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SWATANTRA

Vol. VIII

No. 35-38

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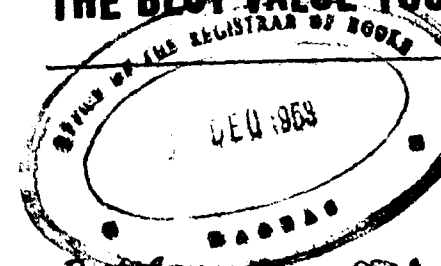
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SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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October 3 1953

3

SWATANTRA

Inauguration Message

SWATANTRA HAS DONE EXCELLENT NATIONAL SERVICE. EVERYBODY SHOULD READ SWATANTRA

—T. PRAKASAM

BIRTH OF A STATE

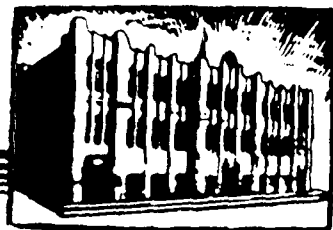
WITH the inauguration of the Andhra State on 1st October, a long-cherished desire of the Andhras has been fulfilled. The occasion has called forth excitement in plenty. To the feeling of corporate fulfilment is added the intense passion of quite a multitude of individuals with hopes centred on the new State for opportunities denied them in the old. The hopes of politicians for Ministerships, of officials for promotions, of artists for patronage, of authors for a rewarding public, of the unemployed for jobs, of businessmen for profits, of adventurers for new empires of enterprise, all these will now enter into the drama of life in the new State and fill it with rivalries, alliances, traditions, standards, discords and harmonies that will stamp a distinctive character on its history, economy and administration. If, at the end of a generation, the balance sheet turns out to be favourable, the partition move would have been justified.

AS one of the causes that gave momentum to the Andhra demand for a separate State, some part was no doubt played by the positive conception that in a democratic set-up the Government should be carried on in the language of the people themselves. But a larger part was played by discontent: discontent that the Andhras were not getting a fair deal in a partnership where the preponderance of power and position lay with others. This sort of discontent does not afflict the majority element in a composite self-governing society. It comes, naturally to minorities. Rarely does a demand for separation emanate from the majority section of the population. Always it is an expression of minority dissent. As the interplay of majority and minority is subject to no territorial restriction, it may be found as much within a linguistic State as in a composite State with divergent language elements. If it flourishes and gathers force it will break up a single language State as effectively as a multi-lingual State. Language is not the only factor that can unite or divide people. There are ever so many others. Cohesion is achieved when minorities of every type are enabled to develop an attitude of confidence towards the majority, and the majority comports itself in such a manner that nobody outside its fold feels his security imperilled in the slightest degree. It is a sign of the achievement of cohesion that no communal barriers will be effective to discount the value of individual talent in any competitive sphere.

TO all appearances, majority opinion counts more than anything else in a democracy, but every nation that has made a success of democracy has brought a balancing principle into operation. It lies in the vigilant bestowal of unflagging consideration on every expression of minority dissent. While power is exercised by the majority, privilege does not go with it, and the power

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of the ruling party is sustained by the confidence of numerically weaker opposition elements who feel their citizenship rights perfectly safe in the keeping of their more powerful political opponents. Democracy is thus the art of ruling on the strength of an electoral majority without usurping from the right of rulership an undue advantage from which those who do not have that right are excluded. Its life principle is restraint in power and consideration for opponents. In the new Andhra State the success of democracy will be tested by the capacity of its leaders, with exemplary administration based on justice, to overcome every disruptive urge of disregarded minority dissent. Power must be divorced from privilege. There must be no distribution of benefits or special concessions through the operation of political pressure of any kind. The pressure groups organised politically or communally should not be allowed to destroy the rectitude of the administration with their clamant demands for out-of-the-way favours. If life is organised on the conception of democracy we have outlined, an integrating movement will get started in place of the present disintegrating urges, and its eventual fruition will be the disappearance of demands for separation as a means of securing justice or development.

Sotto Voce

A FLOWER IN THE DESERT



IT was a stupid destiny that made C. Padmanabha Iyengar meet his death at the hands of a young ruffian in a running train in the heart of that Rajasthan which he loved so well and served so nobly. A man whom it would be more difficult to hate you could not possibly imagine. He could be brusque, as I saw in the all too brief day I spent with him a twelvemonth ago. But his inner integrity and infinite good will left no room for rancour or cynicism. He found the world good, for there was always a job of work waiting to be done.

As we saw him on that keen October morning slouched in his chair, his left arm in a sling, he looked much older than his 53 years, and frail almost brittle. But the impression was soon belied by his quick bird-like movements and the youthful twinkle in those alert kindly

eyes. His bubbling good humour kept his mouth in a perpetual pucker, while he spoke with precision and point-brief instructions into the telephone at his elbow. We were intruding on a busy man, but he seemed to have been waiting for a life-time for the pleasure of our company.

Everyone to whom I had mentioned in Delhi that I was visiting Jaipur has said: "Of course you will stay with our Padmanabha Iyengar." The picture of universal gregariousness this conveyed unnerved me. My young companion and I arranged to stay with a friend in the Central Government Service. But an official inspection had been sprung upon him. Padmanabha Iyengar had come to hear of his difficulty. And here were his *chaprassi* and car waiting for us at Jaipur station.

The *chiks* were still down and there was not a sound about the pleasant rambling bungalow set in its beautiful garden by the Power House, as we alighted. In a comfortable room upstairs we were served steaming coffee of a Madras perfection. We were noiselessly stepping out into the garden when a cheery voice from a room further up the corridor hailed us and we found ourselves in the presence of our host. With a wave of his hand he brushed aside the halting apology I would have uttered, saying in a husky whisper, "Of course you should have come here." With that simple gesture he annexed us to the charmed circle of his fellowship.

He discovered that my companion was a radio engineer engaged in manufacture. And for a whole hour—while the car was being got ready to take us to see the sights—the two of them launched into a delighted exploration of each other's faculties and intellectual affinities. The radio man wondered at the range, accuracy and up-to-dateness of Mr. Padmanabha's knowledge of a branch of electrical engineering which was still in the pupa stage when he had left the Indian Institute of Science thirty years before. His life's work had been power engineering—Jaipur's magnificent Power House had been conjured by him out of scrap—but all the world of machines was his hobby.

He was evidently accident-prone, as a game leg testified. And the other day he had fallen out of the front seat of a truck, a defective catch having given way. It was being driven at a snail's pace along the principal street of Ajmer. The driver

had swerved to avoid a dog—so he ruefully informed me as we were bowling along the next day at sixty miles an hour in the same truck towards Ajmer—and Padmanabha Iyengar had thought a broken arm was a small price to pay for the life of a poor fellow-creature. I could see the affection for that queer master shining in the eyes of the rugged Rajput as he implored me to remember the catch.

Far into the night we sat swapping stories of Presidency College where he had been five years after me. And friend after friend kept dropping in to enquire about the injured arm, to seek a word of comfort or counsel, or to retail the town's gossip. The little Madras colony looked upon him as father and friend. And the local people found in his moral robustness and astringent humour the strong medicine they seemed to like.

When the others had left and the engineers soared aloft on the twin wings of Padmanabha Iyengar's enthusiasm and my companion's expertise, I looked into the well-thumbed books on the little shelf by his bedside. They were the classics of all time and of yesterday, many of them presents from friends who knew the *rasika* so comfortably lodged with the craftsman. His good lady had plied us with a variety of rich dishes,—the next day we had to take a substantial hamper with us to overcome the fatigues of the way!—but sleep was ruled out for me by the discovery of the rich new world that was Padmanabha Iyengar. Of all the fair things I saw in Jaipur, that city of the desert, this man from the south was the fairest.

VIGNESWARA

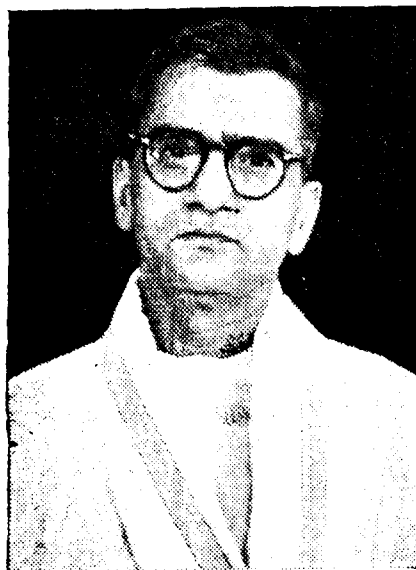
Blessed is the man who, far from the business of the town, ploughs with his own oxen his ancestral fields, with mind free from all cares about money. This was the life of the ancient race of men. Such an one is not like the soldier, roused by the bugle's loud note, nor does he fear the angry main; he shuns the law courts and the proud portals of the rich.—*Horace*

Slander is a most dreadful thing; when a man is slandered, there are two who wrong him, the slanderer and the man who listens. The slanderer acts wrongly because he speaks ill of the absent; the listener because he believes the tale before he has ascertained its truth for himself.—*Herodotus*

SIDELIGHTS :

SRI SANJEEVA REDDI is perfectly justified in denouncing the Krishikar Lok Party's attitude in the formation of the Andhra Cabinet. They have been attempting to dictate to Sri Prakasam to take their nominee Latchanna into the Ministry, threatening to withhold their cooperation otherwise. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi contends that this is a position which no Chief Minister would tolerate. No Chief Minister should tolerate dictation from any quarter in the formation of the Ministry and it is quite

past, filled with renunciation of a magnificent practice at the bar, his dissipation of acquired wealth in unprofitable enterprises conceived for the public good, his undaunted courage on occasions of risk in the national struggle, his sacrifice of every comfort in the hard routine of indefatigable political activity, his expulsion from power at the moment of victory, all these have endeared him to the people and he shines in their vision in the resplendent halo of a martyred hero who can do no



Tenneti Viswanadham

as wrong for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to insist that Latchanna should not be taken or Sri Thimma Reddi should be, as it is for the Krishikar Loks to seek to fetter the Chief Minister's freedom of decision with demands and conditions of their own.

There is apparently a lot of misjudgement about the potential value of Krishikar Lok support in the present Andhra political set-up. Sri Prakasam can change parties at will and walk away with it, without public confidence in his bona fides being affected in the slightest degree. His



Sanjeeva Reddi

wrong. Sri Prakasam has an unlimited license for blundering in the profound unquestioning devotion and hero-worship roused in millions of hearts by his inspiring past filled with gigantic patriotic endeavour. He is in politics a veritable Shiva who can swallow poison and digest it and survive unhurt. The Krishikar Lok people are not qualified to imitate him, nor can they hope to acquire prestige by changing sides. They have changed too often to be depended on by anybody.

The moment it became evident

that an Andhra State would be formed, the Krishikar Lok Party rushed forward offering to become associate members of the Congress. They courted the leadership of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi in the legislature. Then for no apparent reason they declared him incompetent, and in the Kala-hasti bye-election, they not only opposed him at the polls, but also conducted their electioneering with a degree of rancour and virulent personal malice that was offensive and disgusting and quite out of place in decent political campaigning. Now they uphold Sri Prakasam's leadership, but less out of respect for him than as a device to secure a price for

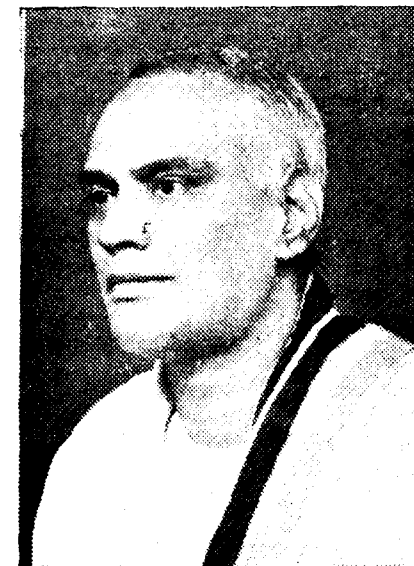
suffer from a certain incompleteness on account of the defective character of the present legislature. The excellent results of the special efforts made to get Sri Sanjeeva Reddi into the legislature, after his defeat in the general elections, are already quite patent. He has been a valuable contributing factor to the restoration of Sri Prakasam to the helm of affairs in Andhra. There are others not less gifted, well qualified to make similar valuable contributions in other particulars, now remaining immobilised on account of their exclusion from the legislature. The new State should be inaugurated



N. G. Ranga

their proffered loyalty. Actually their loyalty is scarcely a matter of choice. It cannot be withheld to the extent of imperilling the Ministry to be formed, without throwing the Krishikar Loks themselves into the arms of the Communists. By its wobblings and somersaults, the Krishikar Lok Party has reduced itself to a cipher value politically. If Sri Prakasam ignores it, it will be liquidated at the polls in the next elections.

In whatever way the Andhra Ministry may be formed now, it will



Kala Venkata Rao

with a dissolution of the old feuds, and Sri Prakasam is big enough as a leader to attempt the difficult task. If the aim be the maximum utilisation of available talent and experience for the greatest good of the governed, the proper personnel for an Andhra Cabinet headed by Sri Prakasam would be: Viswanadham, Sanjeeva Reddi, Sanjeeviah, Gopala Reddi, Ranga, Chandramowli, and Kala Venkata Rao. No other combination can ensure stability of government in the future.

SAKA

Bilingual Border Areas

SRI G. Srinivasa Raghavachariar, retired Deputy Collector, writes:

In an article on "Linguistic Divisions" published in *SWATANTRA* dated May 23, 1953, I stated that the question, as to which of the main linguistic divisions the bilingual and multilingual villages situated on their borders should be clubbed with, could be easily settled by finding out the particular vernacular language commonly in use in these villages for official communications, registration of documents, and medium of instruction in schools by making reference to the Revenue, Registration and education departments and that there is therefore no need for any elaborate enquiries or appointment of commissions for the purpose. I now understand that there is a publication of the Registration Department, available in all the offices of District Registrars, showing the particular vernacular language commonly in use not only in all bilingual and multilingual villages and towns but also in all others in the State. This publication was compiled with reference to Sections 19 and 69 of the Indian Registration Act, extracted below for ready reference.

The dispute between Andhra and Tamil Nad on the one hand and Andhra and the Karnataka (Mysore) on the other can therefore be easily settled without any delay by making use of the information readily available in the Registration Department. The course suggested will be quite proper, if it is borne in mind that the object of linguistic divisions is only to bring together under one administration people using a common language and not those whose mother-tongue is the same, though the two may be identical in most cases.

Sec. 19:

Documents in language not understood by Registering Officer:

If any document duly presented for registration be in a language which the Registering Officer does not understand, and which is not commonly used in the district, he shall refuse to register the document unless it be accom-

panied by a true translation into a language commonly used in the district and also by a true copy.

Sec. 69:

The Inspector-General of Registration shall exercise a general superintendence over all the registration offices in the territories under the State Government and shall have power from time to time to make rules consistent with this Act.

b. Declaring what language shall be deemed to be commonly used in each district.

"AVVAIYAR"

Appreciation by Sri Prakasam

AFTER seeing the picture **AVVAIYAR** with Telugu commentary at Gemini Preview Theatre, on Saturday the 27th September, Sri T. Prakasam said:

"This is a grand picture, the like of which I have not seen till now. At one time, I was attending ever so many dramas, enacted by one Parameswarulu, who was considered to be excellent in those days. But I never saw a performance like what I have seen in **AVVAIYAR**. The beauty of the Tamil original has been well brought out in the Telugu rendering. No Andhra should miss the chance of seeing this picture, and not only this, **AVVAIYAR** must be made known to everyone in other parts of the country too. I would even like to carry it along with me to Kurnool because it is really so good. The kind of selfless service for others that is taught in **AVVAIYAR** must be kept alive in every country, by every nation and by every people."

Andrew Roth who was a victim of the witch-hunt in the famous Amerasia cases, divulges the whole story of it for the first time in this article.

I REMEMBER AMERASIA

By **ANDREW ROTH**

PIONEERING is said to have many rewards. There is one type of pioneering which, on the basis of intimate personal experience, I cannot recommend. That is being a pioneer victim of the postwar 'witch hunt' against American Asian specialists with a liberal-left outlook.

The trouble with that type of pioneering is that you are inevitably an unconscious pioneer with no bleached bones of previous victims to warn and brace you.

Before the blow first struck me in Lafayette Square, just in front of the White House, Washington, D.C., I felt on top of the world. It was June 1945 and I was a 26-year-old lieutenant in the U. S. Navy who felt that he had, during the previous week, discharged two major obligations of conscience. One was that I had wound up my assignment in Washington preparatory to transfer to the Pacific. Although I had volunteered for the Navy before America entered the war, I had spent the intervening years in the 'chairborne brigade' first studying Japanese at Harvard University and then in Far Eastern Intelligence in Washington. I welcomed my transfer to Pearl Harbour as the first step toward seeing something of Asia.

Even more satisfying was the knowledge that I had completed the last chapter of *Dilemma in Japan* exactly on the target date, June 1, and sent it to my publishers and Naval censorship. This book had had its origins in my efforts to escape from the monotony of studying the Japanese language for 60 hours a week. In the summer of 1941, while studying at Columbia University, for my doctorate in Far Eastern history, I had been invited by the U. S. Navy to volunteer for service as a Japanese language officer in Naval

intelligence. (This invitation is important in view of later suggestions of 'infiltration by subversives'). The Navy, concerned because it felt war with Japan was imminent, and it had few people proficient in Japanese, had begun to scour the country for language specialists. I was asked because I had been studying Chinese for my doctorate and it was felt that those with some knowledge of Chinese characters could more easily learn Japanese. I accepted because I, too, felt war with Japan inevitable and preferred to do my bit in a position which would further qualify me for my ambition of the time; to become a Professor of Far Eastern History.

Spending 60 hours a week studying Japanese turned out to be rather a bore. I decided to use my spare time studying the motive forces behind Japanese aggression. My prior researches had been largely in Chinese, Indian and Indo-Chinese nationalism. My dissertation had been on "Labour and Nationalism in Chinese Revolution." I had done a short book on Indo-China's conquest by Japan for the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1941, as well as some articles on India. But, beyond graduate history courses, I had never done any independent work on Japan.

THE results of my studies rather agitated me after I arrived in Washington in 1942. In a series of speeches which garnered widespread press praise and little criticism, Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan and then Assistant Secretary of State, started laying the basis for handing over power in a defeated Japan to the *Zaibatsu*, or cartels. These big business elements, Mr. Grew explained, were 'moderates' and not at all aggressive like the militarists. This view struck me as hopelessly simple and dangerous. I felt

such a solution for Japan would be as 'effective' as the Versailles Treaty for the 'militaristic' Germany of World War I.

Feeling this view had to be refuted, I approached a number of people in Washington known for their knowledge of Japan and their forward-looking views. But the number of enlightened experts on Japan who could and would do such a book was microscopic. Almost all were employed by the Government. They could influence U. S. policy, but they could not write about it. It turned out that I was virtually the only one in a position to write publicly. This was a result of the peculiar U. S. Navy ruling that officers could write for publication provided they did not use classified, i.e. secret, information and specified that the views were their own and not those of the Navy.

Never having been in Japan I was reluctant to undertake the job. But an overgrown conscience made me feel such a book was needed to educate American public opinion to the need for a thorough-going democratic reform of Japan. I also felt guilty about having a rear job when other Japanese-language intelligence officers were doing combat intelligence at sea or in the Solomons and New Guinea.

MY own 'combat arena' was the forum held by the Institute of Pacific Relations in Washington during the war to discuss what to do with Japan. Because of youthful indiscretion, strong feeling and the fact that I had no official responsibility for postwar Japan policy, I was most outspoken in my attacks on the "give-Japan-to-the-Zaibatsu" group in Washington. My opponent was frequently Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, who had taught me Japanese at Harvard. Sometimes it was a junior State Department official who spoke, not so much for himself as for Eugene L. Dooman, the Japan-born mastermind of the pro-Zaibatsu group for which Mr. Grew was the 'front man.' The most important 'try on' for my proposals came at the International Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations early in 1945, which I attended as the aide

of a U. S. Admiral. My own arguments were not merely a question of personal research. Insofar as possible I attempted to become the spokesman for the "democratize Japan" school in Washington synthesizing various ideas for democratic reform. Mr. Dooman, I learned, considered me to be the fountainhead of the opposition to his policy. Foolishly, I was flattered and invited him to lunch. But I never met him because, so deeply had the customs of traditional Japan bitten into him, he preferred to work from 'behind the screen.'

IN line with my self-appointed role as synthesizer of liberal-left views on what to do with Japan, I circulated copies of each chapter of the book as I finished it. In this way I was able to incorporate the views and criticisms of half a dozen or more people in and out of Government whose judgment I valued. I was anxious also to avoid any small factual errors or inconsistencies.

During this circulation of my manuscript it became clear that proposals for a thorough-going reform of Japan dovetailed with the hopes of that group in Washington which hoped for an American alliance with a more democratic China. Despite all the hysterical nonsense spewed forth since, people like John Carter Vincent and other State Department China specialists had no idea of deposing Chiang Kai-shek or installing the Communists. They *did* favour an American Pacific policy based on an alliance with China. To strengthen China they felt it was necessary to avoid civil war and support the middle elements as an alternative to the Kuomintang and the Communists. These China experts realized that the midwifing of a moderate, reformed China would take time. During this time they were anxious that Japan should not make its comeback, certainly not in any expansionist form. This helps explain why the original U. S. occupation policy for Japan, as promulgated for General MacArthur by China expert John Carter Vincent—then head of the Far Eastern division of the State Department—strongly resembled the proposals in

chapters of my manuscript which had circulated in his department unofficially.

The final, intensive spurt to finish my manuscript came in the spring of 1945. I set June 1 as my deadline for the completed manuscript. About that date I expected to be transferred to Pearl Harbour. In addition, I became increasingly convinced the war would end in the early autumn. I had no access to special political information. In fact all of the traditional experts on Japan, with access to secret and top-secret political reports, including decoded Japanese cables, were certain the war would go on for years. The "fanatical Japanese," they assured me, would fight to the last man to defend Japan from an Allied landing. (It was because of this assessment, incidentally, that the U. S. was so anxious to get the U. S. S. R. into the war against Japan.)

My own simple materialist mind could not accept this conclusion. I saw that the number of *Zaibatsu* representatives in the Japanese cabinet was increasing rapidly. I could only conclude that they were planning to save what they still retained by calling it quits before the bombing destroyed everything. To show that I believed my own analysis I laid even—money bets with the traditional Japan experts that the war would be over by September 1, 1945. And I began the book, which I expected would come out about September 15, with the words: "The defeat of Japan precipitates perhaps the most important Far Eastern crisis of this century—the decision as to what road Japan should travel in the postwar period."

I WAS naturally elated that I was able to finish the manuscript by the target date, June 1, and send it simultaneously to the publisher and the Naval censorship. I had a small nagging doubt about getting Navy clearance for the manuscript. But I persuaded myself there was little chance of anything more than a slight delay because I had been careful not to include any information from classified sources. When my transfer to Pearl Harbour was postponed for several days, I only let it cloud my

general jubilation briefly. I assumed that the Naval censorship thought it advisable to have me around until it had finished clearing the book.

Then, suddenly, dramatically, the world crumbled around my ears. Four o'clock on the afternoon of June 6, 1945 while I was strolling across Lafayette Square, two men came out of a car. They identified themselves as F. B. I. men and asked me to accompany them to headquarters. Shocked and puzzled, all I could blurt out was: "This is a helluva thing to do to a guy just because he writes a book!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Perhaps it seems strange that a writer should have avoided for so long a sensational case in which he himself was involved. But the problem is that unless you have a 'martyr complex, you are rather reluctant to tear off your shirt and shout: "See, that's where I was stabbed in the back. It damned near finished me off too!" The analogy of a knife in the back is rather pertinent. Throughout the last twenty years in the United States there has been an active battle over Far Eastern policy. Until the "Amerasia case" which I shall attempt to describe here, this sort of conflict was fought quite cleanly: harsh words were sometimes exchanged but the general assumption was that each side espoused certain policies for decent, if misguided motives. Beginning with the "Amerasia case" a new technique was used, the proponents of liberal-left policies were stabbed with accusations of being "conspirators," "Soviet agents" and the like. Once this picture had been given to the new large newspaper public which had been brought into the "great debate" on American policy towards Asia, the arguments of the liberal-left no longer had to be answered. "You shouldn't listen to Owen Lattimore," the American public is told, "after all he's a perjurer."

The trouble, for anyone who takes Asian politics seriously, is that the tendency is to disdain these personal attacks and to "get on with the job" of attempting to understand Asia in revolution. This certainly has been my own feeling until recently.

The danger with this somewhat lofty approach is that while you keep your eye on the important developments, the less scrupulous opponent keeps twisting the knife in your back. A State Department representative might feel somewhat hesitant about approaching an editor and saying: "You know you shouldn't run the articles of Andrew Roth. He frequently

disagrees with the State Department." How much easier it is to whisper, in a sinister tone: "You know, Roth was mixed up in that Amerasia affair," preferably neglecting to mention that he was cleared by two Congressional committees and a Grand Jury investigation. Far fetched? It has been used, to my knowledge, on editors in five countries. It is really ironical, if you step back and contemplate it, that the State Department which has been discredited by the McCarthyite distortion of such things as the "Amerasia case" itself uses the very same dirty weapons to discredit its own opponents on the left.

The special difficulty in such cases is that even your best friends don't know and few are courageous enough to ask you. Despite millions of words on the subject in 1945 and 1950, even the most reputable newspapers and agencies have never given enough of a consecutive and coherent story of the "Amerasia case" for even someone sympathetic to piece together the involved story. But to tell the story means, inevitably, to seem to strike the pose of a martyr.

The other problem is that inevitably any human story is interwoven with the lives of actions of others. To tell a story in comprehensible terms one must

assess and judge the actions of others, some of them friends, however unwise.

These were some of the elements which made me resist for a long time the urge to tell the whole story of the "Amerasia case" as I knew it. It was a painful wound about which I preferred not to be reminded.

Recently, however, I was asked to do a new introduction to a Japanese edition of my Dilemma in Japan which had previously been published in the U. S., Britain and India (Kutub). I decided that the most useful thing I could do, eight years after the book was written, was to tell the story of how I came to write it and how its writing involved me in this famous affair, and with what consequences.

Having written this, I felt it was a story worth retelling in English as well, since it is the language in which the most column-inches of lies and innuendoes have appeared.

The hesitation which remains is that, inevitably, the story is a rather personal one. However, I never asked to be knifed in the back. And if I now take off my shirt to show where the blade entered and how it was twisted, it is only because I feel there is something to be learned from my experiences.

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K. MAHADEVAN

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CENTRAL AID FOR ANDHRA

By M. G. LAKSHMINARU

THE Andhra State is, by no standard, economically viable. It starts with a deficit budget. For a long time it will naturally depend on Central grants—on all-India goodwill. Due to lack of foresight and realistic approach to problems, reckless statements made in and out of season, this goodwill seems to be skating on thin ice. It is necessary therefore that the Andhras should put forth special efforts to gain the all-India goodwill.

The Andhras, in common with the rest of India, have been suffering from age-long poverty, misery, ignorance, illiteracy and a low standard of living. Their main occupation is agriculture. Modern industry which is calculated to provide full employment, is conspicuous by its absence in Andhra.

Either too little or too much, or too early or too late a monsoon affects the economic life, resulting in famine and misery. As early as 1903, the Indian Irrigation Commission recognised "that within the catchment of Krishna lies a large extent of exceptionally unsecure country, more unsecure than is to be found in any other basin in India."

A merciful Providence has however endowed this area which is now constituted as the Andhra State, with unparalleled and plentiful natural resources. There are two main river valleys, the Godavari and the Krishna with its great tributary Tungabhadra, with their catchment areas of about 1,16,000 and 97,000 square miles respectively. These rivers carry enormous quantities of water and they have been emptying them into the Bay of Bengal.

The Godavari and the Krishna are, unlike the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, not snow-fed, but depend entirely upon the rainfall in the Western Ghats, which fortunately, is regular and plentiful. The Godavari has a dependable supply of about 2,500 Tmc feet of water out of

which about 600 Tmc feet of water is being utilised for irrigation in Bombay and Andhra. It appears from the physical features of the land through which the Godavari passes, that Bombay and Madhya Pradesh cannot utilise much of its waters for irrigation.

The Krishna has a dependable yield of above 1,700 Tmc feet of water. Very little of this enormous quantity of water has been utilised for human good. It is evident that the vast quantity of water brought down by these mighty rivers should be put to use by constructing a number of storage reservoirs.

Investigations conducted by the Hyderabad and Madras P. W. D. reveal that five dams can be constructed—three on the Godavari, at Kawalguda, Khistapuram and a pick-up-dam below Khistapuram, and two dams on the tributaries—Kadam and Devanoor—involving an expenditure of about 100 crores resulting in bringing 1.8 million acres of land under irrigation and about 200,000 kilowatts of power.

In 1930, the Government of Madras agreed to develop a joint multi-purpose project on the Krishna at Nandikonda. Surprisingly, the Madras Government resiled from this and started actually canvassing for the construction of a dam at Siddeswaram to divert Krishna waters into the Pennar valley to benefit the famine-stricken areas of Cuddappah, Kurnool, Nellore, Chingleput and Chittoor districts and to augment the Madras City water supply. This caused considerable amount of dissatisfaction and unfortunately gave rise to much avoidable political and linguistic controversy.

THE Planning Commission, therefore appointed a technical committee led by Sri A. M. Khosla to examine and recommend the most economical methods of utilising the waters of the Krishna and the Godavari. This committee, after careful on-the-spot study, taking into consideration the

larger interests of the people living in the valley of those two rivers, recommended the construction of the Nandikonda dam. They hold the view that although the Krishna-Pennar Project is a technically sound scheme, it is costlier, more uneconomical and politically undesirable as it would submerge 175,000 acres of valuable land, displace about 50,000 people requiring a compensation of 7.7 crores and permanently debar a very large area of about 4 million acres of the lower Krishna basin and subject the people living there to perpetual famine conditions.

The Khosla committee recommended in addition to Nandikonda, the construction of two more dams at Siddeswaram and Pulichintala as the most economical and best projects. Apart from complying with the aspirations and desires of the people living in the Krishna valley, these projects will extend the field of co-operation between Madras, Andhra and Hyderabad Governments. The estimated cost of these projects is about 130 crores spread over about 10 years, and they will bring under irrigation about 3.6 million acres of land, producing about 2 million tons of food, mostly rice, and 100,000 kilowatts of power.

These two rivers when properly harnessed will make Hyderabad and Andhra more or less self-sufficient in their food requirements, provide cheap and plentiful power, stimulate heavy, large and medium scale industries, new and modern townships and industrial centres, provide increasing employment, resulting in the rapid eradication of poverty, banishment of famines and creation of full employment and prosperity.

THE Planning Commission has programmed to spend about 450 crores on Central projects like Bhakra, Nagal, D. V. C., Hirakud, etc., and has recently included another five projects, Kosi in Bihar, Rihand in U. P., Chambal in Madhya Bharat, Koyna in Bombay and a project on the Krishna.

It is sincerely trusted that the Planning Commission will include Nandikonda, Siddeswaram and Pulichintala projects in its revised plan, and a project on the Godavari.

THESE projects should be developed on the Tennessee Valley model, with an autonomous board consisting of able men with technical knowledge, administrative experience and business capacity to complete the projects within the shortest time possible. The Centre should finance these projects as they are doing in the case of the North Indian projects.

The whole of the Godavari and Krishna systems should be developed as a unit—an integrated river grid—linking the Godavari, the Krishna and the Pennar, designed, built and operated as a unit as in the case of the 7 State TVA system in the U.S.A.

The development of the Godavari and the Krishna on the above lines is sure to infuse a creative, decent note into the rapidly degenerating quarrels between the Andhras and Tamils and Karnataks and prevent the most dangerous and rapid spread of Communism.

It is essential that the Andhras and their Government should work in such a manner as to generate all-India goodwill. The Andhra State depends to a large degree for its own existence as well as its developmental programmes on the generous contribution of funds from the Centre, from all-India finances. It therefore seems essential that at least for the next ten or fifteen years the Andhra people should seek to avoid any word or deed which would affect this goodwill, inevitably leading to the suspension of their ambition of Visala Andhra. Otherwise, fissiparous tendencies will gather strength and sterilise at every stage their efforts to build up a prosperous and progressive Andhra State.

Having regard to the dangers that lie ahead, it is to be hoped that the Government of India will, simultaneously with the creation of the Andhra State announce the establishment of an autonomous authority with adequate finances for the development of the Nandikonda, Siddeswaram, Pulichintala projects, the Tungabhadra high level canal and the projects on the Godavari. This will ensure orderly progress, planned development and will prevent frustration and mischief.

PLIGHT OF LINGUISTIC MINORITIES

By C. VAMANA MURTY

THE formation of the Andhra State has opened a new era in the history of provincial autonomy in India.

Formation of linguistic States does not solve the difficulties of all language groups in the country, but only increases the existing unpleasantness between different linguistic communities. However justly and carefully boundaries may be demarcated certain areas predominantly populated by a particular language group are bound to exist in the borders of linguistic States. Unless proper safeguards are provided to these minorities, to preserve their cultural integrity, lasting peace and unity cannot be secured in the States of India.

The problem of linguistic minorities has, unfortunately, not been receiving due attention. It is considered to be of a comparatively trivial nature and therefore neglected. So long as the British were ruling India, the problem was only of a latent nature. When the Congress assumed power and the administration is gradually sought to be conducted in the language of the people, the trouble arose. The tendency of the linguistic majority to domineer over linguistic minorities became more manifest and it was found that these language minorities, living in border areas of States, could not submit to the new form of tyranny.

The problem was brought to the notice of the public by the Bengalee population in Bihar where they became the victims of the Government's treatment of that community. The Bengalees were treated as aliens in Bihar and very rigid domicile rules were enforced to exclude them from enjoying all legitimate citizenship rights, with regard to services, education, etc. The Congress Working Committee took up this question on the persistent complaint of the

Bengalee community and passed a resolution on 13th January 1939, regulating the rights of linguistic minorities and prescribing the obligations of provincial Governments.

Oriyas living in some border areas of Bihar and Madras, Andhras living in Chingleput and other northern districts of Madras, Mysore and Orissa and minorities living in other border areas and multi-lingual towns like Bombay, Madras, Khargapur, etc., suffered from a similar type of tyranny from the State Governments. It was thought that the State Governments, being Congress-minded, would adopt the directions of the Congress High Command with regard to nativity rules and educational policies, but nothing was done to relieve the suffering.

With the emergence of the Swaraj Government, it was expected that a new perception of things and a new orientation in the very outlook of our people, would come about. A new Constitution has come into force. This Constitution has provided for equality of status and opportunities to all citizens all over India, in whichever State they are cast. This problem of linguistic minorities is only prominent in the States of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, Assam and Madras at present. Unless adequate safeguards are provided at an early stage the problem may spread in all States in India; for even when States are carved out on a language basis, the problem would still persist because there are bound to be people speaking more than one language in border areas. What happened already in Bihar and other States should open the eyes of our political leaders and should not be allowed to be repeated again.

IT was as a result, possibly, of what is happening in these States, that in the Constitution, provision has been made for the protection of language minorities as far as educa-

tional facilities are concerned. But even this trend of the framers of the new Constitution has not prevented the Bihar Government from thrusting Hindi on Bengalees and similar jealous action by other Governments. Reports are being received that after the merger of Saraikale and Kharswan, the Bihar Government have been trying to thrust Hindi on Oriyas living there and new rules have been made prescribing a language test to entitle Oriyas even for admission to educational institutions besides admission to services. Taking into consideration all these problems the provincial Education Ministers Conference passed a resolution on 20th August 1949 recommending to provincial Governments to make arrangements for teaching language minorities in the mother tongue in the junior basic state and also for keeping the mother tongue as the medium of instruction thereafter in the secondary stage.

THUS an Indian citizen has no rights as an Indian citizen except as a citizen of a State and if that citizen does not belong to the language majority of that State he had to acquire citizenship by conforming to or fulfilling certain conditions. So, an Indian citizen who belongs to a linguistic minority, has only a second-rate citizenship or no citizenship rights. This is not what is contemplated by the Constitution which we have carved out. There cannot be and should not be a multiplicity of citizenships in India.

What is wanted may be stated as follows:

(a) The rights granted by the Constitution must be strictly enforced throughout India guaranteeing and securing to all people of India "justice, social, economic, and political equality of status, of opportu-

No man can be sure that he has found the truth until he has compared all forms of error. No man can be sure that his will is firmly set towards the goal until he has gone forth into the battle and proved his armour against all possible forms of evil. It is the same in conduct as it is in speculation. In both, the individual soul is responsible, in neither case can it shuffle off its responsibility upon the infallibility or the authority of others. It is the individual reason, the individual will, that alone counts, and the essence of both is individual choice and individual decision. Destroy these and we have destroyed the one thing that gives value to the trust of life we have received from God; we have struck at that which makes the very being of the soul; we have killed will and reason.—*Milton*

nity and before the law freedom of thought, expression, belief, faith, worship, vocation, association and action, subject to law and morality."

(b) No citizen of India should be made to submit to domicile restrictions in States, as though the States are like independent principalities whose boundaries are like barriers.

(c) No citizen, by reason of his speaking a language which is different from the language of the majority, should be consigned to a subordinate type of citizenship, discriminated against in matters of education, services, trade or the pursuit of any lawful activities.

(d) The rights of linguistic minorities which should be the same as those of any other citizen, must be capable of being enforced through a court of law when violated by provincial Governments.

(e) There should be zonal tribunals or commissions having judicial authority, to decide disputes between linguistic minorities and provincial Governments.

(f) The Government of India should circulate regulations for the guidance of provincial Governments wherein provision should be made whereby provincial Governments do not behave as they are behaving in Bihar and Orissa, creating situations like the Manbhum Satyagraha.

Unless a peaceful atmosphere prevails in disputed boundary areas, the All India Boundary Commission, when appointed, will not be able to do its work smoothly and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. This can only be done on an assurance of uniform statutory safeguards to the cultural rights of linguistic minorities throughout India.

THE ANDHRA STATE

By TENNETI VISWANADHAM

THE Andhra State is born. A new radiance of achievement is spread throughout the length and breadth of Andhra. Of the great men that conceived the idea—Konda Venkatappayya, Mutnuri Krishna Rao, Kopalli Hanumantha Rao, Komarraju Lakshmana Rao, Nyapathi Subba Rao, B. N. Sarma, Mocherla Ramachandra Rao, Prabhala Lakshminarasimham are no more with us. Happily for us, others, Dr. Pattabhi, Prakasam, Unnawa, Sambamurti, Koti Reddi and others too innumerable to be named in this short space, are here to see the fruition, to share the burden, to feel the touch of responsibility, to reconstruct the land, to give a new life to the people, and to usher in a new prosperity. Viswanatha Satyanarayana and Rayaprolu Subba Rao with whose song began the first Andhra conference are with us; they will now sing a new song—the song of achievement.

The idea of an Andhra State did not arise merely for political reasons, although the political colour dominates the picture as politics forms the web of life. It is the cultural pride of the Andhra and his frustrations of the present that led him to look back to the past, to the glories of the Sathavahana and Vijayanagar empires, even of the smaller but no less rich periods of Eastern Chalukyas and Kakatiyas, of the Reddi and other kings that dotted the entire Telugu areas, nourished fine arts and literature; and looking into the past, the Andhra felt the warmth of his blood once more. The modern set-up however did not permit him to mount the horse with sword in hand and gather arms and march for a conquest. The longer route of democracy had to be followed. In between, there was the spell of the national struggle for Independence and the world war which contributed to the delay of the achievement.

The Andhra State covers an area of more than 63,000 square miles. Perennial rivers like Vamsadhara,

Godavari, Krishna and Pennar run across the State from west to east. The pre-Cambrian plateau of the Deccan has, embedded in its bosom, precious minerals. Limestone and asbestos, barytes, manganese and iron are easily available. The agency areas of East and West Godavari have huge deposits of coal. The Godavari, Krishna and Pennar deltas irrigate about 25 lakhs of acres. Besides, there are another 12 lakhs of acres under tanks and other minor river systems. Sugar and paddy therefore we have in plenty. But the irrigation is largely confined to the areas near the mouths of the rivers. It would be the endeavour of the new Andhra State to harness the waters of the rivers at all favourable points to develop schemes on a regional basis for the spread of prosperity. A new sense of adventure must possess the people, and the Government. Honesty of purpose must gain ground in the natural course. The new State will no doubt instil these in the minds of all. This will enable the legislators to concentrate their mind on the making of policies, without a running curiosity to interfere with officials in their day-to-day administration. It will also enable permanent officials to assist Ministers and implement their decisions without interference from political bosses.

No doubt we start with several handicaps. We have no liquid assets; we require huge sums to complete works on hand like the Tungabhadra and Machkund projects; we require more sums to take up new schemes of regional utility both on the irrigation and power sides. Our tax resources have come to the point of exhaustion and yet we cannot despair; we have to put more work; we have to sacrifice more than others in established States and before long we will be on the road to prosperity, when our power and water resources are utilised to the full and then we shall be proud of ourselves and the nation will be proud of us.

THE ANDHRAS AND THEIR FUTURE

By V. RAGHAVIAH

IF a ceaseless effort, spontaneous sacrifice, hoary past, justifiable pride, unstinted hospitality, transparent outspokenness, forthright approach, unrivalled generosity are the requisite qualities that can make a people great, the Andhras are entitled to that adjective. It is not that they have no faults. As is common with other brave men, they are tactless, gullible, a trifle hasty, somewhat emotional and very often they terminate their hostilities in mere fuss and froth. If one does not mistake the over-vaulting ambition of a few recent upstarts who are too eager to sacrifice principles for positions, as a racial characteristic of these ancient people, it can be safely asserted that the Andhras are a modest people who would often like to withdraw into the shell like the exemplary man of the Gita, rather than parade and trumpet their virtues. Even though this inherent trait of theirs had been rather a hindrance than help and had often been mistaken by their opponents for weakness and timidity, the Andhras did not get much worried over that.

The desire of the Andhras for a separate State is not of recent times. The agitation for an Andhra State arose out of a long-cherished desire based on a well accepted democratic principle that the Government of a country should be conducted in the language of the people. There should be no intermediaries and interpreters between the rulers and the ruled. The demand was first voiced by selfless patriots and noted disciples of Gandhian ideology like the late Desabhakta, Desoddharaka and Andhra Ratna who had a remarkable hold over the masses and correctly felt their pulse. Great leaders like Swami Sitaram, Prakasam and Pattabhi also contributed in a unique way to this Andhra-wide upheaval which, instead of being

confined only to the division and distribution of loaves and fishes took the shape of a soul-stirring renaissance and spread all over Andhra and over-flowed beyond it, gathering added strength and power as it spread and assuming a volume and intensity only second to the revolutionary urge of Gandhiji's freedom movement. It ran along the same channels as Bengal's 'Vandemataram' did, often over-brimming with exuberance and sometimes even overthrowing the rider, saddle and the stirrup. Though in later days when its even progress was checkmated and baser motives were attributed, the leaders lost patience and acrimony resulted, the Andhra movement was generally free from bitterness despite provocative rib-thrusts from Andhra's more fortunate and less generous neighbours and the patronising and somewhat overbearing platitudes incessantly administered by better placed North Indian politicians.

THERE can be no doubt that in this struggle for separation the Andhras did not come out with flying colours. In the first place, they were a house divided in itself, each junior member pining for limelight and striving to secure recognition by such unscrupulous short-cuts as he could manage. The only point on which they all united was to oust Sri Prakasam from leadership in which attempt they no doubt partially succeeded. Secondly, deprived of the effective leadership of their only strong man, young and inexperienced group leaders proved no match to a seasoned and intelligent statesman like Rajaji, who manoeuvred skillfully at every stage and on every point. Lack of pull at the country's capital and with the High Command was yet another reason why the Andhras had to climb down and accept whatever was thrown at them by investigators like Mr. Justice Misra even when such

awards were partial, hasty and quite opposed to natural justice, equity, constitutional practice and precedent. Finally the pittance that was doled out as compensation and the stubborn resistance put forth by an unfeeling parliamentary majority to the appointment of an impartial commission to evaluate and divide the assets were the last straw on the camel's back. It is these and many other pinpricks that have robbed the Andhra of his joy at the fast approaching dawn of a separate State for which he had been fighting for well over forty years. This disappointment of his has been however moderated by his consciousness that the Andhras' bargaining power with the Centre had always been within moderate limits. The elevation of two eminent Andhras to the top spirals of the Indian Government and the entrustment to them of comparatively minor portfolios have not satisfied the craving of a proud people whose pardonable eagerness to sit in the front benches has never been left unthwarted as much by their own lack of initiative as by the superior manoeuvring power of their nimbler neighbours and competitors. The powerful personality of Rajaji who has secured for himself an inexhaustible fund of up-country goodwill not only by his over-powering political alliance but also by his remarkable intellect, dignity of behaviour, commendable reserve, abundant tact and steady expression of impassioned thought, (qualities which the Andhras woefully lack) has always wrung praise from even unwilling lips and has played no mean part in maintaining this structure intact.

IF Pandit Nehru wanted to please and placate the Andhras it was not for him a difficult job. There was no need for him to assume a penitent's role and put on sack cloth and ashes. Andhra was not barren of eminent enough persons for him to send for and confer. He had no need to promise big things, large projects, huge international loans, or even the benefits of the community enterprises and the Five Year Plan, to win the affection of the average Andhra. All that he had to do was to extend

the hand of fellowship. Being emotional and always generous to a fault, the Andhras never bargained for positions and readily responded to sincere gestures of goodwill. That is why their loyalty was more readily given to the simple saint of Sewagram than to the rulers at Delhi with their glittering opulence. The rulers at Delhi never understood correctly the sensitive vibrations of human beings living south of the Vindhyas. To them all South Indians were so many 'Madrasis' and this contemptuous word was by itself enough to irritate the average Andhra.

THE ushering in of the new State is not attended by particularly fortunate circumstances. To begin with, it could not escape the strictures of the Chief Minister of Madras, who characterised linguistic division as a very 'primitive idea.' It succeeded a terrible famine that devastated a large part of the would-be-State and caused great suffering. As if to further darken the horizon of the Andhra State, the selection of the future Chief Minister is not yet over. Sri Prakasam, that beacon of hope amidst despair, the hero of a thousand struggles, the emblem of abnegation and the idol of the Andhra masses, had most unwittingly walked into the enemy's trap by espousing the cause of Kurnool and thereby losing the sympathies of thousands of coastal Andhras who had stood by him through thick and thin. The enormous popularity and influence he had built up for himself by sitting in opposition to the ruling parties, has just begun to show fissures and cracks owing to the Himalayan blunder he allowed himself to commit in a moment of extreme unwariness. Sri Prakasam is not without his faults. For one thing he is as intolerant an autocrat as all popular heroes were and are, though this never meant that he did not accept compromise or make graceful concessions in response to proper approaches. He never depends on others' advice in taking momentous decisions and in executing them he is as self-willed as he is self-made. Though he never nurtures a grievance and oftentimes forgives his foes, he lacks the geniality and conventional grace

that could soften hostility if not eradicate it. Habituated to a uniformly lucky and successful political career for over a quarter of a century he underestimates the strength of his opponents and takes few precautions to ward off or probe into lurking dangers. Despite varied and long experience, he allows himself to be beguiled, particularly when the deception is practised by his former disciples whom he lifted to prominence and fame. He has an incorrigible belief in the impartiality and independence of the judiciary and has often threatened to sue his opponents including the Mahatma for obtaining redress.

Despite all this, Sri Prakasam is easily the greatest Andhra of his age. At 84 his indomitable will-power sustains him against the ravages of overpowering physical frailties. The privations he had undergone through a major part of his life have endeared him to the Andhra people and have enshrined him in their hearts. In fact, it is to the common man in the street that Sri Prakasam often appeals for consolation and comfort whenever he is worsted in unequal fights by his better placed opponents. The masses of Andhra constitute his Supreme Court and forum. It is to them that he shows his scars and wounds and it is from them that he seeks solace and redress. They form his stronghold and his appeals to them have seldom gone in vain.

It is not possible to ignore the claims of Sri Prakasam to the foremost place in any administrative set-up that might be formed in Andhra. A lesser man than he will not be able to sit in the saddle for more than a few months. It is not unknown to the Centre that Sri Prakasam in opposition is a greater menace than Prakasam in harness. Nehru would be guilty of a colossal lack of statesmanship if he misses this opportunity of roping in the Andhra Kesari.

The general apathy of the Andhra public in regard to problems that affect their welfare is the main cause of their ineffectiveness. Their failure to pull up their leaders when they go wrong and their general reluctance to call a spade a spade lest that should cause offence, have

been responsible for the swollen headedness of many a youngster in Andhra who from the day he joins a particular organisation begins to exploit it to his advantage with all the short-cuts to prominence that a long purse could place at his disposal. It is this baneful influence of cheap money that has begun to corrupt the Congress organisation since 1940 and has wellnigh paralysed it in the following years. No democratic body can function satisfactorily with this stranglehold of money bags around its neck. If Congress fell, if the Praja-Socialist has deteriorated and if the Krishikar Lok group never got a footing the main cause for these failures can be directly traced to this single but potent factor.

GIVEN a fair opportunity, the infant Andhra State has still a chance to thrive. There can be no better guarantee for the stabilisation of the Andhra Government than the placing of a veteran like Sri Prakasam who is universally loved and respected, at the helm. The rich alluvial lands of the Godavari and the Krishna basins, the inexhaustible mineral resources of Rayalseema, the usual industriousness of the people, their accustomed thrift, their democratic make-up, their intense patriotic fervour, their spontaneous admiration for all that is good and noble ignoring all petty parochial considerations, their sportsmanship, their large-heartedness and their transparent candour are qualities that would stand the Andhras always in good stead. Differences and disputes there have been among them but they are by no means peculiar to the Telugus only. They do not lack able administrators, good penmen and sincere workers. They have no desire to step on others' toes and put on clothes that do not fit them. They are a trifle shy and overmodest in advertising their wares—a quality which is by no means bad. They have a hoary history, a great past and an enviable culture. There need be no apprehension that the new State will not be a success even if it may have to pass through adverse circumstances in the initial stages.

LONG TERM TRENDS IN ANDHRA ECONOMY

By K. V. SATYANARAYANA

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THE Andhra State which came into existence on 1st October 1953, extends over an area of 63,667 Square miles and is inhabited by over 205 lakhs of people. To some extent the natural desire of the people, speaking the same tongue, formed the basis for the struggle carried on for the creation of this new State, but the motive force for the intensified urge of such a movement was the economic factor, i.e., the feeling on the part of the people of this area that the necessary priority was not accorded to the development of this region. When compared to the development of the Residuary Madras State, it is true but the tardy or no development of Andhra area can be attributed more to the structural and long term deficiencies that are persisting in a more or less degree in the economy of India and also of the States than to the general neglect by the then Madras State. A careful study, appreciation and evaluation of the forces that are obstructing development has to be made with reference to the new State and remedies to be thought of, if the State has to satisfy the natural aspirations of its people to improve their lot consequent on its formation. The attainment of the State, no doubt, enables us to appreciate these factors better and will provide the necessary political mechanism to plan and develop, but that fact does not by itself pave the way for economic development.

