day Gangu Bai would travel by train to learn her lessons and practise for a couple of hours. She learnt the art with single-minded devotion, and constant and assiduous practice invested her voice with a richness and quality which soon earned her name and fame. Sawai Gandharwa a distinguished pupil of the late Abdul Karim Khan, who captivated thousands of listeners by his powerful and melodious voice, found in Gangu Bai a worthy disciple and spared no pains to teach her the highest traditions of the art. Today Gangu Bai is the representative of the school of music called the *Kirana Gharana*.

Gangu Bai's veneration and *guru bhakti* for Sawai Gandharwa (who passed away a few years back) is so great that when she sings, tears involuntarily trickle down her cheeks and those around her feel the immense emotional impact of her rich and soul-stirring music. In a private recital at my residence Gangu Bai was in her element. And the select gathering of musicians, critics and rasikas were deeply moved by her "Maru Behag," "Mianki Malhar," "Kalawathi" and "Jogia." Her daughter Kishna who accompanies her in concerts possesses a melodious voice and holds out great promise as a musician. Gangu Bai's brother invariably plays *tabla* for her concerts and has a fine sense of rhythm and control. Altogether, they constitute a nest of singing birds.

A woman of simple tastes and unassuming traits, Gangu Bai is the torch-bearer of a great and venerable musical tradition, which is a glorious heritage of Indian culture. My earnest wish is that we would have more opportunities to listen to her music, thought she has a busy time all through the year in the North.

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

STRANGE as it may appear, the expected rise in box-office collections after 15th August, which marks the beginning of a holiday season in Bombay, has not materialized. Indeed, in spite of the fact that about ten new pictures were released in August and their quality generally encouraging, the returns have not been as good as they should have been. True, on certain holidays the collections have been good; but the after-effect of the holidays on odd week days has been very marked with a steep fall in collections, with the result that on the average the holidays have made little or no difference to the weekly collections.

What is the reason for these discouraging box-office receipts? On enquiry, it is learnt that one of the reasons is that too many new pictures were released simultaneously with the result that the picturegoers had a big variety to choose from. In the interest of business, it is always good if only one or two pictures are released every week. Then, it has been found out that the simultaneous release of one picture at a number of theatres is no longer paying; if the release of a film is concentrated in one or two houses the returns are always better. But all these are secondary causes; the main cause is the severe depression all round. The people just cannot afford to see films and at least pay high price for it. Formerly, if they could not get upper stall tickets they bought balcony tickets; today they rather return home than buy expensive tickets.

The depression is so bad that some of the theatres have registered the lowest collections for a day during the last decade or so. And it is obvious that the exhibitors will have to reduce the price of the balcony seats if they

want to fill their houses. In fact, whether they like or not, they will be soon compelled to resort to the old-rates of admission which prevailed about a decade ago. Only then, they will be able to counteract the present depression to some extent.

Picture Of The Week

THE background of tea plantations may be fascinating; but the story of the poor workers who give their 'blood, sweat and toil' to keep up these plantations is rather sordid. Producer-director-author K. A. Abbas had tried to juxtapose the two in his picture *Rahi* which he has made both in Hindi and English—in English because some of the characters are British and the subject itself has international appeal.

Though it is the story of tea plantation workers Abbas has succeeded in blending it cleverly with the story of one particular girl who falls in love with the supervisor. Thus in a way it is purely a love story of Ramesh, a frustrated young man who has no mercy, no sympathy with the world; he believes that everything is bought and sold and so he sells his own conscience for a few pieces of silver. He takes up a job as a supervisor who is supposed to see that no worker remains idle and the output is increased. He is given a whip and asked to use it without mercy. The whip is a symbol of oppression which he uses frequently in the beginning but which he gradually gives up as he is transformed by the love of a girl. In fact, the story of *Rahi* is the story of his transformation from a cynical hard-boiled slave of the owners into a sentimental upright young man who knows that his place is along with the workers and not with the bosses. The moment he is converted after a dramatic climax and the heroine is dead, the story ends.

In this process of transformation we have glimpses of the true conditions of the workers and their plight; and within the limits of the pattern that Abbas has chosen, he has stated not only the plight but the demands of the workers in the clear-

est and frankest terms possible. In its statement of the workers' problem *Rahi* is more forthright than any other picture. The setting of *Rahi* is 1945; but the conditions depicted therein are applicable even to the present times; the lot of workers at least in tea plantations has not improved a bit and the White Saheb still rules the plantations in Assam.

To those who look at the picture as mainly the depiction of the plantation workers' life, the emphasis on romance would strike as overdone; but considered as mainly the story of the frustrated young man—a wayfarer—the romance is in order, though at times the scenes are rather overdrawn. Indeed, compared with Abbas's other screen stories, the story of *Rahi* is too simple and lacks the usual twists, complications and variety of incidents. So at times the picture has a tendency to become monotonous. But thanks to smart editing and beautiful music, it never gets dull or boring.

After a long time Anil has given splendid music. The tunes of lullaby, the chorus song *Ek Kali Do Patiya* and the theme song *O Jane Wale Rahi* (especially the sad portion) are memorable; and the picturization of *Ek Kali Do Patiya* is an achievement for both Abbas and cameraman Ramchandra. Prem Dhawan must be complimented for his lyrics. Indeed Ramchandra's outdoors are simply brilliant and lend considerable charm to the picture. The Holi dance, beautifully composed and staged by Shanti Bardhan and his Little Ballet Troupe, is of course the *piece-de-resistance* of the picture. Its taking is also remarkable. As a director Abbas has shown considerable improvement in *Rahi*.

Amongst the artistes, every one has done well. Dev Anand's performance in *Rahi* is his best since *Baazi*; Nalini is superb as the simple girl Ganga. Manmohan Krishna, Balraj Sahni, David, Rashid Ahmad, Michael Shea have all done well. Kate Sethi somehow does not look as charming on the screen as she does in life; but she gives a very natural performance. Only Habib Tanvir is artificial throughout the picture; his character has also not been properly inte-

grated into the picture. Similarly, Achala Sachdev's character looks superfluous most of the time.

The climax in which Dev turns against his white bosses is a little vegetarian (to borrow Abbas's own phraseology) in its impact. The non-violent nature of the struggle and the passive role of the workers makes it so; similarly the death of Nalini does not come off as dramatically as it was apparently intended. The emphasis on speech rather than action seems to be the reason for it. It should have been more elaborately worked out; similarly I felt that the accident to Manmohan Krishna should have been more elaborately shown. But perhaps the technical limitations came in the way. The conversion of Kate Sethi is also rather vague and the shouting by Michael Shea just before the climax fails to achieve the desired effect.

But for these few blemishes *Rahi* is by far the best picture Abbas has so far turned out.

Personality Of The Week

WHEN a leading cameraman saw *Rahi*, especially its outdoor scenes, he was so impressed that he said the cameraman who did this splendid job would have won an award in foreign countries.

The cameraman who deservedly got this tribute was none else but Ramchandra who by now must have photographed at the most half a dozen pictures and has risen to top heights in his field.

Ramchandra, a handsome, fair youth looks more like an actor than a technician in life. In fact before he made his debut as a cameraman he tried his luck with acting in Abbas's *Aaj Aur Kal* produced in Lahore before partition. He was too self-conscious to make any impression.

Ramchandra has been sort of born in the film line; since childhood he has been moving with film people. He hails from U. P. though he spent his childhood in Calcutta and then migrated to Bombay. In Bombay he started his career as an apprentice and then assistant cameraman in

Shree Sound Studios. He came in contact with Abbas during the shooting of *Dharti Ke Lal* which was photographed by Jamnadas Kapadia in 1945. Then with Kapadia, he went to Lahore as his assistant and also played a role in *Aaj Aur Kal*.

Back from Lahore just before the partition Ramchandra had to start his career all over again. He worked for years as assistant and got his first chance to crank the camera when his 'guru' Kapadia became a director. After working for a couple of pictures, he got the chance he had been waiting for when Abbas became a producer and launched *Anhonee*. Several people including Raj Kapoor were surprised at Abbas's choice of Ramchandra as the cameraman. It was only when Raj saw the rushes he felt that Abbas's confidence in this young man was justified. Since then he has photographed *Akash*, *Aas* and *Rahi*; with each picture he has shown definite improvement. His speciality is outdoors and face-lighting; though somehow in *Rahi* he failed to do justice to Kate Sethi; he has photographed Nargis in *Anhonee* and Nalini in *Rahi* flatteringly well.

Young and unassuming, Ramchandra has two additional qualities to command his work. He is a fast and tireless worker and at times has worked day and night for weeks together. He is an asset to any unit and is naturally Abbas's trump-card. With experience and proper facilities,

he will soon make other ace cameraman look to their laurels.

News Of The Week

THE muhurat of Tribhuvan Pictures' *Tenhai* was performed on Wednesday the 26th August at Famous Pictures Studios. Usha Kiran faced the camera for the muhurat shot, Roshanlal Malhotra acted as the "clapper-boy" while Ram Gabale took the shot.

Based on a story by P. L. Deshpande the dialogues are written by Sarosh while Satyendra Athaiya is writing the lyrics. The cast includes Karan Dewan, Jagirdar, Purnima and Mannohan Krishna.

D. D. Kashyap has signed Suraiya to play the lead in his Moghul romance and assigned the musical score to Husanlal-Bhagatram thus uniting the trio of *Bari Bahen*. Dr. Safder Ali has written the screenplay and Majrooh Sultanpuri has written lyrics. Kashyap's story will not deal with Aurangzeb and Zabunnissa but fictitious characters.

Mehtab went to Europe last week to attend the film festival in Venice. Jayant Desai returned last week after his tour of Europe.

Arora has started the shooting of *Laila Majnu* written by Munshi Dill, the author of the original play as well as the screen stories which were filmed once by Madan and once by Nazir. He hopes to complete the picture by November with Nutan and Shammi in the title roles.

POLITICS

Politics are a field where action is one long second best and the choice of it lies between two blunders.—*Lord Morley*

Politics are a gaming-hell, in which lookers-on are exposed to paying as much as the players.—*Nisard*

Politics! to knock the heads of Utopias together is amusing. Look at those great children who run after one another without overtaking through the echoing, empty passages of the Temple of Talk. When one is above floors, the other calls below, and runs up in his turn to be called to. An amusing game, for it never ends.—*Vavarni*

POETRY

Poetry will have to reckon with science some day. The great poetry of our age is science, with its marvellous blossoming forth of discoveries, its conquest of matter, and the wings it gives man to augment his activities.—*Zola*

Poetry is the star which guides kings and shepherds unto God.—*Victor Hugo*

Poetry, a jealous craft, requires the worker to be a creator as well in invention of the motive as in its execution; and Nature, who is a gracious but stern mistress to the poet, utterly refuses him ready-made subjects.—*Banville*

SWATANTRA

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DR. ADENAUER'S VICTORY

FEW foreign observers who visited Western Germany during the summer could have foreseen the striking victory which Dr. Adenauer has scored in the general elections to the Bundestag this month. The principal issue agitating the public was how to bring about the unification of the two Germanies. Dr. Adenauer's view was that unification would come only if the Russians were forced to yield to the demonstrable unity and strength of the West, in which a free and rearmed Western Germany would have an honoured place. The Social Democrats, the principal Opposition Party in the Bonn Parliament, were of the view that total West German alignment with the West and the U. S., by rousing Russian suspicions and antagonism, would perpetuate the division of the country and indefinitely postpone a settlement of the German problem and the unification of the country. They appealed also to the general popular sentiment in favour of avoiding a conflict in which Germany would be the primary battleground. The peace sentiment was so widespread and Dr. Adenauer's policy seemed so obviously to widen the rift between the East and the West that many expected his Christian Democratic Party to lose ground in the elections. If these expectations have been completely falsified, the result must be ascribed to the successes of Dr. Adenauer's internal economic policy and a general feeling, strengthened after Stalin's death, that the Soviet Union is not as formidable a force as they might have imagined. The riots in East Berlin, the changes in the Kremlin following the fall of Beria, the developments in the Far East leading to the armistice in Korea may have helped cumulatively to strengthen the impression that the West was getting on top again of the Soviet. Above all, a factor which must have weighed with the practical minded Germans was the remarkable recovery the country had made under Dr. Adenauer's stewardship, thanks to Marshall Aid. It was well known that Adenauer commanded the confidence of the U. S. as no other German leader could ever hope to do. His stature as a national leader was also higher than that of anybody in the Socialist Party. Mr. Churchill once described him as the greatest German since Bismarck. Added to all this was the predominantly Catholic character of the population in West Germany.

DR. ADENAUER'S victory has pleased the Americans and angered the Russians. Mr. Dulles has now the assurance that Western Germany is "safe" for the West. But whether there will be more rapid progress with the creation of the European Defence Community, on which the Americans have set their hearts, is doubtful. The progress of the E. D. C. has been baulked so far

not by the attitude of Bonn but by the opposition of Paris and the stand-alooofishness of Britain. French apprehensions over the revival of a German army are very real and they cannot be easily overcome. Twice within a generation France has been overrun by the Germans and there is a natural fear that the Germans may do it again if they have the power. The neutralisation of Germany, which the Russians want, is apparently also what the French favour. But a neutralised Germany would go completely against the American plan for the creation of a Western force capable of standing up to the Russians. It is now well recognised that without the Germans the European Defence Community will be a shadow without substance. The next step is for the Americans to convince the French about the urgency of the E. D. C. and allay their fears about the role of the Germans in it.

MUCH will depend upon what the Russians do in the next few weeks. They have been bitter about the West German elections and have alleged that the results were achieved by force and fraud. Will they regard Adenauer's victory as a blow against them and start tightening their hold over East Germany? Will there be a reversal of the recent measures in Austria and within the Soviet Union itself which have produced the impression that M. Malenkov is pursuing a slightly more liberal policy and is willing to seek negotiated settlement with the West? The world must await the next Soviet moves to know whether the return of Dr. Adenauer to power is the beginning of a new effort to settle the eight-year old German problem or the intensification of the cold war.

Sotto Voce

CATS OR RATS?



CONGRESSMEN assure us again and again that they are a happy family. You wouldn't think it, seeing how they fly at each other's throat. The other day the President of the Mysore Provincial Congress Committee was telling the world that it was a misfortune they had elected Mr. Hanumanthiah leader of the Legislature Party. In Hyderabad a substantial chunk of the Legislature Party is busy shuttling between the State capital and the Union capital carrying petitions to the Congress President against the Chief Minister,

who seems to put his trust more in his stars than in his supporters.

In Andhra Mr. Prakasam and Mr. Sanjiva Reddi are no less vigorous in denouncing each other's ambitions than in chiming in chorus that they will never, never permit Governor's Rule in the as yet unborn State. And Andhra, like its own Tenali Rama, is producing as many headaches in the act of going out as it did when it stayed, a porcupine-like bed-fellow, in the undivided but disunited State of Madras. C. R., who about a year

ago was the saviour who had to be dragged out of his retirement, is now being told that he is surplus to requirements. But, if rumour speaks true, he is in no hurry to be put on the shelf from which he got down so unwillingly.

Those who are interested in the niceties of the gentle art of making and keeping enemies will have no doubt contrasted the brusque methods of Mysore with the suavities of the South. Mr. Veeranna Gowd's denunciation of Mr. Hanumanthiah was as forthright as that of Mr. Amery who told Neville Chamberlain, "For God's sake go." But Mr. Kamaraj Nadar selects his time and place with a deftness which must astonish those who had been taught to regard him as a plain man. It was at a decorative function in Madura organised by a private firm, at which almost the entire Board of Ministers, not to mention humbler Congressmen, were present as invitees, that the little by-play was witnessed.

The Chief Minister was in his element improving the shining hour. He asked the world to admire the detachment which had prompted the head of the firm to hand over all responsibility to his capable sons and take a back seat. When it came to Mr. Nadar's turn to speak he ruminated aloud whether the world would not be much happier if in politics the same golden rule were observed. Elderly politicians should not cling on indefinitely, he said; they should seek dignified retirement as elder statesmen leaving the work and the reward to younger men.

That must have come as a nasty jolt—except perhaps to those in the innermost circle. For the world had been regaled only a week or two earlier with photographs in the papers which had shown C. R. laying himself out—no easy matter for him at the best of times—to be agreeable

to the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee. His face was wreathed in smiles, as he leaned forward in a propitiatory gesture towards Mr. Nadar, who however might have been a block of stone for all the emotion he showed. But, then, no one has ever seen him smile. And so the surrounding admirers who had watched the by-play with nervous smiles must have concluded with a sigh of relief that all was O. K.

The courtship on the part of the older man had not been a momentary impulse. A few days before he had lauded to the skies Nadar's services to the country. He had been only too eager to take the cue from Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari who was unveiling Mr. Nadar's portrait in the Legislative Assembly—where he had never been known to open his lips. The Commerce Minister, before his elevation, had had his ups and downs. He had attached himself to the Nadar faction only to find that after the first elections they had no further use for him. He went off in high dudgeon to Delhi. But C. R. had gone in advance.

All that was now forgotten in the haze of goodwill he shed on the peddling provincial politics from his dizzy eminence. He declared he had always held that Madras needed the services of Nadar and Acharyar equally. C. R. agreed enthusiastically. Even Nadar seemed to thaw. But, cast in the mould of the elder Cato, he was not likely to forget his Carthage. The astute politician whom his friends delight to call Chanakya had concluded rather prematurely that by returning to the Madras gadi he had got even with his ancient enemy. He is now finding out his mistake. At the cat and mouse game currently in progress he is not having the best of it. Meanwhile the Congress, withered beldame, tells her heedless children, "If you must quarrel, come into the parlour: remember we are a happy family."

VIGNESWARA

SHANKAR'S WEEKLY CHILDREN'S NUMBER 1953

Contributions in drawing and writing are invited from children of the world for Shankar's Weekly Children's Number 1953

22 FIRST PRIZES (Two in each age group)

From Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

FOR THE BEST DRAWING:

Gold Medal from the President of the Indian Union

FOR THE BEST PIECE OF WRITING:

Gold Medal from the Vice-President

200 PRIZES for DRAWING

100 PRIZES for WRITING

Competition Rules

- Children of all countries up to the age of 16, i.e., those born on or after December 31, 1937, can take part in the competition.
- Drawings and articles entered for the competition should be **ORIGINAL & UNAIDED** work executed specially for the 1953 competition, to which effect a certificate from a teacher or parent should accompany each competitor's entries.
- A competitor can submit any number of entries.
- For the drawing competition, pictures in colour and in any other media, except pencil, will be accepted. Pictures should be of a size not smaller than 8" x 10".
- Pictures and drawings can deal with any subject.
- All articles must be in English, written in the competitor's own hand on one side of the paper only. Articles can be on any subject in which the child is personally interested.
- Each entry should state the following particulars:
Full name of the competitor (in block letters); Full Postal address; Date of birth (specifying date, month and year); whether competitor is a boy or girl.
(Entries without these particulars will be rejected).
- Entries by more than one competitor may be sent in the same envelope provided the details required are distinctly entered on each entry.
- Entries should be addressed to Shankar's Weekly Children's Number, Odeon Building, New Delhi, India, and should reach the office not later than October 31, 1953.
- The award of prizes will be decided by the Editor, Shankar's Weekly, with the help of a board of judges. The Editor's decision will be final.
- No child will be entitled to more than two prizes.
- The prize-winners' names will be announced in Shankar's Weekly Children's Number 1953.

SIDELIGHTS : :

SRI SANJEEVA REDDI has lately been reiterating the view that he will not tolerate a non-Congressman as Chief Minister of the Andhra State. As, at present, he has only one rival to contend with, and that rival is Sri Prakasam, what he evidently means to say is that he will not tolerate Sri Prakasam as Chief Minister. Covering personal interest with a principle is an old trick of ambitious politicians, which persists and will persist without regard to the fact that it has never deceived anybody. What is it that makes a Congressman? Is it admission into the fold of the Congress in the heyday of its power? There are many such now in the Congress, men who were tools of the British when they ruled, and are now loyalists of the Congress regime pampered by its bosses, men whose support is always for the wielders of power for the time being, and who symbolise in themselves the consolidated success of prolonged and consistent opportunism. Several of the stalwarts who sit in the State Legislature and in the Union Parliament now as Congress representatives belonged, in the period of British rule, to parties that fought the Congress tooth and nail. They have had the best of two opposite worlds, and their triumphant domination of the Congress now is at the expense of the really patriotic elements of the national organisation, who served it and suffered for it in its days of struggle and adversity, without thought of reward or return.

SRI PRAKASAM belongs to a category which is the very antithesis of the opportunists. In the matter of material success, he has had the worst of it in the British period and the post-British period. An uninterrupted strain of sacrifice has in his case linked these opposite worlds. Sri Prakasam left the Congress at a time when non-Congressmen and anti-Congressmen of earlier days, poured in, attracted by the material

advantages and political opportunities of association with it, and he left it for the sole reason that he was a better Congressman than those that stuck. He left because the Congress organisation had failed to live up to the Congress principles.

THE Congress spirit abided in Mahatma Gandhi even when he was not on the rolls of the organisation in the lowest rung of four-anna membership. In just the same manner, Sri Prakasam has carried the Congress spirit with him, through all the party changes that the turmoils of his soul drove him into, taking the Congress spirit into its right sense of devotion to freedom and social welfare. Among those who built power for the Congress in Andhra, and made the people Congress-minded, Sri Prakasam holds a place that is unsurpassed. His party affiliations do not correctly represent his historical position, which is that of a leader of the people, above all parties, commanding the respect of all denominations.

IF the democratic set-up has any reality, there should be no divergence between the popular vote and the legislature's vote in the choice of the leader to be called upon to rule. If the people of Andhra are to be called upon to determine who should be the Chief Minister of the State by direct vote, it is indisputable that they will elect Sri Prakasam and none other—Sri Sanjeeva Reddi would not have the ghost of a chance against him. If there is to be a stable Ministry in Andhra there should not be any difference between the popular choice and the legislature's choice for the Chief Minister. In certain States, it may be, there is nobody in so commanding a position as to be assured of the electorate's overwhelming preference as against other competitors, but in Andhra, Sri Prakasam is the towering popular hero with a unique, unassailable hold on the masses.

would be a political and constitutional impropriety if, over his head, some other aspirant is preferred for the post of Chief Minister. Andhra will not have a stable Government without Sri Prakasam as Chief Minister. This simple fact which every

common man in the State knows only too well, has not yet entered into the comprehension of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi. It is a sign that he is inhabiting a world of fantasy of his own, unrelated to practical realities.

SAKA

"Dasavatharam"

BY YESSARKAY

NAWAB RAJAMANICKAM and his troupe who enacted Sampurna Ramayanam for 166 days to Madras audiences have now produced Dasavatharam which was inaugurated on Wednesday last by Finance Minister Sri Subramaniam at Teynampet. The dramatic depiction of Dasavatharam, portraying the story of the ten Avatars of Maha Vishnu, has been the result of not merely great and painstaking efforts but has been inspired by a religious fervour, characteristic of Nawab Rajamanickam.

As a drama, the production provides excellent entertainment. There

are several scenes which embody great lessons. Light scenes, apparently provided to ease the tension have nevertheless been utilised to convey noble ideals. Eternal verities are embodied not merely in important scenes but are found scattered in light scenes also. The evils of the present day, sapping the Soul of Humanity are brought out vividly in the musical description of "Kali Kalam."

Dasavatharam is a great production and follows in the true traditions of Nawab Rajamanickam's achievements and is one of the gems of his great repertoire. It is bound to receive the unstinted approval and patronage of the discerning public.



INDIA'S ROLE IN THE KOREAN EPISODE

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

"We have steered clear, thanks to the leadership of our Prime Minister, of partisanship with the power blocs, and have been a peace factor in this world of conflicts. Events, however, have proved that no nation, particularly a large nation, can play a negative role."—V. K. Krishna Menon

THE events relating to Korea culminating in the conclusion of an armistice on 27th July, 1953 have abundantly shown that Sri Krishna Menon made no exaggerated claim when he alluded to the positive contribution made by India towards the solution of one of the major world problems, by staunchly adhering to her policy of 'non-alignment' with power blocs, despite the severe criticisms she had had to face from both the camps. For, it is not long ago that an observer from the West remarked that "India has been drawn away from the company of the free world" while comparatively recently China, with equal indignation, dubbed India as trying to "camouflage horrible American Policy". Perhaps, it is one of those inexplicable accidents of history which has made it possible for India to play a definite and positive role in the world arena notwithstanding her seemingly uncertain and negative approach to the world problems.

At the end of World War II in 1945, Japan surrendered Korea to the U. S. A. and Russia. This was, perhaps, the high price paid for Russia's last minute entry into the war against Japan! Both these powers tentatively agreed to divide the Peninsula and an imaginary line—the ill-fated 38th Parallel—running roughly across the heart of the peninsula, was chosen for this purpose. The Russian sponsored government controlled the northern zone while the U. S. A. retained control over Syngman Rhee's south Korea. Every attempt made since 1945 to achieve the unification of the whole peninsula under a single independent regime proved of no avail.

This was the situation till about the middle of 1950 when each of the two

antagonistic governments sponsored by the two rival world powers were just waiting to strike at the other at the opportune moment to bring about the unification of the peninsula which had so far defied solution through peaceful means. On June 25, 1950 the U. S. A. brought to the notice of the security council the aggression committed by North Korea in invading South Korea and within twenty-four hours, a resolution was passed authorising an enforcement action under Art. 42 of the Charter of the United Nations against North Korea and the member states were required to make available armed forces, assistance and facilities necessary for the purpose. India voted in favour of the resolution but was not in a position to send any armed forces but sent an ambulance unit.

MUCH of the savage blood-letting and miseries of a long drawn out war could have been avoided if the scope of the enforcement action taken on the principle of collective security had been even from the beginning, confined to pushing the aggressor behind the 38th Parallel, thus restoring the status quo prevailing before the June aggression. The then political situation and the suspicious and watchful attitude of the neighbouring Red China demanded such a course of action. India, who alone among the non-communist powers of the U. N. was in the unique position of being able to gauge the temper of Red China by virtue of the close diplomatic link which she continued to maintain with Peking, correctly visualised and warned the United Nations about the possible unfortunate repercussions that were likely to follow by Red China directly stepping in to assist her North Korean ally, should the U. N. command forces cross the 38th

Parallel. This counsel of moderation given by India as early as October 1950 so as to prevent the spread of the conflagration went unheeded.

EVEN subsequently, India repeated her warning about the imminent danger of direct Chinese intervention should General MacArthur pursue his drive to the Yalu River with his famous slogan of "Back to home for Christmas." It was again disregarded under the belief that India had been taken in by the bluffs of Red China. The small voice of India proved just a cry in the wilderness!

India's apprehensions were by no means imaginary; Red China did intervene in the Korean War, complicating the already existing confused situation. Communist China was not recognised by the U. S. A. and obviously in the existing circumstances coupled with the hostile American attitude she could not find admission to the United Nations. Added to this, the so-called "neutralisation" of Formosa by the American fleet was viewed with suspicion by communist China. India disapproved of this step and continued to plead in vain for a seat for Red China on the U. N. O. so as to put an end to the existing anomalous situation whereby the representative of the defunct Chiang government was allowed to usurp the rightful place of the authentic representative of Red China. For, in India's opinion, membership of the U. N. would have entailed on Red China certain responsibilities and also would have enabled her representatives to participate in the deliberations of the Assembly which would have greatly facilitated the conduct of direct negotiations. With no such responsibility devolving on her, Red China considered herself free to assist the aggressors without any let or hindrance. Here again India failed to find sympathetic response.

Even after all these snubs, India continued to persevere with her peace efforts. When the Chinese sent General Wu to Lake Success, it was India's Narasing Rau who played the leading role in the negotiation which, however, proved infructuous. Soon after this, when the U. N. was rushing to brand Red China aggressor and impose an economic blockade, India

eloquently expounded the consequences of taking such an unwise and hasty step but again her genuine arguments failed to carry conviction with that august body.

Truce talks began at Pan Mun Jon at the suggestion of Soviet Russia in June, 1951 but the negotiations drifted endlessly for a period of two years. For, the main obstacle to peace has been the question of prisoners of war. This vexed problem produced an impasse in world politics as both the contending parties could not agree on the interpretation of Article 118 of the Geneva convention of 1949 which postulates that all prisoners "shall be released and repatriated without delay after cessation of active hostilities." What was the position prior to 1949?

Till then the obligation to repatriate prisoners came into effect only on the signing of the peace treaty. This entailed great hardship in practice as usually considerable time elapsed between the cessation of hostilities and the signing of the peace treaty. To remedy this defect arising from the words "as soon as possible" found in Art. 75 of the 1929 convention, the words "without delay after cessation of active hostilities" were substituted in Art. 118 of the 1949 convention. During the discussion that preceded the adoption of the 1949 convention, the Australian delegate proposed an amendment to the effect that prisoners of War shall be entitled to apply for their transfer to another country which is ready to accept them. This was strongly objected to by the Soviet delegate who contended that during detention the prisoners may not be in a position to make a free choice and hence the option should not be given to them. In the end, the Australian amendment was rejected. Furthermore, Art. 7 of the 1949 convention postulates that the prisoners shall not renounce the rights secured to them by the convention.

RELYING on all these, the communists contended that there was an absolute duty on the part of the parties to forcibly repatriate the prisoners, if need be, even against their wishes. This was stoutly opposed by the U. S. A. who relied on the *princi-*

ple of voluntary (non-forcible) repatriation and they cited the example of Soviet Russia herself during the period 1918-1920 when she agreed to the exchange of only those prisoners "who themselves desire" to return to their country. With such a wide gulf separating the parties there seemed to emerge no compromise proposal acceptable to both sides. Neither the Mexican nor the U. N. proposals in this regard met with the approval of the communists. Likewise both the Polish as well as the Russian proposals were summarily rejected by the U. S. A.

It was in this context that member-nations looked to India to pull the U. N. out of the Korean morass. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Indian delegate, Sri Krishna Menon, India formulated a plan which envisaged the setting up of a neutral agency to whom both sides shall deliver all prisoners who shall be given an opportunity to decide about their own repatriation to be effected within a specified period. The Indian proposal embodying the words, "force shall not be used to prevent or effect their return" showed an honourable way out of the impasse. This resolution, which was passed by an overwhelming majority in the General Assembly in December, 1952, was, unfortunately, turned down by the communists.

Though the December resolution sponsored by India was rejected, the proposal later on brought forward by communist China herself was largely

based on the Indian resolution. Whatever it may be, it is gratifying to note that an agreement has at last been reached. This gratification is, however, mingled with the sad reflection that "what remains of Korea and the Koreans will once again return to the state of partition which was the basic cause of the war between the rival Korean Governments!"

THUS the Korean war which began in a far off nook of the world as a civil war and turned out to be one of the most devastating conflicts of history has come to an end after three years. India's patient labours have borne fruits. Of course, as said at the outset, India was a suspect in both the camps and her neutral voice was mistaken for a partisan cry. But, it is significant to note that today the great countries who have been fighting each other have invited India to shoulder the onerous task of the chairmanship of the neutral commission for the repatriation of prisoners. This is a fitting tribute to India's relentless pursuit for peace and a resounding victory for Nehru's policy of 'non-alignment'. The Indian people have reason to be proud of the role played by their Prime Minister in the whole Korean episode. As an independent world power and as a partner in the Commonwealth of Nations, geographically situated in the East yet historically in contact with the West, India is regarded as the sentinel guarding the world from plunging into War!

Man is a minute mote in the vastness of nature. He has only just begun, through science, to see the world for what it is, and to find large-scale ways of controlling it in his long-term interests. If only he will settle the sorry, shameful conflicts between groups of his own kind, he may then proceed to contests with nature which are really worthy of him. In these contests it is first necessary to know, and after that to take action.

The fields open for the scientists and technologists of the future are such as to challenge the most daring imagination. The mysteries of the ocean and of the earth's interior have only been glimpsed. On other levels, our paths of progress lead into the inner recesses of the atom nucleus and into the structure and dynamics of all-pervading space itself. There will be those who find new modes of combination of atoms, molecules, and higher categories, who invent and fashion fantastic new substances with marvellous properties. Energy in its varied forms must be grappled with, tamed, converted, and stored, and the sun's rays themselves must be artificially trapped and harnessed. Undoubtedly, too, men will succeed in leaving the earth and setting foot on other planets, and will establish outposts in interplanetary space. Yet even these conquests would only be the beginning of man's expansion in the cosmos.—H. J. Muller in "Will Science Continue" in *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

McCARTHYISM INVADES HARWELL

By ANDREW ROTH

THERE is a spectre haunting Harwell, where Britain's atom research station is set amongst the cherry orchards. It is the spectre of McCarthyism. It is not a British variety, but British cabinet fear of what American Senators will say about British security precautions.

Fear of what American Senators may say has been a prime consideration in the removal of two foreign-born scientists from top research positions at Harwell. One of them, mathematician Dr. Boris Davison, was removed from his post as a senior principal scientific officer at Harwell after 11 years in secret work, including helping to calculate the critical size of the atom bomb and the amount of energy likely to be released when it exploded. He also worked on a project for preparing U-235, the explosive form of uranium. The other scientist, whose name has not yet been disclosed, is a leading refugee chemist who has reached a top position in the scientific civil service.

The British security authorities emphasize that although these men have been repeatedly 'screened' and found to be blameless, they are no longer willing to take chances. Both of these scientists have relatives behind the Iron Curtain. Dr. Davison was born in Russia of a British father and Russian mother, both of whom remained in Russia after the Communist revolution. Dr. Davison decided to remain British and left the Soviet Union in the 'thirties. He is still in communication with his parents and, although he has been showing all his letters to and from his parents to M. I.-5, the British counter-intelligence and security organization, two nagging fears remain. One is that the Soviets might use threats to his parents to blackmail information out of him—along the lines of a recent TV serial. The other, more pressing, is that a "leak" from the F. B. I. to Senator

McCarthy or one of his colleagues might result in an attack on British security precautions. This, it is feared, might ruin negotiations to widen the interchange of atom secrets with America.

Since the inception of his Government, Sir Winston Churchill has pushed for a full exchange of information in line with the Churchill-Roosevelt agreement. It is reported that the American response has been that Washington's hands are tied by legislation. But it has been hinted that Britain's security regulations were too "lax" by American standards. Whenever British security officers complained against this attitude they were always conscious of the cases of Dr. Fuchs and Dr. Pontecorvo. Dr. Davison was a collaborator of Dr. Fuchs in the British atom project in Birmingham, beginning in 1942. He was a leading candidate in 1952 for the position of head of the theoretical physics division at Harwell—the post once held by Dr. Klaus Fuchs. He was rejected for this post on security grounds. He had been 'screened' again after Dr. Pontecorvo disappeared in 1950 and it had been decided to deny access to the most secret information, while retaining him at Harwell.

Shortly after the Churchill Government took over, with Lord Cherwell as atom overlord, a Cabinet meeting was held with Sir Percy Sillitoe, then head of M. I.5 in attendance. The Cabinet apparently decided that Dr. Davison, whose access to Most Secret documents was even then limited, was to be removed as soon as some suitable post was found for him. Apparently this decision was communicated to the U. S. atomic authorities but they did not press for his dismissal.

IT is presumably significant that this decision, made 18 months ago, was not executed until after the West

had conclusive proof that the Soviets had the hydrogen bomb. Sir Winston was understandably annoyed that the U. S. should still deny to Britain information that was obviously already in the hands of the Russians. But, before applying pressure to demand the fulfilment of the Roosevelt-Churchill agreement, it was decided apparently to remove any possible targets for U. S. criticism. Dr. Davison was banished

from Harwell "on a year's leave of absence." He has gone to Birmingham University to work with Dr. Rudolph Peierls, the ex-German scientist who worked with him and Dr. Fuchs in 1942 on the British atom project. He will be working there on Europe's biggest atom-smashing synchotron but it is not secret. Said a staff member; "Even Russian scientists have been invited to inspect."

SOCIALISM

By

K. S. SRINIVASAN

SOCIALISM seeks to subordinate the economic interests of the individual to those of the society of which he is a part. Under *laissez faire* each man is concerned only with his own economic interests and cares a hang for those of others. As a result of this individualistic attitude we find a few people enjoying economic prosperity while others, many or few, suffer great misfortune. Socialism is the reaction to this inequitable distribution of wealth brought about by each individual caring only for his own economic prosperity.

Since the result of *laissez faire* is pockets of wealth amidst comparative poverty, its reaction has ranged from some limitation of this disparity to complete subordination of the economic activities of individuals to those of the society—which is Socialism.

The economic prosperity of an individual depends either upon his inheritance or upon the exchange value of his services which latter is determined by a host of factors such as education, social connections, intelligence, talents and so on. It cannot be questioned that there are natural differences between individuals in respect of intelligence, capacity to learn, talents, originality, in short capacity to produce socially valuable commodities and services even though the differences are not so large as they seem today, what with environment and education having a large say in accentuating these differences.

The inequalities resulting from environment and education and inheritance will not be there in a properly constituted socialist society. But the problem of natural inequalities will remain and it has to be tackled intelligently. This problem will not be so serious as it at first appears, because by the changes in environment and by suitable changes in education and by the absence of differences in inheritances, an unselfish and social attitude to economic and even to other questions will have been built up. But the problem will remain in a mitigated form. By the successful solution of this problem, the health or the disease of a socialist society will be decided.

A world of virtuous people who care as much for others as for themselves will not have any serious economic problem of distribution. The problems of production and exchange will be the only serious ones which can be solved by intelligent planning and scientific research. Of course here we assume that virtue includes voluntary limitation on births to a number which can be easily justified by economic facts of production and efficiency. Also it includes not hankering for more and more material possessions and enjoyments. It implies a simplicity of life, a life devoted to cultural and intellectual and spiritual pursuits.

But it is idle or over-optimistic to expect that such will be the glory of socialism that it will lead to a miraculous transformation of the individual. The transformation can come only from individuals even under socialism. In fact socialism will have a more unfavourable moral effect.

mate to operate if a religious revival does take place or science opens our eyes to the existence of God or to the Kingdom of heaven or manages to produce a different type of human baby by artificial methods or if social scientists and psychologists tackle the greed, jealousy, pride, competitiveness and hate of individuals by psycho-somatic methods which lead to more selflessness such as characterises certain people of a missionary zeal who however depend only on persuasion for working their way into the hearts of men.

BARRING all these, the socialist society must deny adequate differences in economic rewards corresponding to differences in intelligence and capacities. Whether the gifted will care more for honour and service rather than for money and power cannot be so easily prophesied. If their attitude does not change, they will have to be compelled by the society as represented by the majority of the population to do with less than that.

Thus, if there is no transformation

of individual desires and ideals, a socialist society will not be such a harmonious business as some would like us to believe. The disharmony between individuals due to jealousy and pride will remain under any society which has individuals of the same nature. So every socialist should seek to practise and preach contentment with one's lot and not desire a lot more favourable than the average if not warranted by the need for efficiency in his work. Education will seek to instil a spirit of contentment and service. It will be more co-operative and less competitive. It will not encourage the intelligent and discourage the dull but rather emphasise the need for mutual aid and co-operation. It will turn men's minds away from material and egotistic pursuits to cultural, intellectual and spiritual pursuits for their own sake. It will inculcate habits of selfless service even in young men. It will above all create a healthy contempt for the selfishly ambitious pursuing man, however intelligent and good he may otherwise be.

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STOCKISTS ALL OVER INDIA

ADIVI BAPI RAJU

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

IT is nearly a year since Sri Adivi Bapi Raju, the Premier Artist of Andhra passed away at a comparatively early age of fifty-seven. On September 24, the first anniversary of his death, it is meet to recall his life and work. There cannot be two opinions about his valuable contributions to Telugu Literature, Indian art and culture.

He belonged to a respectable middle-class family and experienced the inevitable ups and downs in his fortunes. Along with property, he inherited unending and expensive litigation too. But his radiant spirit refused to be curbed in spite of a totally uncongenial atmosphere. Want, misery, and worry were his constant companions and being so he lost his dread of them.

Principal Oswald Couldrey of the Government Arts College, Rajahmundry, who was himself an accomplished artist and a great connoisseur discovered the latent genius in young Bapi Raju, who was then a student in that college. It was under the inspiration of Couldrey that Bapi Raju took to poetry and painting.

After graduation Bapi Raju in answer to the clarion call of Mahatma Gandhi plunged into the non-cooperation movement in 1921 and worked incessantly in his native town of Bhimavaram and led the No-Tax campaign which immediately raised the status of Bhimavaram to that of Bardoli in the estimation of Gandhiji. The result was Bapi Raju was sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment. After his release, he began to learn regularly, Art under Babu Pramod Kumar Chatterjee who was then on the staff of the Andhra Jateeya Kalasala (National College) at Masulipatam, an institution founded in the wake of the Vande-mataram movement of 1906 by the late Mr. Kopalle Hanumantha Rao and Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya—who is still happily in our midst—to foster and promote national education, indigenous arts and crafts. Bapi

Raju became principal of that very same institution a decade later.

Besides being the premier painter of Andhra whose productions were classed as the best by the acknowledged connoisseurs, he was also a poet and a singer with a fine taste for dancing. In intellectual animation, versatility and resourcefulness there were few to equal and none to surpass him. Some of his best stories and poems were translated into Kannada by Sri Masti Venkatesa Iyengar of Bangalore. As a short story writer he was a class by himself. It was as a novelist, however, that Bapi Raju gained recognition and his novel *Narayana Rao* won the prize offered by the Andhra University.

While engaged thus in literary and artistic pursuits, he felt the necessity for a vocation and took to law and practised for over four years at Bhimavaram. But he was out of his element in the profession and so left it for good. Later he established 'Kalapeetham' in Guntur and trained a number of young enthusiasts interested in the various branches of art. Earlier, he assisted Sri K. Ramakotiswara Rao, an idealist who staked his all in the cause of culture, art and literature in editing *Triveni*, at present running as a Quarterly. Born in Madras about twenty-five years ago *Triveni* migrated to Bangalore during the war period and eventually returned to Masulipatam, from where it is now published.

BAPI RAJU was invited to edit *Meejan* a Telugu daily in Hyderabad. When he found that the management of the paper was in sympathy with the Razakar movement he resigned the job that furnished him with the creature comforts of life. It was a great struggle for him but his courage never failed him. The film industry also utilized his talents. He was the Art Director for *Bhakta Meera Bai*.

The Government of Madras deputed him to Ceylon to copy the fres-

coes in the historical caves of that island. He was also appointed as Adviser to the Vijayawada Station of the All India Radio. He was a respected member of the Indian P. E. N. Centre.

Bapi Raju reigned supreme in the cultural life of Andhra with regal dignity and simplicity. In the vast majority of persons that come to the limelight reputation and worth rarely co-exist. But in his case it can be said without any fear of contradiction that they vied with each other for supremacy. He had a far-range vision, a keen perception, a rare balance of judgment. His attitude was winsomely impersonal. Our cultural traditions and national genius were completely summed up and expressed in him. The tremendous upsurge of art and thought in Andhra is in no small measure the result of his labours. With his Italian cast of features he looked like a Renaissance prince or prelate.

He was frank to a fault and unsophisticated like a child. Window-dressing was foreign to his nature. Still his intrinsic worth was rightly recognised throughout Andhra. Kavisamrat Viswanadha Satyanarayana the foremost scholar and writer in Andhra significantly observed that whatever Bapi Raju drew and sang became art and poetry. His presence would have been very useful and

helpful at this juncture when what is needed is a reorientation of values, a regrouping of our concepts and a spiritualisation of our ideas and endeavours. His demise, admittedly a deep calamity, has created a void which cannot be filled for years to come. A couple of years ago the elite of Andhra performed 'Kanakabhishekam' in his honour. He was *bonhomie* with one and all. He was popularly called Bapi Bava (Brother-in-law). Not only by courtesy but in reality he became a brother-in-law to me, by the matrimonial alliance of his niece (Sister's daughter) with my nephew (Sister's son). Even long prior to this alliance he used to address my father as 'Mamayya' (father-in-law).

I HAD very strongly wished and urged him to adopt English too as his medium of expression to reach a wider public. My persuasions were futile. His works (some of which are unpublished) deserve to be translated into the principal Indian languages. The best and most appropriate tribute that can possibly be paid to his memory would be to continue his mission by instituting a professional chair for Fine Arts, preferably in the Andhra University. While others too may sympathise and extend a helping hand, it is primarily the duty of the Andhras in the new set-up.

TWO LEAVES AND A BUD

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

NEVER was there a better opportunity and a better atmosphere for the solution of the Indo-Ceylon problem, said Ceylon's Food Minister, Oliver Goonetilleke, in Madras last week. Before two years are over, added Ceylon's Premier in Colombo, all the citizenship applications of people of Indian origin, will be disposed of. Two leaves and a bud, they say, make a good tea. Two years and a promise? What does it make?

It is nobody's fault that the future of Indo-Ceylon relations is generally unpredictable. Optimists who predict an immediate solution, have often found the victims of a policy of reversal cursing them. It is, on the other hand, equally wrong to be always pessimistic, for the simple reason that there is a continuous but slow influence working for good. The solution will come unexpectedly, for events move too fast for anybody.

One can make a case for high hopes from the pronouncements of the Ceylon Ministers. There is, in addition, the oft repeated statement of Ceylon's Premier, that he would like to meet Nehru early in October as soon as he is partly free from his governmental worries. Again the judgement of the Ceylon Supreme Court in favour of an Indian applicant for citizenship, makes it possible for at least 20,000 Indian residents to feel hopeful about their citizenship. Under the Ceylon Exchange Control Regulations, an Indian had to declare that he was a temporary resident, to be able to remit money to India. Under this condition, many Indians born or long resident in Ceylon—and who had applied for citizenship of Ceylon—had made this declaration to remit money to their dependents in India. The Ceylon Ministers, in particular, the late D. J. Senanayake and the Finance Minister Jayewardane, had more than once declared categorically that Indians in Ceylon cannot have it both ways. If they remit money to

India they cannot have citizenship—and if they want to be citizens they cannot remit money to India. Protests made against this had failed absolutely. The case of these people had been given up as hopeless by the Indian High Commissioner's Office, for two successive acting incumbents in that office had declared so to me, and even went so far as to say that the Ceylon Indian Congress had not been sufficiently watchful in the matter. Against this background, the recent decision of the Supreme Court is definitely a major victory. An applicant whose application was rejected on the only ground that he had declared himself a temporary resident, to remit money to India, has now won his case. The Ceylon Government has signified its willingness to abide by this decision.

Lastly, there has been a major improvement in the relations between the Ceylon Indian Congress and the Government of Ceylon. The Congress's keeping out of the token strike of 12th August, did save the estate areas from confusion and hooliganism. The Government seems to have appreciated the gesture, and secondly, the Government itself is in no position to look down on the Ceylon Indian Congress as not worth consideration.

ON the other hand, the political situation is rather tricky in another way. The Government through its blunders and belated economy measures has become definitely unpopular. The opposition parties, instead of agreeing on a common programme, are even now divided against themselves. The Ceylon Indian Congress however took the safe step of condemning the measures of the Government, but not being a party to the token strike and the resultant confusion.

Another favourable factor in the situation is that neither the governmental chauvinists nor those outside

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have been able to turn popular feeling into racial channels. It is true that a few fanatics have sent out strongly worded letters and pamphlets against Indians. But in general, the tone of the country is such that the anti-Indian note, if struck, is likely to be interpreted only as a coverage for personal failures. The Leader of the House, Sir John Kotelawala, started saying that the question of Indian passports was more important than the rice subsidy, but even the Government party-men ignored him. Even Sir John is reported to have declared in Cairo in 1949 that Ceylon would rather join Pakistan, since India bullies Ceylon. But he phoned up the Indian Embassy frantically, when detained due to confusion, in the same Cairo, on his way to the Coronation. The Premier of Ceylon however has been very careful in his choice of words and has tried to refrain from wounding Indian susceptibilities.