So far little attempt has been made to study the basic trends in the Andhra economy even though the people are alive to the idea of the State and its development for over 40 years. It is a fact that the movement for a separate state has given fillip to a special study of Andhra history, literature and language, but it is unfortunate that no such study was undertaken regard-

ing economic history and economic problems, except occasionally searching for arguments to rebut those who say that Andhra would be a deficit state.

I have tried in the course of this article with the little, and that too, somewhat imperfect material at my disposal, to point out the long term trends in the economy of Andhra and their effects on development and also suggested some measures for the future development of the new State. Barring the statistics of population growth, all the other figures given for Andhra include the figures for the whole of the Bellary District.

The per capita net income of the population engaged in agriculture in the Andhra Districts was estimated at Rs. 250 in 1948 by C. W. B. Zacharias and for the Indian Union, it was calculated at Rs. 500 in 1948-49 by the National Income Committee. The low level of incomes in Andhra may be explained by the existence of the structural and long term deficiencies in a more serious form in Andhra than it was the case with the Indian Union generally.

THE rapid growth of population without a corresponding increase in the productive capacity, the rigidity in occupational distribution with excessive dependence on agriculture and the resultant evil of chronic under-employment, the increase in man land ratio as the increase in the extent of acreage cultivated did not keep pace with the increase in population and the inadequate expansion of industrial and tertiary sectors, are the long term and structural deficiencies which are responsible for the decline in production and for the deterioration in the standard of living in the Indian Union. As non-agricultural sectors are developing relatively slowly and as more people subsist on land when some-

pared to the Indian Union, and further as the impact of structural deficiencies are greater in agriculture than in other sectors, the per capita agricultural income is lower in Andhra than in the Indian Union as a whole.

Production Trends

THE declining tendency of the yields of some of the important crops raised in Andhra even though the acreage brought under cultivation showed an increase, is revealed in the following table:

Area and yield of important crops: Average for years 1940-45 and 1946-51

Name of the crop.	Cultivated Area in lakhs of acres.		Inc. or decrease in %	(Cotton 400 lbs. of bales) Yield in thousand tons.		Inc. or decrease in %
	1940-45.	1946-51.		1940-45.	1946-51.	
1. Paddy	36.10	42.82	+18.6	2954	2841	- 3.9
2. Other cereals	74.70	65.75	-12.0	1690	1310.5	-22.4
3. Groundnut	20.20	22.40	+10.9	919	886.5	- 3.5
4. Cotton	9.90	7.55	-23.7	96	93.5	- 2.6
5. Tobacco	2.50	2.75	+10.0	106	94.5	-10.9

Paddy, groundnut and tobacco registered an increase in the cultivated area during 1948-51. but the yields have fallen. The acreage under cereals other than paddy declined but the fall in yields was greater than the decline in acreage under cultivation. Even though the acreage and yield of cotton have fallen in 1946-50, the decrease in production was less than the fall in the land cultivated and the actual per acre yield was high. A comparison of the yield of paddy in 1930-31 to 1946-51 supports the fact that the tendency of yields to decline has been existing since a long time. The acreage under paddy cultivation in 1930-31 was 39.8 lakhs and the production was 3290 thousand tons and by 1946-51 the acreage showed an increase of 7.5% whereas the yield had fallen by 13.7%.

Population Growth

THE population of Andhra increased from 132.8 to 205.1 lakhs between 1901 and 1951 which represents an increase of 54.3 per cent during this half century. The rates of increase for each decade commencing from 1901 are 8.3, 2.2, 11.5, 11.5 and 13.6 respectively. It corresponds roughly to the rates of growth in the Indian Union. The tendency for rapid growth existed from the beginning of this century in Andhra but the low rate of increase in the first decade and there-

after the phenomenal fall in the next, are mainly due to the recurring and severe famines during the end of the last century and due to the wide-spread prevalence of influenza in 1918 particularly in Deccan Districts. The check to increase in 1911-21 was accidental and the tendency of population to increase rapidly continued and followed the pattern of other States.

Occupational Distribution

AN empirical study of the available data of developed countries points out the fact that high levels of income and production are associated with a low proportion of population dependent on the primary sector and a high proportion on the secondary and tertiary sectors. The low level of income in under-developed countries like India

is attributed to the excessive dependence of people on agriculture. Continuance or an increase in the proportion occupied in agriculture over a long period of time gradually lower the existing meagre incomes. This process is evident in India and is still worse in the case of Andhra. Changes in the classification of occupations and inaccuracy of statistics as gathered 50 years ago introduce some error in comparison but the census figures given in 1901 and 1951, can be taken as sufficient guides for revealing the general tendency. The number of people in agricultural classes increased from 94.56 to 143.0 lakhs between 1901 and 1951, or by 58.4 per cent, and those in non-agricultural classes also increased from 43.63 to 62.51 lakhs between these years, or by 43 per cent. But the proportion of non-agricultural classes to the total population has fallen from 31.62 to 9.4 per cent whereas the proportion of agricultural classes increased from 68.4 to 70.6 per cent. The decrease in non-agricultural classes was explained, to some extent, in the census reports of 1911 and 1921 by the disappearance of traditional rural industries and the substitution of small plants for primitive and handmade processes of manufacture which tends not to increase the number of those who figure in the returns as industrial workers, but to reduce them. This tendency of non-agricultural classes to decline is evident from the beginning of this century and even before, and it worked gradually in reducing numbers of this class decade by decade. Thus the change that took place in occupational distribution over 50 years is not in favour of economic progress and this fact, coupled with the deterioration in agrarian structure and with the lack of new employment opportunities, is depressing production levels and living standards and is working as obstacle for any further development.

Land Use And Population

THE area under forests, actual cultivation, current fallows and cultivable waste in 1900-1901 was

6.2, 11.1, 3.6 and 5.2 million acres respectively and the corresponding figures for 1948-49 were 7.5, 16.2, 4.4 and 6.7 respectively. The percentage increase over half a century of each item is 21.0, 45.9, 22.2, and 109.4 respectively which shows an all-round increase under all heads. This is so because the land surveyed and brought under cultivation as well as occupation was increased during these years. The area under irrigation in 1900-1901 was 2.1 million acres and it rose to 4.9 million acres or by 133.3 per cent in 1948-49. As a result of bringing more land under cultivation and of an increase in the area irrigated the gross area sown increased from 11.8 to 18.4 million acres or 55.1 per cent between 1900-01 and 1948-49. But the net area sown did not increase as rapidly as population increased as the rise in acreage was only 45.9 per cent during these years. This, along with the rise in the proportion of agricultural classes to the total population as shown by the figures of occupational distribution, reduced the ratio of land per man with the inevitable repercussions of increased under-employment and low incomes.

A change in the crop pattern took place during the 50 years commencing from 1899-1900. The area under food crops increased from 9.6 million acres to 14.3 million acres or by 49.1 per cent between 1899-1900 and 1948-49. But the proportion of food crops acreage to the gross sown area declined from 81.4 to 77.7 per cent during these years. This is so because the decline in acreage under cereals other than paddy and pulses was not compensated by the all-round increase in other crops viz., paddy, sugar, food and vegetables etc. The rise in the acreage of paddy was substantial as it increased from 18.5 to 41.7 lakhs in between these years and the percentage increased i.e., 125.4 was greater than the percentage increase of population. The acreage under non-food crops rose from 21.9 to 41.1 lakhs of acres in between these years and their proportion in the total area sown registered a rise from 18.6 to 22.3 per cent. The area under

tobacco and cotton and other fibres registered a phenomenal increase, i.e., 600 and 171 per cent respectively. The tendency, though slight, is to increase the proportion of non-food crops in the total sown area and the increase in the prices for non-food crops when compared to food-crops after 1940 was mainly responsible for this tendency.

Agrarian Structure

By agrarian structure we mean the institutional framework of agricultural production which includes land tenure, distribution of the ownership of farm property, land tenancy, organisation of credit, production and marketing, mechanism of financing, taxation and services supplied by the Government. From the point of view of the above aspects, the agrarian structure of Andhra will be analysed.

As the ryotwari system of land tenure existed since a long time and over large areas, and as Zamindaris were abolished, the legal or customary ownership of land is no longer subject to the drawbacks from which a feudal or a tribal system of ownership suffers heavily. But the absentee ownership of land and the ownership of land by some in big amounts still demand an immediate reform. In the absence of statistics with regard to the extent of holdings of these two classes, their impact on production and on social relations cannot be measured exactly but it can be said that land reforms in these two cases are necessary in order to see that agricultural produce is more equitably distributed than it is the case at present and that uneconomic holdings be converted into economic holdings by the distribution of the lands taken from landlords and also from absentee owners.

The distribution of ownership of the farm property between various sizes registered drastic changes and the problems resulting from such changes are assuming large proportions. Exact information about the size of holdings is not available but the figures prepared for land revenue settlement about pattas, assessment and extent for the ryotwari areas will enable us to know the

general trend about the size of holdings. The number of pattas, each patta roughly corresponding to one holding, increased from 10.39 to 21.64 lakhs or by 108.2 per cent between 1901 and 1941 and the total extent of holdings increased from 98.25 to 118.65 lakhs acres or by 20.8 per cent during these years. While population increased by 38 per cent during this period, the rise in the acreage was only 20.8 per cent which means a reduction in the per capita availability of land and an increase in the number of small holdings. As a result of the phenomenal rise in the pattas, the average size of the holdings has fallen from 9.5 to 5.5 acres, the fall being greater in the lowest assessment group paying Rs. 10 and less. In the lowest assessment groups paying Rs. 10 and less, and Rs. 30 and less but over Rs. 10, holdings increased by over 200 per cent while the extent rose only by 148 per cent. In the higher assessment groups paying Rs. 50 and less but over Rs. 30, and Rs. 100 and less but over Rs. 50 holdings registered very small increase but their extent witnessed 11.5% fall. This shows that the tendency was for a wider distribution in the ownership of property but this fact did not benefit the ryot as the average size of holding particularly in the lower assessment group has gone down. Sub-division of land as the result of the operation of the existing inheritance laws is mainly responsible for the enormous increase in holdings and decrease in their average size. This along with its inevitable concomitant fragmentation offers serious obstacles in stepping up per capita or per acre agricultural yields. Little attempt has been made to remedy this evil even though it was recognised in the first decade of the century except encouraging Consolidation Co-operative Societies which numbered 22 and consolidated 1463 acres by the end of June 1945 in the whole of the Madras State. This is an urgent and serious problem that must be tackled immediately if further deterioration has to be stopped and agricultural production has to be increased. Land reforms for the distribution of property which will increase the average size of holdings

by distributing the lands taken away from the absentee owners and big landlords accompanied by compulsory consolidation may go a long way in solving the problem of small holdings.

Tenancy system does not occupy a significant place in the agrarian structure of Andhra at present. Until recently tenancy used to be prevalent in Northern Circars particularly in Vizag and Srikakulam Districts but with the abolition of the Zamindaris their importance was reduced. Absentee landlords and big land owners still provide scope for the existence of tenants and the fact that tenants and their dependents amount to more than 15 lakhs demands a solution as it has been widely accepted that tenancy system if accompanied by high rents and insecure occupancy rights will hamper production.

In a land of small holdings, low incomes and excessive dependence on seasons, the proper organisation of credit, production and marketing, the mechanism for providing finance, and Government services assume significant role in stepping up of production and of incomes. As far as organisation of credit and marketing are concerned, some effort has been made in our State. The Government as well as co-operatives undertook the work of providing credit mechanism, and Primary Co-operative Societies for short term credit were functioning from the second decade of this century and Land Mortgage Banks were organised since the thirties to provide long-term credits. Sale Co-operatives were also organised to sell agricultural produce. But their growth is tardy, membership is limited, area covered is small, loans advanced are meagre and the co-operation that they could enlist from the agriculturist is scanty.

Short term credit needs for meeting the expenses connected with annual agricultural operations were estimated at Rs. 100 per acre of wet land and at Rs. 50 per acre of dry land. The total requirements of Andhra which is having about 5 million acres of wet land and 11 millions acres of dry land will be about

Rs. 105 crores. Making allowance for one-third to be self-financed by the ryots themselves, the total requirements would be Rs. 70 crores. The total amount needed for long term credit for the purchase and improvement of land was estimated at Rs. 7 crores for the whole of the Madras State and for Andhra it may come to 3 to 5 crores. As regards the repayment of debt, long term loans are needed. The total rural debt of the Madras State was estimated at Rs. 175 crores in 1945 by C. W. D. Zacharias after introducing certain modifications in the calculations of Sri B. V. Narayanaswamy and this works out at Rs. 40.8 per head. Per capita debt of Andhra area was higher than the Madras State and so the Andhra share in the total state rural debt can be estimated at Rs. 85 to 90 crores. The debt charges excluding the Districts of Nellore and Chittoor were calculated at Rs. 9,328 per family and that comes to 32.8% of the total income of these families. The debt as well as the charges are highly burdensome to the cultivator.

Some attempt was made by the Government and the co-operatives to supply long term and short term credit. Loans were advanced under the Land Improvement and Agriculturists' Loans Acts to the ryots by the Government and they amounted to 3.4 crores during 1921 and 1941 for the whole state in which the portion of the Andhra areas was 1.3 crores. It works out at a rate of Rs. 65 lakhs per annum. The loans advanced by primary co-operative societies and Land Mortgage Banks never exceeded Rs. 1 crore per annum before 1941 for the Andhra area. The help given by these 2 agencies was very meagre and did not amount to more than 2 per cent of the estimated requirements. And as a result, money lenders continued to hold key position in agricultural finance and are exacting exorbitant interest. The Madras Agriculturists Relief Act of 1938 which provides for compulsory scaling down of debts could scale down only Rs. 5 crores in the whole of the State and it proved insufficient to tackle the problem of the repayment of debt. As a result of the

lack of proper credit facilities, the peasant was forced to succumb to the exactions of the money lender and the debt charges continued to increase. Permanent solution for the debt problem and the supply of credit are the need of the hour. As far as debt repayment is concerned, measures have to be taken to wipe it out completely if we want our agriculturists to start on a clean slate. Resort has to be made to compulsory co-operation with further State initiative and assistance to meet the credit needs of agriculture.

To measure the impact of taxes on agricultural classes is not possible as there is no data to calculate it. But the existence of the flat rate of land tax while small holdings are increasing and the imposition of consumption taxes on necessities increased the tax burden of the small ryots and the rise in agricultural prices did not benefit them. Further the benefit of the agricultural classes secured so far from the Government expenditure was very little. No proper mechanism existed to provide facilities on a large scale to rural people. Large amount of Government spending for the extension of education and welfare services among the rural people is urgent if they have to profit by structural changes to be introduced.

Thus in Andhra, as it is the case in other States and the Union generally, the institutional framework of agricultural production is highly defective and is not only deteriorating present living standards but also obstructing any further improvement. The position in some states like Bombay and Punjab is better than Andhra in this regard. In Andhra also deficiencies have to be tackled within a reasonably short period of time if further deterioration has to be stopped.

Industrial Development

AGRICULTURE today suffers not only from the defects inherent in its institutional framework, but also from the excessive numbers who are dependent on it. The productivity of agriculture and the level of

incomes of the population dependent on it can be improved by reforms in tenure and organisation but they will not prove beneficial in the long run if the problem of providing non-agricultural employment to many now dependent on agriculture is not solved at the same time. Industrial development is therefore essential and in fact is the only solution. The scope for the development of basic industries is meagre in Andhra as coal and basic minerals are not available in it. Development of Industries that are connected with agriculture and modernisation of the processes of cottage and small scale industries are the possible lines of development to be profitably pursued. The following suggestions can be made for the economic development of Andhra in the near future.

1. A Commission has to be appointed immediately to study facts about the economic structure of Andhra and to work out a plan for the economic development of Andhra.
2. Land tenure reforms are necessary to solve the problems of tenancy and small holdings. A maximum ceiling on land holdings should be placed and the land available as a result should be distributed in such a way that it will increase the average size of the present holdings. Absentee land ownership has to be abolished and occupancy rights should be conferred on tenants.
3. Network of co-operative institutions should be extended so as to cover credit, production, marketing and consumption and their membership must be made compulsory. Multi-purpose co-operatives have to be encouraged.
4. All rural debt should be wiped out.
5. Government facilities and services to the rural population should be extended.
6. Water resources have to be harnessed for purposes of irrigation and industrial development.
7. Industries connected with agriculture should be developed immediately and modern processes of manufacture have to be introduced in cottage and small scale industries.

TRIBUTE TO TRIVEDI

By N. P.

WITHIN a few weeks of his residence in Madras, Sri Chandulal Madhavlal Trivedi, the Governor-designate of the new Andhra State, created a tremendous impression amongst the people. This is his third Governorship. In the very last year of British power in India, he was Governor of Orissa. In 1947, he was sent to govern the East Punjab, and he was there for five years. In the wake of our freedom that State had many turbulent problems awaiting the tried hand of Sri Trivedi. He faced them all squarely. First of all, it was a border State for the country; then, there was the eternal Hindu-Sikh wrangling in group politics causing frequent head-aches to New Delhi. But the firm hand of Sri Trivedi put everything in its proper place. He governed the State with sympathy and understanding, and those who watched him in office felt unlimited admiration for his sagacity in handling affairs in an astute, statesmanly manner. And in his five years there, he not only established peace and concord amidst the people, but helped to improve the economic position. The speed with which the new capital of the State, Chandigarh, rose up is largely due to Sri Trivedi's initiative and enterprise. It is administrative genius that now comes to the new State, Andhra. The Andhras are really lucky in securing a devoted servant of the people at *Raj Bhavan* in Kurnool.

Living in a portion of the Madras *Raj Bhavan*, in Guindy, Sri Trivedi set up his provisional secretariat at Fort St. George and tackled Andhra affairs in a matter of fact manner. What distinguishes him most from the rest of the ICS men of recent years, is his profound sense of duty. He is regular and systematic in discharging the tasks pertaining to his sphere. He is punctual in attending office, and goes straight to work at his desk, and continues at it till the lunch-hour. He is back again after lunch, and works till sunset. He sets up the example, and expects his subordinates to fall into line with it.

He is also a stern task-master and expects everyone to do his duty letter-perfect. He has generally a working day of sixteen hours, but busy as he is, he still finds extra time to do whatever he wants to do. Sri Trivedi is not indifferent to social life, either. He manages to have enough time for parties and for meeting friends.

One day, Sri Sanjeeva Reddy was a bit late in arriving for a conference with the Governor. He then spoke frankly and firmly and told the Congress leader that he should be business-like in attending to his public duties, taking the time factor as all important. He is reported to have asked Sri Reddy, in good humour, whether his watch was keeping correct time, even as Queen Victoria in her day told a Minister that he should either change his watch, or she would have to change him from the office he was holding. Sri Trivedi is said to have infused a keen sense of discipline amongst his subordinates in the *Special Officer's Secretariat* in Madras.

When he arrived in Madras a few weeks ago, he sent for a military officer and asked how many tents the army could spare for Kurnool? Very few, was the reply. Then, he asked him to get in touch with Delhi and secure as many tents as possible from other unit-centres as well, since administrative business should go on in the new Andhra capital, according to schedule. "But I am on the verge of transfer", pleaded the military officer. Sri Trivedi raised his eye-brows in surprise, and retorted: "It does not matter when you go, but as long as you are here, you are expected to do your duty." The tents were of course got, and it was all Sri Trivedi's grand idea. He gets things done, as they should be, and within the quickest time possible.

NEXT he sent for an engineer of the Government and instructed him to hurriedly tar a few roads in the Andhra capital. The engineer appears to have pleaded that he had no time at his disposal to finish the job. "Only a few days are there before us", he said. Sri Trivedi remarked pungently: "Well, what of the

nights? Get going!" The work then went on and Kurnool's main thoroughfares now present an appearance befitting the dignity of a State capital.

The all-round drive that Sri Trivedi gave to Andhra affairs, sitting in Madras has rendered possible the inauguration of the Andhra State on the date decided, with Kurnool as capital. If what he has done within the past few weeks is any index for what he will yet do from Kurnool, then the Andhras may well be assured that they will see a *golden age* in their new history right from the beginning, with such a Governor in office with so keen a sense of duty, to put things in order everywhere in the State.

SRI CHANDULAL TRIVEDI comes from the Bombay State, and no Gujerati civilian has shown so much administrative wisdom in recent years as he. Educated in the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and St. John's Col-

lege, Oxford, he was twenty four when he entered the ICS. He started as a civilian in the old Central Provinces. Then he went as Deputy Secretary in the Home Department to Delhi. Later, he was Commissioner in Berar before becoming Chief Secretary in Nagpur. In 1942, he was once again called to New Delhi to become the First Indian Secretary of the War Department. The British rulers had respect, confidence and admiration for him, but in truth he was by no means servile to them. He had integrity and independence, and he prized *duty* above everything else. Now at sixty, he has good health, thanks to his systematic working and methodical living. He is plain-spoken and tolerates no wrongs from any quarter, nor does he commit any. He is the type of honest and diligent civil servant, that India needs if the country is to achieve greatness in the world.

It is dangerous to make man see how like he is to animals without keeping his greatness in view. It is dangerous, also to show him his greatness and not his baseness; and still more to leave him ignorant of both. But it is most profitable to picture to him one and the other—*Pascal*



Sri Tenneti Viswanadham speaking at a preview of Avvaiyar at Gemini Studios, Madras.

DEBUT

The brutes were closing in, their eyes blazing, staring at him balefully

PRBHAKAR was in the sunniest mood, his mind brimming with cheerfulness and his head introverting utopias of his future life. For his dream—the long-cherished dream that he should become a star in the firmament of filmdom—had almost materialised. Only the previous day, the Moonshine Producers, impressed with the histrionic talent he had displayed in the recent college-drama, had offered him the main role in their new hit. The contract was signed. Shooting was to commence next week. No wonder he was thrilled at the prospect of making his debut before the flash-lights and amidst strange surroundings.

The venue of the first scene was an open space in a forest. A mile away, rose a chain of mountains clothed with green vegetation and silhouetted against the turquoise sky. A furlong to the right, a stream meandered along. Beyond the stream the caravan of the Moonshine Producers had encamped to squeeze the best out of this beauty spot. Their giant apparatuses were ready to go into operation.

Prabhakar was on the sets. He was saddled on a steed ambling leisurely in the middle of the glade. In spite of his apparent enthusiasm, he was inwardly a little excited. He had not been given adequate training to handle a horse since the Producers were anxious to finish the picture and release it as early as possible that they might steal a march over their rivals who too had embarked on the production of a film with the same theme but under a different name. He feared that he was likely to meet with a disaster if the gee-gee indulged in pranks. He felt that he was more or less poised on the brink of tragedy. But could

he cry off and let the opportunity slip when his goal was in sight? Was not the path leading to glory rugged and thorny? He was conscious of these things. Only this consciousness invigorated him to face the ordeal.

The cameraman had perched himself on a specially-erected dias with his equipment. The director retired to his position after giving the 'hero' necessary instructions. Some assistants and menials were swarming around them. The camera was about to be switched on.

Just then the ground rumbled—distracting the attention of the party.

Before they could think of what it meant, unending rows of bisons emerged from the dense foliage a little far off. The sight of so many brutes crowding the plain completely unnerved Prabhakar.

The director, the cameraman and others were no less frightened. In their eagerness to save themselves, they scuttled to the studio-van with their baggages, stranding the 'hero.' Prabhakar cried hysterically: "You are all deserting me! Come back! Help, help! I am ruined!" The director was kind enough to shout back: "Ah, silly hero, how timid you are! Spur your horse and you can reach our tents in the twinkling of an eye." So saying he flung himself into the wagon and it whirled to the opposite bank of the stream near their encampment. Then the diligent cameraman jumped out from the van and began to photograph from various angles the breath-taking view of the mass of wild bisons cantering majestically with their heads held aloft. The director and the assistants too boldly got down to see how their 'hero' was faring under the circumstances.

SHORT STORY

By

S. RENGACHARI

Still Prabhakar was screaming, screaming at the top of his voice till he realised the gap between him and the animals was fast narrowing down. Yes, soon the brutes would be upon him. He desperately spurred the horse. It galloped to his delight, in the direction of the river. His joy however was short-lived. For the creature stopped abruptly, then reared and plunged so violently that he was overthrown. Whinnying with glee over its manœuvre, the horse sped towards the tent.

THE whole troupe that had been enjoying the antics of Prabhakar from a safe distance now awoke to his imminent danger. Any attempt to rescue him was too late. Some viewed his plight listlessly and some with sympathy. And all the while the cameraman was assiduously engaged in wielding his camera.

Luckily Prabhakar was not seriously injured. He lay huddled on the ground, groaning in pain. The earth under him quivered. With each moment the thudding of the hooves grew more obstreperous. His heart was in his mouth. He was sure his life would be extinct in a moment or two.

He rose with great difficulty. The brutes were closing in, their eyes blazing, staring balefully at him. He stood stock-still, shut his eyes instinctively to ward off the hypnotic terror of those converging looks and muttered something as if in prayer, folding his hands.

An acid breath tried to suck him backward. A hail of dust and gravel assaulted him like brimstones and fumes from an eruptive volcano. Huge bodies emitted startled grunts before him, then suddenly swerved right and left of him with a hollow banging of horns and flashed by, carried on by the terrific momentum, thrust forward by other onrushing waves.

Then the furious drumming of the hooves was no longer around him. It was fading gradually away. With a sigh of relief, Prabhakar opened his eyes to assure himself of the extent of hurt to his body. Except for dirt-caked eyes and throat choked with filth, pain and

sweat, he was spared. He thanked his stars for his miraculous escape. But try as he might he couldn't quell his anger against the director and the whole blasted lot of them who had failed to come to his aid in a crisis. Now his ambition to become a film star had almost died in him; for an actor's life, he concluded, was ever in jeopardy, particularly in the midst of such heartless company.

He began to stumble his way to the tent. Presently the studio-van arrived, screeching. The party poured out from it, and congratulated him on his ability to preserve himself in the face of dire peril. The director observed:

"Your action on the occasion was natural and superb. In all probability you will be chosen the best actor of the year. What a success you are to have in your maiden appearance."

The scenarist approached him and patting his back said:

"I have made a slight alteration in the original story due to the unexpected intrusion of the bison. But you see, this occurrence has lent a realistic atmosphere to the scenario, heightened the tempo. What an imaginative actor you are, my friend!"

The cameraman shook hands with him. "Thanks, thanks, my worthy Prabhakar," he said; "only because of you, my art today has reached the acme of perfection. The shots which I have taken of you and the bison will no doubt stamp me as the best photographer of our country."

ALL these remarks only irritated Prabhakar. Instead of sympathising with him for his providential escape he thought, they were having their fun out of him. The donkeys! He would have kicked at them or at least poured out the feelings of his embittered heart had not the glamorous 'heroine' stepped down and greeted him with a smile—a smile of such ravishing sweetness. His anger was dissolved by the sight of her as the mist by the morning sun. She cooed:

"How did you feel, darling, amidst the bison?"

Grinning rather fatuously, he replied subtly:

"Ah, it was an extremely pleasant experience. I wish my friends and

colleagues—but not you, my dear,—had shared it!"

He took her hand and pranced along with her to the car, chuckling over his sarcasm that had obviously bowled out the director & co.

THE BULLOCK CART

By

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I HAVE often been tempted to make a humorous documentary film on the traffic vagaries that one has the good fortune of seeing in the City of Madras. Among the better places from the study of what our roads can offer are the level crossings; and among the things that present the largest variety of sights solemn and lively—second only to the bicycle in comic but much more dignified—is our bullock cart.

The bullock cart is truly the conveyance of the leisured, much more so than the motor car; its riders have never known the meaning of haste nor ever felt the prick of its exigencies. Like the steady yet inexorable passage of time, the transit of the sun through solstice and equinox, the flux and reflux of the seasons, like the unfailing rhythm of life, the bullock cart plies along our roads and streets in manner grave or gay, with contents grave or gay. It lends itself to the rustic joys of group singing on tedious journeys, or to abandoned sleep induced by the steady meditative pose of the oxen; the cart is as adaptable to any kind of load as a conveyance may well be, open for all to see like a picture gallery or secluded and intimate as a boudoir, fit for the wildest romance. As for speed, well, if you are for sitting it out, you can; but if you are for walking it, you can always catch it up and take a rest were you so minded.

A bullock cart can be a handsome vehicle; do not run away with the idea that it need look as decrepit and dishevelled as it sometimes does. Oh no. Dishevelled, it is a work-a-day wagon, carrying bastions of brick,

boatloads of sand—the boats are woven of cocoanut fronds and held between spikes on the fringes of the carriage—stooks of straw massed high like a rick, packed from the extreme tail-end to the last inch of the yoke that there is no place for the cartman to sit and he walks by the side of the bullocks, leading them; vegetables of all-kinds and such a tangle of *impedimenta* in the process of moving house as will inspire an artist to paint it and enable him to make a first class reputation. In its exalted aspect it can really be lovely, its hood of shining canvas ousting the one of bamboo ribs and matting and sackcloth, its interior cushioned and cosy to yield the maximum comfort, its ornate body lightly balanced on springs, with a let-down step of gleaming brass, the spokes and nave and rim of its wheels painted gaily.

Archaeologically, the bullock cart is the descendant of the "two-wheeled chariot first depicted as a vehicle reserved only for the gods." The gods liked horse power for their celestial peregrination, and the rulers of the earth being god-anointed shared the divine predilection for the winged steed: the wealthy in their turn, plagiarized the gaudy landaus and broughams—modifications of the chariot—of the ruling class, but the ordinary man saw the advantage of having bullocks, wonderful draught animals which stood the rigours of the heat and cold better than horses and their taste in the matter of food being less evolved. And he could dispense with the nosebag, an equine luxury.

A BULLOCK CART can be as individualistic as a bicycle, with a personality all its own, when it is a *rekla* drawn by that smart little animal, the pony bullock.

The *rekla* is a vivacious variation of the bullock cart, just as the sporting car is of the limousine, not necessarily useful, but like humour that enlivens life, necessary for its poise and picturesque. It acts like a tuning fork on a star, or in its glory of motion resembles a solo dancer decorating her steps to the soft melody of her ankletbells. Though the little bullock wears a demure face its diminutive stature which holds such great nimbleness causes much merriment. It is the carriage of the dandy who on his throne is the centre of interest with no rivals to debilitate his personality. And a romantic touch is added to his figure for the *rekla* supplies the exciting Derby to the local Park Fair gala.

But we have digressed. For the *rekla* after all is a digression howsoever delightful. Let us get back again to the bullock cart.

The bullock cart is an excellent worker both by day and night. It crystallizes the wisdom of the peasant. It is a symbol of bucolic simplicity and dignity. It is a slow-motion picture of patience, "of toil unsevered from tranquillity." But although slow it is reliable, with precious little to go wrong. And as for speed even those magnificent red tractors, so widely advertised today, and which thunder along the roads ploughing up the surface the municipalities take such pains to lay down, even these much-vaunted tractors cannot do more than four miles an hour. And that is no challenge to the bullock cart.

THIS is the era of speed and yet more speed, generated by steam, petrol and electricity. All these agencies are dangerous in spite of the fact that man's control over them can be immediate, but once they rebel against it and give vent to their blind fury there is hell to pay. But you can generate the speed of the bullock cart by an armful of grass, a handful of gram, a piece of copra, a couple of cotton—or oil-cakes to the bullock. Moreover, it is a different quality of speed, different from the grass-grown, for the mechanical doesn't come upon one as a personal awareness. Somebody

says that somebody else has done two hundred miles an hour in an aeroplane—and even when one is travelling by plane, train or car one doesn't feel the sensation of speed—remarks on the velocity may be pushed to the last gasp of verbal exaggeration, it may or may not move us. But riding in a bullock cart the speed is a personal experience as, for instance, we feel when we have set out by a cart at seven o'clock of a morning from a village and reached another by five in the evening. The movements of the vehicle are sensitive and various, straining itself around bends and corners, jogging stoically up gradients and down inclines, and gliding into the level of the road, a bullock cart is animate every moment; we feel every little bump, every little revolution of the wheel, the jolt, the jar, the cuff, the caress of Mother Earth. Further, the bullock cart is in perfect tune with the law of Nature, acknowledging her eminence with humbleness, submitting gracefully to her whimsies, whereas plane, train or car has a sublime, mechanical contempt for the elementary law. They establish a law of their own which, naturally enough, is labour-saving according to their own code of ethics whereby they allow the landscape to rush past. In a bullock cart, however, there is no such deputation. It itself takes the trouble to pass the trees and the telegraph poles, the aqueducts, the embankments, and you are aware of it—all the distinct features of the panorama. Under skies spread like shawls beyond the dream of Kashmir, through the blaze of noon, beneath the light of stars with a waxing or waning moon, in utter darkness and solitude, in all weathers and all hours, the bullock cart moves along dusty country tracks, between trees and fields and on barren plains, and with the same lumbering ease on the asphalt and concrete roads of the city, with its garish shop-windows and countless tumults and squalors. It is as much a part of the rural landscape, keeping the old world young, as of the Madras scene, and like all true culture retains its essential charm and poise. Especially in the urban set-

ting it often displays a bubbling sense of the ridiculous—when it doesn't run into accidents of course—a quiet spurt of fun which gives birth to the genuine comic spirit. It threads its unhurried way along the crowded thoroughfare, as if the freedom of the city has been conferred on it, but suddenly the motorman clatters the bell in the tram, the horn of a car honks, and vaguely conscious of traffic regulations the cartman draws reins, the wheels take an oblique cut to graze tram or car, and to the shout of good-humoured oaths—sometimes not very good-humoured—the bullocks lift their heads in mild inquisitiveness to see who it is that has broken the even tenor of their pace. The bullock cart doesn't question the precedence of anything wheeled, any aggressive usurper. It resumes its unhurried way, feeling no snobbish delight at being passed by a whirlwind roadster any more than it resents being overtaken by the washerman's donkey. Nor is its spirit in any way thwarted or subdued even though it carries a boisterous marriage party, to the hilarious tinkle of the collar-bells of the bullocks, to the opulent glitter of the ornamental metal caps on their horns.

Once I remember while riding in a bullock cart from the railway station to my village, a streamlined auto, all silver and indigo, came darting behind, then stopped short humming like a hive of bees, the horn tooted for the right of passage, but the road was narrow and the cartman showed such supine indifference; blow your horn till you burst, he hissed, patting the backs of the bullocks; and the creatures sprang forward like leopards and kicking out clouds of dust that

obliterated the twentieth century marvel the antediluvian rattled on, thrilled with its momentary victory. Victory, did I say? Oh no. For, a furlong up, where the road was broader, the bullocks slowed down and the car flashed past, blaring its superiority! How amusing it all was! But if some vital part of this internal combustion engine had collapsed, or it had run out of petrol and there was no filling station within twenty miles, its occupants would have had to be at the mercy of the bullock cart for a 'lift', or it would have had to wait for one of its own kind for help. No such prostration for the bullock cart, please; its nervous system is free of complexities.

The bullock cart existed as a means of transport in India in B. C. 2500, it exists still, four thousand years after, despite the technical miracles mobility has achieved. To the villager it is the main standby of his locomotion, and as for the townsman, well, however sophisticated he may be, once a while the sight of it makes him nostalgic for the simple, old-world pleasures, the merry harvest festivities, for the healing spirit of the pastoral idyll, for humanity in the rustic way of life.

THE bullock cart is a perpetual challenge to the assertions of modernity. In country or town it has a Chaplinesque charm, the pagan enchantment of a waif when it fades out in the distances. It defies the invasion of the aesthetic in Nature by the artificial perfection of the Machine. It is the most primitive and romantic—two vital attributes, two indestructible verities of which man is made.

(By courtesy: AIR, Madras)

Science Divorced from Ethics

If India had been in a position to speak with authority at the time of the American atomic-warfare tests at Bikini atoll, we would have heard, not only through the Indian press but from the official diplomatic sounding-boards of the world, a message of great importance to us. We would have learned that without quite committing a social crime, we were following the pattern of crime, and were guilty of national blasphemy, not of a grave offence against Russia or even against peace, but against the dignity of man and the harmony of nature. . . . The Indians could have explained to us why our guilt was real and not superstitious.—From *Richer By Asia*, by Edmond Taylor: Quoted in *Manas*

NEW BOOKS

JOHN GALSWORTHY

By R. H. Mottram

Published for the British Council & the National Book League
Longmans Green & Co. Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford St., London W 1
2s net

AMONG the celebrated names like Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, and Rudyard Kipling at the beginning of the present century is John Galsworthy, but distinguished from his compeers for his profounder sensibility and passion for gentleness in an unruly world, for his meditative philosophy which apprehended and expressed truth in its totality. Born into one of the English upper classes—the smaller gentry or landed proprietors—he portrayed its acquisitive instincts, clannishness, and sentimental notions of Empire with the ardour of a “humanitarian moralist”—as Joseph Conrad called him; he was too much of a gentleman to be even a stage rebel. And it is he, more than any other writer of his generation or of the two generations following, who has had the strongest influence in forming in the international reader's mind a lively conception of English life and character—albeit a microcosm, but very powerful, of the British community.

“When Shaw wrote his withering prefaces everyone laughed. He was a disgruntled Irishman. That was funny. When Wells provided new and better worlds everyone smiled. He was a frustrated suburbanite and wanted visionary things. That was entertaining. When Belloc and Chesterton satirized with continental bitterness the ‘Jewish Financiers’ and Protestant Settlement, they were indulged. For they looked and talked like medieval Frenchmen. That was quaint. But when Galsworthy painstakingly lifted as it were ‘The Times’ from the sleeping form of the upper classes and showed what was beneath, everyone was . . . not shocked, for Galsworthy himself was one of the upper classes. But there

was a feeling of having been caught as if with one's dress in disarray showing what one would fain conceal. One could neither ignore, nor deny, nor laugh it off. Least of all could he.”

So writes R. H. Mottram, famous author of *The Spanish Farm*, in his study, *John Galsworthy*, the thirty-eighth in the series “Writers and their Work,” issued by the British Council. An output of seventeen novels, twenty-six plays, twelve volumes of collected short stories, essays, *belles lettres*, poems—they constitute the glorious record of Galsworthy's creed originating, growing, and reaching its final fulness through phases and stages—from the man-about-town into a man with a purpose in life: forsaking his career at the Bar, passing the rigours of a hard apprenticeship to authorship, waiting in wretchedness for nine years to make an ultimately happy marriage, having the twofold honour of being knighted and refusing a knighthood—from the unknown pseudonymous ‘John Sinjohn’ to John Galsworthy, O. M., Nobel Laureate, President of the P. E. N. Club the national and international celebrity, whose temperament has been described as “that of a complete artist, rounded off by the emotion of a noble heart and the disquietude of a courageous thought.”

Mr. Mottram has done his study exceedingly well. It is a beautiful personal tribute, without any reservation, to one whom he knew closely. But there is no extravagance. Criticism, here, is so well bred, so sincere, that one wants straightaway to read Galsworthy's plays and novels and stories and poems and not his



Galsworthy

official biography by H. V. Marrot or criticisms on his work by Coats and Schalit and Croman and Davies. Mr. Mottram shows to others what he saw as a good reader himself of Galsworthy, and not as one out to propound aesthetic theories, slugging critical dogmas. His compendium affirms the tenderness, the spontaneous compassion of a sensitive creative artist who held simplicity very high in social and spiritual matters; whose love of dogs and horses and birds and flowers was rooted in the core of his being and who was moved by the “earthy miracle of the marching generations,” (so authentically chronicled in the *Forsyte Saga*).

“One of the greatest charms of authorship is the privilege it gives the author of studying the secret springs of many unseen persons, of analysing human nature through the criticism that his work evokes—criticism welling out of the instinctive likings or aversions, out of the very fibre of the human being who delivers it; criticism which often seems to leap out against the critic's will, startled like a fawn from some deep bed of sympathy or antipathy.”

This is a quotation from Galsworthy's preface to his novel, *The Island Pharisees*; the deep bed of sympathy or antipathy is always veiled over with the spirit's starry light, and to the voice rising gently from it, Mr. Mottram's is a gentle echo.

MITRA

Capital and Labour in the Jute Industry

By Indrajit Gupta

(Trade Union Series No. 1)

All India Trade Union Congress,
Bombay

8 as

WE have so many publications representing the interests of capital in the various industries that the voice of the Worker is lost in the wilderness. Except for the occasional reports of the proceedings of the labour tribunals where the representatives of the workers vent their grievances and which are forgotten as soon as they are published, there are no other means of knowing the

conditions of existence of this class. *Capital and Labour in the Jute Industry* by Indrajit Gupta is the first in the series, “T. U. Publications” sponsored by the All-India Trade Union Congress. This series is an attempt to deal with events from the point of view of the workers and to that extent it has to be welcomed.

Mr. Indrajit Gupta comes well fitted to the task since he has the academic background of a Cambridge scholar and the practical experience of a trade union worker. The jute industry is one of our most important dollar earners and hence the relations prevailing between capital and labour in that industry are of paramount importance. The author with a fine grip over facts is able to prove how under the managing agency system the British still hold a vital interest in the industry in spite of the growing Indianisation. He is also successful in pointing out how amidst cries of losses and accumulated stocks the leaders of the industry have amassed wealth. The chapter on ‘How the Workers Have Fared’ is especially revealing. He analyses the policy of paying piece-wages adopted in the jute industry, the awards of the two Industrial Tribunals and their conclusions. “In his report published in 1946, S. R. Deshpande stated that since 1939 ‘there has been no important change in the basic wage structure in the industry.’ At the time of this investigation, the D. A. (then known as ‘Amenity Allowance’) was Rs. 2 per week. *This means that during the entire period of World War II, 1939 to 1945, when the cost of living rose by 300 points, the 3 lakhs of jute workers secured practically no additions to their pre-war earnings.*” (Italics: author's). Comment is unnecessary. He also shows how the Tribunal's awards were ignored and the workers cheated out of their rights.

The other chapters deal with the organisational problems of the workers. It is eminently desirable that more booklets are brought out analysing the conditions in the other industries like the tea, cotton textiles etc.

V. V. S.

You and Your Heart

By Dr. H. M. Marvin, M.D., & Others
A Signet Book

The New American Library, N. Y.

25 cents

WITH regard to the popularization of medicine there are two schools of thought. One considers that the cooperation of the patient is essential to carry out investigations and for treatment. In order to achieve this the patient should understand and follow what is being done to him and why. The other view—fastly disappearing and rightly so too—is that popularization is dangerous as it is a potential breeder of imaginary diseases and the neurosis. Even those who hold this have to accept that a well-balanced and authoritative information is far better than cheap and sensational statements of half-truths.

You and Your Heart by Dr. H. M. Marvin, a former President of the American Heart Association, and other eminent cardiologists—all members of the American Heart Association—is a book which should go a long way in removing many misconceptions about the heart diseases. "This is not a selfhelp book; it does not seek to tell the reader how he can identify heart disease in himself or anyone else and treat it with simple home remedies." It is designed to enable the patient "to co-operate with his doctor for his own good, especially in matters of diet and exercise."

The book begins with describing the heart and its functions. This is followed by an interesting chapter on the history of heart and heart diseases. Congenital heart diseases and diseases of the coronary arteries,—the arteries supplying blood to the heart itself—form the succeeding chapters. The chapters on rheumatic fever and hypertension (high

blood pressure) are well written and are the cream of the book. Arteries and veins and their diseases have a chapter for themselves.

Prevention of heart diseases is a public health measure. "Public health does not mean the Government; it means the health of the public safeguarded by the State and the citizen each according to his abilities." Finally Dr. Marvin discusses the part our hectic civilization, high living, coffee, tea, tobacco, liquor, heredity etc., play in the incidence of heart disease.

Signet Publications have to be congratulated on this new venture and we hope they will bring to the lay reader books about the other systems and diseases.

V. VADANA RAO

JANUS

BETWEEN true marriage and incest,

Promethean, homosexual Janus!
Standing between east and west,
Facing Mars and facing Venus.

Sipping water, gorging wine,
Muddled between night and day,
Half divine and saturnine,
Made of marble, chipped of clay,

Nailed on the cross, winged with breath,

Flying between pole and pole,
Hanging between life and death,
Crucified body and soul.

O fiery spark, O frozen face,
Symbol of prenatal art,
Hide the grin and wicked grimace,
O Janus of the human heart!

M. CHALAPATHI RAO

Society is split up into two classes: the shearers and the shorn. We must always side with the former against the latter.—*Talleyrand*

Society, in causing evil, resembles that Indian serpent whose nest is in the plant which is the antidote for the reptile's venom: it almost always affords a remedy for the suffering it has given.—*Alfred de Musset*

ART IN THE NEW ANDHRA

By "ARTLOVER"

GEOGRAPHICAL divisions do influence art, but in the present set-up administrative divisions also seriously affect its progress or degeneration. While it may be argued that a unified State permits a synthesis of the different schools of art, and a free, unrestricted flow of ideas and talents among them, Indian culture has always believed in "unity in diversity" and therefore an administrative division on a linguistic and cultural basis is more likely to give a fillip to the local arts and talents and allow them to grow to their full stature. I therefore feel that as against the apprehensions of some artists and connoisseurs, the arts of Andhra Desa and Tamilnad are sure to find new scope for development by the bifurcation of the State.

Despite the shift of art patronage from the hands of ruling monarchs to the people in a democratic political structure, the place of art is in the capital and the publicity that the capital could give to the artists, continues to keep the capital city the centre of art activities. During the last few decades of artistic renaissance in the South, Madras, being the centre of officialdom and the educated, with its journals and cultural institutions, has been the only place in the State where any substantial artistic achievements could be attained and brought to limelight and public attention. In spite of the fact that Tanjore with its Saraswati Mahal or Madura with its great temple, might have been much more suitable as avenues for artistic activity, the administrative conveniences and the presence of the leading men of the State, educational institutions and media of publicity like newspapers and the broadcasting station in Madras City, inevitably led to the concentration of all art institutions, conferences, etc., in Madras. This has meant that an artist living in Madras or nearabout had an advantage over his colleagues

in the mofussil in the matter of gaining publicity for his talent and work, and for earning a good living, both of which are extremely essential for the progress of art. And while it is out of my sphere to discuss, the numerical strength of Andhras or others in the Madras City, or to question the importance they have in the life of the capital, as far as art life is concerned, it has been mainly a Tamil affair, whether it be music, dance or drama, and most of the *sabhas*, the yearly music and dance conferences, the Nataka Kazhagam, the music and dance schools, have all had an essential Tamil element. This could not perhaps be avoided, in spite of the fact that all the four linguistic areas in the South have developed common traditions of music, dance and drama, and practically the same styles of art are practised in Andhra, Tamilnad, Kerala and Mysore. The enlightened leaders of the States of Travancore, Cochin and Mysore, who had fortunately administrative set-ups, independent of Madras, took stock of the situation, and created centres of art in their own capitals for the promotion of local arts and talents. The opening of the Kerala Kala Mandalam, Chempakasseri Natanakala Mandalam, the Sri Chitra Narthakalayam—dance schools in Travancore and Cochin—the institution of music colleges in Travancore and Bangalore, the yearly music gatherings in Trivandrum, Mysore and Bangalore, the inauguration of the art gallery in Trivandrum, and the connected research work conducted by the State Government under the supervision of Dr. James Cousins, were the visible results of this movement, which gave birth to a number of good artists in these States, who gained all-India eminence, and which gave a new life to many of the dying arts of these States. Unfortunately, the Andhras have had a great disadvantage in this respect.

FAR away from the official capital, the Andhra artists have been depending on what little patronage they could command from the few enlightened zamindars in their region, and what good work they have been able to do has died within their linguistic limits, and their cry has rarely reached even the precincts of the capital or the offices of the State's leading newspapers. I have had the opportunity to see for myself the valuable research work done by some individual Andhra artists, but much of the talent that lies in the Andhra art-world is unable to reach the leaders of public opinion in the State. I have been many a time impressed by the tremendous potentialities the Andhra artists have in them. But except for some solitary instances like Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu, no Andhra musician, dancer or theatrical troupe has seen the State's art festivals, or gained the prominence or material prosperity that artists from the other linguistic regions have achieved. Stalwarts like Ramakrishnayya Pantulu have never participated in the Madras music festivals, while leading exponents of Bharata Natya and of dance-drama like Kuchipudi Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastri have remained unknown even to the professional dancers of Madras. The good work done by a cultured young man like Thandava Krishna of Vijayawada for reviving the Kuchipudi dance-drama and the extraordinary standards reached by the Telugu theatre have remained unrecognised and unrewarded. To give an instance, a young girl Rajeswari, disciple of Lakshminarayana Sastri, gave a few Bharata Natya items in the innovated Andhra style before the experts' committee of the South Indian Natyakala conference, with which I am privileged to be closely associated, and I dare say the girl demonstrated the great and latent possibilities of this art in the Andhra districts. I had also the opportunity to witness, at the last year's session of the Madras Music Academy, a demonstration by an amateur

research scholar in veena, and I felt that his work surpassed similar work elsewhere. I have seen some of the amateur dramatic troupes in Andhra whose standards are far superior to those of the professional dramatists of Madras who have gained much greater fame and wealth. In fact, even the standards of appreciation seem to be much greater in Andhra if I am to judge them by the collecting figures of my friend, Prithviraj Kapoor, whose unquestioned excellence failed to get a single capacity-house in Tamil centres, while his Vijayawada collections were as high as those in Lucknow or Allahabad, in spite of the linguistic handicap. In the field of painting, Andhra, with Rama Rao and Bapi Raju, has always been ahead of her neighbours and is sure to develop to greater heights, with a Government and State of her own. In the film sphere the Andhra actors and directors have always excelled, and the Andhra actors lead even in the Tamil film world today.

I do not believe there has been any intentional boycotting of Andhra talent by the leaders of public opinion or Government in Madras State at any time, but due to some practical difficulties of distance from the centre of activities, which artistes in Kerala, Mysore and even the farther districts of Tamilnad had suffered from, it has not been possible for the Andhra artistes to develop to their full possibilities, and even those who have done good work have not been able to bring it to the limelight.

The inauguration of the Andhra State therefore augurs well not only for the Telugu art-world, but for the vast world of Indian art.

LOVERS of art in Andhra should start a new movement for the renaissance of Andhra arts, as Madras did in the early thirties, and I am sure Andhra artists have a great future in the making. But I have a request to make to Andhra artists. Whatever be the political or administrative policies, please do not follow an isolationist policy in the art world.

To the New State— Greetings!

FROM R. SUBBIAH NAIDU C. I. E.

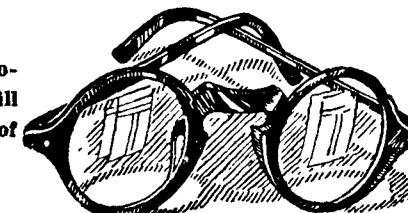
ON the eve of the formation of the new Andhra State, I hasten to offer my hearty congratulations to my Andhra compatriots on the achievement of their objective and my very best wishes to them for their future success and prosperity. The happiness and prosperity of the people should be the main aim in bringing about such an administrative separation. Improvement of language, literature and fine arts are only subordinate considerations. Administration in the language of the people should bring about greater contact and familiarity between the State and the people, and unless such an understanding results in the real improvement of the economic condition of the masses, this linguistic division would not be worth the expense and the sacrifice. And the sacrifice in this case has not been trivial. The long-standing association between the Telugus and the Tamils which is centuries old has been rent asunder. The cities that have been founded, the great institutions that have been developed, such as colleges, universities, libraries,

harbours, hospitals, etc., and the monumental works of irrigation and art that have been brought into being as a result of the united effort, have been abandoned. The inconvenience caused to the people has been great; and the recompense they will have for the great sacrifice is yet to be seen.