EVEN by the colonial-minded circles of Ceylon, the unmistakable trend of events is not ignored. Little things, like the way the Premier of Ceylon was casually treated in the assignment of a carriage at the Coronation, the respect with which Churchill treats Nehru, the blunders of American diplomacy, all these have left a deep impression on their minds—though a minority seems to look up to Pakistan, as a possible counterblast to India in a game of diplomacy in which little Ceylon will hold the scales even! Not many take this seriously. The truth is dawning on many, that, Nehru is the last bulwark in India against a flood of chauvinism and militarism, and to put on the garb of Jack the Giant-killer in his presence is to look worse than clownish. Even imaginative columnists who speak of the multiplying problems of India and the 'achievements' of Pakistan, and glib politicians who would like to include Jinnah and Liaquat in the Buddhist pantheon,

are waking up to the fact that in India things are not as bad as they seem, and in Pakistan, things do not seem as bad as they are. A large number of people are sensible enough to realize that the man who begins to explode against India or Indians has a fault to hide or a disgrace to cover up.

FOR once in recent times, the Indian High Commissioner's Office in Ceylon behaved with consummate tact and promptness. When the Government of Ceylon went about deporting the Indian fishermen in Mannar, the Indian High Commissioner told them at once that nobody could be landed on Indian soil without an Indian passport from the Indian High Commission. To this they stuck and the Ceylon emigration authorities at last saw their way to co-operate with the Indian High Commission. Explosive editorials were quickly ignored by the Ceylon Government. The politeness and firmness with which the matter was handled, has had its effect on the Ceylon Government.

There are of course some rather difficult hurdles. In spite of repeated assurances by the Premier and External Affairs Secretary of Ceylon, the increased staff necessary to deal with the citizenship applications has not been forthcoming. Secondly, whatever be the changes in international relations, and whatever be the Supreme Court decisions, official attitudes change very slowly indeed. Lastly, there is the waywardness of the political climate of Ceylon, changing unpredictably. But against this must be set the slow, often very slow, but definite realization that Indian residents in Ceylon are not a problem but an asset, and that Indian friendship is worth grasping while it is offered voluntarily. The Ceylon Indian Congress has realized that political alignment on a language or racial basis is suicidal, and the Government of Ceylon is well aware of this change.

If I knew some scheme which was advantageous to myself but hurtful to my kindred, I would banish it from my mind. If I knew some scheme which was advantageous to my kindred but hurtful to my country, I would try to forget it. If I knew what of the advantage to my country, but hurtful to Europe and the human race, I should regard it as a crime.—Montesquieu

A NATIONAL CALAMITY

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE cost of relief and rehabilitation aid to the people affected by the recent Godavari floods is estimated by the Government of Madras to exceed six crores of rupees. The Union Government is expected to foot part of the bill. Repairs to damage done to the anicut and irrigation system including the protective banks would be costing some additional crores. Philanthropists all over India are appealed to come to the rescue of the victims of this calamity and donations are coming forth in thousands from all over the country. Venerable gentlemen in the highest and most responsible positions in the country are risking their joints and muscles in spurring them to an activity they have long got unused to, in staging a cricket match to collect funds for the benefit of the flood victims. The flood havoc has assumed a national stature and significance. This is all most comforting to the stricken people and they feel grateful for the same.

But, the responsible citizen, the tax-payer, while he does not grudge the relief work and its cost feels rather worried over the disaster and the future of the nation. These disasters drain our finances considerably and to that extent the nation is poorer to implement its constructive programmes. At a time when we are straining our resources to the limit to finance an ambitious plan to quickly improve our national wealth and living standards these calamities are most unwelcome breaks to our progress. One wonders why Nature should make a special target of us and visit us with all these calamities in quick succession. In this part of the country alone, we had the disaster of the Krishna anicut last year and these floods this year. Are all these unpreventable natural calamities? Or can there be something that we can do about them? This question worries the common citizen and an answer to it

is of vital importance to the progress of the nation.

The Godavari flood is not a natural calamity like an earthquake or a cyclone against which man has no protection. The whole concept of the anicut and irrigation system below it, is based on our engineering skill to control and command the river to our use. The problem that floods would give rise to are fully recognised and provided for. There is a river conservancy division of the P. W. D. whose sole purpose and work is to study the floods and their effects and prepare against the possible dangers they give rise to. The strength and effectiveness of the protective banks are to be constantly watched and maintained at a standard of safety. The conservancy department is expected to be prepared against about four feet of flood higher than the previous recorded maximum flood level. The Madras P. W. D. G. O. No. 1768 I of 13th July 1931 with regard to flood duty, gives comprehensive detailed instructions to meet the dangers of flood and expects the concerned P. W. D. and Revenue officials to give top-most emergency priority to flood duty and assert their powers to requisition or commandeer civilian labour and material wherever it is found necessary to do so, to meet a dangerous flood situation. During nearly a century since the anicut was built there had been high floods from time to time, but never a calamity like this. Indeed, with the experience gained during all these years in flood work the Madras engineers have acquired a nation-wide reputation for their conservancy and irrigation expertness. However, now with the flood rising only about two feet over the previous maximum flood level in 1942, the whole protective system on the eastern side of the river crumbled down and the river ran riot washing down every thing; towns, villages and crops that came in its way leaving the country desolate.

people destitute and the Government anxious and worried. Anxious to help but worried over finance. It is hard to believe that all this destruction and expense are inevitable and beyond the resources of the Government in men and material to have prevented them. It would not be fair to the tax-payer or the Government itself to accept this and similar disasters as unpreventable natural calamities before a searching enquiry is made into the efficient functioning of the concerned officers and they are found not guilty of irresponsibility or inefficiency. Any officers found guilty of these defects should be dealt with, as a menace to the nation and its progress.

THE affected people are not interested in knowing how, way, or by whose fault they became victims of the calamity. They are interested only in their rehabilitation. But a Government with an ambitious plan for the progress of the nation should be very much interested in the quality and capacity of their men, to implement their plan and maintain the benefits thereof. A major feature of this plan is to harness many of our rivers and utilize their hydraulic power for agricultural and industrial purposes. But rivers cannot be harnessed without dangerous consequences. If our services are not competent and reliable to protect us from these consequences we are more likely to suffer disasters than be benefitted by our constructive works. That is the lesson of this disaster to us. In the light of this lesson we should strain our energies to do everything, administrative as well as political, to see that inefficient and irresponsible elements have no place in our national services.

The best armour of old age is an early life well spent in the practice and exercise of virtuous deeds. For when you are advanced in years your previous good actions bring a great reward, seeing that your habits of virtue still abide with you even in extreme old age. Moreover, the consciousness of a well-spent life and the memory of many kind actions is in itself a very sweet consolation.

To detract anything from another, and for one man to multiply his own conveniences by the inconveniences of another, is more against nature than death, than poverty, than pain, and the other things which can befall the body, or external circumstances.—Cicero

The efficiency and integrity of our national services is a matter of the greatest importance to all and it cannot be a matter of political controversy. The demoralising effect on our services of interference by politicians in their work and administration has been recognised for some time now. The Secretary of the National Congress has even recently warned its politicians against such interference. It is most unfortunate that our politics, particularly in South India, are governed more by linguistic, regional and caste interests than by national interests. The same interests govern our policy with regard to our services as well. In recruiting the personnel for our services, in promotions and even in assessing efficiency and responsibility, these political interests exert an overwhelming influence to the detriment of the interests of the nation. In an attempt to improve the lot of the "backward classes", a term very vaguely defined, they are allowed preferential and sub-standard qualifications for recruitment into services and promotions therein. Noble as the objective is, the means is suicidal to the interests of the nation. We cannot allow our services to be lacking in efficiency and integrity for the sake of political, selfish and fissiparous sentiments. If we are to develop as a strong and integrated nation with a self-sufficient strong economy and a decent standard of life, according to our plan, it is imperative that we have a cadre of services, to man at least the key and responsible positions, recruited on the basis purely of merit and protected from political influences and interference.

TWO OR THREE WAYS

She certainly looked distraught. Surely there must have happened something distressing that had perturbed her so much What was she writing?

Oh, dear, can it be that!

SHE was a tall, comely woman with a generous proportion. Her inquisitive head which was just beginning to push out through her hair, (perhaps the most lamentable mishap that can descend on feminine beauty), proclaimed that she must have crept past her prime. Her hair was uncombed and a long wisp of silver strand came looping down and dangled loosely on her forehead. Her blouse was baggy, her face pinched with a peaky nose.

A few paces away from me on the sands of the beach, she was sitting all alone, her dreamy eyes gazing vacantly at the sea beyond — perhaps deeply engrossed in her own thoughts. At intervals she scribbled something on a little pad, she had with her. Her large bony fist packed all over with knuckles kept punching her lap.

Pool old bird! She certainly looked distraught. Surely there must have happened something distressing that had perturbed her so much. Was it a romance in middle age, (which has become so common of late, perhaps the fashion), about which she never told anybody or was it perhaps some domestic trouble that had thus upset her? I watched her intently for quarter of an hour nearly, but she kept on repeating the same movements, punching her lap, gazing at the space and the sea, and scribbling furiously. What was she writing? Oh, dear, can it be that! Despair can goad a woman to do anything. The burden of her sorrow is perhaps urging her to write her last letter stating that she was fed up with life. Good Lord! I must prevent that happening; I, a social worker from

the Tata School will reclaim this 'derelict.' Maybe it was to test my capacity as a social worker that this situation had arisen. So, help me God!

I hurried to her with the grim determination to talk, argue and dissuade her from taking such a rash course.

"Tell me," I began, sitting down by her side, "pray tell me why you are gazing at the void and please what are you writing?"

Her eyes flashing scorn surveyed me for a brief second, while she snapped, "Go away, please, will you, and don't disturb me."

Nothing deterred, I drew closer to her and patting her gently on the shoulders with an affectionate air said:—

"Sweet friend, I do think you are in trouble. How can I help you?"

SHE raised her head, an amused smile curling her lips while she stared at me curiously. "I don't follow what you are driving at," she said, laying her pencil down; "anyway, let me see now. However clever or experienced one might be, one feels sometimes, that another's help is needed badly. Now then, do you consider that a woman who has had sorrows piled on her, who had never once known the glory of joy, can still manage to live on this earth, when a last cruel stroke of fate had swept away her last shred of hope?"

"Please be more explicit, will you?" I requested, "but believe me, I will always present a brave face and a stout heart, whatever misfortunes may beset me!"

"It is all very well for you to say that, but do try and be realistic, for

SHORT STORY

By

V. S. SHANTHALAKSHMI

a moment. Imagine yourself, in the position of one who from the instant she comes into the world tastes nothing but the bitter fruits of the tree of life. Her mother dies when she is born. Her father marries again, a shrew this time, who makes her stepdaughter's life a hell—." Here she stopped as if gaining time to recollect. "Her father is unable to alleviate her distress. At twelve she is sent to a nearby town to be a kitchenmaid in a big household. A dreadful place that, the cook, a cruel woman gets the maximum amount of work from this little girl, whose letters are censored and who is never allowed to step out of the house. When she is fifteen the master of the house is transferred to Delhi and so she has to go as 'help' to a woman dealing in *appalams* and pickles. After about two years, her step-mother begins to contemplate her marriage and finally marries her off to a hexagenarian, realising a fat sum in transaction."

SHE lapsed into silence again; perhaps sorrowful memories rose as a hard lump and choked her throat! Overwhelmed with pity, I coughed twice, encouragingly touched her on the arm and said, "Yes?"

"Well," she resumed, as if quickly regaining her self-control and poise, "her married life is not less wretched. She gets ten little ones but only four of them survive. Her house with sickness and poverty is nothing more than an infirmary, you might say. And when the children are all young, her husband develops consumption from which he never recovers. Then the grim, great struggle begins! She has to rear the little ones and keep herself to herself. Oh, dear me, how terrible it has been! Just when they are old enough to support the family, her eldest son Lakshmanan finds studies highly detrimental to his self-development but picking others' pockets a more congenial and profitable pastime. One fine day when their good neighbour gave a police complaint that his purse containing one hundred rupees and a pocket gold watch were found missing, Lakshmanan disappears mysteriously and that is the last she hears of him. Her younger son joins the war and goes

to a distant land, she knows not where, and remittances are received regularly for a while and then stop suddenly. Leelu, the youngest daughter, is the only bird in the nest. After a great deal of effort she manages to get her married to a decent young man."

"Thank God! this is some consolation indeed! After all!" I burst out.

"Oh, wait," she resumed her narrative: "Leelu lives quite happily for about two years. Then as if surfeit with it, she departs, leaving her a grandson, her darling Ganesh to be her fountain of joy even after!"

"What a pity!" I cried, genuinely moved.

"Ganesh is her only solace left, her last ray of hope. When she returns from her hard day's work there is the little child anxiously awaiting her arrival, ready to fly into her arms. She would often put him on her lap and ask him fondly, 'Whose boy are you, darling?' and with a shy smile he would lisp, 'I'm Granny's boy,' which made her swell with pride and joy."

"I am glad that at least her last days are tolerably happy," said I, heaving a sigh of relief.

"No, nothing of the kind," she protested. "There is still a blow to come. On a sad day darling Ganesh takes ill with bronchitis and his little heart stops beating for ever!"

"How sad!"

"Yes, she loses her Ganesh too! No, she cannot think about it. She has had too much in her life to bear. She has endured everything bravely, never once has she been seen to cry, never by a living soul. She has always kept a proud face. Yes, her misery transcends description, so terrible it is that she is dazed by the horror of it all. Now, tell me, suppose it had been you, what would you have done? The only logical conclusion is to put a millstone round your neck and throw yourself into the Bay of Bengal."

"NO, dear! That is the wrong way to go about it." I began in a grandiose manner, with the solemnity of a seasoned social servant. Some are lucky and draw the lion's share of the pleasures of life. Some have it

the other way round. It all depends on one's Karma. You may call it Cause and Effect, if you please. As you sow, so you reap, so there is no point in finding fault with your Maker. One must brave it out and not drift into the escapist attitude and like a coward think of ending one's life. Well, even if one should, what guarantee is there that the next *janma* will be any the better. Again, you know very well, that those who put an end to their lives before their normal span had expired, must wander on the earth, as spirits, wretched and forlorn, till their time is out. So instead of indulging in these miserable thoughts, I suggest you turn your energy to a fruitful source,—welfare work. One has to be a social worker to realise the pleasures derived by serving the lowly, the down-trodden and the depressed. It is adorable and I feel sure it will be a glorious change in your life. A social worker myself, I shall feel privileged, if you please, to take you to my Secretary and get you enrolled . . ."

"Good heavens!" she hastily interposed, bursting into peals of laughter, meanwhile. "What are you blabbering, my girl! Do you fancy it was me I was talking about all the time. Sure, you have not recognised me. I am Mrs. Malini who contributes regularly to *The Girls' Own*, *Women's Weekly*, *Ajanta Houries* and other women's weeklies, under the pseudonym 'Mrs. Sibyl.' I am now on a short story, have almost come to the end of it. I have two or three ways of ending it. I can make her commit *felo de se*—you know what that means—in plain English, suicide, or I can make her mad and allow her to vanish and mingle with the darkness on a stormy night, or make her put a brave face and live the rest of her time as a staff nurse in a Hospital, or a social worker, as you suggest. I could not make up my mind which of these best suited 'The End.'"

WITH a foolish, helpless grin broadening on my features I began apologising profusely.

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NEW BOOKS

GEORGE ORWELL

By Tom Hopkinson

Published for the British Council & the National Book League
By Longmans, Green & Co., 6 & 7 Clifford Street, London W 1
Two Shillings net

AUTHOR of some first-rate literary criticism, of five novels, of a parable which in its power and piercing directness is assured of permanence in the world's satirical writings, of autobiographical reminiscences that have value as social docu-



Orwell

ments of a most painful time, of pamphlets and journalistic reportage touching the level of literature, it is not singly or by all of these that George Orwell's title to recognition rests: he was a "litterateur of social revolt" who had grown to his maturity between the two wars, a political moralist, "his politics springing out of his moral view of man,"—not a comforting view—"one of those for whom the misery of the world was misery and would not let him rest." His real name was Eric Arthur Blair; he was born at Motihari in Bengal in 1903, of Scottish parents, and having a prejudice against the Scots and wanting to be English took the nom-

de plume George Orwell, for "what could be more English in the best patriotic sense than 'George'?"—and Orwell being the name of the English river on whose banks he had lived for some time. His father was a minor official in the Bengal Service and retired on a small pension when he, an only son, was a few years old. He had two sisters, one older and the other younger to him. When he was eight his family came to England and he went to board at a fashionable preparatory school on the south coast. At thirteen he won a scholarship to Eton—winning two he chose Eton—and was here from 1917-21, liking its atmosphere which was genuinely upper-class. But it irritated him, later, to be called an upper-class rebel; in *The Road to Wigan Pier* he writes of the Blair family:—

"I was born into what you may describe as the lower-upper-middle class. The upper-middle class, which had its heyday in the 'eighties and 'nineties, with Kipling as its poet laureate, was a sort of mound of wreckage left behind when the tide of Victorian prosperity receded. Or perhaps it would be better to change the metaphor and describe it not as a mound but a layer—the layer of society lying between £2,000 and £3,000 a year: my own family was not far from the bottom."

In 1922, when he was not quite twenty, he took a post in the Indian Imperial Police and came out to Burma. But he hated to wield authority, to be part of an oppressive system. In *Shooting an Elephant*, an autobiographical essay, he expresses himself thus:—

"Theoretically—and secretly, of course—I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups; the grey

cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos—all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the Empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in 'saecula saeculorum' upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts."

How would Orwell have reacted to Winston Churchill's statement, when India intensified her freedom struggle, that he (Churchill) was not His Majesty's Prime Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British empire? Would he still have desired to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts after being down and out in Paris and London, after his direct contact with the English industrial working class and his knowledge of the hatred the British middle-class felt for it? British imperialism was bad, the later totalitarian regimes he found to be harrowing beyond all imagination.

A true liberal, a socialist to whom there could be no interval between belief and action and who fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War, Orwell for all his sympathy for humanity had no love for his fellow men—to love them was to confine himself in a creed and his political convictions were too strong for that; to him socialism meant justice and common decency and in its implications as far as the worker was concerned was anti-Marxian, but "what he never realized was that, live as he might, he never could have become absorbed in the working class; his pre-occupation (so evident in his earlier novels) with the sordid details of the lower class domestic life was a romantic fiction." He has given a clue to his own character in



Hopkinson

his admirable essay on Dickens whom he sums up thus:—

"He is laughing with a touch of anger in his laughter, but no triumph, no malignity. It is the face of a man who is always fighting against something, but who also fights in the open and is not frightened, the face of a man who is 'generously angry'—in other words, of a nineteenth century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending our souls."

THE British Council Pamphlet *George Orwell* is a simple, straightforward introduction to the author and his works. It is written by Tom Hopkinson who is well known as an editor (of *Clarion*, the *Weekly Illustrated*, *Picture Post*, and *Lilliput*), broadcaster, novelist, and short story writer. To what extent did George Orwell influence the thoughts of his contemporaries? What were his idiosyncrasies as a man? Mr. Hopkinson appraises all George Orwell's novels: *Burmese Days* (1934), *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935), *Keep the Aspidochelone* (1936), *Coming Up for Air* (1939), *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949)—"that nightmare picture of life in England as it might be a generation hence;"—he is of the opinion that Orwell would not have been a novelist "if the novel had not happened to be the prevailing literary form during the twenty years when he was writing;" his essays (two volumes, *Critical Essays* (1946) and *Shooting an Elephant* (1950)—posthumously published); the autobiographical pieces *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933) and *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937); and that masterpiece of historical reporting *Homage to Catalonia* (1938) produced by the Spanish Civil War; but he is

very cautious in his appraisal, joining too, only in the general chorus of praise of *Animal Farm* (1945), that brilliant and profound interpretation "of the Russian revolution in terms of the farmyard." Mr. Hopkinson does not invite the reader to collaborate with him in a courageous understanding of Orwell in his works; the agony of the man in the contradictoriness of life felt in his integrity as a writer he fails utterly to evoke; he seems to have been content with a flat, official reporting. Orwell no doubt was reticent in matters relating to his personal life; he was a man of deep feelings, with "an almost oriental capacity for hiding his emotions,"—a critic has said about him. 'A Writer's Life' by T. R. Fyvel based on his personal contact with Orwell for over a decade that appeared in the Special George Orwell Number of *World Review* for June 1950 and 'Some are More Equal than Others' by John Morris who was Orwell's colleague as talks producer in the BBC Eastern Service, published in *Penguin New Writing, No. 40* gave me much more of Orwell—the essential Orwell—than Mr. Hopkinson's little study purports to convey. It is a guide in a hurry but a reliable one and no more.

To repeat his assessment of Dickens which was true of him: Orwell was a man *generously angry*, a twentieth century liberal, a free intelligence, an artist who subdued his artistry to the rigours of asceticism; master of a prose, direct, quick, vigorous, unadorned, as uncompromising as his conscience which "preserved as an impeccable love of truth." Had the times in which he lived been less difficult, less painful, he with his wide interests and varied gifts to serve them would have been a creative artist of the purest ray, of the highest magnitude. And though he lost hope and so failed to be a prophet for his time he did not surrender the course of his daimon to the cult of gangsterism and brutality in the unhinged age of the machine. That was Orwell's tragedy as well as his glory. Three years are too short a period—he died on January 23, 1950—in which to attempt a detailed life of Orwell and an unclouded cri-

tical evaluation of his works. There are his Notebooks awaiting publication, perhaps letters too; a writer of his calibre, it is nothing uncommon, should have violent detractors and equally violent admirers. Till such a well-documented study appears one should be hospitable to Mr. Hopkinson for his slender little volume and allow it a welcome place in one's shelf.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

An American Dream Girl

By James T. Farrell

A Signet Book

The New American Library, N. Y.
25 Cents

ONE of the outstanding writers of realistic fiction in America today is James T. Farrell who shot into fame with his novel of life in his native Chicago, *Young Lonigan*, first volume in the now celebrated trilogy, the other two comprising it being *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*, and *Judgment Day*. Farrell is also a literary critic of distinction, and in the field of short fiction his is an household name. A masterly drawer of character he brings to bear on his scenes the same intensity and brevity: a room in a palatial building, a city street, the speech of the ordinary people, the very turn of their ideas, their day-to-day routine are all done with such ease and vivid colouring as would lead one to doubt of some subtle legerdemain where only genuineness exists.

An American Dream Girl brings together—itsself included—twenty-one stories which represent Farrell for the variety of his themes as well as for his authentic qualities. They constitute a charming, original gesture of a dexterous craftsman and a sharp, sympathetic observer of human life in all its strength and frailties, veracity and vanities. They range in scene "from Chicago and New York to Paris, and in feeling from acid satire and wry comedy to compelling tragedy." Most impressive among the collection are the title story, 'A Day at the Zoo,' 'The Fastest Runner of Sixty-First Street,' 'Summer Tryout,' 'The Martyr,' 'Love Affair in Paris,' and 'Literary Love.'

In the last-mentioned story the character of Martha the divorcee who repels the indecent advances of an irrepressible pursuer is unforgettable. The pursuer is a literary person, ego-centric, vain, wholly detestable, and Farrell's ridicule is turned full blast on him,—the poor idiot deluding himself as a genius and in the role of a great artist mouthing clichés and spewing staleness that would have turned a tenth-rate hodman pale with shame. Here is the account of the assault:—

She drew back.

"I told you. I don't feel that way about you!"

"You don't want to be worthy, even to understand Melville," he said in an angry tone of voice.

"What do you mean?"

He grabbed her, and they tussled on the couch. He sought her lips.

"Let me go," she cried.

He tried to press his weight on top of her.

"Let me go!"

"I will make you worthy of understanding Melville. Kiss me," he said, breathing jerkily.

"Let me go!"

He bore down on her, kissed her again.

She turned aside, and he kissed her cheek.

"Let me go!"

"Let me make you worthy."

"Get off me."

"Don't make a serious mistake. Let me . . ."

"I'll bite you. Let me go. Let me go."

She managed to squirm free. She jumped up. Her hair was disheveled and there was a bruise on her arm.

He doesn't leave her, and she bites his tongue, and blood spurting from his mouth he rushes out of the apartment. The tumult dies, all is quiet again. The woman had reached a turning point in her life. She must engage herself in doing some useful work. Her past was dead and buried. Farrell ends on a note of hope and resignation, in beautiful, swift contrast to the vulgarity and obscene hurlyburly that the incident is instinct with. To read Farrell is an exciting experience; and the reading raises pleasant reverberations in the memory long after one has parted from his characters in their lonely or gregarious setting.

MITRA

Thomas Jefferson On Democracy
Selected and Arranged with an Introduction

By Saul K. Padover

A Mentor Book

The New American Library, N. Y.
35 cents

THOMAS JEFFERSON has been described as the St. Paul of American Democracy. With Washington and Lincoln he makes up the immortal trinity of the architects of American democracy. He combined in himself a felicity of expression and a capacity for shrewd observation which gave a life, verve and vivacity to his writings unsurpassed by any other American statesman. He was a poor platform speaker and so we have to turn to his writings for his views on various subjects that agitated the minds of his generation. The author of the Declaration of Independence was a passionate hater of every form of tyranny and oppression and he had an unshakeable faith in the people. He says: "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." As in the case of many statesmen Jefferson was a prolific letter writer; he wrote nearly 25,000 letters. Mr. Padover, the author of a biography of Jefferson, has now collected and edited his letters and arranged them under comprehensive headings.

V. V. S.

THE TRYST

(A Folk Song)

BY the row of trees I sit,
time passes, the fireflies flit,
still you do not come

Beloved, my Beloved!

Your beauty like a peal of bells
in my ears silently swells
as seas in a shell,

Beloved, my Beloved!

With your glance you stirred my desire

into a devouring fire,

and burnt all my wit,

Beloved, my Beloved!

Within me my heart doth weep,
my days are nights bereft of sleep,
is this fair of you?

Beloved, my Beloved!

(Rendered from the original Tamil
by DEANUS)

THE INVITING ANDAMAN ISLANDS

By H. I. S. KANWAR

THERE are vast potentialities in the Andamans, which, if made into realities, could make them a wonderful place to live in. The striking feature of the Andamans, is their scenery, and but for the psychological effect of the term "penal settlement," for which the islands have been notorious in the past, they would have great attractions for tourists if only some trouble would be taken to develop them in the right way.

The early history of the Andamans is rather obscure. It was in the latter part of the 18th century that the islands first came into the limelight. In 1789, Archibald Blair, a British naval captain, made the first attempt to colonise them. Blair foresaw the possibilities of a small coaling station for the English fleet in the Bay of Bengal. He also realised their strategic position in the Indian Ocean, almost midway between India and Malaya.

It did not take long for Blair to establish a colony on an island in the North Andamans, and name it after himself. After some time a better place was found for the colony further north, and subsequently it was moved up there. This colony was tried out for seven years. At the end of this period, in 1796, the newly established colony was closed down, mainly due to high occurrence of sickness and opposition from the aborigines.

The present site of Port Blair was established as late as 1858. This colony was initially set up to cope with the large number of military prisoners captured during the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Due to the heavy influx of prisoners, the colony grew rapidly, and became notorious as the "Kala Pani" Penal Settlement.

The Andaman Group comprises a number of islands situated in the Bay of Bengal. They are almost equidistant from Madras and Calcutta,

the actual distances being 760 and 800 miles respectively. However, the nearest port of note is Rangoon, about 350 miles away. The Andamans consist of five large islands, namely, North Andamans, Middle Andamans, South Andamans, Baratang and Rutland. For easy reference, they are usually divided into three groups, North, Middle and South Andamans.

The whole archipelago can be squeezed into a rectangle about 220 miles long and 32 miles wide. Despite these dimensions, their total area is a little over 2,500 square miles. Due to the broken coastline of the islands, there are possibilities of establishing fine harbours. The only harbour of importance is that of Port Blair, the minor ones being at Port Cornwallis, Bonnington and Elphinstone.

A number of islands in the Andaman Group are not populated at all, while the majority are only sparsely populated. The total population is hardly 25,000 although this figure does not include the aborigines, whose numbers it has not been possible to assess. A pleasant feature of the population is its polyglot composition.

The people inhabiting Port Blair, and other minor townships and villages, are the descendants of Indian pioneers, who came from different social levels and practised different religions. The outstanding feature of their everyday life is that they reside in the Andamans in perfect peace. They live as one community and as proud citizens of the Indian Republic. Though originating from all over India, they speak one common language, Hindustani, which has thus become the lingua franca of the island.

THE aborigines are of negro stock. The date of their arrival on the island is unknown; but there are authorities who believe that they came from Yunnan in South China some thousands of years ago. It may

be interesting to note that the aborigines of the Andamans have racial affinities with the Aeta tribe of the Philippines, and the Semang Negritos inhabiting the jungles of Malaya and Sumatra. They are regarded as being in the lowest scale of civilisation, and have only a scanty knowledge of agriculture.

THE aborigines offered stiff opposition to the British when the latter initially occupied the islands. With modern weapons the British over-powered them and drove them back into the jungles. Even today the Jarawa tribe are still dangerous, for they resort to their bows and arrows to attack their opponents at the slightest provocation. What is even more horrible is that a custom prevails among them, according to which they sever the head of their enemy and present it to their chief as a token of their victory and bravery.

The descendants of the pioneer Indians are still to be found in the Andamans. These also include descendants of prisoners either born in India or in the islands. In due course, the majority of these people settled down in and around Port Blair.

Since the beginning of the colonisation of the Andamans agriculture has shown encouraging results. Paddy has been grown successfully, but the total output falls far below the needs of the local population. Additional paddy, wheat, rice and other foodstuffs have to be imported. With the cooperation of the Forest Department, it is intended to deforest certain areas for the purpose of planting more paddy.

Experiments have proved that cashew-nuts, maize and a variety of pulses can be grown easily. In the past, coffee, rubber and tea plantations were started. The tea experiment failed, and it is yet to be seen whether locally produced coffee and rubber will be able to compete in quality and price in foreign markets.

Fruit growing has vast possibilities. Citrus fruits, as well as papaya, pineapple and mangoes grow easily. With these in mind, there have at times been proposals for establishing

a fruit-canning industry. These proposals have since been put on paper and never developed any further.

Fishing also has potentialities but has not been tackled in the right way. It is well known that the seas around the Andamans abound in fish, although there are contradictory reports regarding the number of edible fish available. Before the Second World War, the Japanese carried out intensive fishing in these waters for trochus and other shells.

However, the main industry in the Andamans is timber production. The forests are being worked by the Government, and contain valuable species of timber. As this enterprise is still on a limited scale, there is vast scope for expansion. Amongst the important species of timber produced are padauk, silver grey wood, gurban, white chuglam and papita. Despite the restricted scale of production there is room for exports, which normally take the form of logs, planks, and even scantlings. All these are produced by the Government Saw Mill. Though the present exports are about 40,000 tons, there is a scheme to expand the figure to over 70,000 tons, but this depends upon shipping facilities made available.

The next industry of some importance is coconut production, which is mainly confined to the South Andamans. Coconuts and copra are exported to Bengal and Madras both for consumption and industrial use.

The Andaman Islands together with the Nicobars constitute a Chief Commissioner's Province, and are what is generally termed as a centrally-administered area. A regular and more frequent steamer service is being implemented, and an air service to and from India is being contemplated. There are adequate medical facilities on the islands, although these will need expansion due to the increasing population. Education up to the high school standard is available.

ALTHOUGH at present inter-communication between the main islands is by motor launch, a grand trunk road linking them is being planned.



Prepared from deodorised Neem oil by a special process. Its emollient and antiseptic, rich lather removes germs and dirt, goes deep into the pores and cleanses the skin thoroughly. It thus tones up and revitalises the skin. It is delightfully perfumed and is harmless to the tenderest skin.

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5/149, Broadway,
MADRAS-1.

Owing to good medical arrangements malaria is kept in check. The general health of the people is good and cases of small-pox, cholera, or plague are almost unknown.

THE Government of India have been keenly interested in the development of the Andamans. A party of experts visited the islands in 1949 to explore ways and means by which they could be exploited easily and quickly. Up till then, only five per cent of the total area had been developed. As the result of the report furnished, the question of increasing the population engaged the attention of the Government, but the proposal to settle ex-servicemen and their families did not materialise as the scheme did not find favour with the people concerned. Since 1949, several prospective businessmen have visited the islands, and in 1951 prominent representatives from the public went there to see things for themselves. There was a ray of hope in their impressions, which appealed to refugees crossing over to India from East Bengal. Consequently over 1,500 families migrated to the islands, where the Government gave them liberal concessions and amenities, in the form of allowances, milch and ploughing cattle, to start life afresh in their new homes.

Recently, on the basis of a detailed survey of the situation, the Inspector General of Forests, Government of India, has prepared a scheme for future rehabilitation of refugees. The scheme in short recommends deforestation of 20,000 acres in five years at the rate of 4,000 acres per annum. By allotting five acres of paddy land per family, it is anticipated that 4,000 families could thus be settled in the next five years.

Plausible as all the above schemes may sound, the biggest drawback is the absence of housing and accommodation, for which a tentative plan is called for; as unless this problem is solved rehabilitation is likely to be limited in scope, and therefore requires urgent attention of those concerned with the expansion of re-settlement on the islands.—Copyright

—NNF

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

ONE of the results of the failures and depressions has been that the producers are at a loss to know what kind of pictures they should make. The selection of story is the main problem confronting every producer today.

What kind of story would prove popular? Nobody seems to know the secret. Generally speaking, those stories have better chance of popularity which are original, new and at the same time human in their appeal. But there is a great risk involved in selecting an altogether new type of story; for if the new type is not accepted, the failure would be disastrous. With the old type, it is considered that the risk involved is less. Besides, the overwhelming popularity of *Aan*, *Baiju Bawra* and *Anarkali* has proved beyond doubt that the picturegoers are still enamoured of old-fashioned musical romances.

So, most of the producers, instead of going in for novel and original stories, are trying to cash in on old formulas as is evident from the re-makes of *Laila Majnu* (not one but two producers are making this film), *Noorjehan* (this also is being produced by two or three producers) *Sohni Mahiwal*, *Heer Ranza* and other classical romances. That apart, other producers are busy transcribing films made in other languages into Hindi. A number of pictures produced in Marathi, Bengalee and Punjabi are being re-made in Hindi. That is not all. Even some of the old successful Hindi pictures are being re-made under different titles; most of these pictures were popular in the pre-war days.

The re-makes of old films is not confined to India; it is a common practice in Hollywood as well. But

in India, this re-make business was never so pronounced as it is today. For the first time, it appears as if there is a dearth of new stories. And as the new import of Hollywood films does not provide any inspiration to our producers they seem to be forced to seek inspiration in old pictures.

Whatever the reason, this recent spate of remakes is not a healthy sign for the progress of the industry which will ultimately depend upon the original screen-stories. Hence half-a-dozen original stories now in the making would determine the future of the industry to a greater extent than the re-makes, however popular they may prove at the box-office.

Picture Of The Week

A PART from S. Mukerjee and Pancholi, Ashok Kumar has been the only producer in the real sense of the term. And as a producer his record has so far been excellent; for he has produced pictures which, apart from their success at the box-office, have maintained a certain artistic standard, sobriety and dignity as is evident in pictures like *Majboor*, *Ziddi*, *Mahal* and *Mashal*.

His latest picture *Parineeta* is also in keeping with his tradition, sober, dignified and typically Indian in its content as well as presentation. It is based on one of the novels of Sarat Chatterji and is by no means an outstanding work of that great author. It is at best a minor masterpiece, rather weak in characterization of the hero.

And it is to the credit of Bimal Roy that out of this story, he has created a charming, tender and moving motion picture. As usual with Sarat Chatterji, the character of the heroine symbolised all that is good and sublime in Indian womanhood. It is the story of her mute love for a man she has known since childhood; yet she never expresses her feelings shamelessly. Her love is mute and it finds expression only when the man himself surprises her in a way she never dreamt of by garlanding her. Exchange of garlands is thus the only bond that unites them; and to the girl at least the bond is as sacred as the marriage,

with the result that she refuses to marry another man to whom her guardian bequeathes her while on his death bed. And the beauty of it is that the other man is very noble and generous; in fact, he appears to be a better man than the hero. For, though it is the interest in the girl that brings him to her house and her poor guardian he helps them out of one predicament after another without demanding anything in return. Moreover, it is significant that the hero's father is mainly responsible for the predicament.

In the original novel the other man is portrayed as a Bramoh-Samajist; but as this term would be meaningless in today's context, Bimal Roy has made him a man of 'low caste.' Similarly the poverty of Gurucharan, the guardian of the heroine is accentuated in the scenario by Bimal Roy and thus he has brought out the deeper social purport which is only slightly indicated in the novel. As a result, one is inclined to say that the picture has become more sharp and powerful in its dramatic impact than the novel. He has also been able to capture the atmosphere of the story completely and thus invest the story with authenticity and genuine emotion.

Bimal Roy, unlike Mahesh Kaul, believes in making his artistes act with great restraint and sobriety. There is hardly any shouting or wild gesticulation in the entire picture; the result is the acting of all the artistes appears to be so natural and so dignified. Meena Kumari, Ashok, Ashil Boran have all given good account of themselves and even the supporting players have lived their roles with Nazir Hussain as Gurucharan contributing a memorable performance.

The music, especially songs, have no place in such a picture. But the song *Chali Radhe* and the doll's wedding song-number have been used dexterously for dramatic effect. The doll's wedding sequence is the highlight of the picture. The dance number however is superfluous and so are other songs.

Indeed, but for the fact that at places the tempo is slow and drag-

ging *Parineeta* is an ideal specimen of how a novel should be picturized. Directorially it is even better than *Do Bigha Zamin*.

Personality Of The Week

TO the present generation of film-goers the name of Keshavrao Dhalbar has perhaps no significance; and rightly so, for over a decade this veteran technician and director has done nothing worthy to note in the film world. Yet there was a time when his name was almost as well-known as that of Shantaram or Fatehlal.

For, Dhalbar was the partner of Prabhat in its hay-days; in fact he was the founder of that concern along with his other partners. Dhalbar started his career in Maharashtra Film Company, under Baburao Painter. Like all his colleagues he learnt everything connected with films. He was good in acting and photography. So when Prabhat was formed, he cranked the camera for all Prabhat pictures, right upto *Amritmanthan*.

Yes, *Amritmanthan* brought about a change in his life; for, from cameraman he became a director and also got romantically interested in the heroine of *Amritmanthan*, Nalini Turkhad. This romance cost him his partnership and after a prolonged squabbling he left Prabhat and married Nalini Turkhad, one of the first graduate girls to join the screen.

As was to be expected, he launched his own production concern and made *Nandkumar* in which, it is significant to note Jayashree played the role of Radha. The picture turned out to be a flop and the concern was closed down. Later Dhalbar joined Minerva and made some indifferent films including *Utti Ganga*. All the pictures he made after leaving Prabhat did not regain him his past glory; and his pretty wife Nalini did not try at all to eke out a separate career for herself. She stuck to her husband through thick and thin and proved thereby that love is the greatest bond.

One hopes Nalini will write the story of her marriage and subsequent struggle—for Nalini is a writer and

one of her novels in English has already been published.

Anyway, it is a good thing that he is staging a come-back. At the moment he has two directorial assignments in hand. He is directing a Marathi mythological *Krishna Sudama* for a new concern and he is directing and producing a social picture entitled *Teen Raten* based on a

story by his wife Nalini Turkhad.

One only hopes that he will stage a real come-back with his film and regain some of his lost glory.

News Of The Week

BIMAL ROY is expected to direct G. P. Productions' Geavacolor production *The Light Of Asia* (and not Tajmahal).

South Indian Film Industry: Its Future

By

K. KUTUMBA RAO *

THE film industry in South India has reached something like a stalemate. According to an experienced producer like Sri S. S. Vasan, no picture can get back its cost unless a crore of persons are willing to pay to see it; every year some 80% of the producers are going out of the field having burnt their hands at picture-making and new ones are replacing them; people have made great pictures and successful pictures too but virtually there is no producer who has amassed wealth in this line. That sounds quite depressing. But it is true.

Producers not only in the South but also in the East and West are frightened about the future of the film industry. In a frantic effort to do something about it they have joined themselves into the Film Federation of India along with members of the other branches of the film business, namely, distribution and exhibition. Probably they will be able to succeed in bringing down the entertainment tax on pictures and also in rationalising film censorship. But a lot of regional effort is needed in the matter of organising film production. Particularly the South must change its ways almost entirely if there were to be any film industry left here. It has got its distinct problems.

Though film studios sprang up in Bombay, Bengal and Madras almost simultaneously, both Bengal and Bombay which were non-Hindi areas got wise to the fact that they must produce pictures for the all-India

market. Accordingly Bengalis, Maharashtrians, Gujarathis, Marwaris, Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs joined the ranks of producers, directors, technicians and artistes and enhanced the growth and prestige of the national film industry while carrying on production of pictures in the regional languages. But Madras stuck to production of pictures only in the regional languages of Tamil and Telugu and to a slight extent Kannada and Malayalam. Until Sri Vasan made and released his *Chandralekha* in Hindi the cinegoer in the North had no ocular evidence of the existence of a film industry in the South. At the same time the success of *Chandralekha* proved beyond a shred of doubt that the best producers in the South are eminently qualified to make pictures for the all-India market, that Madras can be as good a centre for the national film industry as Calcutta or Bombay; that 'Hindi' talent can flow South just as it flowed East and West.

Nor was the success of *Chandralekha*, a mysterious accident. It was followed by the success of *Sansar* and *Bahar*. Considering that our producers who aspired to the Hindi market were 'novices' in the game the percentage of success they have achieved in the Hindi market far exceeds their success in their own regional market. Quite obviously 80% of the South Indian pictures made in Hindi did not fall at the box office. The writing on the wall was quite clear for any one to read. Madras must change over to Hindi films.

Every single factor has been in favour of such a change-over. Here are the facts.

SINCE the very beginning our South Indian pictures have made a bid for technical excellence, production values and star value as though we were making films for the wide all-India market. In the matter of photography, sound recording, art direction, musical excellence, studio equipment and other things the best South Indian pictures were on a par with and sometimes even better than the best Hindi pictures made in Bombay or Calcutta. Several of our top artistes have received one lakh rupees cheques for acting in one picture. Naturally the cost of production of our pictures went up. Gradually the 'stars' began taking the place of characters, production values began to dominate over story value. A picture made in one regional language and for regional distribution began to cost at least as much as the average Hindi picture which had an all-India market.

Obviously this was all wrong. We, like the Bengalis and Maharashtrians, should have been making our language pictures within a cost of one lakh of rupees.

Instead of facing this fact squarely in the face our producers found an escape from it via multi-lingual productions. There was pooling of artistes, technicians and markets between the Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam regions. Pictures made in one language were dubbed into other languages and distributed in other areas. Most of the studio owners began making pictures simultaneously in two or more languages. This not only paid off for some time but actually created a temporary boom in the South for about two years. Now it is wearing off. The 'other' language version of our productions is ceasing to be very welcome. Distributors and exhibitors who had been stung by their previous optimism are now becoming cautious. The wedding of the Telugu and Tamil markets has lost its honey-moon spirit.

It is true that something was sacrificed in order to achieve this pooling of various regional markets. Producers could not go in for themes with too much of nativity and local colour. Even top artistes at times required to

be dubbed in the 'other' language. Dubbing is never as good as straight speaking. Star glamour was slightly sullied by considerations of regional patriotism however unconscious it was in the heart of the picture-goers. In an area like the Mysore State the South Indian pictures in Tamil and Telugu were almost as alien as and slightly less glamorous than the Hindi pictures, while in a region like Hyderabad State where Hindi was almost universally understood the Telugu picture was no more native than the Hindi picture.

Everywhere there is talk of cheaper pictures, but no one suggests how to make them. Still it must be done. Retrenchment that is furiously going on all around will hardly keep the ship afloat unless something else is also done simultaneously. The only way out seems to be for the regional language productions to leave Madras forthwith. It must disperse to mofussil studios which must be built up with the present finance which is now flowing to Madras to commit suicide. Local talent must be recruited. Themes of regional interest, colour and culture must be selected and pictures with very low budgets must be made as quickly as possible.

It is an ironical thing that a really good picture made for one region is at times remade in Hindi and goes very well in the all-India market, whereas pictures deliberately made for a wider area fail utterly to satisfy anyone's taste. This can be easily understood. With an educative medium like the cinema, people of each region want to know the culture, habits and way of living of other regions. Several Bengali and Maharashtrian pictures were remade in Hindi and had a good all-India run. They have greatly contributed to our understanding of our fallow nationals of these regions.

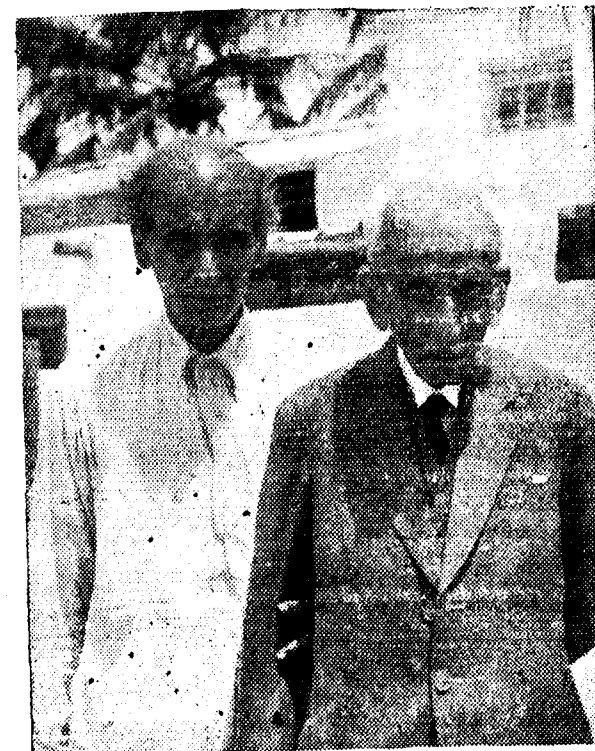
If what the present writer suggests comes to happen, Madras will not be left without a film industry. Whatever is left over can take to making of Hindi films. All our best producers, directors, artistes, technicians and studios will concentrate on making of films for the all-India market. They deserve to have an all-India name.

THE ENGINEERING-WIZARD OF INDIA

By NILKAN PERUMAL

SIR MOKSHAGUNDAM VISVESVARAYYA will be ninety three years, next Tuesday, and it looks as though he will hit the century mark quite easily. He walks and talks like a young man of twenty-five, even today. Asked to give a prescription for longevity of life, Visveswarayya briefly offered a few hints. For perfect eye-sight, he wants you to roll your eye-balls a few times, and massage the eye-lids with finger-tips for a few seconds. He asks you to eat the minimum, because man should have good hunger before each meal. Thirdly, he wants you to walk a mile or two daily, and last but not least, he gives you the most important warning: "Abstain from indulging in petty pleasures too much."

Visveswarayya is a preacher who practises his own doctrines. He reads without spectacles, has his original set of teeth, walks regularly and works hard at his writing-desk. He is a task-master with his private secretary and stenographer, who are given a lot of work each day. A strict vegetarian, teetotaler and non-smoker, he eats very little. He has a marvellous memory for happenings of the past, though at times, he forgets recent events. When a clerk who served him forty years ago turned up to pay his respects to him last year, Visveswarayya readily recognized him. At the most, his retiring time at night is 9 o'clock, but he rises up each morning by five. He is up even earlier, if there is heavy work in hand. He also takes an afternoon siesta, sometimes sleeping for a while even before lunch.



A recent photograph of Sir M. Visveswaraya (Right) with Mr. G. D. Naidu. —Photo: Nilkan

IN the first half of the twentieth century, India's Engineering Genius No. 1 was none else but Visveswarayya. He was recognized the world over, as such. Even today, he is sought after by a lot of people for planning purposes. He is still the Consulting Engineer that he was, thirty years ago, in Bombay. He charges fees for his services according to the magnitude of the plans he handles, and the status of the people who deal with him. Last March, he was in Nagpur for a Manufacturers' Conference. That over, he found his stay at the Tata Rest-House, somewhat comfortable, and said he would continue his holiday there for another week. But, it was

broken by the Nagpur Municipal Corporation authorities, who had a problem relating to shortage in the city's water-supply. They approached him for help. He then recalled to mind the plan he had given them in 1937 and asked whether the suggestions he had made then were carried out. On their looking blank, he seemed a little annoyed. "You did not heed my words, then. Now, the inevitable has come. All right, you suffer!" At times, he loses temper in a second, but regains it the next. He however helped the municipal authorities with further suggestions and charged them nothing!

MEN like Visvesvarayya and their real worth have not been adequately understood by us in this country. He has not been published as much as he should have been. On his part, he shuns the limelight. He believes that he ought to work quietly, to be more successful in his efforts. It has been said that a politician thinks of only the next *general election*, while the statesman thinks of the next *generation*! Even so, men of the calibre of Visvesvarayya will be better understood by the generation after ours. He is not merely a great personality, but a human phenomenon of a kind that we very rarely see in this country. As he moves about with the soft manners of a priest, he cuts a graceful figure, drawing your admiration and respect. Six Indian universities have awarded him honorary titles like D.Sc., D.Litt., LL.D.

Visvesvarayya is a challenge to those Indians who think that a foreign education alone gives us proper equipment in professions and careers. He never went to Oxford or Cambridge for his studies. Born in Mysore on September 15, 1861, he studied in the Bangalore Central Hindu College. Later, he went over to the Science College, Poona and took his engineering degree. Then, at the age of twenty-one, he started his working career in life by becoming an assistant engineer in the PWD of the Bombay Government. For the next twenty-four years, he was in the service of Bombay Government, retiring as Superintending Engineer. He was also Consulting

Engineer for the Nizam, for a while.

In 1909, Visvesvarayya returned to his native Mysore to become the Chief Engineer of the State. He was also then termed Secretary to the Department of Public Works and Railways. Three years later, he was appointed *Dewan*. He did much for the State. The Bhadravati Iron Works, the Krishnarajasagar Project, the States Railway System, the Mysore University, all owed their coming-up to this gifted planning-genius. He proved that as an administrator, too, he was in no way inferior to the lineage of gifted Dewans who had served that State, but was, in some respects, even superior to many of them.

After laying down the office of Dewan, Visvesvarayya got back to Bombay in 1918. He was then fifty-seven, and one in his position would have easily preferred a pleasurable pensioner's life, but he is made of a different mould altogether. He believed in a life of usefulness to others. As such, we saw Visvesvarayya a very busy man in Bombay in the 1920s. He was frequently consulted by important industrialists and Governments, not only on engineering and irrigation problems, but on any problem that baffled them. He had always a solution ready at hand, because his brain was a treasure-house of ideas, at all times. For example, the Bombay Corporation once wanted economy in expenditure. Would not Sir Visvesvarayya chalk out a plan? Yes, he would. That resulted in the Corporation saving lakhs of rupees every year.

THE Government of India and the Government of Bombay sought him out to sit on many commissions and committees on a number of questions. That way, he presided over a Bombay Government committee constituted to inquire into the progress of technical and industrial education in that State. He made a neat job of it. Next, he was member of a committee which was examining the prospects of a new capital for India, and that was in 1922. He was also chairman of the Indian Economic Inquiry Committee, three years later. He did a monumental job as a

member of the Back-Bay Inquiry Committee, Bombay. This committee had to be appointed, because Bombay's then Governor Sir (now Lord) George Lloyd and his colleagues toyed with the idea of filling up the sea to find living space for Bombay citizens, and in the process, there was a colossal waste of good Indian money, not to speak of the intrigues and corruption connected with it. Men like the late K. F. Nariman voiced forth the feelings of the people heroically in this affair.

In later years, Visvesvarayya was a member of the Indian Irrigation Committee and the National Planning Committee which Pandit Nehru formed. Ever keen to promote the country's industrial and commercial interests, he formed the Manufacturers' Association in Bombay in 1941, and guides its destinies as Founder-President.

Visvesvarayya had been to Europe several times. He has also visited other parts of the world. One of his visits was in connection with exploring the possibilities of establishing an

automobile industry in India. He went round many auto-manufacturing centres and prepared a masterly report on that subject. Then, after the last world war, he took an Indian Manufacturers' Delegation to Europe and America to study industrial development. This delegation did splendid work.

Now, in his ninety-third year, Visvesvarayya moves about from place to place with the elasticity of youth, often travelling by air. He is a fine speaker on the platform with faultless diction, but he speaks, briefly and wisely. His mind has set ideas, few can change them. He decides quickly, once he has all the facts before him.

A MAN of simple tastes and habits. He dresses himself *spick and span* in a suit of western clothes. He is fond of little children, though he himself has none. He helps deserving public causes and poor relatives in Mysore. With a child's curiosity to know everything around him, he believes in toil and a life of usefulness to the country, till the last breath.

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DWARAM VENKATASAMI NAIDU

By P. E. N.

KALAPRAPURNA, Sangeetharath-nakara, Sangeetha Kalanidhi, Professor Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu was born on 3rd November 1893 in Bangalore Cantonment, where his father and grandfather served as officers in the Indian Army. Born with such a martial heritage, Professor Naidu was destined to make his conquests in the far higher realms of the spirit. Not that he was devoid of a musical tradition. While bearing arms for the Queen, both father and grandfather showed equal devotion to the Muses. Venkataswami Naidu, the grand-father, after whom the illustrious grandson was named, and Venkatarayalu Naidu the father, both played on the violin. But their untutored talents were confined to devotional music at bhajana parties. Nevertheless, music was in the family vein and the violin was its medium.

When he retired from the army Venkatarayalu Naidu moved to Khasimkota in Visakhapatnam district where he had some property. He could not however remain there long. After some years there was famine and the retired soldier migrated from his home to find a living at Visakhapatnam. There he entered service in the Judge's Court and kept his family from want. Professor Naidu who was then in his teens was put to school like any other boy. One day when he failed to read some figures on the black-board the teacher dealt with him severely, regardless of the congenital defect in his vision. The boy returned home weeping and pleaded with his mother not to send him to school. The eldest brother who overheard the unhappy boy consoled him and granted his request. When his scholastic education was cut short like this, the family little dreamt of the glory that awaited this astigmatic off-spring.

Giving in regarding the discontinuance of his schooling, the eldest

brother Venkata Krishnaiah Naidu, who was also a violinist, seriously undertook to coach him in music and naturally initiated him on the favourite instrument of the family. As the boy took to it with great aptitude, Krishnaiah Naidu used to take him all the way to the Saraswathi Gana Sabha at Kakinada to listen to the recitals of eminent vidvans from the South. Under the patronage of this premier Sangeetha Sabha of Andhra, many a great artiste of the South have visited this centre of music and displayed their talents and Professor Naidu had the opportunity of listening to stalwarts like Anantarama Bhagavathar, Kone-rirajapuram Vidyanaatha Ayyar, Thirukkodikaval Krishna Ayyar, Mamundia Pillai, Govindaswami Pillai and others. The rich and varied experience he gained at these masters stirred his own genius and his innate talents began to flower.

While he was yet a boy, Naidu Garu played before the great Seshanna of Mysore when he happened to visit Visakhapatnam and earned his praise. The way his appointment in the Music College of Vizianagaram came about is an interesting episode. He went to Vizianagaram to attend the inauguration of the Music College in February, 1919. Unexpectedly called on to give a performance, he made a great impression on the distinguished gathering. Hearing the whispers of praise that went round the palace the Maharajah sought him for a special audience and captivated by his charming melodies straightaway appointed him as a Professor. Thus, without a friend or patron, Professor Naidu won his place by his own worth.

THOUGH this sudden recognition gave him a wide popularity he came to limelight only in 1927 with his recital at the All India Conference of the Indian National Congress which was held at Madras that year. This performance at Madras,

gained the instant admiration of the South and ever since he has occupied the honoured place accorded only to the foremost of the South Indian musicians. As a novice, Naidu Garu was also reciting vocal music along with the violin, in accordance with a tradition then prevalent. One day his voice failed suddenly and he could never recover it afterwards. Similarly, in his later life, having for a long time accompanied on his violin the most eminent vocalists, he gave up that role, due to the inevitable limitations it imposed and his solo-performance became all the more famous.

Melody is the core of his music. Between the art and the science of music, while he idolizes the former he only utilizes the latter. For him science subserves art in music. He is not enamoured of laya pradarsana, for its own sake. Though Professor Naidu does not touch anything which he does not adorn, he is superb while rendering mellifluous ragas like Bilahari, Kanada and Sahanana. The "Raga Sutha Rasa" that flows from the strings of his violin is delicious and soothing and uplifts the human soul. The pellucid melodies are as delightful as winter moonlight, as exhilarating as the dew drops at dawn and as wondrous as the falling flakes of snow. His masterly renderings are full of rare conceptions, deft execution and telling phrases. Inconceivable melodies flow from his violin almost imperceptibly and as though by magic. Sometimes his most delicate touches seem to transcend the violin itself, producing notes which are weird and mystical. At these thrilling moments one is apt to wonder whether the violin, which makes such intuitive responses to his merest promptings, has any secret ties with the artist's soul.

NOT less remarkable are the personal qualities of this great artiste. Just as his art has won wide accla-

mation, his lovable Nature has endeared him to one and all. With no trace of self-consciousness, he moves with his friends with the simplicity of a child. He is ever grateful to his brother who has been his guru and guardian. On the platform, while he makes his audience ecstatic with joy he seems to be unconscious of it and without making even the slightest gesture or movement he sits withdrawn like an intense devotee solely dedicated to his bow and strings, as though in the midst of a religious offering. He has created a coterie of devoted disciples. Dwaram Narasinga Rao, the son of his brother and preceptor and Marella Kesava Rao, the blind boy from Berhampore are well-known. While playing with their master the disciples reach a perfect unison, and submerging in the main melody they create an incredible harmony. They look like breathing the same breath and sharing the same soul.

EVER since he came to be recognised, Prof. Naidu has been receiving glorious tributes from princes and poets, savants and statesmen, compere and connoisseurs. The Music Academy of Madras, the most august institution of its kind in the South, early conferred on him the highest honour it could give, the much coveted title of Sangeetha Kalanidhi, and later he was adorned with the title of Sangeetha Ratnakara at a birthday celebration of the Rajpramukh of Mysore. He has the unique distinction of having received the honorary doctorate of Kalaprapurna from the Andhra University. Till this day he is the only musician whom this University has honoured in this manner. The national honour recently conferred on him by the President of our Republic was only a logical culmination of a grand career. But who can ever express the silent adoration of the numberless admirers that have shared all the aesthetic joy and the adventures of his sublime soul?

It is the first duty of a ruler to preserve the constitution; this can be done by maintaining his own rights while not trespassing on the rights of others. For the ruler who surrenders his own prerogatives, or assumes powers not his own, is a demagogue or a despot.—*Plutarch*

An Exile's Insight

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

I casually remarked to a talented Ceylonese friend of mine that the spiritual Odyssey of a Ceylonese to India is always *via* London. He had spent twenty years in London in the company of many Indian as well as English writers. He not only agreed but added evidence from his own experience.

The Odyssey is easily explicable. The snobbish westernised Ceylonese starts with a contempt for things Indian, for to him India is represented only by the estate workers in Ceylon. But in the West, when he tries to break into intellectual circles with his careful grooming and affected accents, he is cold-shouldered and treated casually. He has picked up the crumbs of western culture and he has nothing of his own to offer. On the other hand he finds that his poorly groomed Indian friends make better headway, since they have something of their own to offer. The discovery leads to one of the two following results. Some take the lesson to heart and when they come back home, make it a point to study Indian and Ceylonese culture. Some others, unable to bear the sting, harden inside their chauvinistic shells.

It is to the first group, that most cultured Ceylonese who have contributed to their own country's art or to that of India, belong. As my friend remarked, those Ceylonese who resented the title Indian at the beginning finally ended up as active members of the India League in London.

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, however, did not belong to the first group as such. Born in Colombo, to a Ceylonese father, the child was taken by its English mother to England, very early in life. It would require an expert psycho-analyst to unfold the under-currents in the sub-conscious which made this child of the East, exiled in the West, pine for the cultural heritage of India, and interpret it with an enthusiasm not equalled so far. It would be a

poor explanation of the *Kalayogi's* inner story if one were to say that as the Director of the Geological Survey of Ceylon, he had magnificent opportunities to see the architectural wealth of Ceylon, and lo! the geologist bloomed into an artist. The chrysalis bursts open into the sprightly hued butterfly and the litter larva goes into hiding, all in obedience to an inner urge. This sensitive child, brought up by a proud English mother, moving, with, but never of, his company of little English children, must have developed the exile's longing for his home, and glorified its ancient culture in his heart, even before he came face to face with it. His years in Ceylon, his giving up his official career, his tour of India, which was in fact an artist's pilgrimage, all these fit into a single pattern.

There have been enthusiasts of things Eastern, from the East itself, who went out to preach the gospel to the West and gathered a harvest of converts. But the Doctor's attitude was extremely original in that he saw no difference between East and West. The difference, as he pointed out, comes because the West has forsaken the spiritual norms, once common to East and West, and hence the initiative for reconciliation, if any, must come from the West.

HENCE he outdid many who had carried the message from the East to the West, recently. When Dr. Radhakrishnan's classical work on Indian philosophy appeared it was greeted in the West as the most intelligible and yet correct interpretation of Indian philosophical thought by an Indian himself. But the uncompromising Doctor Ananda Coomaraswamy raised a dissentient voice. To him it appeared an insult to the greatness of Indian philosophy that it should be interpreted in terms familiar to the West, and clothed in a western garb by an Indian doctor of philosophy. An insight so penetrating as his could not be acquired by study and surroundings alone. It was an extraordinary insight because it was an exile's insight.

UNEMPLOYMENT: WAY OUT

By Prof. K. C. PETER

TWO hundred years ago, men thought that the cause of unemployment was defective character. Then the blame was shifted on to climatic conditions. W. S. Jevons had his sun-spot theory to support it. In the second half of the 19th century, men refused to hold that unemployment is an act of God; it is man-made, genuinely home-made, they said. Later three schools of thought sprang up. Unemployment is the penalty demanded for deviation from *laissez faire*, howled the first school. Bring back unshackled free trade, private enterprise and individual initiative, the curse will let go its hold. This theory stands totally debunked at present. The second school, supported by Marshall and Lavington, threw the blame on the inevitable trade-cycle, the outcome of free competition. It too has lost its vigour, today. The third school, armed with the Keynesian theory, has come to stay. Unemployment is caused by insufficiency of demand for goods and services. This man-made scourge can be fought by government management of credit and currency, investment and saving incentives. Their claim that full employment and social security are possible is demonstrably true. To achieve these goals, the Government have to intensify their socialistic sphere of functions.

Not in vain did Benjamin Jowett say: "Poverty is the parent of revolution and crime." It has been ever a proven fact. At war's end, Sir William Beveridge and Prof. A. C. Pigou in UK and President Roosevelt and Senator Murray in USA began a campaign to keep "full employment" on even keel. They knew that insurrections and revolutions, social and political upheavals have their roots in unemployment and under-employment and consequent discontent and want. The Atlantic Charter and the UN Charter have hitched their wagons to the self-same star—full employment and social security the world over. This spark-

plugged a number of plans—Beveridge Plan for UK, the Marsh Plan for Canada, Wagner-Murray Plan for USA. Presenting a plan for America titled "Sixty Million Jobs", Henry A. Wallace asserted: "Every American has a right to a job and it is the responsibility of the Government to safeguard that right."

India wasn't far behind in planning. She emerged in the post-war world as the strongest nascent democracy in South East Asia. Soon, to extirpate poverty and suffering and to roll back unemployment, the Rs. 2069-crore-Five-Year-Plan was put on its feet. The Plan started working two years ago; yet, the size, variety and ubiquity of the army of the unemployed is indeed bewildering. Newspapers are replete with tragic stories of suicides and mercy-killings because of poverty, unemployment and misery; economists are baffled by their challenging grimness. Is the outline of the Welfare State in India fading?

The Problem: Figures Speak

THE Agra resolution of the AICC and the explanatory speeches by Nanda and Gadgil emphasising the need of reexamining the 5-Year Plan with a view to expanding the volume of employment have come in time, followed by the 14-point formula, for labour security, of the Standing Labour Committee, the Planning Commission's 11-point unemployment-relief programme and the opening of 2000 development blocks in the National Extension Service. The sudden rise of unemployment! What is the reason for that? Adventitious reasons, no doubt account for it in part. The business lull due to world conditions despite increase in production, over-population, the unspent funds for the last two years planned, no surplus money in private hands to start small scale industries with, dearth of purchasing power, jobs less job-seekers more, fractional unemployment—all these considerations argue that structural un-

employment is the villain of the piece.

The registrations in Employment Exchanges rose from 13.75 lakhs in 1951 to 14.77 lakhs in 1951, while vacancies fell from 4.86 lakhs in 1951 to 4.29 lakhs in 1952. The only figures we have are from the 135 Employment Exchanges. The registrations are soaring high; it was 1,066,351 in 1949 and 1,476,699 in 1952. During the first 4 months of 1953, registrations mounted by 450,970. In 1951, 416,858 persons got jobs, but in 1952 only 357,828 got them. There is an alarming drop in the rate of placings—the monthly average for 1952 is 30,000, but between January and April 1953, the placings slid downhill from 20,378 to 16,233. The number of Employment Exchange-using employers too has been steadily going down. The job-seekers in the registers are 100,000 more in April 1953. One particular and harsh stab of misery is middle-class unemployment of the educated. The schools pour out 2½ lakhs of young men and women a year, the universities a half lakh more. Usually 50% of them get jobs. Aside this figure of 150,000 educated unemployed, much larger number come up from other sections. Rural unemployment is vast. We have no figures to show up that. As the Planning Commission admits, these figures are just faint clues to the extent of unemployment. It is because registration is not compulsory for the unemployed and many shirk it. Besides, registration facilities are only being slowly extended. Since many registered unemployed fail to get jobs, many more refuse to get registered. Out of an estimated working population of 133 millions, the 5-year plan can employ only 5.2 millions. Also there is heavy retrenchment everywhere; a large part of those employed are either under-employed or badly under-paid, ignoring the fact that many thousands get jobs unsuited to their training, tastes and qualifications. Though the Central government doesn't require more than 20,000 persons for replacement and expansion an year, it has employed 2,10,000. Yet, the unemployment situation has reached

alarming proportions. In fact, statistics provide only a small island of facts in a bog of statistical uncertainties and conflicting rival opinions.

The Diagnosis

THE self-employed like the small trader, share cropper, small businessman, cobbler and potter and those employed in small farms, shops, factories, and workshops form the bulk of the working population; they have lost buyers for their products or lost jobs. The money-lenders and local banks have tightened their grip and pushed up margin-rates. On the other hand, the consumers or the buyers, finding their incomes fall, have stopped buying non-essentials for the price of essentials has risen. Result: a sharp shift from sellers' market to buyers'.

A study of the situation at close quarters yields more evidences. The medium and small scale industrial enterprises have suffered set-backs.

(1) In consumers' goods industries like confectionaries, fruit canning, maize starch, vanaspati, job works in printing, films, books, radios, cycles, automobiles, unemployment is steadily increasing. (2) So also in producers' goods industries of the small scale type, especially due to falling demand,—diesel engines, gas plants, storage batteries, etc. House-building industry has met with falling fortunes. (3) Distribution-trades too are vitally affected. Many retail shops have been closed down. Sales of luxury and semi-luxury goods have hit a new low. The prices of essentials have gone up, because consumers with falling incomes have to buy up essentials which are scarce and have an inelastic demand.

Moreover, investments are falling. Only increased consumption can lead to increased employment. Money market being tight, even capital equipment replacements haven't received the attention they deserve. This is why the targets in the private sector envisaged in the plan, masterminded by the Planning Commission, haven't reached. Further, the plan is capital-intensive and in the agricultural sector, the results

of the development projects haven't shown up yet. So long, all these facts were there safely covered under the mark of inflationary spree. All on a sudden, we have started seeing things; hence the jolt, the surprise, the shock. However, the fact is that unemployment has laid its brutal hand on the wind-pipe of our national economy.

Remedial Measures

THE government today is busy taking steps to remedy this situation. (1) Financial aid to stimulate small scale and medium scale industries. (2) Starting of Co-operative cottage industries. (3) Jobs to the educated in social and educational spheres of activity in the villages. The government is willing to help them with a small remuneration (Rs. 40 to Rs. 50).

The Planning Commission's 11-point programme is most welcome. 7 out of 11 points encourage small scale industries and businesses. Secondly, they are labour-intensive. Thirdly, the resources required can be raised by states, municipalities and local bodies, apart from Central integration and Central aids. Railway development offers good opportunities and will ease transport bottlenecks. In the matter of thermal development (for industries), the private agencies demand rightly a reasonable period of activity and decent returns. So also road transport development. Cement industry has good prospects wherever limestone is found in sizeable quantities. Small industries such as body-building for motor transport services, production of ancillary electrical equipment like service meters etc., will serve the needs of the country. As regards housing industry, the Planning Commission has rightly emphasised houses for low-income-earners. Training camps for reconstruction works like slum clearance, adult education and for semi-skilled professions are sure to prove job-giving. As far as financing of suitable small scale industries and marketing their products go, the guarantees given shall be realizable. For this, the Planning Commission has

to define precisely the sphere of small scale industries.

Not Enough!

IT is clear now that the long-range 5-year plan has to be integrated with a short-term interim plan to get things done. Agricultural unemployment is outside short-term solutions, for it arises from the unbalance between population and resources; but it is necessary to reduce unemployment by expanding productive activity in the private sector. (1) The Community Project scheme—National Extension Service—that will transform 1200 blocks in 5 years covering a quarter of rural India shall embody in it a 'Land-use and Analysis' survey of the kind the famous geographer Dr. Dudley Stamp undertook in Britain; the people in rural India shall be told as to where they shall cultivate and what crops; they must know the manures, seeds, fertilisers, implements etc., they have to use and the optimum yield they can hope for. It shall also bring the results of agricultural research to the farms. Rural banks or co-operative agencies shall provide them credit to work out the programme. It is sure to step up agricultural productivity as it did in England. (2) Land revenue policy shall be altered by dividing the total agricultural income by the number of family-members and the rates shall fall on the product. This system is practised in China. And it means justice to the big families. (3) Land tenures shall be revised with emphasis on peasant proprietorship and co-operative farming in such a way as not to injure productivity. (4) An intensive plan for power-driven cottage industries as in Japan. (5) Stop over-expansion of big industries at the expense of the small. Recently in East Germany and Hungary (as Communist Chief Rakosi admits) over-expansion of big industries spoiled the chances of small ones, resulting in economic crisis. Quick results are needed in a democracy. (6) A revision of import policy; the government can be stiff on quality. A 'Buy Indian Goods' campaign, an act modelled on the 'Buy American Act' and government

encouragement to work out 'new lines' will help not a little.

Let us be practical. Till the plan works out, the rural unemployed have to depend on their families and general prosperity of agriculture. The irrigation and multi-purpose projects will in time start yielding benefits. Seasonal pressure of unemployment can be climbed over. Unskilled landless labourers pouring into towns depend on the prosperity of the classes hiring them as servants or manual workers. The unskilled unemployed account for half and the unemployed in the clerical and supervisory grades, a quarter of live registers. They can be supported only if the cost of living index slopes

downwards—lower prices. It will relieve considerably urban unemployment pressure. Every year, 2 millions attain the working age; of them two-third in rural areas and one-third in urban. Vital health measures are needed, employment opportunities apart.

Let Us Not Forget

LET us not forget that we have continents to discover, no forests to clear by fire and axe, no tribes to drive out and no space to drive the plough. We have to contend with our own resources. Hence the need for a long-range 5-year plan.

Wholly free enterprise, in reality, didn't survive the 19th century. Even in America, it was stoned to death by the starving multitude and buried with hymns of praise. The obsequies were performed by the government which assumed ultimate authority for the national economy. Secondly, stability in the economic sphere is a dead fish downstream. The only kind of stability we know is change. The function of modern currency and credit-management is to ride the change and take it where we want to go. Thirdly, resistance to industrialisation is pure madness. Mass education, mass amusements, mass production, mass press—all on the assembly-line principles—are standardising people, destroying culture, turning civilisation into a sterilised orphanage where all the little lost souls wear the same uniform, think the same thoughts, living the same way. Nothing is farther from truth. Modern machine-civilisation by throwing the drudgery of mean human toil on to the shoulders of machines has not produced a cheap mechanical mass-mind, but a variety of strong minds, rich in the sense of adventure and the will to discovery, having leisure to promote culture-rich individuality, instead of toil, toil, toil all day through.

Mistakes are committed. We learn from mistakes. Let us work the plan with wide open eyes and also a short-term plan to cushion the stress and strain of the interim period. That way we are sure to reach the "promised land."



Photo taken on the occasion of the wedding of Mari R. Jayanti, daughter of Sri K. Ramuni Menon, I.C.S., Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras, with Sri K. N. Gopinath Menon, Engineer, Scindia Steam Navigation Company, son of V. K. Narayana Menon of Trichur on 22nd August at Madras.

SWAMI VEDACHALAM

By P. C. GANESAN

THE late Swami Vedachalam was among Tamil scholars what Dr. Johnson was among the literary celebrities of eighteenth century England. He was popularly known as Maraimalai Adigal. In a gathering of Tamil scholars, he could tie down the tongue of any. He was a living embodiment of the Saiva Siddhanta cult. With his Saiva Siddhanta philosophy, he inaugurated a renaissance in Tamil Nad.

Maraimalai Adigal was born on 15th July, 1876. He had his high school education in a school conducted by Christian missionaries. As a student he noticed the missionaries carrying on proselytization with gusto. It pained him to see the Hindu students, who knew very little of their own religion, walking into other religious folds as if they had a revelation. To infuse faith in the young in their own religion he started an association called "The Hindu Mathabhimana Sangam." The speeches he made in the periodic gatherings of the association attracted young and old alike. As days passed on, people swarmed in hundreds to hear his religious discourses, and "still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that that small head could carry all he knew." He published papers under the pseudonym 'Murugavel' giving the quintessence of Hinduism in a new setting that would appeal to men who had stuffed their heads with borrowed Western notions. He travelled the length and breadth of Tamil Nad, organising religious conferences to create a religious consciousness in the people, and to make them realise how their great religion had fallen on "evil days and evil tongues." His mission was widely applauded.

Swami Vedachalam learned Tamil under erudite scholars like V. Narayanaswami Pillai and Mathurai-nayagam Pillai. Under their inspiration and guidance he edited a magazine called *Siddhanta Deepigal*. At the age of twenty two, he was appointed lecturer in Tamil at the

Madras Christian College where he had the rare honour of serving under the veteran Tamil Scholar V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar. V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar and Swami Vedachalam were the pioneers in rendering their names into chaste Tamil as Parithimal Kalaignan and Maraimalai Adigal respectively. His lectureship in the college won him many laurels. His writing in simple, idiomatic Tamil of Nachinarkiniar Urai of Mullaipattu and Pattinappalai was greatly welcomed by students of Tamil classics. He served in the Christian College for thirteen years and endeared himself to his students and colleagues.

In June, 1898, Maraimalai Adigal was ailing from an incurable disease and lost all hope of survival by medical treatment. He was pining away every day. He looked for succour to Thiruvotri Murugan, his favourite deity, and prayed to him night and day. No doubt more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. His prayers were answered. By the grace of Thiruvotri Murugan, he miraculously recovered. He wrote verses in praise of Thiruvotri Murugan, called "Thiruvotri Murugan Mummanikovai."

Maraimalai Adigal was not only a great Tamil scholar but was highly proficient in English and Sanskrit. For most of his books, he wrote English prefaces. His rendering into Tamil of Kalidasa's "Sakuntalam" with critical notes is a shining example of his profound scholarship in Sanskrit. He has written many books and most of them deal with Saiva Siddhanta philosophy. In one of his books he refutes the claim of Hindi to be the common language of India and argues that Hindi with its poor vocabulary and inadequate fund of standard writings, can never become the lingua franca of India. He has translated into Tamil some outstanding letters of Addison and Reynold's novel "Lilla." In his book "Life

After Death" he discusses in detail the old theory of transmigration of souls and rebirth of men. On the whole he has written fifty books.

Maraimalai Adigal dedicated the later years of his life for the purpose of the Saiva Siddhanta cult. To do this he edited a magazine *Gnana Sagaram*, the only magazine of its kind. Unfortunately it was short-lived, for the matter published in the issues was not within the mental reach of ordinary man. Nevertheless, Maraimalai Adigal by his ceaseless effort resurrected the Saiva Siddhanta cult in Tamil Nad, and enunciated a procedure for the worship of Lord Siva. His speech in Ceylon on the "Theistic Aspects of Saiva Siddhanta" still ranks as one of the best approaches to Saiva Siddhanta philosophy. He was an ardent devotee of Nataraja and built a temple for Him. He went to North India and delivered lectures in English at various centres on 'Saiva Siddhantam.' Love and tolerance were the two guiding principles of his life. Thiru V. Kalyanasundara

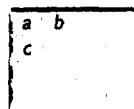
Mudalliar said of him: "In deep erudition he resembles Nakkira, in his understanding and mastery of Saiva Siddhanta he resembles Saint Sivagnanana and in his passion for reforms he resembles Ramalinga Swamigal—no doubt in the Tamil horizon, he is the only Sun."

Maraimalai Adigal was neither a cynic as some people tried to make out nor was he an ascetic as his appearance suggested. He was a harmonious blending of the worldly and the other-worldly. He had a serenity not easily attainable by ordinary mortals. He was neither selfish nor self-centred. He lived a life of the highest order—a life dedicated to the service of mankind. He made his library, worth many thousands of rupees, a free public library, an instance of his charitable nature. He did not sell the publishing rights of his books to any publisher, for he did not want to be a book-seller's hack. He demanded of the public to pay for his lectures, for as a man of letters he hadn't any other source of

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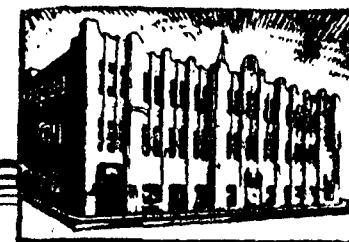
income. The Mammon-worshipping section of the public attributed this a defect in him.

He was a great reader and devoured books like Macaulay. Besides, he had an amazing power of absorbing what he read. He had a highly retentive memory. On every problem he had something original to say. His writings were original in thought, expression and style. He was not a mere rhetorician, constantly striving to make an impression with a set pattern of sentences. He talked for ideas and not for effect. His speeches and writing were noble in diction, eloquent in expression, thought-provoking in content and sublime in spirit. His mental vision was such that appearance could not deceive, that interest could not blur, and that fear could not darken. He acted according to his conscience allowing himself neither to be induced by friends nor daunted by enemies. His

was a life, simple and pure. useful and benevolent.

That intellectual light that shed its radiance on Tamil Nad and dispelled the ignorance of many for more than half-a-century, a life that was a prophecy and inspiration, came to an end on the afternoon of 15th September, 1950. It is three years since this illustrious Tamil son passed away. He richly deserves a fitting memorial. During his life time, only books were his 'never failing friends.' A good library, with a special section for research scholars in Tamil, would not only be a fit commemoration of his memory, but a fulfilment of his cherished desire. An appeal for funds for this noble work, is sure to evoke a ready response from the public. The lovers of Tamil owe a duty to him and it would be sheer ingratitude to let such a great name as that of Maraimalai Adigal, to slip away from public memory, unhonoured.

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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.

Atrocious Discrimination

Sir.—The attitude of the Government of India in regard to the tin-plate industry is fraught with grave danger to the indigenous interests. There are nearly 170 tin-can making concerns in India, of which only one is a European concern. It is scandalous that this single European firm, the Metal Box Company of Calcutta, has been the recipient of special favour and patronage from the Government of India to the exclusion of Indian concerns. Figures in this connection are revealing. In 1948 the Metal Box Company (the European firm) got a quota of tin of 13,854 tons and 23,080 tons in 1952 against an estimated capacity of 12,000 tons of that firm's factory. Take the case, in comparison, of an Indian company, the Metal Press Works, whose estimated capacity is 10,000 tons. This company got in 1948 a quota of 911 tons and in 1952, a quota of 1012 tons. The percentage of quota to capacity, as between the two companies, reveals atrocious discrimination.

The matter was raised in Parliament by Srimathi Seeta Parmanand and Sri C. G. K. Reddy.

It may be briefly explained that the indigenous industry suffered because of larger quota of tin allotted to the Metal Box Company than the Indian companies disregarding the capacity of their factories, and because of the allotment of all surplus tin to the European company. With larger quota at its disposal the European firm has been able to lower its cost of production and consequently the cost of articles.

It is now found that owing to concentration of production in the hands of one company due to the adventitious facilities accruing to it through various acts of the Government production in other factories has slackened considerably, and this slackening has gone to such an extent that in spite of the capacity of the factories even the allotted quota of tin is found to be surplus. The Government now turns round and complains about non-clearance of stock allotted.

The Government should go into this matter and enable this industry to operate

rate and develop in a congenial atmosphere.

M. V. RAMANARAO

A Baseless Allegation

Sir,—Going through Telugu Swatantra dated 4th September I noticed an insertion at page 9 to the effect that the Honourable Minister for Rural Welfare, Sri S. B. P. Pattabhirama Rao, had directed me and the Collector, West Godavari to cause a breach at Chidipi in the right flood bank of the Godavari when the river was in floods recently, so as to save his native village of Kapileswarapuram from destruction and that myself and the Collector refused to carry out his direction. It is my duty to inform you straightaway that the allegation is sheer nonsense and absolutely baseless. The absurdity of the allegation can be considered from the fact that by the time the Honourable Minister visited Chidipi, his own village of Kapileswarapuram and many villages in the eastern and central deltas of East Godavari were already submerged. There was thus no necessity for him to give a direction of the nature mentioned above either to me or to the Collector. Nor would the Honourable Minister ever issue such an instruction. I am very pained to note that a responsible paper like Swatantra should make an insertion of this nature without ascertaining how far the allegation is true.

P. V. RATHNAM,
Revenue Divisional Officer,
Kovvur.

[Editor's Note: Sri Rathnam has not correctly understood what was published in Telugu Swatantra. He has taken as an allegation requiring to be refuted by him, what was mentioned as an example of some of the wild rumours that circulated after the floods without any basis in fact.]

Parents Penalised

Sir,—I paid a sum of Rs. 97 as the first term fees plus special fees for the admission of my son in the B.A. class of an Arts college in Madras. He subsequently got a seat in a professional college and joined it. I applied for refund of the term fees paid to the Arts college, (which my boy did not attend even for a day) and the college authorities refused.

Why should parents be penalised for the belated announcement of selection results by the professional colleges? Each Arts college would have earned many thousands of rupees by this unfair means. Is this just and proper in these hard days? Will the Government come to the rescue of poor parents like me and order the refund of these amounts?

A PARENT

SWATANTRA

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

WRANGLE FOR POWER IN ANDHRA

ALL the legal preliminaries for the inauguration of the Andhra State have been completed, and the choice of the Chief Minister to be entrusted with the formation of the Cabinet is immediately the most important of the problems awaiting solution. As the leader of the Congress Legislature Party, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi seemed for a time to be the likeliest choice for the Chief Minister. In a legislature of 140 members, the Congress Legislature Party commands a voting strength of 46. It falls considerably short of the majority required for running the administration in a smooth and stable manner. But great as the gap was which the Congress Legislature Party had to fill with supporters from outside its ranks in order to be able to form the Government, the gap was greater still in the case of the other parties none of whom could boast of a larger membership. On a mechanical application of the simple rules of arithmetic, it was assumed that Sri Sanjeeva Reddi was nearer the goal of Chief Ministership than any possible competitor. Sri Rajagopalachari actually referred to him once as the prospective head of the Andhra Government. And Sri Sanjeeva Reddi himself responded to the pleasant suggestion with alacrity and showed himself as by no means averse to snatch the glittering crown and put it on his own head.

FOR a time it appeared as though Sri Rajagopalachari's prediction would be realised. The Krishikar Lok Party rushed forward to embrace the Andhra Congress in the legislature in a silken bond of voluntary associate membership. The Praja Socialist Party laboured hard to remove one impediment after another for a coalition with the Congress for a cooperative effort in running the Government. At the Centre, the talks for a similar effort between Pandit Nehru and Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan had broken down, but Andhra was taken out of the all-India pattern in the matter of Congress-P. S. P. relations, with full discretion conceded to Sri Prakasam to enter into any arrangements he deemed proper, with other parties, for establishing a stable Government in the State. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi took full advantage of the situation for consolidating his claims under cover of Congress supremacy, while showering on Sri Prakasam resplendent boquets of theoretical honour. It was announced in the papers that a distinctive role of super-dignity would be reserved for him in the new State, though not the slightest hint of what it would look like, in concrete form, was ever vouchsafed. Later it was declared that he would be installed in the Speaker's chair, and that he had as good as tendered consent. Throughout these proceedings, Sri Prakasam maintained a most obdurate silence, proof against the importunities of the most persistent questioners to draw him out. This silence of his unnerved and disquieted the seekers for power more than anything else could have done.

IT however became clear before long that Sri Sanjeeva Reddi could not rise to the level of the responsibilities of the august destiny that Fortune seemed almost bent on thrusting on him. In the very process of nursing his claims to the headship of the State, he fell into the error of splitting its integral unity. He became a protagonist of supposed Rayalaseema interests as against the rest of the State. To hold the people of a State together, there is need of an impartial attachment to the welfare of the whole of it, with no discriminatory preferences as between part and part, on the part of the leadership entrusted with its care. For, has it not been exhibited before our very eyes, how the impetus of the demand for the Andhra State was strengthened by the lack of such a quality in the ruling head of the composite Madras State? Sri Sanjeeva Reddi fell into the same pitfall and showed himself unable to identify himself with an over-all conception of public good, covering the whole of the State, over-riding the clamour of minor sectional interests. Andhra politics, never noted for harmony at any time in the past decade, became more and more a seething mess of discordant war-cries under the repeated provocations of his narrow-minded utterances. Reddis have been brought into battle array against the Kammas, and Rayalaseema against the Circars. The entire area of the State has been made tense with internal strife.

IT is not surprising, in the circumstances, that there has been a swift deterioration in the parliamentary strength at the command of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's leadership. It might be recalled that when he was elected leader of the Congress Legislature Party, the voting was unanimous. The aspect of affairs at present is totally different. Unanimity of accord no longer blesses his continuance as party leader. Substantial and influential elements within the Congress Legislature Party have begun to doubt his adequacy and look out for a more stalwart leadership. The Krishikar Lok Party who at the outset had been so prompt with enthusiastic offers of associate membership, have changed their attitude, and their executive committee has passed a harsh resolution pronouncing him unfit to govern. The shifts and turns of Krishikar Lok politics, revolving as they do, round Professor Ranga's uncertain and unpredictable moods, afford of course no reliable guidance in any matter of importance, and they are apt to confuse issues and distort reality for purposes of their own unconnected with public welfare or the merits of a case. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi could have ignored the severity of the Krishikar Lok diatribe as one of the numerous instances of Professor Ranga's erratic changes of front, had the parliamentary basis of his aspiration been sound and solvent otherwise. But as indicated above, it has ceased to be that. Furthermore, at the crucial moment, Sri Prakasam emerged out of his long quiescence, and he was propped up by the Praja Socialist Party with every device known to political ingenuity for bowling Sri Sanjeeva Reddi out of the helm. It is well known that Sri Prakasam holds the Praja Socialist Party in his pocket, and the supposition that the Praja Socialists would co-operate with Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to erect him into a Chief Minister is no longer tenable, now that Sri Prakasam has disproved the earlier reports that had been circulated about his intentions, and himself entered the lists as a competitor. The outcome of all these developments is not propitious to the fulfilment of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's dream of leadership in supersession of Sri Prakasam. Challenged by a section in his own party, denounced by the Krishikar Loks, and with all hopes of support from the Praja Socialists rendered chimerical, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi is today in the most unhappy position of having to embrace the most unstable elements in the legislature, the so-called Independents without even a name to their policies, in his pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of supremacy. The most vital elements in Andhra public life would remain out of any coalition he can contrive, and the Ministry of his fashioning, even if he can work the miracle of fashioning one, would be doomed to a debilitated existence from the very start; it cannot survive, and its only hope of salvation would lie in relief from its natal ailments through quick mortality.

SRI PRAKASAM is the outstanding popular leader in Andhra, the one man who can hold together its divergent elements and forge a workable unity out of the present discords. He commands the respect and loyalty of all the mutually fighting factions. Though he turned away from the Congress organisation when it degenerated, the Congress spirit at its best is incarnated in him, and many Congress legislators hold him in high esteem as the real father of the Congress movement in Andhra. He is a symbol of the aspirations of the people of the State, in the same manner in which Pandit Nehru is a symbol of the nation's aspirations, and if someone else is pushed above him as Chief Minister, the resulting feeling would be one of keen disappointment and rage in the minds of the masses. But with Sri Prakasam as Chief Minister, a happy sense of identification between the Government and the governed, which is the true mark of democracy, would sanctify the State from its very birth.

Sotto Voce

A MUG'S GAME



IT is refreshing to find that Mr. Nehru is not only old-fashioned in some ways but has no hesitation in confessing to this failing. On the status of students' unions he has pretty definite views. He remembers that in his own days at college it would have been unthinkable to make membership of university students' unions compulsory. He himself, as you might expect, was an active and enthusiastic participant, but there were quite a few among his contemporaries who regarded the union as a waste of time. They might be looked upon as cranks or bookworms but nobody thought of coercing them.

My own recollection of college days leaves me as puzzled and disconcerted as Mr. Nehru is by the change that has come over the temper and attitudes of university students. The Madras University in those days did not enter the periphery of the students' consciousness except during examination week. Though much later than my time a University Students' Union came into existence

membership of that body was voluntary. I believe it concerns itself mainly with sport. The colleges, especially those in Madras, had in my days, vigorous debating societies; but nobody dreamt of converting them into students' trade unions.

The Christian College in particular gave its students considerable encouragement to engage in extra-curricular activities. It was a great nursery of debating talent; its Associated Unions enjoyed a Province-wide reputation, the secretaryship carrying almost as much prestige as is traditionally attached to the presidency of the Oxford or Cambridge Union. The Christian College, too, was the first institution of university status to start a Students' Social Service League. The Miller tradition and influence were still so strong that the professors (most of them Europeans) and students mixed without condescension on the former's part or self-consciousness on the latter's.

The Christian College Hostels were situated in surroundings that were

anything but ideal. The Victoria Hostel was in this respect a glorious contrast. But the Christian College Hostels did what the Victoria Hostel did not even remotely attempt to do, though by reason of its housing students from many colleges, professional as well as arts, the spaciousness of its grounds and the adequacy of its facilities for the cultural life, it could have done a good deal to bring home to us the advantages of the residential system. The reason for the difference was that the teaching staff in G. T. gave aspiring youth just the kind of unobtrusive leadership that wins allegiance.

We at Chempauk were sybarites who worked or loafed at will; our hostel and our own room in it was our castle. We had our particular cronies and we occasionally recognised the existence of other people, but the professors, especially those of my own Presidency College, "dwelt as a star apart." I am free to confess that in some ways the aristocratic reserve of our hostel life served exceedingly well one of budding youth's prime needs, the need for solitude. But, confronted with the ease and polish of the Christian College student who was welcome at his professors' social, took his night school seriously and had the ambition to appear in print in the College Magazine—which was of an exceptionally high standard,—we felt hopelessly *gauche*.

In both types there was, I am afraid, a certain amount of snobbery. And our politics—we pursued the

hares started by the newspapers as vigorously as the young do these days and with rather more information—shared something of the unreality of the adult politics of those days of helotry. But this was not so harmful as it is now the fashion to suggest it was. We vicariously shared in the triumphs of the French Revolution and the downfall of the Czars. But we were not called upon to help pull down the Bastille. Nor were we told that patriotism required that we should become *sansculottes*, spiritual and intellectual. It was the play of mind that held us in these verbal jousts.

We returned to our books with rather more zest, not because we lacked patriotism, but because the discoveries we were making in the world of thought and feeling were all-absorbing. Flag-wagging and slogan-shouting was not prescribed as the road to emancipation from pupillage. Any suggestion that membership of the Students' Union should be made compulsory would have made us open our eyes wide. We might canvass vigorously for the elective offices of our unions but we sought no outsider's assistance. We would have thought it a mug's game to be made cat's-paws of by politicians on the make. Luckily for us, totalitarianism had not yet dawned on the Indian horizon. Even if the wolves had come we were healthy young animals and might have kicked. We had not been forced into the hot-house of political charlatanism.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Give us the man of integrity, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend; who will stand firm when others fail; the friend, faithful and true; the adviser, honest and fearless; the adversary, just and chivalrous; such an one is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—J. P. STANLEY

THE Working Committee of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee passed a resolution on Wednesday night unanimously declaring that a member of the Congress Legislature Party should lead the Andhra Government. The resolution would have been quite justified if the Congress had come out as a victorious party at the last elections. It does not fit in with the basic reality that emerged out of the elections, that the voters had repudiated the right of the Congress to rule. No Andhra political party can boast at present of a mandate from the electors to govern. All the parties in the field fall short of the requisite majority in the legislature entitling them to form the Government. Some fall short of it more than others, but the shortage is there in the case of all the parties.

How can the shortage be made good? It cannot be made good at all by the Congress Legislature Party merely by the executive of the Congress Pradesh Committee passing a resolution that only a member of the party should head the Andhra Government. It will be made good only if the party throws up a leader commanding its loyalty fully, and acceptable to the other parties, at any rate up to the extent required for achieving a workable parliamentary majority. Can it be said of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi who is the only Congressman in the running for the Chief Ministership, that he satisfies this condition? Most assuredly not. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has lost ground in his party and some who had voted him its leader, such as Sri Sankara Reddi and his friends, do not want

him to be Chief Minister. They want Sri Prakasam. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has also been repudiated by the Krishikar Lok Party. Nor is he supported by the Praja Socialist Party. Their entire support is for Sri Prakasam. The idea of a Congress coalition with the Communists is obviously absurd. The only ones left for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to deal with in his effort to form a Government are the Independents. They are an unpredictable lot, each a law unto himself. The sum-total of the individual prices to be paid for the purchase of their loyalties will turn out to be disastrous to the integrity and rectitude of the administration.