But a more compact and congenial administrative unit than the vast ill-formed conglomeration which is the present Madras State, with its tail up and head down (not an attractive figure on the map) is bound to result in more intensive effort for the betterment of the people. As one born and brought up in Andhra and as one who had spent the most impressionable period of his life amidst Andhra surroundings I cannot but contemplate the impending separation from my compatriots without a wrench in my heart. The pang is too sharp.

But this is not the occasion for the expression of such feelings. May the new State that will come into being on 1st October soon develop and expand as a result of the selfless co-operation of all and may it soon attain a position of importance wherefrom it may play a more glorious part in the future history of our Bharat, that is India!

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Menace of Overpopulation

By

S. ANANTARAM

DR. JOHN MATHAI chose a most appropriate subject for his recent address to the Commerce Graduates Association, Bombay, when he spoke on the present unemployment problem in the country and suggested some practical measures to solve it.

Dr. Mathai said. "The position is that except during the war unemployment has been steadily increasing because economic activity has failed to keep pace with the increase of population." He further stated: "Although we have been responsible for our own affairs practically since the war, we have overlooked the potential menace of growing unemployment."

Dr. Mathai offered some practical suggestions to meet the situation, but if he had omitted the all-important remedy of population-control, it was perhaps only due to the fact that he was mainly concerned with short-term remedies. Checking the alarming growth of population in India is not only desirable but absolutely necessary. Almost everyone has realised this with the exception of a few who dream that there are plenty of unexplored and hidden resources which remain to be developed.

The recent statistics of the Employment Exchanges point out that unemployment is steadily increasing and employment is steadily decreasing. There are countless number of persons who have not registered themselves with one Exchange or another and if we take them also into account it is revealed that the situation is positively alarming and is full of disastrous consequences.

The population of the country increases by four millions every year and no economic plan, however ambitious, will be able to provide employment to such a fantastically large increase. As we go along with our five year plans, creating new industries, increasing the land under cultivation, constructing irrigation dams and hydro-electric projects, thus increasing production and

employment, the population would be multiplying itself out of all proportion, nullifying the good effects of all planning and intensifying our difficulties with every succeeding year.

Higher production would require higher consumption which is possible only with increasing purchasing power of the people. This will be achieved as a result of higher per capita income which is impossible with the disproportionate increase in the population. Mere planning for higher production and consumption will never achieve the desired result unless effective plans are simultaneously evolved to bring down the growth of population.

It is very essential that the five-year plan should be executed and completed according to schedule so that a second and a third five year plan can be implemented, and more industries established which will absorb the increasing number of unemployed, and industrial and agricultural production multiplied thereby making higher consumption possible. It is equally essential that we plan for country-wide birth control and make every man and woman realise that it is his/her duty to help arrest the multiplication of unwanted human beings. It is not enough if the rich and educated, who can afford to have larger families practise birth control. The vast majority of the people who are both poor and illiterate, should have knowledge of birth control and should be made to realise their responsibilities.

It should be admitted that the Government have realised the importance of population control and have instituted a few pilot schemes. The pace is not fast enough. Publicity and propaganda are inadequate. It is not only the Central Government who should take interest but also others like the State Governments, city corporations, municipalities, the district boards, the village panchayats and in fact every citizen. If we fail to do our duty, we will only prove the Malthusian theory, and inevitably nature will take corrective action through war and violence, pestilence and epidemics with all the accompanying horrors and miseries.

THE DEFIANT LION OF ANDHRA

By V. V. PRASAD

NO two Andhras—like the two clocks of the proverb—ever seem to agree. If there are two Andhras, it is said, there are bound to be three opinions. Such atomic individualists seem to have been in complete agreement only on one question in Andhra politics in recent history. Congress and Communist, Praja-Socialist and Krishak-Lok, Brahmin and non-Brahmin, the peasant and the worker, and even the industrialist and the landlord have demanded that Prakasam—and none other—should be the Chief Minister of Andhra. And yet, there has been so much struggle by ambitious politicians for jockeying themselves into positions of influence and power that it appeared at one stage that Prakasam would be ignored by Delhi, and that Andhra would thereafter be plunged into chaos. But wiser counsel prevailed, and a stable government is guaranteed in Andhra at least for the next six months.

If the office of Chief Minister were an elective post like that of the President of the U. S. A., nobody else in Andhra would perhaps have even thought of contesting that office as long as Prakasam is alive. Prakasam in Madras and P. C. Ghosh in West Bengal were the two Chief Ministers who introduced measures which helped the poor people in the two States. But the vested interests promptly stepped in and ousted them from office. None else was touched by these vested interests! Prakasam has an instinctive understanding of the immediate needs of the people and the measures that would be required to satisfy them.

Prakasam, by his producer-cum-consumer co-operatives all over the Madras State, solved the food problem so well that we did not even know how serious the situation would have been but for his far-sighted measure. The F. A. O. Report pointed out in one of its Annual Reports

that these co-operatives had helped to avert a terrible famine on the scale of the Bengal famine. P. C. Ghosh, besides carrying on a war against the black-marketeers, won the affection of the Bengalis by bringing down the price of fish to a half or even to a third. This he did by eliminating the middle-men and by reducing profits. It is not a mere accident that the only two Ministries which were overthrown by the intrigues of the vested interests were those of Prakasam and Ghosh. In fact, one of the former Presidents of the Indian National Congress attacked Prakasam's producer-cum-consumer co-operatives on the ground that they eliminated the middle-men, while the middle-men were the chief supporters of the Congress Party!

THE story of Prakasam's tenure as Chief Minister of Madras for a period of one year (1945-46) is packed with great issues which have never been properly publicised. Many have said to me as to others: "If only Mr. Prakasam had taken So-and-So or Such-and-Such into his Cabinet, he could have continued to be Chief Minister." The implication that people should do anything and everything in order to keep themselves in power met with the approval of almost all people except Prakasam. As Chief Minister, Prakasam asserted his right to form his own Cabinet so that it could function as a team. He was not willing to countenance a Cabinet in which the Ministers looked to outsiders for their continuance in office. Mr. Kamaraj Nadar ultimately wanted only one nominee of his to be included in the Madras Cabinet—but Prakasam gave a firm "No." He made many enemies among the big guns of the Congress because he was not amenable to their suggestions. He wanted to do only what appeared to him to be right. It was a sorry chapter in the history of the Congress

that members of the Congress High Command should have actively sponsored and supported the intriguers in Madras, instead of calling upon them to be disciplined. But many top Congress leaders—not excluding top Congress leader and non-Congressman Gandhi—wanted Prakasam out so that Rajagopalachari may be in. But popular feeling in Madras was so much against Rajagopalachari that Prakasam's exit resulted in a series of worthless Ministries. Rajaji succeeded in achieving his ambition only after the general election, when the Congress Party lacked legislative strength.

Mahatma Gandhi told Preston Grover of the Associated Press of America that Prakasam's textile policy in Madras was "the finest thing going;" but he uttered not a word in support of Prakasam either in the *Harijan* or at his prayer meetings. Gandhiji also accused Prakasam of having taken money from Congress funds—relying on what a top Congress leader had told him. Prakasam, who was President of the Andhra Congress, asked Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, who was then General Secretary of the Andhra Congress, whether he had taken any money from the Congress funds. Mr. Venkata Rao in the presence of Sardar Patel and others, admitted that Mr. Prakasam had not taken any money. Sardar Patel remarked that a certain gentleman had obviously told a lie to the Mahatma. But the Mahatma never apologized for the wrong done to Prakasam.

Prakasam was ever the champion of the poor man against the rich, and of the ordinary citizen against tyranny of any kind. He bared his breast to the British bayonet in Madras City when firing was ordered by the British Raj. But the British lion cowered away at the sight of the defiant Lion of Andhra. This is perhaps the most spectacular incident which depicts the courage of Prakasam. His work as Chief Minister of Madras in 1945-46, is full of courageous decisions which at every turn brought him into conflict with the vested interests and their friends within the Congress High Command. He was

victorious every time until he was stabbed—as Caesar was stabbed—by his own colleagues. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, who is one of the best Central Ministers, told me that all the meetings against Mr. Prakasam's leadership were held at his house. But, he said, Prakasam was as friendly to him as ever. So was he to Mr. Kamaraj Nadar and others, he said. T. T. told me that late at night on the day previous to his resignation Mr. Kamaraj Nadar and others saw Mr. Prakasam with a request that certain action might be taken with regard to an industrial dispute in Coimbatore. Mr. Prakasam heard them patiently, and passed the orders. T. T. said that he bore no ill-will towards any of his political opponents. In the Partition Committee in Madras, of which both Prakasam and T. T. were members, Prakasam told T. T.: "I know you will not suggest anything which is not fair to the Andhras. You please work out the details. And they will be acceptable to me."

EVEN in the recent talks about the formation of a stable Government in Andhra, Prakasam stood out as Defiance Incarnate. "There is no principle in the world," he declared, "that any decision of a superior body should be obeyed, however wrong or perverse the decision may be." This was his reply to Acharya Kripalani—who, ironically enough, was also the person who (in his capacity as Congress President) supervised the jockeying out of Prakasam from the Chief Ministership of Madras seven years ago. Prakasam never knew fear. He is convinced—as millions in Andhra are convinced—that he alone may be able to give Andhra a stable Government at this critical period in her life—namely, at the birth. In the case of others, the conviction is usually confined to the aspirants of office alone, and is not shared by anyone else. In the evening of his life, Prakasam wishes to give Andhra a model Government, so that succeeding Governments might follow the healthy conventions that would be set up by the first Prakasam Government of Andhra. Otherwise, as every Andhra knows, there will only be corruption and nepotism in

the new State. The Press has been so misleading in reporting Andhra affairs in recent months that there has been a great deal of confusion about them in the public mind.

IT is worth noting that at a time when the Congress Party was negotiating with Mr. Prakasam for the formation of a stable Government in Andhra, Mr. Sundarayya, one of the top leaders of the Indian Communist Party, also offered to co-operate with Mr. Prakasam in the formation of a non-Congress Coalition Government. I was present at the Press Conference where Mr. Sundarayya spoke in the highest terms about Mr. Prakasam as "the oldest leader of Andhra" who enjoys the confidence of a large number of people all over Andhra. Mr. Prakasam, for his part, never attached much importance to party labels. He was ready to co-operate with the Communists in a United Democratic Front because he was convinced that they enjoyed the confidence of the people. Even recently, he made a novel suggestion that the leader chosen to form the Government should enjoy the confidence of all the members of the Andhra legislature, not excluding the Communists. In other words, Mr. Prakasam was suggesting a modified version of the French practice, where the Premier-designate is called upon to secure a two-thirds majority in the French Senate on a vote of confidence before he proceeds to assume office.

In spite of his eighty-five years, Prakasam carries his age lightly. He is not silver-haired, as is sometimes stated in the popular Press. He is grey-haired all right. I was driving with him one evening last month and the topic for discussion was Dr. Radhakrishnan's age—for he had just celebrated his birthday. Prakasam asked me how old he was. I told him he was sixty-five. He laughed and said that Radhakrishnan was a mere child. What was sixty-five? He himself was eighty-five. He thought nothing of the age of Churchill too, for he was only seventy-eight—and already they were talking about finding a successor to Churchill! Prakasam will be the oldest popular

Chief Minister in the history of the world. He told me of a certain judge in England, who used to preside over the Bench at the age of eighty. But then the climate of England and the food they ate in England enabled people to live long. He said that it was because he had suffered a great deal during his youth that he was able to maintain his good health now. Prakasam retains a magnificent memory for faces and names at this age. Chatting with me on another day, he gave me a long list of chronic bachelors in Andhra—their ages ranging from seventy to forty, together with the names of their parents, and the case history of each. I was dumbfounded. I marvel at his memory, which is photographic.

Prakasam has a tremendous sense of drama, as Mahatma Gandhi had. He himself was an actor on the amateur stage, and used to excel in the roles of female characters. I have myself never heard him sing, but I have heard that he sometimes sings, and that he retains a lively interest in music. One of the most dramatic situations he created was when the Governor of Madras, Mr. Sri Prakasa, came to inaugurate the Madras State legislature. The Governor began to read the first few words of his address. Mr. Prakasam stood up to make a submission. The Governor promptly resumed his seat. Mr. Prakasam then submitted that Mr. Rajagopalachari's Government was illegally constituted. Pointing out Mr. Rajagopalachari with his forefinger, Prakasam declared: "This Premier has no place here." And so the vigorous attack went on against the Governor and the Chief Minister, on the ground that the action taken was unconstitutional. The whole House was stupefied, and there was pin-drop silence while the Tribune of the people accused the Governor and the Chief Minister of going beyond the Constitution. Prakasam spoke for half an hour, and walked out finishing his speech. Such is the mettle of which he is made. Andhra is fortunate to have him as its first Chief Minister.

T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar

By

P. C. GANESAN

THE void made by the death of T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar is hard to fill. By his varied activities and versatile attainments he carved out a niche for himself in the history of Tamil Nad. He was a perfect master of lucid, idiomatic prose and a prolific writer of very high attainments. His effusive similes and scintillating epigrams lent special charm and grace to his style. In literary artistry, there are very few who could equal him and none to excel. A consummate architect with words, he could arouse the subtlest emotions in the hearts of his readers. He had an inspired pen that was incapable of producing anything mediocre. He proved, to the disillusionment of faddists, that the most modern political conceptions and scientific thoughts can be expressed in Tamil as easily as in the English language. For this he was called the Father of Modern Tamil.

Thiru V. Ka, as he was affectionately called, was one of the few who made literature on the platform. His audience varied from illiterate labourers to intellectual aristocrats. He had a remarkable ability of adapting his speech according to the nature and standard of his audience. Every speech of his was in itself an encyclopaedia of eloquence.

Born of a middle class family in the year 1883, he had his school education in the Wesley High School, Madras, where he later became a teacher. Then he was appointed Tamil lecturer in Wesley College. After six years of service, he resigned and joined the editorial staff of *Desa Bhaktan*. In 1920, he started a weekly of his own, *Navasakthi*, through which he rendered valuable service to the cause of nationalism and religion. In association with Professor Wadia, he was the first man to start the trade union movement in South India. With E. V. R., he shares the honour of being the founder of the self-respect movement. He was a keen student of Marx

and was one of the handful of people in Tamil Nad who could talk with authority on Marxism. He headed many labour movements and was responsible for most of the progressive labour legislations. He was about to be exiled for his 'unlawful' activities by Lord Wellington when he was Governor of Madras, but the timely intervention of the Raja of Panagal prevented the Governor from taking such a hasty step against a popular leader like Thiru V. Ka.

He has written many books on subjects of varied interest. He touched nothing which he did not adorn. His commentaries on "Periapuranam" and "Thirukkural" are treasured by students of Tamil as exceptionally valuable. His book "Pennin Perumai or Vazhkai Thunai" is a charter of women's freedom. While he unsparingly condemned the disabilities imposed on women by religion and social conventions he condemned with equal vehemence the craze of modern girls for things that are unsuited to our genius and culture. In his characteristic style he traces the degeneration of the Hindu woman who was once the very embodiment of virtues. He regards marriage as the holiest institution of man, and advocates monogamy and widow-marriage. He ends the book with an appeal to women to pay more attention to beautifying their souls than to beautifying their bodies. While he portrays the woman as the very personification of good, he portrays the man as a complex mixture of ignoble qualities. So, when one reads the book, one cannot help feeling that Thiru V. Ka. has glorified the woman at the expense of the man.

In his book "The Light Of The Mind" he makes a purely rational approach to God and religion. Here are some of his ideas:

Miracles do not make saints great. They are the natural and inevitable expression of the divine force in the saints.

Idol worship is essential, since the conception of God cannot be understood in abstraction by worldly people.

God is the life and nature is the body. Hence God can be realized only through nature.

Any talk of reforming the temple presupposes Bhakthi. Those who do not subscribe to the cult of Bhakthi, are the least suited to talk of it.

Growing the intellect at the expense of the spirit is harmful to the proper development of both.

His book "The Way Of Life" is almost a political treatise. While science marks man's highest intellectual attainments, religion and philosophy are the achievements of his spirit. These three—science, religion and philosophy—find their meeting place in art and literature. Referring to Marxism, he remarks, "Difference of opinion is the very life-sustaining force of Marxism. That life-force is extinguished in Russia. So Marxism has not grown into the institution that it should." He opines that Marxism as a political theory is bound to fail, for it does not take into account the spiritual aspect of man's life. The spiritual want in Marxian theory can well be supplemented by Gandhism. These two great political theories, he says, find a balanced representation in Thirukkural.

His other books are Murugan or Azhagu, Biography of Mahatma Gandhi, and his own autobiography.

Rewards do not always go to the right people and politics is a game where intrigue and opportunism play a part. Unused to such arts of power-politics and a Gandhian by conviction, he carried integrity to

exemplary heights in politics. Consequently, while every duck took its chance and passed for a swan, he became a forgotten name in South Indian politics. Though, throughout his life, he was a staunch supporter of the Non-Brahmin movements, he was not blind to the incalculable harm these movements might unleash, if misdirected. Even as early as in the year 1927, he invited the Justices to disband their party and come into the fold of the Congress. As a trade unionist he spared no pains to impress on the workers that violence should be eschewed at all costs and that their end, being good, the means they adopt should also be peaceful and honest. He always cautioned them against people who might disrupt their solidarity with their pet theories and imported ideologies.

His life was one of merit without recognition and service without reward. The goddess of fortune never smiled on him once. While living he never wanted lusty crowds to applaud him wildly, nor did he wish people to burn incense at his shrine when he was dead. Like a peaceful river with green and shaded banks, he flowed without a murmur into the waveless sea where life is rest.

What better epitaph can be written of him except his own estimate of his life in his autobiography: "When we talk of a man's success in life, we generally refer to the pecuniary advantages in which he has succeeded in placing himself. Judged by this standard, I must confess, my life is cent per cent failure."

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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.

The Andhra Service Commission

Sir,—The programme for the inauguration of the Andhra State on 1st October, '53 having been finalised, only one thing has remained yet to be settled. Even the set-up of the Government is in a way settled inasmuch as there would be a Cabinet Government if the democratic parties agree to it, which is most likely, or there would be President's rule.

The Industrial Finance Corporation that had been set up for providing State aid to industries is yet to be divided but that can be done on some basis of agreement that has got to be arrived at. But the State Service Commission is yet to be set up. This, it will be seen, is undoubtedly the most important organ of the Government and one over which utmost care and thought have to be bestowed. Rumours are already afloat that appointments to the Commission are to be made on political considerations and party affiliations to accommodate some disinherited party bosses. If that is so, it can be said without contradiction that it does not augur well for either the new State or its services. It is unthinkable that the Commission should be considered a device for providing sinecure posts to pacify disgruntled political elements. These certainly are not posts of the nature of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the British Cabinet. Service Commission posts are statutory appointments of utmost honour recognised even by the Constitution as such. As such no other considerations should be brought into play except those of merit and rectitude when appointments are made to the Commission. People held in the highest esteem for their culture and probity and having the strength to resist the machinations of interested wire-pullers from behind should alone be chosen and it should not be difficult to pick up persons conforming to these standards. This is, therefore, to remind the powers in time not to give in to political pressure or machi-

nations in the selection of the personnel to man the first Service Commission of the Andhra State. Even in the throes of its birth, the State should demonstrate to the world that it is not treading a path other than the moral one.

The Andhra State Government should, therefore, address itself earnestly to this task in the proper spirit and set up a Service Commission that would be exemplary.

S. RADHAKRISHNA
Visakhapatnam.

President's Rule

Sir,—It is really difficult to understand why all the political parties should dread President's rule in any State, if and when there happens to be no party that can form a stable government for want of strength. After all we are not under an alien President and those that carry on the administration under him are our own people, and there is no reason to think that they would act adverse to the interests of the public. We are an infant democracy and we have enjoyed the benefits of democratic forms of government but little. There is no point in making too much fuss about President's rule or deem it a catastrophe that has to be avoided at any cost.

A. RANGA RAO
Rajahmundry.

Partition

Sir,—October 1st has a stain of melancholy attached to it. On that day the Andhras are to have their State parting from their brethren, the Tamilians, the Malayalees and the Kannadigas. They have lived together for about a hundred and fifty years and the mutual impacts of one culture over another are irremovable. Though the Andhras leave Madras, even the most fanatical Tamilian cannot wipe out the permanent impressions they made on them, nor can the Andhras sever themselves from the Tamilian influences imprinted on them. Trying to affect any such is simply fantastic and fatal.

Andhras have to learn much and they should be benefitted by the rich experience of their past association with other language groups and these experiences must be the incentives to lead them to progress and plenty. The tactful Tamilian, the hard-working Malayalee and the pacific Kannadiga have much to give to the Andhra, and an Andhra who can synchronise the tact of the Tamilian, the hardworking nature of the Malayalee and the pacifism of the Kannadiga, with his own innate zealous enthusiasm and

courage, will be simply the pride of India.

K. GOPALAKRISHNA MURTHI
Guntur.

The Bhoodhan Movement

Sir,—The interrogative article "Will Bhoodhan Sponsors Please Answer" by Mr. D. V. Ramarao published in your issue of 19th September '53 is very interesting. He has raised pertinent questions considering the whole Bhoodhan movement from the point of practical economics which must be considered and answered by the sponsors of the movement.

The Bhoodhan movement is essentially of religious nature based on an ethical ideal of love, brotherhood and equality. The purpose of the movement is of a more fundamental nature than that of achieving purely economic quantitative equality. The movement aims at the transformation of greedy human nature. What is capitalism, if it is not the product of stark selfishness and unlimited desire for possession? The sponsors of the movement are preaching that none should possess more than the minimum property required for livelihood and all excessive material possessions should be relinquished. Redistribution of land to the landless, Kupdan and Grihadan only follow as corollaries of the whole movement. If the movement is understood in its right spirit, one can justly appreciate it.

From this it is clear why Vinobaji does not want to obtain fallow lands from the Government. The Government is an administrative community and there is no personal aspect in the possession of lands by the Government. It is the change in human nature that is earnestly desired, and so the people are approached individually to part with their excessive material possessions. There is moral appeal to the people.

The movement does not amount to any lack of faith in democracy. We have known from the history of several nations that many kinds of governments and many types of legislation have not resulted in permanent good, and the one important lesson we have learnt is that unless human nature changes no happiness and peace can prevail among the people.

However, as pertinently pointed out by the writer, the sponsors should not fail to take into consideration the several practical economic problems facing them. Statistical disparities pointed out by the writer indicate a sad state of affairs. It is advisable that the sponsors obtain correct statistics and chalk

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out a sound plan of settling the landless on the donated lands and find out ways of settling them at the least cost. Also the minimum extent of land that an average family requires for its livelihood according to the cost of living in the locality should be worked out.

I hope the sponsors will not fail to consider all the practical problems facing them for the success of the movement.

H. V. NARAYAN

Guntakal.

Nehru In His Student Days

Sir,—Please permit me to disagree with Vighneswara's opinion that Nehru was an active member of his 'Varsity Union. In the issue of *Swatantra* dated the 19th September, Vighneswara says, "He (Nehru) himself as you might expect, was an active and enthusiastic participant . . ." Consider the following extract from Nehru's Autobiography, (page 21):

"Frequently I went to the Majlis, but during my three years I hardly spoke there. I could not get over my shyness and diffidence. This same difficulty pursued me in my College Debating Club, 'The Magpie and Stump,' where there was a rule that a member not speaking for a whole term had to pay a fine. Often I paid the fine."

So, Sir, it is possible that Nehru was more fond of the edge-seats of the backbenches of the Union or Majlis,—to enable him to execute a quiet exist.

S. SRINIVASAN

Bangalore.

Students' Unions

Sir,—Pandit Nehru's appeal to experienced educationists to check the utter demoralisation of university education and the rapid deterioration of the training-grounds in character and discipline, should evoke proper response from all quarters and it is gratifying to note that it has had immediate effect. His view that students' unions should not function as trade unions and as parallel institutions to the administrative apparatus of the university should be admitted as correct by students' representatives also. In the interests of the rising future generation, politicians will do well to stand aloof and not to utilise the students' organisations for their party purposes. In Free India, students need not bother themselves about partisanship with political parties, beyond trying to understand the trend of current affairs.

In the interests of proper functioning of students' organisations, I wish to express my view that students' unions in universities or colleges and schools can function efficiently only if the membership is compulsory and if membership subscriptions are compulsorily collected along with the tuition fees by the authorities. Admission to the university or college or school should automatically mean membership of the students' union and participation in its activities and its privileges. Similar provision should exist with regard to teachers' membership of teachers' unions, simultaneously with their appointment. If option is given, recalcitrant and apathetic elements will, by their abstention, weaken the union and challenge its representative character. The compulsory character must be enforced by the authorities who should see to it that the unions are organised and run on healthy lines. The vice-chancellors' resolution that the students' unions should be on a voluntary basis seems to me an abdication of their primary responsibilities in this matter.

In this connection, the insistence in Madras State that pupils' councils in high schools should plan, organise and carry out pupils' activities and that the school parliament's objective is not to familiarise the pupils with parliamentary procedure by conducting mock-parliaments, but to organise and execute the programme of pupils' activities seems to me to be queering the pitch for pupils of the preadolescent stage. In most high schools today, all the paraphernalia of the national elections are imitated to the minutest detail; elections are conducted on party labels; rules are framed, making the defeated candidate lose the caution deposit! The spirit of sportsmanship is sorely tested in pupils aged below 15 years. Bad atmosphere is created among the student-community; and it takes sometime for the election animosity to subside. In my opinion, democratic functioning of students' unions in high schools should not be regimentalised, but be nurtured and promoted, suited to the pre-adolescent period. The Madras Government's citizenship syllabus needs careful scrutiny at the hand of experts. We do not know whether the Secondary Education Commission has made any suggestions on the citizenship training in vogue in Madras State, regarding which representations were made to them.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

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.

REMEMBER

the
Fifth of November!

It's the Deepavali Day

It's the SWATANTRA
ANNUAL DAY

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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THE ANDHRA GOVERNMENT

THE Andhra Government, as formed by Sri Prakasam, does not seem likely to command a majority in the legislature. The proper way of forming a Ministry is to collect together the finest available talent, set before it a comprehensive programme and dare all opponents to do their worst. If the programme is such that the electorate is attracted by it, its opponents in the legislature will come to grief in the next elections, and should defeat in the legislature be the lot of the Ministry, through that very defeat it will be enabled to seek the verdict of the people at the polls and get re-established more securely against its opponents for another term. This way has not been adopted in the formation of the Andhra Ministry. Some talent it undoubtedly possesses, and in Sri Viswanadham it has a man of experience, capacity and integrity of which any Cabinet can be proud. But it has not been formed on the basis of the best available talent in the State. It has been formed on a manipulative basis, for getting together a group of individuals called Ministers with sufficient voting strength behind them collectively to carry on the government with a majority in the legislature. But even in this limited objective the architects of the new Government seem to have failed.

THE first blunder was the creation of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi as Deputy Chief Minister. There has been hitherto only one Deputy Chief Minister in the annals of free India. That was Sardar Patel, and in his case the post was specially created, out of deference to his masterful nature fit only to lead and not to follow, to signify his status of near-equality with the Prime Minister. It was an innovation justified by the special circumstances of Sardar Patel's historical position, and after him it dropped out into disuse quite naturally. To resuscitate it now in the Andhra State is an act of incredible folly. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi does not stand historically in the Andhra State in any position comparable to that of Sardar Patel in the whole country. Nor does he approximate in political stature and importance with Sri Prakasam as Sardar Patel did with Pandit Nehru.

EVIDENTLY the Prime Minister did not foresee the complications he was creating for Sri Prakasam when he elevated one of his Ministers into the special dignity of a Deputy Chief Minister. But these have already assumed, within less than a week, a calamitous import. In a legislature of 140, Rayalaseema has 40 votes, but Sri Sanjeeva Reddi insisted that the forty should have four Ministerships between them as against three for the remaining hundred. And he has had his way. He insisted also that Sri Latchanna should not come in. And in this also he won. If Sri Latchanna had been taken in, virtually the whole of the voting strength of the Krishikar

Lok Party would have been at the command of the Ministry, and Sri Prakasam would have been enabled to carry on the administration with a comfortable majority. But Sri Sanjeeva Reddy wholly on personal grounds objected to Sri Latchanna and insisted on favour being shown to Sri Thimma Reddi. This was a very bad example with which to burden the new Government. In dealing with personal property, there may be some room for the ventilation of one's own likes and prejudices. But the very art of democratic government lies in the recognition of equality of right for a due share in the management of public affairs for all constitutionally qualified for it, irrespective of their personal relations with the wielders of power for the time being. Sri Sanjeeva Reddy, in seeking to rub his prejudices in, has dealt with the government of the new State as though it were a personal patrimony of his own, and Sri Prakasam has succumbed to his pressure. This is a bad augury for the future of good government in Andhra.

HAVING, with these initial blunders, spoilt the political set-up and brought into being a Ministry not competent to command the confidence of the legislature, it is reported that the Andhra Cabinet is now seriously considering the creation of a Deputy Minister for each Minister, as an expedient to improve its parliamentary voting strength. If it is a question of creating inducements to buy the support of legislators, they need not limit their operations to seven. With seventy-one such separate inducements they can be assured of a permanent impregnable majority in the legislature. But the resultant system would not be democracy, it will be government by corruption and blackmail. We hope Sri Prakasam will not crown his career in this fashion.

Sotto Voce

THE MOHAIR CLOAK



IN the far away first decade of the century a young fellow of my acquaintance who had more money than brains and more animal spirits than either happened to stay at Ooty for a week. One day his host was surprised to find a fine mohair cloak arriving from the most fashionable shop on the hills, addressed to him. He was puzzled and his wonder gave place to dismay when the bill arrived by the next post; it ran to some three hundred rupees. He was exclaiming on the impudence of whoever it was that had played a low down trick on

him, when the aforesaid young man gave a great guffaw and said, "It was I, uncle, who ordered it. Because the shopman did not know me I gave your name."

"But, my dear fellow, what do you want a cloak for, living in Tanjore where wearing even a shirt is a sweaty business?" "Oh, but I saw so many European ladies and gents wearing one that I felt I must have one too. I shall put it in a glass case at home." Our Governments seem to be actuated by much the same

snobbery in going in for the most expensive type of mohair cloak, to wit, the expert from somewhere west of Suez. We must have, since the advent of Swaraj, spent almost more money upon a few scores of these orchids than upon the thousands of near-illiterate 'students' whom we shipped abroad in the pious hope that in the processing factories of Europe and America we should have silk purses made out of these sow's ears.

The two crores thrown away on an unwanted bridge at Hirakud was but a tiny fraction of the colossal waste of money that has been the result of our passion for buying blue prints and pemmicanised expertise. And we have been buying trouble at an even greater rate. Here are two experts reporting on land reform. Both hail from the land of the share-croppers and the giant cartels. Judging from their names, one of them represents the sturdy Mayflower tradition, while the other perhaps derives from one of the many streams that have flown steadily from the pullulating nationalities of Eastern Europe into the cauldron that is modern America.

Both of them, it need hardly be said, have Communism on the brain. But they wear their rue with a difference. East Europe has succumbed to Stalinism almost without a lance being lifted, because it was full of "frustrated intellectuals, seeking movements to lead," to use Mr. Parsons' words. The men of the same class who rebelled against the regime and often became emigres were more often than not infected with the same virus. That apart, the American prescribing for other countries against Communism too often tends unconsciously to think in terms of an autovaccine; a mild dose of Communism might be the best protection—at any rate for America which looks to these countries of Asia to provide the second line of defence.

Prof. Parsons at least recognises that land reform, like other things, must be based upon well-tested data.

The doctrinaires who have been loudest in denouncing landlordism have not got a thimbleful of facts to support their theories. Nevertheless Professor Ladejinsky criticises the Tanjore Ordinance as not going far enough. He admits in the same breath that the Madras Government, in allowing themselves to be driven into promoting it, have played effectively into the hands of the Communists. But, curiously enough, the lesson he draws is that they must go further along the same way.

He let the cat out of the bag when he observed that the recommendations of the Subrahmanyam Committee were more sound. Those recommendations were based on little or no data. In important respects they represent a light-hearted rejection of the findings of the Raghavendra Rao Report which is almost the only attempt that has been made under official auspices to look at the realities of our agricultural economy. The one sensible recommendation the Committee made was that the landlord should be allowed to resume for personal cultivation. The Tanjore Ordinance rejected this; but Professor Ladejinsky has not a word to say about this.

On the other hand he vigorously criticises the exclusion of holdings of six acres and less from the purview of the Ordinance. He makes in this connection the revealing observation that "the reputation of the small landlord as a rack-renter is notoriously bad." Anybody who knows the Tanjore countryside would know that this is just blah! Mr. Ladejinsky is clearly suffering from the *vasanas* of generations of serfdom in the home of his fathers. He does not seem to be aware that a large percentage of owners of small holdings are also tillers of other men's lands taken on lease. Here is no Jekyll and Hyde phenomenon. But professors in a hurry out to make the world safe for Yankee democracy see class war everywhere.

VIGNESWARA

LETTER FROM KURNOOL

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

I WISH now I had not gone to see the new Andhra State inaugurated but had contented myself with reading all the brave speeches in the newspapers. The whole unorganised, hopeless muddle has left me feeling not only depressed and disillusioned but resentful of all change and experiment and progress. Why shouldn't we leave things to decay and crumble into dust? For, after all—

*Crumpling a pyramid,
Humbling a rose,
The dust has its reasons
Wherever it goes.*

In the beginning, as I expected, all was chaos. Even the day before that bewitched dawn, the general impression was one of dust and confusion, of a disintegrating old town being forced into an excited, superficial liveliness. Kurnool was like a hurriedly set stage. Beside the ruins of an old fort, a red and white and yellow pumping station. By the sides of roads, lorries; in the midst of collapsed walls and crumbling brickwork, a bulldozer. Under the feet as I walked the crunching of rubble, the grating of stone against sand. There were no people, only workmen everywhere, laying the roads, building the tents, putting up the arches, hanging up the bunting. What I saw was an epic of salvage being written on this the first page of the new Andhra story. And this little town, once a group of hutments where ox-carts rumbling across the Deccan stopped for grease to oil their wheels and which more than a thousand years later became the capital of a Vijayanagar king, was in a ferment getting ready for another hour of power and glory. A monstrous experiment in plastic surgery was being made on the face of Kurnool. The surgeons of the new revolution were trying to wipe away from her age-old countenance the scars of her rainless years and her cropless seasons.

I tried to convince myself of all

this. I made myself believe it. In my silly, romantic, sentimental way I said to myself that in the unfinished drama of the history of the Andhras this was Act III. The blazing glory of the Satavahana, Chalukya, Kakatiya and Vijayanagar empires, then the unsuccessful interregnum of the last two centuries, and now this twentieth century climax. It all fitted in beautifully into the pattern I had formed in my mind.

There were signs I refused to notice. There were, for instance, no people on the streets, only foreigners wearing black sun-glasses in long, low, vulgar cars, and builders and police vans. But I couldn't help being obsessed by a dim feeling that behind all this feverish new facade the current of another life was going on, unperturbed, calm, unquestioning. The schools had been requisitioned, the offices had been closed, the parks were deserted. Where then were the people? Relax, I said to myself, they must be waiting in their houses for the hands of the clock to move to the enchanted hour. But once, as I walked along the main thoroughfare through the red cloud of dust that the passing cars churned up and that had no chance to settle, I suddenly got an eerie feeling. I thought I heard an ominous bell and saw the people who had come to build and destroy and rebuild, the people who had come to make the speeches and wear the garlands, the women with the baskets of earth on their heads and the men with the shovels and pickaxes, silently, soundlessly disappear before my very eyes and the whole scene dissolve and merge with the river bed of the Tungabhadra. And I thought I heard the ancient fort standing in the middle of the town, inviolate in its timelessness, rumble with laughter at the efforts of men. The feeling passed, thank goodness. It was hunger. I had missed two meals. The hotel managers had thrown up their hands. The canteens were full up. Every house had guests. And half-

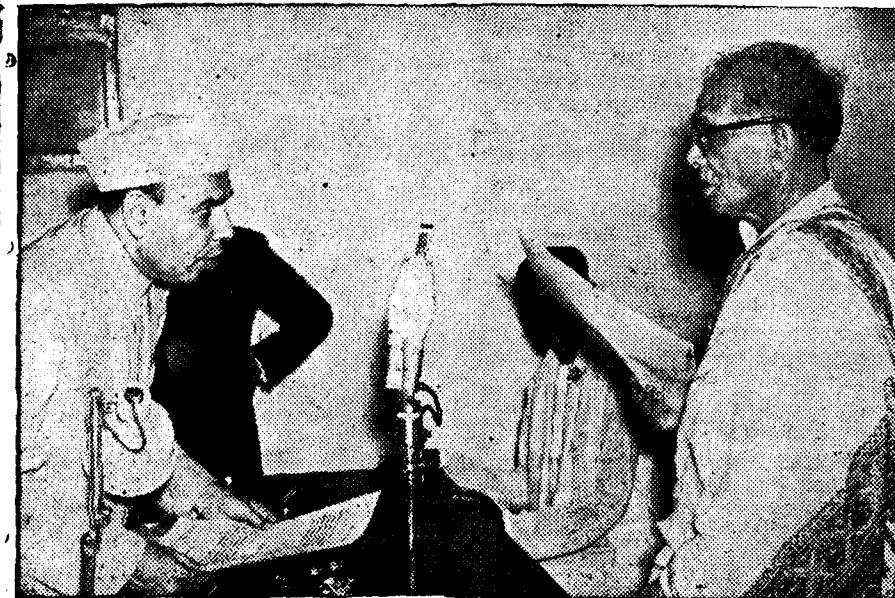
the people like me who had come to see the show were starving.

Yes, I think that was what must have started a train of second impressions in my mind. Hunger induces sharpness of vision, blows away the fogs of confusion, discourages self-deception. I began to see Kurnool not as a new city of new dreams but as it was, a city of dirt and dust in which destiny has opened a new chapter. Dust, glare, bare feet, dogs, beggars, flies, crumbling old houses, people living in the market place, spit under your feet a squalid, filthy bit of a past that perhaps once had been beautiful or dignified. Not all the smells of fragrant yesterdays could obliterate the stench of today. Its ruins camouflaged a multitude of miseries. What are they trying to build, these proud new dreamers? Did I say build? No, they are not building. They are scratching the surface of a dream and trying to raise on the blood of a martyr a fantastic castle by the blue-print of a history-lesson. The Andhra State right now is only a state of mind.

The fact is, I am tired of the question of linguistic States. Here is the

whole world trying to look at itself as one and here are we, the people of India, turning our faces away from each other because we want to walk back to a memory. Sometimes it seems to me it is not the politicians and statesmen who have vision but the people. I for one believe that to try to get Ram Rajya back would be the profoundest mistake we could hold ourselves responsible for. If nothing else, I would not know where to fit the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam in it! They tell me it is the spirit of that age which we are trying to recapture. Don't let them deceive themselves. Do you think we could recapture the innocence and immaculateness of our childhood even if we locked ourselves up in a room and shunned all association with the world? Change and irretrievability is the cause of the ancient, primeval sadness of man.

Personally, I feel it is not merely a question of language and race but of a civilisation. When Sanskrit died, a whole world died with it. The surest guarantee of the survival of the spirit of the Andhras in the new civilisation we are try-



Governor Trivedi swearing in Sri T. Prakasam as Chief Minister

ing to build in our country would be the way of assimilation. The Andhra as a person is simple, kind, generous to a fault, slow, rather stupid, incapable of small-mindedness or bickering, with a flair for large, dramatic vision. He is still close to the essence of things. The spirit of a Frenchman, the courage of a Briton, the temper of an Italian, the sensitiveness of a Jew—there is the Andhra for you. By nature he is the ideal complement to the Tamil whose character is a mosaic of subtlety, self-interest, shrewdness and ambition. The reason the Andhra could not live with the Tamil might prove to be the very reason the new Andhra story might not run along the lines her new architects have chalked out for her. When the Andhra came in contact with the Tamil, he found the mental and moral strain of competition too much. A fog seemed to fill his brain obscuring the contours of even his simplest thoughts. This might happen all over again when he has to struggle for survival in the home he has taken it upon himself to build. Either his spirit will die or with the unending resilience that man is capable of, it will change. And when the Andhras have found the money for all the hydro-electric schemes, built all the bridges, dug up all the manganese, coal and iron and picked up all the diamonds, what will they be? They will not emerge as the Andhras history has known but a new kind of people rather like those very beings with whom they find it impossible to get on. Life now has acquired so many nuances of meaning. This is the age of anxiety, of nervous, ruthless people. The sturdy, simple people will either die or they will change. The old Greek civilisation went out like a candle because it could not change. Perhaps the modern Jewish civilization will go the same way.

GENIUS

Genius requires a public to appeal to. No doubt, just as the lightning requires a conductor. Often the conductor fails to do its work; the future will make good the omission.—*Ph. Chasles*

Genius, in short, probably consists in expressing commonplaces in an original manner, and in giving concrete shape to the evanescent things of life.—*Richopin*

Genius is reason in its loftiest form.—*A Chenier*

Life bears within itself the seeds of its decay. In Kurnool idealism has already been sacrificed to exigency and expediency. Compromise has raised its ugly head. Private loyalties have fanned opportunism. And at the head of these two hundred lakhs of bewildered, apprehensive and perturbed people is a man whose vision is literally dimmed by age. History may remember Mr. T. Prakasam not for the unflinching courage of the early Congress days, or for his leonine strength and unbreakable will and gigantic fortitude but for this, the last infirmity of his noble mind. At eighty-five, he still seems to say in effect, with Archimedes, "Give me a place to stand on and I can move the earth."

Perhaps I haven't understood the Andhra mind well. But as I see it the hope of the future of the Andhras lies not in trying to revive Ram Rajya or the Vijayanagar or Golconda empires but in certain facts of old South Indian history which we may with profit re-read. The Andhras were originally of the Aryan race belonging to North India. What was called Andhra country saw its brightest days under the Chalukyas who were Kannadigas, the Rashtrakutas who were Maharashtrians and the Cholas who were Tamilians and the Nawabs who were Muslims. Krishnadevaraya was a Kannadiga who wrote the *Amuktamalyada*, the story of a Tamil saint and the poet Srinadha was bathed in gold in the court of a Kannada emperor. And Kurnool, the new capital, stands on the very edge of the Muslim civilisation.

These are significant facts. Can't we all learn something from them instead of trying to move sideways through history and endeavouring to mould the world anew between breakfast and lunch-time?

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

By INDIRA GANDHI

I HAVE recently returned from a visit to the Soviet Union. It was an interesting and stimulating experience; interesting especially because the comparatively few people who have been there have expressed such divergent points of view and because, to the outside world, the country still seems to be shrouded in mystery; and stimulating because of the vitality and vast energy of the people and the confidence and great faith they have in their future, the future they are building up step by step and plan by plan.

These plans do not deal only with economic, industrial or agricultural matters, but encompass the whole pattern of the people's daily life. I was told that when a factory makes its five year plan, it is drafted by the management in consultation with the trade union officials. Every aspect of it is discussed in the trade union meeting and in the workers' wall newspapers. Thus, every worker can have a hand in the drafting of the plan and everyone has a definite role to play in the fulfilment of the target.

The plan is divided into sections, each of equal importance. One part naturally deals with the question of increased output and improved quality of goods and what new departments or sections should be installed. The other part considers amenities for workers and their families. Yet another part will deal with the aesthetic side, the planting of trees, erection of statues, etc. These sections are taken up, not one after the other, but simultaneously month by month, year by year.

People in the Soviet Union are paid according to their work. Since increased production is imperative to the State, every inducement is offered to the factory or the farm worker to produce more. As one enters a factory, one is greeted by a huge bill-board with photographs of the men and women who are distinguish-

ed workers of the factory. Under each picture is given the name, age, speciality and the figure of production of the worker. These photographs are changed every month according to the registered performance of the different workers. The best workers have the right to hoist a red flag near their machines. Every time a section or the whole factory overfulfils the plan of work, the workers get a bonus. The harder you work, the more you earn and the more you are respected. If you have brains and can think of some changes, small or big, in the machinery or the factory administration, that will in any way improve the working conditions or the quality or quantity of the goods, then also you are entitled to decorations, higher wages and bonuses. If your idea is really good and can be applied to many factories, you may even get the Stalin Prize, which is worth 25,000 roubles or more. Good workers have many advantages, such as greater opportunities for further training, free vacations and even priority in getting housing accommodation. In this way, the Government has been able to overcome the hereditary inertia of the people and to instil in them the idea of "time." The differentiation in wages also helps to keep skilled workers in factories and provides a solid framework for the new Soviet industry by encouraging unqualified labour to improve its technical skill. The creation of this privileged class naturally reinforces the power of the regime.

WHEN talking of the wages of Soviet workers, one must remember that they have the benefits of certain social amenities—free medical care and hospitalization; payment of full wages in case of illness or pregnancy; free care for pregnant women and for child-birth. Education is mostly free and smaller children are cared for in kindergarten schools and creches belonging to the factories or farms. Even vacations can be spent free or at greatly reduced rates in

the sanatoria belonging to the trade unions. Apart from this, there are rest homes on the factory premises where workers who are tired and run down, can go after work to rest and get free properly-balanced meals. Here food expenses are paid by the trade unions and other expenses by the administration of the factory. In the rest home that we saw, there were 50 beds all occupied. Workers are normally allowed to stay for a month. Obviously, only a certain number can benefit by these rest homes, sanatoria and nurseries, for they are not enough to meet the needs of the entire population. House rents are low, but due to housing shortage, there is considerable overcrowding. Food and clothes and other consumer goods, except books and gramophone records, are still expensive, on the whole. But prices have been gradually going down.

We visited the apartment of a worker in a textile combine in Tashkent. He was a Russian. He told us that he was a welder earning approximately 1,320 roubles a month. He had married at the age of 20. His wife was then 18 and working in a wine factory in the Ukraine. After marriage, his wife decided not to work. They have two children, a boy who had just finished school and a daughter who was studying agricultural research. She was getting a stipend of 290 roubles from the State. The wife's sister, who was working as a trade union official in the same textile combine, also lived with them. These five people had a flat of two small rooms, a small balcony and a kitchen. The sister had one room, the husband and wife the other, and the children slept on the balcony.

THE only other home we visited was that of a collective farmer, also in the Tashkent. He was an Uzbek, a younger man, perhaps 30 years old. His wife, whose name was Mubarak, was 26 years old. They had two small children of two years and three months respectively. The farmer's old parents were also living with him. He had the house built out of his own savings by the building brigade of the farm. I think the

house was made of mud but gave an impression of spaciousness and cleanliness. They had three rooms and a large verandah. The kitchen was separate, and they also had an attractive garden with vegetables, fruit trees and multi-coloured zinnias. Mubarak presented us with a colourful bouquet and a tray full of garden produce—cucumbers, onions and fruits, with great pride. She told us that they earned about 2,000 roubles a year by selling the surplus of their garden produce. They owned a radio and I noticed three books on the table, the one in Russian was a biography of Stalin and the other two in Uzbek were manuals of bee-keeping and gardening.

THE Soviet Government has recognised that in order to get the maximum effort from a person, he must be kept as healthy and as fresh in body and mind as possible. Hence the great emphasis on the preventive side of medicine, on taking rest when run down, and on taking toning-up treatment during vacations. Stress is also laid on sports and gymnastics and the right use of leisure. Reading is encouraged. Every city has one or more parks of culture and rest—usually named after some great man. The largest one in Moscow is named after Gorky; but Moscow has about ten others, not including those which are specially for children. Entrance to the park costs only one rouble and visitors have a choice of varied forms of recreation and amusement—concerts of light music, symphony concerts, sports of all kinds, opera performances, open air theatres, lectures and talks.

As far as children were concerned, my visit to Moscow was at the wrong time of the year, for it coincided with the summer vacation and almost all the children had left the city for pioneer camps in the countryside. We visited one such camp some thirty miles out of Moscow. The children were happy and full of fun. They made a great fuss over the small grandsons of Shri K. P. S. Menon, our Ambassador in Moscow, carrying them on their shoulders in triumphal procession. We were entertained to a programme of dancing

and recitations and later to a folk-dance around the camp fire.

The children of the Soviet Union are lucky, for the Government considers them of the greatest importance. It has provided them with leisure hours that are intelligently planned and have broad cultural horizons. In every town that we visited the grandest building was the Children's Palace of Culture. In Tashkent it was a house which used to be the residence of the Tsar's Viceroy who was also the Tsar's relative. It had spacious grounds. The Tbilisi Palace of Culture is the second largest in the country. Here again it is housed in the former residence of the Tsar's Viceroy. Even the war did not interrupt work in its 48 laboratories and sections. I was told that 7,000 children were participating in the various study groups and that about 60,00 took part in the mass activities of the Palace. The main task of the Palace was to help students and teachers to develop the knowledge which they acquired in school and to spend their leisure hours in a useful and instructive manner. All the Palaces of Children were run along the same lines. They differed only in size. In Leningrad also the Palace was most sumptuous. It used to be a palace of the Romanov Dynasty. Amongst its group activities it had the study of astronomy, ship model building and aeroplane model building, photography, etc. In Tbilisi there is also one of the famous children's railways. This is a miniature railway built and equipped in 1935 by children under 16, under the supervision of engineers. It runs around a park for about two miles and has three stations—the Pioneer station, the Joy station, and the Sun station. It is operated entirely by children. They were so sweet to watch, the small station master, the pointsmen, engine driver and guards. Whenever one looked at them, it was obvious they wanted to laugh or smile; but they felt that that would be unbecoming in such a serious job; so they avoided your eye and tried to look as solemn as possible. But you could see their eyes glistening with pride. Projects

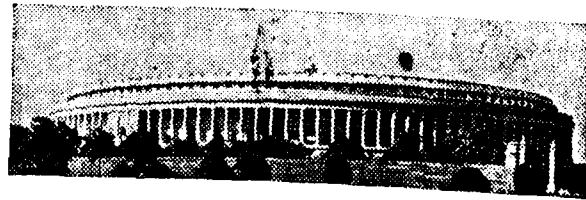
such as these provide not only endless joy to the young folk but also contribute generally to their polytechnic education. Only children with top marks in school are entitled to participate in such ventures.

AT the end of each school year certain days are set aside when school children can visit vocational training centres, engineering work shops, railway yards, research institutes and so on. In each place there is a fully qualified person to take them around and point out to them the advantages of that particular job or training. Thus the youngsters have ample opportunity for deciding their own vocation.