In the advice he tendered to Sri Sanjeeva Reddi at the valedictory party in Rajaji Hall on Wednesday, the Madras Chief Minister dwelt on the need of immunity from political pressure if the administrative services are to discharge their duties efficiently and justly. He seems to have spoken with prophetic vision of impending disaster inseparable from the formation of a Ministry with the aid of votes collected in an *ad hoc* way. The effect of a Government on the people is dependent, no doubt, on the calibre of the administrative services through whom the policies of the Government are implemented, but the quality of the services themselves, their traditions and standards, their prestige and dependability are shaped, in their turn, by the day-to-day behaviour of the Ministers, the degree of restraint they impose on their own power to allow the administrative officers to carry out their allotted tasks in full freedom with unhampered initiative. Sri Rajagopalachari paid a deserved tribute to Britain as the best governed democracy in the world, but the secret of the excellence of British democracy lies in ministerial standards, the very reverse of those that have come to be practised under Congress rule in India. British

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Ministers will never seek to influence the decisions of their colleagues or administrative subordinates with pleas of their own personal interest in particular parties. They would be ashamed of exercising that kind of influence, and as a rule, they make a point of desisting from it as from an impropriety; whereas the exercise of undue pressure by the wielders of political power to get for their friends and favourites advantageous administrative decisions without regard to justice and fair dealing, constitutes the very core of Congress corruption in the country, the prime irritant that has driven so many people into despair and impelled them in the elections to turn away from Congress candidates to Communist tempters as to saviors.

Corruption is certain to mount sky-high under any Ministry bound by no collective ties. A weak leader with no commanding authority is bound to pay a very high price for

the loyalty of supporters, and in every case the price would amount to some form of privilege, the privilege of utilising political opportunities for individual profit, despite the maladministration therein involved. Already we hear of efforts being made by interested politicians to get administrative decisions postponed and transferred to the Andhra State so that lucrative opportunities in defiance of equity might with abuse of political power be preserved for vendors of votes. If Sri Rajagopalachari has been able to stamp out the invasions of political influence-peddlers from the precincts of the administration, it was because he had eminence enough to refuse to be enslaved by political browbeaters. Without a similar corresponding stature in the ruling leadership in Andhra, the meddling of legislators with the work of public servants cannot be prevented, nor can administrative corruption be controlled and weeded out.

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COMMUNITY SELFHELP: A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

ABOUT 14 miles above Rajahmundry on the banks of the river Godavari is the village of Sithanagaram famous for its Gowthami Ashram—a refuge for the Congress workers and their families which played an epic role in the Non-Cooperation days of our struggle for independence. Now in the premises of this Ashram is the headquarters of the Andhra branch of the Kasturiba Gandhi Memorial Trust. Under the auspices of this Trust are being run a Grama Sevika Sikshana Kendram, a basic school for women and a maternity hospital. It is an institution run by ladies. The office-bearers, Grama Sevika trainees, students of the basic school and the doctor and staff in the maternity home are all ladies.

On the 15th of August the inmates of this Ashram started their Independence Day celebrations with "Prabhath Pheries" before dawn and were just getting ready for the Flag hoisting when the alarm was raised that the river flood had risen to just six or eight inches short of the crest of the bund and that the Ashram which is just by the side of the bund as well as the village a few furlongs away were in danger of being submerged. In some places along the bund the river water was leaking through, a sure indication of the bund getting breached in course of time. It was a desperate situation and the atmosphere was gloomy and most depressing. Chivalrous village elders offered their services to evacuate the inmates of the Ashram to places of safety.

But, the authorities of the Kasturiba Trust had different plans. Srimati D. Butchikrishnamma, 'Sanchalika' of the Andhra Branch, Dr. Mrs. M. Vijayalakshmi of the Maternity Hospital, Subhadra Devi, Samrajyam and other workers of the Kendram are all believers in human effort and they refused to be cowed down by the

fury of the river. While they gratefully accepted the help of the village elders to evacuate the patients in the hospital, the old, the disabled and the children to safety, they themselves got ready for work. The Independence Day celebrations were stopped and everybody in the Ashram, officials, workers, Grama Sevika trainees and students, all tightened their girdles and went to work with spades, crowbars and baskets. It was a wonderful and inspiring sight. Undaunted either by the magnitude of the job or by the sneers of the sceptics, the ladies of the Ashram dug and carried basketfuls of earth and began to raise the level of the bund and fill in the leaks in it. Soon other ladies from the village, joined their sisters of the Ashram in their work. The grim determination and sincerity of purpose of these women soon infected the men. They shook themselves out of their scepticism, and before long all the able bodied in the villages, men and women, were at work. Palmyra trees were felled and

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fixed lengthwise along the margins of the crest of the bund and the space between them was filled in with earth. Thus, as the flood rose inch by inch, the bund also was raised inch by inch. It was an endless and exhausting work and the river kept rising relentlessly. The vastness and fury of the river would sometimes make them despair of the utility of their effort. But, encouraged by the success so far achieved they spurred themselves to further effort. The leaks in the bund posed a greater problem than raising its height. These leaks could not be closed from the outside and any amount of stone and earth dumped on the river side was getting washed off even as it was being dumped. The outlook was most desperate. However, somebody had a lucky brain wave. Planks and fencings were driven vertically into the incline of the bund on the side of the river below the leaks and the space between them and the bund was filled in with stones and earth. This worked and the leaks stopped. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that this is the P. W. D. way of dealing with leaks. All through the 15th and 16th, till the river began to show signs of receding, they watched and worked. In the Sithanagaram area itself the bund was raised on an average to 1½ feet over a length of 3 or 4 furlongs. Many leaks were stopped. People of the nearby villages who were also in similar danger were inspired by the example of Sithanagaram and they too in their hundreds went to work, raised and strengthened their bund and saved themselves from an impending calamity. In all, at and near Sithanagaram 4 miles of the bund was taken care of by the community effort of the people.

A few miles down the river from Sithanagaram it was quite a different story. By the early afternoon of the 15th of August, the river bund was breached in many places and many villages got submerged. People from these villages fled for their lives with scarcely the clothes they were wearing. Reports of the destruction to their houses and property came almost on the heels of their flight. These villagers rendered des-

titute almost in a moment, with their stricken faces and carrying miserable bundles of saved things and hungry weeping children, slowly found their weary way to Sithanagaram. The ladies of the Kasturiba Kendram welcomed them and gave them food and shelter. They were sorry when these poor people did not feel safe there from the flood and left for safer and higher regions.

IN the wake of the flood came the epidemic of cholera. The Kasturiba Kendram was once again in the forefront. They intimated the Health authorities of the scope of the epidemic and their requirements to meet it and got them. About 60 cases of cholera were treated in their hospital. Nearly 4,000 people in Sithanagaram and the neighbouring villages were inoculated against cholera. All infected areas in all these villages were disinfected and all wells were treated with permanganate by the ladies of this Kendram. This is not an isolated incident in the activities of the Kendram. It may be remembered that the ladies of this Kendram sometime back took the lead and did yeoman service when Rajupalem, a neighbouring village, caught fire and was almost entirely burnt down. Straight from putting down the fire they went home and fed and sheltered 500 refugees from the burnt village.

In contrast to the enormous devastation suffered by dozens of villages from Katavaram—a village 6 miles down the river from Sithanagaram—down to Doweleswaram including the city of Rajahmundry, caused by over a dozen breaches in a length of about 12 miles, the glorious and successful work of the people of Sithanagaram and nearby villages, inspired and led by the ladies of the Kasturiba Kendram, is a most heartening event to restore our faith in human supremacy and human effort. The ladies of the Kendram have acquitted themselves with honour and glory in the task of inculcating the spirit of community labour and self help. They have added one more wreath of glory to the memory of the late Kasturiba Gandhi in whose memory their institutions are being run.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

By ELEANOR BUTLER

THE first 150 years of the Industrial Revolution in the West was a time in which scientific and mechanical progress might have raised the standard of living for the peoples of the whole world. But instead industrial conditions were created which in turn produced the philosophy of Karl Marx and the class war.

Selfishness in the hearts of men led to the exploitation of men, women and children, the defacement of the countryside, the creation of slums unfit for human habitation and the complete dependence of the labourer and his family upon the employer for their very existence. One hundred years ago it was little wonder that an economic interpretation of history was accepted and

of ideas, and the scramble is for the minds of men. The class war has been projected into the sphere of international politics in the form of the Capitalist and Communist blocs. Both are capable of defending their interests with the most deadly weapons. Hence, if the class war is carried to its logical conclusion it can only lead to a third world war. No nation can remain neutral or stand aside in such a conflict, for every nation has the seeds of class war within.

To the Communist bloc the terms democracy and division must be synonymous today, for within the free nations we see in addition to the class struggle, racial, religious, party-political and linguistic groups

The author of this article, a former member of the Irish Senate, and a representative of her country at the Strassbourg Conference for European unity, goes with fine historic responsibility and perspicacity into the root cause of the class war which has intensified itself on the world front today—"a tragic fact as nations win their independence and begin to develop their own resources." The only way to unite the world and establish peace, she says, is through a synthesis between opposing forces on absolute moral standards; of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love, free from every kind of personal and national ambition and avarice and prejudices of the past.

that an economic solution seemed to be the only means of restoring the dignity of man.

The last fifty years have brought about an awakening of the social conscience on a scale hitherto unknown in history, a highly developed trade union movement, the gradual shift of power to the side of labour, and the emergence of the Welfare State. But the class war has been intensified on a world front. One of the tragic facts we have to face today is that as nations win their independence and begin to develop their own resources, the seeds of destruction take root from within in the form of class war.

The international manifestations of the industrial age were the scramble for world markets, colonial expansion, and the maintenance of a so-called Balance of Power, leading eventually to two world wars.

Today we see the expansive power

bitterly opposed to each other, not to mention the complete lack of any real basis of unity between the democratic nations other than the fear of what will happen if they don't stand together.

IT may be due to unrelenting propaganda that the dialectic interpretation of events has infiltrated the thinking of even those who are anti-Marxist in their philosophy, or perhaps it is the inevitable consequence of a purely materialistic approach to life. Whatever the cause may be, the result today is that the objective of all political thinking in the free world seems to be, at best, to achieve a synthesis between opposite and opposing forces. At the international level this has been reflected in policies of either compromise or appeasement. Such is the confusion of thought on the ideological issues involved that the final resort is a policy of containment dependent on military strength.

WHAT is the answer?

The ideological issue is simple—what idea will unite the world?

What are the factors which divide men and nations? Are they not fear, greed, hate, personal and national ambition and the prejudices of the past?

Surely the first step is to deal drastically with the root cause of class war—the selfishness in the hearts of men, and the need for change in every class.

Are we not capable of planning to bring about a fundamental change in men on a world scale?

Are we prepared to mobilise all our resources for this purpose? Any lesser thinking is inadequate today.

One thing is certain, moral clarity must precede ideological clarity. This will involve the acceptance of the four simple yet basic moral standards—absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

In a programme of change for every man, every class and every nation which needs it, the sincere Marxists find for the first time an idea above class. Faced with the world situation as it exists today, many of them have begun to apply moral change to their own lives.

Mr. Hans Bjerkholt, a founder of the Norwegian Communist Party, recently said: "The future of mankind depends on how far we are willing to change personally, myself included, so that we can create the basis on which we can work together. We talk about revolution, about new systems. But the revolution which begins with the change of the individual—that is the idea, that is the revolution for our time. The true revolutionary of our age is the man who is able to grasp the idea which can build our age. Nothing is so powerful as an idea whose time has come. The idea of our time is change."

Mr. Maurice Mercier, Secretary of the Textile Workers' Union of France (Force Ouvriere) and a former Communist and leader of the resistance movement, said: "There are many excellent and well-intentioned people in the world. To be a revolution-

nary is to fight with absolute determination for what is right. In every factory, whatever the technical potentialities are, if men pull together you create wealth. If men respect one another, you create a new moral climate. These are the chain-links of this revolution; and if this is extended in industry and throughout the country, economic and political problems are transformed."

Mr. Hans Dutting, Managing Director of the Gelsenkirchen Coal Company said: "For management to apply absolute moral standards also has certain material consequences. If we create new conditions and relations between workers and management in this way, then we have no cause to fear the future, and beyond that, this trust will certainly stir from one country to the next, and that is the greater task that we employers must fulfil."

Dr. Karl Albrecht, Deputy Commissioner for Forestry, 1929-32, and for three years a Member of the Politburo of the U. S. S. R., said: "The thing that I was looking for and could not find, the synthesis between capital and labour and the place where everybody could fight together to build a new world humanity—that was what was missing and that was what I found at Caux. I want to thank Frank Buchman because he has, with his teaching, shown convinced Marxists how they can in a new way build up the classless society and a new world. I would like to ask you to accept me and my wife and my five children into this community where we really belong and where all true idealists and Communists who are fighting for a new world truly belong."

IN Germany a few miners, veterans of the Communist Party, began admitting dishonesty with an honest apology. The joint initiative of these men together with the director of their group of pits (this group is part of the largest company in the Ruhr, the industrial heart of Germany) has resulted in the emergence of a completely new industrial relationship of joint responsibility. After some months the workers' leaders admitted that by applying the four absolute moral standards and with

decisions made on a basis of what is right, they had obtained results far beyond anything they could have hoped to gain by any other methods. And when two years later Germany was faced with the possibility of a general strike on the issue of the Co-determination Law for industry which earlier had been opposed by management, it was because of this experiment and the results obtained that certain industrialists were prepared to completely reverse their opinions and to advise the government to allow the Co-determination to become Law for industry as a whole.

Experiments similar in essence but varying in detail have been carried out in Britain, Italy, France and other countries, always producing a new unity and relationship of joint responsibility. Recently a group of leading industrialists from ten nations of Europe issued a manifesto pledging themselves to plan for their industries not in terms of profit or national gain, but in terms of meeting the needs of men and of solving world problems. There can be little doubt that history will show this revolutionary thinking for industry—the result of personal change—to be as historic a turning point for the economic policies of nations as the Industrial Revolution.

No government today can withstand the pressure of capital and labour united on a common programme. In many countries where industry is pioneering this answer political leaders are beginning to see the relevance of personal change to national policy, and the need for absolute moral standards in their own lives and in politics in order to close the gap of mistrust, which so often exists between the people and their elected representatives.

THERE is ample evidence to show that where men and women are prepared to begin with themselves, they bring a new factor into the political scene. In Nigeria Dr. Azikiwe apologised to his political opponent; an African chief recently gave away four thousand acres of his best cocoa land and immediately brought social

and economic change to his landless tribesmen; in Japan Senator Mrs. Togano has created a considerable measure of unity between the right and left wings of the Socialist Party; my own experience in Ireland was that when I apologised for my prejudices to my political opponent, it not only created a personal friendship but also unity between his party and mine which was later reflected in co-operation in many situations vital to the nation.

IN the international sphere change has proved to be the only basis of true unity—the unity of the heart and mind. One French woman, Madame Irene Laure, former Secretary General of the Socialist Women of France, who dealt with her own bitterness and hatred of the Germans, did more, in the estimation of her own Foreign Minister, to bring unity between France and Germany than any other factor. She was later instrumental in having the German Socialists admitted to the Socialist International from which they had been previously excluded by the vote of the French delegation.

An American Congressman, Charles B. Deane, of North Carolina, apologised to the Ambassador from Burma for remarks he had made about his country in Congress. The former Secretary for Defence in the United States, Mr. Lovett, was so impressed with the uniting power of personal change in industrial situations that he sanctioned the recalling of Mr. William Pawley, American Ambassador-at-large, for 48 hours from an international conference in Europe in order to settle a strike in his own concern and learn of this key to unity.

Again from my own experience I found that a realistic contribution towards solving the national problem of my country, Partition, could be made when some people were ready to apply the absolute moral standards to the factors which divide us. This enabled Members of Parliament from the Republic of Ireland, Northern Ireland and Britain to meet unofficially and to reach agreement on some of our fundamental differences. It enabled meetings to be held in

Northern Ireland to discuss the unity of Ireland on a basis of what is right, which were attended by hundreds of workers who have bitterly opposed the unity of Ireland because of economic fear. Because of the evidence of this force at work in industry in Northern Ireland, trust had been recreated and these men were prepared to listen to anyone who stood for absolute moral standards.

In not one of these, or hundreds of other similar cases, was the aim to arrive at a synthesis between opposing forces, but to answer the wrong on both sides by each beginning with himself. Where do I and my nation change to find unity?

Everywhere the millions long for peace. Many place their hope in the creation of a Third Force. But mere abhorrence of war, or the determination to remain neutral, or a so-called tolerance which says,

"There is much to be said upon both sides," will not be effective in uniting a divided world. Nations which adopt such a policy are completely impotent now while there is still time to do something, and if war eventually comes, they will have no means of limiting the area of conflict. Only a burning passion to live personally and nationally the answer to the disunity and steely selfishness of both sides will pave the way for peace in the world.

FOR some time the eyes of the world have been focused on the U.S.S.R. and more recently on China, because of the fact that a vast experiment is in progress. Tomorrow the eyes of the world will be focused on the nation that has the courage to make the great experiment of living the answer and throwing its doors wide open for the whole world to enter and to see.

If your child is peevish or irritable

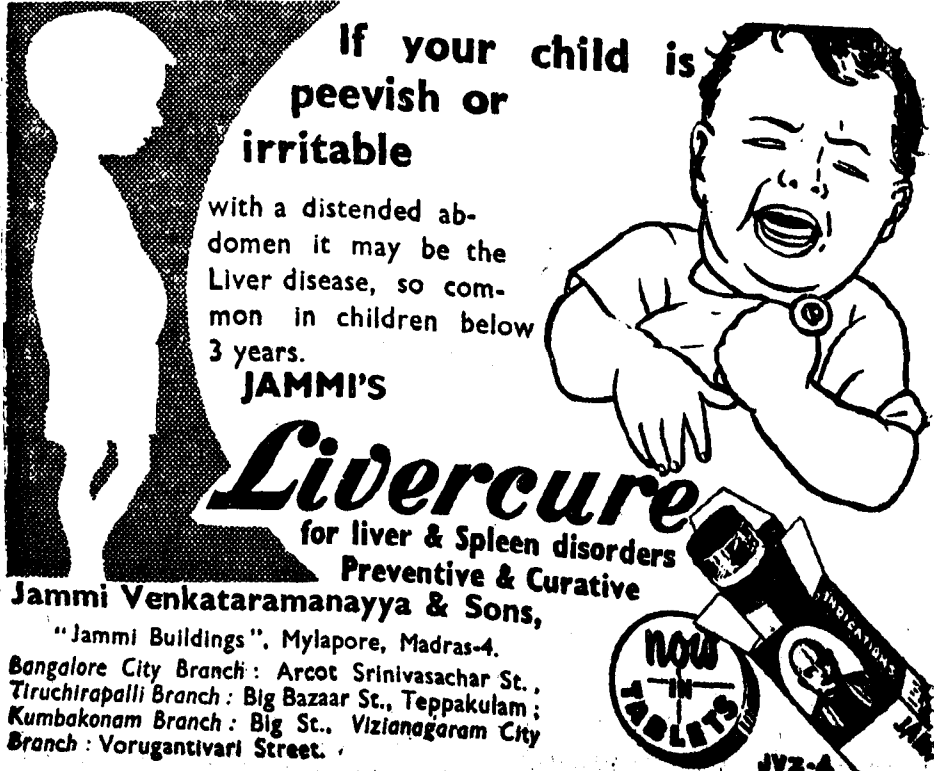
with a distended abdomen it may be the Liver disease, so common in children below 3 years.

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PATTERNS IN THE ARAB WORLD

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

THE day is January 14, 1953. The Court of Appeals at Algiers is crowded with people. Zeroukhi Chikh, a middle aged school teacher stands in the dock. There is silence. Three French judges take their seats on the dais. The judgement is delivered. It confirms "a sentence of 4 years imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 3500 for making uncomplimentary remarks about French Administration in Algeria."

On August 26, 1952 after strenuous work at his school Zeroukhi was playing with his two children on the verandah outside his one-roomed flat. Suddenly a police jeep pulled up in front of him and a French inspector kicked him on his chest. "Come to the police station" the inspector yelled. "But why?" the stunned school teacher looked dazed—his kids clinging around his legs, frightened.

In a few minutes' time when the wife returned she saw the jeep whisk by, her children screaming behind.

While from Casablanca to Tunis the pattern of French rule and justice is reflected in the case of Zeroukhi Chikh, from Cairo to Kabul, the other half of the Arab world, it is a pattern wrought with Western intrigues, open manoeuvres and cruel tricks.

Sprawling across, girdling almost a quarter of the globe, the Arab world is strewn with contrasts which have no analogy in history.

Sixty times ten years ago Istanbul was already a cosmopolitan town. Sultans, harems, huzzas, mosques. Times have changed and now to waltz tunes. Pyramids to refrigerators, camels to limousines, djellababs to lounge suits, burkhas to bathing two-pieces, caravansarais to skyscraper hotels.

5000 years ago Damascus was an

international city with a reputation. It is still there. Still there is the city of Aleppo, only a few hundred miles up in the north, continuously inhabited for the last 4,000 years, the city where now calls in the Taurus Express from Baghdad to steam out to Istanbul, to Berlin, to Paris, to London, with its heavy load of unsuspected espionage personnel.

From today's vantage point the Arab world is a vast panorama, too big and indeed, too deep, bringing together many geographic areas where the common factor is grinding poverty and appalling ignorance.

The common bond running through this great belt of countries is the bond of Mohamed the Prophet. The ex-King of Egypt used to brag before he was turned out of his country, "As long as the Arab world is Muslim, no power can depose me." Riza Shah Pahlavi had aired a similar boast and it is now common knowledge how Britain hurled him down the Peacock Throne in 1941. Today these two once powerful monarchs are outcasts in their own countries. While ex-King Farouk is being talked as "traitor" ex-King Pahlavi is forgotten for good, and, why was King Abdullah of Trans Jordan murdered the other day?

IT is not enough to belong to a religion to have a feeling of common bondage. Religion may count. It may even give a starving enslaved people some consolation, some impetus to fight for freedom, but once that freedom is achieved (Pakistan is an example) religion recedes backward to push forth other human qualities which are essential for the preservation of that freedom.

World War II might have brought independence to some of the Arab countries but the basic fact about all these countries is that most of the Arab kings still occupy their thrones.

a few thousand Arab landlords who provide their Governments with ministers and officers are still there, and these landlords also fill their country's parliaments with hon'ble members.

THERE is another common factor which runs almost parallel through this belt of countries: 4 children out of 5 die here as they are born. 99 adults out of 100 cannot read between the covers of a book. A Saudi Arabian cannot complain when his face is smacked by an American oilman pumping his country out, a French soldier in Morocco can molest a native woman with impunity; at Kuwait, in Bahrein, at Trans Jordan, and at Aden the British Tommy has the law in his hands and in most of these countries no political party is allowed to function.

In Cairo, in Teheran, at Baghdad, at Aleppo, almost everywhere across this world of the Arabs are political parties which operate underground. The *Fodiyian Islam* is here, there and everywhere; so are the members of the *Brotherhood*, the *League of Sacrifice*, and the *Crusaders for Islam*.

To the credit of these societies lie the murder of a king, a president, 5 prime ministers, 3 cabinet ministers, and 20 politicians.

When Pakistan's Liaquat Ali was split on the chest and the murderer was being tried in camera the name of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was repeatedly featured in the court's proceedings. The Mufti has been variously reported from time to time as being on the payroll of the French, the British, and Hitler. Nobody seems to be knowing who he is working for now. He has a bank account in London, in Paris, in Cairo; the Berkleys' are too good to him.

When on December 4, 1952 the French caused the gruesome murder of Ferhat Hached, the Tunisian nationalist leader, the dead body of a young Arab with dark spectacles was discovered on a luxury coupe on the *Taurus Express*.

This body carried a wallet which

contained a ticket to Mosul and an unmounted photograph of a young lady whose features resembled Princess Ashraf of Iran. A letter found in the wallet read, "I am getting quite heady; you may not like ballroom manners but it is a tremendous passion with me to ball dance and do you know I am already fond of mixed swimming." The letter was signed in initials: F. C.

Like the mystery of Ferhat Hached's murder the dead body in the *Taurus Express* remains today a mystery but a week after the express train incident there was the sensational news of the Anglo-Iraqi Oil Company's granting of 50% share in the profits to Iraq.

If West of Cairo the Arab world has rich strategic mineral deposits the East is resplendent with valuable oil, representing half of the world's total known output. If the crisis in Iran is a by-product of oil the clamping of a near-slave rule southward in the Peninsula is also born out of this oily business.

Post-war Britain was poorer because of her loss of India. But she lost her face all the more when her possessions enroute to India, the shortest route via the Middle East, were also blocked. 70 years of her garrisoning the Suez Canal, she thinks, has given her a right to lord over it still, but, alas, the dumb Arabs who once lay at the feet of their Sultans and kissed the toes of their Pashas are no longer in a mood to oblige the whites.

But in the meanwhile Britain with a maddening speed has built up air-bases at six of the most important key points like Tripoli, Bengazi, Fyyid (Port Said), Cyprus, Mafrak (Trans-Jordan), and Habbanyah (Iraq). America has still a large number of air bases outside this "umbrella."

THE patterns in the Arab world, though complicated, are not altogether difficult ones to understand. For centuries the people here have been inarticulate—they have been defenceless. The whites from the West have bled them white. Today these people are awakened, and, as a result, they are conscious of their rights.

AMERICA'S VANISHING TRIBE

By ANDREW ROTH

A GROUP of Americans is disappearing. This group is being ravaged as surely as certain tribes of American Indians once disappeared before the rifles and strange diseases of the advancing white settler.

Today's vanishing Americans are the Left-of-Center experts on Asia. By now most Europeans and Asians have become so accustomed to thinking of American attitudes on Asia in terms of Dulles, MacArthur and Truman that they forget that this was not always so.

It is sometimes forgotten—except, of course, by Senator McCarthy and other inquisitors doing the work of the "China Lobby"—that the liberal-left wing of American thinking on Asia was riding high as recently as the last year of President Roosevelt's administration. In plans for the peace, their advanced views were put forward within the Washington administration as often as those proposing a return substantially to the old order of things. The books having the largest sale in the U. S. on Asia were Professor Lattimore's *Solution in Asia* and Harrison Forman's enthusiastic *Report on Red China*. Edgar Snow, who made his reputation with *Red Star over China* was a proud Associate Editor of the "Saturday Evening Post." "Colliers" featured Mark Gayn's attacks on corruption in Chungking.

At the Hot Springs international conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1945, many on the American team considered the representatives of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House) as "old-fashioned fuddy-duddies." Since Chatham House's leading representative was the chairman of a number of rubber plantation companies and since Labourite Arthur Creech-Jones (subsequently to become Colonial Secretary) half-defended the colonial system, we

tended to consider Chatham House as defending the status quo in Asia.

The American delegation was fairly representative, with some businessmen, a retired Admiral (on whose staff I served), a number of academicians, some government officials and the like. Owen Lattimore, then at the peak of his reputation as a liberal specialist on Asia, was the delegation's leading light. Then, five years before he was "discovered" by Senator McCarthy, he was considered somewhat too statesmanlike by some of the Americans there. Mr. Lattimore never attacked Chiang Kai-shek for the corruption and mismanagement in Chungking then be-

"Professor Owen Lattimore has become the symbol of liberal-left influence on American policy toward Asia which grew in the 'thirties . . . He is the effigy which must be burnt in public to assuage the anti-Communist crusaders, the outraged paternalists and crude nationalists."

ing disclosed in the American press. He always blamed "the men around the Generalissimo."

Mme Pandit, then only an attractive agitator for Indian independence and the sister of a distinguished Indian jailbird, was probably the most fiery speaker at the conference. And she looked primarily to the Americans for support. In 1945 Asian nationalists still counted on the U. S., as an anti-colonial influence.

The fact is that in 1945 the center of gravity among U. S. experts on Asia was distinctly left of center, politically speaking. Simple-minded McCarthyites, with their bogeyman interpretation of history, would explain it all as a deep-dyed Kremlin plot, with Communist agents being planted in positions of power as the result of Machiavellian manoeuvres.

The Communists undoubtedly did seek positions of power and influence in the Far Eastern field, as they did in every other. But what the bogeyman theory of history does not explain is why Communist influence had relatively more success in American policy toward the Pacific, or why the body of expert opinion on Asia—in the universities, research organisations or government—was so much more liberal than American opinion on other aspects of foreign affairs.

The short answer, I believe, is that the Far East attracted a very wide section of those Americans with a social conscience and an interest in foreign affairs. The reasons for becoming interested were various. The pacifists, of course, were fascinated by the Gandhian struggle for independence in India. (So enthusiastic were they that I recall being excluded from an organisation headed by a pacifist clergyman because he insisted that the organization only supported India's effort for independence if it were achieved by pacifist means. I suggested that the organization should support India's independence movement but leave it to the Indians to decide on the means.) Enthusiasts for birth control, of course, found the whole of the Far East, and particularly Japan, a fertile field to plough, if not to seed.

Some specialists came from among the hundreds of thousands of small-town church-goers who felt they were doing their bit to help humanity by raising funds to send medical and other missionaries, particularly to China. Many were simply attracted by the exotic colour and the dramatic clashes of culture and creed. My own introduction to the Far Eastern field came through reading Pearl Buck's *Mother Earth* and Agnes Smedley's *China's Red Army Marches* in my early teens while minding my younger brother.

Once interested, Asia almost inevitably had a radical impact on the socially-conscious American intellectual. Almost all became anti-colonial. In every colonial, or semi-

colonial situation, the American war for independence was the obvious analogy. What was good enough for America was obviously good enough for countries in Asia which were still colonies.

The degrading poverty of Asia evoked the indignation of interested Americans. I remember a Latin teacher at the high school at which I taught who told me: "I was a conservative until I took a round-the-world trip on my sabbatical leave. When I saw the way the Chinese and Indians were compelled to live, I realized there was something radically wrong with things as they are." That was a time, of course, when Americans were more prone to sympathize with suffering because they had had a touch of it themselves in the Depression. They were not as sure of themselves then, when there was mass unemployment in the United States. The rapid wartime and postwar rise in living standards had not yet given them that we-can-do-it-why-cant-you attitude.

No Obstacles

THE attitude of a deep, socially-conscious sympathy for Asia grew rapidly, partly because there were few internal conservative forces combating these attitudes. There was no substantial body of colonial administrators or vested interests anxious to explain that "these people can't rule themselves." America's only Asian colony was the Philippines and, after 1936, that was pledged independence at the end of 10 years. There were no investments overseas to compare with those of Western Europe. Most of America's foreign investments, of course, were in Canada and Latin America, neither of which had any substantial attraction for American intellectuals.

The only prewar lobby comparable to the recent "China Lobby" was that extolling and defending Japan and its actions. Japanese culture had a strong appeal for those Americans whose interest in Asia was primarily aesthetic. There were also strong and stable links between Japanese and American firms. During the early '30s there was an important

group, with influential representatives in the State Department, business and academic circles which favoured an alliance with the 'moderate' business elements in Japan. On this basis Japanese official propagandists made extensive efforts to win support for Japan's course of action. But this propaganda was increasingly defensive after 1932 and particularly after 1937.

It was the Japanese attack on China in 1937 which, more than any other single factor shaped the thinking and relations of American Asian experts and established the leadership of liberal-left elements. The attack silenced or isolated the only substantial group of influential conservative thinkers on Asian problems; those who thought of an alliance with a Japan dominated by *Zaibatsu* (cartel) elements. The 1937 attack made it clear these 'moderates' had been completely overcome by the military. Moreover, it became evident the Japanese military were determined to clear out all Western influence in the Pacific.

The 'aid China' campaign welded together an extremely broad front of people anxious to help the beleaguered Chinese. This campaign did not attain the emotional intensity of the simultaneous 'aid Spain' campaign—no volunteers went to fight in China. But it had a greater breadth. The bitter and highly organized opposition of the Catholic Church to the 'aid Spain' campaign was absent in the 'aid China, boycott Japan' movement. It embraced a wide range of people from the Communists to leading businessmen, including many missionary groups.

There is no doubt that the Communists were assisted in their attempts to win friends and influence people toward their point of view by the absence of any large center-left party in the U. S. comparable to Britain's Labour Party. Of course in Britain many Labourites attempting to get the Labour Party to do something to aid Spain and China and boycott Japan ran into difficulties: Sir Stafford Cripps, Aneurin Bevan and George Strauss were expelled from the Labour Party for their efforts. But however stodgy the La-

bour Party leadership—and particularly the trade union leaders like Ernest Bevin—may have seemed, it was the obvious platform and group to seek to influence. In the United States the liberal-left intellectual attempting to do something about Asia found himself in a political vacuum with the liberal fringe of President Roosevelt's administration at one side and the highly-organized and highly-articulate Communist minority at the other. It is easy now to tag anyone as a fellow-traveller who wanted to do anything in the 'thirties on stopping aggression in Asia. If he felt impelled to join a picket-line demanding a boycott of Japanese goods, there were sure to be Communists marching—if they had not organized it.

THERE is something obscene and ridiculous about the questions now asked about whether Professor Whozit knew that Mr. Whatzit was a Communist in the '30s. It was precisely the sort of question which was mooted during the 1937-41 period. The question asked was: is he in favour of aid to China and sanctions against Japan? Within that framework there were obviously other distinctions. Some were completely uncritical about Chiang Kai-shek, others about the Chinese Communists. But most of us would no more ask a man whether he was a Communist—or isolate him if he were—than Mr. Dulles would now ask Syngman Rhee or Chiang Kai-shek whether they are full-fledged Jeffersonian democrats.

Those with Communist sympathies in the Far Eastern field were never isolated by the Nazi-Soviet pact in the same way those in the European field were. China's defense remained a "just" war in Moscow's parlance. No one had to stand on his head overnight and say China wasn't worth helping and that there was no distinction between aggressors and their victims.

In fact to those whose interest in the Far East was dominated by concern over the fate of China, the Communist position seemed less objectionable in 1940, precisely when most specialists in European affairs were revolted by the Russian attack

on Finland. In Asia, it will be remembered, 1940 was the year that Britain closed the Burma Road to China and Vichy France yielded Indochina to the Japanese. The Russians continued aid to isolated China.

In addition to these historical factors, there are some personal influences which prodded the Far Eastern experts to the left. Of the four wealthy Asian experts, only one, Virginia Thompson, was a middle-of-the-roader. The other three threw their influence, and some of their money, to the Left. One of them, Frederick V. (for Vanderbilt) Field, became a spokesman for the American Communists on Asian affairs.

THIS combination of subjective factors found itself reflected in the publications and institutions dealing with the area. *Amerasia* which, since 1945, has become notorious as a political symbol in the U. S., was started in 1937 as a broadly left-liberal semi-academic magazine on Asian policy. It then had on its editorial board middle-of-the-road Professors Cyrus Peake and Kenneth Colegrove, liberals Owen Lattimore and William T. Stone, liberal-leftists Kate Mitchell, Robert K. Reischauer and T. A. Bisson, and leftists Philip Jaffe and Chi Ch'ao-Ting (now in Peking). *Amerasia* went further left as its moderate editors resigned or entered Government service.

The most influential non-official organization was, of course, the Institute of Pacific Relations and its quarterly *Pacific Affairs* (edited by Owen Lattimore) and fortnightly *Far Eastern Survey*. It is ludicrous to suggest that all, or even most, of

the articles in either publication were leftwing. But certainly leftwing ideas had more representation in them than in similar quasi-academic publications on non-Pacific subjects.

If there was any "culprit" at the Institute of Pacific Relations it was Edward C. Carter. He was virtually its creator, after a long and distinguished career in the YMCA in Asia. He was very sensitive to the movement of ideas in Asia and encouraging to young men entering the field. He used his tremendous charm and diplomacy to get money from Wall Street corporations to give jobs to specialists, not discriminating against those who were quite left.

The Washington inquisitors gave him quite an easy time in comparison with Owen Lattimore. It is still not popular to crucify an ex-YMCA secretary in his mid-70s. And there was clearly more to be gained by destroying the wide influence of Professor Owen Lattimore.

Prof. Lattimore has become the symbol of liberal-left influence on American policy toward Asia, which grew in the 'thirties and reached its maximum influence in Washington in 1944-45. He is the effigy which must be burnt in public to assuage the anti-Communist crusaders, the outraged paternalists and crude nationalists who prefer to believe in bogeymen rather than face the more arduous task of analyzing the real causes of Communist advances in Asia, particularly in China. A British correspondent summed up the attitude which Lattimore's persecutors are exploiting: "China was lost, so somebody must have lost it."

GREAT MEN

Great men of action do not plan beforehand all the details of their future course of action. —*Gutzot*.

Great men, whose only claim to this title is based on certain famous acts in their life, are sometimes merely great in a theatrical sense. In moments of strenuous action man is, so to speak, on the stage; he is acting a part; but in the ordinary habits of life, he is, as it were, restored to himself; we then see the man; he ceases to be an actor, and displays his real character. —*Massillon*

Great men are only great because we are on our knees; let us rise to our feet. —*Prudhomme*

A MAD WORLD, MY FRIEND

Her eyes opened and saw her own shadow emerging out of her body. Who was there to shed a drop of tear for her? Who followed her corpse?

A QUIET place where I experienced the charm of being left to myself was my little garden in my village home. Now I am in the city and I feel the beauty of my loneliness nowhere. I persist in my desire to be left alone. It has become an incurable habit with me. As my friends are well aware of this peculiar trait in my character there is no room for any kind of misunderstanding between them and me. They visit me often, much to their pleasure and mine.

It was a Sunday. This day of the week has a special significance for me. It is a day of sorrow when I think of my father who is no more. He passed away on a Sunday.

I was reading Tennyson. The poet gave me real consolation. A few lines of poetry generate spiritual currents in the bloodstream of an extremely sensitive person. The particular lines I was reading moved me to tears. When I lifted my eyes putting away the book, I saw my friend standing beside me. His look revealed that he had much to tell me, perhaps society news. Maybe, I thought, he had come to drag me out of my solitude. But the sanctity of the day was not to be disturbed. He knew that. We stayed in the house. We talked. What did we talk? About inflation, scarcity of clothing materials, E. P. T., Hitler's sex fulfilment and suicide, the fine arts.

My friend is an artist who has shunned the public. He prefers self-effacement to self-advertisement. So he remains unknown. As he has a high opinion of my views and thoughts he visits me frequently

to spend a couple of hours in intelligent conversation. To say anything more about him is against his will and I don't want to be false to a genuine, simple soul.

"When I entered, you didn't notice me," he said. "I saw you shedding tears."

"Yes, I was shedding tears," I replied. "I did not see you entering my room. Tennyson had me in thrall and made me weep. I do not know whether he wept when he wrote these lines."

"Show me the lines that brought the tears to your eyes. I never knew that Tennyson was that moving."

"Very well. Here they are—the death of a mother in childbirth. Agonising."

"We are men. What do we know of the pain of childbirth? Only women know it. I needn't tell you that we are less spiritual than them. As a poet, with his imaginative sympathy and radiant vision, Tennyson must have known to place himself in any kind of situation. So these lines must be true."

"**Y**OU are a good critic of the arts and the artists. What do you think of music and dancing? I personally think that music never dies in the heart of man. I know nothing about the art of dance."

"Music is a kind of religion. Dance is a kind of ritual. And silence is a sign of expressionless joy. I have no faith in rituals. Religion means to me only an attempt of man to define and deny an undefinable and undeniable cause of causes and consequences. Ritual is to religion what the legs are to moving beings. One

SHORT STORY

By

MUKUNDA

without the other has no value. I admit that I know the theory of dance well, but I am of the opinion that a study of it should be taken only by those who know the meaning of marriage. A little girl, who is taught to express the sorrow of separation—I mean the crushing load of anguish in the minds of two young lovers when destiny parts them—is forced to approach the problem of sex in an unethical and demoralizing manner. She must know the meaning of the songs before her limbs attain the maturity essential to expound them. I believe that music is for woman to expound and dance is for man to experience. The religion of music is the faith of woman in her voice and the ritual of dance is the strength of man to endure. Faith and endurance mingled when Prakriti submitted to Purusha. It may seem to you that I am a kill-joy, that I am discouraging talented young girls who prefer dance to music. It is because I am reminded of the painful story of a woman who never married, who knew not the pangs and happiness of a mother, who took to dancing as a profession, that I stand in protest of the views and opinions of those parents who wish to see their daughters dance on the stage."

"Dear friend," I cried, thrilled by his peroration, "one cannot but admire you for your brilliant ideas on the art of dance, but I am afraid they are open to merciless attacks from patrons and admirers of this art. You should know that the society of today has nothing in common with that of our ancestors. They honoured women; and women knew that their security rested with men and they never fought for privileges. Now you should know that civilization is advanced and everybody talks of economic self-sufficiency. No one is dependent on any one. Don't you think that women too should have their economic independence? Why object to young gifted girls taking to dance? I fear you would incur the displeasure of men and women of standing and influence in society. What exactly do you mean when you say that a study of dance should be

taken only by those who know the meaning of marriage?"

"Man and woman," my friend was off on another peroration; "man and woman can live without each other an economic life, a political life, but not a social life. A group of bachelors or a group of spinsters can never form a society. Marriage creates society and the morals of the married—I don't castigate the unmarried—support and nourish society. We speak that our society has lost its strength to live because in the depths of the unconscious a terror has taken hold of us. Our morals are crumbling. Our young women have started preaching to their parents who themselves are responsible for their demoralization and ultimate ruin. In the name of arts the Muses are mangled, and their shrines polluted. You read a story. You hear a song. You see a picture. You look at a painting. What repels you is the method adopted, the manner of arriving at some end. Are you yet in a mood to listen to my story?"

"Go ahead."

"SHE is dead. It pains me to mention her name. I have never seen her. But her story is not a figment of my imagination. It is the history of a famous woman who danced herself to death. Her own tutor watched her end. It was a stab in his conscience. His sins ate him and her figure haunted him. She died unmarried. What she expounded she could not experience. She danced for the lust of man. The lust of man is thousand-eyed and every eye is an evil eye. She was beautiful and intelligent. She was put to school. She won the admiration of her teachers. As she had no good voice she learnt dance which found its fullest expression in her. She grew up and took to the stage. Society papers gave prominence to her name, the severest critic had nothing but praise for her talents and industry. Her pride shook even Lucifer on his throne. Of her own fate she never thought for a moment. Stage was life to her. But it was said that she was morally pure. She thought that in singleness she could live for years and years. But how long could those graceful limbs expound the

ecstasy of songs, the play of emotions? She fell ill. She took to her bed. Now, she had time to think of her life. She realised she had lost the precious years given to her to use well. She misused her genius. She felt the absence of a husband, the want of a child. She looked around. Who was beside her? Only her servantmaid, a withered old creature. She fixed her eyes on her and started dancing on her bed! It was not dance. Even the convulsions of death made her look beautiful. Her tutor came to see his famous disciple slowly disintegrating. He, the celebrated exponent of classical dance, saw his disciple interpreting the meaning of the Cosmic Dance, keeping the balance of the universe. There was fire in her breath and flame in every limb. Her eyes opened and saw her own shadow emerging out of her body. Who was there to shed a drop of tear for her? Who followed her corpse? None. Society papers which had once poured paeans of praise on her now announced briefly: *A well known dancer is dead. She leaves a servantmaid and a tutor to bemoan her loss.* What an end!

"Stop," I cried, unable to bear it any longer. "It is good you did not tell me her name."

"I had no mind to tell you this story," continued my friend. "But there are dirty worms eating away the vitals of our society. Hindu society is no parallel to any other society, and a fusion of societies could only mean the return of man to the nomadic ways of life. Every society should maintain its special characteristics, its individual identity. Personally I think that it is foolish to talk of the security of any one society."

"I agree with what you say, but my grievance is that you are not known to your next door neighbour. So you and I need not think of reforming any organisation as we ourselves need a drastic internal reformation. Really, prohibition must have affected you."

"I can ignore customs and conventions. But you see I cannot disobey a G. O. I must obey law being 'your most obedient servant.'"

That was the end of the story.

MY friend spent that night with me. Very early the following morning when he was about to take leave of me, he saw an ugly old man enter my room. The moment I mentioned his name my friend's face blanched. Perhaps it was a shock for him to see a dance instructor coming to my house. It is a mad world, isn't it?

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NEW BOOKS

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE

By Rumer Godden
Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London
(Overseas Library)
Rs. 6-12 as

MY introduction to Rumer Godden as a novelist was pleasant, and a little thrilling too in the way it happened, it was through the technicolour film of her novel *Black Narcissus* which I saw in Calcutta some years ago. This led me on to two of her other novels, *Breakfast with the Nikolides* and *A Breath of Air* which pours the mellow gold of Shakespeare's *Tempest* into a modern mould.

What makes a good novel?

All Rumer Godden's novels are good; considering the levels of meaning and intention in them my score-card lists four, as follows:—

1. Plot as different from the story. To quote E. M. Forster: "Yes—oh dear yes—the novel tells a story. That is the fundamental aspect without which it could not exist. That is the highest factor common to all novels, and I wish that it was not so, that it could be something different—melody, or perception of the truth, not this low atavistic form." Miss Godden tells a story—she has high merits as a plot-maker—with an acute apprehension of melody; her incidents move like a morceau.

2. People. Her characters are not mere megaphones of her ideas, derived or original.

3. Pattern. She fashions it with her deep curiosity for life and desire for beauty.

4. Rhythm. Essentially a poet she creates it, lambent with truth, using language as a delicate instrument, sensitive to its subtle shades and nuances.

Assured of her deservedly high place in the hearts of her anonymous reading public by her delightful earlier novels, Miss Godden has added to her reputation now by her latest book *Kingfishers Catch Fire*. Its scene is set in Kashmir, that



Rumer Godden

lovely land which is having such troublous times today in the wake of the partition of India. But to Miss Godden who loves and understands it so well its politics are confined only to the enmity between the Dars and the Sheikhs—the Hindus and the Mohammedans—in their day-to-day struggle for existence—just an undertone; to her it is the "land of Lalla Rookh (of which Moore the English poet sang), the vale of paradise," which she describes "is set like a pearl between the mountains, a pearl of water and flowers; the water comes from the glaciers on the far snow peaks and runs through high alps and valleys where gentian and primula and edelweiss grow, through forests, down rapids till it falls to the vale floor and flows into its lakes and river and waterways." Here comes Sophie—Sophia Barrington-Ward—a young English widow with her two children Teresa and Tommy (Moo) to make her home; twelve miles from Srinagar, shut away on one of the mountains, above a secluded little village, she finds a house after her own heart—Dilkush—the name means "To make the heart glad"—the property of one Pundit Pramatha Kaul, its caretaker being a young Mohammedan by name Nabir Dar. She takes it on a five-year lease paying a nominal rent of five rupees a month. She converts the tumble-

down affair into a thing of beauty, spending her own money and hence the low rent according to the deed drawn up in the transaction. Her meagre menage consists of two servants: an Ayah and Sultan, a boy from the city, for Sophie is poor; her husband Denzil who was a junior official in a company in Amorra in Bengal dies, leaving her in straitened circumstances; she has only his small pension, a mere pittance to live on. Her European friends—those at the Mission Hospital—Sister Pilkington, Sister Locke, Dr. Glenister and Dr. Lochinvar think her crazy to live among the natives while the natives themselves think that she is both crazy and mighty rich. She, however, is not ashamed to own herself as a poor white, of leading a frugal life, which she maintains by giving English lessons to Hindu and Mohammedan ladies and Urdu to the English people. The strain is more than she can bear, her health breaks down, she recovers and perseveres bravely, her resolve to live as a Kashmiri among the Kashmiri poor and serve them, to live with grace and simplicity and elevate their lives, being wrought with an elemental grandeur. But the local antagonisms, taboos, and superstitions block all attempt of noble elevation on her part; ignorance and backbiting among her domestics bring about misunderstandings, comic at first, then calamitous in their growth; Nabir Dar is dismissed from service after a severe hiding at the hands of the Pundit, and Sultan tries to poison her not knowing what he does. And calamity touches its crown, one day, when Teresa, peremptorily ordered by Sophie, goes out on the mountain in search of her little brother Moo who had not been seen for hours on end while out playing, and she is beaten and horribly wounded by the herd boys and girls for her pride and standoffishness and left for dead, and Nabir Dar seeing her in that state carries her and hides her high up in the mountain in a desolate kiln which act of his leads to further complications—search by the police and a sensational case. Sophie blames herself for all the misfortunes that had happened; and when

the hour comes for her to depart for England with Toby—to be his wife—Toby whom she has known for a long time and should have married instead of Denzil—meanwhile the case, much to the regret of the police inspector who investigated it, had not been sensational; Nabir Dar was acquitted and Sultan was sentenced to four months' imprisonment; Teresa had recovered from her wounds and concussion having been treated at the Mission Hospital—at the moment of leaving for England she suddenly decides against it, and goes with her children to Lebanon, accepting a post which Mr. Kirkpatrick the manager of the firm in which Denzil had been an employee has offered her: a post "to teach in the Company Welfare centre at Beirut . . . with free house, servant allowance, medical care, educational facilities, passages every three years, pension scheme, double benefits as Denzil's widow . . ." The whole village in the very early hour of dawn turns out to see her go, for she no longer could stay at Dilkush; "the Resident had settled it with the State that she must go." She loved the people and the place in a way, she tells Toby, "you don't understand;" it was ironical that she couldn't stay, now that "a new feeling of mutual understanding and respect had arisen between Dilkush and the village." Meanwhile: "Down in the houseboat Toby slept. Beside it, in the willows, the kingfishers glinted in the morning sun as they flew in and out of the willow trees quite close to his head."

WITH the reins of imagination taut in her hands, her intelligence keen, and her memory bright, Miss Godden has built up the materials of her story into an excellent plot in whose mosaic there is not one bit which is out of colour-tune or character-type. She knows her Kashmir well. Her sensitivity to the beauties of nature springs from a pure lyrical afflatus; but in her descriptions she is controlled, the turbulence is subdued to a quivering tenderness; for instance, the account of the Spring Festival of Balsakhi at the Garden of Nishat, like music

when soft voices die, vibrates in one's memory:

All Mogul gardens are water gardens, and the water channels in Nishat run in the heart of the garden between lawns and chenar-tree groves, falling into pools with fountains; from one terrace to another, the water runs over slats of fretted stone that make the famous Mogul water music. The slats are carved so that the water makes a thousand tiny splashes; some in knots like a tapestry, some in stripes and flowers, some in shapes of diamonds, and each has a different sound; some are steeply slanted so that the water runs quickly, some are tilted so that it runs more slowly and, above each, on the edge of each of the seven terraces, thrones are built over the water, some octagonal, some big, some small and solitary; the Emperors could choose the throne to suit their mood and sit and listen to the water music that tinkled or lulled, accompanied their thoughts or drowned them away.

She betrays character in a few adroit strokes; a wealth of physical and psychic details are packed in a nutshell.

Of Pundit Pramatha Kaul:

Kashmiri Brahmins are called Pundits and they are well known for their sharpness of mind, their subtlety and sensitivity . . . The Pundit was like a small woodland creature with bright eyes and a pointing nose.

Of Nabir Dar:

He had seen many Hindu Gods and smiled at them. He knew there was only one God, Allah. It did not occur to him that a little of Allah might be in every God.

In her understanding of the medicine men and women of the Mission Hospital—particularly Dr. Lochinvar who is hopelessly in love with Sophie, of the problems of children, of the cupidity of Profit David—mispelt for Prophet—the merchant, of Sophie whose traits are laid bare through the comments of her three Aunts from time to time—a wonderful method of objectifying introspection and linking past with the present—Miss Godden achieves an economy absolutely brilliant and original in its effects. And to this concentrated brilliance and originality she just adds a dye of the sinister and alters the atmosphere, as in the passages dealing with the old recipe

books which the heroine uses for compounding medicines — strange herbs and flowers find their way into the dispensary at Dilkush—and which lead to such tragic misunderstandings—and in the disappearance of Teresa in the mountains which raises a panic compounded of fear and despair and bitter self-castigation in a maternal heart. Through all this, through humour both wry and pitiful, and an epicene frankness towards life, runs the golden thread of compassion—true hallmark of an universal mind.

Rumer Godden is a novelist whose uniqueness among contemporary practitioners of fiction has not been proclaimed by a fanfare of trumpets by the literary and artistic Caziques who often rush to put the palm into the hands of the less meritorious. Her art is simple, achieved through intense intuition and imagination—with a richness of experience behind—and the simple is often imponderable. Out of the nettle of much modern fiction comes the flower, *Delight—Kingfishers Catch fire*.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Philosophy of Physical Science

By Sir Arthur Eddington
Cambridge University Press
12s 6d

PUBLISHED after his death, *The Philosophy of Physical Science* is based on a series of lectures which Eddington gave in 1939, and it is a review of his own contributions to the subject. In order to properly appreciate Eddington's contribution, it is necessary to present the crisis to which some of the theories in modern physics lead us and what the opinions of other leading scientists are as to its solution.

Science is based on facts of observation, and any theory to be valid, must be able to stand the test of experimental verification in all its aspects. It is of course permissible intuitively to postulate certain laws of nature, which are idealised, such as Newton's First Law of Motion. This is incapable of direct experimental verification, but a large number of its consequences can be veri-



Eddington

fied and therefore such laws stand on the same footing as others which express the results of observations in a concise form.

Older laws in science are never replaced by newer ones, but they are only modified or generalised to include newer facts which have come to light. Thus when Newton's dynamics was superseded by Einstein's theory of relativity, the former did not become invalid. It is still true within its limited sphere of application, namely, when the speeds involved are small and the distances are not astronomical. Further, within these limits, results predicted by Einstein's theory are identical with those obtained from the older theory.

The theory of relativity and the quantum theory, which have had a profound influence on the physics of the present century, have also attracted the attention of philosophers because they affect our intuitive ideas of space and time and of causality. The principle of indeterminacy, enunciated by Helsenberg, which is the logical outcome of the quantum theory, has led to any number of philosophical speculations. However, the principle does not assert that

nature is indeterminate; there is no indeterminism in nature. But there is a certain indeterminacy in our knowledge of the state of any physical system. Owing to the fact that all our knowledge has to be acquired by means of experiments, it is not possible to obtain absolutely accurate information about all the properties of the system. There exist certain pairs of entities, both of which can never be known with high precision; if one is known very accurately, the other is highly indeterminate, but both may be known with tolerable accuracy. Because of this lack of exact knowledge, we are unable to predict the future behaviour of the system with definiteness.

However, it is never maintained by physicists that there is no causal law in the objective world; but as to the value and meaning of such a law, if any exists, opinion is divided. Helsenberg and most of the quantum physicists maintain that there is no purpose in seeking such a law, because it cannot be verified experimentally. The principle of indeterminacy is imposed on us owing to the limitations in our methods of observation and these limitations are absolute. On the other hand, Planck (the originator of quantum theory) and Einstein do not subscribe to this view. They believe that it would be mentally more satisfying if we could formulate such a law, which of course should lead to the same deductions as the present theory for all results of observation. It may not be capable of direct verification, but yet deductions made from it can be verified, and so it has the position of a scientific law. Under the stimulus of Einstein, one such formulation has been put forward by David Bohm in 1952 in the *American Journal, Physical Review*.

Eddington subscribes to the first view, namely that in science we are interested only with relations between observables and entities on which we perform our experiments. We should not think of anything beyond our limits of perception. Eddington calls this philosophy of his by the name "selective subjectivism."

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Eddington goes further and states that it should be possible to deduce all the fundamental laws of nature *a priori*, if a proper study is made of the methods of observation. Epistemology, or the study of methods of acquiring knowledge, is the central theme in Eddington's book. He maintains that, since the scientific method of study is essentially observational, it should be possible to predict what information would be obtained from experiments purely by examining the limitations of the methods used for this purpose. The experiment need not be performed at all to find out what its results would be.

This epistemological approach is given a mathematical form by Eddington in two books published in 1936 and 1949, and the main results of the mathematical studies are summarised by him in this book. One of the most interesting of these results is that he calculates the number of dimensions of space and time together to be four, purely from *a priori* considerations. Similarly numerical values are obtained for a large number of so-called fundamental constants of physics, which are in good agreement with experiment. Thus it would appear that there is observational support for his epistemological theory.

However, it is difficult to imagine that all the laws of science can be deduced purely from epistemology. It is possible that those which depend upon the ultimate limitations of our methods of observation may be amenable to such an approach, and these are what might be called "fundamental laws." But it is difficult logically to distinguish between a fundamental law and any other type of law in nature and in this respect Eddington's thesis seems to be unsatisfactory.

Just like his numerous 'popular' books on science, this book is also written in a clear and lucid style, although it is difficult to follow the line of thought at places. However, the book will certainly repay the efforts of a careful study, as it is written by one who has himself con-

tributed much to the subject of scientific philosophy.

G. N. RAMACHANDRAN

*A Short Introduction to
The Essentials of Living Hindu
Philosophy*

By Frans Vreede

Oxford University Press
(Indian Branch)

Rs 3

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY is not necessarily 'Hindu' though it is mainly 'Hindu'. There are other non-Hindu schools or systems of Thought which together with the major Hindu contribution make Indian Philosophy one of endless speculative interest and value. In fact every conceivable shade of philosophic thought, finds its place in Indian Philosophy.

Frans Vreede's Book aims to give 'a -eye view' of Hindu thought to- It is indeed nothing more tha very brief introduction to Hir hilosophy. Hindu Philoso-phy according to Vreede is limited to the Vedas, the Upanishads, and the Six Darshanas.

In India, Philosophy and Religion are one. Chap. 1: "The First Approach" brings out his idea clearly. Sri Ganesha in the name of Religion, initiates the Philosophic quest. Chap. 11: deals with Philosophical symbology. Symbolic or philosophical language according to the author is peculiar to Hindu culture. Hindu children from their very infancy, are taught to dabble in symbolic thought so that the concrete symbols are never taken literally.

The Chapter on the "Six View-points" does not bring out the central teachings clearly. In some the important doctrines are altogether neglected and unessential details given more space and thought.

The short but useful Bibliography at the end of the book is sure to throw more light at least on the contents of the last three chapters. They are indeed a *pot-pourri* of existing Hindu Philosophies, especially of a recent interpretation of the Vedas and Vedanta as given by Sri

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Ramakrishna, Sri Aurobindo, Sri Ramana and others.

Most probably Frans Vreede is a non-Hindu himself, trying to interpret Hinduism to other non-Hindus. A cursory survey of the book may convey something of Hindu Philosophy to a casual reader, but if taken seriously, the book may mislead where it is intended to guide.

R. B.

her children in the cause of the Liberation. Mr. Abbas's gift for narration and sense of the dramatic make these sketches very interesting, and convey to the reader an idea of the achievements of Modern China and the tasks facing her.

V. V. S.

BON JOUR: BON VOYAGE

I ROSE and fell and rose again!
I had my fill of grief and joy!
Watching all fond hopes gone aground,
I heaved a broken-hearted sigh!

I chased the rainbow's splendid frame,
Far beyond my mortal reach;
Ignoring beauty nearer home
Trampled it in a fit of rage!

The bitter taste of yesterday's
Disastrous dregs of wine I lipped
And smiled! But then by fickleness
swayed
Ran after new desires and slipped!

Free with angels, fast with demons,
Easy commerce I achieved;
By perverse logic, fatal puns
Turned evil good and versa vice!

Accepting Fate's challenge I strode
The world determined with a will
To see, to do; I saw, I did!
How grand, how grand, my magic spell!

Alike on friends and foes my love
I lavished, laved the sea of glee!
And when the men of a bygone hour
Are away I stay! Ah, lonely me!

The bonds that hold me fast to this cage
Are strong, no longer I find riddance!
I lament, languish! Listless wretch!
Unable to scale the sky's eminence!

"Tired of life? Lo, there's a war on!
Enlist, fight for la patrie!"
Enough of war! The world, it's barren!
Bon jour! Bon voyage! Mon ami!

GURAZADA APPA RAO

(Translated from the original Telugu
by SRI SRI)

In the Image of Mao Tse-tung

By K. A. Abbas

People's Publishing House Ltd.,
Bombay

Rs. 2-4 as

MR. ABBAS was a member of the Goodwill Mission from India which went to Peking to participate in the National celebrations in October, 1951. When he went to Peking he had the incorrigibly journalistic desire to obtain an exclusive interview with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. But failing to achieve it he decided to meet the heroes and heroines of China—The man who had defied God, Chang Mama the woman who had a strange resurrection, Chou Feng the mother who sacrificed every one of her sons for the cause of her peoples' liberation, and the result of these meetings was a different kind of journalistic scoop.

Here we get an idea of the men and women of China who contributed to the success of one of the greatest revolutions of history. Each character sketched in the book is a symbol of the courage, daring and heroism of the people of China who had to wage simultaneously a war against Japan and the Kuomintang. Mao Tse-tung was successful in leading his people to victory not because of any "indoctrination" or "brain-washing" but because he was able to strike roots among the people and of the discipline of the Chinese Red Army. The story of "Mother China" is an illustration of the heights of heroism to which a poor peasant woman can rise when the cause is an inspiring one. "All My Sons" is the story of the Martyr Peng Bai, whose mother had to see the death of all

INDIAN WRITING

BY

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

LITERATURE and the arts, in ancient times flourished under the patronage of royalty and the aristocracy. We see Shakespeare dedicating a poem of his, "the first heir of his invention," to the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton and Baron Titchfield, and Kalidasa in the court of the great Vikramaditya, helping a less gifted poet who approached the King for sustenance by improving upon the two lines of his quatrain with—"Curds as white as the *sarat* moon" which the humble poet wishes to eat along with *ghrita* and *supa*.

From the golden age of such royal support and encouragement to the drab economics of the present day, the creative arts have passed through many phases and vicissitudes, and artists who sought to enlighten and enrich life had, during the process, their own difficulties, despairs and struggles, but then they had their individual fulfilment too. Times may be out of joint and things pretty rotten "in the state of Denmark;" however, if at any given period in the history of mankind there has been no great poetry, no great painting, no great music, it is not because the times were bad, the environment of circumstances dismal, it is because there were no genuine impassioned artists to produce works of beauty and validity. The very difficulties and despairs which should have intensified the creative flame in them have succeeded in ramming it down. Great art needs great stamina, it is inevitable.

When the British conquered India, creative work had already begun to decline owing to the unsettled condition in the country for several centuries since the incursion of the Islamic hordes. And this decline was completed by the programme of cultural conquest, which the British perfected through their educational methods adumbrated by Lord Macaulay. Education was no longer the drawing out of the talents and gifts of the people, but a well-contrived mechanism, the cleverest most pedes-

trian technique to turn forth clerical tools of British imperialism—of all imperial systems the British is the oldest and most extensive—and teachers who were to reinforce the same by imposing the alien culture on the young.

Naturally a reaction set in: the very ideas of liberty and democracy which the western contact brought, created an awakening in our country. The seeds of a new renaissance were sown. And the West, in its turn, had its portion of cultural benefit in the discovery in India of the magnificent achievements in literature, art and philosophy enshrined in the Sanskrit language, and educated Indians themselves began to rediscover the Motherland. There was an all-round flowering: Ramakrishna and Vivekananda in religion and philosophy; Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, Tagore and Bharati in poetry; Bankim Chandra and Rajam Iyer in fiction; in Indian painting, in Indian music—in every field of creative activity a fine enthusiasm arose. But the intensest awakening was in the political sphere. Indian nationalism which comprehended every facet of the renewed cultural ferment brought on the scene the greatest Indian, Mahatma Gandhi. The national movement grew along with the new national press, authorship and journalism banding together in the unrelenting struggle for freedom. However: "It is a mistake to think that Indian nationalism is an indigenous growth. It would have been unthinkable without the cultural contact with the West; it was not a return to pre-British days; it was very definitely a phenomenon arising out of an acquaintance with certain elements of European civilization—with Ruskin, with Tolstoi, with the European voices raised in protest against the bourgeois character of western nineteenth century civilization, with the rediscovery and reappraisal of India's past by European scholars." (*The Twentieth Century: A Midway Account of the Western World*, by Hans Kohn.)

If our creative work in the arts and letters does not unfold and expand in our country, we have won our freedom in vain, and for all anti-

cultural and anti-social forces that retard such work we shall henceforward have to blame ourselves alone.

A brief analysis of the cultural and artistic situation in the country at the moment will help us to realize the issues involved in the regeneration we have to bring into being.

First and foremost may be considered the position of authorship in English medium. English of course will prevail in this country for a period of fifteen years at the least—after our independence—and expression through it in some form will continue even after that. The artistic handling of English for creative work has no doubt produced in the past some notable literary personalities who have not failed to elicit the admiration of discerning critics in the West. But it appears that as the years pass such as are now employing the English medium for poem, play, essay or story will gradually find themselves at home in the *lingua franca* of their country. There is a special share which those who have undergone schooling in English and its valuable literature and through English have had access to the various literatures of the world, have to bear in the making of the new Indian literature. For a universal outlook, critical perception, a fresh breath and depth, all these which characterise the new equipment that they have been able to gain should be transferred to the native medium which they will employ in future.

Adverting to Indian languages, while it is inevitable that any new creative work will immediately be only in the mother-tongue, the spread of the national language Hindi, which will probably become a second medium of expression like English in the British days, will also lead to creative work being done in that language—as aforementioned—even by those whose mother-tongue it is not. It remains to be seen whether the U. P. Hindi critic will welcome creative Hindi work, for instance, from a Southerner or look down upon Dakshini Hindi as the Englishman looked down upon Indian English. If, however, Hindi

allows such linguistic imperialism to grow, it can safely be asserted that its career as *Rajmhasha* is bound to be short-lived.

A word may be said here about Sanskrit which is the cultural granary of this vast sub-continent. Sanskrit comprises some of the mightiest achievements of the human mind in the realms of literature and philosophy and the new Indian writer will have hardly produced anything distinctive of his land if his work had not been informed with the spirit that permeates the Upanishads, the Gita, and the immortal classics of the poets and playwrights of ancient India. He may very well bear in mind that the intellectual vitamins derivable from Sanskrit literature, our priceless heritage, are today feeding some of the most outstanding litterateurs of the Western world like Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Somerset Maugham, and Christopher Isherwood. Should not what is good for them be good for us too?

The state of writing in one's mother-tongue may be passed under a brief review now. The national movement counts the growth of the vernacular press and writing as one of its important ancillary achievements. The particular conditions under which vernacular writing has developed at the hands of the nationalists have put on it certain intellectual and technical limitations. The only fresh field in which they have sought a widening of their mind has been a too frequent and too close use of the English and European literary models. Imitative and derivative, and mechanically adapted to native conditions, this kind of writing, especially evident in the abnormal growth of fiction, mostly short, can scarcely be considered as real creative work of the first order. Nevertheless, it has served to fertilise the vernacular soil widely and in a period of transition has achieved what it can.

The growth of written matter has no doubt been attended by the increase in the number of the reading public—an ever-growing multitude—but it can hardly be said that Indians as a rule have developed the habit of patronising literature by a regular

purchase of books. The result is for all our commercial advancement in soap and tobacco and scented-nuts, writing in this country is not self-supporting and authorship as an independent profession is far from lucrative. This circumstance by itself may not be so disheartening but it drives the authors into the clutches of capitalistic and monopolistic printers and publishers who are not able to balance their intentions between culture and profit. Equally injurious is the phenomenon of particular successful authors having influence on the publishing trade, running a racket.

In the same context may be considered too the part played by such associations of authors as have originated in this country either on a regional or all-India basis. Regarding the local languages societies it should be mentioned that some of them have turned out conspicuous work, but the dangers of these bodies lie in the growth of: (i) clique feeling; (ii) bringing to surface a lot of mediocrity; (iii) developing an animosity and a superiority complex towards a neighbouring language. In the times to be, regional *parishads* and *kazhagams* have to steer clear of such pitfalls. Provincialism should not allow itself to be talked about in pejorative scorn. Fanatical preaching of supposed racial separateness through literary endeavours on the part of any linguistic unit will be one of the gravest dangers against the consolidation of the republic of united India. Hatred, fanaticism and intolerance can be mental and need not necessarily rise from the heart, but hatred born of the head, intellectual arrogance is the most poisonous.

Criticism goes hand in hand with creative work and plays a vital part in stimulating creation. A standard Indian criticism has yet to evolve. The pure application of Western methods continues in literary matters although in the field of Indian art foreign standards and models of evaluation have been openly discredited. This branch of Indian aesthetics remains to be more intensively studied in the coming years.

Turning to more particular aspects of criticism or review as it appears

at present it is either too flattering or too hostile; genuine praise and equally genuine appraisal are not the general rule. While critics are entitled to have their preferences it will be regrettable if they align themselves with groups or individuals. They, equally with the authors, should value freedom inasmuch as, in a sense, theirs is also creative work.

The mind of independent India is seething with all sorts of political ideologies. Numerous writers are no doubt employing the literary medium in the service of their respective ideologies. But to produce any literature as such having value as art, no linking as propaganda with any kind of politics will do. Artists will no doubt work in the set-up in which they will find themselves. They may accept or turn against particular ideas, but all this would only be in the realm of the material that they use, without surrendering the integrity which artistic expression demands.

Life in the republic should raise not only the level of life on the economic side but primarily on the moral side. The effects of social evil are directly manifest in the arts. Most social evils at bottom are economic. There is no social evil that cannot be remedied economically. "C. H. Douglas is the first economist to include creative art and writing in an economic scheme and the first to give the painter or sculptor or poet a definite reason for being interested in economics; namely that a better economic system would release more energy for invention and design." Richness of life is undoubtedly necessary for the blossoming of the heart, but more necessary is a high standard of national character. Without the natural and inward growth of this character and standard republican India will have no norm by which to evaluate its endeavours. Failing the norm, neither academies organised by artists themselves or by the government would be of any use as vital factors in the promotion and sustenance of the cultural life of the country. An ardent vow to better ourselves in every way so as to make our hard-

won freedom worthwhile is the only means towards that end.

Let there be no provincial and linguistic chauvinism, let there be no brutality of sectarian conspirators, bad manners and hypocrisy of popular 'culturists'; let no one erect barriers against the best in the creative arts; let writers and artists unite to enrich each other by exchanging

their experiences for broadening their individual achievements, let them stand up boldly for human rights and values with confidence in the social indispensability of their function, and with the responsibility of that function, silencing the enemies of promise and detractors of merit, lead the Indian republic to a radiant, ever radiant future.

Panna Lall Ghosh

By

PAT RAMAN

COUNT on your fingers the leading Indian musicians across the Vindhya and you are sure to balance on one of them the genial flutist, Amal Jyothi Ghosh, known generally to the public as Panna Lall Ghosh. On this point, there is 'no hinge, nor loop,' as Shakespeare would say, 'to hang a doubt on.' More popular than famous, Panna Lall Ghosh has indeed a place of his own in the galaxy of North Indian musical talent. Madras was very fortunate last week to hear him, in person, breathe out elegant music through the favourite instrument of the frisky shepherd of Govardhan. The gratitude of the music-lovers of Madras once again tends towards that cathedral of art, Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore, for this benediction.

An admirer of Panna Lall Ghosh once remarked that there is more sweetness in the latter's music than in the shops of all the *halwawallas* in Bombay. This, perchance, is extravagant praise. Nevertheless it yields a clue to the essential virtue of Ghosh's musical skill; sweetness, elegance. The Bengali's skill on the bamboo pipe is marked by refinement, if by nothing else, though there is much more to his art than mere elegance. There is study, certainly, and there is imagination. But these latter qualities are so becomingly tempered that in Ghosh's style there are no nodosities, so often marks of strength, and the general effect of sweetness prevails.

One feature regarding the skill of Panna Lall Ghosh on the flute that

deserves special attention is the extraordinarily long pipe he wields. This, Ghosh explains, is an adaptation of his own effected to produce a rich and mature tone suited to the grandeur of classical music. As it happens to be, Ghosh is the only eminent flutist in India making use of the device.

The musical career of Panna Lall Ghosh cannot be marked off as beginning with any particular occasion. Born 1911—one of fourteen children, Akshaya Kumar Ghosh, a Government servant and a native of Barisal town in East Bengal, Panna Lall inherited the family's traditional love of music. Even in his early school-boy years he took to the flute. The best that he could do with the instrument in those days was, however, to reproduce with ease any tune that reached his ears. There was no serious attempt on his part to master the intricacies of the instrument or the musical knowledge necessary for the successful use of it. However, music grew upon him with the years and by 1934 it was an influence strong enough to wean him away from the high school to the New Theatres, Calcutta. It was at the New Theatres in 1937, that chance brought Ghosh to the feet of that fine harmonium player, Khushi Mohamed, and aroused in his young breast the desire to get educated in the science of music. For two years, till death snatched him away in 1939, Khushi Mohamed schooled Ghosh in the fundamentals of *sastreeya sangit*. Later, till the year of India's freedom, Grijja Shanker Chakravarti, the vocalist virtuoso, tutored him. Since then, Ustad Alauddin Khan, the latest scion of the *Tansen Gharana* and renowned *sarod* player who was honoured last year by the

Republic with a Presidential Award, has been Ghosh's master. He still is.

In 1938 Panna Lall Ghosh toured Italy, France and the United Kingdom as the music director of the Seraikala Chhau Dancers of Calcutta. This continental trip provided Ghosh with an opportunity to get closely acquainted with the harmony and orchestral aspects of Occidental music and the 'wonderful manner' in which the Westerners pursue music as a rational science and reveal their genius for inventing new musical instruments.

CARNATIC music is unparalleled in technique, says Ghosh. "I used to make a study of the Carnatic ragas early in my career though nowadays I'm not very much in touch with them." He has, further, much admiration for Palladam Sanjiva Rao, Tirupamparam Swaminatha Pillai and T. R. Mahalingam.

Panna Lall Ghosh has no liking

for the type of film music that obtains today. In films, music is after all one aspect of the business and the producer is justified in seeking the most marketable kind of music. But Ghosh holds the definite view that film music of the type mentioned above will in no manner help the cause of classical music.

The general standard of music in the country is good. It is improving and is bound to improve. It is difficult to judge the measures that Shri B. V. Keskar is taking to raise the standard of Indian music. But there is no doubt that the attempt is sincere and deserves success. Here was the innermost of Panna Lall Ghosh's mind speaking, here the good devotee of the Muse in his genial optimism.

The country requires many more musicians of his accomplishments and outlook to keep its musical tradition in sheen.



Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, elected president of the Stage and Screen Foreign Press Club of America, is seen to right of Miss Anita Loos, (center of the picture) the authoress of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at a reception given by the Club at New York in her honour.

WILL BHOODAN SPONSORS PLEASE ANSWER?

By D. V. RAMA RAO

OF about twenty lakh acres said to comprise Bhoodan donations, what is the approximate percentage of waste lands? If, as is said, they comprise mostly waste lands, what is the rationale behind Vinobaji's reluctance to utilise the fallow lands which State Governments are willing to donate?

Sri Jai Prakash Narain was reported to have said that there are not enough waste lands. But, according to all available statistics including the Planning Commission Report, the waste lands available for cultivation far exceed the Bhoodan target of five crore acres. Jai Prakash was also reported to have said that more than two-thirds of the people are landless. Statistics show that more than two-thirds of the agricultural population or about half the people in the country own lands. Similarly, Vinobaji is reported to have said that there are five crores of landless agricultural labourers. Statistics reveal that the landless rural labour including dependents is about 45 millions, i.e. about 9 million labourers. Will Bhoodan leaders please explain the disparity in figures?

Is it not the case that the percentage of "landless" is far greater in several other countries than in India—about 80 per cent in England and America? In India where fifty per cent own lands and where the pressure on cultivated land is already too great, is it not desirable to absorb the rural unemployed as far as possible in the non-agricultural sector and in fallow lands instead of dumping them on lands already under cultivation and thus further increase the pressure on land?

Have the Bhoodan sponsors estimated the amount that would be required to settle about nine million families on new lands? On the basis of the Madras Government Wynaad Land Colonisation Scheme, where

some three thousand families are settled, each on an average holding of 2 acres wet and 5 acres dry land, the cost of settling per family comes to about Rs. 3,000. And even then some three hundred deserted! Even on a very modest scale of one-tenth of the above cost, Rs. 270 crores would be required to settle nine million families on new lands. How is it proposed to raise this sum? Would not a move for a special cess ranging from 5 to 10 per cent of the net income from all persons above the income-tax level, at least during the Five Year Plan period, supplemented by loans from the World Bank if necessary, be the most equitable and systematic way of raising the requisite funds needed both for settling some on new lands and absorbing others by extending the scope of productive occupation in the non-agricultural sector?

Can mere sermons, without a rational and realistic approach, such as that land belongs to God and should, like water, be made available to all, bring us any nearer a practical and effective solution? Apart from the fact that not only land but everything else under the Sun can, with equal justification, be said to belong to God, is not the analogy misleading, since, although water is looked upon as a common belonging where it is available in practically unlimited quantities as in a stream, is not a person investing on a well of his own viewed as the owner of the well water?

ACCORDING to Jai Prakash each landowner should have for himself an extent of land which is necessary for his family. Can such a vague basis—since anything between fifty and five hundred acres may be deemed necessary varying according to fertility of land, family standards, etc. lead to a definite, systematic and practical solution? If it can work, why not attempt dis-

pensing with all tax collection establishments involving considerable expenditure and simply appeal to people to contribute to the State exchequer voluntarily, keeping only what is necessary for them? It is contended that the response to Bhoodan proves that a practical solution to the country's economic problems is possible based entirely on moral appeal. Apart from the fact that the Bhoodan move is to some extent coercive, being accompanied by the threat of Satyagraha in case it fails, are the sponsors sure that the move has brought about an enduring or even a bona fide psychological change? Is it not the case that Bhoodan donations for the most part comprise lands which the owners are unable to utilise or find not worth keeping? Is it not significant that in deltaic areas like Tanjore where land has great utility, the response is very poor, while in areas like Hazaribagh with large tracts of waste jungle land, the response is liberal? Would not the imposition of a suitably graded surcharge on land-tax be a more practical method of discouraging ownership of land beyond a certain limit?

Vinobaji, says Jai Prakash, wants to bring about a redistribution of wealth through people's initiative and not through legislation; and one of the reasons advanced in favour of Bhoodan as against legislation is to get over the difficulty of compensating five acres dry land per peasant, sation. Does not such an attitude amount to a lac of faith in democracy, and circumventing the Constitution? Would it not be democratic and straightforward to bring about required changes in the Constitution through constitutional means by canvassing and creating due public opinion? Whatever justification a non-political mission like Sarvodaya might have, is it not both undemocratic and escapist on the part of political parties like the Congress and the P. S. P. to subscribe to moves like Bhoodan, Kupdan (donations of wells), Grihadan (sharing of houses), which according to Jai Prakash, have already started, and Sampati-dan which is

apparently based on idealistic anarchy?

Anent the reported move of leaders and M. Ps. who held a Bhoodan Week in New Delhi, to start collecting one-sixth incomes from door to door, would it not be more effective and morally upright to disclose to the public as to what shares in their properties and incomes have been donated by those that enthusiastically commend Bhoodan and Sampati-dan to others?

IS not the contrast between concentration of wealth in big cities and the rural areas more marked than that between the land-owners and the landless of the countryside generally? Was it not for this reason that Gandhiji always attached more importance to bringing about a more balanced economy as between urban and rural areas through increased productive occupational opportunities in the rural areas by resuscitation of cottage crafts, extension of social and utility services and the like than to mere artificial and unproductive schemes of redistribution? In a country like India, where public, social or cultural activity is mainly sustained in the rural and mofusil areas by well-to-do landowners and farmers, unless suitable spheres for lucrative careers, supplementary occupations and investment are created in the non-agricultural sector of rural areas, will not the logical pursuit of Bhoodan with its ideal of one acre wet reduce the peasantry of the rural areas into permanent impoverishment driving away all enterprising farmers and investors on land to towns and cities, thus further widening the gulf between rural and urban areas?

The Bhoodan move is claimed to be based on Gandhian technique. Is it not a fact that Gandhiji, whenever he contemplated a far-reaching move, used to welcome a thorough and frank exchange of views and invite suggestions, especially from those that were critical? Can the Bhoodan sponsors say they have been following Gandhiji either in having a thorough discussion bear-

ing on all aspects and based on precise facts and figures, or in giving due consideration to well-meant criticism and suggestions?

Lastly, according to Vinobaji and Jai Prakash, land should be viewed only as a means of occupation and not as a saleable investment; and it is reported that land is already ceasing to be saleable in parts of Bihar. Can the resultant absolute shrinkage in agricultural credit be viewed as desirable, especially in a country where hardly any easy credit facili-

ties nor comprehensive insurance against crop failure and the like exist? Are the Bhoodan sponsors sure that the farmers, who invariably viewed their holdings both as means of occupation and capital investment, would welcome generally the prospect of land losing value as a saleable investment?

IT is to be hoped the above aspects would receive due consideration, for clarification, from Bhoodan sponsors as well as responsible sections of the Press and the public.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH DIONNE, FATHER OF THE QUINTS

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

CALLANDER, Canada: The words did not come easy for the man with the sombre brown eyes and the lined face, but they came clearly and correctly, as from someone who had just learned a new language.

"I do not necessarily want to see them married," he said. But I want to see them happy. At my age and yours we know that some married people are unhappy. It could be harder for my girls because some men might pay attention to them just for their money. That happens, you know."

This was Oliva Dionne speaking, the father of the famed quintuplets, now 19. He was granting one of his rare interviews, just after one of the quints, Marie, had announced she will enter Quebec Convent this fall to study to become a nun. It will be the first time the famous five have ever been separated.

Papa Dionne agreed to the interview only after long and involved negotiations through a mutual friend. By pre-arranged understanding I dismissed the taxi which brought me the three miles from Callander to the house and stood alone before the gate in the high wire fence surrounding the Dionne house and grounds.

After several minutes, Dionne walked out and unlocked the gate and we shook hands and started across the broad, tree-less lawn toward the huge, tan-brick house which the Dionnes built and moved into eight years ago to house the entire family of 15. It's just across the road from the weatherbeaten, dilapidated old farmhouse where the quints were born the night of May 28, 1934.

We went in through the front door—after passing a blue Cadillac sitting in the garage—and turned sharply to the left into Mr. Dionne's den. It was a splendidly furnished

room, with a thick rug on the floor and modern furniture.

On the walls were several big framed photographs of the quints and the whole family. There are 13 children in all, including five boys. Three are younger than the quints and five older. Their ages range from 6 to 26.

Mr. Dionne seemed a little shy at first and spent some time speaking tenderly in French to his six-year old boy, Claude, who had come in to look for something.

Abruptly the subject of past difficulties came up—difficulties when the Government took over complete control of the children through a guardianship. Suddenly the shyness vanished and Mr. Dionne was angry. He still resents the arrangement which resulted in the building of a special hospital for the babies, established a million dollar estate for them through endorsements and advertising and changed the economic life of the entire community when they became the biggest tourist attraction in Canada.

The guardianship was established by the Province of Ontario after it was discovered that Mr. Dionne had contracted with promoters to exhibit the quints at the Chicago World's Fair. Welfare authorities believed this would have been hazardous to the health of the babies. The guardianship then was set up with the late Dr. Allan Dafore, who delivered the babies, in full charge of their physical well-being.

THE proceeds from carefully scrutinised endorsements were deposited in a trust fund to provide for the education and future welfare of the babies. The entire family now enjoys the proceeds of this income.

As he spoke of the present, Mr. Dionne's voice warmed, but some questions he wouldn't answer. Two of the quints were away from home

that day, visiting a married sister. Another was taking a nap and two were in the living room with some friends, showing movies on their home set.

Do the quints go out with boys? "No, not yet. Friends come to the house here and they dance and play records. People get the idea I keep the girls locked up. I don't. They go out more than most girls of their age."

How large is the trust fund of the quints?

"About \$1,000,000 including the buildings", Mr. Dionne answered.

What do the girls like most? "Music, I think. They all sing and play the piano. They like movies, too, and they go to North Bay (12 miles away) for shopping."

People in North Bay see the girls on the streets frequently but not more than two together. Townspeople say they are quiet and well-mannered.

Do any of the other girls have plans to strike out on their own like Marie? "Well, Yvonne is going to enter the Notre Dame Congregation at Montreal in September to study art. The other three—Emille, Cecile and Annette—are going back this fall to the Institute Familial at Nicolet, Quebec, where the five studied last year."

Mr. Dionne said that in recent years—"to make things more normal for the quints"—all girls their age from neighbouring communities came to the Dionnes' to attend classes on a boarding school basis. They were taught by the same nuns who taught the quints, and they lived in a structure originally built as a hospital for the quints and later used as a home for the family.

THEY skied in the winter-time and skated on a special rink, built on the property. The fenced-off lawn area of the home and adjoining buildings comprises several acres. In addition, Dionne with the help of some of his sons farms 300 acres and raises much of the feed for his herd of shorthorns.

As do most fathers, Dionne has a "favourite child." She is Pauline, about a year older than the quints, who has done some paintings that are quite good although she has taken instructions only three years. Her father is tremendously proud of her, and believes she is a good influence on the quints—"she gives them a mark to shoot at."

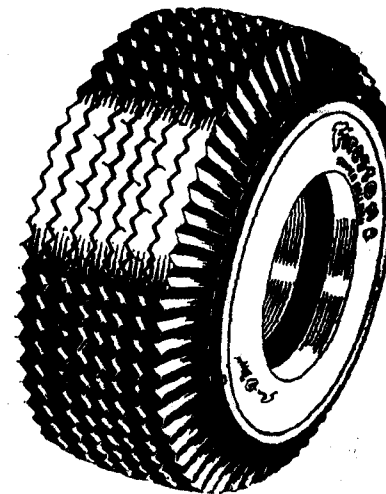
The quints have made only "pretty fair grades" in school, Mr. Dionne said, but they have learned the fundamentals of housekeeping from dusting to button-sewing.

"We haven't had any household help for several years," he said.

As we arose and started toward the front door to leave, Mr. Dionne asked me to come back to another room to see a second painting of Pauline's. The rest of the house seemed beautifully furnished. Passing the living room I peeped in and saw two of the quints with some other girls watching the movies.

I'd been told I couldn't talk with the quints and I didn't.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

THE censor policy is apparently becoming more and more stiff; and the latest victims of the censor's wrath are three Indian films, *Khof*, *Shart* and *Andhakar*. All these three pictures, the examining committee have refused to pass; now the producers will appeal to the revising committee, the full board and ultimately the Minister for Information and Broadcasting. Until the picture has gone through all these processes and declared uncertified in the gazette, technically it would be wrong to assume that the picture is banned.

Apart from the technicalities, these three pictures are virtually banned today unless of course the high authorities rescind the ban. The pictures have been privately shown to the executive committee of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association. In case of *Shart* the picture has been also shown to the Producers' Guild. But according to reports current in the film circles, none of the members of the Guild or IMPPA feel that these pictures deserve to be shown as they are. On the contrary, they are reported to be of the opinion that it would be futile to challenge the censor's decision unless certain major changes are effected in the pictures. In fact, some of the producers have made concrete suggestions for changes to save the pictures from total ban.

While sympathising with the producers who have invested several lakhs of rupees in these pictures, one feels that they could have easily avoided this predicament had they got their scripts passed beforehand. Indeed, the fate that these three pictures have met only emphasizes the need of pre-censorship of scripts,

as recommended by the Enquiry Committee.

Besides, it is significant to note that all these three aforementioned pictures deal with either crime or sex. Of them, *Shart* is obviously inspired by 'Strangers On Train' in which one man offers to kill another woman's relative in exchange if she agrees to murder his old relation! What a fantastic and obnoxious idea; after seeing 'Strangers On Train' one felt why the censors passed that picture at all; had the censors banned it *Shart* would have been spared this fate. The major objection in *Shart* is said to be against the delineation of the hero who is a police inspector shown indulging in romantic sprees while on duty.

Whatever the objections, it would have been better if the examining committee could have suggested some practical ways to overcome them with minimum possible change and thus save the pictures to some extent. That would be a more constructive policy.

Incidentally, the growing number of foreign pictures, especially crime thrillers and Westerns which have been banned by the Censor Board indicates that at last the censors have taken a stern and correct attitude to Hollywood films. This policy will be beneficial not only to the picturegoers but to the Indian film industry as well in the long run.

Picture Of the Week
AFTER fourteen years of voluntary retirement Chandulal Shah has donned the mantle of director and made *Papi*. As he has also written the story, dialogues and scenario, *Papi* is entirely his creation.

At the outset, it must be conceded *Papi* has one of the most brilliant and original story-ideas which distinguishes it from other pictures. The idea revolves round the similarity of looks between two persons—a preacher and a vagabond.

In the beginning, the story revolves round the vagabond and his beloved milk-maid who pays off all his debts and keeps him in check. The manner in which this part of the story, bedecked as it is with

number of songs is recounted, reveals Chandulal Shah as a master entertainer. But, all this frivolity and gay entertainment, accentuated by lovable performances on the part of Nargis and Raj Kapoor, have very little to do with the main story.

The real story begins when the vagabond has to procure Rs. 5,000 to save his beloved from being married off to another man. He procures it by stealing and in trying to escape from the police who chase him, he meets a preacher in the train who looks exactly like him. Later, the train has an accident. The preacher becomes unconscious; and the thief puts on his dress, is taken for the preacher.

This inter-change of roles between the preacher and the thief and the effect it has on their character is and should have been the main story of *Papi*. Unfortunately, however, in the screenplay Chandulal Shah has not been able to work it out properly. As a result we find the vagabond and the thief converted suddenly to the role of preacher and sermonizing at the slightest provocation. This sermonizing dominates the second half of the picture and makes it rather dull, unconvincing and colourless. The basic idea that the sinner forced to play the role of a saint turns out to be a better saint because of his association with sins and that the saint forced to lead a sinner's life comes to understand the life better is never brought out in the picture. The dialogue writer and preacher Chandulal Shah has apparently dominated the scenarist and story writer in him.

The direction of Chandulal is old style and the production bears the mark of haste and hurry. Yet, thanks to competent performances by Nargis and Raj, especially Raj who succeeds in holding his sway on the audience even in sermonizing, and the brilliant story-idea, the first half *Papi* is worth a visit.

Personality Of The Week

EVER since *Har Har Mahadeo* proved a Golden Jubilee hit, the producers have been busy cashing in

mythologicals and the star-pair Nirupa Roy and Trilok Kapoor. But of late, the mythologicals have lost their charm and the star pair has lost its popular appeal. No longer Trilok and Nirupa are the screen god and goddesses. Their place has been taken up by others. The place of Trilok, for instance, is taken by Mahipal, the permanent hero of Wadia's mythologicals as well as Arabian Night fantasies.

Mahipal, a handsome youth who has a soft voice and soft manners, comes from Rajasthan. Besides Sajjan, I think he is the only star to hail from Rajasthan; otherwise only the film-financiers come from this land.

Mahipal is a product of Rajkamal. Seven or eight years ago I met him at Rajkamal working as an assistant of the late Master Vinayak. At that time Vinayak was making *Jeevan Yatra* for Rajkamal. Mahipal assisted mainly on the script of the picture. For, believe it or not, Mahipal joined the film industry as a writer, as a poet to be precise. He wrote lyrics for Rajkamal's second picture *Mali* and other pictures produced by that studio. It was in Rajkamal's *Banwari* that he got his first break as an actor; he also played the lead in *Andhon Ki Duniya*. But as both these pictures did not prove hits, Mahipal did not create any sensation.

Later he left Rajkamal and became a free-lancer. First, he wanted to write as well as act; but as days passed he became a full-fledged star and I think he has given up composing lyrics for good. It was as the hero of Basant Pictures that he became famous. Now, Mahipal has become an established star; and with his experience he has got over his 'softness' as is evident from his performance in *Hush Ka Chor*. Rajastani by birth, Mahipal speaks Marathi very fluently and he is a very amiable, unpretentious type of person who does not put on any airs.

Though he has appeared in so many popular pictures, as an artiste he must not have been satisfied; for he has yet to get recognition as an exponent of histrionic art.

SPORT AND PASTIME IN ANCIENT INDIA

By K. S. TRIPATHI

PEOPLE in ancient India were sports-minded and games-loving. The conception of life as a rigid division into four water-tight ashramas is only one-sided. We generally believe that the people of this land were a sullen sort devoted exclusively to scholastic pursuits and severe penances. But the genius of India has always manifested itself in variegated channels and if our ancestors excelled in the domain of scholarship their achievements in the field of merry-making have been by no means less marked. If they have produced such profound works as the Vedas and Upanishads, they have also written a huge mass of literature on the art of love-making, decoration, architecture, sculpture, etc. The place of Vatsyayana, the celebrated writer of the well known treatise *Kamsutra* is surely not inferior to Vyas, Manu or any other writer of a serious work. People attached as great importance to physical fitness and proficiency in games and sports as to the study of ethics and theology or metaphysics. The guiding principle of life was a sound mind in a sound body. Games and sports occupied a prominent place in the curriculum of the educational institutions. The students, besides studying philosophy or history, had to acquire proficiency in games.

Of all the games hunting is perhaps the oldest. Ever since man made his appearance on earth he took to hunting both as an amusement and as a source of livelihood. Hunting and also fishing were the only occupations of the people in the pre-historic days when they led a nomadic life wandering from place to place in quest of game, food and pastures for their flocks. They were, however, more of an occupation than games in those days. Later when people settled in small communities

and learnt the art of agriculture they treated hunting as a pastime and a protective measure against the inroads of the beasts.

The earliest evidence of hunting and fishing in India are furnished by the excavations carried out in Mohenjodaro and Harappa which represent a civilization as old as 3,000 B. C. A number of amulet seals have been discovered which depict men shooting wild goats and antelopes with bows and arrows. The remains of large antlers of deers and stags indicate that hunting was widely prevalent among the people of the Indus valley some five thousand years ago. Bull-fighting was probably another pastime with them. There are indications to show that birds were kept as pets, and also for fighting. A certain amount of trapping was also carried on, and fishing was a regular occupation. Later, when the Aryans settled in this land, the game of hunting received a great impetus. Aryans were great hunters and meat-eaters. They practised hunting mainly with a view to supplementing their diet with meat. But it also afforded them good recreation. They used long bows and arrows in hunting. It became a fashion with the princes and kings. Gupta emperors were great hunters. Their coins bear eloquent testimony to the patronage given by the Gupta kings to this game. In one of his coins Semudragupta is shown hunting a tiger. Chandragupta Vikramaditya and Kumaragupta are also represented in some of their coins as chasing lions. Hunting received a great impetus by the royal patronage. It was taken up with great enthusiasm by the gentry and the knights. Kalidas has declared that hunting was the best amusement.