Article 119 of the Constitution of the USSR states "Citizens of the USSR have the right to rest and leisure." These words stared at us from a huge board as we motored into Sochi, one of the best health resorts in the Caucasus overlooking the Black Sea. Sochi is full of sanatoria. They belong to different trade unions, and each has its own section of the beach and is complete with its own staff of doctors, nurses, medical equipment, treatment rooms, etc. Children are kept in separate houses because they are prone to infectious diseases which might involve the sanatorium in quarantine laws. We visited the coal-miners' sanatorium. It was a huge place, beautifully situated, with its own funicular leading straight to the beach. We were told that 4,000 people came every year. The average charge was 1,350 roubles for a stay of 28 days and the fare. Some pay the whole amount and others pay 20 to 30% according to their circumstances. The best workers can come free. The balance of the expense is paid by the State Social Insurance Fund or the trade union funds or by the funds of the factories or institutions in which they are employed. Sochi is a most beautiful place with luxuriant subtropical vegetation. But somehow there was an air of artificiality and there was no sign of gaiety or that lightness of spirit that one normally associates with a holiday resort.

—A. I. R., Delhi.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

NEW China and New Andhra were both born on October 1. When this coincidence came up for discussion in the Coffee House, one friend urged the journalists present to point this out in good time so that the inauguration of Andhra may be postponed at least by a day. The journalists, for their part, saw no harm in such coincidence. If Andhra could make progress as rapidly as New China, they argued, so much the better. We in India do not fear such associations, nor are we scared by things Chinese. On the contrary, we have the deepest admiration for the achievements of New China. And if any State in India under the existing set-up can make some little progress in improving the condition of its people, it is Andhra. The progress cannot, of course, be comparable to China, because there are limitations imposed by the Indian Constitution which will not allow, for instance, radical land reform to be introduced by a State legislature—without securing an amendment of the Constitution itself.

The Chinese have an unsurpassed genius for decorative arrangement. The Chinese lamps, which form an important part of their festive celebrations, gave a fairy-world atmosphere to the Chinese Ambassador's Reception on their National Day (October 1). At this year's Reception, there was a replica of the Peace Gate of the Winter Palace in Peking, illuminated by coloured lights. The Embassy showed an excellent film of last year's National Day Celebrations in Peking. One thing that always baffles me is the thousands of doves which figure at such functions in China. We hardly ever come across doves at our Peace Conventions. Incidentally, the Chinese Peace Dove was drawn by a great Chinese artist

over two thousand years ago. Picasso was thus anticipated.

Whereas China can justly be proud of her spectacular and solid achievement during the past four years, Andhra can only look forward to the future with hope and courage. For her the past four years, were among the worst, and the last four months before the formation of the State saw unprecedented floods in the mighty Godavari. The darkest hour, it is said, is before dawn.

Meanwhile, it is difficult to appreciate the tenor of the speeches of the Prime Minister in South India. He has stated that Visalandhra is an imperialist concept. If you don't like a thing, you give it a bad name. How is Visalandhra an imperialist concept? Mr. Jinnah used to speak of Hindu imperialism, and in South India they are now speaking of Hindi imperialism. These at least had some justification, although the argument was by and large false. But there is simply no argument, true or false, in favour of the contention of the Prime Minister. The demand for Andhra, like the demand for Maharashtra, Karnataka and Kerala, is nothing but the demand of a cultural group of people speaking the same language for a separate State so that the administration may be carried on in the State language, and so that the people may have the best opportunities for developing their language, literature, art, music and other branches of culture.

The demand for Visalandhra is nothing but a demand for Andhra. By calling it Visalandhra, you are trying to give the impression that we are demanding something other than Andhra. We have now not got the Andhra State. We have merely got a part of the Andhra State. We

want the whole of it. That is but our due. Similarly, by calling the demands for Karnataka, Maharashtra and Kerala as the demands for Samyukta Karnataka, Brihan Maharashtra and Aikya Kerala, you cannot convince us that we are all imperialists. We are asking for what is our due, so that the whole country may be able to develop quickly. The present illogical administrative units are the cause for endless friction in the Governments of every State in South India. The energies which would have been properly utilised if the country were divided into its natural linguistic-administrative units, are now being frittered away in mutual bickerings, quarrels and feuds. The formation of Andhra will be the beginning of the end of these quarrels and feuds.

A LUNCH had just ended, and the guests were sitting round a table, munching South Indian betel-leaves nicely sliced into two. A meeting of the D. U. J. delegation (to meet the Press Commission) was scheduled at 2-30 p.m. at Mr. Iswara Dutt's house. Thus the members of the D. U. J. delegation had occasion to talk to the guests. As the guests were going out, Mr. Vats of the P. T. I. told Mr. S. A. Aiyar that he had received his reply. Mr. Aiyar obviously thinking it was about some application for a job said he was glad about it. Mr. Vats told him that he had forwarded it to his Bombay office. Now Mr. Aiyar began to wonder what letter was being referred to. Mr. Vats asked him, "Are you not Khasa Subba Rau?" Mr. Dutt, the host pointed out that it was a case of one distinguished journalist being mistaken for another. Mr. Vats explained that he thought he was Khasa Subba Rau. How did the mistaken identity arise? Vats thought he was Khasa because I was sitting next to him!

I had met Mr. Aiyar years ago at Bombay in 1945 when he had just returned from abroad, after serving as Information Minister in Netaji Subhas Bose's glorious Provisional Indian Government. He had paid a

visit to our office (Associated Press of India), having been one of the big guns of the A. P. I. in the old days. Mr. Aiyar has since been in Bombay. His name has become familiar to every cinema-goer, because the certificate of the Bombay Board of Film Censors generally bore his signature in recent years.

As the new Director in charge of publicity for the Planning Commission, Mr. Aiyar has a difficult task to perform. It is quite true that the various achievements of Government in fulfilment of the Five Year Plan have not been properly publicised among our people. Of all Governments in Asia (except China), the Nehru Government alone has remained stable, and has done something to boast about. At the same time, there is the danger of publicity outstripping the Plan. A delicate balance has to be struck in the matter of publicity, so that the impression that nothing is being done may be removed, without at the same time making it appear that mountains are being made out of mole-hills.

Mr. Mahendra Nath of the Cultural Film Society has been asked by an official of the Information Ministry, "How do you manage to get so much publicity for the activities of your organisation?" He himself, of course, considers that the publicity is not enough. But the truth is that the Children's Films—which are now being shown by the Cultural Film Society—are something that will surely catch the imagination of the public. If you catch the imagination of the public, publicity follows almost automatically.

Thousands of Delhi children have already seen the Bengali Children's film, *Khelaghar*, and thousands more will see it in the next few weeks. *Khelaghar*, which is the dream-fantasy of a poor boy, who is school-ed when he comes near a toy-shop in Calcutta, is a masterpiece among the Children's films of the whole world. If it is dubbed in English, it may have an international market.

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

THE sponsors of the Producers Guild met Dr. Keskar last week; and among other things they are reported to have discussed the issue of broadcasting of film songs by A. I. R. For some time past no film records are being broadcast by A. I. R. while both Ceylon and Goa Radios are devoting about ten hours a day to broadcasting of film-songs with the result that greater number of listeners tune in these Radio stations.

The growing popularity of these commercial radio stations is apparently attracting more and more advertisers. Consequently, along with the film songs the listeners are forced to hear publicity announcements to the point of boredom. Besides, the quality of film songs is more often than not very poor. Since these stations are run on a purely commercial basis, the organisers cannot be accused of favouritism and prejudices; they are bound to be prejudiced in favour of those producers who advertise their films through these stations. Whatever the reason it seems as if it is the policy of these Radio stations to broadcast the cheapest and loudest film songs—the songs which were tabooed at one time by A. I. R.

And indeed if the broadcast of such selected bad film songs continues unchecked it is bound to have a very bad effect on the public taste which has already degenerated so much during the last few years.

But the only way to check this degeneration is apparently for A. I. R. to popularize its classical or light music. It would be even advisable for A. I. R. to resume broadcasting of film songs of the choicest variety. Recently we have had a number of films with songs purely

Indian in composition and tune and free from vulgarity; but strangely most of the really first-rate song compositions are not being broadcast by Ceylon and Goa Radio and if A. I. R. were to broadcast them, it would have done a signal service to Indian music. As it is, the light music broadcast by A. I. R. is third-rate while the classical music, however good, does not find any response from the public. So to popularize A. I. R. as well as check the degeneration of popular taste, it is imperative that A. I. R. should resume broadcasting of film songs and popularize the better quality of songs.

Hence the news that the rift between the producers and the Information Ministry is about to end will be welcomed by all lovers of good music. Incidentally, it is significant to note that any song which propagates social equity and exposes capitalistic oppression is on the 'black list' of Ceylon and Goa Radio. It is not an accident that many film songs about workers and their fight against their exploiters have never been relayed by both these Radio stations. Though film songs are broadcast indiscriminately, apparently there is a deliberate discrimination against revolutionary songs.

Picture Of The Week

THERE was a time when the critics used to hail Shantaram as an apostle of realism. In the pre-war era, when every other director was indulging in romanticism and mysticism, he presented contemporary middle class life with robust realism and won plaudits as the foremost exponent of progressive realism.

Hence it is but natural that the critics of that era at least should hail Shantaram's come-back to the realism in *Surang*. For once he has not made any compromise with realism and presented a theme of exploitation of workers also in an uncompromising manner.

The story of *Surang* revolves round a stone-quarry owner who has no human relationship with workers. When one of them dies, he

gives five rupees for his funeral and allows his children to live in a stable throwing at them crumbs of bread as if they were dogs. Originally Shantaram had a very poignant scene of death of the children; but thanks to censors, the scene had to be deleted. When his son tries to be friendly with workers and invites them for a sumptuous dinner—the dinner sequence is one of the highlights of the picture—the owner is cruel enough to whip his son who later finds refuge in a workers' colony. From here on it becomes a tussle between the owner and the workers on the issue of the owner's son with the result that the workers, cowed down by lock-out, ask the son to leave them. The owner changes his attitude according to his needs; after starving the workers he suddenly becomes generous, when he needs them most. There is one person who understands his game; she is 'Pagli', the leader of the workers. And to prevent her from continuing her leadership, the owner tries to destroy her by molesting her—invites the wrath of the workers and ultimately destroys himself.

Shantaram has not for a moment attempted to show any good side of the owner. His death is symbolic; it is shown with the hunter and hat, symbols of his tyranny blowing up in the air. Even the rape of Pagli is treated in symbolic fashion; the owner is not interested in her as a woman. It is not out of passion or lust but out of burning desire to destroy her purity that he rapes her. The symbol is correct; but from the criticism in a certain section of the press, the symbol seems to have been misunderstood and its desired effect lost.

While no one can deny that Shantaram has drawn a fairly correct picture of the struggle between the workers and the owner and also admitting that he has taken no sides, the solution suggested by him in the end appears to be unreal and utopian. The idea of *Amiri* and *Garioi* embracing each other sounds romantic; but it is not feasible as long as the owners are like Ulhas in *Surang*. This dispassionate study has

another inherent weakness; it fails to create sympathy and identification for any particular character. Neither the owner's son nor Pagli evokes sympathy. For while the owner's son does not in any concrete way solve the worker's problems—in fact he becomes indirectly responsible for their starvation, Pagli is a rather undefined character. True to the Shantaram tradition, she is brave, fearless and a fighter against injustice, but one does not understand why she is called 'Pagli.' Had she been portrayed as a normal human character and had Shantaram even showed more boldly her romantic interest in the owner's son, the picture would have gained immensely in its dramatic impact and human appeal. The tangle between the owner's daughter and the worker also had great possibilities; but Shantaram has deliberately perhaps not given importance to the personal story of any character as such.

And while one must compliment him for being bold and uncompromising one cannot help feeling that the personal story would have made it more palatable and interesting. As it is, almost all the characters and events in *Surang* are symbolic and as such could be understood and appreciated by those who are familiar with Shantaram's language of symbolism.

Slickly produced, for sheer technical wizardry the outdoor location shots of *Surang* are matchless. The sound effects again play a very important part in this film; Vasant Desai's background music is apt and accentuates the impact of the story. The screenplay is rather episodic, lacking in coherence and compactness, and what is worse, in dramatic suspense. The acting is generally good with Shashikala and Chandrashekhar vying for the acting honours. Personally I prefer Chandrashekhar who gives a spirited performance. The songs are pleasant and tuneful.

All said, *Surang* marks a welcome return of Shantaram to robust realism and reveals his mastery in creating new film symbols. His individuality dominates the entire

film and is evident from the first unusual titles.

Personality Of The Week

AFTER his return from the recent tour I met Jayant Desai for the first time only last week. He was looking gay and cheerful as ever; but the things he said were anything but cheerful. A veteran producer, he has seen many slumps and boom-periods in his career of the last twenty years and has emerged triumphant always in the past. But today he also seems to be diffident and pessimistic.

It is not the slump that is worrying Jayant Desai; he told me that the slump in 1937-38 was even worse than today. It is the cost of production that is his main worry. In 1937 when business was very poor a picture could be made at a cost of Rs. 60,000. The double-version of Tulsidas made on a grand scale cost over a lakh of rupees. And surely, the producer could not lose all the

60,000 rupees. Today his position is different; the picture costs 6 to 7 lakhs of rupees; and if it is a flop, it does not recover even two lakhs. This ratio of cost and returns is so uneven that it is impossible for any producer to continue to make pictures, according to Jayant Desai. And when Jayant Desai who is known for economy complains that the cost of production is high there cannot be any doubt about it. The cost of production is much higher than the returns.

From his talk, I could gather, that unless and until the cost of production goes down, the producers have no chance of survival. No wonder, Jayant Desai has practically suspended production; and no wonder that the main objective of the proposed guild is to bring down the cost of production. It is to be hoped that all other producers heed Jayant Desai's warning and act wisely; otherwise most of them will end up in insolvency courts.

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I AM GRILLED

By ANDREW ROTH

IT was in the murky interior of the Washington headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, during the course of an eight-hour 'grilling' that I learned that I was accused with five others in an alleged conspiracy to transmit Government documents to the magazine *Amerasia*.

Two were arrested simultaneously with me in Washington: John S. Service and E. S. Larsen, both then in the State Department. In coordinated swoops in New York F. B. I. operatives had arrested Philip S. Jaffee and Kate Mitchell, editors of *Amerasia*, and Mark Gayn, a journalist then contributing to *Colliers* and *Saturday Evening Post*. The news of an alleged conspiracy was trumpeted by the F. B. I. as soon as the arrests were made, before they had any chance to find out what evidence they had seized along with the arrested persons or whether any confessions were forthcoming.

It was disconcerting to learn, during the course of the eight-hour interrogation, that I had been 'tailed' for almost three months. The F. B. I. had assigned up to 75 operatives to this case, and they seemed to be confident they 'had' something. Apart from the shock of the charge and the arrest, it was certainly distressing to think what many actions, themselves innocent enough, must look like in the eyes of suspicious F. B. I.-men, determined to make a 'case.'

I was interrogated in shifts by two different types of F. B. I. operatives. One was the friendly type, telling me to confess to make things easier for myself. The F. B. I. would help me if I helped them. The other was the gruff, tough type, warning me in harsh tones to "come across." The others, he lied, had already confessed and implicated me.

The thing which dissipated the shock and restored to me a bit of a sense of humour was the character of the "evidence" they had against

me. They would read out sections from their operatives' reports: "On April you entered the Pentagon carrying a Manila envelope 13 inches long, 8 inches high and half an inch thick. When you emerged your envelope was two inches thick. What did you have in it?" They were disconcerted when I answered with a laugh that I had six copies of *Yank*, the Army wartime weekly for which a college friend had started writing gripping reportage of the fighting in Italy.

In fact I soon discovered that my desire to 'play the game' as a naval officer made the case against me look bad. It was not considered proper for a naval officer to carry a civilian brief case or carry three or four newspapers under his arm. The device I adopted, therefore, was to carry all my newspapers and the manuscript of the book I was working on in official-looking envelopes.

I SOON learned to my amazement that despite almost three months of constant 'tailing' the F. B. I. had not a clue about the fact that I was working on the manuscript of *Dilemma in Japan*. This despite the fact that during the whole of the period during which I had been under observation I had been sitting in front of an open, ground-floor window in Arlington—just across from Washington—banging away on my typewriter five 'chts a week from 5 p.m. until 11-30 p.m. and all day Sundays.

Disappointment was almost visible when my interrogators asked me what I had handled various people in Washington during the time they had followed me and had seen me hand over an envelope during lunch. "Why a chapter of my manuscript," I kept answering. "What manuscript?" one of the alternate interrogators finally asked. He seemed rather disappointed when I explained.

There was a humorous touch when they began going through the things

in my pocket when I was arrested. One of them was a letter from my publishers. They had asked for a photograph of me to put on the back of the book jacket and to distribute for publicity purposes. I had complied and gone to one of Washington's most famous photographers who did some rather flattering photographs in my naval lieutenant's uniform. The publisher wrote that the photographs were very attractive, but unfortunately they made me look even younger than my 26 years and the book-buying public might hesitate to buy a book on a serious subject by what appeared to be a schoolboy. As one of the F. B. I. men was reading this letter I asked him with a tired smile: "By the way, this isn't an elaborate plot to make me look older, is it?"

It is a revealing minor sidelight that the F. B. I., the Navy and the fancy photographer themselves "conspired" together to see that this flattering, boyish-looking photograph of me was not used in the lurid publicity which poured forth the day I was arrested. Instead, they used a photo which the F. B. I. itself took after I had been interrogated for a few hours. Not even the crumbliest passport photographer has been able to equal it since.

Around midnight, the long interrogation over, we were bundled off to a Federal prison. Never having anticipated anything of the sort, I had no lawyer. Nor did I know anyone upon whom I could call for the \$10,000 which was set as bail. Virtually all my friends in Washington, including lawyers, were Government employees; therefore I felt I could not involve them. Even when a newspaper friend secured a lawyer for me the next day it proved impossible to raise the bail from the professional bondsmen. The F. B. I., in its nice impartial way, had warned them not to grant it on the grounds that I planned to "skip the country." It took five days before my family and friends could get together \$10,000 in cash in New York and bring it down.

Those five days in prison were rather a shattering experience. No matter how much one had idolized

Jawaharlal Nehru and other Asian nationalists for whom jail-going was a natural part of political conflict, one never conceived of imprisonment as the possible result of an American political dispute. The Indian analogy only struck me some weeks later when I met Mrs. Pandit on Fifth Avenue and she smilingly greeted me: "Hello, fellow jailbird." In June 1945 one still lived in the after-glow of the just-dead Roosevelt. It was not until this very 'Amerasia case' that one began to gather the political implications of the new Truman administration.

Facts In A Fog

"FEW cases arising out of World War II have received the widespread press coverage and popular speculation that has been accorded the circumstances attending what has come popularly to be known as the Amerasia case," reported the Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations which investigated this case and the accusations against Owen Lattimore in 1950 under the chairmanship of the distinguished conservative Democrat Senator Tydings. (Its report, entitled "State Department Employee Loyalty Investigation," 1950, is the chief official document on the case and I shall cite a number of passages from it.)

It complained: "Seldom, if ever, in the history of congressional investigations has a committee been subjected to an organized campaign of vilification and abuse comparable to that with which we have been confronted throughout this inquiry." (p. 149)

It also charged that this vilification was an example of Senator McCarthy's transplantation of "the technique of the 'Big Lie,' elsewhere employed by the totalitarian dictator with devastating success, used here (in the United States) for the first time on a sustained basis in our history." (p. 151)

This campaign of vilification was so successful that it contributed to the defeat, during the following election, of the Subcommittee Chairman, Senator Tydings, who preserved

a judicial calm during the investigation and sought facts instead of using isolated bits of evidence as faggots with which to burn non-conformist witches. Owen Lattimore has told in 'Ordeal by Slander' what impact the concentrated press barrage had on his reputation, despite his distinguished academic and journalistic career.

In order to tar everyone with the same brush, Owen Lattimore was linked up with the 'Amerasia case' in the 1950 investigation. Senator McCarthy charged, on the floor of the Senate on March 30, 1950 that he had affidavits from a married couple testifying to the fact that on the day before the arrests they had observed me, Owen Lattimore and John Service "discussing certain papers....." The wife alleged that "she was followed upstairs by Roth" and that she saw me "fastening a brief case."

This testimony came from an instructor and his wife who had been befriended by Lattimore, then Director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, since "liquidated" by Johns Hopkins University. This couple dropped in with their baby while Lattimore and I were going over galley proofs of my *Dilemma in Japan*. The publisher which we shared in common—but which has since disavowed all 'tainted' writers in order to buy immunity

from the witch-hunters—had asked Lattimore to write a 'blurb' for the dust jacket. Always a careful man, Lattimore wanted to read a substantial portion of the book before doing so, although I had told him the general thesis. The Lattimores invited me to bring the corrected galley proofs to their lovely, Chinese-style house outside of Baltimore. Also invited were John Service, then just back from Chungking and Yen-an, and Rose Yardumiah, then secretary of the Institute of Pacific Relations in Washington.

Lattimore and I were discussing the manuscript when this couple arrived. She announced that she had to change her baby's pants. Eleanor suggested the bed in the guest room which I was using. As she went up the steps I realized I had much of the galley-proofs spread out on the bed. So I ran up and stuffed them into my brief-case.

It is comic to think that in the year 1950 the wife of a college instructor could make something sinister out of someone's disinclination to let her baby wet the galley proofs of his precious book. The humour of it is spoiled by the fact that such hysterical testimony, induced by mass hysteria, resulted in the death of a number of "witches" in Massachusetts in the 17th century. And it can come very close to "killing" people professionally in the United States of today.

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UN RECOGNITION OF RED CHINA

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

UNITED NATIONS: The eighth General Assembly of the United Nations now in session at its headquarters is faced with the problem of recognizing Peiping and voting to seat it. The United States is opposed to taking up this question. Americans of all shades of opinion have expressed their views on this important question. Here we give the views of Ernest A. Gross because he is best qualified to speak on the matter. He is a former U. S. Assistant Secretary of State and represented US from the third to the seventh session at the UN General Assembly. He resigned his UN post early this year to enter private law practice. He is now special legal adviser to the UN secretary General on questions pertaining to US in the UN.

Ex-ambassador Gross says: Our future relations with Red China involve one of the great issues of American security—perhaps war or peace itself. From the day the Peiping Government was formed in 1949, most of us—Republicans and Democrats alike—have opposed recognition of the Chinese Communist regime and its demand to be seated in the United Nations. So has our Government, regardless of the party in power.

But a new situation has arisen. Red China has joined Communist North Korea in signing a truce with the UN to end the Korean war. Now that the Chinese have stopped shooting at UN soldiers, there is growing an agitation in Britain and other non-Communist countries to give Peiping the seat it long has been demanding and to urge the U. S. to extend diplomatic recognition. Should the U. S. follow Britain's example and recognize the Communist Government in China, as Washington already recognizes Poland, Czechoslovakia and most other Soviet satellites? Should

the U. S. agree to let Red China sit in the UN while continuing to withhold formal diplomatic recognition from her Government? Or should the U. S. continue her present policy of both non-recognition and opposition to seating Red China in the UN? Before we try to answer these questions let us consider the present policy of the U. S. and how it was arrived at. Our Government's position toward Red China was not born on the spur of the moment. We adopted it when Mao Tse-tung Communist armies drove Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist from the Chinese mainland to Formosa in 1949. We have maintained it successfully ever since.

Actually American policy toward China has been honest and consistent since the 18th century sailing ships first opened up the Asian continent to trade with North America. From the beginning, it has been based on a desire that the Chinese people be free, independent and friendly toward the U. S. I will not attempt to allocate praise or blame for the successes or failures that have followed our latter-day attempts to achieve that goal. Enough to say that in its main essentials our policy has been supported by both Republicans and Democrats throughout; in the brighter days, when the Chinese Nationalists were winning the civil war; in the twilight (1944-1947), when U. S. Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley and Presidential representative Gen. George C. Marshall tried in turn to persuade Chiang to take the Communists into his Government, and in the black night of 1949, when the Reds conquered all the mainland in China.

THE loss of China to the Communists was undoubtedly one of the worst defeats American foreign policy has ever suffered. Yet it took our people a surprisingly long time to appreciate the magnitude of this

disaster. We were preoccupied with the problems of liquidating the war, reviving the vast and essential workshops of Europe, demobilizing our forces, and dismantling the mightiest military establishment in history. Here again the policies and priorities were national in scope and bipartisan in accomplishment.

WE were to have a sudden and shattering awakening, however. On June 25, 1950 the North Korean Communist army, armed and supplied by Red China and Russia, struck south across the 38th Parallel into the United Nations-protected Republic of Korea. Five months later, Red China herself invaded Korea in force to rescue the defeated North Korean army. These catastrophic events brought home to the American people for the first time the frightening knowledge that the Communist conquest of China had exposed our entire Pacific flank to possible attack from the Asian mainland; that except for the UN's tiny foothold in Korea, the Reds now occupied an unbroken stretch of coast line from the Arctic Circle in Siberia to embattled Indochina in the south. We had lost to the Communists the nation that was at once our close friend and the world's most populated country. It is against this background that we as a nation must decide whether to continue our opposition to seating Red China in the UN in place of Nationalist China. We, of course, cannot force the UN either to admit or bar Red China. We are but one among 60 members of the UN; our vote is only one among 60. But experience has shown that many freedom-loving nations look to the U. S. for moral leadership and follow our lead in a formal vote.

Normally when a State applies for membership in the UN, the application is sent to the Security Council. If the Council approves the application, it is forwarded to the General Assembly for final action. But if any one of the five permanent members of the Council (United States, Britain, France, Russia and China) votes against the application—in effect vetoes it—no further action can be taken.

A different procedure must be followed when Red China's bid is considered. China, as a State, is already a member of the UN; the only question is whether she shall be represented in each of the various UN bodies by the Nationalist or Communist Government. Each UN body—the General Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council and so on—must decide this question for itself. So far, the Communists have tried on more than 120 separate occasions to seat Red China in one or another of the various UN organs. But each time, a majority of the other members has followed the lead of the United States and refused to oust the Nationalist delegates.

There is some confused talk that the U. S. might exercise a veto if a majority of any UN body voted to seat Red China. However, the veto exists only in the Security Council and even there the majority—including the U. S.—has taken the position that the question is procedural and thus not subject to the veto.

Moreover, if this view is changed—if the veto should be considered to apply—then, of course, the Nationalist representative could keep himself permanently in the Security Council by exercising China's own veto. The question of an American veto would not arise.

In any event, I do not believe that the Communists in the foreseeable future will be able to muster a majority in the Security Council or the General Assembly for the seating of Red China.

IN considering Red China's bid for a seat in the UN, we also should keep in mind a related but legally separate problem: diplomatic recognition of the Peiping regime by the U. S. This decision is ours alone to make; we and Red China are the only parties involved. Many non-Communist States, among them Britain and Norway, already have recognized the Communist regime. To date, the U. S. has refused to extend recognition to Red China for essentially the same reasons that we have voted against seating her in the UN. Legally and theoretically, recognition

means that you are willing to do business with a foreign Government and intend to hold it accountable in the international field.

However, from a practical viewpoint, recognition also has important political impact and consequences. It increases the prestige and power of the regime to which it is given. If a regime is based on force, rather than on consent of the people—as in Red China—recognition in the traditional sense is bound to strengthen the hold of the regime over its subjugated people.

BRITAIN and some other States argue that to recognize a regime is simply to accept the fact that it effectively controls a country. They contend that the origins of the regime, its nature and objectives, as well as its conduct at home and abroad, should not be taken into account. But surely this view does not give sufficient weight to the political and moral effect of recognition—particularly recognition by the U. S. or any other great power.

The Chinese Communist regime, like the Soviet Government, is very realistic about this matter of recognition. It does not recognise the Japanese Government. Nor does it recognize the Government of the Republic of Korea, although the United Nations has proclaimed that Government to be the only lawful Government in Korea. But neither Peiping nor Moscow has ever denied that either Government is in effective control of the country for which it speaks.

Recognition is used—and in today's world, inevitably used—by most Governments as an instrument of policy. Within the free world itself, India and certain other Asian States refuse to recognize the Government of the Republic of Korea or the Associated States of Indochina, and there are many other examples.

But despite our Government's refusal to recognize Peiping, we sometimes must deal with its representatives. They sat across the table from us in the Korean armistice negotiations. They negotiated with us, and we with them.

It seems to me that our objective

should be to deal with the Peiping regime whenever and wherever we consider it to be in our national interest, but not give the Reds the benefits, the prestige and the actually increased strength which recognition in the traditional sense would confer. Is this a plan for eating one's cake and having it, too? I don't think so. The use of diplomatic recognition as a tool of foreign policy makes it important to realize that there has come into practice what might be called a doctrine of "general purpose" and "special purpose" recognition. General purpose recognition, with full exchange of diplomatic representation, carries with it moral and political sanction regardless of what theorists may say.

Recognition for special purposes exists, for example, when Governments negotiate on specific issues; when they take part in the same international conferences or organizations; when they exchange or receive diplomatic or consular representatives for particular missions. Traditional international law itself involves many situations in which a partial or modified recognition is granted. One example is in cases of civil war. When the Confederacy proclaimed its power in the South during our war between the States it was recognized by Great Britain as a belligerent. This procedure was, of course, a special purpose recognition.

IN extending special purpose recognition to the Peiping regime, I believe we should also continue to deal with the Nationalists in matters pertaining to Formosa and other areas which they might control. And we should continue to recognise the Nationalists' right to represent China in the UN.

Why the Nationalists? To find the answer, let us look at the nature of the Communist regime which claims the right to represent the Chinese people. That regime was, of course, spawned by violence in the wake of World War II. It was installed with the illegal assistance of the Soviet Government, which in 1945 had agreed in an exchange of notes with Chiang's Government to recogni-

and assist only the Nationalist regime.

THE Peiping regime, like all other Communist Governments in the world today, is imposed by force and maintained by terror. It is in no sense the product of any free choice by the Chinese people. The Communist regime's contemptuous refusal to accept China's treaty and other international obligations needs little discussion. Peiping has recognized no international debts or obligations of the Nationalist Government.

Within a month after the so-called People's Republic of China was proclaimed in 1949, the American Consul-General in Mukden and four consulate employees were arrested and jailed on false charge. A few months later, the regime seized the American consulate in Peiping and the United States Government was, of course, forced to withdraw all its consular officials from Red China.

Campaigns have been and are today being conducted throughout the Redheld areas to inspire hatred against the United States. Sound trucks, films, puppet shows and faked exhibits of "germ warfare" in Korea are carried to the smallest village. The Big Lie is being spread with all the ruthless efficiency of the totalitarian mind. Outrages continue against missionaries, who are imprisoned and tortured.

Chinese aggression in Korea did not end with the cease fire. Red China's troops remain in North Korea without right or warrant. To say that the Chinese forces are there by request of the North Korean authorities is to play upon words, since the North Korean puppet regime is itself supplied and dominated by the Chinese Communist regime, in concert (for the present, at least) with the Soviet Government. Numerous Communist outrages against UN war prisoners have been revealed. The only conclusion it is possible to draw from these facts is that the Chinese Communists have been and remain guilty of contempt of the normal standards of international behaviour. Their agreement to an armistice in Korea has not purged them of their contempt. Let us turn now to the

political aspects of the question of seating Red China in the UN.

It is argued that the United Nations is a "family of nations," not an anti-Communist coalition; that all important segments of world opinion and forces, however mutually repugnant, should be included; and that exclusion from the UN of the so-called true representatives of the Chinese or other peoples serves no useful purpose, but, on the contrary, hinders the accomplishment of one of the main purposes of the UN. That purpose is to provide a forum in which to discuss conflicting interests and divergent viewpoints.

But is Peiping truly representative of the Chinese people? Does it respond to their freely expressed wishes? Do the people have a voice in the selection of leaders? No.

What then about the Nationalist Government? For whom can it rightfully claim to speak from exile on the island of Formosa? Many countries of Asia, the Middle East, the British Commonwealth and Europe consider that the Nationalist Government (or Formosa Government, as they usually call it) speaks for no one on the mainland of China and that its retention of the UN seat is therefore a fraud. However, I have no doubt whatever from close observation and intimate association with the Nationalist delegates to the UN that on most issues they truly reflect what seem to me the real spirit and the long-range interests of the Chinese people. The contributions of Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang, head of the Nationalist delegation, in consultations and debates on many issues of peace and war have served well the cause of the UN. What a contrast his reasoned speeches have been to the barbarous performance of Red China's Gen. Wu Hsiu-chuan, who in a venomous 105 minute speech before a horrified Security Council in November 1950, accused the U. S.—and thus by implication the UN itself—of aggression and atrocities in Korea!

SOME Western statesmen argue that seating the Chinese Communists in the UN and exposing them to constant contacts with free-world representatives might induce them

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to modify their policies and draw away from Moscow. A large body of opinion, particularly in Asia, believes that the Peiping regime is "more Chinese" than Communist—that there is a latent strain of Titoism in the Chinese Communist blood stream which should be built up. Certainly any increase in tension between Moscow and Peiping would be to the advantage of the free world. The seeds of conflict already exist; Soviet influence in Manchuria is almost as repugnant to the Chinese Communists as to the Nationalists; Chinese man power was sacrificed in Korea without the full-scale assistance that Russia undoubtedly hinted, if not promised, would be forthcoming; trade agreements between the two countries clearly benefit the senior partner more than they do China.

However, would Red Chinese representation in the U. N. really tend to turn Peiping toward the West and away from the Kremlin? My own observation of the conduct and attitudes of the Soviet satellites in the

UN does not give me much reason to believe so.

WE must also consider certain economic aspects of the question. Essential problems of trade and markets are too often ignored or treated in a demagogic fashion. The welfare and life itself of hundreds of millions of people in the free areas of Asia depend upon the flow of essential food and raw materials. Let us not forget that the U. S. has a positive aim in Asia, as well as in the rest of the world; the extension of freedom. This goal will not be won by eloquence or by postures of righteousness. It has been said that the real challenge of this century is the race between man and starvation. We must cooperate with other free countries to attack and to remedy the conditions which cause poverty, disease and despair. They are the carriers on which Communist aggression rides.

The American policy of a complete embargo against Red China and freezing her assets followed on the

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SWATANTRA

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heels of the Chinese aggression in Korea. It probably will be our fixed policy for a long while. We are willing and able to underwrite this policy. Our trade with China has been large, but not vital to our economy. Before World War II, we supplied more than half of China's imports. But it was only 5 per cent of our total exports.

IT is not so easy for other pro-Western countries—Japan, for example—to join in such an embargo. Half of Japan's prewar trade was with adjacent Asian countries, principally China. Japan's trade with Asia more than made up for the deficit in her trade with the U. S. and the Japanese people want to continue this profitable relationship.

To what conclusions do these considerations lead us? That the U. S. should not at any time or under any conceivable conditions grant general purpose recognition to Red China and support her seating in the UN? Not at all. The considerations I have mentioned suggest that the key to the American attitude should be: Will our opposition to the Red regime tend to hasten or delay a change from its present lawless behaviour to a course of conduct consistent with international law and morality?

Many in this country—of which I am one—believe that continuation of our Government's present non-recognition policy is more likely to induce a favourable change in the Red's attitude to take into account more realistically the nature and character of a totalitarian regime. Voting to seat the Chinese Reds in the UN, or recognition of them in the traditional sense, almost certainly would be interpreted and exploited by them as capitulation on our part and as vindication of the ruthless policies they continue to pursue.

On the other hand, many peoples

and leaders abroad sincerely hold a contrary view.

A Conservative British Member of Parliament said recently: "We recognize China as we recognize Mount Everest or a wet day in the middle of the summer. We recognize it because it is there."

It seems to me that most of the responsible leadership of the free world—as well as the informed public opinion behind it—believe that Red China someday will realize that she must adhere to the rules of international behaviour. It cannot hope to survive unless she does.

The British Labour Government in 1951 and the Conservative Government in 1952 stated that although in principle they believed the Communist regime should represent China in the UN, the decision should be postponed because of the Reds' "persistence in behaviour...inconsistent with the purposes and principles of the (UN) Charter."

Again last July, British Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd told the House of Commons:

"We do not say that recognition (seating Peiping) should come at once, but it is a matter which should be discussed."

Specifically, Red China must accept treaty and other international obligations; cease poisoning the wells of public opinion at home by hate campaigns directed against the free world, particularly the United States; cease and disavow aggression in any part of Asia; demonstrate her ability and willingness to carry out loyally the principles of the United Nations Charter.

UNTIL this contempt is purged in this manner, we should continue to withhold full recognition from the Chinese Reds and to oppose seating them in the United Nations.

History is impatient with intangibles; the mystic meaning of a shadow pattern on a sacred butte, or that of the order of wild geese in flight. It cannot pause to describe the roar of the black wind, the Plains chinook, which is a welcome sound; or the silence of the white cold, which is terrible. It cannot bother to reflect upon why some men, primitive and civilized alike, should believe that in personal contest or communion with the elementary fury of a blizzard, the loneliness of the prairie or the aloof majesty of an unclimbed mountain, they may chance upon the essential core of truth and meaning of life, revealed to them in an instant of intuitive experience as a reward for superhuman effort.

—Joseph Kinsey Howard

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TRIBUTE TO VASAN

By M. A. SRINIVASAN

I GLADLY associate myself with the large and increasing number of men and women and children from all walks of life that have paid a tribute to Mr. S. S. Vasan, and his latest picture *Avvaiyar*.

It is boldly conceived and affectionately produced. Every inch of the film breathes Mr. Vasan's love of the land of the Tamils and its ancient civilization and culture, ardently shared by his able and versatile colleague Mr. Kothamangalam Subbu.

Srimathi Sundarambal, who plays the role of the great Avvaiyar acts and sings as one inspired. The result is a rare treat that lingers long in one's memory.

The picture of the King who goes out in royal procession to welcome the saint and poetess is one that has rarely been surpassed in magnificence, dignity or elaborateness of detail. One wishes it had been taken in technicolour. The scene would be a beautiful documentary for the whole world to see.

The music is exceptionally chaste. Exceptionally because, while it is true that films have popularised music and brought it to the masses, they have, in the very process tended to cheapen and degrade it with the result that what is now commonly known as film music has come to resemble bad ghee. It is not ghee. It is too heavily adulterated with foreign matter—and it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The music of *Avvaiyar* sets a noble example. The only thing that could perhaps be said is that, owing doubtless to mechanical causes, the volume seems pitched too high, and the music would be far more enjoyable if the volume was toned down.

In seeking perfection, one could perhaps say, too, that some of the longer songs and didacticisms could have been shortened with more telling effect. The last long journey to the top of Kailas might possibly have been omitted without loss. But

it is easier to criticise than to edit. What is more, most of the film-going public, particularly in South India, demands footage for its money.

Very few picture-goers would seem to realise the courage, the endurance and unremitting toil that the production of a good film calls for and the risks and anxieties that the producer has to face and overcome. Film production has sometimes been referred to as the "bosom-heaving industry" and the producer is often visualised as a spoilt and dictatorial Moghul, living luxuriously in the company of glamorous stars, and rolling in wealth. It is this popular impression that perhaps accounts for the number of new moths that annually enter the flame and get signed. Very few realise that as against a Vasan who has succeeded and endures, there are perhaps ten whose pictures have flopped and who have burnt their fingers.

A GOOD picture costs so much to make and the producer, the distributor and the theatre-owner have between them such a multitude of taxes and levies to pay today that it is reckoned that nearly a crore of people have to go to see the picture before it starts to earn something for the producer. I know of no enterprise in the world,—not even in the political field—where the entrepreneur submits himself and the product of his time, energy and financial investment, wholly to the passing verdict of ten million free and independent men, women and children.

Nevertheless, that is the gruelling, democratic test to which every film producer subjects himself. On its result he stands or falls and is forgotten. He can look to none for help or support, least of all, unfortunately, to Governments and local bodies which derive a considerable revenue from every stage of the industry.

It is for this reason that Mr. S. S. Vasan deserves our tribute. He is

no mere adventurer, though adventurer he has perforce to be. He is an intellectual, equipped, as few intellectuals are, with an unerring sense of the needs and tastes of the people he seeks to entertain. He can read the public's intellectual and emotional pulse as few can. He is, besides, no ease-loving millionaire. I have not come across a more plain-living and hardworking man. He also edits and manages one of the most popular and widely-read journals in India.

WE talk of reducing working hours, and increasing the hours of leisure of our people. Healthy and pleasure-giving entertainment is not much less necessary or important than clothing, or houses. Any man who made it his life's work to supply the need as well as Mr. Vasan has done would in other countries be acclaimed and honoured even if not positively encouraged and assisted by the State.

There are not many industries in which India can yet claim to be the second largest in the world. India's motionpicture production, however, is said to be the second largest in the world. It has provided new avenues of employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women—from authors and artists, and musicians of repute to humble folk who move 'props' or stand-in in street scenes and mob-scenes,—villagers, cartmen, not to mention mahouts, tiger-tamers and acrobats, and babies.

The industry and its activities also

provide a very substantial revenue direct and indirect to Governments and Municipalities. Apart from entertainment, the need and importance of which has already been stressed, the role of the film as a medium of education and the advancement of the cultural arts is coming to be increasingly recognised.

If the industry languishes, as with reckless and short-sighted taxation it now seems to be in danger of doing, several thousands will be forced to join the ranks of the unemployed, and the Central and State exchequers will lose lakhs of rupees so greatly needed for the nation's development, and for raising the standard of living of the people. But given friendly support and encouragement the industry can not only retain and improve its present enviable position, and nurture many a new industry, such as the production of raw cinematographic film, every inch of which is at present being imported from abroad but also make a significant contribution to the advancement of knowledge and the cultural arts.

IT has unfortunately become a fashion with certain leaders of public opinion, some of whom have probably never visited a cinema-house in their lives, to attribute every sin or crime to the films, be they Indian or foreign, and to preach against picture-going. I would only ask them respectfully, to see *Avvaiyar*.

LOVE

Love is the young man's king and the old man's tyrant.—*Lous XII*

Love is the heart's novel and pleasure is its history.—*Osselin*

Love is the groundwork which imagination has embroidered.—*Voltaire*

Love is an ill none can conceal; a look, a word, or even silence reveals it.—*Abelard*

Love is a trifling thing, and yet is the only weapon that can wound stout hearts.—*Stendhal*

Love is a passion which often comes we know not how, and leaves us in the same way.—*Arsene Houssaye*

Love is a bird that sings in the heart of woman.—*Alphonse Karr*

Love being a deeply sensual feeling, possession of its object must be possible and even approximate to give birth to love. The woman is usually loved whom circumstances throw frequently in our way, and not the acquaintance whose return is doubtful. We adore the one and forget the other without reasoning, because instinct impels us towards her who offers some chance of conquest.—*G. Lachaud*

moning an air of bored indifference: "Pooh, why it's an earthen pot! What d'you expect me to give for it? It isn't worth a copper pice." And shoving the pot away from him he walked away.

An hour or so after, the cry "Pots to sell! Waterpots to sell!" came into the street. In accordance with him and one might try the other had

the cry, the girl ran to the house and seeing it was not another vendor, her grandmother: "Oh, do not, granny dear."

The woman made reply: "No, my pet. The only thing I can give is our bowl, and the hawkers throw on the ground so much worthless clay. What is left to offer now?"

That was a harsh, coarse word. This one looks gentle and his voice is soft. Surely he will take the bowl."

He took him in then, my sweet."

So Serivan came into the house and they gave him a seat and put the bowl into his hands. And it did not take him more than a minute to know that the bowl was gold and he said: "Mother, this bowl is worth more than full five thousand silver pieces and I haven't one-tenth of its value with me."

"My good man," said the old woman, "the one that came here before you said it wasn't worth a copper pice; so he threw it on the ground as so much of filth and flung himself out, deeply annoyed. It's the power of your goodness alone which has turned into gold what once was clay. Take it, give us whatever you like for it, and go your way, my good man."

At the time Serivan had five hundred pieces of silver with him and wares worth as much more. He bestowed the whole of this on the old dame and her pretty grandchild, retaining however his scales, his bag, and eight pieces of silver. And load-

ed with their good wishes and grateful thanks, he departed posthaste to the riverside where he gave his eight pieces of silver to the boatman to row him over the ferry.

Meanwhile, the greedy huckster came back to the house and asked for the bowl, saying he would give something small in exchange for it. But the old woman flew at him almost like a fury, panting hotly: "Begone, you cheat! You made out our golden bowl into an earthen thing, what was worth five thousand pieces of silver not worth even a copper pice! But there came an upright, honest hawker who gave us a thousand pieces for it and took it away. Begone, you fraud, you swindler of the deepest dye!"

Whereupon, the greedy hawker stood as if number for a moment, then galvanizing himself into life executed a devil-dance, shouting as one possessed: "He has robbed me of a golden vessel worth full five thousand pieces, the rascal has robbed me, robbed me, robbed me!" And greatly distraught, with rage and grief, he flung his money and he flung his pots and he flung his pans at the door of the house; he tore his hair and he clutched his head in wild despair; he threw off his uppercloth and he threw off his undercloth; and armed with the beam of his scales as a club, he rushed to the bank of the Telavaha, screaming: "The rascal has robbed me! I'll powder his bones for him!"

BUT the boat was already beyond midstream when he panted up to the riverbank, and shouted and hallooed to the boatman to put back. Serivan, however, prevailed upon the ferryman not to, and Chinna Serivan saw to his intense sorrow and dismay the boat receding away from his gaze. His heart beat like an army in rout, he foamed at his mouth; and naked and flecked with foam he pitched himself headlong into the river, mad on pursuit. But the waters were deep and the current strong under a full tide, and he was whisked down like a filmy twig, deep into the bottomlands of a boiling whirlpool.

And all quiet flowed the Telavaha.

THE TWO HUCKSTERS

He flung his money and he flung his pots and he flung
his pans at the door of the house; he tore his hair and
he clutched his head in wild despair.

LONG, long ago, in the kingdom of
Seri in ancient India, there were
two hawkers who dealt in metalware.
One was called Serivan, the other
Chinna Serivan. Serivan was an
honest good man, while Chinna Seri-
van was a greedy fellow, intent on
making abnormal profits in his trade.

In the course of their travels they
crossed the river Telavaha and
entered the city of Andhapura. Divid-
ing the city between themselves,
they set about peddling their pots
and pans in the many streets and
lanes and by-lanes.

Now in Andhapura lived an old
woman and a little
girl, her grand-
daughter. Once
they were of a very
rich family of
merchants, but in
an unfortunate
deal, they had lost
their entire wealth,
and their menfolk,
husbands, sons and
brothers, were all dead—one and all.
The old woman and the girl were
the sole survivors, and they eked
out their livelihood by working
for hire. Nevertheless, they had in
their house a golden bowl out of
which, in the proud prosperous days
of old, the great merchant, the head
of the family, used to eat; but it had
been thrown among the lumber, its
existence all but forgotten. And in
its long disuse, it was so begrimed
with dirt and dust that the old
woman did not know it was made of
gold.

And to the door of their house
came Chinna Serivan, on his round,
crying lustily: "New pots for old!
New pots for old! Waterpots to sell!
Such swell waterpots! Drinkingpots
to sell! Such lovely drinkingpots,
little and lovely as parrots! Who
buys? Who buys?" His hawking
sounded like a song, to which he beat

time on a shining copper vessel he
held in his hand.

Hearing his cry the little girl said
to her grandmother: "Oh, do buy me
a trinket, granny."

"We are very poor, dear; what can
we offer in exchange for it?"

The little girl, all eager, fetched
the bowl of gold, grimed over with
dirt and disuse, from the lumber and
said: "Here's the old thing, granny;
it has been no good to us. Let us
give it in exchange."

"Be it so, my child," agreed the old
woman, and calling the hawker in
and begging him
to be seated, put
the bowl into his
hands, saying gent-
ly: "Take this my
good man, and
give your teeny sis-
ter something or
other in exchange."

The girl had al-
ready taken a small

drinkingpot, shaped like a lotus-bud
half-abloom, with spout slender as a
tendrill, and seemed to be extremely
pleased with it. But with a brief
grunt of irritation the hawker
snatched it from her and laid it
aside. The girl's face fell and she
looked in a wistful, appealing way at
her grandmother.

THE hawker then took the bowl in
his hand; a doubt suddenly sha-
dowed his eyes, it felt so heavy; and
turning it over and over a dozen times
this way and that scrutinizing, and
suspecting it was gold he scratched a
line on the back of it with an iron
needle and satisfied himself for cer-
tain that the bowl was real, precious
metal. Then, for the fraction of a
minute, a sly expression narrowed
the greedy huckster's eyes into slits,
and thinking that he could gull the
stupid old woman into parting with
the bowl for nothing, he said, sum-

A JATAKA TALE

Retold by

ANAMI

the only justification a writer needs for adding to the millions of books already in existence. A good novelist has a strong sense of his vocation. Here is what Joseph Conrad has to say: "You must give yourself up to emotions. (No easy task). You must squeeze out of yourself every sensation, every thought, every image,—mercilessly, without reserve and without remorse. You must search the darkest corners of your heart, the most remote recesses of your brain,—you must search them for the image, for the glamour, for the right expression. And you must do it sincerely, at any cost: you must do it so that at the end of your day's work you should feel exhausted, emptied of every sensation and every thought, with a bland mind and an aching heart, with the notion that there is nothing left in you. To me it seems that it is the only way to achieve true distinction—even to go somewhat towards it." Joseph Conrad's views have an added interest. I feel, because he was a Pole, who in middle age began to write, and chose English rather than his mother tongue, for his medium. His mastery for a foreign language was brilliant and impressive, his work has to be judged by the highest standards.

AN American writer, Julian Green, who chose French in which to express his creative urge, has gained almost equal recognition and renown in the country of his adoption. And in recent years numerous refugees have had the courage to tackle the problem of expression in an alien language in England and America. Their work is both valid and valuable for our time, even though nothing seemingly permanent results from such activities. But they have served us as interpreters. A similar problem is one that faces all Indian authors who use English as a medium for expression. In the West all too little is known of the works of contemporary creative Indian writers, at the present time. But this state of affairs will change and change rapidly, since the world is watching India's political progress with sympathetic eyes. Your gifted writers can interpret the complexities of life in this great country, with all the

varied implications, more soundly and sanely than anyone else. Writers can win for you consideration and understanding of your problems. They can describe lives as it is lived in the humble and remote villages, or in the teeming prosperous ports. They can deal with India's problems and prospects in a way which will influence the imagination of the West. They can focus the attention of your own peoples on questions of importance to you all. You writers of today have great potentialities but you must provide audiences to encourage and stimulate them with adequate recognition and applause. What are their aims to be? Are they to consider only Western audiences, or will they achieve something finer and more worth while by setting themselves the highest possible standards? I think for the time being they must consider themselves as forerunners, writers on whose work, other writers can build. But their work will only be valid and stimulating if it has integrity. Writers today have many problems that harass them, there is the general state of worldwide economic difficulties, there is the shortage of paper, the lowering of editorial and publishing standards, there is the influx of amateurs into the market. But the author with genuine gifts will struggle on, trying to preserve his integrity. He has to guard himself against self-pity and bitterness, to survive neglect and indifference, to rely on himself rather than on the critics who are all too often either academic, or fashionable. But in spite of all the handicaps the writer, like all those who follow creative pursuits, is a fortunate individual, since he is doing work which he loves. And those of us who are able to do the work we really want to do, are all too rare in the world today. But the task is not an easy one, do not be misled by a limpid style, into thinking that a pad of paper and a pencil is all that you need to start on the career of a writer. It is said that every individual could write one book, but this merely means that each person's life could provide the material needed. When it comes to

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the actual job of putting down of words on paper, the writer quickly exhausts himself. The writer's task, like that of any other skilled craftsman, has to be learned, slowly and arduously. And if the writer is going to emerge from the ruck, he must have something to say, by that, I mean, he must have an inner compulsion, a belief in himself, which will override all the difficulties which he will encounter in his first efforts to gain recognition. He may have to wait for years before he can get into print, to work without either encouragement or material reward. Yet if he has a genuine creative gift, he will be prepared to do this, since his belief in his own talent will effectively sustain him. All writers, whatever their gifts, have had to follow this hard and lonely road, and even those to whom public recognition came rapidly, had only their own belief in themselves in the beginning. But this is enough, really, since the person who holds this conviction strongly enough will ultimately gain an audience, for what he wishes to say. My own experience may be of some interest to those among you who either wish to write, or to know a little about a writer's problems. To start with, I had to secure a livelihood, which permitted me to write in my own spare time. And this was by no means easy. The next thing proved even harder, and that was to put down my ideas into readable prose. For a time I despaired, but because the urge was strong enough I at length produced a story, which I assured myself was worthy of being put into print. Thus self-encouraged, I persevered, but it was not until I had written three novels and quite a few short stories, that I succeeded in imposing my own conviction on someone else. You may imagine the hours of labour, the periods of resentment, and the stiffening of my own character, which went into these early years of unrewarded struggle. But I loved writing, and this alone made it possible for me to persist in my ambition. But the writer needs the sti-

mus of recognition if he is to progress, for without this his talent may eventually become stunted, or precious. If he has the integrity which generally goes with talent, discriminating praise will encourage and strengthen his gifts, while empty flattery will leave him unmoved. The good writer is a mixture of pride and humility, for he is conscious of his limitations as well as of his gifts, which guards him against complacent self-satisfaction. Today when so many people write, the competition is naturally much keener, so that authors, who can produce stuff which is competent, rather than arresting or original, tend to gain more rapid recognition. The more serious writer finds himself handicapped by his own gifts, and his work often seems lost in a flood of mediocrity. But his standards are valid and only he can make lasting contributions to literature. Virginia Woolf, in one of her most brilliant essays on the art of letters, suggests that nothing was ever said about the writer's state of mind till the end of the eighteenth century. Rousseau, she thought, began it. She goes on to say: "Thus, though we do not know what Shakespeare went through when he wrote *Lear*, we do know what Carlyle went through when he wrote the *French Revolution*; what Flaubert went through when he wrote *Madame Bovary*; what Keats was going through when he tried to write poetry against the coming death and the indifference of the world."

VIRGINIA WOOLF herself, and many other considerable writers have given us a great deal of fascinating material about the methods they used to produce their works. But such things as they can tell us while interesting and stimulating, only touch on the outer secrets of creative art. The heart of the mystery remains even to the writer himself a mystery still. He can tell you of his impulses, of his conceptions even. But if you question him closely, he will have to admit that there are intangibles which he himself cannot explain. (By courtesy: AIR, Madras)

NEW BOOKS

H. G. WELLS

By Montgomery Belgion

Published for the British Council and the National Book League
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2s net

WHEN he took over the editorship of *The Fortnightly Review* from Mr. (afterwards Lord) Morley, Frank Harris, it seems, came into possession of two large boxes.

"You'll find these boxes full of manuscript," said Morley; "I ought to have returned them long ago; some date back for years; some are recent. You could get your secretary just to send them all back and so be rid of them—the happy dispatch, eh?"

Very scrupulously (records Harris), he went through the boxes; most of the manuscripts were worthless; only two out of the whole lot claimed his attention: one a story, the other an article entitled 'The Rediscovery of the Unique'. The article was finely written, the prose easy and rhythmic.

"It set forth that the modern habit of generalization was an aid to memory but not to truth; the beads of fact we string together on one thread are all different. No two leaves of a tree are alike; no two eyes in a head are the same in shape or colour; even the two sides of the nose are never exactly matched, nor the two lobes of any brain. Everything in nature and in life is unique, has to be studied by itself; for the soul and meaning of it is in its uniqueness and it will not yield its secret save to loving study of its singularity."

Harris had expected a reputed name; the signature surprised him: H. G. Wells!

This is an interesting introduction—although a little dramatic tinged with the special Harrisian hue—to Herbert George Wells, giant among English novelists, prophet, preacher, historian, scientist, authentic voice of that vast section



Wells

of people who did the job for the Empire,—the artisan, the technician, the shopkeeper, the little man "who is the victim of an impoverished environment, ill-educated, tied by economic chains, bewildered by the clever, the rich, the brutal, who nevertheless walks on through life like Browning's Pippa, or the early Charlie Chaplin, wearing the cloak of innocence and carrying the shield of good humour." Wells was born in the year 1866, at Bromley in Kent, of a tradesman father who was also a professional cricketer and a mother who was a housekeeper in one of the aristocratic families. The circumstances of his childhood, its poverty, struggles and squalor, and his apprenticeship to a draper when he was not yet fourteen are reflected in his best-known novels: *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, and *The History of Mr. Polly*. He then studied to become a teacher and passing through a succession of schools gave up this vocation in 1893, to full-time authorship. As a young man he professed himself a student of science keenly interested in its advance, and all his earlier books were scientific romances—*The Time Machine*, *The Wonderful Visit*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, *The First Men in the Moon*.

—funny, fantastic, but never failing to entertain, fitting neatly into the known laws of this physical universe, daring in their invention, defying the possible, yet appearing plausible, gay irresponsibility mixed with charming impudence. These tales had an extraordinary vogue when they first appeared; they were translated into a dozen languages and by the time he

was in his early thirties, Wells "was known from Kyoto to Paris." Says V. S. Pritchett:

"There are two literatures of discovery in English: the island fantasies of the eighteenth century which reach their highest point in Swift and the literature of scientific discovery of which Wells has been master. Swift's sources were literary and political. He wrote when the great discoveries were long over, at the end of a period. His religion was orthodox, his opinion conservative; his horrors were the reflection of a considered view of human nature. Generic Man, the hope of Wells, was Swift's abomination; the one point of stability in Swift was Gulliver, the most prosaic traveller in English literature, and around the calm figure of Gulliver the humanity of the eighteenth century gathers. How different is the case of Wells. He is writing at the beginning of the second scientific revolution, which, he foresees, is going to lead to one awful war after another. Like his age, he is horrified but eager. He is topical, unstable, spry, journalistic; all desire one moment, all disgust the next. The things Swift saw have happened. The things Wells sees have not happened. They are possibilities."

England with the empire as background was Wells's horizon in the first-half of his writing career; with the outbreak of World War I "he saw his problem of order and planning always on a world-scale." The future of mankind was his passionate concern. He believed in a society aiming at the common good. In an age of the machine, he knew it was machinery that made the whole world kin, but he warned *homo sapiens* incessantly of the fate that was in store for him if he abused the power that machinery gave him. In 1933 he made two journeys; to Washington to see Franklin Roosevelt, and to Moscow to meet Stalin who had agreed to give him forty minutes but which was extended by Stalin's wish, to three hours. He had attained the stature of a world figure, this socialist, rationalist, and feminist.

"It is the climb out of poverty and quasi-illiteracy, the swift triumph as a writer, the large earnings, the prolific production of books, their variety and kind of subject, and ulti-

mately the accession to the status of world figure—it is the sequence and combination of these achievements that make up Wells the Giant," writes Montgomery Belgion in his British Council pamphlet *H. G. Wells*, giving a vigorous assessment of each item, "gigantic in itself." He deals with Wells as Baby and Giant; biologically amusing, the division is skilful for the critical approach and evaluation of a writer of enormous vitality and industry, who meant so much to his generation and the next, and who along with Shaw "was the foremost contemporary influence of his day." Mr. Belgion has the gift of the revealing phrase, terse, precise, elegant; here are appraisals of the scientific fantasies, of the early novels in the Dickensian tradition, of the later—testy and argumentative—of his *Experiment in Autobiography*, *The Outline of History*, a popular history of the world which in its abbreviated version as *A Short History of the World* did its work successfully roundabout the globe, of *The Science of Life* which he wrote in collaboration with two biologists, his son G. P. Wells and Dr. Julian Huxley—a book not as widely read as it deserved to be—of the voluminous *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*—also not a popular success. Mr. Belgion's study is penetrated with a fine intellectual acuity; when he says that Wells "will be declared a figure for the young of today and tomorrow," he only affirms what the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy—the 'Affable Hawk'—said of Wells in his *Memories of writers and people*:

"When our passions die down we see the foolish and vain side of passion, and when our life cools we cease to believe that enthusiasm and energy are sufficient to change fundamentally our environment. But which is right—youth or age? Wells, until the end of his life, thought youth was right."

Mr. Belgion thus concludes his critique:

"The essential merit of Wells is, indeed, to have been thoroughly the child of his time. If we may say of him what has been said of another—that his constructive criticism is impudent and only his destructive criticism any good—we have summed up the reasons.

why Baby Wells should, as I said, be consigned to oblivion and Wells the Sage, as I said also, be helped in every way to endure. Giant Wells can of course be left to take care of himself."

An excellent summing up this. Out of his vast store of knowledge Wells gave the world prodigally, and whatever his impact on the politics of his day, his Fabian alliance and subsequent abandonment of it, English literature sparkles with the permanent lustre of his genius, and everywhere, indubitably, we are his debtors.

MITRA

Mythology

By Edith Hamilton

A Mentor Book

The New American Library, N. Y.

50 cents

CLASSICAL Mythology is an inexhaustible field for exploration, study and interpretation, and Edith Hamilton, reputed author of *The Greek Way to Western Civilization* has brought into *Mythology* the "timeless tales of Gods and Heroes," drawing her material from widely different sources and in her treatment of it achieving a remarkable compactness, making the tales all of a piece. "My hope," she writes in her introduction to the volume, "is that those who do not know the classics will gain in this way not only a knowledge of the myths, but some little idea of what the writers were like who told them—who have been proved, by two thousand years and more, to be immortal." Here are the gods of Olympus, the high and the lesser ones, the gods of the waters and of the underworld; stories of how the world and mankind were created, the undying love tales of Cupid and Psyche, Pyramus and Thisbe, Pygmalion and Galatea, Alpheus and Arethusa; the heroes of the great Trojan War and those that came after; fables of the Norse gods and Norse wisdom—told in a way that keeps the fragrance and thrill of the originals. A profound classical scholar Miss Hamilton has expounded the ancient myths for the modern reader with a simplicity which is at once pleasing and stimulating. She

has caught the spirit and splendour of a vanished age through a mind which with its intense love and understanding of the classics has "penetrated into modes of thought not our own." The transcription is thaumaturgical. Steele Savage who serves as attractive decorator of these tales adds delight to their reading.

M. S. I.

Biography of The Earth

By George Gamow

A Mentor Book

The New American Library, N. Y.

35 cents

GEORGE GAMOW is a Professor of Theoretical Physics at the George Washington University. Like all eminent scientists he is good at conveying to the layman the most complicated ideas of science in a clear manner. He does not sacrifice simplicity for the sake of accuracy nor does he treat the non-scientist like a baby. The topics on which he has written vary from sub-atomic physics to the facts of life. In the *Biography of the Earth* he treats of the origin of the earth, its history, the formation of the rocks, tides, and other things too numerous to be mentioned, down to the arrival of *Homo Sapiens*. The two theories accounting for the origin of the earth are those of Comte de Buffon, and Laplace. Mr. Gamow discusses both these theories in detail and how the work of the German Physicist C. F. Von Weizsacker has proved that the Laplace hypothesis of the origin of the Earth as due to the Sun alone without the help of any "intruder from interstellar space" is right after all. One of the questions most often asked by us is whether our Planetary System is unique. The author without introducing any mathematics shows that "out of the 40,000,000,000 stars forming the galaxy of our Milky Way not more than 20 could have experienced actual collision or close passage and the probable number of planetary systems analogous to our own is only about 10."

'Life on the Earth' is a chapter which deals with evolution and it is treated in a fashion which might well be the envy of many a biologist. The last chapter gives a "glimpse into the future." To convey to the reader an idea of the scope of the book I can do no better than to quote Mr. Gamow's concluding remarks. "Struggling" (let me assure the reader that it is only the charming modesty of the author which makes him use the word Struggling), "through the chapters of the present book, the reader must have received a fairly comprehensive picture of the evolution of our cosmic ship, the Earth, from the very beginning of its existence as a gaseous, and later molten piece of matter torn away from the young Sun by some passing star, down to the very end, when it will be melted again in the last desperate explosion of its dying parent."

V. V. S.

War is not so much a matter of weapons as of money, for money furnishes the material for war. And this is specially true when a land power is fighting those whose strength is on the sea.—*Thucydides*

MIDDLECLASS ME!

I CLAIM the human heritage,
yet remain the devil's protege;
I have the heads of the Hydra
stocked with secret dreams.
With imagination faerie,
thirsty, fidgety,
my vision is of heaven,
my urges are of hell.
With Trisanku I abide,
hanging in the void;
when society was broken
and smashed into classes,
I discovered my place
betwixt and between.
I am the silverlined whip,
taut in the landlord's grip,
lashing at the weary hip
of the worker in the fields.
I am the pen and the paper
with which the gains of the employer
and the dues of the wage-earner
are multiplied and fractioned.
All isms to me are dear,
all slogans familiar;
revolution has my assent,
but revolutionaries my dissent.
After ideals I do not race,
still, speeches I deliver with grace!
Oh, hearken heartily to my word,
but look not to me for the deed.
Doubt is my pulsebeat,
volte-face my safety-valve.

NARAPA REDDI

(Rendered from the original Telugu
by N. SUBBA REDDY)

A NEW PICK

The Faber Book of 20th Century Verse Edited by Heath Stubbs and David Wright	Rs. 9- 6 as
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K. MAHADEVAN

82 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

A VETERAN PASSES AWAY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE passing away of Dr. Alladi Krishnaswami Iyer, removes from our midst one of our greatest lawyers, who, born in the West would have attained world celebrity and made to live through innumerable memoirs and biographies. He represented the golden epoch of South Indian forensic achievement, and to the last he remained what he had planned and aspired to be, a great lawyer and a greater jurist. His recent sickbed broadcast on "Human Rights," a marvel of comprehension and compression, shows how easily he got into their philosophical import; the more so because for upwards of a decade he had been voicing forth a plea for the systematization of individual rights and liberties.

Dr. Alladi's career was meteorlike and bordered on the romantic. He learned to labour but not wait and he did not have to wade through the zig-zag paths of disappointment and frustration. Few lawyers could have had more discouraging environments. He leapt into fame almost instantly and even in his thirties, his name and fame had become a legend and penetrated into every hamlet, village and town in South India. As a lawyer his success was phenomenal but even so were his abilities. There was no branch of world legal literature in which he was not well versed. In fact he was well versed in the intricacies of Soviet jurisprudence and in 1943 pleaded for the assimilation of the Russian criminal practice and procedure into our laws. Variely was the spice of his achievement.

He had at the start imbibed the principles of English law and that enabled him to win laurels at the hands of the English judges. His advocacy was a treat to the learned; and in arguing knotty points of Hindu law, he exhibited his mastery of the ancient Smritis. And it could be very well said of him that when he opened his lips, it was as if some

vast river of unfailing source, rapid, exhaustless, deep, flowed and opened new fountains and soared into great heights. But in due time he became not a mere case-law lawyer but one who could pierce through and get at the root of the principles and the philosophy of law. And like a distinguished physician of our times who seldom prescribed, he was able to say in 1939 at Mysore, that "lawyers ought to think not in terms merely of reported decisions and antiquated rules of a bye-gone age but in terms of a living and progressive society and legislature with a sociological bent of mind." He rightly pleaded for the study of law from the sociological point of view. His enumeration of the deficiencies of both the common law and the Hindu law has been copied out albeit unconsciously by the 22 jurists of the Haldane Society in England recently.

NATURE had ordained him to be a lawyer, but the fates conspired to make him a constitutional lawyer to be charged with the task of fashioning a constitution for his country. He missed by 3 votes a chance to get into the legislature which in those days meant a career in politics. And a Federal Court Judgeship was not his. Perhaps the most eventful period of his was his Advocate-Generalship of Madras. Few held it so long and so ably. In that capacity he had to serve three Governments with wholly different outlooks—the Diarchic foreign bureaucracy, the Congress Government and the Advisor's regime. After retirement he served independent India, as member of the Constituent Assembly and the Drafting Committee. Withal, he remained essentially a people's A. G. He could not be stand-offish or be induced to desert his table in the Advocate's Association. But there were moments when he had to rise to the occasion. He gave battle to the Rajah of Bobbili over the Inams legislation. As Advocate-General, following two of his illustrious predecessors, he certified two criminal

trials—the C. K. N. & Sons case and the Karunguzhi Parcel murder case—for review, which attested both to his knowledge of criminal law and sense of justice. As the principal law officer of the Crown, he had to assist in the framing of many pieces of legislation, and what was perhaps most unusual, he had almost simultaneously to defend their validity at the Delhi Federal Court. He was the chief architect of the Constitution and he had to contend against the communal G. O. in the courts. Curiously enough, he had also to do the reverse process, when he was briefed to uphold the validity of the Madras Religious Endowments Bill. As part of his duties as Advocate-General, he had to make references on the retirement or passing away of distinguished lawyers and judges. He invariably collected his thoughts, wrote them down, rehearsed and then spoke. He could not be induced to deliver his speeches off-hand. The result is that even today his speeches remain a model of English prose. His tribute to Eardley Norton, for instance, created almost a sensation in non-legal circles.

ON the Hindu Code Bill he had offered valuable suggestions whilst it was debated in the Dominion Parliament. One missed him very much when the Estates Duty Bill was under discussion. He had no caste or linguistic bias and he was himself an embodiment of the synthesis of Tamil-Telugu culture.

Dr. Alladi lives through the Indian constitution. As a lawyer he knew only too well how the arbitrariness of the administration and public bodies went away unredressed, and the very wide powers given to the Supreme Court and the High Court, which extend even to the collection of revenue, could be attributed to his initiative. The Indian constitution is his own handiwork. He took pride in it, and resented it when it was criticised unjustifiably. His reasoned refutation of Sir Ivor Jennings' "survey" was a dignified and most scholarly pronouncement, which deserves greater publicity than has been accorded to it. The Indian Constitution has its detrac-



J. T. Hughes, who has been appointed Director of the British Information Services in succession to Mr. W. P. King. Mr. Hughes is expected to arrive in New Delhi on October 12.

Mr. Hughes was Deputy Director of the British Information Services in India from 1947 to 1952 and has since been Principal Information Officer in the Information Department of the Commonwealth Relations office in London.

tors both at home and abroad, although one by one foreign countries and jurists are beginning to admire its texture and workmanship. Three of them have come out openly and praised its balance between rights and duties and the justiciable and non-justiciable rights. It will long remain the one scheme which protects the individual from the arbitrariness of the State or the tyranny of the legislature, preserving the dignity of human personality and human rights. As such, it was the first to embody the "human rights" drafted by the U. N. O. And long after its detractors are forgotten, it will remain the permanent contribution of India to the art of constitution-making in the world, and with it one hopes, the memory of its chief architect Dr. Alladi Krishnaswamy Iyer.

MADRAS LEFT-HANDERS

By P. N. S.

IT is axiomatic that a capable left-handed batsman is a vital link in building up the batting strength of any cricket eleven. He has the capacity of providing an answer to bowling guile that troubles the normal right-hander. (To cite an example, Maurice Leyland in the pre-war England sides countered most effectively the bowling of the versatile O'Reilly.) He can also provide a problem for the opposing captain both in a field setting and in the adjustment of his bowling strength. Looking back over the years one finds that not only did left-handed batsmen add to the variety and colour of Madras batting but they also contributed to its strength to a remarkable degree. Of such there were at least four top-notchers whose deeds with the bat will be abiding memories—C. P. Johnstone, M. Baliah, C. Ramaswami and A. G. Ram Singh.

Johnstone made his debut in Madras in the twenties when the annual fixture between Indians and Europeans during the Pongal holidays, the Presidency match as it was called, was the chief attraction of the season. With the nostalgic memories of those days, one recalls that the game was more spacious and dignified then and the neatly built figure of Johnstone seemed to mould perfectly with the circumstances. Johnstone, however, did not have a perfect beginning and he failed to keep up to the reputation that had preceded him as a Kent player of great promise. The start however was no forerunner of events.

Johnstone's cricket can be divided into two periods; the years before the war when with youthful vigour he lay about such excellent bowlers like Nobby Clark, Maurice Nichols and Hedley Verity and those in which, loaded with the weight of age he still adjusted his style to prove a force to reckon with.

Johnstone always believed in attack and in getting the better of the bowler from the first ball. As an

opening batsman, though he was extremely watchful of the swing and other vagaries of the new ball, he was always alerted for the loose ones, or those which were to him such. He could defend stubbornly or send the ball flowing along the ground with a delectable late cut or leg push; or crash it to the ropes with a cracking cut or a hook. While the spectator who watched him was impressed with the impenetrability of his defence, he was equally transported by the style and momentum of his stroke-play. The best of Johnstone's strokes was the drive through the covers, which timed to perfection went to the boundary like a streak of lightning rarely giving the fieldsman a chance. Nobody can forget the brilliance of his batting against the English team led by Douglas Jardine nor an innings in his final season at Madras. He chose an important League fixture against the Mylapore Recreation Club to play this farewell knock—a century. He struggled a bit at the start but as he got his eye in he unfolded to the onlooker all the tricks of batsmanship he had gathered during the years. This innings of great beauty formed a fitting climax to a distinguished "season."

IT would indeed be a hopeless task to put in words the sinuous grace of M. Baliah's skill. Off the field his well-proportioned figure dressed with an eye to style stood out; and on it he ruled as a great benefactor distributing his charms lavishly. Baliah would play almost all the strokes in the game from the late cut to the leg glance and stamp every one of them with his genius. He never seemed to attack the ball but seemed to whisper to it the delicacies of timing and persuade it to travel in the direction he wished with a bound of joy.

Baliah's batsmanship was sheer poetry of motion, his delicate footwork and strokes providing a pleas-

ing metre. Of his many offerings to his adulators two innings remain in bold relief. When his team-mates cowered before Maurice Nichols and others of the 1932 England team to India, Baliah, supported by the number eleven batsman, who had the virtue of a straight bat, played a characteristically brilliant innings. In fairly similar circumstances he lifted Madras batting from the doldrums against Ryder's Australians with batsmanship of very aggressive intent. Yet, it is strange to remember that Baliah did not reap sufficient reward at the hands of the authorities for his skill in the same manner in which his contemporaries of lesser calibre did.

C. Ramaswamy, younger brother of Baliah, is a severe contrast to the latter. His batting was rugged and he smote the ball more than he guided it. His art was built mainly on the foundations of courage and determination. The purists might point out the crookedness of his bat or the faultiness of his footwork but to him and to the onlooker it was where the ball went that mattered. When in doubt he had the unbounded capacity of trying to get on with the bowler by pulling him for a soaring six. In fact, he had the rare knack of providing for the crowd's delight a six for the asking. But there was nothing doubtful or fissiparous about his batting; it was as definite and precise as that of Baliah or Johnstone; only it was not clothed in the glory of style. Like his batting, 'Ramu,' as he is popularly called, was forthright in his manner and frank in his criticisms; just as the bowler quailed before the lash of his willow, the player, who was sloppy or slovenly, tried to hide from the lash of his tongue, in vain. However, it was all said for the good of the 'victim' and though he resented the words at the time, when he followed 'Ramu's' advice he found he was growing better as cricketer and man. It is fortunate that at a time when Madras cricket is trying to rise from despondency, Ramu is playing an important part in shaping its destinies. It is well too that he plays a prominent part in the shaping of youngsters as mem-

ber of the coaching committee, where a strong hand is needed to put them in proper shape.

ANYBODY who goes through the scorebooks of the Madras Cricket Association will be struck by the amazing consistency of A. G. Ram Singh, the stockily built all-rounder. It would indeed be a truism to repeat that Ram Singh bore the burden of Madras cricket on his shoulders as very few had done before and none after him. Centuries flowed from his bat while with his left-handed spinners he sent many a batsman to his doom. More than any other, Mysore and Hyderabad States have cause to remember Ram Singh's prowess, for against them he was in his best form. Not that Ram Singh did not prove against better teams than these. Just after the war he bearded the lion in its own den when in the zonal tournament at Bombay he played a magnificent century knock against the best of India's bowlers. It was an innings that many who witnessed it said should have earned Ram Singh a place in the Indian team to England in 1946 but the 'nabobs' of cricket thought otherwise.

Ram Singh, a keen student of the game to which he dedicated his life and toiled and sweated at the net in real professional manner, naturally shunned all frills. His batting was concentrated in purpose and his motto was to defend till the loose ball came along. And when it did he would thrash it to the ropes without mercy. He had a penchant for the hook and had little respect for the bowler who failed in the fundamental of length. Indeed very few batsmen displayed or display this rungetting stroke as the Sikh did.

Ram Singh as bowler commanded a tantalising flight that enchanted the batsman to his doom. Like Mankad he always attacked the batsman with this weapon and like him he succeeded to a remarkable degree. For seasons on end Ram Singh completed the double of 1000 runs and 100 wickets—and nowhere do figures talk as eloquently of a player's skill as they do in his case.

SIDELIGHTS : :

AFORTNIGHT ago Sri Rajagopalachari, Chief Minister, opened the Dharmapuram Adhinam Devasthanams' Samaya Prachara Nilayam at Bhakti Vilas, Theagarayanagar. Sri Venkataswami Naidu, Minister for Religious Endowments, declared on the occasion that religious heads should take greater interest in public affairs and work for the moral uplift of the people. Sri Rajagopalachari announced that the mutts had now recaptured their functions and he could see the hand of God in it. The Chief Minister is able to see the hand of God in many things in which disinterested people see only his own hand, and the acquisition of Bhakti Vilas for the Dharmapuram Adhinam is one such example in which an act of the Chief Minister is equated with the working out of a design of Providence.

It was in the regime of Sri Kumaraswami Raja that the head of the Dharmapuram Adhinam applied for the first time for Government's permission to acquire Bhakti Vilas for the Adhinam. Sri Kumaraswami Raja felt that there was no propriety in a mofussil sanyasi seeking to acquire property in the metropolitan city, but it was explained to him that the Adhinam wished to set up an information centre just as the Tirupathi Devasthanams had done. Sri Kumaraswami Raja was not convinced. He argued that thousands of pilgrims from all over the country visited Tirupathi continually, and an office at Madras affording the pilgrims relevant information about the practical details of their journeyings to and fro was a sort of national convenience that would be appreciated everywhere. But the case was very different with the information centre proposed to be set up by the Dharmapuram Adhinam. He also came to the conclusion that the real purpose of the Adhinam was to help the intending seller of the property, and feeling that such an object was beyond the purview of the legitimate duties of the head of the Adhinam he as Chief Minister refused to accord permission for the proposed purchase.

After Sri Rajagopalachari came to the helm of affairs in Madras State, Sri Venkataswami Naidu as Minister for Religious Endowments, reopened the file relating to the Dharmapuram Adhinam that had been disposed off so summarily by Sri Kumaraswami Raja in his period of Chief Ministership. Whether Sri Naidu did this on his own initiative or at the instance of Sri Rajagopalachari, is not clear. But it is an interesting new fact that the service of God was included and the provision of information excluded from the programme of the Dharmapuram Adhinam when Sri Venkataswami Naidu raked up the matter for the second time.

From a simple study of the whole story of the acquisition of Bhakti Vilas by the Dharmapuram Adhinam, one is compelled to the view that Sri Kumaraswami Raja as Chief Minister proved to be on a specific issue a more conscientious custodian of the public purse than his distinguished successor with the name of God so constantly on his lips. It is when God is dragged into the arena of politics to cover with sanctity the deeds of individuals in power that will not bear scrutiny, that God is made cheap and atheism becomes rampant, and movements of the pattern of the Dravida Kazhagam receive their most favourable psychological impetus.

In India, infant mortality is terrible among the weeklies. They tend to die with their founders. But the *Sunday Times* has managed to live for twenty five years! Twenty five years of struggle, storm and stress, of the waning vogue of English, of chronic advertisers' neglect of the periodical press, and of the growing insurgence of exclusive linguistic attachments in the public mind. Having overcome so many difficulties prior to adolescence, it is now well set for sturdy manhood and the ripening wisdom of maturity. May it flourish with prosperity and popularity and grow from strength to strength. SAKA

October 10 1953

ANDHRA-ORISSA BOUNDARY

By M. V. RAMANA RAO

ONE of the outstanding problems connected with the formation of the Andhra State has been the proper and fair and just determination of its boundaries. The Andhras have been agitating not for a truncated State with its boundaries limited to "undisputed" areas of the Madras State but for the amalgamation of all contiguous Telugu-speaking areas, including those outside the State of Madras.

Apart from what has been left out of the Andhra State in residuary Madras, there are other areas, contiguous with what is now the Andhra State whose position calls for a just adjustment on the linguistic principle. There are certain areas in Kolar, Tumkur and other districts of Mysore State which are predominantly and in some cases purely Andhra which legitimately must belong to the Andhra State. Likewise in Madhya Pradesh there are parts of Chanda and Bastar districts which are contiguous to the new Andhra State containing about five lakhs of Andhras. These have naturally to go into the Andhra State. The question of Ganjam and Koraput districts of Orissa which prior to 1936 were part of the Madras State, has a peculiar and potent significance in relation to the formation of the Andhra State, which ought not to be missed or mistaken.

If only Orissa were to be formed along with the Andhra State today or if Andhra had been formed along with the Orissa State in 1936, the Andhra areas now claimed from Orissa would have been disposed of with more equity and greater and closer adherence to the principle of language and contiguity than was actually the case. Therefore it is necessary that a proper evaluation and assessment of the claim of the Andhras over these areas for inclusion in the Andhra State should be made.

The formation of the Orissa State without simultaneously forming the

Andhra State threw the Andhras into a disadvantageous position. The Madras State being a composite State, in the very nature of things, did not strongly protest against slicing off certain purely Andhra areas from it for inclusion in Orissa, not on the principle of language but on the principle of making Orissa a sizeable province with big and well-developed towns. It is thus that Madras then and at present Andhra lost Berhampur and Parlakimidi towns in Ganjam district and Jeypore, Gunupur and Rayagada towns in Koraput district. It must also be stated that the Andhra leadership which was then in the hands of the Congress did not put up a strong and sustained fight over what to them at that time appeared a minor question compared with the larger fight for freedom and thought that when the Congress won independence and a national Government came into being, such injustices with regard to provincial boundaries could be rectified.

Therefore the case for examining the position of the Andhra areas included in Orissa in 1936 when the Orissa State was formed, is urgent.

THE O'Donnell Committee which made a thorough investigation into the claims of the Oriyas for certain areas in Madras Province and the counter-claims of the Andhras, made certain very relevant remarks which reveal the injustice done to the Andhras.

With regard to the town of Berhampur and the coastal area where the Telugu population predominates in the Ganjam district, the Committee observes: "The predominance (of Oriyas) is marked in all areas except the Chikati zamindari and a narrow coastal belt. In the Berhampur Town the population is evenly divided, 48 percent being Telugu and 47 percent Oriya". But this area has been added to Orissa.

In assigning Berhampur Town to Orissa, the then Secretary of State

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for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, stated: "The population of the town of Berhampur is approximately equally divided between the Oriyas and Telugus. There appears to be no doubt about the correctness of the Telugu contention that judged solely by financial and economic tests their interests predominate over those of the Oriyas in the town. Nevertheless it seems impossible on those grounds to deny to the new Province the only town which could form a suitable headquarters for its south eastern area."

WITH regard to another area in the old Ganjam district, a more glaring injustice was done. Parlakimidi estate which is co-extensive with the Parlakimidi taluk was sought to be included in Orissa by the zamindar. The total population of this taluk, according to the 1931 census, which was the basis of the O'Donnell Committee Report was 2,93,319 of whom Andhras were 1,93,475 and Oriyas 60,320. The rest were hill tribes. The O'Donnell Committee was against the transference of the estate to Orissa. The White Paper issued by the British Parliament was against its transfer. But the Secretary of State split the estate into two and transferred one half to Orissa to please the zamindar. His argument runs as follows: "The majority of the population of Parlakimidi is admittedly Telugu. On the other hand the zamindar, the Raja of Parlakimidi, who is a leading Oriya, pressed strongly that his estate should be included in the new Province. The Raja submitted a proposal that his estate should be divided between the two Provinces. The portion to be transferred to Orissa would include about 30 percent of the population of the whole estate and would comprise the town of Parlakimidi. In this area, together with the Parlakimidi maliahs lying to the north of it, the Oriyas would slightly predominate over the Telugus."

But according to the report of the O'Donnell Committee, the figures for the area included in Orissa reveal that the Telugu population in this area is higher. The injustice done to the Andhras is obvious. The claim

of the Andhras over this territory is thus undeniable.

The case of the Koraput district which was formerly part of the Visakhapatnam district of Madras is bad enough. It was again the wish of the zamindar who was an Oriya that decided the fate of the people. The population is mostly aboriginal. Both the Telugus and the Oriyas are recent settlers, comparatively, and their population is almost evenly divided. Its affinity is with the Vishakhapatnam district. Its economic ties are with that district. All communications flow into the Visakhapatnam district. There is no contiguity with Orissa. People from the capital of Orissa will have to pass through 175 miles of Madras territory to reach this district. In the White Paper issued by the Parliament, containing the proposal for the constitution of the Orissa Province, this area was not included. But it was again Sir Samuel Hoare that finally decided the matter. The only ground he could put forward was that the zamindar was in favour of it.

FOR the past 17 years, since Orissa was formed in 1936, there has been a persistent hope that the wrong done in that year by the British Government would be rectified when the Andhra State came to be formed. But that hope was frustrated when Andhra has been decided to be formed out of the Telugu-speaking areas of the present Madras State. A Boundary Commission is promised by the Central Government which is expected to operate sometime after the formation of the Andhra State. This Commission's terms of reference are still vague and while Andhras do not know what they would be, they still hope that a final settlement of the boundary between Andhra and Orissa would be effected by enquiring into the injustice perpetrated. Both when the Dhar Commission enquired into the formation of the Andhra State and when Mr. Justice Wanchoo carried out a limited enquiry and also when the Andhra State Bill was before the Madras Assembly, the claim of the Andhras for parts of the present Ganjam and Koraput

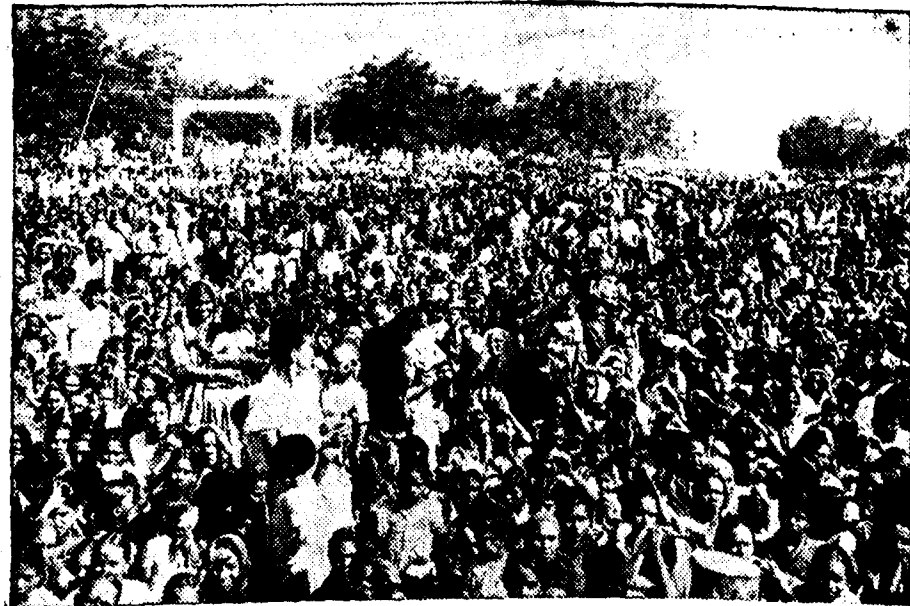
districts of Orissa were put forward and pressed. The Dhar Commission which went into the question at some length observed as follows: "The northern boundary is also in dispute and it may be the present boundary of Orissa and Central Provinces or it may be a line drawn from some point near Rushikulya river in Orissa upto the south of the Indravati in Central Provinces through portions of the present Ganjam and Koraput districts of Orissa and of Bastar and the Chanda districts of C. P. as the future Boundary Commission may decide."

This will reveal that the Dhar Commission expressed doubt as to the justness of the present boundary. The Commission also observed with regard to the treatment of the Telugu minority which is as large as nearly ten lakhs concentrated in a contiguous block which is itself contiguous with the Andhra territory, that the Telugus have not been happy: "One thing however is certain" says their report, "that the Telugus who have been transferred

to Orissa are very unhappy". The Wanchoo report also makes mention of the claims and counter-claims of Andhras and Oriyas to territory on either side of the present boundary respectively.

Now it must also be stated that the Oriyas claim certain parts of the northern-most district of the present Andhra State. When the Andhras press for a revision of the present boundary, there will be a claim on the part of the Oriyas also. These claims and counter-claims which have been hanging fire for the past 17 years cannot be held over indefinitely.

ON the occasion of the formation of the Andhra State, the problem of settling the boundary of Andhra and Orissa and demarcating it afresh assumes an importance which should not be treated lightheartedly, and statesmanship lies in facing this problem quickly and conscientiously. The new Andhra State would be happy only when its boundaries are fairly and justly settled.



Part of the mammoth gathering at Prime Minister Nehru's public meeting at Kurnool on October 1.

LINGUISTIC STATES IN THE WORLD TODAY

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

International Institute of Educational Sciences, University of Utrecht, Holland

ABOUT one hundred years ago, in 1861 to be exact, the United Kingdom of Italy was created by the annexation to Piedmont of smaller states in the Italian peninsula. Venice was wrested from Austria in 1867 and Rome came in during 1870. But Trentino and the Tyrol (Austrian) had large Italian communities. These together came to be named Italia Irredenta, Italy "unredeemed."

Schuman, an international authority on *International Politics* says that "Irredentist nationalists invariably strive to incorporate into the nation-state such territories as are inhabited by kinsmen of common speech and culture across the frontier." Irredentism has now come in force to India. Whereas previously, all the energies of Indian nationalists, and not least of Andhra Indian nationalists, were devoted to gaining independence from the British sahibs, now we see the increasing strength of Andhra irredenta (Vishala Andhra) movements. Vishal Maharashtra movements, Samyukta Karnataka movements, etc.

The Indian Parliament is the "League of Nations of India," one member of the House of the People said during the Andhra debates. The World League of Nations in its day had to cope with many irredentist movements and the Indian League of Nations is currently about to deal with similar numbers of these. In fact, irredentism seems to be increasingly a phenomenon of modern times, in East as well as West.

It was not always so. When Greek civilization was at its height, there were hundreds of city-states, big ones and little ones. They had spread from Greece to the coast of the Levant, to the Black Sea, to North Africa, to Sicily and Italy and Asia Minor. But they were separate. And though they had a basic language

and descent from a common stock, they did not strive overmuch to get together. Wars there were, and conquests and treaties but the Greek city-states were primarily concerned with their own selves and not with "Greece."

In other words they were not irredentist. There was no Athens irredenta, or Thebes irredenta. There was no Abdera irredenta as there is Andhra irredenta. (Abdera's chief claim to fame, incidentally, is that it gave the world Democritus, the founder of the atomic theory; just as Andhra gave the world the modern philosopher Radhakrishnan).

Now, it was proclaimed (in essence), and more than once during the Andhra debates, that Andhra is necessary and that linguistic states are necessary, "for removing all obstacles to self-realization." We have no intention here of taking sides in the question of linguistic states. But certainly, judging from Greek history, modern nations are hundreds of times less creative intellectually (considering size, resources, etc.) than was the Greek polis. And so the inclusion of numerous smaller units in the larger units of today is not necessarily a gain, from the point of view of human progress; though it is certainly the "thing to do."

ALSO judging from Greek history, the conflicts between Andhras and Tamilians, Bengalis and Biharis, Maharashtrians and Kannadas, need not be undiluted evils. A period of intense conflict between Greek city-states saw the rise of science and philosophy, saw Plato and Aristotle and Sophocles and Euripides and Aristophanes, saw Herodotus and Thucydides, saw the birth of scientific medicine, and Demosthenes and Athenian oratory—which was every bit as exciting as Andhra oratory or

Punjabi oratory. There may not have been "fasts unto death" in the Greek city-states, yet as Heraclitus said (referring to such achievements as we have listed) war was the "father of all and the king of all."

BUT we must move on to modern history and to modern irredentism and linguism. The world today is a world of minorities. These minorities feel themselves held together by ties of common descent, language, religion, etc., and feel themselves different from the majority of the inhabitants of the given political entity, be it nation, province, state, tehsil, or what-not. On this consciousness of difference the minorities of today base their political claims.

"Italia Irredenta," (think of Trieste!), "Ein Volk—Ein Reich," "To Hyderabad via Kurnool," and so on. The tie here is of language and common background. In most cases the minorities involved occupy underprivileged positions, or feel that they occupy underprivileged positions. ("672 million units of electricity generated in Madras, only 42 in Andhra;" "we have been driven out of a city (Madras) to the prosperity of which we have contributed," etc.). On the other hand think of the minorities in South Africa or in Kenya which occupy dangerously overprivileged positions.

Now, modern nationalism is a new thing; it is a new phenomenon in history. Irredentism too is new. Today some peoples are more irredentist than others. The French, for instance, in recent years have not been trying to "disintegrate" Belgium. The Dutch today are not demanding the incorporation of the Flemish. But the Germans and Italians are the irredentists *par excellence*, and the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe have not lagged far behind in irredentism; nor perhaps are the peoples of India lagging behind now.

Woodrow Wilson's Point 10, of the famous 14 points, was that "the peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development." The post World War I boundaries tried to implement this point. It was easier

said than done, this delimiting of boundaries to the satisfaction of all parties. Many linguistic boundaries had to be changed for "strategic" or economic reasons. Thus, Italy recovered Italia Irredenta in 1919 but she "needed" also the Brenner Pass for "reasons of defense;" (Andhra "needs" Bellary taluq!); this meant that some lakhs of German-speaking peoples were placed under Italy (just as some lakhs of Andhras are now under Mysore).

On the other hand, after the 1919 redrawing of national frontiers in Europe, there were only 17 million minorities as opposed to 54 million pre-war. And post-Potsdam Europe had even fewer linguistic minorities—in fact not many more than the total number of Telegu-speaking people in all of India not counting Andhra.

So, many of the pre-1914 "irredentas" were dissolved away in the 1919 settlements. Alsace-Lorraine had been a French irredenta. Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the Dalmatian coast of Austria were Serbia irredenta. Transylvania, which then belonged to Hungary, and Bessarabia (Russian) had been Rumania irredenta. Serbian Macedonia was Bulgaria irredenta. There were all incorporated into the new linguistic states.

BUT though the 1919 redrawing of European boundaries reduced the numbers of minority peoples from 54 millions to 17 millions, it actually increased the number of irredentas. The Polish Corridor, and Danzig, and "Sudetenland" and Alsace-Lorraine and Upper Silesia and parts of the Tyrol—all of these formed a big Germany irredenta. (They gave Hitler his excuse). Parts of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania had millions of Magyars—and they formed Hungary Irredenta. There was now a Russia Irredenta and a Bulgaria irredenta and a Greece irredenta (the Dodecanese Islands). Even Sweden and Finland were now irredentas—with the Aland Islands and Eastern Karelia, respectively.

Since last month Eastern Germany has become an Adenauer irredenta

which will give the world more trouble than Pakistan irredenta (Kashmir) gives.

In all cases of irredentism, efforts to do away with tensions are frustrated by annexationist ambitions. "Natural boundaries" are always demanded. When the line of linguistic cleavage is gained, then the next river or mountain or "Hyderabad" is sought, and there is still more beyond.

Thus, as Justice Misra pointed out, the Kelkar award of 1921 allotted Bellary City to Karnataka; and the Partition Committee appointed by the Madras Government in 1949, on which committee of eight were four "outstanding Andhra leaders," was "unanimous in accepting the Kelkar award regarding Bellary taluk." Today "even the Andhra leaders who previously signed the Partition Committee Report have thought fit to make a demand for Bellary City."

There is soon to be a Boundary Commission appointed by the Government of India. It is to be "high power," and it will have to be high power. But the task of this Boundary Commission is not to be envied. As the (1948) Report of the Linguistic Province Commission said: "Nationalism and sub-nationalism are two emotional experiences which grow at the expense of each other." On the other hand, Motilal Nehru said twenty-five years ago (in an All-India Congress Committee Report, 1928), "We who talk of self-determination on a larger scale cannot in reason deny it to a smaller area, provided of course this does not conflict with any other important principle or vital question." There are many "provided of course" that the Boundary Commission will have to take account of, and not the least of these is the inevitable conflict between the "two emotional experiences" of nationalism and sub-nationalism.

KALAKSHETRA

Srimati Rukmini Devi, Director of Kalakshetra, Madras, writes:

I am happy to inform all lovers of Karnatic music that the great musician Sangita Sastra Visarada, Sangita Kala Kovida, Sangita Kalanidhi Vasudevachariar, of Mysore, will soon be in Kalakshetra to guide and to inspire. I am aware of the keen interest that musicians and music lovers are taking in his coming. Indeed it is a rare privilege to have him in our midst. He will help Kalakshetra with compositions, teaching and in any other way but most of all will bless us by his presence. It has been my privilege to have had Tiger Varadachariar to his last days making his home amongst us. It has also been my privilege to have had other great artists such as Veena Krishnamachariar, Papanasam Sivan and others. I am glad that my desire to have Sri Vasudevachariar here has been fulfilled, and I pray that he will live in happiness and strength for many years to come.

While all this is true, I must also correct the impression that he will be the Principal of the institution. After many years of contact and hope Sangita Kalanidhi Veena Sambasiva Iyer has given us the privilege of being our Principal. Surely he will continue, I hope, for many years to come. It is indeed a tremendous honour to have the greatest Vainika of our time here in Kalakshetra, and I am indeed grateful to him for accepting this position. May all benefit from the presence of these great artists.

Moral order is regulated by laws as immutable as those of the physical world. It is this fact which confounds the simple minds of ignorant and superficial revolutionists. These bring about an upheaval, a social earthquake, a revolution, and then a few years, or a few months, or a few days after the event, these great reformers discover that things are in exactly the same condition they were in before.—A. Dumas, *Fils*

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Prakasam's First Tasks

Sir,—The very first measure Sri Prakasam has got to take to allay discontent among the masses will be to reduce the prices of foodstuffs, particularly rice, either by a levy system or a ban on inter-provincial transport, or if necessary, even by reverting to rationing and control though the last step is bound to bring in its wake corruption, black-market, and other evils. The revival of the producer-cum-cooperative societies may be depended upon to reduce the evils of official and non-official corrupt practices provided these societies are properly supervised and adequately helped with funds.

The curse of favouritism that has made head-way in the issue of bus route permits which reached its height in the running of unlicensed buses in Guntur district 3 years back and the inefficiency exhibited by the Government tax officials in their failure to realise a due share of the huge profits made by the magnates in the mica industry, can be avoided by leasing out these facilities to the highest bidders.

To augment the meagre revenue of the Andhra State either agricultural income-tax or levy of sales tax on agricultural produce subject to incomes less than Rs. 3,000 being exempted, will have to be resorted to. Several minor agricultural projects will have to be taken up on the basis of the beneficiaries sharing the cost thereof upto a fourth as full contribution and up-to a half as loan repayable in ten years the entire system, including the realisation of the dues as if they were land revenue, being regularised by suitable legislation.

The Andhra Government will have to take a quick decision about the continuance of Prohibition in the State. If it cannot mend the ways of the people and of those that enforce the law, I for one will prefer the ending of this restriction as the present method of working Prohibition has become a farce and is fast reducing the prestige of the Government. - The psychological effect Sri Prakasam's assumption of office has produced on the masses is immense and far-reaching. Its beneficial effects should not be lost

either by avoidable delays or the inescapable red-tape that has marred many good intentions of administrators. The quickness with which beneficial measures follow the inauguration of the new State is the best guarantee for its stability not to speak of its utility as well. More than all, the Government must demonstrate a labour bias and must effectively translate it into action in order to win the willing cooperation and sympathies of millions of landless and jobless workers.

V. RAGHAVIAH

Nellore

Mining Course At Dhanbad

Sir,—The study of mining engineering has assumed enormous importance in recent years. There is at present one mining school, run by the Government of India at Dhanbad, which unfortunately is not given much publicity in South India.

I wrote to the Principal of the Indian School of Mines and Applied Geology at Dhanbad requesting him to send me an application form with full details of the course, for which I received a reply stating that admissions for that year were over. Again this year, I wrote to the Principal as early as February in order to avoid any disappointment, for an application form. But I got the application form only on 5th March, 1953, the last date of receiving the applications being 7th March, 1953. Is it possible to send the application form with all the enclosures including the Treasury chalan for Rs. 10 so as to reach the Principal at Dhanbad from Chidambaram by 7th March, 1953? Certainly not. So naturally, I represented the matter to the Principal asking for an extension of the last date of receiving application. I had a reply that the last date had already expired and that I have to apply again sometime in January next for the prescribed application form. But I am not eligible to apply next year for the reason that I am age-barred. Thus, my ambition to adopt mining engineering as my life-career has become futile for ever owing to the cruel hand of fate, nay to the want of reasonable and easy facilities. It need hardly be added that there are many aspiring candidates who have attained the same fate as mine in applying for the mining course at Dhanbad.

Could not the authorities who run the Dhanbad School of Mining send forms of application to the Directors of Industries in the various States so as to enable the prospective applicants from those States to get the application forms easily and in time?

S. VENUGOPALAN

Chidambaram.

SWATANTRA

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FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Turn to page 6 and then to 23 of this issue.

The bride from the Vigilance Home is given away by the Government with a dowry of one hundred and fifty rupees. The young man from the army who takes her, spends, on his part, exactly a sum of one hundred and ninety nine rupees and thirteen annas. "I have seen noisy weddings, I have seen quarrelsome weddings, I have seen happy weddings and elaborate ones, I have seen what are called arranged marriages and love marriages,"—runs the narrative—"But this was the first wedding I have seen which gave the impression of being completely passionless." Neutral-tinted, but reading this quiet, business-like wedding under a (greenwood) tree, if you feel a lump rising in your throat for the women in the protection of the Vigilance Service, it surely is the precursor of the charitable judgment that is within you. The need today is for more spaciousness in the mind of man.

But did the woman in The Kolu allow the man whose second wife she was, to have this spaciousness of mind, kindness—charity? Maybe he had but was afraid to show it to his little daughter by the first wife.

Yes, life can be spacious in many ways.