Hunting developed later into the science of archery. Indians had

acquired great mastery over this science. We get elaborate references to the excellence attained in archery from the epics. People could shoot a target at a distant place with astonishing accuracy, and what is more surprising, they could shoot an object without seeing it. There is an interesting story told in the epics about King Dasaratha killing Shrivatsa Kumar with his arrow. It is said that Shrivatsa Kumar had gone to fetch water from the river for his blind parents. The sound of filling the earthen pot led the king to conclude that it was an elephant. The king had not seen actually as to what it was but the sound alone was a sufficient guide to him. He put an arrow on his bow and shot it with terrible impetuosity. The arrow pierced the heart of Shrivatsa Kumar and killed him. Dronacharya and his pupil Arjuna were great archers. There are numerous stories describing their proficiency in this field. Once Arjuna and other princes were going through a jungle with their great teacher Drona. Their dog was ahead of them. After a while the dog came back to them with seven arrows fixed in its mouth. The dog was not at all hurt but it could not bark. Arjuna, who considered himself the best archer after his teacher, was taken aback at the mastery of the man who had covered the mouth of the dog with his arrows with such skill. The party went ahead in great amazement to search the man. Even Drona felt belittled. They soon discovered the low-born Ekalavya who Drona years ago had refused to teach archery in consequence of his humble birth. Ekalavya related to them as to how, undaunted by the teacher's refusal, he had practised this great science of his own accord. He, however, admitted that he still considered Drona as his teacher. Drona found his favourite pupil Arjuna's face turned down in great dismay. His high ambition to become the best archer of the country was foiled by the mastery of Ekalavya. Drona, however, relieved him of his anxiety by demanding from Ekalavya his right thumb as Gurudakshina and

thus shrewdly deprived him of his enviable skill.

Greek historians have also acknowledged the mastery of the Indians in archery. Describing the equipment of the Indian forces in the army of the Persian king Xerxes (486-463 B.C.) Herodotus says, "The Indians, clad in garments made of cotton, carried bows of cane and arrows of cane, the latter tipped in iron." The Indian archers might have humbled the pride of Alexander had not the rain-sodden soil failed them. Archery continued to be practised in India with the same efficiency till quite late centuries. Prithviraj the Rajput hero was the last great archer of India. A legend of the Rajputs, mentioned also by a Muslim historian, would have us believe that Prithviraj, who had not been slain at the second battle of Tarain but was blinded and remained a captive, killed Muhammad of Ghur with his arrow despite his blindness.

We get references to tournaments and annual meets when great archers from all over India used to assemble at one place and hold competitions. A most common competition of which we hear so often was Swayambar, in which some difficult target was assigned for shooting and the man who succeeded was given over the hand of the girl in marriage. We hear of Arjuna once shooting a revolving fish above with the help of its reflection below in a pot of oil. Fishing, however, did not attract much attention. Except for people living on the sea-coast or bank of rivers people generally did not patronize this game.

Although remains of bullock-carts and prototypes of the present day ekka, with a canopy for protection from the sun and rain, have been discovered in the course of excavations at Mohenjodaro, there is no tangible evidence to warrant the prevalence of racing among the people of the Indus Valley. From the high state of civilization and variety of evidences for amusement, it can be concluded that the inhabitants of these regions probably practised racing also. Most probably bullocks and bullock-carts were used for the

purpose of races and it must have been a source of great amusement. Races were very popular among the Aryans. The Vedic age was the hey-day of racing. There were various forms of racing, chariot-racing and horse-racing being more popular. How deeply racing, especially chariot-racing, had entered into the popular scheme of entertainment is seen from its ritual transformation into a ceremony which, by sympathetic magic, secures the success of the sacrificer. The essential part of the Vajapeya ceremony is a chariot-race, in which the sacrificer is made victorious. Horse-racing was equally popular. A semi-circular course and prizes for each race are mentioned in the Atharva Veda. A female race is also a feature of the Rajasuya ritual. The epics abound in references to perfection attained by Indians in chariot driving. Lord Krishna was a great chariot-driver. Chariots had become so popular that most of the important gods in the Hindu pantheon are believed to possess chariots

as the chief means of their conveyance.

Boxing and wrestling were practised in India from very early times. We know from the Mahabharat the stories of Bhim's greatness as boxer and wrestler. Nobody in the whole land could match him. He was the undisputed champion of the whole of India. He was equally proficient at club-brandishing. Inscriptions of the Mauryan period refer frequently to utsava and samaja, festivities and merry gatherings. A prominent feature of some of these assemblies was a joust of arms in which wrestlers from distant regions took part. Fights between men and between elephants and other animals are mentioned by Aelian, who also describes chariot races with teams of oxen and horses as practised in the imperial city of Pataliputra. The combats of men and animals often led to shedding of blood, and this was perhaps the reason why Asoka issued an edict forbidding certain types of Samaja, in which he saw much to

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abhor, while admitting that there were other festal meetings which were excellent in his view. We hear of tournaments in amphitheatres surrounded by platforms for spectators. Buddhist texts also refer to acrobatic feats and combats of men and animals.

Dicing is another game which can claim a venerable antiquity. It was a very popular game among the people of Mohenjodaro and Harappa some five thousand years ago. The popularity of the game in the Indus Valley in those days is evidenced by the large number of dice unearthed. Both cubical and tabular specimens are found, the later being the commoner. It is not certain whether the throwing of dice constituted a game in itself. Possibly dice were used in conjunction with board games, as two incomplete specimens of game boards of brick have been found. Some flat models of fish in ivory appear to have been used in some games.

Dicing was a favourite pastime in the Vedic age. The number of dice, the method of dice-playing, and the names of the throws are all described in detail in the various texts of this period. Dicing frequently entailed considerable loss to the gamester whose pathetic laments are often alluded to in the texts of the period. In consequence of its baneful effects dicing was strictly prohibited among children. Buddhist writers refer to games on boards with eight or ten rows of squares from which chess play ultimately evolved. The Jain Sutakritanga makes explicit mention of chess (astapada), a game that must have become very popular by the time of Bana's Harsha-Charita and Ratnakara's Haravijaya. There is a vivid and interesting description of gambling in the well-known play Mricchhekatika. One of the characters in the play observes in ecstasy, "Gambling for people is like getting a kingdom without the throne." Kalidas has also referred to chess in Raghu-vansha. The epics also contain references to gambling. We know the famous story as to how Yudhistira lost his entire kingdom including his

wife in gambling. Thus gambling was widely prevalent and popular in all classes of society. It appears that in order to lessen its baneful influence gambling was restricted to certain special occasions. Children were not allowed to gamble.

The most popular game for the women was the ball. We get numerous references in our literature to the Kanduka-krida. The inner court of the palace contained playground with flowers and fountains where women amused themselves. Little princesses had their dolls, panchalika. They also played with a ball, while the boys sports with a ball or hockey (vita), which they rolled or tossed about. Women were very fond of playing with deers. The dramas of Kalidasa depict beautiful scenes of close intimacy with deers and birds. Cuckoos, parrots and peacocks were great favourites of women. Other favourite pastime for women were swimming in the palace tanks and gardening. The usual recreations of women were singing, dancing and music.

The Kaushitaki Brahmana mentions a threefold shilpa, which are music, both vocal and instrumental, and dance. The Samaveda is a standing monument to the wonderful skill and originality of the ancients in the science of vocal music. Several professional musicians are known and the variety of instrumental music in vogue can be inferred from the types of musicians enumerated, such as lute-players, flute-players, conch-blowers, drummers, etc. Among the musical instruments known are the aghati (cymbal), drums, flutes and lutes of various types and the harp or lyre with a hundred strings (vina).

Dancing, singing and instrumental music formed an important part of life in ancient India. Remarkable progress was made in all the three branches. The popularity of music can be gauged by the pronouncement of Bhartrihari who declared that persons devoid of literary, musical and artistic tastes are animals without tails!

Besides literary references to dancing we get archaeological evidences

in abundance which tend to prove that dancing was very popular in ancient India. Statues of dancing-girls have been discovered from Mohanjo-daro and Harappa. Paintings in the Bagh caves in Gwalior give a beautiful representation of Gupta-dance. One of the paintings in these caves show two dancing parties. In one a dancer is shown surrounded by a group of seven women playing on different instruments, in the other a group of six women surround the dancer. Lyre (vina) was a very popular musical instrument.

Among other recreations were dramatic performances to which references have been made in a number of texts. The dialogue hymns of the Rig Veda have been the fruitful source of many theories regarding the earliest form of the drama. One theory is that they are relics of old mysteries from Indo-European times. Dr. Keith holds that dramatic spectacles, religious in character, were known in the Rig Vedic age. Patanjali makes mention of dramatic representations by the Saubhikas or Sobhanikas who gave before the eyes of the spectators an actual demonstration of the incidents mentioned in the plays. The Natyashastra of Bharata is the earliest (probably 2nd century B. C.) and the most important and authoritative treatises on Sanskrit dramaturgy.

Thus, in spite of pessimistic views on life in the religious literature, causing a strong tendency towards asceticism, common people had a liking for the enjoyment of the good

things in life. The sculptures of the period show the vivacious side of life, full of bustle and activity and marked by a sense of humour. Literature also selects this lighter side of life. Apart from singing, dancing, music, entertainments were provided by buffoons, music players, rope-dancers, jugglers, and wandering bards or heralds. Gardening and the art of making garlands by various combinations of flowers provided amusement to many. Various kinds of games, both indoor and outdoor, were played. The former include dice, trapball, guessing other people's thoughts, etc. Among the latter were, as we have seen above, hunting, chariot-races, archery matches, wrestling, boxing, shooting marbles with fingers, and ploughing with mimic ploughs. Festive assemblies known as Utsava Samaja and Vihara provided not only entertainment but also dainty dishes and intoxicating drinks, and kings often arranged celebrations for the amusement of the people. Apart from such assemblies, delicacies like meat were sometimes freely provided. According to the Mahabharata, a king called Rantideva killed every day two thousand cattle and two thousand kine in order to dole out meat to the people. When Asoka tells us that many animals were every day slaughtered in his kitchen for curry, we can easily infer that a similar practice was followed by the Mauryan emperors. Gambling and drinking wine formed the besetting sins in the life of the people and the evils of the former are clearly depicted in the Mahabharata.

SPORT AND PASTIME 1953 Annual

Kasturi Buildings, Mount Road, Madras
Price Re. 1

This annual must considerably enhance the reputation which "Sport and Pastime" has established within a few years of being an excellent magazine on sport. The reader will be pleased by the high quality of most of the articles. Mr. Fingleton is pleasantly discursive in an essay of memories. Mr. Frank Chester provides some interesting anecdotes of great Indian cricketers. Most other forms of sport are equally well served. Mr. Balagopal writes with authority on "the tennis world," while Mr. T. D. Ranga Ramanujan analyses the genius of Sido, the world table tennis champion, who realises the old conception of Hercules at the distaff.

The value of the annual goes even further. There have been provided innumerable excellent photographs of the eminent practitioners of most games. The reader will be struck by the thoughtfulness with which article and picture have been utilised to present a comprehensive view of sport not only in India but also, in as far as is practicable, in the world. In the phrase of the old reviewers, there is no reader who should be without this annual.—N. S. R.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Plebiscite In Kashmir And Bellary

Sir,—The Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan have confirmed the procedure of plebiscite to determine the final accession of Kashmir to India or Pakistan. Referring to the demand for a plebiscite with regard to the status of Bellary, during the debate on the Andhra Bill, Mr. K. N. Katju, the Home Minister of the Government of India, was reported to have said that Chief Justice Misra of Hyderabad did not visit certain villages because of the rising passion there and of the fear that, on account of propaganda at the time of his visit, feelings might be embittered further and lead to violence and disorder. He, therefore, suggested that there should be no plebiscite and that the decision of Chief Justice Misra should be accepted as final. Is it expected that the plebiscite in Kashmir on the question of accession to India or Pakistan is likely to be peaceful and free from violence and disorder? Religion, particularly to the majority of Muslims in Kashmir, is of greater sentimental value than language in Bellary. While the relative advantages of accession to India or Pakistan will be discussed at a high level between the two Prime Ministers in their present friendly mood, it is too naive to presume that the mass propaganda would be conducted on the same high level. The propaganda is likely to descend to very low levels, inflame passions and lead to violence and disorder on a large scale, and the incidents of 1947 may be repeated.

Any alternative would be better than the plebiscite. The Kashmir Prime Minister seems to have said sportively that the best thing that India could do was to make a present of Kashmir to Pakistan! It may not be a bad solution if Kashmir was given over to Pakistan and East Bengal was given over to India. The more important thing is friendly relations between India and Pakistan. If that objective be secured, it would not matter much whether Kashmir and East Bengal from part of India or Pakistan. Without it, both India and Pakistan will suffer, and Kashmir and East Bengal too.

P. KODANDA RAO

Administrative Expenditure

Sir,—The Chief Minister of Madras had been stating till the other day that the Government were spending most of the revenues of the State on the salaries of Government servants. In gatherings of Government employees, the Chief Minister used to say that four of them were doing what had previously been done by a single servant and that they were not giving their best for the salaries they received. Surprisingly enough, thanks to the endeavour of the Madras State Government Servants Association, the Chief Minister was obliged to admit when he was inaugurating, a few days back, the annual meeting of the Southern India Chamber of Commerce, that if people realised the amount of work done by the low-paid employees of the State and the importance of that work, they would come to feel that the salary paid to them was no salary at all. The Chief Minister also added that by force of custom the poorly paid employees worked on what salary they got. The Chief Minister went all out to get for Government servants a just meed of praise when he stated that the people would be amazed and would also admire and appreciate what each servant did for the salary he got. The Chief Minister ended by saying, "We are paying only 50 per cent of the salary we ought to pay. I have no doubt about it. Nothing but the tyranny of poverty (of the low-paid servants) maintains the administration of this country."

The time had now arrived for the 'tyranny of poverty' no longer to maintain the administrative machinery. We do hope that better counsels would prevail and Government would accede to our very moderate demand for parity with central Government employees at least in the matter of the dearness allowance, leaving other questions of service conditions to a competent judicial commission for final adjudication.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government Servants' Association, Madurai.

Stamping Out Dowry By Legislation

Sir,—It is quite evident that there is a future for democracy in our country, for the spirit is asserting itself in politics, economics, religion, society, personal affairs and the relations between men and women. But excess, even of the democratic spirit, will become a bane.

Untouchability and child marriage have been abolished by legislation. They were anti-social. However, the superiority of the higher castes still persists in a limited personal sphere. Brahmins may eat by the side of untouchables in

hotels, but not in their homes. Untouchables have access to public temples, but not to private houses. The prejudice has become part of the higher Hindu's blood since Manu's days, and no legislative medicine can purify it.

It is now hoped to eradicate the dowry evil by legislation. The intention is most laudable. Prohibition has resulted in plentiful crops of crimes and subterranean seas of fermented wash. An anti-dowry Act will drive dowry underground.

The dowry system has its origin, not in avarice, but in the poverty of the middle classes. A rich man is a criminal if he demands a dowry, but it is not fair to blame a poor man if he asks for money to marry a girl. Parents ruin themselves in educating their boys. The cost of landing a boy in the higher services has not seldom been the bankruptcy of his parents. If they would like to redeem their properties from mortgage by obtaining a dowry we should not condemn them. Further, if an army cannot march on an empty stomach, a poor man cannot start married life on an empty purse. I am not arguing in defence of the dowry system. It has been entrenched in the poverty of the middle classes.

An anti-dowry legislation will not usher in the millennium for unmarried girls. Now you can bargain for a bridegroom, in the open market, as for a bull, but the Act will make the bargaining stealthy and more difficult. Legislation cannot compel a man to marry for love.

Our legislators should not usurp the function of social service leagues.

A. K. G. NAIR, M.A.

Tirunelveli.

One Hundred Years Of Compulsory Vaccination

Sir,—Exactly one hundred years ago in the year 1853, the British Government passed the compulsory vaccination law. This compulsory vaccination law of 1853 was the signal for commencement in England of a fierce fight against the principle of compulsion in the matter of vaccination. From 1853 to the appointment in 1889 of the Royal Commission on vaccination by the British Government for investigating the whole matter, the fight for freedom from compulsory vaccination was increasingly fierce in England. Thousands of British parents defied the compulsory vaccination law, submitting to fine and imprisonment rather than being false to conscience and imperilling the health and life of their dear children. Over 8,000 tragic cases to illustrate the terrible and bad results of vaccination were reported to the Royal Commission on vaccination. The Royal Commission recommended abolition of compulsory vaccination. By 1898, the

storm of protest of the English people against compulsory vaccination, was so great that the British Government bowed to the will of the people of England and abolished compulsory vaccination.

England and Australia have demonstrated to the world that smallpox can be successfully controlled by cleanliness and sanitation without vaccination. The statistics are available to show that vaccination gives no protection at all against smallpox. The large majority of parents of Great Britain have for fifty years past exempted and withheld their children from vaccination. The Editor of the "Lancet," a leading British medical journal has courageously published records of the complete failure of vaccination to protect the Allied soldiers in Egypt from smallpox and the failure of even recent vaccination to avert fatal smallpox. After more than a century of experience it is true to say that vaccination is unscientific, useless and dangerous.

Today there is greater risk of illness and death from vaccination than from smallpox. In England, during the last thirty years, only 118 children under five died of smallpox but 291 British children were killed by vaccination. Other diseases follow in the train of vaccination, some more fearsome and fatal than smallpox. It is as illogical as it is wrong to make vaccination compulsory for those who do not believe in vaccination. Mexico, Italy, Japan and Portugal, backward in sanitation, have all had disastrous epidemics of smallpox, notwithstanding strict compulsory laws for vaccination and revaccination of their whole populations every three years. It is stated in the Indian Public Health Commissioner's Annual report that vaccines, serums, drugs "are no substitute for sanitary dwellings, fresh air, pure water and wholesome food. These are the foundations on which alone individual and communal health can be built." All persons must abhor vaccination and inoculation for the cruelty to animals involved in their production. All religions stand against dirt, against vaccination and inoculation and against compulsion. I, therefore, request the Governments of all the States of India to abolish compulsory vaccination. "The abolition of all laws enforcing vaccination is of more immediate and vital importance than any party dogma or any political programme" says Professor A. R. Wallace, O.M., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

Your readers can obtain free of charge anti-vaccination pamphlets from the National Anti-Vaccination League, 25, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Westminster, London S W. 1.

SOROBI R. MISTRI

September 26 1953

SWATANTRA

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A DISARMING MOVE

THE question of disarmament has raised its two-faced head again in the United Nations Assembly. In the present context of world affairs with the Korean Political Conference hanging fire and the unsettling rumours of the Soviet discovery of the Cobalt bomb (which can kill more people more effectively than the Hydrogen bomb which in turn is better, much better than the atom bomb) the reopening of this old, chronic, quietly decomposing sore seems so out of time and place as to be positively amusing. Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky's speech in the General Assembly this week has a familiar ring and his proposals, at first glance, seem to be merely a new rearrangement of the old positions that the Soviet Union has taken with regard to disarmament since the question first came up for discussion in the General Assembly in 1946. Beginning his speech with a demand for the "unconditional" prohibition of atomic weapons, Mr. Vyshinsky immediately proceeds to give a categorical list of conditions presumably under which alone the Soviet Union could agree to such prohibition. These include the liquidation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the European Defence Community and other collective security organisations over which the Western Allies have sweated blood for the last five years, and the immediate reduction of the armed forces of the Big Five by a third. Among the other factors contributing to "international tension," according to Mr. Vyshinsky, were the non-inclusion of China into the Assembly of Nations, and American support to Dr. Syngman Rhee. Talking of the thorny problem of German reunification, Mr. Vyshinsky urbanely wished to know what had happened to the draft of a peace treaty for Germany which the Soviet had submitted for U. S. comment four and a half years ago. Apparently, we might surmise, it got lost in the post.

IT may be remembered that previous attempts at reaching an agreement on the control of atomic energy were checkmated by the Soviet refusal to permit an International commission to inspect its factories, laboratories, equipment and installations engaged in atomic work. Such inspection was insisted upon by the United States so as to ensure that no one country would have the monopoly of the secrets of atomic energy and the nations of the world would get to know how exactly they stood with each other. The position, however, has changed since that suggestion was made. Britain and Soviet Russia as everybody is now aware, have not only discovered the secret of atomisation but have proceeded even further in their experiments with energy and in the application of it for the building of deadly smaller-range field equipment. America is no longer the exclusive preserve of the secret of wholesale and effective destruction on a gigantic scale. The balance of lethal knowledge has thus been preserved just as, by way of cause and effect, the balance of power

in Europe has been sustained. The fluid and highly accommodating stream of Soviet expansionism has been dammed by the containment policy of the United States based on the theory of the limited war. And Russian hopes of spreading her satellite empire in central Europe have been counterchecked by the network of Rearmament Programmes and Plans stretching from the Atlantic to the Adriatic. Peace, in other words, has reached the pitch when it must either disintegrate or explode into war.

MONOPOLY in the knowledge of atomic energy having ceased, the question of an international agreement has ceased to have any urgency. For foes must needs respect each other when they are of equal vulnerability. They have indeed reached the next stage, when they cannot leave each other alone. Any friendliness shown by either side has become so suspect that sincerity has indeed become a forgotten virtue in international political and territorial wranglings. The toning down in Russian belligerency after Stalin's death ceased sharply when the United States began to probe her opponent's apparent change of heart mercilessly with one demand after another and warnings went out to the world at large not to be credulously taken in by the chameleon-like attitude of the Communist Politburo. Now it is Russia's turn. She waited just long enough to see that everyone concerned in the Korean peace parleys had plunged their hands in too deep to withdraw and then has quietly, so to speak, changed the subject. And now that the steering committee has decided to renew discussion on disarmament, the peoples of the world may hopefully look forward to a few more million words on this problem which has really in a sense resolved itself. If, by this move, the Soviet Union attains its objective which probably is to gain a little more time in the Korean peace talks, we may resign ourselves to see the chief parties to the peace conference retire, proclaiming themselves peace-loving to the core and armed to the teeth, behind their dotted lines to indulge in more malevolent meditations and to exploit the groundswell of emotion which such a diversionary tactic brings forth for a little more publicity and propaganda. It will only leave India holding the baby in the form of a few thousand impatient uprooted men trying to find their spiritual home.

The Medical College Exhibition

THERE is a fallacious belief rife among ordinary people, which means you and me and the man next door, that exhibitions are shows organised by experts for master-minds. Scientific exhibitions especially receive little patronage from the uneducated. Though it must be admitted that there are some subjects in which it is difficult to stoop to conquer, the people who arrange such shows must bear in mind that the dispersal of even the stray bits of knowledge of which, necessarily, exhibitions are composed of, must not be aimed only at those who have already had some sort of schooling or education. This is particularly true of medical exhibitions. Physics can be the monopoly of physicists

without the rest of the world disintegrating in its ignorance, but if medical knowledge becomes the preserve only of doctors and pharmacutists, the world will come to grief indeed. A large proportion of our population is still abysmally ignorant of the very basic facts of hygiene and physiology. Disease is still sought to be checked with orthodox home-brews and the whole mental attitude of people to health and physical well-being is bounded and restricted by prejudice and a deterministic slant of belief. Statistics of mortality and longevity and the frequency of tropical epidemics have proved with facts and figures how such an attitude is not only harmful to oneself but detrimental to a happy communal life and mitigates the usefulness of the citizen. We must become more health-minded if we are to be a

happy, and active race of people. One would wish it could be said that we must be more health-minded if we are to survive but unfortunately there are many diseases among us which do not kill but either maim us for life or drag on interminably eating into our systems for years.

The Medical College Exhibition organised by the College students to make some money for a project they are interested in and society should be thankful for, namely, the Pakkam Relief centre, has much in it to commend itself even to the very sparsely-educated among the people. The information it gives especially about ante-natal and child care should be of inestimable benefit to young women whose attitude to pregnancy and child-bearing has so far been conditioned by the outmoded beliefs of their grandmothers. Mothers still to this day shrug and say in reference to their children's unplanned future that He who sowed the seed will water the plant. But unfortunately He who sowed the

seed was not God. Married women should know better than that.

There is a whole section devoted to family planning or birth control and information is given about clinics and hospitals which give advice in these matters. This certainly is a subject on which we should learn much, on which it is imperative we should learn much, after first driving ourselves to acquire the belief that a child, in addition to being a Bond of Love and a Joy for Ever is an economic and moral responsibility.

There is much else in the exhibition to interest and inform the untutored mind. And even those who feel they know enough about the workings of their body can pay a visit to it considering it as a refresher course in the study of the human system.

But the important thing is that people should be persuaded to go. There is no point in shrugging and saying that after all, there can't be anything new in it. Exhibitions have to be seen, not merely heard about.

Sotto Voce

THE LANGUAGE OF WISDOM



AN unmistakable sign of progress is the growth of the common man's illusion about the world he lives in. There are few things which he believes he does not understand; and the things are fewer to which he is not prepared to extend his patronage after first putting them in their place. Samskrit studies happen today to be in that enviable position. Successful politicians, scientific hot-men, Hindi evangelists and air-baked culturists of every description have their own clear-cut analysis of

what is wrong with Samskrit and infallible prescriptions for her rejuvenation. The Dravida Kazhagam is kinder far by comparison.

Samskrit is told that if she wants to survive she must throw a new look. Dr. Sampurnanand, who was here the other day, said that the teaching of Samskrit must be made easy. And he is acclaimed by our local philistines who imagine that he advocated the propagation of a bastard Samskrit, some sort of 'Basic'

or 'pidgin.' But he went on to observe that even with the difficult pandit methods "anybody with moderate intelligence could pick up enough knowledge of the language in three months to be able to understand simple Samskrit." That, to my mind, is an over-statement, but clearly it holds out no comfort to the simplifiers.

No new language, modern or ancient, can be "understood" even in its most elementary form after three months' study. The sentence-structure is even more of a stumbling block than the vocabulary. Every developed language has an individuality of its own, its unique mode of apprehension of reality. And one who is not born to it has to adjust his mental vision to this new mode. Unless it happens to be a closely allied language, this involves the need to clear the mind of the predispositions imparted by the characteristic forms of his own native speech. With a highly inflected language like Samskrit the difficulty is far greater, especially if the learner speaks an uninflected tongue.

But it is here that Panini comes to our aid. He has given Samskrit the most scientific grammar that the world has known. It is not so much the old pandit tradition as the Anglo-Samskrit fashion set by Bhandarkar and others that has been responsible for the error that Samskrit grammar was a tanglewood of thorny bushes and at least a dozen years would be necessary for mastering Panini. Those who watched the demonstration at the Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute the other day could hardly believe their ears when they were told that children of nine or less, who applied the *sutras* with the ease of a geometer applying the theorems of Euclid, had not known even the Samskrit alphabet six months earlier.

The children had been taught the *sutras* from the inside as it were. In fact they rediscovered the rules for themselves, formulating them in terms almost identical with those of Panini, not knowing that Panini had

been there before them! Grammar thus taught becomes creative, an exciting adventure; the tougher the enemy the greater the zest of the pupil, who has found the Ariadne's thread, in tracking him to his lair. These children have yet to acquire a vocabulary and that requires time and wide reading. But reading becomes a pleasure and every new grammatical form encountered is an intellectual challenge.

Sankarasubrahmanya Iyer's method is an inspired discovery. But like all great discoveries it is essentially simple and can be taught to men whose minds are not closed. It points the way to the redemption of the Samskrit pandits—not Hindi, to which they are more and more attracted, like moths to the candle flame. Dr. Sampurnanand said that in the U. P. Samskrit pandits were now being given the same pay-scales as teachers of other subjects. That is a measure of justice that is long overdue everywhere. But the proposal to modernise Samskrit schools, which he favours, may end as untowardly as the modernising of Ayurveda which has resulted in the L. I. M.

Dr. Sampurnanand contended that in the atomic age you cannot go on talking about the *tanmatras*, that the student of Jyotisha cannot ignore modern astronomy, that our understanding of Sankara would be all the better for our understanding of Hegel, and so on. I am not at all against the Samskrit scholar familiarising himself with European studies in cognate subjects after he has achieved ripeness. But empirical science is as remote from the *Sastra* as chalk from cheese. All traditional disciplines from *Vyakarna* to *Mimamsa* have self-knowledge for their goal. To bring these disciplines in all their vigour and all their plenitude to an ever-increasing minority of earnest men would be work enough for all the scholars we can train. Samskrit must not become just another dialect, but, if we have vision, she can become the *lingua franca* of the Great Society.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

THE suggestion was made by me some time ago that just as Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, though defeated in the general elections, was enabled to come back to the legislature by means of an engineered bye-election, others in a similar position, like the ex-Ministers Gopala Reddi, Kala Venkat Rao and Chandramowli, should likewise receive the same treatment and should be helped to play their respective parts in the public life of the new Andhra State. It has provoked strong dissent, and one of the critics is very angry at the idea of any resuscitation of Sri Gopala Reddi in particular from the political wilderness in which he now abides. He took the trouble of making a visit in person to register his protest. "Look at the sort of man whom you are so eager to restore to power and position," he said. "When Sri V. Kodandarami Reddi was selected as a Congress candidate for Parliament in the last general elections, SWATANTRA raised a furore. It caught the eye of the Delhi authorities, who felt bound, on account of the disclosures in the paper, to cancel their original selection and give the chance to some other candidate. But see what Sri Gopala Reddi has done. When he became the President of the Congress committee of his district (Nellore) he brought in as Secretary the very person considered unsuitable by the High Command to represent the Congress in Parliament! Perhaps you want Sri Kodandarami Reddi also to be given Congress nomination for a seat in Parliament, in the same manner in which you plead for Sri Gopala Reddi's restoration to a place of leadership in the State?"

The question raised by the critic is a very pertinent one, and aspiring politicians have to take note of it if they desire not to be thrown into eclipse, and if thrown, hope not to be condemned to that fate for ever. The objection raised in SWATANTRA against Sri Kodandarami Reddi was

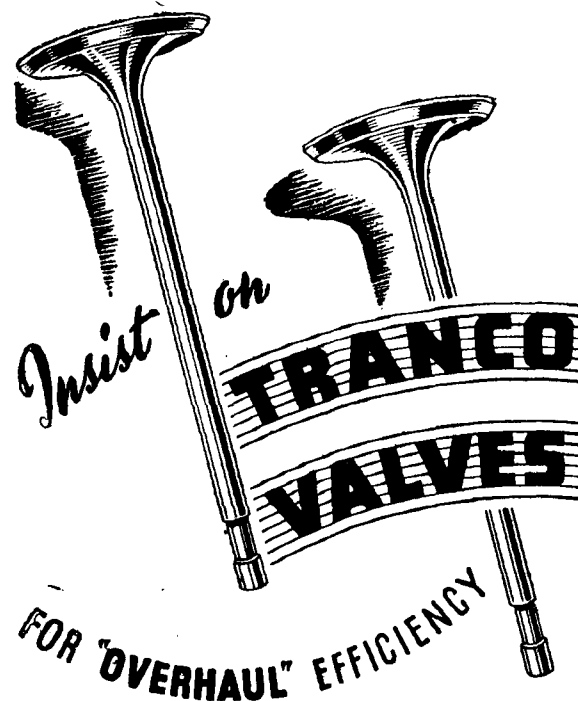
due to the fact that as a false prosecution witness he had attempted to implicate innocent persons in a murder case; and in that objection, nothing less than moral turpitude was indicated against him. Errors of judgement can be washed away by subsequent awakening, but moral turpitude remains damned for ever, and is entitled at no time to any political indulgence or reward. The plea for Sri Gopala Reddi was based on the assumption that at the worst he committed only errors of judgement, but if he insists on close association with proved wrong-doers of the calibre of Sri Kodandarami Reddi, its validity is naturally nullified. One pronounced by the High Court to be a false witness implicating innocent persons in a murder case, is as little fit to be an office-holder in a district Congress committee, as to sit in Parliament as a representative of the Congress. His supporters, too, get smeared in the same way, and can hope for no greater credit.

Sri Gopala Reddi was not without a certain competence as Minister. He had diligence, dash and a go-getting adroitness. What ruined him politically was his partiality for relatives, for which the hard name is nepotism, which was exerted at the public expense. He fancied that he was working out a principle of probity, the principle that relatives should not suffer for the reason that they are related to a Minister, but he had not detachment enough to digest the dangerous principle with safety to himself and security to the public exchequer. Sri Kala Venkat Rao as Minister was free from all the pressures of undue influence, he was able, efficient and skilfully wily, but his passion of partisanship swept everything before it, and there was no sacrifice or iniquity from which he shrank if he deemed it serviceable for party consolidation. As for Sri Chandramowli, he could not say No to a suppliant in direct

personal appeal, and the result was that many without the advantage of access to him suffered grave injustices, and the headstrong rush of a series of injustices prompted maybe by kindness tore the administration to shreds. The three Ministers came to grief through follies having their roots in some trait of character not wholly culpable. They gave to limited circles what was due

to the entire public, revealing a blemish from which scarcely any excepting the saints (if even they) are entirely free. With the lessons of the old follies rammed into them through the salutary ruminations of adversity, they might make better politicians and administrators today, but not if they insist on getting entangled with associates of the moral turpitude variety.

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THE MEDICAL COLLEGE EXHIBITION

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

I dislike exhibitions in general just as I dislike abridged editions of Charles Dickens and correspondence courses which make you experts in six weeks. I, however, feel constrained to admit they are necessary, like road signs or advertisements or rubbish bins in houses. I am not quite clear what exhibitions are supposed to achieve in the way of public benefit but the underlying hope seems to be that something seen amongst those interminable counters would stick somewhere in somebody's mind so that he could say later, apropos of something else: *Oh yes, isn't it rather like that what-is-its-name we saw at the so-and-so exhibition years ago.... you know, something with a dial which rotated when you turned a knob.....* I remember, for instance, bits of various exhibitions to which I had been zealously and hopefully taken by an education-minded sister from the age of nine or so. I remember bits of rock under glass cases and crazy patterns on a glass slide looked at through a microscope. There was once a chain of rough-cut stone beads with a multi-coloured stone pendant cut to a bizarre shape which had been worn, I was told, by a prehistoric predatory female. The memory of that chunk of pagan luxury, disturbing and delicious, has remained with me over two decades of superimposition. I remember coloured fire running from one glass tube to another and a beautiful, rounded, noiseless jet of water which flowed endlessly from a narrow glass tube attached to a little flask. I have a clear recollection of a huge machine with a myriad nuts and bolts and wheels which tirelessly produced identical little metal disks and of a pair of bellows and a fire with which a shrunken little man blew glass bubbles of all shapes and sizes. I laughed at mirrors which made my legs long and my face flat or bloated me out like a pig with arms which reached just below the shoulders.

And I remember staring petrified at a rabbit, a white, soft, fluffy rabbit, ripped open and pinned down to a table so that people could see its heart working. They come to me, these bits of my past, bobbing and gliding into my mind like flotsam on a river in flood.

But I doubt if I ever really learned anything from these excursions into realms of new knowledge always rounded off—oh delicious memory!—with two helpings of mauve ice cream in a little glass cup. But yet I know they are necessary. If they do nothing, they achieve this, that they poke at and keep mobile and active that little worm in our mind called curiosity which separates the dead from the living.

THE authorities of the Madras Medical College stressed again and again in their opening speeches the fact that this exhibition was not for scholars and experts but for the 'lay' public. I have always been curious about who precisely are the 'lay' public and how 'lay' one has to be to deserve classification as 'lay.' It is, I rather suspect, like the 'common man' or 'the man in the street.' There is, let me assure you, no such creature. Perhaps he lives in some other country. I know he doesn't live in mine. So, naturally, when I heard that the 'lay' people were coming to see the Medical College Exhibition I at once switched my attention from the exhibits to the spectators. The success of a project like this thrown open to the public can be measured in terms of the people which it attracts. They were a curious medley. Housewives in *kornad* sarees worn in orthodox fashion with earnest husbands eager to explain everything and infants in arms (and at arms, I may be forgiven for adding); militant young men of indeterminate class who were just what I imagine the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam attracts to its fold; high school boys in shorts and

shirt, students of technical institutes and typewriting and shorthand classes in frayed long trousers and shirts worn over them and slippers on their feet; curious, active pushing boys in groups talking with desperate speed about everything and stumbling loudly over the polysyllabic words on the notices and posters; ambitious working-class men, factory workers perhaps, with grimy hands and determined mein who demanded explanations in vernacular; college students in Indian and Western dress, long, lean young men, with easy manners and carefree expression who had come more to look at a pretty girl or two or to catch out some earnest lady medico on an embarrassing point, than to learn about how their blood circulated or who discovered ether. These then were the 'lay' people, people who already knew something and wanted to learn more.

JUST so much information is given at the exhibition as to titillate the curiosity and satisfy it. It starts with a backward look at Man, prehistoric, pre-evolutionary Man and his beastly forbears and ends with an invitation to have a systematic check-up of his physical being for the price of one rupee. A non-professional, well-educated person can learn nothing new from it and the illiterate would only touch with a tentative, incredulous mind the outer fringes of the knowledge offered for his assimilation. But the young people, the students, the semi-educated have the elementals of medical knowledge dosed out to them mostly via charts and bottled specimens for the price of six annas. Organised as it is by the students themselves it has none of the sleek loophole-proof perfection which comes with the interference of experts. The information collected for this mass display is various and often curious. The history of anaesthetics, for instance, is traced back to the time of Adam and Eve as related in the Bible when the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam and he slept and God took out of his side one of his ribs and fashioned from it the form of Eve. Psychology is daringly reduced to some fundamental mea-

sures like Intelligence, Memory and Manual Dexterity tests.

THE Pakkam Medical Relief unit for the enrichment of which the exhibition has been organised is as original and wholesome an idea as ever came out of young minds. A batch of about three dozen doctors and students maintain a small medical relief centre in Pakkam, a village on the outskirts of Madras and attend once a week on about four hundred patients in that community.

"What" I asked a lady medical student who explained to me a model of the centre hopefully interrupting her harangue with a mute, directing finger pointed at the box for voluntary donations, "what is the most common complaint you come across at the relief centre?"

She thought for a moment, "Leprosy," she said.

Not in that terrified whisper it has been spoken of so long but calmly and matter-of-factly.

"It is curable now, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "with sulfone."

I wish the enthusiasts who foam at the mouth at our country's slowness and stupidity could have seen that crowd. They would have seen middle-aged housewives calmly stretching their arms for a blood test for syphilis and a group of jostling men and women standing round a woman-doctor who was explaining carefully and objectively how to use a pessary and why the safety-period method of birth-control cannot be hundred per cent guaranteed. They would have seen a retired gentleman with a tuft peering into a dissected corpse while a young medical student with gloved hands dabbled with the innards of the cadaver trying to find its appendix.

Awareness of a want is the first big step towards the satisfaction of it. We as a people have become aware of the fact that there are things we should know, that we indeed must know if we are ever to rise from the cesspool of disease and poverty in which we have been soaking for decades. The people who came to see the Madras Medical College Exhibition are proof of this awareness seeping through into what we sweepingly call our middle class.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

WITH the kind permission of the reader I shall not refer to any specific broadcast in September, but to a corrupting influence in many of the A. I. R. Tamil programmes. This generalisation is not a labour saving device—on the contrary, I had to listen with care not merely to a few broadcasts during the month to write this, but to all sorts of Tamil programmes (varying from school broadcasts and talks to recitals of verse and radio-plays) for over six months. It is high time something adequate was said, and done, about this insidious influence, which is especially marked in radio-plays and, strangely enough, in some of the announcements.

The pity of it is that there is little gained in convincing fellow listeners that this influence is perilous and must be nipped, not in the bud (for it was in bud in 1942), but in full flower, before it proceeds to fruition. I know that most listeners will agree with me in my criticism. But since the policy of A. I. R., is not based overmuch on the convictions of listeners, their agreement can achieve nothing. If only some of those high up in the organisation could be convinced of the existence of this menace, it is still not too late for action.

What makes the job of convincing anyone on this point difficult is the fact that it must be attempted orally for a fair chance of success. It is the lisping, fatuous mouthing of Tamil in radio-plays, announcements, and even talks that I object to, and it is not possible in writing (not even in Tamil) to indicate this precisely. An intonation, a certain flabbiness in enunciation, a consistent false accent—these things cannot be accurately specified in writing but may be mimicked exactly, especially by one who has studied them as long and closely as I have. In fact, the infection is very catching. Sometimes I find myself talking in radio-play accents without conscious simulation, and it is only the look of alarm or

affront in my listener's face that warns me of my slip. I have to explain that I intend no offence and that recently I had listened to a radio-play somewhat more attentively than usual in an attempt to locate all its false accents. Does this remarkable explanation only serve to confirm people in their suspicions of me? Not at all. It is accepted completely and at once. You see, they too have listened to radio-plays.

I wish Dr. Keskar were a Tamilian. In this wish, he need not be encumbered with any deep literary appreciation of the language, it would do if he had been born in the Tamil country and was at home in the language; perhaps it would be just as well if he had wandered over the country and was familiar with its dialects. This last condition is really unnecessary, for it cannot be pleaded, by any stretch of ear, that the Tamil of radio-plays has any dialectal affinity—it is a mock-literary Tamil that is identical specifically (and not only in a generic way) with the language of the Tamil talkies, but familiarity with the richness and spice of the dialects will help in perceiving the tinsel artificiality of the radio-play accent. I don't suppose that anyone who differs from Dr. Keskar (I do myself, over the policy of nonofficial panels and juries to grade the broadcasters) in his management of A. I. R. ever doubts his sincerity or the courage of his convictions. In his stand against the too frequent broadcast of cinematic music he has shown an unwavering love for our cultural traditions that merits the gratitude of those who value them. That is why I wish Dr. Keskar were a Tamilian; he would not, then, suffer this radio-play Tamil another day. It is such a fundamental offence against the traditions of the language, though it is borrowed wholesale from the silver screen and has no independent existence.

I AM entering no special claims on behalf of the Tamil people here.

We are as prone to silliness and to a weak, watery sentimentality as the rest of humanity. But the Tamil language lends itself singularly ill to such things. No one in this teeming land loves the language more deeply than I do, but I will not claim for Tamil that it is musical or sweet to the ear, as Subramania Bharathi did. Other Indian languages have that quality—Hindi and Telugu seem to me, to possess a melodious cadence. Tamil is not like that. It is harsh in its sounds at times, and rarely mellifluous. But it has virile strength and power, it is rich in the tang and connotations of its words and capable of much expressiveness and pithy economy. It is a language that one uses with care and telling effect when one has attained a certain literary ability. In this I think it is rather like English, lending itself to expression that is magnificent in its power or exquisite in its nuances, but easily susceptible to the stigma of verbosity if used unskilfully—on the other hand, of course, there is always the risk of developing an unbearable preciosity if one overdoes the care.

Literary Tamil, of course, is still very different from the spoken tongue. I quite realise that in broadcast plays and talks it is often necessary to reconcile these differences, but I am not criticising the language of any broadcast or even its sudden tonal contrast between idiomatic and literary speech. It is only the horrible accentuation, the too frequent attempt to soften and modulate with intoned significance the natural unadorned flow of the spoken tongue that I criticise. Did I say Tamil was rather like English in some ways? I have little Marathi, but listening to the *powadas* of the late Shahr Dixit and to Marathi folk-songs recited and explained by kind friends, I have often felt that in the strong, manly, linen texture of its fabric Marathi is like Tamil. Nothing can be more gruesome than the attempt to imbue such a texture with soft, effeminate tints.

The settings of these radio-plays are highly romantic. Not because they are operatic, but since the conventional settings of our plays are like that. Whatever the reason, the

fact remains that sweet nothings are frequently exchanged between a lover and his lass in these plays. Such occasions are frequently depicted in them with a vapidly that surpasses realism, but it is hard to be positive in such matters. What one can say, with certainty, is that in the play these fond exchanges acquire a tonal tenderness and urgency that is intolerable and quite beyond the most syrupy efforts of a sentimental couple under a lopsided moon, in real life (i.e., life—but the cinema and radio-play compel me to add the word 'real').

"How brilliant is the moon!" she says with an exaggerated sigh, each word pregnant with an inanity unknown to Tamil.

"And how insistently the south wind blows!" he responds—this, in spite of the soggy north wind that blows just now, is a classical response. But the heavy significance that weighs down each word that is spoken, and the way it is accented and lipped is neither classical nor bearable. This is bad enough, but in the next scene (I am drawing from no radio-play in particular but from a composite memory of many) this lover is no longer with his lass, but with a masculine friend. In some trivial context he suggests to his friend that they should go somewhere, may be only to a tea-house for a snack.

"Shall we go there?" he suggests, and again each word is endowed with a heavy, musky significance, gravid with tender, unspoken portent.

It is insufferable. And it is not Tamil.

THE remedy is simple. It is to warn the cinematic people who usually take part in these broadcasts that unless they can speak Tamil like Tamilians, and not like sucking doves, they will not be employed. Once this is done, the symptoms of this dreadful malady that one notices in talks and announcements will disappear automatically, for I think it is from the radio-play that the infection spreads. As I said, it is catching in the extreme.

LEGISLATION FOR ANIMAL WELFARE

By S. K. ANANTARAMAN

SOME fifteen years ago when I was at school I was once asked to write an essay on "Should girls be given education?" I thought the proposition was highly absurd and had the temerity to tell the teacher: "Sir, this is outrageous. Why should you mix up sex with education?" Happily that stage is past now. Today we hear an equally absurd question asked with sincerity and seriousness. The question is: "Why should we not kill animals? Why should we be kind to them?" It is surely also a question mark of our civilization, because it is asked not only by the illiterates and the uneducated, but also by those who are educated and those who are in a position to influence the course of life. This is at once comic and tragic indeed.

The question is really a very simple one and can have only one answer if only we can analyse it purely from the rational, commonsense point of view. But unfortunately, so much of economics, so much of science, so much of religion and so much of politics have been imported into it, perhaps to give it colour and taste, that it has become a very controversial issue.

Doctrinaire economists would say that the total supply of food is so limited that it has to be supplemented with animal food if human hunger is to be satisfied. But it should be remembered that everything is limited, including the number of animals. It should be conceded that there was a time in the food history of man when he could have got and actually did get on without any physical need to kill animals. Now, how is it that the present predicament—when animals have to be killed in order to feed human mouths—has arisen? Obviously because human population has been increasing by leaps and bounds. It does not require any great imagi-

nation to visualise a stage when all animal food will be exhausted and still so many human beings left hungry. What is the solution of the economists to such a situation? I wonder if they will suggest that then men should start eating fellow men. Even if they are able to solve the food problem, how are they going to solve the problem of space which is terribly limited? Commonsense and reason can, therefore, give only one answer, namely, that the number of human beings has to be limited, either by natural or artificial means, if men are to be adequately fed, clothed and sheltered. So the plea that animals should be killed for the sake of food makes no sense at all. It is only a feeble attempt to justify an unjustifiable conduct.

SCIENTISTS are indeed a much more difficult people to deal with than economists. They feel that they have a right to kill animals, and kill them by slow processes, so that they can watch their reactions to different situations and thus improve their sum-total of knowledge. Whether, and if so, to what extent, human knowledge has improved because of vivisection is a matter of opinion. Granting that it has enabled man to make some new discoveries, should we not pause to ponder whether such discoveries are worthwhile? If they are worthwhile, are we prepared to experiment on human beings? Should we not realise that the discoveries are the result of terrible and tremendous sufferings which we inflict on helpless creatures, who would have effectively protested if only they had known how to protest? Should we not also remember that vivisection includes cutting, freezing, burning, starving, gassing, electrically shocking and otherwise torturing living animals and inoculating them with malignant diseases and so on and so on?