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LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES

THE momentum of popular goodwill that brought the Congress to power in the country has now practically exhausted itself. The leaders in office have shed their idealism and settled down to routine and red tape. One day passes just like another and there is no more any hope of change. People read in the papers of grandiose schemes that have cost crores, but for all the huge scale of the advertised spending, no improvement in their living conditions has been registered. The test of good government is not the amount of money spent on welfare schemes, it is the quantum of welfare actually achieved. An important part of the content of welfare consists in the elimination of the pests that prey on society such as hunger, poverty, sickness and want. Its positive aspect lies in the promotion of happiness, health, education and efficiency. Judged by this test, the Congress Governments in the Centre and in the States have failed ignobly. After the emergence of Congress rule the people are as miserable, discontented, starved and desperate as they were before. The prices have soared and the incomes have not risen. The volume of employment has not grown apace with the rise in the population. There has been widespread accentuation of economic distress. Compared with the period of British rule, there is now more of suffering and the depression of frustration, if only because the hope that enlivened the lives of the people then, the hope of a heaven on earth with the advent of freedom, is no longer there. We have had six years of freedom. They have brought not social regeneration, but dismal disappointment. But the Congress regime of the freedom era has brought into being a vast publicity organisation. It has developed great skill in covering up the deficiencies of the administration and presenting it in glowing terms through an unending series of propaganda devices. It has the major part of the Press at its command. The Press rarely tells the truth about the Government. It pays to be subservient to the Ministers and to placate their vanities, whereas Governmental displeasure, added to the general precariousness attendant on freedom of expression in the Press, will only hasten mortality. There has also grown up a limited class of powerful and influential people who have been enabled to help themselves to enormous gain in various forms under Congress rule, and who are never tired in singing the praises of the regime in grateful acknowledgement of benefits received and in hopes of further favours to come. The depressing realities of Congress rule are thus glossed over by false purveyors of publicity with a vested interest in misrepresentation.

WE have taken a wrong turn after freedom which does not seem to promise much to the generality of people in terms of actual welfare. The illusion of tremendous progress brought home with deafening loudness through radio broadcasts, paper propaganda, platform orations, newspaper

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articles and the like, is of course there, but it is only an illusion which will give neither food nor raiment to people. With so much of potential resources and stalwart man-power lying ready to hand for conversion into wealth to promote the widest mass welfare, what is the secret of the tragedy of Congress barrenness of the past six years when confronted with the opportunities of power? It seems to lie, to our mind, in a phenomenon expatiated upon by Sri Rajagopalachari at a Congress workers' meeting held at Kurnool on the day of inauguration of the Andhra State. He said the Congress is a greedy monster with an insatiable thirst for every kind of service that its devotees could give, but the moment the giver ceased to give and thought of compensation, that moment set the seal of doom on his influence with people, his reputation and his capacity for further usefulness. He added that he was himself living in a glass house. Love of recompense has destroyed the serviceability of Congress leaders. When they stepped into office, they ceased to give their energy in good works, and started taking reward, profit and compensation, and in the process they became greedy, and when they preached patriotism, abstemiousness and public spirit to others, they were regarded as vulnerable hypocrites living in glass houses.

THE present stagnation is rooted in the profit-centred existence of the hierarchy wielding the substance of power under Congress rule. This is not so manifest in an old State as in a new one. At the time of the inauguration of the Andhra State, for example, very few of the Ministers and Secretaries thought at all of the opportunities for promotion of mass welfare that the new State opened up for them. Their main preoccupation was as to how they could get their relatives and favourites into the important places. By this they converted a State planned for the good of a whole population into a sort of narrow estate with the key of admission in their pocket, for profit-hunting by nominees of their own choice; and the process threatens to go on as an inseparable feature of the new Government.

CONGRESS leaders have lost their influence by abandoning the spirit of service for the profit of compensation. They are living in glass houses. They should hearken to the warning of Sri Rajagopalachari though he himself could not live up to the wisdom of his admonition for the benefit of others.

Sotto Voce

EQUALITY AT PISTOL-POINT

TO boys of my generation Dasara meant magical visions of Mysore and Pudukottah. I myself saw both places pretty late in life, and it so fell out that for some reason or other I could never find time to attend the supreme festival of the year at either. And now the wish has departed even if the time could be found. At Pudukottah

I believe merger has meant the engulfing of a cultural oasis by a desert of triviality. At Mysore there is now a stain of blood on the white flower of a noble tradition. The Dasara this year began with the guns going off and the loss of innocent lives. And for the first time in Mysore history the great Vijayadasami procession will not take place.



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SWATANTRA

Good democrats, I know, will not shed a tear if the whole paraphernalia of Dasara should go, lock, stock and barrel. To them it is all a meaningless mummery, a survival from the childhood of man. But of this fury of iconoclasm the cynic might say with the Sanskrit proverb *Abhave Viraktih*: for the self-same apostles of the Rights of Man have, when opportunity offered, been nothing loathe to put on brocade themselves. I have heard, though I do not vouch for it, that the egalitarian Chief Minister of Mysore once entertained the ambition of riding in the Birthday and Dasara processions cheek by jowl with the Ruler.

It does not matter how he came to be dissuaded from carrying out that patriotic resolve. But the check did not evidently moderate his ardour for reform. He seems to have told the Harijan wrestlers of Mysore that he would secure for them the kind of equal status which some vestige of discretion had at the last moment made him refrain from claiming for himself. They state that he promised that if this year they were not allowed to take part in the traditional festival bouts before the Palace with the *Savarna* wrestlers, he would mark his displeasure by absenting himself from the Raja Sabha.

Wrestlers are primitive folk who live close to the earth, perhaps like Antaeus deriving their strength from it. And apparently the caste Hindu wrestlers of Mysore are no exception. Their insistence on Harijan wrestlers keeping off the pitch has gravely scandalised the devotees of the Constitution. The Harijan wrestlers themselves, with that prickly self-consciousness which is the mark of an immemorial inferiority complex, have been pressing half-heartedly for the recognition of a barren right because they think it is expected of them. But the *Savarna* wrestlers feel their withers unwrung, being blissfully ignorant of the chapter of Fundamental Rights. And judging from the tragic happenings of 8th October quite a large

slice of the population of Mysore has the hardihood to prefer tradition.

The rootless intellectual perhaps wonders what's all the pother about. "Do not Hindu wrestlers wrestle with Muslim, Christian and other professionals born outside the Hindu fold? Then why should they balk at Harijans? It seems to me to be pure caste snobbery; and how can the Congress sworn to the destruction of untouchability acquiesce in this mulishness?" So he argues in his wisdom and relies upon the police power to make the antediluvians see reason. And all the time he is wholly wide of the mark. Wrestling like all other ancient professions has its tradition and taboos; the *akhada* has its infeasible rights.

At other times and in other places, I suppose, the *Savarna* wrestlers of Mysore will have little objection to meeting their Harijan brothers professionally. But this is Dasara sacred to the Devi and the *akhada* is the ground of *sadhana*. The *Rajapramukh* is, to these simple folk, still the Maharaja, the dedicated servant of Sri Chamundeswari. And with him they are humble participants in a solemn ritual, renewing fealty to an ideal that binds the humblest with the highest in an indissoluble fellowship and reckons not of votes and constitutions. Did it occur to the egalitarian politicians that what they regard as social justice the simple *Savarna* wrestler might recoil from as sacrilege?

It is the crudest type of snobbery, that which lacks the saving grace of passion, that has prompted the hedge-lawyers and their Harijan dupes to this trouble-making. Equality and the Constitution could have been perfectly satisfied if the Harijans had accepted the *Savarna* suggestion that they could stage their own bouts within the Palace grounds in a separate *akhada* of their own. But, no, like ill-bred urchins bent on having their way they cry, "I must touch you or perish." If their right to touch is a fundamental right, what about the *Savarnas'* right not to be touched if they don't like it?

VIGNESWARA

GOVERNMENT BRIDE

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE bride sat on the coloured blanket under the tree with the garland of flowers round her neck. Beside her repeating obediently but casually the sacred text which the Brahmin priest chanted, sat the cocky, white-clad young man of the Indian Ordinance Corps. Beside them the dim, flickering flame in a brass oil lamp threw shadows over a brass plate in which were some fruits and flowers. If the wind had blown harder, the lamp would have gone out. But one felt that even if that had happened, nobody would have considered it an ill omen. For there was nobody at that wedding—nobody to whom it really mattered. There were about three hundred people, circumstantial friends to whom her life was another frail bark like theirs which would keep going as long as the wind was kind.

The scene was the garden of the Vigilance Home in Madras, the time six in the evening of a Sunday. The church bells in the nearby church were striking, as the ceremony was started in the light of two Petromax lamps, and as the sacred marriage thread was tied round the neck of the bride, the peon and general factotum banged loudly on a bell—the traditional trick to drown out all inauspicious sounds.

But it was really not necessary. There was not a sound to be heard there. The other inmates of the Vigilance Home sat a little apart in ordered rows quietly looking at the companion they had known for eighteen months. Had anybody really known her, this young girl with the chequered nineteen years behind her? As you watched them watching her, you wondered if anybody in that Home, any of the officials and authorities and inspectors and policemen of the vast Vigilance service itself really knew anyone of them, really felt even dimly the moods and tenses and nuances of the complex characters behind those closed faces?

The ceremony lasted ten minutes.

Somebody ushered the newly-married pair to two chairs. A young man with a checked shirt approached with a box camera. The factotum moved the Petromax lights nearer and nearer till their glare was beating full on the faces of the wedded pair. He clicked his camera, not very hopefully. The lights were moved back. Somebody brought two glasses of milk. They were drained without fuss, silently. A group of four friends performed a little dance to the music of a harmonium. There was some absent-minded applause. The newly made husband and wife never spoke a word to each other. They could not. He could speak only Hindi and she only Tamil and the twain had met and married.

THE party moved into the office room of the Vigilance Home. In hesitant, awkward Hindi one of the women officials spoke to the bridegroom. Yes, he said, they would start at once. What about dinner? Well, they would eat in the restaurant in the Moore Market. Taxi? He murmured something about the bus. No, he was told firmly, they would not be able to take their luggage in the bus. Well, a taxi then. One of his friends hurried out. The accounts were settled, the sum of three annas was meticulously returned to the bridegroom. He had paid Rs. 200 for the wedding. They had spent only Rs. 199-13 as. Papers were signed, the bride's luggage was borne out by the factotum to the green taxi that arrived at the door a few minutes later.

The 'girls' stood some yards away watching as the young bride walked hesitantly towards the taxi. She stood for a moment beside the taxi not knowing what to do, then cast a forlorn glance behind her. Somebody came forward and opened the door of the taxi. The light inside the taxi was switched on. The bridegroom opened the door on the other side and came in and sat down. The

driver started the engine. The pair turned and put their palms together in a last farewell. The taxi shot forward.

The wedding was over.

I HAVE seen noisy weddings, I have seen quarrelsome weddings, I have seen happy weddings and elaborate ones, I have seen what are called arranged marriages and love marriages. But this was the first wedding I have seen which gave the impression of being completely passionless. The very air seemed brittle with neutrality. It was not so much that there was no mother to shed tears, no father to smile tenderly in worried benediction, no friends to tease, no relatives to envy. It was that there was in a sense really nobody. The Government gave away the bride with a present of one hundred and fifty rupees.

She had come to them a year and a half ago through the courts. She had known widowhood, penury, had once indeed grown roots in the bedrock of life. The law of the land had churned her up from the bottom and brought her to the Vigilance Home to be fed, clothed, looked after and taught a craft. She had lived for eighteen months with other women whose lives had been as diverse as her own and had touched, as she herself had done, points of immeasurable despair, women between fourteen and thirty who had been started off in life on the wrong foot. In a way theirs was a shared experience. They had drunk joy to the last bitter dregs and had tasted the desolation of what they had hoped was the last heart-beat. We talk of morality and of the Hindu ideal of womanhood. They can tell you more about the seamier side of these myths than you can read in all the books that have been printed. They have touched the core of life and been burned in heart and body and soul by its invisible flame.

The Madras Government in the shape of the Vigilance service of the Madras State then took them over. It is an impersonal, passionless, detached possession. Some are married, some trained to earn their living, a very few drift away.

The bride of that evening was one of those girls whose hold on security had been sought to be strengthened by marriage. The young man from the army who had a friend who had a brother who had married a girl from the Vigilance Home some years ago, had come here seeking a wife. He had looked over a few girls who were on a specially prepared list as being inclined towards and medically fit for marriage. He had nodded his head when a particular one appeared. And so this marriage. It has cost the bridegroom two hundred rupees to get married under a tree in the light of two Petromax lamps. The bride was bringing in from her foster-mother, the Government, the sum of one hundred and fifty rupees.

Perhaps there is something in what people say about marriages being made in heaven.

We talk profoundly of caste abolition and widow remarriage and social reform, carefully using all the polysyllabic words we know. And it comes as a shock to find right in our midst an institution which has married off more widows with greater casualness and less air of self-righteousness than a whole history of social reformers, which has pulled off inter-caste and sect alliances with the confidence and dexterity of a magician pulling a rabbit out of a hat, which has given a new lease on life to women whom the world considers as 'fallen' women to be sealed off forever from life.

I AM not informed of the methods and the deeper workings of the Vigilance service in Madras. Perhaps it is riddled with defects. I know it is not perfect. It needs psychologists, among other things, and better probationary workers. It needs publicity. Right now, to this Government department social reform is not an achievement, it is a necessity. It deals with the women in its care rather as the army doctor treats the wounded in time of war. He patches them up, often leaving poisoned, septic sores in the body, only hoping that their system would be strong enough to pull through and resist the injection and carry on. A sick soldier is a liability and a war has to be fought. These young women are

the sick soldiers wounded in the battle of life. A little care, a little medicine, a little rest and a little prayer and they are let loose again to fight the same old battle. Another 'case' settled if not resolved. Life must go on. Perhaps one day, when we are less illiterate, a little healthier, a little less crowded, a little more hopeful about things we can give these sick women a psychoanalyst, better understanding, more hope.

Before that day dawns there is something you and I, the busy people moulding the world's destiny can do, be charitable in our judgement. For what has happened to the women who are in the care of the Vigilance service can happen to our sisters and our daughters. What has hurt them, more than lack of good food or cruel stepmothers or debauched husbands or deceitful lovers, is just—life.

And life can hurt anybody.

"Every creative act has its eternal aspect. This brings us to the deteriorated forms of the religious idea of "eternal life". The phrase "eternal life" is popularly used to imply endless time, as though eternity meant going on year after year limitlessly. One sees this view implied in the question frequently painted by some persons—with what motives heaven only knows—on the sides of buildings to challenge the passerby on the highways. "Where will you spend eternity?" This is an odd question when you think about it. "Spend" implies a given quantity—if you spend half your money, you have only half left; and could one "spend" half or two thirds of eternity? Such a view of eternity is not only repugnant psychologically—what a boring prospect, that one spend year after year endlessly!—but it is also absurd logically and unsound theologically. Eternity is not a given quantity of time; it transcends time. Eternity is the qualitative significance of time. One doesn't have to identify the experience of listening to music with the theological meaning of eternity to realize that in music—or in love, or in any work which proceeds from one's inner integrity—that the "eternal" is a way of relating to life, not a succession of "tomorrows."—*Man's Search for Himself*, by ROLLO MAY



Dr. P. G. Krishnayya with some of the Andhras in America on the occasion of the celebration of the Andhra State Day

SIDELIGHTS :

LAST week was memorable for two important events: the completion of the Andhra Ministry and the expansion of the Madras Ministry. By the decisions they have taken and the persons they have chosen, the Chief Ministers concerned do not seem to have added to the stability of their Cabinets.

In Andhra a workable majority in the legislature could have been built up with a coalition of the Congress, the Praja Socialist Party and the Krishikar Lok Party. In the case of the Praja Socialist Party Sri Viswanatham was its authentic representative in the legislature and his inclusion in the Cabinet must serve to strengthen it with the strength of the party, despite the controversies that have arisen. Acharya Kripalani, disapproving of Sri Prakasam's efforts to form the Government, has placed an interdict on P. S. P. co-operation, and announced that the party would sit in the opposition and not behind the Treasury benches. The Raja of Vizianagaram has followed the Acharya with a statement that Sri Viswanatham as Minister represented only himself and not the Praja Socialist Party. Sri Viswanatham has replied that the views of the Praja Socialist Party in the Andhra State are represented by himself as its chairman and not by the Raja of Vizianagaram as its secretary. It cannot be denied that there is a certain propriety in the stand of the secretary, regarding his party as a national organisation, seeking to develop some measure of harmony between its Central direction and regional practices. His attitude is theoretically sound but the constitutional proprieties he has been insisting on run counter to the practical realities of the situation. The plain fact of the matter is that ever since the Raja of Vizianagaram secured the merger of the Praja and Socialist parties so as to form the Praja Socialist Party, Acharya Kripalani's leadership of the new party became singularly anomalous in the

Andhra area. In Andhra it is Sri Prakasam that counts and not Acharya Kripalani. The natural effect of any effort on the part of Acharya Kripalani to place himself in a position of superior disciplinary authority over Sri Prakasam would be to force the party to defy the mandate of its Central leader and destroy its regional integrity in Andhra. It should be noted that Sri Prakasam's party affiliations are somewhat illusory. When he left the Congress, he managed to carry with him a large measure of the lingering loyalties of many of the oldest Congressmen, and now after leaving the Praja Socialist Party, he still continues to command the fidelity of the rank and file of the party left by him. The Raja of Vizianagaram does not represent the effective political sense of the Praja Socialist Party, he represents only an exceptional deviation from its general trend. As to the abstract correctitude of the position taken by him there can be no question. There is plenty of time for him to learn that a perfectionist attitude and isolation go together and the careers of our successful politicians are built on expediency rather than stubborn pursuit of fixed principles.

One or two friends of the Raja of Vizianagaram will follow him into the Opposition but the bulk of the members of the Praja Socialist Party will endorse Sri Viswanatham's acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet. For all practical purposes it may be taken that a coalition between the Congress and the Praja Socialist Party is actually in effective operation. It was in the matter of evolving a coalition between the Congress and the Krishikar Lok Party that Sri Prakasam committed his first great serious blunder in Ministry-making. The leadership of the Krishikar Lok Party in the Andhra legislature is not a doubtful or disputable affair. It belongs indubitably to Sri Latchanna. In ignoring him and showing preference for

Sri Thimma Reddi, denounced almost *en bloc* by the Krishikar Lok Party as a renegade, Sri Prakasam acted with amazing lack of elementary prudence and created for himself wholly avoidable complications that might imperil the very existence of his Government. If, as alleged in some quarters, it was Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's insistence that was responsible for this folly, so much the worse for the new Government of Andhra and its prospects of stability. It is a miserable thing, to start with, to form the Government of a State so as to provide a political reward to an election supporter of one of its architects and a vindictive punishment for an election antagonist. In a military dictatorship there is room for conferring unscrupulous patronage on favourites with no regard for any other consideration except that it is the will and pleasure of the dictator. But any prominent dispersal of benefits on personal grounds to friends, relatives and cronies, in defiance of the impersonal standards that impart credit and virtue to the administration, would turn out to be a deadly menace to the continuance of any democratic regime. The Andhra State will not subserve general popular welfare if the individuals in power, the Ministers and the

Secretaries, begin to exploit it to provide lucrative posts and positions for close relations and hangers-on of their own, a perversion that seems already to be gathering momentum. The indiscretions of inexperience can be got over and will be forgiven, but the abuse of State power for personal, family and clanish ends is a blight that would disrupt the State itself, ruin any Ministry and throw the people in the revulsion of disappointment into the arms of the Communists.

In the residuary Madras State, there was no need at all for expansion of the Ministry. Objecting to Sri Bhaktavatsalam's appointment as Minister, Sri E. V. Ramaswami Naicker said at Salem that he lacked the imprimatur of popular approval, as he was defeated at the last elections by the people and had come up only by indirect election. Through Sri Bhaktavatsalam a controversial figure with a not very savoury reputation is introduced into the Cabinet. It is some comfort that in the portfolio that has been assigned to him there is less scope for monkeying than in the Public Works Department to which he had been so tenaciously clinging in earlier Ministries where he could dominate and have his way. When I read of the appointment of Srimathi Jothi Venkatachalam as Minister, I thought it was a funny appointment and the Chief Minister had gone balmy. She is so little known that there is no indication what she will turn out to be, but in the unpredictability of the unknown, there is some hope for the happy accident of the choice justifying itself. But no Chief Minister playing ducks and drakes with the fortunes of a State in this manner by elevating the uncertain and the unknown into a qualification, will be tolerated for a moment by a public imbued with any semblance of the sense of responsibility. This disruptive appointment gives the finishing touch to the inconsequence and ridiculousness with which Sri Rajagopalachari has been decorating the office of Minister since he emerged from retirement to head the Madras Ministry.

SARA

HOME TRUTHS FOR ANDHRAS

By K. R. KARANT

AS a well-wisher and co-worker of the Andhras for the past many years, whom they were good enough to consider as one of their own, at the inauguration of the State on the 1st of this month I sent a telegraphic message of good wishes to Kurnool. But as a telegram is far too short a vehicle of communication for all one's thoughts, I wish to set down some of my thoughts through the kind columns of your valued journal.

The people of Andhra would undoubtedly be happy that the new State is to begin with Sri Prakasam as its Chief Minister. For over 15 years now it is fairly well-known that I have sailed with him and recognised him as a leader and followed him in many of his agitations. Hence I owe it as a duty to myself and to the Andhras whom I consider as my friends to say what I feel in regard to the present steps he has taken. A coalition Government under the existing circumstances of Andhra is inevitable. Undoubtedly everything reasonable and constitutional should be done to save any State from the rule of the President. With the remarkable hold which Sri Prakasam has on the minds of the people of Andhra, the position of Chief Minister of the new State was his and nobody in the Congress, however mighty, whether in Andhra or outside, could have deprived him of it. But that he should have become now its Chief, having been obliged at the bidding of the Congress to renounce the party which he more than any other in this State had helped to build in the last three years, is a matter of the deepest regret to me. The matter is not one personal to Sri Prakasam or merely confined to the Andhras alone. The matter is one which intimately touches the very basis and fundamentals of a democratic life and regime which all of us, however small or great, are striving in this country to build up for the future. In a fascist State or a Communist State, all

things are permissible. The means do not matter, only the end. But the case is different with those who profess to work democracy.

In a large country like ours with 360 million population, government by democracy is impossible unless it be on party lines. Party lines do not mean groups of people getting together to catch power at any cost. It means identity of interests and identity of ideals in promoting the social and economic welfare of the people as a whole. This would become impossible if in a Parliament of 500 or 600 members there is no party system and the whole thing is a conglomeration of individuals who are independents. The welfare of a country can be achieved only by deciding what the objectives to be achieved are on the basis of definite programmes of work.

Three years ago some of us led by Sri Prakasam in Madras, who were in the thick of the fight for achieving Swaraj, found that the Congress was belying its promises to the electorate, was carrying on a corrupt administration and was doing little or nothing to redeem the promises it had made and the hopes it had raised in the minds of the people. We became disgusted with its methods and came out and built up another party called the Praja Party. As is well known, in the Madras State Sri Prakasam was the foremost leader in this matter. It was he, more than anybody else, that achieved such remarkable results in the last general elections held in January 1952 wherein many prominent Congressmen, including Ministers, were defeated at the polls. Subsequently, he was himself the leader of the Praja Socialist Party in Andhra when it was formed a year ago. He was on the National Executive of the party. He thereafter got elected unopposed to the Assembly and all the time in the last two or three years he was fighting, along with others, against the practices of the Congress and its

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administration whether in the Centre or in the States.

While such was the position, it seems to me unthinkable that he should forsake the party which he had led, merely because the Congress today would not give him the Chief Minister's office unless he did so. I do not blame the Congress, because in the last three or four years, there are no methods which they have not employed for the sake of being in power and continuing in power at any cost. To cite one or two instances, the use made by the Prime Minister of India during the last elections, of the resources of the Government including aeroplanes and special trains and the whole machinery of Government are illustrations of abuse of power which in a democracy like Britain, people would not put up with. Another abuse was the raising of funds for the elections by Congress Ministers from mill magnates and others. My complaint is against Sri Prakasam and not the Congress. That he should have succumbed to these conditions and contrary to the resolution of the National Executive of the P. S. P. of which he was himself an honoured member, should have fallen to the temptation of office, however high it may be, is a matter of the deepest regret to me. I have to say that the explanation given by him does not carry much sense or conviction. His action has shaken the entire confidence of the common people in the profession of the leaders of this country. He has done the greatest harm to his own great name. If a man like him can forsake a party because he would not otherwise get the Chief Ministership, how can people ever repose confidence in others, or in any party for the matter of that? It has been tried to be glossed over by saying that the conditions in Andhra are peculiar. The standard of conduct cannot be one thing for the Andhras and another for the rest of the country. In its simplest form the matter is clear. Here we have been of P. S. P. professing certain faiths and principles and programmes. If he had as its leader formed a coalition Government with the Congress we could have said nothing. It was quite pro-

per. But to forsake one's party and walk over as a supporter of the Congress because otherwise he would not get the Chief Ministership is a betrayal of the basic principles of democracy. Sri Prakasam was the foremost to denounce Sri Kidwai when he forsook the Praja Party at its inception and later Sri Rajagopalachari when he got himself nominated with a view to becoming the Chief Minister. But what he has himself done today far surpasses what was done by either of them.

HAVING said the above, I wish to make some suggestions for immediate action by the Andhra Ministry. I wish the Ministry all success in its efforts. In the normal course it will have three years before it when the general elections in the country will again come. In Andhra it may come even sooner. It is a matter of some pleasure to me that some of these Ministers in Andhra are intimately know to me. The problems of the Andhras by and large are in no way different from those of the people of the residuary State, or for the matter of that, in other parts of India. I feel sure that under Sri Prakasam, they will not be bound by red tape as in the residuary State. Having known the workings of his mind for some years and the courage with which he can do things and the way in which he can trust his colleagues, I hope that in this short period of three years the Andhra Ministry will be able to achieve many things which will not be done in the residuary State. Sri Rajagopalachari is content to keep himself in power by playing on the party chess board and maintaining a Police State without carrying out any real reforms. The new State of Andhra will no doubt be dealing with large questions, and here are a few suggestions for action.

The vast majority of the actual cultivating tenants are without any security of tenure or fixity of rent and at the mercy of the landlords. Their position has become definitely worse in the last ten years. There is a deliberate attempt on the part of those in power in Madras not to do anything in this matter. I myself interviewed the Chief Minister in Madras and his colleague the Reve-

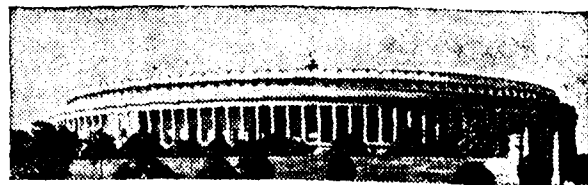
nue Minister now nearly four months ago. Action was promised but nothing has been done. Meanwhile hundreds of suits have been filed to evict tenants. There is ample material for bringing in immediate legislation. In the last five or six years there have been numerous reports on this question, the Report of Sri Raghavendra Rao in 1947, the Congress Agrarian Committee Report of Sri Kumarappa in 1948 and the Subramaniam Committee Report in 1951. For any one who has a mind to do something in this matter there is ample material. Here is a simple matter of land legislation which can guarantee to the tiller of the soil security of tenure, and fixity of rent which will bring real strength and happiness to the masses.

IF the vast masses of this country in the rural parts have to lead a human existence the cultivating tenants must have permanent occupancy. In my district of South Kanara, a joint committee representing both landlords and tenants has agreed to the grant of permanent tenancy to the cultivators. The second question is that of fair rent. Here again a simple formula can be evolved. It can be fixed roughly at one-third of the gross produce of the land, the remaining two-thirds remaining for the tenant for the cost of cultivation and for his profits. C. R.'s Tanjore Act, with 60 per cent of the produce as rent the tenant bearing the cost of cultivation, is unreasonable. The Planning Committee Report devotes several pages to land reform and advocates 25 per cent or something less. I do not want that any legislation of this type should be expropriatory. For instance the recent amendment of the Bombay Tenancy Act reducing the fair rent from one-third of the gross rent as it was, to one-sixth, is plainly expropriatory in the guise of regulating land tenure. It is unfair to reduce the rent to a nominal figure without paying any compensation. Therefore, all that I advocate is a reasonable proportion of the rent to the landlord, namely one-third. In most parts of India today it is about 50 or 60 per cent. To take such a large share for the landlord and

leave very little to the cultivator is to make the life of the poor intolerable. No fair-minded landlord can say that one-third of the gross produce is unreasonable. Then the third and the last factor for the making of a good tenancy legislation is that in the case of the small landlords some reservation should be made in their favour to cultivate their own home farm holdings, whether they immediately require it or not. Every landlord family, if it is in a position to cultivate land for itself, should be encouraged to do so. The extent of such lands should be reasonable. I had heard of an Andhra zamindar in the past who had thousands of acres. What the family can cultivate by itself or by hired labour must be the reasonable limit. This will necessarily vary with the locality. For example, if it is about 10 acres in a thickly populated and fertile delta area of the Andhra State, it might be about 30 acres in the dry areas of its uplands. Some reasonable limit may be fixed. A similar maximum should be fixed for the tenants also. A class of middlemen tenants is growing up in Tamil districts who do not cultivate themselves but sub-let to others. This class should be eliminated and the actual cultivators alone should get the benefit of this legislation. These are the three fundamental factors for immediate land tenancy legislation. After the legislation works for a few years and the fair rents get stabilised, a provision can be made to enable the tenant to buy up the landlord's right at a reasonable multiple of the fair rent. The Bill I suggest can be got enacted within three to six months. I do hope that the Andhra Ministry will take this on hand immediately and not delay it till their period is over.

We were being informed repeatedly by the Andhra members of the last legislature that thousands of acres of land actually cultivated and improved by the Harijans have been snatched away from them by the so-called political sufferers under the land assignment policy of the past Congress Government in Madras. This injustice must be set right and the lands should be restored to them.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

ALLADI'S admiration for Soviet justice was expressed during his last days, according to the Advocate-General of Madras, Mr. Thiruvengkatachari. Alladi said that "in our system the rich people, or the persons who could pay or engage fashionable lawyers, were getting an advantage and they were getting acquitted."

Alladi himself had pleaded many a case, we may be quite sure, which resulted in such wrongful acquittals. Our courts are reduced to the position of deciding not which side has the stronger case, but which side has engaged the cleverer lawyer. In the Soviet Union, the procedure for engaging a lawyer is quite different. In many cases, no lawyer is really needed, because there is very little case-law to be bothered about, and the judge takes a much more active part in cross-examination than is usual in our country, where the British practice is followed. Where a lawyer is engaged, the party is free to choose his lawyer without any reference to the fee. He pays low fees if his income is low, and high fees if his income is high. In either case, the fee is not paid to the lawyer at all, but to the "collegium", of which all the lawyers are members. The "collegium" pays the lawyer according to its assessment of his abilities. In Soviet Russia, one could engage Alladi, for instance, by paying the collegium Rs. 10 per day, or less. And the collegium would have probably paid Alladi Rs. 10,000 per month.

The greatest merit of the Soviet conception of justice is that it is not a punishment for a crime but a healing process for those who have suffered on account of adverse social circumstances. Justice in Soviet Russia is regarded as a human attribute, and the judges therefore deal with those

who come before them as fellow human beings. We, on our part, consider justice to be a divine attribute, and treat our "accused" as though we are gods and they are mere mortals. As Harold Laski said, "Of the principle underlying the Russian theory of prison treatment I cannot here speak in any detail since to do so would involve a discussion of general ethics of punishment. What certainly emerges from its operation is the fact, borne out by the well-known investigation of Goring in this country, that there is no general reason to suppose that the average criminal is very different from the ordinary population."

It was only towards the evening of his life that Alladi had the time and the opportunity to delve into the philosophy of law. It is a pity that our system makes little effort to encourage research. The result is that the lawyer remains a practitioner of law—whether he be judge or advocate. In Soviet Russia, the lawyer is not a man who is trying to score a point to make his client win a suit. He is more interested in the case being decided in such a way that it leads to social justice.

THERE is talk of a reshuffle in the Central Cabinet. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari and Mr. C. D. Deshmukh (it appears) do not see eye to eye with Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai. Consequently, there is every chance of their leaving the Nehru Cabinet. If T. T. resigns in the near future, it is almost certain that he will become the Chief Minister of the residuary State of Madras. Mr. Rajagopalachari is reported to feel that T. T. is the right man to take over the Chief Ministership from him although T. T. and he differed very violently in the recent past.

The Prime Minister, who is also Chairman of the National Planning Commission, is not at all pleased with the progress of the Plan. Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, the Planning Minister, is therefore expected to resign from the Cabinet in the near future. He has been keeping quite indifferent health for many months now. Other Central Ministers may also be affected by a reshuffle involving some of the most important portfolios in the Cabinet.

New Delhi is worried about the break-down of normal Government (through the legislature) in Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad. Mr. E. M. S. Namboodripad, the Acting General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, said at his Press Conference that he was convinced that the present Central Government will not allow the C. P. I. to form a Government anywhere in India, even if they got a clear majority at the next General Elections. In reply to a series of questions, Mr. Namboodripad said that the Nehru Government at the Centre was less unpopular than the State Governments in India, he added, however, that even the Nehru Government was becoming more and more unpopular every day.

Mr. Namboodripad bracketed Andhra with Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad, but a Tamil Correspondent pointed out that Andhra had just been formed, and that the Andhra legislature was being convened in November. He thought that a little time was necessary for making the preliminary arrangements for the meeting of the legislature, etc. Mr. Namboodripad, however, maintained that the legislature should have been summoned as soon as the State came into being.

The announcement that a University Grants Committee will be shortly constituted by the Education Ministry will be widely welcomed. In his Convocation Address to the Baroda University, Dr. Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar indicated that this Committee would function on the lines of the British model. Dr. Bhatnagar, being a scientist, will more than adequately take care of scientific research. What may not so easily receive the attention of Dr. Bhatnagar (who is the Secretary of the Education Ministry as well as of the Ministry of Natural Resources and Scientific Research) is the need for research on the operation of law. That law is itself a social science is hardly ever noticed even by our foremost lawyers. It should be borne in mind that the legal profession in our country is the least interested in law reform or legal research. It is hardly aware that it is needed.

A STORY is told of how Dr. Bhatnagar is able to collect large sums of money from private industrialists for his National Laboratories and for scientific research generally. Early in October he went to Calcutta and collected Rs. 21 lakhs for research on cottage industries. And it was only in September that a donation of Rs. 21 lakhs to the Electronic Research Institute at Pilani was announced by Mr. G. D. Birla. Dr. Bhatnagar was asked to reveal his method. He replied that some of them gave large sums of money because they realised the value of science. It was not true that they gave him money because one of his National Laboratories had developed a "gold-doctor," and they did not wish the gold-doctor to be used on them!

Whoever loves the golden mean, avoids in safety the squalor of an old house, while, in the enjoyment of moderation he escapes the unpopularity that dogs those who dwell in palaces.—*Horace*

Men of the rarest parts depend upon the times in which they live. All have not found the time they deserved, and many, though they have found it, have not succeeded in making use of it. Some have been worthy of a better age, for the good does not always triumph. Things have their season, and even talents are subject to fashion. However, the wise man has one advantage,—he is for all time. If the present is not his proper century, many others will be so.—*Gracian*

A Primitive Musical Instrument

THE *Bengbung* is a primitive percussion instrument reminiscent of the Xylophone. It consists of five simple wooden logs tuned chromatically which is quite unusual for the Himalayan area. The musician sits on the ground, legs stretched out and apart, keeping the unconnected logs in a horizontal position on his legs without further support; the lowest tuned log nearest the body, the other four following in chromatic sequence. The logs are slightly separated one from the other.

The logs are very crudely cut from a tree and show the form of a split cylinder; their length is uniformly 21-22". The quality of the wood is of medium specification, i.e., not too hard and not too soft. The width of the logs, measured over the half-circle is uniformly about 3½".

The tuning is perfectionated by hollowing the lower straight part of the logs about in the middle. The hollowing is very crude too and here and there even fibres are protruding. The excavation has an oval shape and it is enlarged bit by bit until the required tone is obtained.

The instrument is played with two ordinary wooden sticks cut from a tree and retaining the bark, while the logs have no bark. The musician beats the rhythm (s) with his left hand and stick while on the other four logs he develops an amazing skill and capacity of inventing tunes or 'melodies'; it is all improvised. The tone is mellow and pleasant but not ringing; it is somewhat dry (secco).

No information could be obtained about the original music of the Lusais; but I was told that they have wonderful low voices (basses and altos) and have no difficulty in learning, and in no time, to sing Western hymns, even four-part singing, with great precision and taste. It is said that until about sixty years ago only the men sang and only if they were drunk. So, if one day systematic singing was performed they rushed to the place 'where

drinks are to be had' disregarding newly arranged flowerbeds etc.

The Lusais are a primitive mountain tribe in Eastern Assam near the Burmese boundaries. They have, all of them, an outstanding sense for beauty, be it in musical inventions or in weaving and other arts and crafts. It goes very much to the credit of the Missionaries that, as far as arts and crafts are concerned they did not,—and refuse so to this day,—to introduce Western styles and methods, but they see to it that the Lusais develop their own and definitely characteristic and original tastes and skill.

The language of the Lusais is monosyllabic; an original script does not exist, but the Missionaries have completed a full dictionary in the Roman script. In this many words have been contrapted into two syllables, because many words or rather expressions are repeated, such as for instance, *huayhuay* and *Bengbung*. The pronunciation of *Bengbung* is stark nasal as if imitating the ringing sound of a big bell. This fact too led me to the confirmed conclusion that the Lusais have an understanding sense for music. This and many other features should be a fertile ground for musicians and anthropologists to dig—before it may be too late, in spite of the fact that access to the territory is not so comfortable: ten days walking from the next railway station.

[PS. Prof. Curt Sachs mentions in his *Die Musikinstrumente Indiens und Indoesiens* (George Reimer-Berlin 1914) two Lusal instruments, one string instrument (p. 96) and one trumpetlike instrument of bamboo (p. 173) all of them very primitive in construction.]

W. WOLFF

Life is easy for owls, whom the expanse of the heavens does not tempt to soar; but the eagle seeks the sun, even though it may fall with scorched eye and broken pinion into the sea to be the sport of the billows; at least for a moment the splendour of the empyrean quenched its ardent glances, and it has drained the cup of celestial glory.—*Cherbuliez*

THE COMING NEHRU-BEVAN-TITO AXIS

By ANDREW ROTH

THE biggest story of the Labour Party's annual conference which recently concluded here is still, at this writing, its best-kept secret. It has tremendous implications because it envisages a further stage in the slow but patient effort of India in particular to create a portion of world opinion which is not tied hand and foot to either of the big power blocs.

If the British Labour Party wins the next elections the most likely Foreign Minister will be none other than Aneurin Bevan, the most contentious figure in British politics today. This was one of the agreements at a secret unity conference held on the eve of the Labour Party's annual conference here at Margate. It is a conference that few of the leaders and almost none of the delegates knew about. Despite this it was responsible for much of the striking spirit of unity which characterized the conference and explains many anomalies.

It is a secret which the Labour Party will try to keep because the Conservatives—who have followed the Labour Party here at Margate—will undoubtedly make the attack on Bevan and Bevanism the chief object of their electoral propaganda now that the worst splits in the Labour Party seem to be healed over. The Conservatives need electoral propaganda because their popularity has slipped since Churchill seized the international initiative so decisively last May, only to have it dashed from his ailing fingers by his less daring Cabinet colleagues. According to the Gallup Poll, the Labour Party has a 3% lead in popular support over the Conservatives at present, enough to return them to power with a good parliamentary majority if an election is held soon. Indications point to a spring election, particularly if Sir Winston is unable to take the full burden of the premiership.

It is not known just who participated in the unity conference on the eve of the annual conference although it would probably need the presence of Mr Attlee, Mr. Bevan and perhaps Arthur Deakin, who inherited the giant Transport and General Workers Union from Ernest Bevin. Its operation was confirmed however by R. H. S. Crossman, top lieutenant of Bevan in the *Sunday Pictorial* of October 4, 1953: "This compact between the Right and Left wings of the (Labour Party) leadership had, of course, been signed, sealed and delivered long before the delegates arrived at Margate."

However revolutionary the appointment of Bevan to the Foreign Office may seem to John Foster Dulles, it makes remarkably good internal party sense. Herbert Morrison has no desire to again damage his reputation—and his chance to succeed Mr. Attlee as Prime Minister—by floundering about in foreign affairs which are patently beyond the depths of his experience. Aneurin Bevan, on the other hand, has been fascinated by the foreign impact on Britain's economic situation since he was a teen-age coal miner in a Welsh pit. During the last 18 months he has nourished the dream of a Bevan-Tito-Nehru axis which will carve out an area for manoeuvre between the two giants. Furthermore, he clearly feels that there is little chance to push the Bevanite line on internal economic reorganization any further until the economic crisis he anticipates dissolves the rock-like opposition of the right wing trade union leadership.

The appointment of Bevan to the place once held by Bevin is the sort of thing which appeals to Clement Attlee. On international affairs he has moved fairly close to Bevan. At Margate, for example, he said—for the first time—that Britain and Russia have a common interest in preventing the resurgence of an

armed Germany. And, as a cabinet chief, he likes to have the Foreign Office run by a strong character deeply rooted in internal politics. He undoubtedly feels that the realities of Britain's economic dependence on the U. S. will do much to tone Bevan down.

The Statesman Prepares

AT the Margate conference Bevan displayed the restraint of someone grooming himself for statesmanship. At the opening celebration Dr. Edith Summerskill sank all sorts of verbal hat pins into him. She accused him by indirection of running from a safe seat while she fought a marginal constituency—and therefore could be expected to know the mind of the marginal voter better. She also held up the deterioration of the French Socialist Party as a horrible example, saying it was due to internal squabbles and suggesting that French workers now vote Conservatives into office. Many observers expected Mr. Bevan to reply by saying that France shows the danger of a Socialist party which loses contact with the workers, letting them slide into the hands of the Communists. His refusal to touch the subject is explainable if he expects to deal with French Socialist cabinet ministers when he himself is Britain's Foreign Minister.

If British foreign policy is a reflection of internal policy then Bevan can be expected to emulate the Soviet 'peace offensive' as a tactic. Certainly the emphasis which he has

placed on the peaceful and peace-loving character of the Bevanites has paid off. The big, rightwing trade union leaders had encouraged Herbert Morrison to stand against the revered but decrepit Arthur Greenwood for Treasurer of the party. Greenwood had been a neutral, peaceful figure in the Right-Left struggle in the Party and the trade union leaders wanted to replace him with Morrison, a skillful and cunning anti-Bevanite on the National Executive, from which he was ousted last year by the pro-Bevan vote of the constituency parties. The Bevanites hurried to the support of Greenwood against Morrison, much as Russia sometimes supports India against America. The result of this left-center alliance threatened to defeat Morrison and he withdrew at the last moment, in the name of unity. He was elected to the National Executive anyhow as a result of a constitutional change which allots the Deputy Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party a seat. To some with a long memory it was amusing to see Bevan applaud Greenwood enthusiastically on several occasions because it was only nine years ago that Greenwood attempted to expel Bevan from the Parliamentary Labour Party for attacking Ernest Bevin.

Terms Of Unity

IF Labour wins an election next Spring and Mr. Bevan becomes Foreign Minister he will be bound to follow the 'line' of Mr. Attlee, because the resolution on foreign and Commonwealth policy which the Margate conference adopted substantially represents the middle-Labour views of the former Prime Minister. Mr. Bevan may, of course, feel he can inject his own spirit and emphasis into the words. Thus the conference voted "full support for N. A. T. O. as a limited system of collective security, in which all members have equal rights and duties and collective policy is decided by common consent, not by any one member, be it the U. S. A., Britain or any other.... Conference recognizes that between democracies there are liable to be differences of policy which

require adjustment on the basis of mutual respect, but deplores the harm done to Anglo-American relations by political witch-hunting in the U. S. A." This resolution was drafted by a sub-committee on which Bevan and Crossman battled successfully to get their viewpoint represented at least in part.

It is clear that a compromise was reached in the section on defense which says that "Britain must maintain a defence programme adequate to ensure collective security and the fulfilment of her international obligations" but "the programme must be reviewed periodically in the light of the international situation and our economic position. The period of national service should also be reviewed each year, with a view to its reduction, taking into account any changes in our commitments (such as the withdrawal of troops from Korea or the Suez Canal zone)...." Bevan and Crossman want a withdrawal from the Canal Zone and, as soon as possible, from Korea.

Mr. Dulles will not appreciate the first way in which the party went on record rejecting "any policy of forcible liberation of Eastern Europe," expressing "its concern at the resurgence of German reactionary nationalism." In the Far East it called for the admission of the "Peking Government as the effective government of China," "the creation of a unified democratic neutralized Korea.... sought by a persistent negotiation and a neutralized Formosa." Indo-China should become "fully independent" and peace there should be established through negotiation.

Although James Griffiths will probably again be Colonial Secretary if Labour wins, he will return to office with a more militant mandate. Much of the colonial policy agreed to has already been made clear in Parliament. But Bevan and Crossman were able to get into the record an unprecedentedly flat statement: "As soon as the development of each territory makes it practicable, arrange-

ments should be made between the Government and the responsible leaders of each territory to fix a date for the transfer of power." This is particularly pinned down, for the first time, in the case of Malaya which, until this decision, had merely been promised eventual self-government. "In Malaya," the document reads, "it is necessary to remove the causes of communalism, to combat Communist terrorism and to continue progress towards self-government within a specified period."

The Deakin Recants

THE most interesting aspect of the secret unity agreement is the light it throws on the most remarkable episode of the whole conference. This occurred when Arthur Deakin, the granite-like anti-Bevanite boss of the Transport Workers arose to denounce in the fiercest language the ebullient Tom O'Brien, M. P., rightwing leader of the theatrical workers' union and former Chairman of the Trades Union Congress. In the course of bringing the TUC's greetings to the Labour Party O'Brien suggested a re-examination of their relationship, amplifying this in a subsequent interview into a threat to pulling the TUC out of the Labour Party. He was taken as being "his master's voice", the master being Arthur Deakin who had warned two days earlier: "Don't drive us into the position of pulling out and breaking with the party."

On Friday, however, Mr. Deakin startled everyone by arising to denounce Mr. O'Brien "with very great emphasis" a "most mischievous" statement without any authority whatever. "...there is not one union affiliated to the party which would for one moment consider any disaffiliation or divorcement from this party." Although Mr. Deakin was cheered to the echo by delegates who quite often boo his rightwing hectoring, he set commentators arguing. Some, at first, thought he was disavowing O'Brien for "spilling the beans". But now it seems more likely that he was keeping his part of a unity agreement.

.....
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NIGERIA'S ROAD TO FREEDOM

By ALAN FAUNCE

THE eyes of all Africa are on Nigeria. This country of thirty-one millions, rich in immense natural resources and proud of the place she has won in Africa, will be the next to run up her own flag and find the freedom all Africans want. The goal came within sight at the recent Constitutional Conference in London, when fifty-nine Nigerian political leaders met with the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton. In spite of passionate controversy before and during the Conference, a great measure of agreement was achieved.

For purposes of government, Nigeria is divided into three great Regions. The North, largely Moslem with a population of 17 million, is still under the political and religious leadership of the Emirs. It is much less developed educationally than the progressive Eastern and Western Regions of the South. Many feared that the North might secede and form a separate State. But a Federation of the three Regions has now been established by agreement of all at the London Conference. Before 1956 each of these Regions will elect a Prime Minister of its own. The British Government accepted the expressed desire of the Conference that any Region which wanted to establish self-government in 1956 should be left free to work out its own proposals to this end. The approach of self-government has inspired many Nigerians to show Africa and the world what they can do with their opportunity.

Three main political parties have developed over the last years. The Eastern Region is dominated by the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, led by Dr. Azikiwe, the Nationalist leader who for years has caught the imagination of millions. His party, which is the only one with any substantial following in the other Regions, stands for one united

Nigeria and for self-government in 1956. The strongest political force in the Western Region is the Action Group, led by Mr. Awolowo. Though just as decided on self-government as the N. C. N. C., the emphasis in the Action Group is on safeguarding Western Regional interests and the culture of the Yorubas, the largest tribe in the West.

The third main party is the Northern People's Congress which has a big majority in the North. Its leader is the Sarduna of Sokoto, descendant of the great prophet-reformer, and initiator of the Moslem revival which established the dynasties now ruling the Northern Region. In contrast to the parties of the South the N. P. C. refuses to commit itself to a date for self-government. Determined that the North shall proceed at its own pace it takes a firm stand against any domination by the Southern Region. An opposition party in the North also plays an important role. It is the Northern Elements Progressive Union, led by Mallam Mohamed Aminu, which stands for radical reform of the Emirate system and for alliance with the N. C. N. C. in its demand for self-government by 1956.

Feelings run high between people and politicians in Nigeria. Only last May, lives were lost in riots when Southern political leaders visited Kano, the great city of the North. Even after the London Conference, it was necessary for the plane taking the Southern delegation back to Nigeria to avoid landing in that city.

BUT a force for unity is at work. Seven delegates representing between them all the above parties came directly from the London Conference to the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Caux, Switzerland. When one of them, Mazi Mbonu Ojike, Vice-President of



Nigerian leaders at Moral Re-Armament World Assembly at Caux, Switzerland

Dr. Azikiwe's party, introduced his compatriots to the Assembly, the thousand representatives from 36 nations rose in a spontaneous standing ovation. The splendid purple and gold robes worn by the African leaders seemed to bring the atmosphere of their country to the hearts of the Assembly.

"What Nigeria seeks," declared the African leaders, "is a word like Caux where all people, no matter what race or colour, together share in God's bounties. Leaders of every nation and race should spend at least a week a year at Caux. Here they should revise their policies and become better advised in their plans for world peace."

Mazi Mbonu Ojike referred to Dr. Azikiwe's visit to Caux in 1949 and the part played by him at the London Conference. "When issues arose," he continued, "Dr. Azikiwe always said, 'It is not a question of who is right but what is right'. Today our freedom is withheld more by our own lack of unity and inability

to agree on a programme than by imperialist powers."

OTHER Nigerians were equally frank about the problems in their country. The Administrative Head of the City of Kano, Sarkin Shanu of the Northern Peoples' Congress, said "We have the same problems as exist elsewhere—hatred among our own people, between the tribes in our country, and of the imperialists. Selfishness, dishonesty and corruption are all common. Unless they are fought immediately there will be chaotic conditions in Nigeria."

A political opponent of Sarkin Shanu, Mallam Mohamed Aminu, President of the Northern Elements' Progressive Union, said, "Unless there is a change of heart on the part of Britain and on the part of our people there will be a clash in Nigeria in 1956. The youth in our country are being trained to hate Great Britain. It is to be feared that we will accept the ideology of Communism. Therefore Nigeria is now ripe for Moral Re-Armament."

October 17 1953

As other delegates spoke, both Europeans and Africans, it became clear that "a new dimension of racial unity" was and could be a reality. Mrs. Margaret Ekpo, Member of the National Executive Committee of the N. C. N. C., said, "Because of the wonderful welcome to us here I feel ashamed of the deep hatred I have had for all the Europeans, especially the European women. It is not going to be an easy job, but I dedicate my life to lift the curtain I drew down between Europeans and Africans."

Mallam Ibrahim Imam, member of the House of Representatives and the House of Assembly in Nigeria, who is Secretary General of the Northern Peoples' Congress, summed up the convictions of many Nigerians when he said, "We will take back from Caux the only key for the present condition in Nigeria. We have seen here the only way to weld together people of

different creeds, races and principles. MRA will lead us to a new world where black and white and yellow come in as brothers; where there is no greed and all are satisfied. The principles of Caux are basic principles of my faith, Islam. I have always believed in Moslem brotherhood. Here I have seen a new thing, the brotherhood of all people." He spoke of the effect of Caux upon his political convictions. "I thought I would be deprived of my political ideas, but this is far from the fact," he said. "I have been given moral standards. They purify my convictions. I am going back to Nigeria with the moral stamina to fight for what is right."

BEFORE they left, the Nigerian leaders urgently requested Dr. Buchman to bring a Moral Re-Armament task force to their country, similar to that which visited India, Ceylon, and Pakistan last winter.

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THE KOLU

In fine there were all things human, winged, and fanged in that little world raised as it were by a rub on an Aladdin's magic lamp

SWISH!

The rope curved through the air and lashed the floor, her arms flapping like the wings of a bird as she skipped, and her little brother and sister sat watching, full of interest. A girl but a gazelle. Her dark eyes darkened more by kohl smiled merrily; her ear-pendants shook and shed drops of emerald light into the hollows of her delicate clavicles as she skipped.

"How much?" she asked, with a sudden pause, and slackening her grip on the wooden handles of the skipping-rope.

"Hundred," said her sister.

"No, no you've been counting wrong," corrected Kamala, "its only eighty."

"I have counted right," rejoined the fluty voice, and if a girl of seven could be sure of her arithmetic it was in that voice of assertion.

"Well, well, we needn't quarrel over it," said Kamala, with a tolerance that three years' seniority could show; "I told you that you may have the rope after a hundred; if you want it early, why not ask and why count wrongly to cheat?"

The younger girl's face flushed as if it had been hit; she rubbed her eyes, her little bosom palpitating, and then she began to whimper. Knowing the sympathetic vibration it would cause in her four-year old brother and bring the mother on the scene, Kamala cried cajolingly: "Hush, my dear, I didn't mean it," and putting the skipping-rope into her hands turned to go.

"Stay," the sister called, "I counted for you and you must count for me. You are angry and that's why you want to go."

"I am not angry."

"You are."

"I am not."

"You are."

And just when the skirmish showed signs of becoming tearful, there was a movement in one of the flaps of the front door and a face appeared. Timidly it drew back.

It's Sarasu!" exclaimed Kamala. "I had asked her to come and see the kolu." And she ran towards the door, a very wind of welcome, while the younger sister touched with a little of the same exuberance ran after her.

Sarasu was a dark girl, about eight or nine, shy as musk, with eyes that had the shine and sincerity of diamonds. What did it matter Sarasu was dark? Just as the sun looks upon a per-

SHORT STORY

By

MANJERI S. ISVARAN.

son too strongly and intently and throws upon him his shadowed livery, so the fire of the kitchen oven had looked upon Sarasu too intently, but she was comely, small and comely—of a type that could best be felt than described. It suggested such exquisite possibilities: of a sparkling spring shut up, an ebullient fountain sealed and sequestered; of a humming bee gone swooning over its own golden honeycomb; of a bunch of grapes in a secret coign of a vineyard maturing under the glimpses of the sun; of a blithesome young doe standing awestruck at the haunting arrow of some invisible huntsman, instead of frisking along the mountain valleys and feeding among the spices and succulent lilies. So what did it matter Sarasu was dark? When the pigment held such riches within it?

Sarasu lived in the same street, four doors away, and was a friend of Kamala's. She moved so softly like a shade, that one wondered whether she would not at any moment be the shadow of it. Her voice was strangely sighing, its silvery ease seemed to be under an eternal muffle.

"I can only have a hasty look at the dolls," she said, "I must be back home before *she* misses me."

"How excited you are! Nothing will happen. Don't be afraid," comforted Kamala, and locking her hand in Sarasu's led her to a room in the left wing of the house.

The *kolu* was indeed a beautiful sight. The dolls stood on an wooden structure, rising tier on tier, under an arch built of light bamboo and papered prettily all over. There were dolls of celluloid and porcelain in divers shapes and hues: of brass and bronze polished to the brilliance of gold and silver, of lucid marble and cool sandalwood; toy-dogs with crimson collars and mouths in arrested bark; tabby cats ready to spring on the unsuspecting mice below; rabbits with ears pricked up and ever-startled eyes; horses some picketed and some in full gallop; elephants with trunks upraised as if pouring dust upon their heads; h. r. h. the bengal tiger, conventionally furious; his magnificence, the lion; his vanity, the peacock, with feathers ruffled and crushing a king cobra under his legs; a couple of parrots preening their plumes with ruddy beaks; in fine, there were all things human, winged, and fanged in that little world raised as it were by a rub on an Aladdin's magic lamp. So colourful was it and so intense, it had a touch of heaven as well as of earth, and to the girls its newness never faded, its mystery was greater than that of Creation itself.

"Look!" said Kamala, pointing to a father doll, "what a big belly it has!"

They giggled.

"And there on the topmost row, the bridegroom and the bride wearing their best clothes and holding each other's hands are lovely. Aren't they, Sarasu?"

Sarasu smiled faintly.

"How the bride hangs down her head in shyness! It will pain her neck, poor thing, thus looking at her toes always. Will you look at your toes," Kamala asked turning to her sister, "when your husband garlands you at your wedding?"

This sally accompanied by a nudge which she gave her sister tickled even the shy Sarasu; they tittered looking at the celluloid bride whose sari which was a remnant from a tailor's cuttings seemed to go thread-bare at their titter, and her necklace of glass beads to lose their iridescent play.

"What are you girls laughing at?"

The mother who had been busy in the kitchen for the past one hour or so entered the room. A buxom woman, she seemed to have attained her rare mellowness through an undisturbed, orderly domestic life. She was not aware of the presence of Sarasu, and seeing her the smile of inquiry broadened on her face and she asked the girls:—

"Kamala has been asking you every day to come and see the *kolu*. This is the eighth day and we thought you would never come."

"Not that I didn't want to come earlier," replied the girl; "she does not allow me to stir out of the house for a minute. I've come stealthily. I must be going now."

"Wait a minute more and do sing a song, everybody that comes to see the *kolu* must sing. You know that, my dear."

Meenakshi then went into the kitchen and returned almost immediately bearing a vessel in her hands. It was covered.

It was evening now and the lamps that hung on either side of the bamboo arch were lit. The flames twinkled a moment, then began to steadily burn like gems, and in the illuminated bower, the dolls stared more eager-eyed than ever. Bottles cut out of coloured paper and imagined to contain attar of roses were unstopped by the light; the desiccated leaves and flowers grew lush, almost to a Chinese profusion, and rustled with the rumours of spring; the yellow paint of the

wooden plantains bending in a bunch seemed to peel off to reveal the ivory white inside. And a mirror on the newly limewashed wall opposite caught and kept within its gilded frames a replica of this eloquent swindle. Only the arcanum of a fairy tale though sensed remained too deeply hidden; else the little birds and beasts would have sung and talked in human voices, and from every tiny flower would have stepped the tiniest of fairies to clasp hands and dance a ballet, to the tune of the myriad fingers of the wind playing on a myriad dulcet strings, under the peeping eyes of the stars and the minguant moon. Sarasu was lost in the loveliness of it all while she sang mechanically the latest song she had learnt—a popular tune from the pictures.

"That was done beautifully!" complimented Meenakshi, as the song ended. "Now sit down all of you for here's something to eat."

The girls sat down, Sarasu unwillingly, and into their cupped hands the mother ladled out of the vessel boiled white peas sweetened with jaggery. Sarasu hesitated to eat; Kamala encouraged her, her own mouth stuffed generously, and just when the girl was about to eat a mouthful she heard her name sharply called.

"It's *she*," she said in a scared tone, rising hastily, and before Meenakshi could prevent her, she had reached the verandah.

"What a pity!" murmured Meenakshi.

The tears welled into the eyes of the two sisters while their little brother scattered his handful of peas in manly protest.

"What a pity!" murmured Meenakshi again.

A young woman whose eyes detonated anger confronted the girl out-

side and hissing a "Come along" walked up the street. The girl followed her like as one neglected and infinitely ill-used.

"So this is how you were minding baby?" she asked the girl as soon as they were inside their house.

Sarasu, instead of giving a reply, stood lowering her face to the floor. And cast heavily were the eyelids over the eyes holding back the torrents rising to her throat, which seeing would have undammed, and that another and not the woman in front of her; the same large round eyes, the same small uptilted nose, sensitive lips, and tender receding chin—everything the same without the slightest mutation; seeing her and feeling the warmth of her endearing arms as of old clasping her to her bosom would have undammed those torrents, but a dark curtain had been rung down forever between them two, and she stood still, her eyes on the floor, drooped her pretty mouth, withdrawn in her misery.

"You won't come to good," the woman snapped, taking the howling little hun from the cradle; "you won't come to good, I assure you;" and her sudden silence during which she stared at the girl was more ferocious than her words.

Sarasu continued to gaze on the floor. This was her first *kolu* year without a mother; and her father had felt the urgent need of a wife. Her *kolu* dolls lay huddled in a basket somewhere in the attic but a few stolen minutes before the dolls' house at her friend's had brought to her a splendid vision of the past—rosy with all the roses of the world, angelical with laughter, ambrosial with love, and in that vision the dead had come back for a moment and held a hushed colloquy with the living.

Children who have never known great fears will have no great virtues; the powers of their mind will not have been stirred. The great fears of open disgrace make public education preferable to private schooling, because the number of the bystanders makes rebuked feared, and it is public censure alone which intimidates fine natures.—Joubert
Every man who is not a misanthrope at forty years of age has never loved mankind.—Chamfort

NEW BOOKS

THE OTHER PLACE

By J. B. Priestley

William Heinemann, London

12s 6d

IT was *The Good Companions* published in 1929, when he was thirty-five, which tells the adventures of a group of strolling players drawn from different parts of England, that made the reputation of John Boynton Priestley, the Yorkshire novelist,—a reputation bigger than that of other novelists of the same region like Oliver Onions, Storm Jameson, and Winifred Holtby. Born in 1894 in Bradford, the son of a schoolmaster, he was educated at Cambridge University. He began as a reviewer and essayist and "when he first wrote a novel all the critics said that it was the novel of an essayist, just as when he first wrote a play all the critics said that it was the play of a novelist." The critics—the highbrow ones—are creators of a rigid cult, assessing a writer's worth in the literary world, but the fun of it is they continue to be dour even when the writer with his original and genuine gifts which they consider as ordinary breaks through the barbed wire fence they have erected and achieves popularity, holding captive the heart of the man in the street.

Priestley as novelist, dramatist, and broadcaster is very popular—the superior critics continue to be superior—and he has retained his popularity, surviving his phenomenal success. The great British public like him, says Richard Church. "He is rude to them. He airs his professional grievances before them, he curses the politicians they have chosen as their representatives, he tells them they are fools to put up with the sort of lives that our social muddle forces them to live. He tells them that

he knows better, and that they should listen to him."

A healthy attitude towards life, sound commonsense, sure self-confidence, natural charity and ability to love his neighbour—these are qualities which have won for Priestley the affection and admiration of the public. As writer and man he is a fully integrated personality; as writer, with definite notions on his craft and its practice; as man, detached yet human, sensitively aware of "a new dimension of culture," so essential for English national culture. His literary output through the three decades now of his writing life has been considerable; the biographical studies of Thomas Love Peacock and George Meredith (Peacock's son-in-law) in the English Men of Letters Series are the finest introductions he has done to these authors; besides in a few works he has collaborated with Hugh Walpole and Gerald Butler.

The Other Place, his latest, is a volume of stories, a common thread running through all of the pieces. Reading them I was reminded of what Jack Lindsay had said in his thumbnail sketch of the author:

"He wants to understand what it is that makes life something other than a blind cycle of repetition. That is the problem behind all these dangerous corners, these crisis-moments of choice, when something new emerges in human relations. The crisis moment liberates people for a new and fuller life, or breaks them with the vision of a reality which they cannot face. Priestley is passionately concerned with this problem, and the time-thesis of Dunne has provided him with a convenient mechanism whereby he



Priestley

feels that he can artistically unfold his doubts and hopes. In this inner unresolved conflict of his he manages to get at grips with the pattern of our violently changing world."

These are stories by Priestley, the novelist, told in his characteristic manner,—tender, warm, deep beneath their smooth fluency. For all his preoccupation with the time-thesis, his detective manoeuvres and strategic juggles, he never loses sight of the larger purpose, the higher issues in life; he is fundamentally interested in human behaviour in the individual man and not in the multitude. All the hugger-mugger, all the anomalies that arise out of the mind and heart of man in his relations with his fellow beings and the world are explained with a credible logic, the credibility being attained through intense imagery and not through equivocation that lies like truth. Priestley the artist is triumphant over Priestley, the subaltern of science. He could pack an infinitude of the subjective as well as the objective in observations like these:—

Of a man cogitating:

"Was home, then, more in time than in space? Yesterday he would have said, No, he told himself, but now he was not sure. Odd how, the young, high spirits of the group round the piano, the sight of their flushed faces, the laughter breaking through the struggling chorus, widened and deepened his desolation."

In portraying a woman:

"She had that look of tender amusement women have when they're fond of you—and sure of you too."

With his eye ever quick for the splendours and scoriae alike of life, in his evocation of atmosphere with felicity of phrasing (although he is not among the great stylists), combining a courageous intellect with a gentle humility, Priestley now very near sixty, continues to hold the interest of his vast reading public.

MITRA

Charles Dickens

By K. J. Fielding

Published for the British Council and the National Book League

By Longmans Green & Co. Ltd.,

6 & 7, Clifford Street, London W1

2s net

THE pamphlet provides "a consideration of what has been written

of Dickens already with some suggestions on what might be written in future."

The author feels that the wealth of writing on Dickens, both biographical and critical, has tended to obscure real knowledge of Dickens as man and novelist. He suggests that future writing on Dickens should stabilise the facts of his life. Early biographers have suppressed valuable details in their zeal for discretion, and have ignored the part of Mrs. Dickens in the novelist's life. Later biographers have overestimated the importance of the affair with Miss Ternan. Personal judgments have distorted facts.

Dickens has suffered at the hands of critics like Chesterton, who, in their enthusiasm for his creative ability have described his world as a 'fairy-land.' Mr. Fielding declares that "all the best criticism of Dickens has always recognised the importance of his interest in the contemporary scene." Criticism, he feels, has been too prone to infer the events of Dickens's life from those of his novels and to confuse the author with his creations. Unless future critics see the true relation between his life and his writings, there can be no real understanding of Dickens, both as man and novelist.

Judging from his perceptive assessment in this pamphlet it is reasonable to hope that Mr. Fielding's book on Dickens which is now in preparation will contribute to a real knowledge of the great Victorian novelist.

O. W.

Kamakalavilasa

By Punyanadanatha

With the Commentary of

Natananandanatha

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By Arthur Avalon

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TO scholars of Saktism Arthur Avalon (Sir John Woodroffe) is an unforgettable name. To those who are not in the know of the great Sanskrit treatises on the Cult of the Goddess, Avalon's works are of great use and value. A cult or religion

exists by the life lived by the people who profess it. Saktism, if one calls it a cult, was and is professed by extraordinary minds which have crossed the frontiers of all senses and sense objects. And although they adhere to ritualistic practices in invoking the Mother of the Universe (Visvajanya), the ultimate aim of a Sakta is only to abide within his own Self, feeling the thrill of Poornahambhava (the perfect and complete I-ness). *Kamakalavilasa* of Punyanandanatha expounds the transcendent glory of Siva and Sakti, the significance of Shri Yantra—a representation of the Supreme Force. A reading of it takes one to that source for a split second when in every word one speaks and in every act one performs, one experiences the grandeur of Para, Pasyanti, Madhyama and Vaikhari, and the great immanence of Kamesvara-Kamesvari. Arthur Avalon's expositions and notes are quite illuminating.

M. S. G.

Always curry favour with the people by saying sweet, palatable things to them; as to the other qualities necessary for a demagogue, you possess them; I mean you have a vilely raucous voice, your character is bad, and you are a loungeur and a chatterbox. —*Aristophanes*

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AMNESIA

NOTHING'S so tragic as a friendship that fades or a friendship betrayed; one may lose one's father, mother, wife, son, brother, sister, but never a friend; it's so tragic, tragic, the loyalty that snaps, the faith that breaks, a cord stronger, sacreder than the umbilical is slashed for ever.

One sees the setting sun and thinks of the friendship that has set, but like the sun will not rise again; one sees the wilting flower and thinks of the friendship that has wilted, though flowers are born to bloom again; one sees the water stopped dead in puddles, and thinks of the friendship that is dead, the idiom of intimacy hush'd as the grave.

But there are books to read, and songs to listen, thoughts and music of masterminds, tonics and drugs at once, to allay pain, to soothe bitterness, —an amnesia that has no bourn to its sweetness: books and music.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

REVISION OF FOOD ZONES

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARIAR

WITH reference to the question of clubbing of Madras City, North Arcot and Chingleput with the rest of the Tamil districts in the Residuary Madras State, now said to be pending active consideration, I wish to invite the attention of the Government to my article on "Food Zones" published in SWATANTRA of 3rd January 1953 and to state that it will be far better and more advantageous if the whole Residuary Madras State is divided into three food zones as below instead of two as contemplated, for the following reasons.

No.	Name of District.	Population as per census 1951.	Quantity required at 12 oz. a day per head in tons.	Quinquennial Average. Yield of Rice and other Cereals as per Statistical abstract.	Surplus or deficit in tons.
North Zone					
1.	North Arcot	28,59,157	3,57,395	4,34,896	P 77,501
2.	Chingleput	18,53,619	2,31,702	3,02,211	M 1,06,498
3.	Madras	14,16,056	1,77,007		
4.	South Arcot	27,76,767	3,47,096	4,34,347	P 87,251
Total		89,05,599	11,13,200	11,71,454	P 58,254
South Zone					
1.	Tanjore	29,82,670	3,72,834	6,35,275	P 2,62,441
2.	Tiruchirapalli	29,43,882	3,67,985	3,62,864	M 5,121
3.	Madurai	28,91,817	3,61,477	2,93,796	M 67,681
4.	Tinnevely	24,45,967	3,05,746	2,55,943	M 49,803
5.	Ramanathapuram	20,80,519	2,60,065	1,92,707	M 67,358
Total		1,33,44,855	16,68,107	17,40,585	P 72,478
South-West Zone					
1.	Salem	33,71,769	4,21,471	4,04,865	M 16,606
2.	Coimbatore	32,93,204	4,11,651	3,35,412	M 76,239
3.	Nilgiris	3,11,729	38,966	7,104	M 31,862
4.	Malabar	47,58,342	5,94,793	3,85,331	M 209,462
5.	South Kanara	17,48,991	2,18,624	2,39,960	P 21,336
Total		1,34,84,036	16,85,505	13,72,672	M 312,833

As will appear from the figures given above, Chingleput district, of which Madras City forms practically a part, has always been a deficit area in food to the extent of 1,06,490 tons; and this deficit is usually met by the adjoining districts of North Arcot and South Arcot which have a normal surplus of 1,64,752 tons, though, during the past some years due to abnormal failure of monsoons in the two districts and consequent exodus of people to Madras, Nellore was

obliged to come to the aid of Madras City. Now that season has become favourable in North Arcot and South Arcot districts and there is also a chance of the population of Madras gradually going down on account of the formation of the Andhra State, North Arcot, Chingleput, Madras and South Arcot, which have a normal net surplus of 58,254 tons of food grains, may well form a separate zone. Should, at any time, this zone happen to be deficit which will be

only to Madras City, that deficit can be easily met from the imported grains in Madras godowns.

Similarly, Trichinopoly, Madurai, Tirunelveli and Ramnad, which are normally deficit districts to the extent of 1,89,963 tons can meet as usual their deficits from Tanjore which has a normal surplus of 2,62,441 tons. And all these five districts may therefore form another convenient zone.

The remaining five districts which form a continuous chain on the Southern Railway line from Salem to South Canara and have a net deficit of 3,12,833 tons may well form a separate zone, their deficit being met easily either from outside direct imports through Cochin or Madras Port or from the surplus of the other two zones by means of the levy system, until the zone becomes self sufficient by the Malampuzha, Lower Bhavani and other irrigation projects now nearing completion.

IF, as suggested above, the Residuary Madras State is divided into three food zones, the harm caused by the existing zonal system to zone

1, by excluding from it South Arcot and including it to Zone II, and to Zone II by further adding to it the two highly deficit districts of Salem and Coimbatore along with other deficit districts of Tiruchi, Madurai, Ramanathapuram and Tirunelveli, customarily depending upon Tanjore, can be avoided. As pointed out in my article in SWATANTRA referred to above, the harm caused went to such an extent that the rich merchants of Salem and Coimbatore, by offering abnormally high prices, double or triple the control-price, depleted Tanjore of all its available stock to the detriment of not only the landless people in that district, but also of other districts of Madurai, Ramnad and Tirunelveli, customarily depending upon Tanjore for food.

To make each zone, if not each district, self-sufficient in food for all time to come, it is desirable to put each zone in charge of a separate Deputy Director of Agriculture and make him responsible to find out necessary ways and means for achieving the object in view.

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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

WITH so many pictures on which the industry was banking for success having flopped, many producers and film-makers seem to have lost their morale. What is worse, they have lost confidence in themselves; and, no wonder, for after labouring hard for months and in some cases years, they have found that their pictures, however good, are not acceptable to the public. While a reviewer's criticism just hurts the vanity of a producer, the picturegoer's unfavourable verdict shakes him to the foundation.

Last year, every producer was talking of grand things—colour, international market, realism; now he is worried about only one thing—box office. Today, a producer would pay any price to know in advance what kind of picture the people will go crazy for. Would they prefer the realism of *Do Bigha Zamin* or the musical romance of *Anarkali* or the scintillating comedy of *Teen Batti Char Rasta* or *Parineet* based on the novel of Surat Chatterji?

The producers do not know the exact answer. But they are all in dire need of success and hence they are making a very conscious effort to woo the box-office in their forthcoming pictures.

Never before perhaps the producers have been so obsessed with box office as they are today. To my knowledge almost every producer right from Raj Kapoor, Kardar, Abbas to Kidar Sharma and Mahesh Kaul is making now a determined effort to conquer the box-office. If their determination succeeds and it might—the industry would have found a solution for its depression.

Picture Of The Week

LIKE *Surang* Ramesh Saigal's *Shikast* has also been a target of critics. While one critic has gone

to the length of saying that it is poor plagiarization of Sarat Chatterji and 'murder' of his novel *Palisamaj*, some other critics have condemned it for its failure to convey any social theme and cowardice to propagate widow marriage.

While it is for Ramesh to answer these critics, I for one feel that they have missed the focal point of *Shikast*. *Shikast*, it must be admitted at the outset, has hardly any story; it mainly depicts the struggle of a young widow to suppress her love for her childhood sweetheart and shows how she fails in her effort. Hence perhaps the title *Shikast*.

Viewed from this angle *Shikast* achieves to a great extent its purpose. At least in the first half the tussle within the widow's heart is very effectively depicted. On the one hand, she shows utter disregard and unconcern for the man she once loved; in fact, she even makes him feel that nothing would give her greater pleasure than his going away. On the other, she resorts to all kinds of tricks to compel him to stay exploiting his sympathy for the peasants even at the risk of being labelled a cruel tyrant. These two contradictions have been cleverly blended and offer many ticklish situations highlighted by pithy dialogue and good acting. The scene in which Dilip, finding his school and hospital destroyed, comes infuriated to Nalini and tells her that he will not leave marks a brilliant climax to all her efforts to restrain him from going.

Indeed, the first half of *Shikast* is very bright, tantalizing and entertaining, in spite of the fact that there is hardly any story in it. It is enlivened by lively encounters between the hero and the heroine and the heroine's son who inadvertently brings them closer and closer to each other. The second half has the usual stay. First, there is a sequence of an epidemic culminating into the illness of the heroine's son and the gallant effort of the hero to save him. Second, the sequence of scandalizing the widow and the clever use of the threat by the villain to silence her. The third and the final sequence is the bursting of

the dam and consequent death of the heroine. All these sequences are episodic by their very nature, and have hardly any proper link as such. Moreover, they are mechanically contrived and do not come out of the story itself. Yet, by themselves they are interesting though at times they appear very illogical and even unreal. Indeed, had the climax come out of the emotional outburst rather than the villain's manoeuvre to burst up the dam, the picture would have been far more effective. Apparently Ramesh was carried away by the spectacular impact of flood and diverted from the real emotional conflict inherent in the story. That is why to a critic the second half fails to impress; it does not stand comparison with the brilliance of the first half.

Indeed, episodic screenplay is the main drawback of *Shikast*, yet thanks to Ramesh Saigal's knack in creating correct play on sentiments, the picture does not lose its grip completely. Just when the interest starts flagging, it is revived by a clever emotional touch and artificial suspense as in the epidemic sequence. The performances of Dilip, Nalini, who at many places scores over Dilip, Master Ramesh Kapoor, Durga Khote and K. N. Singh and the scintillating dialogue enrich *Shikast* considerably. The music and lyrics are of the usual Shanker-Jaikishan and Shailendra-Hasrat variety; the first song of Nalini, Dilip's Gazal and the chorus song are attractive and tuneful. The production is good; only the re-recording is not up to the mark and some of Dilip's dialogues are inaudible.

All said, as a love story *Shikast* is brilliant in parts and interesting in general.

Personality Of The Week

THE film-world is a queer world. A man may be talented and brilliant; but his genius is not recognised unless he is stamped so by others. Take the case of Shanti Bardan and his little ballet troupe. Two years ago when Shanti and his associates were starving and seeking a film contract, no producer showed any interest in them. Now after their

successful debut in *Rahi* almost every producer is running after them.

Yet, economically the condition of Shanti Bardan and his associates is anything but happy. Only a week ago I had received a letter from Homi Sethna who is working for the troupe asking me to attend a meeting he had convened to discuss the problem confronting the troupe and to find ways and means of making the troupe permanent.

As it is, I know that the members of the troupe have been living on starvation wages, and loans. Though everybody has acclaimed their performances they have not been able to collect enough money to solve their economic problem. Now perhaps since they have started getting film contracts on the one hand and Government patronage on the other, they may be able to come out of the woods.

Behind the success of the troupe is Shanti Bardan. Shanti Bardan's life is itself dramatic and tragic; some day some writer would find in it general material for a drama. Shanti is a product of the Uday Shanker troupe; at Almorah he was working as a teacher in Uday Shanker's dance centre. When the troupe was disbanded in Bombay, he formed another troupe under the auspices of the People's Theatre and presented two noteworthy ballets "The Spirit of India" and "India Immortal" with 'raw' recruits whom he transformed into expert dancers. The People's Theatre troupe also did not last long; and later Shanti Bardan joined the Indian National Theatre and presented the famous ballet on Pandit Nehru's "Discovery of India."

Though Shanti Bardan's artistry in composition as well as execution was evident, these ballets did not prove financially successful. In India dancing somehow is not yet a paying proposition. Moreover, Shanti Bardan may be a great composer and dance-teacher but he was not a great showman in the sense that he did not know the business part of the game. As a result, after giving the best of ballets for years, he found himself deserted by everyone and

facing the problem of livelihood itself in a most heart-rending manner.

Poverty and starvation was the reward for this great and unassuming artist; it was a miracle that he survived hunger and illness, though in the process he became almost crippled. Once a great dancer, today Shanti Bardan can hardly walk. Suffering from tuberculosis he has almost become an invalid; he walks with great strain. And yet he has been very active again. He has been able to secure devoted colleagues and form a new troupe and train it to perfection. The puppet ballet on *Ramayan* has already received the highest acclaim and so has the Holi dance in *Rahi*, though it is not Shanti Bardan's first contribution to films. Shanti Bardan gave a dance-number; he also gave a dance-number in *Dharti Ke Lal*. But somehow the film industry forgot him and was content with the compositions of his 'chelas' like Prem Dhawan and associates Narendra Sharma and Sachin Shankar. With *Rahi* he has staged a comeback and the picturegoers will now have an opportunity to see some of his beautiful compositions on the screen.

BENGAL STAGE TODAY

By

BASUDHA CHAKRAVARTY

INTER-STATE exchange of information regarding social trends and cultural tendencies seems eminently necessary in India today. The stage is the focal point of socio-cultural tendencies. It makes known the popular mind at its most susceptible points. The Bengali stage as we know it today has a history of about a hundred years. Foreign observers including Eric Elliot, the reputed actor and producer, have acknowledged the solidity of development of the theatre in Bengal. It is important to note the evolution that the Bengali stage is even now undergoing.

Under the impact of recent social

So though today he cannot dance himself in spite of his physical disability Shanti Bardan appears to be destined to create some immortal ballets on the stage as well as the screen.

News Of The Week

ABBAS is making *Mr. 1954* with Raj Kapoor and Nargis in the cast. It is the story of an unknown common man who became internationally famous.

Manmohan Sahib has gone to Delhi for the outdoor shooting of *Sheeshe Ki Diwar* with Pran. He will take shots of Kutub, India Gate and other places which play a part in the story; he will also visit Agra, Lucknow and other places to cover the location shots for the picture. His next picture will be a comedy entitled *Jado Bare Nain* written by K. A. Abbas.

Gemini's *Avvaiyyar* is being transcribed into Marathi and Hindi according to reports current in Bombay.

On 7th November, film stars will be playing a cricket match in Delhi. The Film Functions Committee which met on Thursday 8th October chalked out the details of the tour.

and political upheavals, moral standards have gone down, social ideals have become topsyturvy, and economic stresses have multiplied. The State has not yet faced the task of restoring social and economic balance. Outmoded land relations are still allowed to persist; no proper balance has yet been struck between agriculture and industry. Economy thus is still unbalanced. Frustration is writ on the faces of the young, educated men and women in West Bengal today.

Cultural tendencies in West Bengal reflect the social urges. They are however still mostly a reflection rather than a release. They are not activist in the sense that they canalise the social stresses and tensions into active endeavour. Nor perhaps is that literature's task. For literature, says Trotsky, always limps after life. Poems and novels reflect the

nistry can have a long lease of life. But a close study of the present party position leads one to the conclusion that in future also a coalition Cabinet will be inescapable. Even if fresh elections may be conducted to-day there may not be great changes in the strength of the different parties. In Rayalaseema the Congress Party may be able to secure a few more seats while in the coastal districts the Communists and the P. S. P. may have a few more gains. Realistically viewed, it must be said that no party will get the required majority in the legislature to form a suitable Government.

The different political parties in Andhra must make a realistic approach for the formation of a stable coalition Cabinet. The prerequisite for a coalition Cabinet is the spirit of compromise and co-operation in the smaller as well as the bigger groups in the legislature. While the smaller groups should not view every request for co-operation as an opportunity to substitute themselves or their policies for those of the larger or majority groups, the latter in their turn should not arrogate all powers to themselves and try to dictate terms to the smaller groups.

The party position in Andhra presents such a baffling picture that unless the leaders of the parties conduct themselves with great moderation and restraint, parliamentary government may become parliamentary anarchy. A great responsibility has now fallen on the P. S. P. and the K. L. P., for it is

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they that have to tilt the balance this way or that way. Their past history and their present programmes clearly show that they have greater affinity with the Congress Party than with the Communist Party. So though the Congress, the P. S. P. and the K. L. P. have their differences they can ultimately agree on a common programme. But if the Congress exhibits lack of foresight and prudence and adopts a dictatorial policy, it may alienate the sympathies of the P. S. P. and the K. L. P. and drive them to join the opposition, thereby strengthening the Communist Party.

THE present political situation in Andhra makes it clear that the problem of Cabinet stability offers no easy solution and it will continue to be a thorny question even in the future. The political parties in Andhra must look at it as a long range problem. The establishment of a stable Cabinet is necessary for the introduction of economic and social reforms. President's rule, the only alternative to Cabinet rule, may successfully carry on police administration, but it cannot be expected to launch on social service schemes. Important decisions on economic and social problems can be taken only by popular representatives at the helm of government. A real coalition Cabinet can be formed if personal vanity, party ends and individual rivalries are abandoned. Then alone the new political structure can be worked smoothly and successfully and the State can be put on the road to progress.

are producing 'ASPRO', which is on sale in over 100 countries throughout the world.

In Indonesia the Javanese girl employees are paid double the local wage, given white uniforms, and clean, airy working quarters. The direct consequence has been that absenteeism is less than 1 per cent, while the average elsewhere in Indonesia is 25 per cent. It is reported that during the rainy season, some of the girls chose to swim the canal to get to work on time rather than be a few minutes late.

ZAPOTOCKY: PRESIDENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

By JOSEPH WARREN

EIGHT years ago a minor Czechoslovakian trade union official and deputy named Antonin Zapotocky was among the prisoners in the Nazi concentration camp of Sachsenhausen-Oranienburg, near Berlin. After the inmates were liberated by the Soviet army Zapotocky said to a friend, "All these years in camp I've had two wishes. I wanted to see the end of the war and the downfall of Hitler. And I wanted to go back home and live modestly on my retirement pay as a trade union official. Perhaps the second wish will be fulfilled, too. I am over 60 and want to retire."

Three years ago Zapotocky was Czechoslovakia's Prime Minister. Today, at the age of 69, he is the country's President.

Czechoslovakia's President is made in the Kremlin. When Klement Gottwald died, a few days after returning from the funeral of his protector, Joseph Stalin, it was generally expected in Prague that Gottwald's son-in-law, Alexei Cepicka, an army general and national defence minister, would become his successor. But the Kremlin decided otherwise. Cepicka is ambitious, ruthless, hated even by his own comrades. He has had a spectacular rise to power. Zapotocky, on the other hand, is his country's oldest Communist of prominence. He used to be, though he is no longer, popular with the workers. He is not suspected of exaggerated ambitions or abilities. In short, he is the perfect stopgap who will be useful while the giants of the Kremlin straighten out their own problems.

From the Kremlin's point of view Zapotocky is tried and tested. He made mistakes, but he made them early and has been forgiven. Zapotocky's big mistake was when he and a group of left-wingers split away from the Czech Socialist (Social-

Democrat) party and founded the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, in May 1921. The Kremlin tried to run the party by remote control, to which Zapotocky paid no attention. He had been in Moscow, in 1920, he had talked to Lenin, but he didn't know yet that a Communist never talks back to the men in the Kremlin. Zapotocky talked back. He blocked Moscow's emissaries in the Czechoslovakian Communist Party.

The rest is more familiar. He was called to Moscow and given a verbal spanking. Somehow he managed to convince the Russians that he wasn't dangerous; at any rate, he was permitted to live and return to Prague. During the next 15 years, until the start of World War II, he was sidetracked, being secretary of the Red trade union. He was elected to Parliament in 1925, but no one knew him except his constituents. He was not permitted to make important statements for the party. His picture rarely appeared in *Rude Pravo*, the party paper.

After the German invasion of March, 1939, he tried to escape across the Czechoslovakian-Polish frontier, but was caught. The comrades muttered that he'd acted so stupidly that he had to be caught. Zapotocky's political eclipse seemed definite.

HIS star began to shine again while he was in the Nazi concentration camp. Zapotocky, being the oldest ranking Communist, was often asked to intervene for other Czech prisoners, many of them non-Communists and his former political foes. He helped all of them and saved the lives of many at considerable personal risk. During the six years of his internment he impressed his fellow-prisoners by his courageous attitude. When the camp was liberated, the Soviet soldiers showed disturbing interest in some of the Czech women prisoners. Zapotocky

went straight to the Red army colonel and complained. The colonel, angered, sent him for three days to a work gang, where Zapotocky was ordered to help unload a train. A good Communist, he obeyed, but he didn't forget.

AFTER his return to Prague in 1945 he became chairman of URO, which is the presidium of the united trade unions. As the representative of 3,000,000 workers, he was made Deputy Premier in the Cabinet. After the Communist coup Gottwald became President, on June 14, 1948, and his good friend, Zapotocky, became Prime Minister. Life had begun at 64.

He was born on Dec. 19, 1884, in the small Bohemian village of Zakotany, in the coal mining district of Kladno. Zapotocky is a second-generation revolutionary; his father was one of the founders of the Czech trade union movement and was a Socialist in the latter half of the 19th century, when Socialism was illegal. One of the dreams of Zapotocky's father was an eight-hour working day. In the past few years Zapotocky has been forced to betray the ideals of his father. By order of Moscow, he had to tell the workers to work longer hours, so the Soviet demands for a large share of Czechoslovakia's industrial output would be fulfilled. The workers were forced to produce more for lower pay. This is called "hardening the basic work norms." Zapotocky ordered that in each factory a number of unskilled workers be employed as assistants to the expert men. The skilled worker adjusts four or five machines, or he does the precision work, and his "assistants," whose wages are low, do most of the actual work. This cuts the working norm for the "collective."

In spite of such methods, production has been far behind Soviet demands—according to Zapotocky.

In a recent speech he said. "Unless some miracle happens, our economy will not fulfil its obligations. We cannot build Socialism with slackers. We need determined people with strong nerves and high working performances." He cautioned all party members, regardless of their position, that "the regime will be ruthless against them if they should falter or betray their country." In an earlier speech he said: "We have given our coal miners a special security system, better pension plans, a loyalty bonus, higher wages but the output per man is going down constantly compared to pre-war standards. In 1933, a miner, with primitive machinery, dug two tons of coal a day. Today he produces one and a half."

Zapotocky's speeches are always eagerly awaited by non-Communists, because he tells the truth. But he is no fool; self-criticism is considered a Communist virtue, and the President's frankness wins him many friends. Zapotocky's associates don't think too highly of him, but they are always astonished by his sound political instincts. He is a simple man who reads cheap novels, likes simple food and feels uncomfortable inside Hradcany Castle, the seat of Bohemian kings, where he lives.

Unlike many of his comrades who have been executed in various purges, and others who are still alive, he has never been involved in any scandal. And, unlike his predecessor, Gottwald, who was also party chairman and general secretary, Zapotocky is President only. The party functions are exercised by a collective of secretaries. And the army is still under the control of Cepicka.

NO one in Prague expects that Zapotocky will be President for a long time. He is said to be well liked by Malankov, but then, how well liked is Malenkov?—NNF

The immortal Gods, when they wish to punish some men for their sins, sometimes grant them prolonged prosperity and immunity from punishment, in order that when change of fortune comes upon them, they may feel remorse more keenly.—Caesar

JUSTICE IN ANCIENT INDIA

By

SOUMITRI SARMA

PRECEPTS conforming with the Vedas and Shastras guided our ancient people and preserved the individual's rights as against his neighbour, the State and the King. Even traditional customs and usages of several tribes, though not based on the Vedas, were deemed inviolable. There was no divine right of kings. The king who swerved from the then prevalent Dharma had to submit himself for punishment.

The present conception that a guilt has to be proved before the accused is punished, was already emphasised by Kautilya in the third century B. C. The judge could not award sentence in cases where evidence was doubtful. Trial by jury was insisted on in criminal cases and torture of criminals and suspects and extortion of confessions were deprecated. Ashoka ordained through his rock-edicts that arbitrary torture or punishment should never be inflicted. Retrial of the entire case could be resorted to when it was suspected that proper justice was not being given to the accused. Huen-Tsang, after years of deep observation, study and travel, experienced and witnessed good government and happiness both in the kingdom of Sri Harsha in the north and in Pulikeshin's Chalukya empire in the south. He testifies to the honest and honourable character of the common man of Bharat at that time. He records the fact that corporal punishment was never inflicted at that time. The deterrent or retributive theory of punishment had no support from the people at all.

As in these days, professional lawyers then received their stipulated fees. Suits were posted for hearing in the same way as today. But grave criminal offences of the type of rape, assaults, murder and abduction and sedition were inquired into on the spot. In such cases, suits could be

filed at any time of the day. The motive and circumstances of the offence were well looked into and with a keen sense of equity. Thus law blessed him that gave and him that took it.

Naturally, during early times, for self-preservation, security and order, people chose some strong ruler who could discharge the trust they had placed in him. The Rig Veda upholds this elective principle and the Atharva Veda speaks well of the procedure. The Ramayana and Mahabharata seem to represent the next stage where there is a sort of a *via media* between elective and hereditary kingship. Rama and Puru were crowned only after the sanction of an assembly constituted according to the then law. But by the time of Kautilya hereditary kingship had come to universal acceptance. Now the elective principle has again assumed importance after Bharat has become an independent Republic.

Though the king in ancient India was the centre of justice and was the highest appellate court, he was bound by the four corners of the law. The Rig Veda refers to one ethical or moral Governor who acted as a jail superintendent with powers to inflict punishment. But he was advised by a council of Brahmins. This corresponds closely to the jury of to-day. Our States then might have been small and petty like the City States of Greece. Capital punishment was in vogue and it was prescribed for a thief caught in the act of theft. This type of sentence prevails even now in Bhootan. It indicates the paramount value the people attached to honesty and truth.

According to Jatakas of the Buddhist times, Brahmin purohits functioned as jury. A sort of judicial set-up was being evolved then which ultimately was perfected by the time of Kautilya. Kautilya mentions Dharmasthaya or civil courts and Kantakashodhana or criminal courts. Three Law Ministers presided over each of these and ran the administration. Kautilya seems

to be almost modern in his outlook. According to him practices like threatening turning out witnesses whimsically or snubbing any witness were liable to heavy fine. Cross-examining was only a privilege to the lawyer and not a license. Quick disposal of cases was insisted upon. One special feature of interest is that there were itinerant courts touring the country to try cases. Criminal offences had naturally precedence over civil cases posted for trial. Complaints against the judge could be placed before the King who would immediately investigate into the capacities of the judge and his judgment in the particular case. The King had his own spies watching over the officers and he could summarily dismiss any delinquent judge. According to Vyasa, a judge should always analyse the evidence along with the assessors and never pronounce an independent judgment. Circumstantial evidence could be let in special cases. The purpose of punishment was only to make the criminal penitent. The police organisation had a high level of culture and honestly afforded security to the civil population. To-day criminals undergoing sentences are given remission for good behaviour in jails. Ashoka also recommended to his judges periodic revision and remission of unexpired portions of sentences. The highest King and the lowest peasant were respected equally at the temple of justice and there was strict impartiality between the rich and the poor. Kalhana's *Rajatarangini* quotes innumerable instances where ideal justice was administered. In a case, the King reviewed the sentence in a forgery case on appeal, where the registrar of the court himself had fabricated false evidence by erasing a hyphen and converting the word Sahita into Rahita. The registrar had to admit his guilt before the judges and the King. The police officials were not allowed simply to record a list of cases as undetectables. They were

compelled to investigate seriously. Many times they were forced to make good the cost of stolen property from their salaries, if they could not trace the culprit.

Even Megasthenes compliments the Hindus of the day. The people then had no suits about pledges and breaches of contracts or deposits being embezzled. They needed neither seals nor witnesses. They made their deposits and confided in each other. Their houses and property were left unguarded. Truth and virtue were held in high esteem. Huen-Tsang's grand testimony a thousand years later is virtually the same.

IN those days no *ex parte* decisions were allowed under any circumstances. Both sides were given fair hearing and eye witnesses' testimony was highly valued. Litigation then did not involve any expense, quite in contrast with what is happening today. In those days conciliation was always tried by arbitration courts and panchayats consisting of the village elders. Only a few cases that could not be compounded were taken up to the courts. These village panchayats possessed administrative and judicial powers which they exercised under the direct supervision of the State officers. The courts of justice never placed any strain on the purse of the litigant and swift and sure justice could be had with the least expense and trouble.

An autocratic ruler who refused to ratify the judge's decision was only an exception and paid the penalty by being forcibly deposed. Dharma made no distinction between man and man. Nanda was deposed by Chanakya, the great Maurya law lord and Chandragupta crowned as the just monarch. Safeguards which were not merely recorded but punctiliously observed *de jure* and *de facto*, lent supreme confidence in the government of the State.

ASIA'S LEADER: INDIA OR CHINA?

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

UNITED Nations, N. Y. The third and fourth floors of the United Nations Headquarters building have the offices of all the world's news agencies and representatives of practically every leading paper on the globe. The debates that are held here, though off the record, are important since they colour all the news dispatches that emanate from here. I give below two American viewpoints gotten out from the press section of the United Nations. The second American reporter had just returned from Hongkong.

The United States had enjoyed independence from Britain for more than a century before the victory over Spain in 1898 established it as a great military power. India, barely six years after attaining independence from Britain, has now come to the fore with equal suddenness, not as a military power, but as the spokesman here of the hundreds of millions of Asian peoples—half the world's population.

These claims have been put forward with increasing emphasis in the past two years but they have become all the more pressing during the General Assembly's debates on the Korean peace conference, which have turned largely on the question of whether India should participate. Although India supported the UN Security Council's decision in the summer of 1950 to defend South Korea, she sent no troops, only an ambulance unit, and she tried from the outset to take the part of mediator. These early efforts got nowhere but a year ago India introduced a resolution in the General Assembly that, months later, formed the basis of the compromise settlement of the prisoner-repatriation question and thus brought about the armistice.

Despite the determined opposition of the United States, a majority of

the Assembly voted last August in favour of having India at the Korea conference. The invitation was not extended, since a two thirds majority was required. But the attitude of the Soviet Union, Communist China and North Korea seems to indicate that the conference will not be held unless India and several other Asian countries that did not fight in Korea are invited by the Assembly.

India's right to the leadership of Asia is not acknowledged by Pakistan. And although India has consistently supported the Arab States in their fight against French control of Tunisia and Morocco, the Indian representative here, V. K. Krishna Menon, has made no claim to speak for these Muslim Governments. But Mr. Menon made it clear enough, in an opening speech in the Assembly, running nearly two hours, that India does profess to speak for Asia's peoples. Asia, he said proudly, is no longer a "slumbering giant," but a group of independent nations that are determined to have their say in decisions on world affairs.

As far as India is concerned, this claim has been given some recognition at this session of the Assembly. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, the sister of Prime Minister Nehru, was elected the first woman President over the representative of Thailand, an Asian State that in this case suffered from its close ties with the United States. And the United States voted for Mrs. Pandit. Already a member of the Economic and Social Council, India is now candidate for the Trusteeship Council. India withdrew from the race for the Security Council, since the British Commonwealth delegates were already committed to New Zealand and the contest might hurt Mrs. Pandit's chances.

But Mr. Nehru has already given a clear hint that India wants a permanent seat on the Security Council, like the great military powers who already have such seats. An additional sign of the times was the election last month of an Indian correspondent as the first Asian President of the UN Correspondents Association.

India, moreover, has a vital role in carrying out the Korean armistice, for India is chairman of the commission that is in charge of the prisoners of war who refuse to accept repatriation. Thus she casts the deciding vote, since the commission otherwise is evenly divided between Communist and non-Communist Governments. Indian soldiers are guarding the prisoners, although, as a result of the enmity between India and South Korea, this is being done in the demilitarized neutral zone between the lines rather than on South Korean soil. For that matter, Mr. Menon in the same speech complained that Asia was under-represented, not only in the three councils but in the UN Secretariat and on the International Court of Justice. He emphasized that India was not proclaiming herself to be a great military power, but left it to be understood that India's claim to a larger role was based on moral factors.

Mr. Menon did not hesitate to call on Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles for an explanation of a recent statement regarding Korea. No matter what issue is involved, Indian representatives do not conceal their belief that India's complete disinterestedness—not to mention the wisdom of a civilization that had reached maturity many centuries before the West—entitles its views to special consideration. This attitude of conscious rectitude annoys some delegates intensely. They also note that while India deprecates the tough attitude of the U. S. toward the Communist countries, India gives members of the Communist party in India very rough treatment indeed. And New Delhi's resistance to the UN plan for settling the Kashmir dispute shows, above all, they say,

just how tough India can get in supporting Indian interests. The important point right now is that India's attitude on many, if not all, international issues is much closer to that of the Communist countries than to that of the democracies. One example is the question of admitting Chinese Communist representatives to the UN, which India continued to advocate after the Peiping Government intervened in Korea. In his speech the other day Mr. Menon gave India's views on, among other things, the prohibition of atomic and hydrogen bombs, the admission of new members to the UN, the Korean conference and the meeting of the heads of Government of the U. S., Britain, France and the Soviet Union. In each case the position taken by India was virtually identical with that of the Soviet Union.

Most delegates feel that it is ridiculous to deduce from this attitude, as have some American extremists, that India is a willing stooge for the Communists.

Only the future will show whether the influence that India is now exerting in world affairs is permanent or is a passing phenomenon. Certainly India's dominant role in the Korean question has been due in considerable part to support from Britain and the other members of the Commonwealth against United States views. This, in turn, resulted partly from the fact that the participation of India was a useful symbol of the Allies' desire to have a round-table conference and in general a less unbending attitude toward the Soviet Union than the U. S. wants. Also involved is Britain's determination to maintain good relations with India, and thus, perhaps, call the Old World forward to redress the balance of the New.

Ironically enough, if India ever attains her aim of getting Chinese Communist representatives admitted here, Peiping might take over the leadership of Asia to which India aspires. In that case, perhaps, India might become more tolerant

of what it now regards as the errors of the non-Communist West.

China's Military Power

BEFORE his appointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford was well known to believe that the free world could not afford to allow the consolidation and development of Communist power in China.

In Hong Kong, the free world's best window on China, it is all too easy to understand Radford's view. And it is equally difficult to understand the motives and purposes of the American and other Western leaders, who were so eager to grant the Chinese Communists a Korean truce on their own terms. The main result of the truce in Korea will be to permit precisely the consolidation and growth of Chinese Communist power that Radford so much feared. The stages of this process are not easily predictable, but its consequences may be predicted with almost complete confidence. Before very long, the growing strength of the Chinese Communist regime will altogether upset the fragile power balance of Asia.

What has been and is now happening to the Chinese armed forces is enough to indicate the trend. A great change is going on, almost unnoticed even by the Washington policy makers. Three years ago the Chinese Communist armies were still the same vast incoherent masses of half-armed man power that had beaten General Chiang Kai-shek. But very early in the Korean fighting, the Chinese Generals and their Russian advisers evidently decided that this kind of Chinese army was not good enough. The sign of this decision at the time was a flood of reports that the capable and ruthless Russian-trained General Lin Piao had been dismissed and disgraced. What actually happened was that General Lin Piao was transferred from his former command, and placed in charge of a vast military reorganization and reequipment programme. In consequence, Lin Piao is now China's chief military figure, while the hero of the guerrilla years, General Chu

Teh, has become a picturesque figure-head.

The forces General Lin Piao has had to work with fall into two main parts. There are "kung" or security divisions, comprising in all about a million men. These security divisions have the sole responsibility of crushing opposition and maintaining order throughout China. Thus they release for purely military tasks the Chinese regular army, which numbers at least 2,250,000 men.

The table of organization and equipment adopted by General Lin Piao and his Soviet co-workers for this huge regular army is carefully fitted to Chinese conditions. An infantry division of about 10,000 men, with about three quarters of the fire power of a Soviet rifle division, is the basic building block. The infantry divisions are in turn backed up by a powerful engineer element, more limited numbers of armoured, heavy artillery, rocket launching and anti aircraft divisions, plus a skeleton supply organization skilled in directing great press gangs of local labour in the work of supply movement.

Hitherto only the 800,000 Chinese soldiers in Korea have felt the benefits of this programme. But now the entire Chinese regular army will be reorganized and re-equipped. The best informed forecasters here, American and British as well as Chinese, think the job will be completed within about two years.