Eminent people throughout the world have condemned vivisection in categorical terms. Bernard Shaw, the great social satirist, has written: "From Shakespeare to Dr. Johnson to Ruskin and Mark Twain, the natural abhorrence of sane mankind for the vivisector's cruelty, and the contempt of able thinkers for his impecible casuistry, have been expressed by the most popular spokesmen of humanity... Honorable men do not behave dishonorably even to dogs." Gandhiji, whom we have learnt to admire and adore, was equally unambiguous when he said: "Vivisection, in my opinion, is the blackest of all the black crimes that man is at present committing against God and His fair creation."

WHEN people demand animal sacrifice in the name of religion one wonders whether one should take them seriously. In most such cases there has been a wanton or unintentional misunderstanding of the religious texts. If, however, there is any religion which demands the price of a life for propitiating the compassionate God, that religion needs to change. In the name of fairness, in the name of compassion, in the name of chivalry such a price can and should never be demanded or paid.

Fortunately for these dumb creatures they have now got a representative in India's Parliament in Shrimati Rukmini Devi Arundale, whose interest in animal welfare dates back to her acquaintance with Dr. Annie Besant. As early as 1940 when India had no Parliament of her own, Shrimati Rukmini Devi said in one of her speeches: "If I had to choose, I should rather be elected to Parliament by a large group of animals than by a large group of people. They could not speak, but perhaps the elephant would wave his trunk and

say 'I elect you as a member of the Parliament.' Some day, when we have Home Rule for India, there will be, there must be, a representative in the Indian Government who will look after the protecting of the animals and will see there is no cruelty for the animals in 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."

Shrimati Rukmini Devi has been a very vocal spokesman of these dumb creatures. Now that she is a member of Parliament, she has introduced in the Council of States a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She feels that it requires tremendous propaganda and education before people could come forward to vote for the total abolition of all killing. Her Bill, therefore, makes only modest demands. It seeks among other things, to prohibit to killing of animals in the name of religion and restrict killing in slaughter houses. Where killing is considered to be absolutely necessary she wants it to be done in a humane way, with the minimum of misery and maximum of mercy. She also wants the creation of a separate portfolio in the Central and State Governments for the welfare of animals which cannot take care of themselves. No reasonable person can have any objection to these demands and in the land of the Buddha, the Mahavira and Gandhi there should never have been a need for such a measure at all and it should be the easiest thing to pass it into law. Human (e) beings all over the world are sure to watch the progress of this progressive legislation with anxious concern.

Do not take seriously that aimless, incoherent thing called society, for it has no serious sense in it. To prattle trifles, forgotten as soon as uttered, to hear dull discussions into which good taste forbids one to enter—this is gaining experience of the world but it is an idle employment.—*Georges Sand*

What lightens labour, sanctifies toil and makes a man good and strong, wise and patient, just and benevolent, both lowly and great, as well as worthy of intelligence and freedom, is the perpetual vision before him of a better world beaming through life's shadows.—*Victor Hugo*

UNO'S WOMAN-PRESIDENT

By NILKAN PERUMAL

"HONOUR women! they entwine and weave heavenly roses in our earthly life," wrote Schiller, the German poet and dramatist. The world today, has honoured a woman as a world-leader, and to history, her name is Madame Vijayalakshmi Pandit. She is to preside over the current session of the United Nations General Assembly at Lake Success. It is a tribute to the women of the world, and to India. Just ten years ago British propaganda abroad said that India's women were mere *Furdah-pussys!* But, that lie stands exposed by Mrs. Pandit today! She is the greatest woman of Asia, a diplomat of distinction and a spirited campaigner for world peace for many years.

The Presidency of the United Nations General Assembly has added lustre to her already magnificent stature. She is the first woman to become a Cabinet Minister in India, and that was sixteen years ago. She is the first Asiatic woman to become an Ambassador in a world-capital. Washington or Moscow had never seen a woman Ambassador before Mrs. Pandit arrived. She was also the first woman to lead a delegation of her country to the United Nations, and to Mao's China. As President of the General Assembly, she will not disappoint any, because she has charm, tact, and ability in plenty, to rise equal to the task facing her.

That Vijayalakshmi Pandit is the daughter of the late great Motilal and sister of Jawaharlal, we know. That she married a Kathiawari Brahmin, the late Mr. Sitaram Pandit, Barrister and Scholar, we know too. That she had good education in early life and commendable social prestige, even that we know. What we did not know, say twenty years ago, was what she had turned out to be now, a great world figure. The workings of fate in the life of this gifted Kashmiri Brahmin woman are indeed amazing! She celebrated her fifty-third birthday on the eighteenth of August, this year.

When news came that she had been elected President of the General Assembly, my mind went back to the many events connected with her in the month of April, 1945, when fifty nations sent up their delegates to San Francisco, to attend a Conference which carved out the design of the UNO. Our delegation was led by Sir A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, but then, Mrs. Pandit was also in 'Frisco at that time. She challenged Mudaliar's representative right to speak in the name of India, since he was a *Prize-boy* of the British! She presented a memorandum to the Conference and held successful press-conferences to explain the nationalistic viewpoint. She then, hit the headlines of the American press, which gave her great prominence for interviews and lectures. She went on speaking from coast to coast, often drawing tremendous audiences. All these made the British Embassy in Washington wince! Don Iddon, the Washington Correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* in a despatch called her a *menace!* Such an Indian rebel in America that year, is, today, the duly elected President of the Assembly with the full backing of the British representatives.

AS a minister in the old United Provinces, she was somewhat of an ornamental figure. But, in free India, she has surprised everybody by playing many remarkable roles. She went out as our country's first Ambassador to Moscow, and her buying Finnish furniture at colossal costs to give elegance to the Moscow Embassy, made the Kremlin folk eye her curiously! The Russian Foreign office was rather a tough place for any woman to match wits, whatever her personal gifts might have been! Finally, when Stalin would not see her, Mrs. Pandit got so embittered at heart of the Russian atmosphere, that she swiftly folded her hold-all and returned to India. Washington was her next destination, but here, she got on better. As Nehru's sister, she was respected, but in office, she

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could not do much to cement better relations between the two countries. Still, she got a lot of publicity for India in the States by some of her spectacular activities such as country-wide tours, speeches before women's colleges and frequent press-conferences.

It is not mere brains alone that make any one successful in the world today. There should be luck as well, and Mrs. Pandit is all too lucky. She had the requisite opportunities to make a mark in life. Her luck in life seems to have started even from girlhood. It appears that a big cobra, one day, held its hood over her, in the spacious garden of her home *Anand Bhavan*. Mother, Mrs. Motilal, on coming to know this, said that the child would have extraordinary luck in life. Yes, she has had. This anecdote was revealed to the world by Pearl Buck who wrote an admirable pen-portrait of Mrs. Pandit, some years ago.

MRS. PANDIT is fond of making impressive speeches and narrating peppy anecdotes. Some years ago, she delivered a wonderful speech before the Cawnpore Rotarians, in the course of which she told a story about the assertive nature of Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, our one time Agent-General in Washington. It appears that he was once hurrying down to the State Department, when a traffic cop held up his car, on the road. The irritated Sir Girja Shankar seems to have roared: "I am Bajpai!" The cop coolly retorted: "That is alright, but if you move, you will be soon *mincepie*!"

Prime Minister Nehru is especially fond of his sister Swaroop, as Mrs. Pandit is called in her family circle. He has no other relative today, so close by! Therefore, she has taken it on herself to look after him. Sister Krishna is far away in Bombay, but the presence of daughter *Indira* is some solace to him, who is so over-worked. By his own personality and services to the world, this global statesman has made his country's stature grow up, and Mrs. Pandit is following the example of her brother by putting up many merited efforts in the cause of world peace.

HOW THE ASIAN EXPERTS 'BIT THE DUST'

By ANDREW ROTH

THE American experts on Asia with a liberal-left approach "bit the dust" in such separated, different and lone engagements that it scarcely has been realized that virtually the whole tribe has been wiped out. One has been conscious more of the personal tragedy and the complicated background.

When John S. Service was dismissed, after multiple loyalty clearances, the State Department lost probably its most brilliant and dynamic young China expert. He departed under a cloud of McCarthyite accusations. In reality he was paying the penalty for a rash one-man campaign to win support for a course which would jettison the Kuomintang and shotgun a Communist-Kuomintang coalition while a "middle way" was being prepared. This plan, which later took the shape of the "Marshall mission" probably was doomed to failure from the outset. But it is significant that Service and subsequently his superior, John Carter Vincent, were sacrificed for having attempted a middle way instead of clinging to Chiang Kai-shek. The forced retirement of Edwin Clubb was even more amazing. He had to go, because, apart from being a China expert, he had had slight leftwing sympathies in the early 'thirties, before an assignment

to Vladivostok had completely cured him. So many other China specialists have retired, resigned or been transferred that it is now counted the best recommendation for promotion in the State Department to know nothing about that crucial area.

Every country "purges" its experts when its foreign policy takes a new turn. The distinction, of course, is in the manner.

In the Communist states their fate is frequently covered by the word "liquidated." When, in Lenin's phrase, "the locomotive of history takes a sudden turn" those who wanted to switch it on to another track are usually jettisoned with the ugly ticket of "spy" or "imperialist agent" pinned to their bodies.

Even in Britain, the most stable and mature of the Western states, where continuity of Foreign Office policy is almost a religion, there are discreet, gentlemanly purges. It is so gentle comparatively speaking, that it is almost unfair to use the word 'purge.' E. H. Carr, a distinguished writer on Russia, comparatively friendly to the Soviets, "happened" to stop writing editorials for *The Times* just about the time the wartime sympathy for Moscow evaporated. Dr. Victor Purcell, until his recent visit to Malaya, was considered one of Britain's leading experts on Malaya: the obvious man to invite to a BBC 'roundtable' on Malaya, or to write a leading article for *The Times*, or to address one of the influential learned societies. Suddenly, when Dr. Purcell decided that General Templer's policies in Malaya are all wrong, his expertise is no longer in need. He is dropped out of the 'magic circle' of approved experts. It is wounding but not necessarily permanent.

The purge of its liberal-left Far Eastern experts has shown that the

"Every country 'purges' its experts when its foreign policy takes a new turn. The distinction, of course, is in the manner. The purge of its liberal-left Far Eastern experts has shown that the processes of policy change in the U. S. lie between the open brutality of Russia and the discreet smoothness of Britain." Letting the reader into the nature and variety of weapons America has used for the purge, Andrew Roth concludes: "The road ahead in Asia is sufficiently difficult and dangerous for America and its allies. With one eye shut it may easily be disastrous."

processes of policy change in the U. S. lie between the open brutality of Russia and the discreet smoothness of Britain. No one has been shot in the U. S. for being thought too friendly to the Chinese Communists, although the hounding of Agnes Smedley probably did much to hasten her death in exile in Britain. No one has even been jailed specifically for advocating policies thought inimical to the U. S. Yet politically-minded foreign visitors, particularly from continental Europe, are amazed at the degree of public conformity which has been achieved in the U. S. "Without one concentration camp and without one person shot while trying to escape," commented one German refugee, "the United States has achieved almost as much 'unanimity' as we had in Germany."

This is, of course, an exaggeration. But the most superficial survey of the Far Eastern field shows how effective the cold-war purge has been in removing from positions of influence those considered not sufficiently anti-Communist. China experts, John S. Service, Edwin Clubb and John Carter Vincent have been sacked from the State Department. Lawrence K. Rosinger has lost his teaching and research posts. Owen Lattimore has been suspended from his teaching post while fighting the "perjury" charge arising from the McCarran investigations and, to make sure he doesn't return, the Walter Hines Page school of international studies which he headed has been "liquidated" by John Hopkins University of which it was part. Edgar Snow is no longer an Associate Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and is earning his living writing short stories. *Amerasia* was compelled to close down some years ago. The American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, deprived of most of its revenues from big business contributors, has been thought recently to be on its last legs.

The United States has always been admired for its variety. It has certainly used a wide variety of weapons to purge dissident Far Eastern experts. One useful weapon, about which victims hesitate to complain,

is deprivation of passport facilities. It was used against one academic expert on Southeast Asia on the grounds that he had slept with a girl alleged to be a Communist. The main weapon, of course, has been what Owen Lattimore aptly called the "Ordeal By Slander." Unless one has gone through the smear treatment of the American press, aided by Congressmen, it is difficult to describe the sensation of having the black headlines of the yellow press and the near-hysteria of hyper-charged radio 'commentators' repeat angled half-truths and innuendoes about your views and activities fed to them by Senator McCarthy and, frequently, the F. B. I. The effect is quite paralyzing, almost as effective a will-destroyer as the white lights and constant repetition used by the Communists in their psychological torture.

The impact is illustrated by what happened to a young bureaucrat in the State Department. In his youth he had been a mildly liberal 'stringer' for Associated Press in China for a few months. In Washington in wartime he got a minor job in the State Department and advanced by being the perfect bureaucrat. He grew ponderous of manner and mind. He never had an opinion on anything unless it was that of his superior. He steadily climbed the bureaucratic scale and bought himself a house in a suburb of Washington. Then suddenly, in the days when Senator McCarthy was desperately searching for names to back up his "big lie" that there were 207 "card-carrying Communists" in the State Department, somebody suggested his name and Senator McCarthy "named" him. Overnight the timid bureaucrat's name and photograph were splashed in every newspaper. People telephoned him, calling him a spy. His neighbours asked him to sell his house and move—all before any proof had been adduced or his side heard.

If you are not broken or driven into obscurity by this form of trial by headline, there is the Senatorial investigation. The nice thing for the Senators is that if they don't get you on the swings they get you on

the roundabouts. First of all, its odds on that, merely being called to testify will subject you to columns of unfavourable publicity and lose you your job. Then you face the alternatives: do you talk freely, answering all the questions put to you and face the possibility of either getting other people into trouble or being trapped into a perjury indictment? Or do you protect yourself and your associates by that legal gimmick of "hiding behind the Fifth Amendment" i.e., refusing to testify on the grounds that you might incriminate yourself.

Owen Lattimore took the classic and courageous step of answering every question as fully and informatively as any investigating committee really interested in the truth could hope. It was a grueling interrogation, lasting a record twelve days, in which Lattimore had to answer minute questions, going back over fifteen years, based on his seized correspondence and articles. It was a magnificent feat but despite it, Lattimore was charged with numerous acts of "prejury" and indicted. He is even now bankrupting himself and having to call on his friends to meet the heavy expenses of fighting this indictment through the courts. One court has thrown out several of the charges but the attorney-General is attempting to have them reinstated.

One of the counts on which Lattimore is claimed to have perjured himself is that he said he did not know Chi Ch'ao-ting was a Communist when he printed his articles when, according to Senator McCarran and the Justice Department, he "had to" know. Since Dr. Chi is now an official of the People's Bank of China in Peking, this may seem to have an element of truth in it. But the fact is that for a decade before Dr. Chi "crossed over" to the Communists he was a top economist of the Kuomintang, serving first as secretary to Dr. H. H. Kung, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, and then as the Kuomintang representative to numerous international economic conferences and Research Director of the Kuomintang Bank of China. Since Dr.

Chi had been a leftist earlier on, one must assume that he was able to pass the scrutiny of H. H. Kung and the Kuomintang's numerous security organizations. In other words, Lattimore is expected to have been a more effective 'thought policeman' than the Communist-hunting secret police of the Kuomintang!

The tragedy is even if Lattimore wins his court case, he has lost. He has lost almost all of his life's savings fighting the case. His school has been liquidated. His reputation has been so dragged through the mud that he can never again hope to have any authority except for the minority who have not succumbed to the pressures of hysterical publicity. And the historically ludicrous part of it is that he is being martyred for very moderate views. When he was in Britain 18 months ago he found he was, on China questions, to the right of British businessmen with whom he had worked in China in the early 1920s.

No Hiding Place

AS if to demonstrate that it is 'tails they win, heads you lose,' Lawrence K. Rosinger has been virtually driven from the profession for learning from Lattimore's experience. When Prof. Lattimore decided to "fight back" and answer every question put to him on oath for a record twelve days, many wise lawyers shook their heads, saying he was walking into a perjury trap.

Today most careful lawyers advise their clients appearing before a Congressional Committee to refuse to answer questions relating to their political views or associations, relying on the Fifth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution which says: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." By judicial interpretation this has come to apply also to civil cases and is particularly important in legislative inquiries which are virtually trials without the normal protections of the judicial process. If you, for example, answer the question "Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" in the negative, there is a chance of being

indicted for perjury. The government, with the aid of a number of professional ex-Communist informers may, in the present heated atmosphere, be able to secure a conviction. Even if they do not doubt the truth of your testimony on this point, the next question, "Have you ever known any Communists?" compels you to be an informer on people who may long ago have dropped their allegiance. It is very little known, even in the U. S., that once you have started to answer the first question you cannot suddenly refuse to answer the second on grounds that any answer you have given constitutes a waiver of immunity. Lillian Hellman, the celebrated playwright, discovered this when she offered to talk freely about herself if she could be assured she would not have to inform on anyone else. The committee refused, so her lawyer advised her to refuse, on grounds of possible self-incrimination, to answer any questions. This necessary legal device produces the fantastic spectacle of some people refusing to answer even when they are asked their names.

The difficulty, however, is that this form of legal protection is very little understood in the U. S., so that anyone who refuses to answer the "\$64 question" is immediately assumed to be hiding a Communist past. Lawrence Rosinger declined to answer questions and it became impossible for him to make a living, teaching or writing on Far Eastern subjects. He is now learning the hardware business in Detroit, after twenty years of preparation as a Far Eastern expert.

The Dollar Talks

IT is impossible to understand the rapid success of the purge in the U. S. either in driving people out of a profession or silencing them without appreciating the important role of the rising standard (and cost) of living. In Britain—which has aristocratic standards—you are not counted a "failure" if you are a teacher, or writer and live in a drab room, share a kitchen and bath, wear worn clothes and use a bicycle for transportation and do not have a

television set. Furthermore, there is a toleration of "cranks." In the U. S., however, with its middle-class standards, you are expected to conform. Furthermore there is a tremendous social pressure to "keep up with the Joneses" by having a new car, a television set with as big a screen as your neighbours, new clothes for all the family and all the other emblems of material success. Therefore, those specialists who do not want to conform politically find it necessary to work in other fields in order to conform in their standards of life. It is presumably the absence of sufficient markets for his political articles and books in the present political climate which has prompted Edgar Snow, for example, to turn to writing short stories.

With an expanding economy, the able nonconformist Far Eastern experts frequently have considerable success in other fields. John S. Service, I understand, is doing well in the management of a steel concern in Texas. Of course he was probably the most brilliant China expert the State Department has produced in the last generation.

One-Sided Danger

THE American politicians dominant in the postwar 'cold war' period have been so conscious of the danger of retaining experts considered 'soft on Communism,' that they have neglected the danger of being surrounded by experts so insensitive to the revolutionary feeling in Asia that they leave American policy completely unprepared for events. It would be interesting, for example, to know to what extent Syngman Rhee's famous double-cross in releasing Korean prisoners was anticipated by the State Department. Would it have been safe for a State Department expert on Korea to have stigmatized Dr. Rhee as an "unreliable ally" in advance? After all, look at the fate of those who rendered this type of judgment against Chiang Kai-shek.

One-sided reporting, as a result of the purge, may also have contributed to the recent American action in the U. N. where, in answer to Dr. Rhee's ultimatum, the U. S.

refused to support India's participation in the Political Conference. It is obviously easier in a Government stripped of its left "eye" to feel Dr. Rhee's support is more important

than that of Pandit Nehru.

The road ahead in Asia is sufficiently difficult and dangerous for America and its allies. With one eye shut it may easily be disastrous.

FREE EDUCATION IN KASHMIR

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE announcement of free education or education without any fees, from kindergarten to M. A. in the Kashmir State, would not have come as a great surprise to those with a knowledge of Ceylon politics. In that island, the announcement of a free education scheme just before the 1947 elections was conceived in the nature of an election slogan. The dramatic announcement of the same by the new Kashmir Government, just feeling its way with gingerly steps, is evidently conceived more as an impressive facade. But as the qualified success of the experiment in Ceylon and the unqualified failure of the abortive attempt in the Travancore-Cochin State have shown, any such scheme is likely to be full of pitfalls. The Travancore-Cochin scheme was doomed to failure on account of confusing complications, apart from the stubborn opposition of the missionary institutions. The scheme involved the collection of fees from students by the educational institutions, and depositing 80 per cent of them in the State's account and the payment of the teachers' salaries by the State itself. It is yet to be proved why the T. C. Government could not have straightaway taken up the Ceylon model, and abolished fees altogether and paid all the teachers' salaries from the Government coffers. The opposition from the missionary institutions was in the nature of a communal agitation thinly veiled as a fight for minority rights.

Kashmir is fortunate in that there is no problem of missionary opposition. Its comparative backwardness is again a helpful factor, in that its taxation and economic structure are comparatively simple. Hence the

Kashmir Government can straightaway abolish fees. In Ceylon, however, the principle of abolishing fees has been called into question by leftists and professional educationists, on at least two counts. Professional educationists are careful in calling the scheme a 'free tuition' scheme and not a 'free education scheme'. The real cost of education to the poorer parent is in maintenance and the loss of helpful work done by the boy or girl. Sir Ivor Jennings, the Vice Chancellor of the Ceylon University, called the Ceylon scheme, a scheme to subsidize the unenterprising middle class while only a scheme of scholarships could have helped the poorer student. The leftists in Ceylon have also been saying that mere abolition of tuition fees has not helped the deserving poor, and much real talent is yet to see the light. The sponsor of the scheme, former Education Minister C. W. W. Kammangara said that, to keep two varieties of students together, the one paying fees and the other receiving scholarships, would induce discrimination and other psychological problems. On the other hand, the sight of spotlessly clad students alighting from luxurious limousines at the gates of Royal College, Colombo, to receive free education, is also an equally intriguing problem. All this only goes to show that free tuition as such is a glittering slogan but its benefits are not widespread or effective, under a capitalist economy. In Kashmir, the abolition of zamindaris and the comparatively lesser economic inequality, would make the position easier.

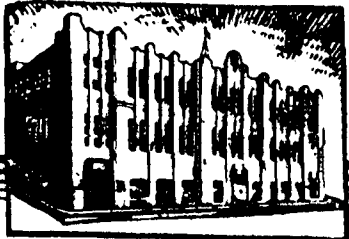
The cost of free education has however caused the greatest concern in Ceylon. The bill has been mounting from a few millions to nearly 150 millions this year, forming nearly 10 per cent of the national expenditure. The return in terms of educated manpower has not been considerable.

While the free education scheme was the signal for all middle class students to crowd into the schools, and cause a congestion problem, the old pattern of academic education imparted with very few facilities for technical training is already creating an unemployment problem. Kashmir, however, has few of these problems to face now, with its comparative backwardness. The school going population is small and schools not widely distributed, and hence the annual education bill is not likely to be forbidding. But, even in a few years, the problem of congestion as well as funds for expenditure will

have to be faced. Being at an advantage due to its clean slate, Kashmir can learn much from the blunders and achievements of others.

On the other hand, it is not clear from the announcement, what the position of the teacher is. The most valuable feature of the Ceylon free education scheme was that the teacher was paid directly or indirectly by the Government, on a better basis than before. Any free education scheme which neglects the teacher's position is bound to fail in the long run.

All the efforts of violence cannot enfeeble truth; they only exalt it the more. All the light of truth can do nothing to stay violence, but only irritates it the more. Nevertheless, let none maintain that this makes things even, because there is this absolute difference between them: the curse of violence is bounded by God's order, who makes its onslaught redound to the glory of the truth assailed, to the end that truth shall exist eternally and finally triumph over its enemies. For truth is eternal and mighty as God himself.
—Pascal

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BUDDHISM IN INDIA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

IN another three years Buddhists all over the world—that is to say, one-fifth of the world's population—will be celebrating the 2500th Buddha Jayanti. Barring a world war it will be celebrated on an unprecedented scale. It will also be a spontaneous celebration; for, there is today, probably as the result of two world wars a remarkable upsurge of enthusiasm for the Karma and Ahimsa theories of the Buddha.

How is it that after a neglect of nearly eight centuries Buddhism is coming into its own? How is it that India, the home of the Buddha and the field of his life's mission of forty-five years, is welcoming back the message of the Sakya Prince, which once blazed a trail from East Bengal to Afghanistan, from Kasi to Anuradhapura in Ceylon, a trail which was later obliterated by vandal invaders and by hostile rulers in India itself?

The answer is two-fold. Buddhism as a living religion was exiled from India consciously by the efforts of Brahmin zealots and revivalists in general, and unconsciously by its being reabsorbed in Hinduism. That is one answer. The other answer is that though places of Buddhist worship were destroyed by Hindu kings like Sasangka (who in 600 A.D., cut down the Mahabodhi tree under which Buddha had sat and received his Bodhi, and then further to make sure dug up its roots, and "burnt it with fire, and sprinkled it with the juice of the sugar-cane, desiring to destroy it entirely and not leave a trace behind") as well as by Muslim vandals they were not completely obliterated.

The reason for this was that up to the twelfth century (when Magadha fell to the Muslims, Bengal following shortly afterwards) the kings of Magadha were Buddhists and looked after the Buddhist sacred places. An additional reason was that through the efforts of Asoka the Great on behalf of Buddhism, not to mention

his personal example, the neighbouring countries of Ceylon, Sumatra (Svarnabhumi), Burma, Cambodia and Tibet had accepted the teachings of the Buddha. They formed the Greater India with India as the sacred fount of Buddhist teaching.

Inscriptions at Buddha-Gaya prove that Buddhist monks from Ceylon, (some of them related to the Singhala royal family), made gifts and carried out repairs to the temple at Mahabodhi. Again, the King of Burma in 1035 was so concerned about the condition of the Mahabodhi Vihara that he deputed a special official to carry out repairs to it, and finding him not expeditious enough he sent a second official. In this manner Buddhism was kept alive in India till the close of the twelfth century. Nor must we forget the far-reaching influence of the famous Buddhist universities of Magadha, Nalanda and Vikramasila, and of Takshasila (Taxila). Though they were forced to close down eventually they continued to spread the Buddhist tradition through the thousands of Buddhist monks who had graduated from them and who went underground (as we might say) by establishing monasteries in forest caves. Curiously enough, when the present rulers of China suffered reverses and had to withdraw they sought shelter in Buddhist caves in the very heart of China, caves that had been built by Buddhist monks.

Altogether, with its exile from its birth place Buddhism took its roots in the adjacent countries, of which Burma and Ceylon have maintained to this day the Buddhist tradition undefiled and unimpaired.

BUT there is today a resurgence of Buddhism in India, a resurgence which started in the last half of the last century. And for this the British conquest of India is indirectly responsible.

Archaeology and the preservation of ancient monuments are Western sciences. The British contribution

was no doubt objective but there is no gainsaying that but for it we should not be witnessing today the tremendous enthusiasm for a revival of Buddhism in India. It was in 1848 that Lieutenant Alexander Cunningham of the Royal Engineers made an appeal in the *Journal of the Calcutta Society* for Government support in the preservation of the ancient monuments of India. In 1860 Lord Canning, the first Viceroy, appointed Cunningham as a temporary archaeological surveyor. It fell to Lord Lytton to enact the Treasure Trove Act of 1878. Lord Lytton wrote: "The preservation of the national antiquities and works of art ought not to be exclusively left to the charge of the Local Governments, which may not always be alive to the importance of such a duty. Lieutenant Governors who combine aesthetic culture with administrative energy are not likely to be very common, and I cannot conceive any claims upon the administrative initiative and financial resources of the Supreme Government more essentially imperious than this."

It is a sad reflection that after the attainment of independence we have had no similar statement from the Government which has thought fit to include the Archaeological Department in the Education Ministry, whereas its importance is such as to necessitate the creation of a separate Ministry of Fine Arts and Archaeology. Our fine arts can thrive only by the inspiration of India's past as brought to light by archaeological research.

LORD CURZON who became Viceroy in 1899 shared Lord Lytton's concern for archaeological research and actively furthered the policy begun by his predecessor. Addressing a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal (which had been founded in 1784 at the instance of Sir William Jones, later to become famous as an Orientalist) Lord Curzon said that in European countries "abundant private wealth is available for the acquisition or the conservation of that which is frequently private property. Corporations, societies, endowments, trusts provide a vast machinery that relieves the Gov-

ernment of a large portion of its obligation. The historic buildings, the magnificent temples, the inestimable works of art are invested with a publicity that to some extent saves them from the risk of desecration or the encroachments of decay. Here, all is different. India is covered with the visible records of vanished dynasties of forgotten monarchs, or persecuted and sometimes dishonoured creeds... All these circumstances explain the peculiar responsibility that rests upon Government in India."

THE connection between archaeological excavations and the resurgence of Buddhism in India may not be apparent at first but much of the current reawakening among the Buddhists of India, Ceylon, Burma and elsewhere is vitally linked with the archaeological discoveries in India within the last sixty years.

To the Buddhists no place is holier than the Mahabodhi at Buddha-Gaya, and the sacred pipul tree under which the Buddha sat when he received his spiritual illumination, the Bodhi. I have already referred to the attempts of Raja Sasangka in 600 A.D. to root out the Mahabodhi. Twenty years later Raja Purna Varma revived the Bodhi Tree by sprinkling the roots (according to legend) with the milk of a thousand cows. According to the same legend the Holy Tree sprang up to a height of ten feet in a single night. Huen Tsang (Cunningham prefers 'Hwen Thsang') wrote that "When Buddha was alive, it was several feet high. Although it has often been injured by cutting, it still is forty or fifty feet in height."

However it was Asoka who paid it the highest veneration by building a *Vajrasang* or Diamond Throne at the base of the Mahabodhi at the very spot where the Buddha had sat. He also built a Mahabodhi Vihara near the Sacred Bodhi Tree. It was a branch of the original Mahabodhi that was taken to Ceylon by Mahinda and Sanghamitta whom the Ceylonese regard as Asoka's own son and daughter. (Some historians including Vincent Smith believe that they were Asoka's brother and sister. Certain it is that Asoka had a bro-

ther named Mahendra who became a Bhikkhu. But this is of pure academic interest). Thus the Mahabodhi was the most sacred symbol of Buddhists and its neglect from the twelfth to the nineteenth century coincided with the decline of Buddhism in India.

THE utter neglect under which the Mahabodhi as well as the Mahabodhi Vihara had lain throughout the centuries can be gauged from the following account contributed by a Correspondent of *The Englishman* in 1879:

"The entire west face of the platform of the Temple buried under rubbish, which itself was held by a revetment wall thirty-two feet high of plain brick and mortar, unplastered and looking for all the world like a dilapidated jail wall. The holy tree at the apex of a series of a circle of steps which stood on the rubbish so held up the revetment aforesaid, and the entire north wall above the then ground level a plain blank wall of mud and brickbat, which was even then leaning outwards...."

It must be said to the credit of the Burmese that they were the first to take serious notice of the neglected condition of the Mahabodhi and the Mahabodhi Vihara. In 1874-75 the King of Burma caused a number of excavations to be carried out and as a result several small temples, Buddha statues, and votive stupas were exposed. But it was not till Major Meade at the suggestion of Cunningham made excavations that the foundation lines of the original Buddhist railing which once surrounded the Temple were exposed. (Of special interest to Ceylon is an inscription on the railing describing a gift from a Ceylon Buddhist, probably a Bhikkhu: "Bodhi-rakhitasa Taba-panakasa danam"—(Gift of Bodhi-Rakshita of Tambaparna).

Major Meade's discovery was in 1863, and in 1878 Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra published his book on the Temple of Buddha-Gaya. As the outcome of these various efforts, not to mention the long article in *The Englishman*, Sir Ashley Eden, Lieut. Governor of Bengal, ordered Mr. J. D. Beglar to make "a thorough repair of the whole building." Des-

cribing a visit paid by him in 1881 Cunningham wrote: "I was present when the discovery of the Relics was made under the front of the Vajrasana Throne.... The first and perhaps the most interesting discovery was the remains of the original Temple of Asoka, with the polished Vajrasana Throne exactly as portrayed in the Bharhut Basrelief with the view of the Bodhi Tree of Sakya Muni.... But the most important discovery was the fact that the present Temple is built exactly over the remains of Asoka's Temple, so that the original Vajrasana Throne still retains its old position of Buddha's seat, the reported center of the Universe."

Maj. Gen. Sir A. Cunningham's report was published in 1882 under the title, *Mahabodhi*. This report covering the excavations and discoveries at the spot hallowed by Buddha was an event of major importance in the reawakening of Buddhist influence in India.

Coinciding with these significant discoveries came the publication of Pali and Sanskrit texts by European savants. I have already mentioned Sir William Jones. In 1801 appeared a Latin translation of the Upanishads by Du Perron, a French scholar. Max Muller was encouraged by the Oxford University to translate and edit his Oriental Series to which a band of scholars, British and Indian, contributed. A British Civil Servant in Ceylon Rhys Davids on retirement from service started a Pali Text Society which brought before the world in general and Buddhists in particular the glory that was Buddhism.

THE Theosophical Society also made a considerable contribution to the Buddhist reawakening in India and Ceylon. Many prominent Western Buddhists like Colonel Olcott and F. L. Woodward came to Ceylon and with the active cooperation of the Buddhist priesthood sounded the call of Back to Buddhism. The most prominent Ceylon Bhikkhu to welcome Col. Olcott's gesture was the famous scholar-Priest, the Maha Thera, H. Sri Sumangala.

At the turn of the century Bud-

dhism had definitely made a return to India, its homeland. The Calcutta University established a Chair of Pali. Several prominent people of Kerala became Buddhists and founded a Buddha Society which later established a Vihara in Bombay. In recent years the dissatisfaction of the Harijans with their lot in Hindu society has led some of them to declare themselves Buddhists. Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the All-India Scheduled Castes Federation, publicly accepted Buddhism during a recent visit to Colombo. There are Buddhist Viharas today at Buddha-Gaya, Calcutta, Delhi, Lucknow, Madras, Bangalore and Calicut while the most recent to be opened was the Vihara at Sanchi where the relics of Sariputta and Moggallana discovered in the Sanchi Stupa by Cunningham were enshrined on October 30th, 1952 amidst scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm.

Since those early days of Cunningham archaeological research has kept pace with the intellectual and devotional resurgence among Buddhists. The more evidence we have of the wide influence of Buddhism in the past the stronger we shall be in laying the foundations of a new era of Buddhism in India. A recent British expedition led by Prof. Barger excavated some exquisite Buddhist statuary in Swat Valley and found Stupas at Kanjar pota, at Gumbat, Amluk and Abarchinar. While the Sarnath Buddha is still the most perfect piece of statuary the Buddha statues from Abarchinar and Amluk come very close to it in perfection and purity of line. We have also had most marvellous finds in Kondu-kistan in Afghanistan where Bodhi-

sattva and apsara murals and Buddha statues resembling those of Ajanta were found. In Madhya Bharat, which was once the scene of Asoka's viceroyalty, Buddhist stupas and caves are being discovered from time to time, the latest such being the discovery of a brick-built stupa at Navda Toli, a village near Maheshwar, on the southern bank of the Narmada river.

THE tradition of methodical archaeological research handed down by the British is helping to bring to light these monuments of the past. To that extent we have to consider the resurgence of Buddhism in India as one of the blessings of the British conquest. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President of India, in his address to the Gandhian Seminar in Delhi on January 17th, 1953 said that the success of the Gandhian technique of non-violence was due mainly to the faith of his followers but that it was also due in a large measure, he added, to the British who appreciated it. Dr. Prasad wondered whether the same success could have been achieved had India been under another power. The same sentiments might be expressed with regard to Buddhism in India.

We must also remember that Buddhism declined as much due to the inroads of vandals and hostile kings as due to the schisms in the Sangha. If the present Buddhist resurgence is to succeed we must bear that in mind and not be too anxious to let a particular country or a particular individual get the full credit for this resurgence. The Buddha Himself addressing a quarrelling group of Bhikkhus said:

"Not at any time through enmity are enmities appeased here. But they are suppressed through non-enmity. This is an eternal law. Those who break bones, those who take life, those who steal cattle, horses, treasure, plundering the realm—even among those accord is known. Why amongst you should there be none?"

In the last analysis a Buddhist resurgence can come about only in the hearts of men and women. Neither edifices of brick and mortar, nor the excavations of buried stupa and vihara can avail us if our hearts refuse sanctuary to the message of the Buddha.—Copyright.

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SCHOLARSHIP AND JOURNALISM

By C. L. R. SASTRI

SCHOLARSHIP is never wasted anywhere: least of all in journalism which is immeasurably enriched by it, being in fact transformed beyond recognition by the additional graces that it never fails to lend to anything that it touches. It is true that it is not given to everyone of us to be a scholar: this kind of thing cometh not but by prayer and fasting. But, at any rate, we should not be guilty of the supreme sacrilege of looking askance at the scholars and scholarship.

We have, unfortunately, arrived at a point in human history when there are none so poor as to do reverence to scholarship: especially is this evident in the field of journalism, that Cinderella of the professions. But, to quote the words of the immortal Sam Weller, this is wrapping it up in a small parcel. At the present juncture, not only is scholarship conspicuous by its absence in journalism, it is severely frowned upon when it makes the slightest show of raising its head from the abysmal depths to which Fleet Street (and what stands for Fleet Street in our own hapless country) has consigned it. This is pre-eminently the Age of the New Journalism; and New Journalism and scholarship are as poles asunder.

Scholarship, indeed, can find no "abiding city" in the world of the New Journalism. If this is the sad plight in England it must, a fortiori, be a sad plight in India as well: for whatever passes for journalism here takes its cue from the journalism that flourishes there. We are not pioneers but imitators; and imitators have, as a rule, a penchant for copying the worst features of the thing imitated rather than the best.

There is that in the New Journalism which is inimical to the encouragement of scholarship. Matters, to be sure, had been vastly different before the late Lord Northcliffe, the

Father of the New Journalism, took Fleet Street by storm. Then scholarship had its appointed place in the sun. To the practitioners of the art in those halcyon days it was, as Dr. Johnson said of Greek, "like old lace—you can never have too much of it."

If a slight exaggeration is permitted, to be a journalist in those days was to be a scholar; the two terms were almost interchangeable. Those who were aspirants to the journalistic purple generally made sure that they had the requisite qualifications. Quite apart from the fact that they were not, like their successors, dead from the neck up (as the saying is), they invariably came to their tasks with the proper intellectual equipment as well as with a firm determination to leave their patrimony like the old Athenian, not worse but something better than they found it. In other words, they took pains to be splendid. They regarded themselves as the inheritors of a fulfilled renown and, therefore, saw to it that they gave of their best to the noblest of all professions. You could never catch them napping. They were adept in the instrument of their calling; in their hands English prose

"...became a trumpet; whence they blew

Soul-animating strains."

THEY knew perfectly well that scholarship, by itself, cannot carry a journalist very far: he must learn how to put it to the proper use. That was why they took endless trouble to prune and to polish. In the matter of the mechanics of their trade they had a sort of sixth sense, as it were, that brightness does not fall from off the air; that, instead, brightness has to be cultivated—and cultivated, too, with assiduous care. Book love should exist side by side with the ability to write well, else

it will turn no wheels and grind no corn.

THE journalists that I have in mind were not only ripe scholars but excellent penmen also: they were alive to the pregnant truth that literature must never be divorced from life. They did not subscribe to the theory that literature is only for the "high-brows". They held the view, on the other hand, that it must be the possession of the common man no less than of the dilettante. It was said of Socrates that he had brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men. The same can, with equal truth, be said of those giants in the different realm of "the humanities." They harnessed them to the fleeting needs of journalism. Such being their high endeavour, it was scarcely to be wondered at that they touched nothing that they did not adorn. The tiniest paragraph that they wrote had distinction stamped upon it, was invested with a sort of plenary inspiration. Reading their articles was a liberal education in itself. You were not fobbed off with the crumbs from their table; you were served with a regal banquet as delicious as it was wholesome. You expected a toothsome thing, and you got it.

Who were these masters? In the main they were Scott, Spender, Massingham and Gardiner. They formed a quartette that has never been surpassed anywhere. They have had no single successor. It was, probably, not quite an accident that all of them belonged to the great Liberal party. During that period there was an efflorescence of the human spirit in that party that was well nigh unique. In politics as well as in the arts it "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky." Look where you would, it was a Liberal that dominated the scene. It was from that cultural pamir plateau that all—or nearly all—the rivers and rivulets of genius flowed and "winded somewhere safe to sea." That illustrious savant, Lord Morley, drew inspiration from the same prolific source. Naturally, these four figures whose names I have mentioned above had no option, so to

speak, but to tread the same path of intellectual development.

It would be unprofitable to go into the question of who, among them, was the tallest. There can be no comparison where superlatives are concerned. The mountain peaks are all snow-clad. Scott was, undoubtedly, the doyen among them. He had also the advantage of being associated with the finest daily in England. That, of necessity, gave him a "pull" that was, unfortunately, denied to the others. He was the seniormost among them. His noble example could not but have been an invaluable asset, acting, as it must have done, as a sort of beaconlight to the younger set. Scott was an institution by himself; the *Manchester Guardian* a veritable "school" of journalism. In English journalism Scott was, indeed, a landmark; and when he died the whole country rose as one man to render him homage.

IN so far as comparisons are possible among giants, however, it has always seemed to me that Massingham towered above them as Mount Everest towers above Kanchinjuanga, Nanga Parbat and the rest. Massingham was in a class by himself. As Cowley said of Pindar, "he formed a vast species alone." His soul was like a star and dwelt apart. He was, unquestionably, the biggest man among them all, though an unkind fate denied him the opportunity of becoming an institution in the same manner as Scott. His was a more fiery spirit; nor had he the knack of suffering fools (and knaves) gladly, as anyone must have who is determined to make the best of both the worlds. Even idealists, if they do not wish to be "caught out" usually contrive to have a streak of materialism deeply embedded in their composition; if it escapes public detection it is because it is camouflaged most cunningly and is made to form an inextricable part of the general colour-scheme. The pronounced lack of this protective principle, of this "safety-first" device, was Massingham's undoing.

Spender had neither the idealism nor the brilliance of either Scott or

Massingham. He was not an out-and-out Radical like them and was noted for adapting the "middle-of-the-road" policy in public affairs. He brought everything to the touchstone of practicability. The words of Sir William Watson about Mathew Arnold are equally applicable to him:

...for though with skill
He sang of beck and tarn and
ghyll
The deep authentic mountain
thrill
Ne'er shook his page
Somewhat of worldling mingled
still
With bard and sage.

AS for A. G. Gardiner there is not a lover of journalism or literature who does not mourn his death. We had been so much accustomed to take his presence in our midst for granted that now we cannot bear to contemplate the gaping void caused by his demise with any degree of equanimity. His was, indeed, a name to conjure with. The initials, "A. G. G." were known and honoured wherever they were encountered; they were an instantaneous passport to our affection. We read every line of his that we could lay hands on, and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. His writings were suffused with charm. No wonder that even his worst enemies could not resist their lure. I can still remember many a dinner that was allowed to get cold because I happened to be in the middle of an article or essay of his. It can be said of him that he "beguiled children from play and old men from the chimney corner." His death was a loss in another respect also, as he was the last of a race of journalistic giants.

Scott in the *Manchester Guardian* and Massingham in the *Daily Chronicle* (and later in *the Nation*) and Spender in that "old sea-green incorruptible", the *Westminster Gazette*, and Gardiner in the *Daily News* "magnoperated" as no "foursome" had ever been privileged to do before. It was the grandest symphony that anyone could have hoped to hear. For nearly two decades Gardiner preached the Liberal doctrine from the pulpit that the *Daily News* provided for him.

To the public, Gardiner is known more as an author than as a journalist. It is probable that now many have forgotten his editorship days but still remember with inexpressible gratitude the pleasure his printed page gave them. When the late C. E. Montague resigned from the *Manchester Guardian* in order to dedicate himself entirely to the service of literature a farewell dinner was arranged in his honour at the Reform Club in Manchester at which Scott (his father-in-law) presided. While proposing his illustrious guest, and after speaking of the deep affection in which he was held, Scott proceeded: "We want to thank him for all he is and all he has done, the unswerving stand he has ever made for liberty, his deep and critical understanding of literature, the drama, the fine arts, for the crystal clearness of his style and its wonderful vigour and vividness, for the model he has set before them of English, pure and undefiled."

We may transfer this well spoken eulogy, word by word, to Gardiner himself. Scott referred to Montague as an author: "Only in his books does he become completely himself. Montague has lived both lives, the life of the journalist and the life of the author—he has lived them hard, and he has lived them together. The paper of the day must die with the day, but its work, if well done, as Montague has done it, does not die; it enters into the life of the nation and helps to direct its mind and shape its destiny."

THIS tribute also can be applied to Gardiner *verbatim*. Gardiner lived in his books to a greater extent than Montague did. Montague's passion was at white heat even while writing the day's leading article in his paper or the notice of the previous night's play in the theatre. This cannot be said of Gardiner. He had always an eye to the future and practised a wise economy in his day-to-day work. While not stinting his service to the *Daily News* he looked farther ahead than most working journalists do. He was an author first and a journalist afterwards.

THESE four, Scott, Spender, Massingham and Gardiner were journalists as well as scholars. Journalism, we may concede, is a far lesser thing than authorship. In addition, it has the supreme disadvantage of being evanescent; it has its hour and then ceases to be. It is as fleeting as the raindrops on the window-pane or as dictators in a South American republic. Yet, because these four possessed minds that could transcend the hour they were able to build for themselves monuments—not indeed, of “storied urn or animated bust”, but much more permanent, monuments that reside in the recesses of the human heart. These names, however, do not exhaust the list. Brave men lived since, as well as before, Agamemnon, and the ranks of English journalism have never been devoid of illustrious persons, though they might not, intellectually speaking, have attained quite “the thewes, stature, bulk and big assemblance” of the Big Four aforementioned.

There was C. E. Montague, for instance. He was, if not “the noblest Roman of them all,” a Roman nevertheless “of the same like,” as the Scots would say. When he retired from the *Manchester Guardian* he left a legend behind him of ‘journalistic’ accomplishments. His writings were masterpieces of composition. The esteem in which he was held by his brethren of the craft can be glimpsed from the exquisite tribute paid to him by C. P. Scott which I quoted a few paragraphs earlier. Thus does royalty salute royalty. Montague was passionately in love with good writing and never grudged the time he gave to it. He was, by the example he set to others, responsible in no small measure for the general raising of the standard of journalism in his day.

Next to Scott himself the *Manchester Guardian* owed the greatest debt to him. It was a rare privilege, indeed, for anyone to have been in a position to boast that he had learnt journalism at the feet of such acknowledged masters as Scott and Montague. The late Mr. James Agate never tired of bestowing his meed of

praise on “C.E.M.” He would break off in the middle of a sentence and sing a hymn to the greater glory of that inimitable artist in words; and Mr. Agate had, in this matter, a peculiar right to speak, having an uncanny knack of “telling a hawk from a handsaw.” In his *Ego* Mr. Agate gives us this delicious vignette of Montague:

“One went into Montague’s little room at the *Manchester Guardian* office and found him standing at a sort of writing pulpit, apparently... utterly idle. Yet he was probably in the middle of a piece of pyrotechnics in comparison with which the virtuositities of concert performers are mere rushlights. Next morning, when you read your paper, you realised that you had broken into the middle of some Liszt-like but purely English rhapsody, that the Great Man had stopped in the middle of his soaring octave, suspended his performance to listen to your futilities, bowed you out, and resumed his passage at the demisemi-quaver of his leaving off.”

Massingham was the greatest journalist England has ever produced, and his fondness for literature was a by-word among his colleagues. As for his English prose style, mere words cannot describe its matchless beauty. About his sense of literature, his colleague, the late Mr. H. W. Nevinston, tells us: “As I said, the creation and steady maintenance of the literary page in the old *Chronicle*, and of the strong literary side upon the *Nation*, so long as he remained editor, were characteristic. He never tolerated the fashionable separation of literature or any other form of art, from actual daily life. His mind was keenly alive to beauty in nature, in pictorial art, in the drama, and especially in literature; but he declared the conception of an exclusive and classified beauty as a peculiar privilege of aesthetic and literary circles.”

I HAVE written enough to indicate how a journalist is the better for at least a modicum of scholarship. All the great figures of English journalism had been scholars. The journalist who comes to his profession

via literature is any day bound to be a better journalist than he who comes to it via something else. Even when writing on the manifold manifestations of the “cold war” or on the eternal battle that the “free” world has to wage against the diabolical “dictatorships,” a sense of literature will not come amiss. The share that the world’s masterpieces have on the queerest of all professions, journalism, is incalculable. It is not the extent of one’s knowledge that is the criterion but the wise assimilation of the little that one has contrived

in a lazy life, to amass. It is not at all necessary to be a walking encyclopedia. The gist of the matter has been put by Milton thus:

“.....who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading
brings not
A spirit and judgement equal or
superior,
(And what he brings, what need
he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still
remains.
Deep-versed in books and shallow
in himself.”

Managing Agency System Should Go

BY S. PRANAVA MOORTHY

THE Indian Exchequer should be forewarned about the implications of the Government of India’s alliance with private concerns of suspicious antecedents. For example, the first Eastern Shipping Corporation Ltd., of the Government of India was given away to the Scindia Steam Navigation Company Ltd., for efficient management. The second Corporation was to go to Bharat Lines Ltd., and the third was to be

The Managing Agency System in maritime business has its own peculiar evils. Scrap the system for the sake of national welfare, says the writer of this article.

administered by the Government themselves. Fortunately, the 2nd and 3rd Corporations were not inaugurated because of the non-availability of new steamers as the Western ship-building countries were engrossed in heavy rearmament programmes for which the world’s steel output was found insufficient.

As for the managing agency system, it should be noted that the United States of America and the United Kingdom had, out of bitter experience, given it up totally, finding the system replete with evil consequences. None can deny the wisdom of their decision as they are

the two great maritime nations sharing between them the bulk of the world’s sea-borne trade. Through shipping alone they had built up huge financial reserves and had enhanced their riches.

Let the Government of India go into the history of the Bengal Burma Steam Navigation Company Ltd., Rangoon, before it came under Scindia’s managing agency and its present state. The face-value of the Bengal Burma share was Rs. 25 prior to 1933. After coming under the managing agency the share value dropped down to two rupees and eight annas only. Is this a laudable feat in shipping, particularly by Scindia, whose reputation in 1933 and ’34 was undoubtedly at the peak in Burma’s rice-exporting circle?

The Bengal Burma Steam Navigation Company Ltd., whose shareholders are poor “sampan-wallahs” (a small boat of Chinese pattern, a 8 foot punt) and petty merchants of Chittagong, had in particular, two steamers, s. s. *Englestan* and s. s. *Sultania*. The latter was so neglected that it had to be sold away as scrap in 1935; while, on the other hand, Scindia had become alert in the matter of reconditioning the engines, etc., of their own steamers, s. s. *Jala Durga* and s. s. *Jala Gopal*, being the new name given to s. s. *Cocorada* and s. s. *Edvana* of B. I. S. N. Company Ltd. Each of these steamers was over 30 (thirty) years’ age at the time Scindia purchased them, with a proviso that

their cost was repayable in easy annual instalments. In those days it was easy to purchase steamers.

IF only the managing agents wished to go about the business in a straight and sincere way, the two steamers of Bengal Burma Steam Navigation Company Ltd., could also have been thoroughly re-conditioned and renovated, as marine engines and parts were easily available in foreign countries at extremely cheap prices in 1933-'34. Let it be noted that the Scindia Company had spent several lakhs to re-float and replace the hull and engines of s. s. *Jala Durga* which was involved in a terrific disaster in the Bombay Port on 3rd January, 1947, and that at a time when the cost of marine engines, etc., was very high, and it was difficult to obtain them without the intervention of the Government of India.

Messrs. Norottam Morarjee are the managing agents of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company Ltd. In 1947 a monster petition was signed by the shareholders addressed to the Government of India. The petition desired the Government of India to take over and control the affairs of the Navigation Company. The reason adduced was that the finances of the company were illegally used and wasted. Shri Govindram Pokardas of Messrs. Govindram & Company, Bombay, was responsible for drawing up the petition; and Shri Vrajlal Pranalal, Secretary of the Committee of Action, issued several appeals to the shareholders through the Press from time to time.

In response to the petition, the Government of India deputed early in 1950 Shri N. Dandekar, I.C.S., to join Narottam Morarjee as a partner and chief executive with a clear directive to set right the affairs of the company and adopt methods and measures to stabilize its finances.

The first great idea which struck Mr. Dandekar was to prevail upon the Government of India to enhance the freight rates on coastal cargo. This was agreed to because the Government were interested in their own

Eastern Shipping Corporation Ltd., under Scindia's managing agency. As a result of this increase, the Scindias were able to wipe off their two years' (1949 and 1950) losses according to an editorial in *The Hindu* published sometime ago. For a moment, the Government of India was blind to the fact that increase in steamer freight on commodities would cause an abnormal rise in the cost of living index, and inflict a blow upon the lower-middle-class and the working classes.

In 1949, before the Shipping Rates Advisory Board constituted by the Government of India and presided over by Mr. A. N. Shah, I.C.S., the British shipping companies publicly stated that the cost of operations on the Indian coast do not warrant any increase in the rates of freight. The report of the Board can be had from the Ministry of Commerce and Industries of the Government of India, and read with advantage.

Therefore, the consent given by the Government of India to the increase of coastal freight rates cannot be called justifiable, to put it mildly.

The managing agency system which was condemned outright by the U. S. A. and the U. K. should not be fostered or encouraged in India.

THE sooner the Government of India are made to scrap their Eastern Shipping Corporation, the better it would be for the Indian exchequer. The members of the Opposition in the House of the People should induce the Government of India to look deep into the evils of the managing agency system. It behoves them to make a particular note of the fact that Mr. M. A. Master, who retired as Scindia's General Manager after more than 25 years' service, had bluntly refused the offer of becoming a shareholder in Narottam Morarjee.

Mr. Master is a person endowed with character and integrity, besides possessing vast experience in shipping. He can be said to be, in a way, an authority on Indian shipping in India.

HE DIED WITH A SMILE ON HIS LIPS

The prisoner's entire attitude, his placidity and calm, his great untroubled eyes in the face of torture and imminent death were bewildering. What was it that sustained him in his positively sublime courage?

HE wore a yellow robe and was on his way to Gaya. The obliquity of his eyes and the tint of his complexion told me that he was either Chinese or Japanese. His face was interesting—an intellectual face with the marks of suffering carved indelibly upon it. Since we were the only two occupants of the carriage we soon enough fell into conversation and presently he told me a story—an episode which took place during the Korean War, in which the central figure was a young Indian in his early twenties. It was a story of great physical courage: physical courage based on transcendental spiritual faith. As he told me the story I was deeply moved—moved and proud, proud that the ancient religious faith of India and its cultural traditions could produce such a youth. I have reconstructed the story here.

SHORT STORY

By

MICHAEL OWEN

II

The commandant was a fanatic. It was the more dangerous and deadly form of fanaticism that is born more from intellectual conviction rather than from economic necessity. He sprawled back in his chair with his cold yet malignant eyes fixed on the prisoner before him.

The prisoner was a young man in the early twenties. He wore a communist uniform, torn, bedraggled, ill-fitting; the last fact of which might have lent some credence to his tale, had his interrogator been someone less biased than the commandant. In spite of the barrage of questions which had been spat venomously at

him, in spite of the danger of his position, the young man's face wore a serenity of expression which puzzled both his interrogator and the commandant.

A captain in communist uniform stood stiffly to attention by the commandant's table, acting as interpreter. The prisoner's dark brown complexion and tongue revealed that he was an Indian. The captain, who apparently was familiar with India and spoke Hindi fluently, in his own mind was more than half-inclined to

believe the prisoner's story, incredible though it seemed. There was something in the prisoner's calm eyes, his quiet demeanour which carried conviction.

The prisoner claimed that he

was a member of the Indian Medical Unit in Korea, had become separated from them and been left behind in the retreat before the communist May offensive. Wounded and hungry, he had somehow evaded capture; found himself behind the communist lines, and eventually, been befriended by an old peasant woman who had tended his wounds, fed him, nursed him back to health and then provided the old communist uniform he now wore. He had been captured trying to find his way back to his own unit with the United Nations.

"You persist in your fantastic tale?" snarled the commandant. "Treacherous capitalist spawn, if you persist we shall soon enough find a way of loosening your tongue." The commandant leaned forward venomously. He shot out a finger. "You have one way of proving the truth of

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your assertion, and that is to give me all the information you can." He turned his eyes on the captain. "Translate, Ching-Po. Also explain that I want all the information he can give me about dispositions, strength and so on . . . If he won't speak, he'll face a firing squad tomorrow morning—if he is fit enough to face one! The penalty for spying is death." He turned again to the prisoner: "A pretty tale indeed! We catch you behind our lines, dressed in our uniform, and you have the impertinence to fabricate the story you have. You misbegotten spawn of a treacherous, sycophantic race! Indian neutrality! Bah, you make me vomit in disgust! Speak, or it will go more ill with you than you conceive of."

Captain Ching-Po translated. He pointed out to the prisoner that speaking would establish the veracity of his story. He pointed out the gravity of the young man's position. He used threats, he used cajolery. Nothing availed.

The serenity never left the young prisoner's face. His eyes, large, lustrous, dark, remained calm and untroubled. His voice was soft. He said:

"I have told you the truth. As a member of a medical unit, engaged purely in humanitarian work, I have no means of knowing what you seek to know. I have literally no knowledge of military matters. Furthermore, I point out to you that under the Geneva Convention, I, a national of a neutral country, am immune from you. I am no spy, I repeat."

Captain Ching-Po once again pointed out the prisoner's invidious position.

The prisoner said quietly: "I have told you the truth. I have nothing more to add."

Captain Ching-Po was puzzled. There was something here he did not understand. In spite of himself he felt that the prisoner was telling the truth. And the prisoner's entire attitude, his placidity and calm, his great untroubled eyes in the face of torture and imminent death were bewildering. Ching-Po could not recall in all the fighting he had seen

encountering such extraordinary courage—a courage that was obviously more than simple physical courage. What was it that sustained this Indian in his positively sublime courage?

The commandant lost patience. He banged the table with a hairy yellow fist.

"Take him away, Ching-Po," he snarled. "He will be your personal prisoner. And I want results. You understand?" He looked at Ching-Po with eyes that made the captain shiver momentarily.

III

CAPTAIN CHING-PO, it seemed, was a man of understanding and diplomacy. He took the prisoner to his own tent, dismissed the guard outside, then fed the prisoner. Later, speaking as he might to a son, the captain recommenced his interrogations and persuasions. He used no threats. He spoke reasonably, for he felt that there was no other way to deal with this strange prisoner.

"The commandant is a man who will stop at nothing to get results," he explained. "If I cannot report results he will have you half-flayed alive. He is not a Korean. He is of China, my own country; the new China, and he is very thorough. Besides, what have you to lose? If you are of a neutral power there is nothing traitorous in giving us the information we seek. I do not ask you, my young friend, I advise you—as I might a younger brother." Then, as the young man shook his head: "And the end of it is death—but death you will, perhaps, welcome when the commandant is through with you."

The prisoner smiled gently: "I have no means of convincing you that I know nothing. Indeed, I have no interest in military matters."

"What then are you doing in Korea?"

The prisoner looked steadily at Captain Ching-Po. "You know my country," he said. "You know something of our people. We are, most of us, innately religious. This life is transitory and illusory—but a step in the ladder that will eventually take

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us back whence we have come. What is more natural than that I should choose to spend this second in the infinity of time in doing good, engaging in works of mercy . . . Who am I? What am I? These are the only things that matter . . . Is anything mine?" His eyes grew luminous and he glanced upwards. "Thine, not mine, surely that is the most important thing that life can teach us!"

Deprecatingly he indicated his body: "Does it matter—matter in any way, except that since it is the handiwork of the Divine I should do my best to keep it pure and unsullied?"

Ching-Po looked at the prisoner with softening eyes. The wisdom and fortitude in one so young amazed him, amazed and strangely moved him.

"Have you absolutely no fear then of death?"

"Why should I have? Is not physical death inevitable? What is there that is not transitory about this clay in which the real 'I' lives? Must I not die at the allotted hour and in the allotted manner? Should not all life then be a preparation for death?"

"Whence comes so much wisdom in one so young?"

"My body is young in years. My spirit is as ancient as our faith itself. Have not the great truths of life—truth itself—been handed down through countless ages, from generation to generation, from father to son? What is this one life in the cycle of many lives?"

Captain Ching-Po was silent.

IV

At last he fell into an uneasy slumber. Outside the cell he heard the tread of the guard die away as sleep came to him.

Someone was shaking him gently by the shoulder. He heard a voice whisper in the darkness. "Do not speak." Hands thrust a bundle at

him. "Here are clothes. Change. The guards are drunk and asleep. I will conduct you through the lines. Hurry, there is no time to be wasted."

The prisoner shook his head in the darkness. "No," he said quietly. "It cannot be. I cannot purchase my freedom at the cost of your life, Captain. In the morning when they find me gone you will pay for my escape."

V

THE yellow-robed man opposite me had fallen into silence. His eyes held a faraway expression. His whole face had softened. At last I said:

"What happened eventually?"

"They tortured him . . . It wasn't any good . . . Then they put him against the wall before a firing squad. He paid the penalty for spying. . . I have never seen a man die with eyes so calm. He refused to die with his eyes bandaged. He died with a smile on his lips . . ."

Again we fell into silence and again it was I who broke the silence.

"This Chinese captain seems to have been a good man. What happened to him eventually?"

"The prisoner's death changed the course of his life. In his hours alone the face of that heroic young man would come back to him—those serene, untroubled eyes, that great faith, that smile, unchanged even in death . . . And with them came memories of his own youth, of his mother's teaching, of the eternal verities . . . Confucius, the Tao—The Way! Till suddenly it was borne upon him that Life was not a matter of isms. That democracy, communism, socialism, all the other frantic isms of men were things of only passing moment. Nothing mattered but Truth—Truth eternal, inviolate, indestructible! He deserted."

Illumination flashed upon me.

My companion smiled gently.

"Yes," he murmured. "I was Captain Chiang-Po."

THE happiness of ART OF LIVING

humanity turns upon the relationship that subsists between the individual and the society. The individual is capable of playing no insignificant role in the society; nevertheless, he can't afford to forget the basic truth that 'the individual exists for the society' and as such it behoves him to develop his own personality through the medium of the society in which he lives and of which he forms an integral part, without striking an ugly and discordant note that is likely to mar the symphony of the society.

It is no mean task to attain perfect harmony with society; but when this is achieved, well may one feel proud of his having successfully accomplished the 'art of living.' For, living as such can become an art only when the individual is capable of identifying himself with the society at large. By such identification, the individual is able to enhance his own personal happiness even as a drop of water that merges its individual identity with that of the ocean partakes of the greatness of the ocean itself. No doubt, an exclusive independent individual existence divorced from the rest of the society is possible but it is neither desirable nor is it in any way a short-cut to personal happiness. No valid objections can be taken to the practice of pursuing that 'way of life' which seems best according to the particular individual's viewpoint so long as a conflict with society doesn't arise. If the individual's life is not to degenerate into a mere purposeless existence but is to flower into a fruitful activity the aim and endeavour should be to promote the collective happiness of the society as a whole. In the process, the individual's pet notions may be stifled; but all the same if it results in the larger happiness of the rest of mankind it is clearly to be welcomed. For, it is

a well-known paradox that happiness divided becomes happiness multiplied. This so-called subordination of the individual's personal pleasure is not calculated to earn the approbation of the world at large. Such 'subordination' if it is to be termed as such, of self for the sake of society is purely voluntary. So, it is not prompted by a fear of possible condemnation but by a keen desire that impels you not to be "a selfish little clog of ailments ever complaining that the world would never devote itself to making you happy," as Bernard Shaw tersely put it. Being a part of the whole, the individual finds happiness,—quite incidentally, of course—in providing for the collective happiness. Victor Hugo's noble sentiment, "Life is to give and not to take," is reflected in the saying, "The joy of living is giving." It may appear to be an utopian ideal, but all the same it is an ideal worth striving after if only we desire and deserve to be called dexterous artists and not inexperienced artisans practising the art of living with all the skill and sincerity it calls for. Otherwise, we are sure to become "the blacksmith's bellows that breathes but does not live," alluded to in the *Kathopanishad*.

TO be in tune with the society is in itself the greatest source of happiness for the individual. That is, perhaps, the reason why even the avowed reformers of society, when they were at variance with the society, have tried to carry the society with them by converting it through their persuasions, because they recognised the truth that the individual however great he may be, should fit into the pattern of society in perfect harmony. To live in such harmony with the society is indeed the true 'art of living.' This is the secret of happiness too!

A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

INDIA & CHINA:

As Seen in the Epics

THERE is an impression among some that relations between India and China began about two thousand years ago. This does not seem to be correct. There are evidences to show that the two countries were in close contact before 3,200 B.C. References in the Mahabharata go to prove that friendly connections existed between them at the time of the Great Dharmaraja. Bhimesena speaks of a Chinese monarch named Dhoutamoola. When Arjuna is out on conquest King Bhagadatta opposes him with mountaineers and Chinese mercenaries. Bhagadatta was the ruler of Pragjyothi which consisted of modern Assam, Burma and Siam. Arjuna goes to China, outer Mongolia, Russia and other countries. The Russians have been described as fierce fighters. King Dhritarashtra speaks of presenting Sri Krishna with tanned skins and Chinese silk (produced from silkworm) manufactured in China. The then Emperor of China despatches woollen goods and Chinese silk as present on the occasion of the Imperial Durbar at Indraprastha (Delhi). Sri Krishna wears Cheenapattambara (Chinese silk). There are also other references to China and Chinese goods in the Mahabharata. The Ramayana also mentions China.

The age of the Mahabharata is fixed at 3,100 B. C., by Rao Bahadur C. V. Vaidya. The Bharatha War called the Great War took place at about 3,137 B.C. The Kali age, otherwise known as the Pandava era, dates from the abdication of Yudhishtira, who died when he was 108½ years old. Sri Krishna passed away six months earlier. As soon as Yudhishtira heard of the dissolution of the Lord he renounces the throne. Yudhishtira ruled the empire for 36 years after the Great War, i.e., up to 3,100 B. C. He was born in 3,208½ B.C.

Current Kali or
Pandva era 5,052
Deduct Christian
era A. D. 1,952
Date of the
Mahabharata 3,100 B.C.

It took three years for Vyasa to complete the epic. It was finished in 3,907 B. C.

The Imperial Durbar was held when Yudhishtira was 56 years old, i.e., 3,152 B. C.

Beginning of Kali
era 3,100 B.C.

Add Yudhishtira's
age 108½ 3,208½ B.C.

In 3,208 B. C., Bhishma was ruling as regent in Hastinapura. Add Christian era A. D., 1,952. (3,208½ plus 1,952: 5,160½)

Thus it will be seen that close relations existed between India and China about 5,160 or 5,200 years ago.

M. S. RAMAKRISHNA SARMA

MODERN GUJARATI LITERATURE

SPEAKING on "Modern Gujarati Literature" at the P. E. N. meeting, Bombay, on July 14, Shri Gulabdas Broker said: "We have to remember our great poets like Narasimha Mehta, Mirabai and others whose treasures we have inherited and who have always been a source of inspiration to us." He confined himself to a consideration of the most prominent persons only, because they were "the product of the social and historical forces that have evolved our literature."

Kavi Narmada Shankar, the first great figure in modern Gujarati literature, besides being a pioneer in many fields, was also a great social reformer who was very much influenced by the ways and customs of the British. He was born in 1833. He had a new conception of poetry and though he was not a great poet himself he brought a fresh breeze into Gujarati poetry with poetic creations. He advanced modern Gujarati prose and the vigour of some of his writings would be envied even today. Single-handed he tried to compile a dictionary. Indians lacked a sense of history, so he tried to write history. He fought many a battle for social reform, and in the end when he changed his views he had the courage to proclaim that change from the housetops. He derided what he had supported till then and wrote *Dharmavichar*, which contains his repudiation and reaffirmation.

By the 80's of the last century thought had given place to emotion in Indians' approach to the ways of the West. The re-learning of the Sanskrit classics with the aesthetic outlook of the West had led some of the best minds to absorb and assimilate valuable literature of the West as well as of the East, both in form and content. In 1887, the first results were shown in Narsimharao Divetia's *Kusummala* in poetry and the first volume of Goverdhanram Tripathi's *Saraswatichandra* in prose.

Goverdhanram Tripathi had thought deeply about the problems facing India. Like all great writers he had a vision of life, a mental picture of the world as it should be and he tried to transmit that vision to the people through words. Because people would listen only if he approached them through the medium of a story, he wrote the four volumes of *Saraswatichandra*, the greatest novel written in Gujarati. In it he tried to depict all aspects of life and yet kept the story going. He was a successful lawyer, but at the peak of his career he gave up his practice in order to devote his whole time and

energy to the service of Saraswati (the Goddess of Learning and the Arts). His great book contains a happy combination of the learning and wisdom of the East and the West.

However great as a writer, Goverdhanram lacked a sense of form and the art of story-telling as we understand it today. In his days language was not as supple and it did not come as easily as it does now. But in spite of all these handicaps his name stands supreme.

Another powerful novelist, who appeared in 1913-15, was Shri K. M. Munshi. He had what Goverdhanram lacked: a sense of form and of art. He was a romanticist and had great vitality. To give full scope to his romantic impulse he wrote historical novels. He revelled in creating powerful, diplomatic men and remarkable women. He used a forceful style and vivid language. But he lacked what Goverdhanram had—thought, a correlated vision, a mental picture of life as a whole.—*The Indian P. E. N.*, Bombay: September 1953.

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K. MAHADEVAN

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NEW BOOKS

BARABBAS

By Par Lagerkvist

Translated by Alan Blair
Chatto & Windus, London
7s 6d net

A BOOK that I should share with you has been in my shelf for over a year now. Here it is at last. 'It is a notable piece of work . . . a highly imaginative portrait of a haunted man, as clear cut and ruthless as a Durer drawing' . . . 'Tremendously moving' . . . 'A remarkable and very original book' . . . 'It does truly "purge the emotions by pity and terror" as did the old Greek tragedies: and yet it is not a Greek tragedy but a universal and deeply Christian one.'

All these words of praise are picked at random from the innumerable reviews, anonymous as well as signed with illustrious names in the fields of art, religion, and literature, from the various newspapers and periodicals when the book was first published in America and then in England.—*Barabbas* which brought its author Par Lagerkvist the 1951 Nobel Prize for Literature.

Par Lagerkvist is a European novelist—Swedish—not widely known, for he has stood apart with an independent mind and quiet intellectual dignity from the 'fashions,' 'schools,' 'movements,' in the realm of aesthetics indifferent to all forms of modern ballyhoo. He was born in 1891 in a small provincial town in the south of Sweden. He studied at the University of Uppsala; then went abroad, spending many years in Denmark, France, and Italy; and returned to his native country in 1930, where he now lives, outside Stockholm. A decade after, he was elected to the Swedish Academy and became one of its eighteen 'Immortals' and the end of yet another decade marked his winning the Nobel Award. His career as a writer has been a noble pilgrimage. I had the good fortune, in the company of some friends, to hear a little about Par Lagerkvist and the high position



Par Lagerkvist

he occupies in Swedish and Scandinavian letters from Artur Lundkvist, a distinguished Swedish poet who had come out to India in 1950 on a tour of cultural and political exploration, and later wrote a bestseller about the country named *Indiabrand*. Lundkvist's time with us was short but his talk—in English with an accent—was very illuminating.

"It has been a far cry with him (Lagerkvist)," writes Alan Blair in his preface to the translation of *Barabbas*: "It has been a far cry with him from anguish to serenity, to that interior joy which triumphs over all despair; from early revolt to an acceptance which has never been mere resignation, though often it is not far removed from a mood of burning adoration, from a religious sense at one with reason, from faith in the existence of a Principle to be found at the source of all our Human Destiny."

Yes, a burning adoration before which the savagery and unreason of life lie in cairns of cinders and ashes and beyond these the domain of spiritual glow and opulence.

Barabbas is a simple—elementally simple—straightforward story of a man who wanted to believe in Jesus Christ, but could not deceive himself into thinking that he believed even when he was nailed to the cross. With a brevity and artlessness characteristic of the folk mind Par Lagerkvist plunges into his tale direct:

Everyone knows how they hung there on the crosses, and who they were that stood gathered round him: Mary his mother and Mary Magdalene, Veronica, Simon of Cyrene, who carried the cross, and Joseph of Arimathea, who shrouded him. But a little further down the slope, rather to one side, a man was standing with his eyes riveted on the dying man in the middle, watching his death-throes from the first moment to the last. His name was Barabbas.

From the first moment to the last the narrative is pitched in the same subdued yet smouldering key: not a redundant word, not the slightest deviation from sobriety. An unmitigated criminal whose hatred against society is boundless and to whom "the gospel of love is meaningless" Barabbas considers "the faith of Christ's followers to be ignoble, slavish and fantastic." Yet, the thought that the Radiant Being who met his death so agonisingly was for his sake becomes an inexorable obsession with him. Peter the fisherman tells him:

"I was not with my Master when he suffered and died. By then I had taken to my heels. Forsaken him and fled. And before that I had even denied him. That is the very worst of all—that I denied him. How can he forgive me, if he returns? What shall I say, what shall I answer when he asks me about it?"

He weeps but Barabbas doesn't like this self-accusation on the part of one who had done no crime: somebody always has let down somebody else in one way or another in this world. He also meets Lazarus, risen from the dead, and talks to him.

Speculations about what Barabbas did with himself during the prime of his life are varied; but it is generally proven that he became the leader of a robber band "on the slopes

of Lebanon towards Syria, and as such showed cruelty to both Jews and Christians who fell into his hands." Then he is seized and condemned to work as a slave in the Cyprian copper mines—the horrors he endures along with Sahak the Armenian who is shackled together with him curdle one's blood—and, last scene of all which ends his turbulent history—, when he is well into his fifties "a greyhaired man with a furrowed face but otherwise remarkably well preserved in view of all he had gone through," he is crucified in Rome for incendiarism—an act which he mistook would further the cause of the Master—being apprehended along with the Christians who are accused of the fire. The end is a shudder congealed, the more terrifying because of the serenity of its tone:

And so they were led out to be crucified. They were chained together in pairs, and as they were not an even number Barabbas came last in the procession, not chained to anyone. It just turned out like that. In this way, too, it happened that he hung furthest out in the rows of crosses.

A large crowd had collected, and it was a long time before it was all over. But the crucified spoke consolingly and hopefully to each other the whole time. To Barabbas nobody spoke.

When dusk fell the spectators had already gone home, tired of standing there any longer. And besides, by that time the crucified were all dead.

Only Barabbas was left hanging there alone, still alive. When he felt death approaching, that which he had always been so afraid of, he said out into the darkness, as though he were speaking to it:

"To thee I deliver up my soul."

And then he gave up the ghost.

Barabbas is a superb study of faith and scepticism: the necessity of man for God and his impossibility to believe. In this *novella* which just runs to 132 pages Par Lagerkvist follows the technique in fiction perfected by the two greatest European writers, Thomas Mann and Franz Kafka. The novel can either have a vast panorama,—of group scenes thickly peopled, or a restricted sphere

in which to concern itself with the abnormality of a main character. *Barabbas* is the latter. In time as in place it is historical; but in his delineation of Barabbas the criminal, Lagerkvist makes him behave in the manner a modern man would do in a crisis. With fine imaginative delicacy he twists a historical crisis to a modern one; and in the twist one sees the veridical but heightening the hue of the legendary Barabbas.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Crisis of Indian Economy

By B. T. Ranadive

People's Publishing House Ltd.,

Bombay

Rs. 3-12 as

MR. B. T. RANADIVE, a leader of the Communist Party of India is already known for his analysis of the Birla Plan and his booklet on the Sterling Balances.

Now his project is more ambitious and it covers the entire field of Indian Economy. He deals with the financial situation in this country right from 1946 to 1953.

His main thesis is that a deep crisis is rending our economy from top to bottom, which is the result of our dependence on the Anglo-American economies, the lack of a clear cut programme regarding the peasantry, and a trade policy which prevents us from exporting to or importing from the socialist countries.

Tea and jute, two of our important foreign exchange commodities are owned by the British Capitalists who can thus manipulate the markets to suit their interests. And India being in the Commonwealth and tied to the Sterling as it is, cannot but toe the line. The result of our dependence on the Anglo-American economies which are dominated by war production, is that every fluctuation in their economies will disturb the position in this country. In the chapter on "India and the Anglo-American War Economies" the author brings this out clearly, substantiated by facts and figures. The cry of over-

production in the jute industry and the consequent cutting down of the hours of work and sealing off 12½ per cent of the looms causing unemployment, is an instance cited by the author to prove his case. He deals with every major industry in turn and shows up the bogey of accumulated stocks which is the constant theme of the industrialist in order to get facilities for export. Thus sugar, the one commodity which has fulfilled the target of the five-year plan has no market in the country because of under-consumption due to the lack of purchasing power of the consumer. Purchasing power of the consumer again is a direct consequence of the employment situation in the country, which is not very bright. The internal market, hence, is a shrinking one. To make up for this, leaders of industry resort to export and since in the foreign market they have to compete with other countries they have to sell at competitive prices. To achieve this they have to rationalise, cut the hours of work, and retrench in order to lower the cost of production. In this process the purchasing power of the consumer is still further hit and the shrinkage of the internal market becomes all the greater. It is a vicious circle and the economy enters deeper and deeper into the throes of a crisis. Moreover, since our market is confined only to the Commonwealth countries and the U. S. A., mostly, and since some of them are improving their industries even these have not much to offer us, by way of markets. Hence the author maintains that India has to look to the expanding economies like China, the Soviet Union, and other socialist countries. At present our trade with them is negligible, dictated as it is by the needs of the U. K. and U. S. A.

Mr. Ranadive deals in detail with the "Agrarian Crisis" in the country. The peasantry form about 80 per cent of the population. "Famine has become a chronic phenomenon, affecting one or the other part of the country and holding in its grip lakhs of

people. Famine and the growing deterioration in agrarian production, which reduce the purchasing capacity of rural population and narrow the markets for industrial produce, become the basis of the crisis of over-production." The author holds that the situation can be improved only by the eradication of the peasant-landlord relations and giving incentives for the tiller of the soil to produce more.

The trade policy of India also comes in for detailed criticism. The refusal of the India Government to enter into trade relations with the socialist countries is considered by the author to be one of the major factors in the retardation of our development.

The targets of the five-year plan which just aim at the return to pre-war levels of production come in for a lot of rough handling by the author. Its approach to the peasant and its method of abolition of the zamindari system by compensation which leaves the peasant as impoverished as ever are lucidly analysed.

There are chapters on the February 1952 slump, the balance of payments, etc. The author brings out how the February slump was manipulated in such a way that the masses were hit most. Even there, commodities exported to America and Britain like jute and tea had the greatest percentages of fall in prices. This is shown by the figures quoted by the author.

Mr. Ranadive is not at all appreciative of the Government's financial policy. He does not make a single statement unsubstantiated by facts. He makes out a strong case against the policies adopted by the Government, ably supported by facts and figures. Both friend and foe alike of the Government would do well to read this book, which demonstrates how economics is not something abstract and beyond the reach of the ordinary citizen, but is something which can be dealt with in a way that can be easily understood by anyone prepared to expend the necessary effort.

V. V. S.

TELUGU

Sri Bhagavad — Gita — Gitalu

(Original text in Telugu script and translation in Telugu verse)

By Sonty Sripaty Sastry

Venkatrama & Co., Vijayawada,

Price Rs. 3

WITH an introduction by His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetham and a foreword in English by Sri T. Prakasam, the author has rendered Gita into Telugu verses and brought out this edition, elegantly printed, carrying photographs of himself and his late father who was a well-known scholar and devotional poet in his time. The translation is literal and the verses are composed with ease and simplicity. For the rest, Gita is a book that ever holds a fascination over men's minds, the latest example being that of Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, who recently proclaimed his belief in the "wisdom" of the Bhagavad Gita.

G. S.

PAST

NO stranger can enter the silence of my past,

My sanctuary and what I have seen
And felt there is myself torn to the last
Shreds, my ghost wailing in a wan
terrene.

Clinging to the old roads and the old
ways,

Knocking at familiar doors and hearts,
My self, without a future, returns
always

To where it plays man's long-forgotten
parts.

Like a condemned clock or a great
planet

Now nowhere, like interstellar silence
My being came to a rest and its
sunset.

In my room where all words have lost
their sense,

The world rises with a crashing
clamour

And the centuries turn within an hour.

P. V. R. SUBRAMANYAM

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE controversy over the quality of motion pictures has been revived. A month ago, Mr. S. S. Vasan fervently put forth the argument in favour of popular pictures and emphasized that popular pictures are good pictures. To say anything against them is to cast aspersions on the common man—the man who elects Members of the Parliament and thus determines the destiny of the nation. A similar argument has now been advanced by Mr. S. Mukerjee, the production controller of Filmstan. He says: "If according to some, the citizenry is so incapable in the fundamental function of selecting what is good or bad for them in their entertainment, how can they be trusted with the decisions of the ballot-box?"

Zia Sathady, who has a different conception of art and entertainment has also a great faith in what he calls 'the unknown man in the front-row'. According to Zia "He is not a numskull as he is made out to be by those who want a scape-goat to cover up their own intellectual bankruptcy". Zia thinks that the man in the front-row is sick of 'escapist' entertainment and wants realism—the current vogue amongst our film makers.

Strangely enough, Vasan and Mukerjee, the master-creators of 'escapist' films and Zia, the protagonist of realism seem to be united in their trust of the unknown man in the front-row. Not only that, they consider his judgment to be final and infallible.

With all the regard for the common man and his virtues, one cannot share the views of the great trio. The common man is not infallible, the ballot-box itself is a proof of this. How often has he

elected the wrong man in preference to the right person? So if he is likely to commit the mistake of choosing the wrong man he is also likely to commit the mistake of choosing the wrong type of films for entertainment in preference to the good one. After all he is a human being and no human judgment is infallible. This applies as much to the critics as to the common man.

The choice of the unknown man in the front-row is however important. For since he is the man who pays most to see Indian movies, his choice, right or wrong, determines the trend of our films. If he likes *Anarkali* then the Indian producers are bound to try to please him with more and more musical romances. If he likes *Do Bigha Zamin* the producers will try to cram their pictures with 'realism'. But ultimately it is left to the common man to pick and choose. At the most the critics can guide him and educate him to see what they think are the good pictures; and though one need not agree with the assumption that his judgment is infallible one has to concede that his judgment is of paramount importance to the growth and development of the industry in the present structure of our society.

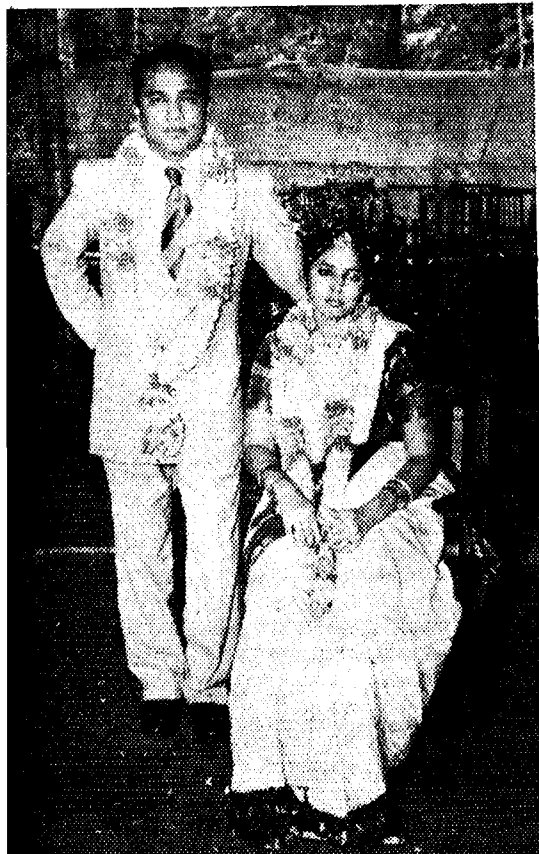
Picture Of The Week

THE names Jubilee Pictures and Lekhraj Bhakri sound obscure and they have nothing to their credit but two mediocre pictures like *Rajput* and *Resham*. Their third creation *Thokar* would have been also mediocre but somehow it has turned out to be a fairly entertaining film. The credit for it must go to the old-fashioned, melodramatic but rather appealing story enlivened with some good song-numbers, sparkling dialogue and sprightly performances by Shammi Kapoor and Johnny Walker.

The story mainly concerns a youth who on one midnight found that he had been disinherited by his 'adopted' mother who hated him. The youth came from a very poor family and was adopted by a rich couple in his teen-age; after the

adoption the wife gave birth to a son and developed hatred for the adopted son, who she thought was a usurper. Her husband sent him away and he was brought up in the lap of luxury as long as his father was alive. The death of the father changed his fortune and he was kicked out by the mother who demanded back the money her husband had paid to his real parents.

It depicts the manner in which the youth pays back his debt; it also portrays how the other son, spoilt by love, ruins the house and treats his mother like a maid-servant. The



taken on the occasion of the marriage of Magyavathi Santhakumari daughter of Mrs. and P. Reddy, B.A., Assistant Director of Industries and Commerce, Madras with Chiranjeevi Captain Krishna Reddy, M.B.B.S., son of the late M. Subba Reddy. The wedding was attended by the elite of the city.

climax comes when the spoilt son murders a girl and the adopted and hated son takes the blame on himself and is ready to face the gallows. This is the way he wants to pay back his debt in full; the mother however is moved by this sacrifice and the real murderer is punished.

There is a side romance of the youth who as a coolie meets a charming college girl, whose mother later turns out to be a professional dancer and singer—a prostitute. This mystery gives colour to the girl's character; but unfortunately it has not been properly exploited; and the revelation and suicide of the mother leave no impression behind. What is worse, the romance is not properly integrated with the main story and as such it appears superfluous. It provides a mere excuse for several song and dance numbers and for the appearance of Shyama in the picture.

That apart, the main story is also rather crude and clumsy and the loud performance by Lalita Pawar and ham acting by Ravindra Kapoor and poor effort on the part of baby-faced Jai Jaiwanti to look vampish further weaken its dramatic impact. It is the crisp dialogue and lovable performance by Shammi which enliven the story and lend some force and vigour to the entire proceedings.

But the real hero of the picture is Johnny Walker. He appears in a couple of situations and yet he leaves an impression behind by his natural and inimitable performance. He compensates for many crudities and shortcomings of the production and regales the audience with his comic antics. The music is pleasant, though it lacks originality. The tuning and orchestration of *E Game Dil* and the two songs put over Paro are really first-rate.

Indifferently produced and crudely made *Thokar* has many shortcomings but in spite of them it provides refreshing entertainment.

Personality Of The Week

OVER a year ago I went with a producer and a cameraman to a flat in Gamdevi. There I was intro-

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

duced to a young school girl who spoke English with the fluency of a convent school girl and Hindustani with equally good diction. Her mother who was present on the occasion, revealed her intention to introduce her daughter to the screen.

It appeared that the mother who was living in a spacious flat was the wife of a Government officer who, alas, was no more. And that is why perhaps she was thinking of the screen as a career for her daughter. The producer was impressed by the girl and later gave her a test. But he thought she was too young and he could not give her any role for the time being. The test came out to be perfect.

Yes, Jabeen Jalil, for that is her name, is still too young. Born on 1st April 1937, she is just sixteen. She is a Bengalee Muslim girl born at Delhi; her father was assistant Trade Commissioner for India in Japan, where she spent four years of childhood. She has been educated in Bombay in Queen Mary's convent school and passed the Senior Cambridge examination only last December in first class.

A bright and charming girl, it was left to S. M. Yusuf to bring her to the screen. Yusuf has cast her in the principal role opposite Karan Dewan in his new social picture now under production. According to

those who are working with her Jabeen is perfectly at home and is doing a good job. If she succeeds in capturing the popular fancy, she will be a welcome addition to our starry skies which of late seem to be becoming rather dim.

News Of The Week

HITEN CHOWDHURY, it is learnt, will handle the foreign exploitation of *Rahi* and he is soon leaving for U. K. and Europe with a print of the picture to arrange for its exploitation. Meanwhile reports from abroad indicate that *Aan* has been released in West Germany and is scheduled for release in nine European countries. In England it has been trade-shown and will be shown again in London.

Prithviraj has scored a big success with his new play *Parisan* at Ahmedabad. The play deals with the black-market. Raj Kapoor went last week to Ahmedabad and appeared in two of the Prithvi Theatres' plays.

With the parting of Geeta Ball and Guru Dutt, Shyama is playing the lead in "BMT 112."

Out of the three uncertified pictures *Khoj* has been now certified and *Shart* is likely to get a certificate after suitable changes have been made in the picture.

for writing
comfort



CORRESPONDENCE

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

Coalition Leadership

Sir,—Sri N. Sanjeeva Reddi is reported to have said at Delhi that it would be "unnatural" to have the leader of any group other than the Congress (which is the largest group in Andhra) head a coalition Government as Chief Minister. Evidently Sri Reddi has forgotten, or chosen to ignore, recent political history.

In 1931, when MacDonald's Labour Government fell, a coalition was formed to which the Conservatives, Liberals and the seceding Labourites were parties. In that coalition, the Conservatives headed by the late Stanley Baldwin had an overwhelming majority. Yet the leader of the seceding Labourites, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was elected as the leader of the coalition and so became the Prime Minister of the National Government. It was only some years later that Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister. Mr. MacDonald still remaining in the Government.

Now for recent Indian precedents. In 1946, after the elections, a coalition Government was formed in the Punjab headed by Sardar Khizir Hyat Khan, although the Congress Party heavily outnumbered Sardar Hyat Khan's immediate followers, and the Congress did not object to entering the coalition. Again, in Sind, Mr. S. N. Syed headed a coalition consisting of his own followers and the far more numerous members of the Congress Party. Of course, the Government didn't call upon Mr. Syed to form the Government, and the Governor's action was vehemently criticised then by the Congress leaders.

Last year, in Madras, when the U.D.F. was formed, the Communists who were the major partners numerically and organizationally, conceded the leadership of the party to Sri T. Prakasam and the floor-leadership to Mr. Tenneti Viswanatham, although they belonged to the Praja Party.

The position is clear. The Congress by itself cannot now form a Government in the Andhra State that is coming into being on 1st October. The Congress must seek the help of other parties like the Praja-Socialists and the

K. L. P. Only an outstanding personality can head such a coalition, one who can transcend party loyalties and speak for the State as a whole. Hence there is nothing "unnatural" in the demand that the leader of one of the smaller parties, when that leader happens to be a man of the standing and stature of Sri Prakasam, should be elected as the leader of the coalition. If false ideas of prestige prevent such a leadership from being evolved, it will be a sad day indeed for Andhra. Waltair.

S. A.

A. I. R. Audition Tests

Sir,—When the present Ministry of Information and Broadcasting initiated some steps and formed some committees for improving the quality and level of the A. I. R. programmes the listening public naturally looked forward to results. It is true that some measure of success has been achieved, the general quality of musical output is improving. But the working of the audition jury system seems to have given rise to certain complaints, some of which at least seem to be genuine. On enquiry it is found that the criticism falls under three heads:

(1) In the first round of auditions in South Indian stations the artists were not generally "auditioned" through the mike, as should have been done for any radio audition, but tested in person as in an oral examination. The main intention was that the jury should not see the artist but only hear him/her through the mike. This is real audition. Perhaps the mistake was realized later, for in the next round the auditions were through the mike. The artists who were examined in person in the first round feel that they were placed at a great disadvantage on that account and they would have fared better had they been auditioned as in the next round. It is not known whether these artists would be given another chance to be auditioned through the mike. In fairness they should be given a chance to be auditioned under the same conditions as in the later auditions.

(2) Another complaint relates to the nature of the test conducted. Letters about this from Chembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavatar and others have appeared in the local Press. It appears that occasionally rare and abstruse ragas which are not attempted even by some of the well-known top-rank artists in their concerts, which perhaps used to be reserved only for musical contests among technical experts in Royal durbars) were proposed for being handled by the artists. To do this is obviously to miss the essential point of a radio

audition. The striking success which has been achieved by our most popular top-rank artists is not due merely to their skill in handling such ragas of academic interest but their mastery in aesthetic presentation. I am not sure if all the well-known popular musicians of the present day, who attract a crowded house and hence are in great demand, can render these ragas successfully and correctly. The aesthetic standard of attainment of an artist can certainly be ascertained irrespective of these ragas. I have known some technical experts who are supposed to be able to handle such ragas (perhaps on account of specialisation) but who are not successes as performers.

Incidentally I may refer to the general question as to whether in the space of 15 minutes which, I understand, is the average time given to an artist, the jury can estimate in all cases the real merit of the artist.

(3) The third complaint is rather of a serious nature. It is to be presumed that whatever be the rules governing the audition system they would be applied uniformly, consistently and impersonally to all the stations. If exemptions from audition are given at all it should be under some rules which would operate without being affected by any irrelevant, extraneous and personal considerations. But I understand that in this matter unfortunately consistency and impersonality have been given the go-by. Just for an example, the teaching staff of the Trivandrum Music Academy (including some juniors and others who have not made any name in the musical world) have been exempted, while the local Central College of Music which is of a higher order than the Trivandrum institution has been treated differently; some of the senior members of its staff who have, any day, better and longer standing in music than some

of the staff of the Trivandrum Music Academy, have been called for audition! I need not multiply instances. I only ask: "Is this fair?"

"MUSIC LOVER"

Madras.

Ousting Of Non-Mulkies

Sir,—May I invite the attention of the Government of India through your columns to the manner in which the services of some of the Government servants are being terminated by the Government of Hyderabad under the pretext that these were not Hyderabadis (Mulkies). It is a well-known fact that during and after the Police Action many outsiders were recruited by the Government of Hyderabad with a view to improving the efficiency of the officers as the routine work was then carried out in Urdu only. At the time of entrance in service, these outsiders were asked to produce Mulki certificates. Thinking that these certificates were merely passports for employment in the State, the Mulki certificates were bought in the open market and all the Collectors and their staff co-operated in issuing Mulki Certificates and Government too was fully aware of it. Now it is quite unjustifiable on the part of Government, after a lapse of four years when the employees have been leading a settled life and have become age-barred for further employment either in the Central or State Governments, to uproot them on pretext of their having produced false Mulki certificates. While the Government of Hyderabad may adopt a stricter procedure in the recruitment of Mulkis, in future, they should be more lenient in the case of those already employed. The Government of India should intervene and advise the State Government to take a more lenient view in this matter.

Hyderabad.

V. R. K. SARMA

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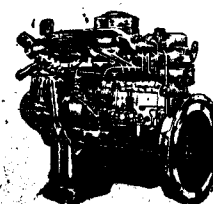


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