Two years from now, therefore, Peking will command a force of something like 170 infantry divisions, perhaps fifteen heavy artillery divisions and the rest in proportion. Navy equipment will still have to be obtained from Russia, but the Chinese arsenals will be able to supply all this large force needs in the way of light weapons. And this very large regular army will be usable in any way Peking chooses, since the numerous security divisions will still take care of the police work in China.

A similar process, though on a much smaller scale, must be expected to take place in the Chinese Communist air force. Today, the

Chinese Communists have less than 100 IL-28 jet bombers, perhaps 200 more medium bombers of the obsolete TU-2 type, and less than 700 MIG 15s. But Chinese air training schools are currently graduating from 1,200 to 2,000 finished pilots every six months. A larger air force equipped with Russian castoff aircraft is plainly in prospect.

The Korean truce gives these figures and projections a vivid and ugly meaning. On the one hand, the end of the drain in Korea, which was on the whole heavier for the Chinese than for the U. S., will allow the military buildup to be greatly expedited. On the other hand, Korea will no longer tie down all the modernized and really effective forces that China has.

Even today the limited Chinese Communist air force is quite big enough to challenge the American

7th Fleet's control of the Formosa Strait, if re-employed for this purpose. Even today the Chinese divisions in Korea would produce a political earthquake if they were simply transferred to the Indo-China-Burma border. China's military weight is already great enough, but because of Korea it is still wrongly placed for fullest effect. Because of the truce in Korea, China's military weight will grow much greater and will soon be distributed, no doubt, in the most efficient manner possible.

More than enough power on the Chinese Communist side of the line to overwhelm the slight power on the other side of the line—that is the future prospect in Asia. And, as Adolf Hitler's successive early triumphs proved, overwhelming power can often gain great ends without a shot being fired.

SOCIETY'S PARASITES

By

P. KODANDA RAO

THE problem of beggary in India is very much to the fore today. Begging is on the increase, though prohibited by law. The law has practically been a dead letter. It is not enforced because of the widely-held view that beggars are poor and deserve relief in beggar homes and not punishment in jails. *It is not duly realised that beggary and poverty are two different problems in character and treatment.* For, all the beggars are not poor, and all the poor are not beggars; all the disabled are not beggars, and all the beggars are not disabled; even as all the hungry are not thieves, and all the thieves are not hungry; and all the unemployed are not criminals, and all the criminals are not unemployed. A person may thief because he was hungry and unemployed but he is punished all the same for thieving and not let off with food and a job. Poverty, like disease, hunger, disability and unemployment, is a misfortune calling for relief, while begging, like thieving and crime, is an offence to be punished.

If begging is due to poverty and is a misfortune like sickness, there is no justification for penalising it as an offence. But the law in most countries, including India, has declared it as an offence. It is penalised as a nuisance. But begging by social service organisations is treated differently. Even a society for the prevention of begging by beggars has to beg for the beggars! The presumption that the former is a nuisance but the latter is not, is not wholly justified. Social workers know that they have often to exert considerable nuisance pressure to raise funds and cannot depend solely on the merits of their cause. The begging by beggars, however, is treated by law as a nuisance.

A more weighty reason for penalising begging is that beggars are parasites on the workers. It is true that in all times and places the active producers of goods and services have to maintain not only themselves but also their dependents who are unable to produce because of their infancy, childhood, old age, illness, or unemployment. The able-bodied person, who can work and has work but prefers to beg, is an unmitigated burden on the workers; he

is a parasite in the worst sense. The greater the number of such persons the less the number of workers and the greater the burden on the latter. It is, therefore, right social policy to keep down, if not eliminate, the number of such beggars. The able-bodied beggars form about 80% of beggars.

In order to increase the efficiency of begging, some beggars resort to practices which are cruel. For instance, children are sometimes deliberately deformed and exhibited in order to rouse the sentiment of pity among the charitable public. Some times they become criminals. Miss K. M. Cama, who was Presidency Magistrate of the Bombay Juvenile Court, went so far as to say that begging "is a curse not only in respect of its immediate effect on its victim, but it is a root cause of nearly every social evil as well." It is, therefore, right and proper that begging should be prohibited and penalised.

There are still those who would not penalise begging at all, for they consider that alms-giving is enjoined by religion and sanctified by immemorial custom. But, the social evils of begging, which are being increasingly realised, have reconciled most people in most countries to penalising of begging. Even organisations of women, who are credited with being particularly tender to the sentiment of charity and pity, have demanded action against begging.

But there are still many who would not penalise begging by anything more than a nominal fine, just to show social disapproval. They would not send beggars to jail, which was only for criminals. They do not, however, seem to realise that if the beggar is really destitute, there is no meaning in fining him. If he fails to pay the fine, he is sent to jail! Would it make any significant difference if a beggar is sent to jail for the offence of begging? Would it be justified to send a destitute beggar to jail because he could not pay the fine and

let off a well-to-do beggar on payment of a fine and leave him free to beg again and perhaps more than recoupe the fine? An A. P. I. message emanating from Hyderabad (Deccan) on the 25th October 1940 said that it was revealed in the court that some beggars earned as much as Rs. 50 per month! There are money-lenders and shop-keepers among beggars!

There are many people who admit that fine is not enough, but insist that beggars should be sent to special institutions called beggar homes and not to jails, though they would send them to jails if they contravened any rule of discipline in the beggar homes, like refusal to accept any work offered, or escaping from the home. And it is also presumed that beggar homes are appreciably different from, and signify lesser punishment than, jails. In fact, it is professed that the beggar homes are reformatory, while jails are penal. There seems to be no justification for this distinction. It is increasingly the policy of jails to reform and not to punish. There may be need to speed up the jail reform. *If begging is an offence, the consequences of an offence inevitably follow: fine or compulsory detention. Compulsory detention is imprisonment whether in a jail or in a beggar home.* The criminal law knows a great many crimes; it awards differential punishments, suiting the punishment to the crime. But there are no separate institutions for each kind of crime. Specialised institutions, as part of prison reform, will and must come in time, but at the present moment, there seems to be no justification for treating begging as a special kind of offence which needs a special kind of institution. Most of the inmates of special institutions, including jails, are given a higher standard of life than they had outside. It is financed by honest workers outside. *It amounts to taxing the innocent workers, with a low standard of life, to pay for a higher standard for the social offenders!* At any rate, such institutions have no overwhelming

claim to priority over other and more urgently needed reforms and institutions. As it is, all prisoners are not treated alike in jails, irrespective of their antecedents and requirements, of their being casuals or habituals or politicals, well or ill, and so on. If the ordinary jails were good enough for politicals, they may be said to be good enough for beggars.

Jails are preferable to special institutions for several reasons. It makes little difference to beggars themselves whether they are detained in one or the other, it is *compulsory detention in either, and they intensely dislike it*. Secondly, action against begging can be taken at once as there are jails already in existence, and special homes have yet to be built in most places and will take time and money to build. It is more economical to utilise to the full the existing total accommodation in jails than to create new institutions which may not be full for a long time but which will nevertheless want the full complement of over-head staff from the very beginning. Thirdly, it is more economical to tackle the problem on a provincial than on a municipal basis. Government, which is in charge of jails, can transfer beggars from one jail, which is crowded, to another which is not. It may even be possible for Government to set apart one of its several jails as a home for beggars under a specially-trained social worker as superintendent. It will practically amount to a special institution for beggars, favoured by so many people, but at no extra cost.

It is widely held that the State, has no moral right to prohibit begging without providing beggar homes for beggars. It is urged that begging is a profession for some lakhs of people in India. They made their living thereby; it was morally wrong to take away their bread without providing an alternative means of subsistence. In answer, it may be urged that it is not an uncommon phenomenon. The laws as in other countries.

which prohibit gambling, prostitution, the drink and drug trades, for instance, prohibit certain well-established professions without offering alternatives. If an unemployed and hungry person steals foods, he is imprisoned and not given work as a freeman, nor are his dependents given relief. When a municipality installs an under-ground water-borne drainage system it throws out of work its erstwhile sweepers, but does not guarantee alternative employment, though they had committed no crime, but were, in fact, doing one of the most essential social services. The criminal law jails the criminal and guarantees him social security of a higher standard but leaves his innocent dependents unprovided. *It looks as if the criminal law rewards the criminal and penalises the innocent!*

Begging is a social offence, and beggars should be given deterrent punishment and sent to jail, while poverty is a misfortune and the poor should be given relief, financial or institutional, after due scrutiny. Beggars must be compulsorily sent to jail, while relief should be given to the genuinely poor or disabled, who seek it voluntarily, even as the sick seek medical relief voluntarily in dispensaries and hospitals.

The fear that if all beggars are sent to jail, some lakhs of beggars will have to be found jail accommodation is unfounded. For even beggars prefer freedom with social insecurity to social security without freedom. The able-bodied beggars, who form nearly eighty per cent of the current beggars, will quit begging for fear of being sent to jail, and will seek work. Even the disabled beggars, who form about twenty per cent of the beggars, will also give up begging for fear of being jailed, and will voluntarily seek relief in poor houses, if they have no relations or friends to look after them. Begging is no solution for poverty and unemployment. The latter call for other social solutions,

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Financial Viability •

Sir,—Now that the Andhra State is an accomplished fact, even those who are opposed to linguistic States on principle, will unreservedly wish it well. Doubts have been expressed in some quarters if financial viability should not be a main criterion in the formation of States. Speaking in Parliament, Mr. Katju was reported to have said that if new States constituted a drain on the Central finances, their formation would have to be resisted. But are there any objective criteria for financial viability of States? Within the Indian Union there are States ranging from New Delhi and Coorg to Uttara Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh. In the international sphere, Luxemburg is as much a sovereign State as the USA. Each unit has to cut its coat according to its cloth normally, and not bank on external aid which would militate against its autonomy.

The new Andhra Government may well set up a new and Gandhian pattern, which would be less expensive. There is no need to reproduce in Andhra the more costly pattern of administration obtaining in Madras or Bombay due to historical accident; there is nothing sacred or scientific about the latter.

P. KODANDA RAO

Bangalore.

Whither, Democracy?

Sir,—Aristotle shrewdly observed that "political writers, although they have excellent ideas, are often impractical." He accordingly insisted that "the true legislator and statesman ought to be acquainted not only with that form of government which is best in the abstract, but also that which is best relatively to circumstances." The explanation is not far to seek; the maxims of political science are not absolute, but relative, there is no best or 'ideal' form of government; the best form is that which is best adapted to the particular circumstances of a State at a particular period of its political development.

This important truth has been to a great extent ignored by our Constitu-

tion-builders. Attention to the wise precepts of Aristotle would mitigate the censure often levelled against the critics of Democracy in this country. They forget that all nations are not of the same age. Democracy is not necessarily a better form of government than dictatorship—superiority or inferiority is greatly determined by circumstances. In the post-war reconstruction after the war, some of the democracies have had to be scrapped in the interests of good government and were replaced by dictatorships which saved them from the chaos into which they were drifting.

Our Constitution-builders rosy idealists as they were, overlooked this important fact. Democracy in this country, is merely a super-imposed structure. It is thrust with great haste upon the unprepared masses. In the first flush of excitement and enthusiasm, and in their anxiety to call India a Democracy, they framed a Constitution which can be worked only in a highly rational society. They have not yet realised the utter failure of their experiment due to the lack of that democratic spirit which they expected would automatically come to the masses.

After the advent of 'Democracy' in India there has been a fall in the general standards of administration. One argument for the fall is that there is increased work. If that is the case, it is equally true that there has been an enormous increase of officers and staff to cope with it. The main fact is that diligence and industry which were the keystones of the previous set-up have given place to leisureliness and lordliness, which is the result of the low public morals of our Ministers. "If the administration is to be efficient, the direction at the top should command respect for its integrity. But very few of our Ministers won the respect of their officers. Their interference with the administration, not to improve it, but to confer favour on cronies of their own, their disregard of standards, their neglect of the competent, their crude communalism, their wastefulness and lack of constructive purpose have lost them the respect of the public and the loyalty of public servants. As good work is no longer the passport to promotion it has become scarce." (Swatantra, October 8, 1950). Democracy has been successful in Great Britain because there "Democracy is no more than a facade behind which power is actually exercised not by the political puppets who are still permitted to parade as members of a legislature or the political heads of

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Government departments, but by the expert officials to whose hands the actual work of administration is increasingly confided...who in their determination of national policy are far more influential than Ministers of State." (A Realist looks at Democracy by M. A. Pink).

In India, barring the educated few in the towns the vast majority of our population is unduly passive. Consequently they never realise fully the value of the 'vote'. This is the direct result of the wide and extended franchise which placed the suffrage within the power of the half-educated and the uneducated with a feeble civic conscience and a feebler power of discrimination giving the third-rate politician an easy access to our parliamentary life. Thus in India the Parliament is increasingly becoming the favourite hunting ground of politicians whose sole aim is to make out of politics a convenient platform to secure personal advantage or cheap notoriety. Though the masses have an instinctive sense of honesty there is an ample field for the demagogues versed in the art of playing to the gallery, or of swaying the passions of a crowd, to supersede honest men of quiet worth deficient in the art of popular appeal. In India the demagogues hold the scene today.

C. V. JAGANNADHA RAO
Berhampore.

A Noble Profession

Sir,—“I can mark him from a distance of hundred yards. His unsteady walk, clumsy dress and chappals and antiquated fashion are enough traces for a third rate Sherlock Holmes to spot him out. When he comes nearer I could almost swear who he is—who else can he be other than a teacher—an Indian teacher, symbol of poverty and humiliation.”

This is how my mother used to depict a teacher whenever I expressed my desire to become a teacher in those days. I did not want to embrace that profession as the last resort. I had a penchant for teaching—the desire was so deep in me that I forgot to take into consideration the other side of the picture. A mother, after all, is a mother, you see. She often yields willy nilly to the wishes of her son. So I am a teacher now. You just feel my throat, you will realise that I have been shouting in the class-rooms at least for seven years. “It’s a noble profession”—that’s what some of the folks say day in and day out. It may be noble or not but, to be frank, I don’t feel and hence cannot look noble when I

receive my humiliating pay every month. Well, will the new Minister for Education who also dubs the teaching profession noble make us feel really noble? Cuddalore.

R. SRINIVASAN

Road Conscience

Sir.—The Andhra has no road conscience. The rule of the road apply to him. If you observe, walking on the public road you know whether he is on the high doing jigs in the middle of his living room. With the queerest chance he will step into the way as if it belongs to him, he will dead in the middle of the road begin a chat with an acquaintance the latest Hindi film with perfect posture. The middle of the road to be his chosen place for the performance of his social duties.

What is the cure to this state affairs? There is a saying that no watches agree. No two Andhras agree. Hence there is no question of their following the rule of the road voluntarily. It has to be forced on them.

If the parent has no road conscience the child follows suit. Tomorrow citizens are thus getting the wrong training. It is hoped that the police constable will be more active and less philosophical on the public way. Children should get the proper training now to become good citizens tomorrow.

P. RAMANA DEVI SITAPATI
Rajahmundry.

Student Disturbances

Sir,—Most of the present-day student-disturbances have their origin in the emotional vacuum which has been created after the advent of Independence, by the leaders of the country who have failed to offer the youth a programme powerful enough to attract them. It becomes easier for some politicians to sow seeds of disruption among the student ranks and spread disaffection. Every student should realize that by becoming a partisan, there is the danger of his losing the right to judge every question on its merits.

The hopes and expectations of Free India centre round the youth of to-day, who will blossom into the full-fledged citizens of to-morrow. It is time for the students, therefore, to re-examine their approach to the country's various problems and change the methods from agitation and demonstration to solid constructive work which alone will help the nation in the long run.

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

October 24 1953

SWATANTRA

1

Amrutanjan

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

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

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.

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER: Srimathi Krishna Hutheesingh who inaugurated the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Seva Sadan

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The Prime Minister of India sent this week a cheque for Rs. 1000 as his contribution in aid of the family of the late Karuppiyah Bharati. He was a worker of the Madurai Youth Congress and lost his life as a result of injuries inflicted by Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam demonstrators. Sri Ramaswami Naicker lately called upon his followers to arm themselves with knives in self-defence. The sort of self-defence contemplated is aptly illustrated in the Madurai casualty that has called forth the Prime Minister's gesture of sympathetic generosity. For insight into the inwardness of the Dravida Kazhagam movement, read the week's editorial.

A blessed institution, blessing those that gave it to the city, and those that received its benefits, is the Madras Seva Sadan. It has flourished under the fostering care of Sir and Lady Venkata Subba Rau who gave it the tender and sustained concern that fond parents give their children. Such an example has inspired responsive generosity in plenty, and among the donors of the institution, Dr. Alagappa Chettiar shines as not the least prominent. A wizard in money-making, to Dr. Alagappa money has no charm except as a means for the endowing of educational institutions. Read Sidelights and give all you can to the Seva Sadan.

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DRAVIDA KAZHAGAM MOVEMENT

SRI E. V. RAMASWAMI NAICKER, the leader of the Dravida Kazhagam movement, announced recently at a public meeting that he would not rest until the Brahmins are driven out of Madras State and that he will devote the remaining years of his life to the achievement of this goal. He has also asked his followers to arm themselves with knives and similar weapons. It was stated that the intention underlying the advice was self-defence. As self-defence is an indisputable right of the people endorsed by law and sanctioned by commonsense, aggressors are very fond of snatching it for use as a cover to mask their violent intentions. Hitler, speaking for the German people, professed to act in self-defence when he embarked on his campaign of exterminating the Jews. He very nearly succeeded, because it was not difficult to rouse the passions of the rabble into hectic orgies of devastating hatred. But the very reactions of the waves of hatred set in motion by him created the force that destroyed him when he was at the very summit of his power, to all appearances within an inch of his goal. The fate that overtook Hitler was not an accident. There was an inevitability about it. It will overtake, equally surely, all who build their politics and behaviour on the pattern developed by him with so much of vigour and efficiency.

ALL over the world, leaders are put to great strain in the endeavour to retain the loyalty of their followers and expand the size of the multitudes that will listen to them. Leadership is not a light and easy matter. It has to reckon with the continual play of influence of other aspirants on the mass of humanity out of whose allegiance leadership seeks to build its power. In the competitive effort of aspiring leaders to establish themselves against other rivals in the field, two distinct methods of operation reveal themselves in ultimate analysis. When in the last war Britain was on the brink of disaster, Mr. Churchill offered his countrymen no pleasant promises of comfort, but hard toil, blood and sweat. In war or peace, the principles underlying the collective welfare of communities are identical. There can be no lasting good without strenuous preparatory self-exertion. Realising this, the superior type of leader seeks to inspire his followers with the spirit of industry and indefatigable labour, so that out of its yield the foundation may be well and truly laid for collective prosperity, happiness and contentment. The outlook of this sort of leader is human, positive and constructive. Though it may be subject to regional limitation out of the practical necessities of physical life, it harbours no exclusiveness, and draws no sustenance from any kind of hostility. We have an example of it in Gandhian preaching. In net effect Gandhi was a worker of miracles, but in practice there was only one secret at the root of every miracle that he ever wrought. He never made any promise that had not its seed of fulfilment in the effort and labour of a constructive kind that he insisted on as necessary and indispensable. The constructive programme of Gandhi symbolises a pattern of leadership that schooled people to high achievement along the hard and difficult paths of self-help and discipline. It involved no illwill or animosity against any section envisaged as an enemy to be destroyed.

SELF-HELP and discipline are hard to teach, and the teaching can be done only by men of the highest calibre and stamina. Many who aspire to be leaders do not possess these qualities. They have ambitions superior to their attainments. In such a situation, not much can be expected by way

of actual positive welfare on any large scale. To cover up the deficiency, the aspiring leader resorts to the easier expedient of rousing illwill on a mass scale and setting it on the war-path against a supposed traitor or enemy. In these six years of freedom, had the leaders running the Government in Madras State known how to organise a mass movement for collective constructive effort to produce beneficial employment and prosperity, the State would have held together. But they were barren and ineffective, and it produced quarrels and secessionist movements. There have been feuds in plenty, but in their insurgence there has been generally no challenge to the obligations of peace and security imposed on the Government under the Constitution. That distinction now belongs to Sri E. V. Ramaswami Naicker.

MOVEMENTS like the Dravida Kazhagam cannot be combated effectively by a Government that has not justified itself with measures attacking grave social abuses and establishing an economy of equilibrium affording no scope for exploiters and dividing income and prosperity equitably among the whole population. Good government in this sense is the best antidote to every conceivable kind of social unbalance. When we have good government, Sri Ramaswami Naicker's movement will die of inanition. But without it, the suppression of his movement will only be followed by its reappearance in another form, like boils in a diseased body filled with impure blood. But as his activities have gone beyond the permissible limits of social and political agitation, and assumed a threatening form disruptive of peace in the land, there should be no hesitation on the part of the Government in dealing with him in the same manner in which all disruptors of peace are dealt with under law. Nobody has the right to be left alone when he dedicates his life to the infliction of injury on a specific class of citizens.

Sotto Voce

HAVE WE NO HISTORY?



MADRAS has an Archaeological Society and I am one of its pillars. I pay my subscription—it is a trifling sum—when they come for it; and I have never yet allowed my shadow to darken its door. It tickled my vanity, I suppose, when they elected me to the membership. But I know my limitations sufficiently to know that they would prefer my room to my company. Who knows, if they had blazoned it to the world that "Vighneswara has kindly consented to be present" at one of their monthly meetings, I might have succumbed to the lure.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari was advertised in those terms the other day. The office-bearers no doubt counted upon his mere presence being a sure draw. Naturally he was invited to speak; as the High Court Judge who was the first speaker that day respectfully put it, "they wanted to get his blessings for the Society which was in its own way trying to write an authentic and accurate history of India." And, like others who have consulted the oracles since the days of Delphi, they must have found the reply a little too ready and rude. "What do you archaeolo-

gists know about history, why don't you leave it to the historians?"

If that flattened them out, they must have revived somewhat, hearing that the distinguished guest did not really think that the historians would do much better. In fact none of them were to blame, he was good enough to point out. It was all due to the peculiarity of the national temperament, which was averse to history though it lapped up mathematics and science greedily. But that did not prevent the Chief Minister from telling the historians a few facts. Thus, it seems, it is absurd to suppose that Dravidians are to be found only in South India: "there were Dravidians everywhere and they occupied the whole of India". It is a whale of an affirmation to make about a people who are supposed to have been so lukewarm about telling posterity.

I do not pretend to understand what Mr. Rajagopalachari means by history and the historical sense. We have an acute sense of the past; many westerners in fact accuse us of being obsessed with it. And our sages, however much they may have believed that all phenomena were in the last instance unreal, have thought it necessary to legislate for all time, which suggests that they had faith in the one continuing purpose of life, which alone makes sense of history. Unlike the younger and rawer nations of the West, we never made the mistake of supposing that we were the only pebble on the beach, that the world began at the Golden Horn and ended at the Pillars of Hercules.

We may have believed—(did we, though? Do not the Puranas speak, rather, in parables?)—in oceans of milk and mountains of butter. We had undoubtedly a vision of far horizons. Our imagination sported in unlimited space and unbounded time which, however, fell into cyclic patterns for the perfecting of the questing human spirit. But that is not to say that we had no conventional history. Kalhana's *Raja-*

tarangini written a thousand years ago and thousands of inscriptions chronicling the deeds of kings and commoners and distributed over a length of five-thousand miles in the Indian Ocean tell a very different tale.

The personal diary and the family chronicle began to loom large on the consciousness of European historians only in the nineteenth century. But we have not only the Puranas, whose historical value is only just beginning to be discovered, but such unique documents as Bana's *Harsha Charita* and the remnants of the Sangam Age in Tamil. Thousands of genealogies marking the peregrinations of families over thirty generations and almost as many habitats have been faithfully preserved. And research into local archives in different parts of the country is uncovering many unpretentious contemporary records. These were obviously no attempts to win literary laurels. They faithfully chronicled small beer.

The Premier of Madras made merry over the attempt, at a ceremony in which he had assisted, to confer immortality on a newspaper, by interring a copy of it in the pit dug for the reception of a commemoration slab. Did they think somebody would dig up the newspaper and the postage stamps two thousand years later and discover the date of the Gandhi Stupa from this evidence, he asked scornfully. He seems to have forgotten that it was the neo-revivalists of the Congress that had made such caricatures fashionable. Coins buried under the central shrine of many an ancient temple have provided valuable historical evidence. Of course they were not put in there to help some callow researcher to eke out his Ph. D. thesis. While we have never been interested in ephemera,—the prancings and posturings of men clothed in a little brief authority such as the newspapers are so full of,—we have never lost sight of our cultural individuality or been unfaithful to the racial memory.

VIGHNESWARA

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT-IN FRANCE

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

Acting Deputy Director, International Institute of Educational Science,
University of Utrecht, Holland

"WE know as well as you do that the university in which we meet is an old institution, in a critical state and uncertain of itself: an historical building undergoing renovation, in which demolition, reconstruction and replastering go on in confusion. No one knows where it is going; contractors and architects quarrel under your eyes; credits are lacking. But you are very naive if you imagine that you are the first generation that has had the misfortune (or the honour) to be called to live in a period of crisis!"

"Don't expect so much of us, of your masters, of your time, or of anything which does not begin with yourselves or with your own effort. Try to look clearly into your demands and your needs, into the historical task which belongs to your generation. Then you'll discover perhaps that, despite the years that separate us, your elders can be comrades in the work and you will be able to meet us in the workshop of educational reconstruction, where you have hitherto left us very much alone."

This is not a Vice-Chancellor or a Secretary of Education addressing students in India. This is Professor Henri Marron, of the Sorbonne, of the University of Paris, addressing an audience of students in Paris. The time: a few years ago. Applicability: to the present; and worldwide. That includes India!....

In my meetings with students and professors in different parts of India I am often asked whether "Western" countries have strikes in universities and tensions between students and teachers. (The questioner, usually a professor, generally implies that he is convinced they don't!) I have to disillusion the person thus seeking

for foreign evidence to bolster his convictions (whatever they may be) about local scenes.

Comparative history helps. I always cite in reply the case of France—student strikes in Paris, student clashes with the police, and so on. I point out the great similarities between India and France, between the Indian (if there is such a thing) and the French temperament, and between the Indian and French economic situations. I say that the students suffer from the same frustrations, in France as in this country. And that if students in England or America are less politically-minded than their fellows here or in France, it is not because of the inborn perverseness or evil character of the students (in these two latter cases) but rather because of the material and financial conditions of India, and of France. (If anyone here says, "You ignore the corruptness of the political leaders of the students," I answer (in the words of an Indian professor) "The truth of the matter is that the bogey of politics has been raised beyond all reasonable proportion.")

NOW, Mr. Nehru has recently said, referring to the closing down for considerable periods of the Lucknow and Allahabad universities, that "something is radically wrong with the running of our universities," and that "every intelligent and sensitive person in India" must feel this. He is undoubtedly right, and if more people don't "feel this", then there are not enough sensitive people. Mr. Nehru says also, and this is where most of us could learn from him, that "it is no good blaming students or teachers. We are all to blame for this situation and we have all to pull ourselves together if our educational system is not to go to pieces."

THE Prime Minister asks some pertinent questions: "Are we to watch inertly this utter demoralization of our university education and the universities being turned into fields of conflict and ideological dispute as if they were arenas of political controversy and election? Are we to accept as normal the utter lack of discipline among students and the use of their organizations for political purposes by political parties? What kind of leadership are we going to have in that tomorrow if their training in the present is going to pieces?....."

No. We must not accept these things. But we must put things in proper perspective.... A recent article in the *Cambridge Journal* discusses the situation of the student in France. The author, Prof. P. Mansell Jones (Professor at the University of Manchester) points out that the gravity of the situation is often exaggerated. The same statement could be made about India. There is more exaggeration about the indiscipline of the student here than is either necessary or healthy.

"The battery of lively criticism frequently indulged in by what must be the most critical young intelligentsia in the world might suggest that the French student body was perpetually seething with discontent." But the mass of students in France, as in Britain and India and Sweden and Holland, tend to take things as they are and can rightly be labelled as apathetic. "Their university training they regard as a means of preparing for a profession and they are satisfied when they have obtained a leaving certificate—less satisfied no doubt than are British graduates, because in France the certificate may have far less chance of procuring a post for its professor." Doesn't this apply to India!

Is it difficult to fit India into the following passage? "The British student-leader realizes that it is practical as well as appropriate to address an appeal on behalf of the body he represents to the authority in his own university, and not to the Treasury or to the Ministry or to the

Electorate..... The opposite situation prevails in a centralized system like that of France, where the only mediation seems to come from the participation of the press in advertising and subscribing to student causes."

Now again, note facts such as the following when thinking of the problems of the Allahabad or Lucknow (or other Indian) universities. "Apart from the *Cite Universitaire* at Paris, which houses 7801 French students, there are few hostels in France." "In numerous cases the health of the student gives cause for alarm." "Students are on the whole poorer than ever." "Numerical expansion has resulted in greater individual isolation and dissolves all possibilities of corporate spirit."

Compare the comments about equivalent points in the very excellent Mootham Report, the Report of the Allahabad University Enquiry Committee.

Mansell Jones, commenting on a special number of the Protestant students' review, *Le Semeur*, devoted solely to these and similar problems of students in France, writes: "Wherever we look in this series of articles or in those that compose the *enquete* (enquiry) in the review, *Esprit*, not one serious compliment is paid to the university as a teaching institution, although respect is shown for an individual teacher or scholar or method." Compliments to the Indian university are also notoriously few. Indeed, it is literally profitable here to denounce universities; for in that way can a politician most easily become an "eminent educationist."

"A STRANGER to academic mores might conclude from such documents (still the same series of articles) that French university life revolves around the activities of student organizations, associations and societies, and that studies count for very little or nothing at all." Here too the exact parallel with Indian conditions is worth noting. On the other hand, it could have been an Indian student rather than a French student (as actually the case) who wrote "The whole effort to improve conditions is a *distraction* in which

excellent young minds are caught and through which it is completely forgotten that the 'student is here to study'."

LIKEWISE, comments made by Indian educationists apply often with equal force to France. When we listen here to wholesale condemnation of university students for indiscipline, or for trade union mentality, or for "politics," it is well to bear in mind that French professors often say the same things about their "little charges." Prof. Satya-vrata summarizes much (for France as for India) when he writes: "It would be an honest thing, though not self-complimentary, to realise that the real trouble with the students is not that they happen to dabble in politics, but that they have awakened to the realities of their own position and of their environment. The expression which this awareness finds is not always desirable or helpful."

The writer was present in Paris when there was a strike of French students (they are frequent enough and should be missed by tourists no more than the Eiffel Tower or the Arc de Triomphe). The French "authorities" are probably little closer, if any, to the students than are the Indian. They are probably on sounder grounds psychologically when they just "completely ignore" the existence of a strike.

I remember well how I had an appointment at the Sorbonne with the distinguished professor, Merleau-Ponty. I had to parade my inadequate French before the pickets at the gate were convinced that I was not a student (a "strike-breaker")—and would let me in. But shortly after I finally managed to see Professor MP, he excused himself because he had a "lecture to give." We both knew, of course, that there was no possibility of a single student turning up, but in France a

professor just ignores such non-existent things as student strikes involving 4000 or 5000! He had a lecture scheduled.

Similarly, many comments of the most recent—and in many ways best—University Enquiry Commission Report (Mootham Report) apply with equal force to France. "The fact that teachers and students are out of touch with one another has the tragic result that neither is able fully to understand the other's outlook, and leads some students to an aggressive assertion of their point of view which, by reason of the often extravagant terms in which it is expressed, not only fails to carry conviction but alienates sympathy." (In France, of course, there is a difference in that a strike attracts sympathy; when I was there in the not distant past, the examination readers were out on strike, and for a considerable number of days, for higher pay).

Can a Frenchman disagree that the following applies to France—as also to numerous other countries:

"We think that none will disagree with the view that the development of the whole personality, and not that of the intellect alone, is the aim of university education; but we appreciate that a university where the majority of students have very limited financial resources there will inevitably be a tendency, probably a very strong tendency, for those students to look into the future with anxiety and to regard a university degree mainly, if not solely, as a means to an end—the obtaining of employment. Such an outlook may well lead both students and teachers to lay emphasis on the vocational rather than on the broader aspects of university education....."

GANDHI said, "The world is one in fact. It must become one in the hearts and minds of men." In the field of education the world is indeed one. Indian problems are by no means unique.

The art of ending a visit is known only to a Parisian, although he sometimes protracts a call beyond the proper limits, because, at going, he worries about the bad things which will be spoken of him, judging by the scandals he has just been spreading concerning others.—Chas. Narrey

AN AFTERNOON WITH KRISHNAMURTI

What is the quality about him that has won Krishnamurti his devoted following? This question is answered by Ridgely Cummings in a sketch of one of Krishnamurti's Ojai meetings which we reprint here from MANAS. It is written with "gentle but firm iconoclasm."

THERE are certain names which ring a bell in one's memory, starting generalized chords to vibrating without evoking any clear pattern or image. Krishnamurti is such a name.

When recently some friends announced their intention of spending a Saturday in Ojai and asked if I'd like to come along, I answered in the affirmative. From previous visits I remembered Ojai as a beautiful valley some seventy miles north of Hollywood, an ideal spot for a weekend expedition. More or less parenthetically I learned that the object of the drive was to listen to Krishnamurti. That was all right with me, too, once I had been assured that he would talk only one hour. The name was synonymous for me with mysticism. I can take mystics or leave them alone, but prefer, when circumstances bring me in touch with them, to be exposed to their message in brief doses.

We drove up in a Pontiac station wagon, all the available space filled with cans of beer on ice, bags of lunch, blankets, pillows, extra wraps, and painters. I was the only writer in the group, the others being pigment-spreaders of one school or another. As we sped through rugged hills and rolling fields, the conversation centred on mundane subjects like art shows, the cut-throat politics that control exhibitions, the inherited stupidity of all art judges, whether certain mountain shadows in the distance were purple or violet, and other topics unrelated to Krishnamurti. Occasionally I tried to steer the conversation around to the Indian mystic, for I felt uninformed about him and wanted to fill in the gaps without making a public confession of ignorance. But no one dropped any concrete facts with

which my materialistic mind could grapple. I got the impression he was an aging messiah who had rebelled and abdicated. The painters contented themselves with generalized praise and admiration, calling him a "great soul" and an "original thinker." This attitude, unsupported by volunteered evidence, provoked me to a skeptical frame of mind, an attitude which doubtless is reflected in the critical nature of this report.

We travelled without incident beyond the usual stops for coffee and comfort stations, reaching Meiner's Oaks, a little village a few miles from Ojai and the site of the lecture, a half hour before the stipulated starting time. A narrow road led up to a grove. On both sides of the road were parked hundreds of cars. We parked our station wagon near a culvert at the bottom of the road, extracted cushions and blankets, and started the hike to the lecture grounds. The weather was ideal, the sun warm and bright, with a light breeze stirring the brownish-green grass of the fields that surrounded the grove of trees where Krishnamurti would talk.

THREE or four hundred people had arrived ahead of us and were seated on the grass facing a small wooden table. A tape recorder and a box containing amplifying apparatus were on the table. Behind it sat two lean, rather saturnine men in their thirties. After scrutinizing them carefully I decided that neither of them was Krishnamurti. They had angular lines of practicality in their faces and I guessed they were technicians. Events proved I was fifty per cent correct. One operated the gadgets and the other was a secretary who made a brief introductory speech urging us not to smoke and telling

us that pamphlets were for sale nearby.

AFTER the secretary finished there was a hushed silence. Then a little man wearing gray slacks and a gray sport shirt with the top button unfastened stepped into position before two microphones, which hung suspended from the bough of an oak tree. (I think it was an oak, but suddenly I realize that Krishnamurti partisans may read this with an eye for errors and trip me up on just some such point as this. So I withdraw the oak, though it offends my stylistic sense to be forced to write a bare tree, simply because I was too lazy to notice its species.) Silently the man looked out over the crowd. I looked around too and saw upturned faces like some strange new variety of flower, all in bloom at once, all turned in the same direction.

"I think it is very important that we learn how to listen," the little man said.

His voice was clear and quite high-pitched. His hair was a blackish-gray, wavy and longish (about the same length as that worn by the average male movie idol), parted in the middle over a broad forehead. His complexion was dark brown, a mahogany colour. His nose, unlike that of many Orientals, was on the heavy side, straight and prominent. His eyebrows were heavy and well-arched. He stood erect, with his hands clasped in front of him. It was Krishnamurti.

"We don't know how to listen," he continued. "We tend to translate, to hear with our own particular biases. Most of us don't want to listen, because in listening we may discover what we are—whatever that may be."

To me this sounded true, though not particularly startling. I decided the best way I could test my own listening would be take notes. I extracted pen and paper, to the accompaniment of disapproving looks from those in my neighbourhood, and began jotting down observations. Later I was informed that note-taking was not encouraged since Krishnamurti records his talks and sells

them. But nobody asked me to desist. Krishnamurti continued to discuss listening, amplifying what I have noted above, without saying anything more that seemed worth writing down.

I began to wonder what quality it was about him that had won him his devoted following. Thus far he had seemed more a showman than an intellectual. His figure was slender, almost boyish. He stood straight, with his eyebrows raised, the sun on his face lighting up his long upper lip, on which there was a beard shadow. I examined the crowd again. Women predominated. It is difficult for women to remain quiet very long in public, especially when sitting on the ground. The measure of Krishnamurti's hold over them was that they moved very little, only occasionally adjusting their clothes and touching their hair with the reassuring pats that seem instinctive to the sex when they fancy themselves under observation and want to make certain they are as attractive as art and nature will allow.

While watching the women I must have missed Krishnamurti's transition from the subject of listening to that of freedom. He was in favour of freedom and discussed it in hackneyed terms reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt.

"We must achieve freedom from fear," he said. "The very term security implies fear. If one has no fear he will not think of being secure. The search for security is a search for freedom from fear. To achieve such a freedom requires a revolution in our thinking. Our educational system and our social structure are based upon fear."

AMONG the various sorts of freedom he mentioned as attainable were freedom from desire and ambition, and freedom from fear of what the neighbours will say.

Although this was perfectly sound, it struck me as lacking in freshness or originality. Perhaps, I thought, Krishnamurti's appeal lay in the simplicity of his ideas. Or perhaps it was the manner of their delivery. I watched him more carefully and noted he had an English accent,

which seemed to add importance to his remarks. He paused frequently, hesitated, and seemed to be listening to himself. When he said something of more than routine significance he seemed surprised at himself, as if it had happened by accident, and then repeated it in different words, making sure it was not lost.

AFTER a half hour he was still talking in general terms about fear. Without getting rid of fear, one cannot become an individual, he said. For an individual is unique and there is nothing unique about being fearful. One must get rid of fear to be creative, for it is a crippling influence. The task of self-discovery requires patience, not quick judgment, he said. It requires meditation, quietness of spirit. Then there is a possibility of inward peace and outward happiness for man.

The sun dropped lower. The crowd remained spellbound. Krishnamurti switched from statements to questions. How, he asked, can one learn about right and wrong from books and lectures? Do not right and wrong vary for each person, with what is wrong for one being right for another? The questions were rhetorical, with the answers implied in the manner of their asking.

"The fear of making a mistake leads only to respectability," he said, and I put it in quotes and underlined it, for it struck me as a well-turned aphorism. To know what is true, inwardly, all the time, does not depend upon any belief, he said. Right and wrong are matters of social and cultural heritage.

"The mind, seeking security in success, must conform to what is right. But what is true is what is. So long as the mind is caught between the difficulty of what is right and what is wrong, it remains immature. It conforms, and conformity is the mark of the immature mind." I wondered about the validity of this. As a constitutional rebel, I approved of this condemnation of conformity. But at the same time I remembered that rebellion is largely a prerogative of the young and that as one grows older he tends to become more willing to conform,

either because of maturity or because of a lack of the energy necessary to protest and defy conventions.

Forty minutes of the talk had passed at this point. My note-taking ended here and I day-dreamed, soaking up the sun, listening with half an ear, until the close of the lecture. After exactly an hour, Krishnamurti ended abruptly turned and walked away, a lonely, self-contained figure.

A number of people rose to follow him. I asked a girl in my party to accompany me while I went up to talk with him but she demurred. She said it might be an imposition and a drain on his strength, that it wasn't fair to occupy his time unless one needed his help. From her tone as well as what she said I could see that she looked upon him as an extremely superior being and felt I was lacking in proper reverence. Nevertheless I strolled over and when the surge of people around him diminished for a moment I told him that I'd been hearing about him for years and that it was a pleasure to see him in the flesh.

There wasn't much he could reply to that but he smiled and murmured something, perhaps thank you. Seen closeup he looked older and more delicate than when standing before the throng. His eye-lashes were long and his eyes clear and sharp, a trifle wary.

"I understand that you're an old friend of Annie Besant," I said.

HE smiled again and said that she had first brought him to this country. I asked him something about his travels and he replied that he had just returned to Ojai from India by way of London. I asked what part of India and he mentioned the Himalayas. The remainder of our conversation was devoted to discussing the pronunciation of Himalayas, which he accented on the second syllable. By this time others were crowding around again and I relinquished my position as interlocutor and stepped back to listen to them. Mostly they were middle-aged women who came up to tell him

how much they had enjoyed his speech, each of them taking about thirty seconds and saying approximately the same thing. He smiled graciously at each one and shook hands whenever one was proffered.

Back at the station wagon one of the painters told the others that I had bearded the prophet and I was required to repeat in detail my brief and trivial conversation with him. My recital, perhaps a trifle too ironic, sparked a dispute that lasted, with intermissions, all the way back to Hollywood. All the women and all the men except one, a vigorous young painter whose speciality was splashy geometrical abstractions, sided against me. I was pretty well snowed under until someone incautiously compared Einstein, unfavourably with Krishnamurti, at which the young painter took violent umbrage, for Einstein was one of his heroes. Energetically he went on the offensive. He attacked Krishna-

murti as a dangerous charlatan and said his philosophy of passivity was a threat to progress. The dispute waxed acrimonious and I found myself in the middle. From an extremist at odds with everyone else my position was changed to that of a peace-maker, although an unintentional one. I had said earlier that Krishnamurti was a beneficial influence to the extent that he provoked his listeners to independent thinking about right and wrong, conformity and rebellion, love and hate, fear and freedom, and other philosophical problems. At the end of the long ride, and equally lengthy discussion, that seemed to be the minimum upon which all except the Einstein defender could agree.

KRISHNAMURTI was scheduled to lecture for eight week ends. Several in the party said they planned to hear him again this year. But if I go along the next time, it will be strictly for the ride and the scenery.

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ISRAEL: WHERE FAITH MOVES MOUNTAINS

By DOUGLAS BLANCHARD

Five years ago, Israel was fighting for its life. Today, it can look back on the greatest progress of any country in the world, and has even more ambitious plans for the future.

THE State of Israel has entered its sixth year this summer and plans to keep right on working miracles. It has completed blueprints for the most ambitious programme of economic and social development to be found anywhere in the world today, taking into consideration the tiny size and the small population of this newest and oldest of countries. No other land on earth can look back over five years of such astounding progress.

But its leaders aren't looking back. They have formed what amounts to a national coalition Government, including elements from the Mapai, or Zionist Socialist Party, and the General Zionists, who represent free enterprise. They're combining Socialism and capitalist enterprise in a venture that you can't compare to any other national programme anywhere. The common loyalty of the Jewish people is making it possible. On the one hand you have the Histadrut (General Federation of Labour), with its magnificent new headquarters at Tel Aviv, an organization that employs one-third of the country's workers in its own enterprises, as well as operating as a union. On the other hand you have the Manufacturers' Association of Israel, with 1,500 members, representing all branches of industry. Coordinating both organizations is the Government, which is counting heavily on aid from Jewish communities throughout the world through the Israel bond drive and the United Israel campaign. The biggest birthday celebration outside Israel was in New York City, where a colourful exhibition facing Rockefeller Plaza reminded the world that there are more Jews in the American metropolis than in all Israel. Their financial aid is a big factor in work-

ing the miracles you see throughout Israel—economic, military, social, political.

Five years ago it looked as though the Arabs were going to drive the poorly equipped Jewish fighters into the sea. Today the Jewish population has doubled. Immigrants from 49 trouble spots throughout the world continue to pour in. There are 1,500,000 Jews in Israel. Thirty years ago there were 60,000. The planners aim at a total population of 3,000,000 five years from now.

"In that first year in the State's life we were fighting with our backs to the Mediterranean," said a veteran of the Arab war which broke out with the founding of the new State. "We used any weapon we could lay hands on—even scythes and stones. We were determined to win—even when the Arabs were levelling the heart of Jaffa and what is now southern Tel Aviv. We knew the Arab leaders in Cairo were broadcasting that we were to be the victims of the biggest massacre in their history. We prayed for survival. The tide turned. The Arabs agreed to a truce. But we never dreamed our land would become what it is today in just five short years. You can see a new power plant that would be considered big even in America that has arisen on the very spot where the Arabs confidently announced the last massacre would be staged. Israel is a land of endless possibilities. The faith that moves mountains is right here. You can see its results."

TODAY top priority goes to keeping back the enemy. At some places the Arab truce line comes to only a few miles of the sea. Arabs still look down at the coastal plain from their hilly strongholds in the centre of Palestine. It's still a risky business

to drive up to Jerusalem from the coast after dark. Arab speakers in Cairo and other cities in the Middle East still boast they'll drive the Jews from Asia Minor. But things are different now. I've watched the Israel army on manoeuvres and in barracks. It's the finest army I've seen outside the British Commonwealth. Drive on any highway now and you're likely to be held up by long convoys of the most modern artillery. Practically all the young people are in uniform—and that goes for the girls as well as the men. It was amazing to see girls training full blast on the bayonet ranges and Sten gun ranges near Jerusalem on my first trip up country.

"These girls are the best fighters anywhere—they covered themselves with glory during the war. They don't know fear," said an officer. "When the full story of our birthday war is written, the girls will fill the top ranks among the heroes."

Don't get the idea these girls were just taking pointers from the male troops. They were actually instructing some of the boys. They carried their guns and flopped into position like any professional infantrymen in Europe. Decked out in battle dress, they look just the same as the men until you get close up. Lipstick and powder are still standard equipment—even on the battlefield. However, most of the girls now only take a few weeks of basic training and then are given non-combatant jobs. If they want to fight—they can. It's become a first principle in Israel that there shall be absolute equality between the sexes.

ALL the way from the Indian Ocean through the Arab lands I found seething hatred of the Jews. Some countries even refused me admission simply because I had obtained an Israel visa for my passport. In sharp contrast was the tolerance, even understanding sympathy shown to the Arab residents of Israel. Yes. There are large communities of Arabs in the new State. There are even Arab members of the Knesset, the national parliament at Jerusalem. And all speeches are simultaneously translated by earphone

into Arabic for the benefit of the Arab members.

The Jewish Government has set up more than 100 schools for Arab children. Arabs have full trade union privileges, are encouraged to develop their own co-operatives, are given full hospital facilities and today they look just as prosperous as any element in the whole community—far more prosperous than many of the destitute immigrants that have fled for refuge from the Yemen and other Arab lands. Right now there's nothing the Israel Government wants more than a permanent peace with the Arab countries and the reopening of trade among all the lands of the Middle East. Communism is making progress among the Arabs, who elected two Communist members to the Knesset in the second elections.

Where do the immigrants go? First of all, they are settled in strange-looking reception camps, "Village of Passage." You see them everywhere from Jerusalem to Haifa, from the Negev to the Vale of Aesdraelon. Most of them are just hundreds of little aluminium square huts. Then the arrivals go on to permanent settlement, either in a co-operative community or a kibbutz. A kibbutz is something you see nowhere else in the world. You see hundreds of them in Israel. I spent a day at the veteran of them all—Ein Hach Oset, between the hills of Galilee and the coast away up on a plateau. There were 600 persons living on this communal farm. There were 50 high school students (who live at the school) and 100 public school pupils. There were 220 children at the children's centre.

"You see, conditions in Israel forced us to devise what is really a Communist system of settlement in the old Biblical Christian sense of Communist," said Moshe Blumstein, formerly of Montreal, one of the earliest members.

"The land was provided from the Jewish National fund and settlers came from many parts of North America and Europe. The married couples live in apartments, but the children are looked after in the children's centres and the schools. In

this way their development is integrated by experts in child training and the parents are left free to devote all their time to the work of the kibbutz or farm. We started with 500 acres. Now we have 6,500. An immigrant doesn't immediately become a member of a kibbutz. He lives here as a candidate for a year and if he likes it and seems satisfactory he is taken in as a member. All property is held in common, but each individual is taken care of from the cradle to the grave with all social services and an ample allowance of personal spending money. In charge of each kibbutz is a managing committee, elected once every two years. Ownership is vested in it. Every person is assigned a specific post by the committee—such as shepherd, field labourer, launderer, cook house-keeper and so forth. We have three generations here now and this communal way of life has proved ideal for the local conditions."

There are hundreds of these kibbutzes in Israel and you see them on the tops of almost all the hills. They were favoured by settlers from Europe and some Americans. Coming into favour now are the co-operative settlements where each family owns its own property, but markets its products and buys its goods through large community co-operatives like the consumer and producer co-operatives of Canada. Asiatic and African Jews, with their long tradition of capitalism and private holdings, prefer this type of community. Some of the houses are just as up-to-date as a modern housing development in Canada. There are more than 500 of these independent settlements.

Land Is Reclaimed

THE big problem in Israel today is the development of unused resources and the reclamation of its land. Government officials hope to double the farm land area within the next five years and they're counting on great new irrigation schemes to do it. There's the Jordan Valley Authority, which will change the river of Biblical fame into a sort of Tennessee Valley Authority of the Middle East. It will turn the upper

stretch of the river into the new farmlands. It will replace this lost water at the Dead Sea by drilling a channel from the Mediterranean. The drop of some 1,200 feet to the lowest spot on earth will be used to turn electric power-generating turbines that will feed the new industrial plants that are going to spring up around Haifa and Tel Aviv. Up in the north country a vast marsh is being drained around Lake Huleh that will make thousands of acres of rich land ready for intensive cultivation. Rivers are being diverted and run through big tunnels to bring water to the desert promised land around the Negev. And a vast underground reservoir of water is being tapped in the heart of that former desert.

The Negev stretches all the way to the Red Sea to the south. It's as big as all the rest of Israel. And it has been waste land up to now. Today you can drive for miles over modern highways past big co-operative farms and settlements where combines are reaping rich harvest, thanks to the new irrigation. Plans are already being carried out to make the hilly stretches into cattle ranges like the Alberta foothills. And the mineral finds of the past year have opened new factories at Beersheba for glass-making and pottery that make Israel independent of imports in these commodities. Phosphates are being mined and transported to big new chemical works near Haifa which make Israel self-sufficient in much-needed fertilizers. Copper, iron and manganese are being mined in the Southern Negev and a new port at Eilat will give an outlet to India and the east. Right now the Government men at Jerusalem are eagerly awaiting the findings of scientists in the Negev searching for oil.

With a population of 450,000 Tel Aviv is the metropolis of Israel. Dominating its ultramodern skyline is a gleaming new skyscraper that looks like the New York United Nations headquarters in miniature. It's the new headquarters of Histadrut. You can't travel anywhere without seeing its ramifications. This monster labour federation has over

500,000 members. Not content with organizing men and women who work for others, it has become the biggest employer in the country. It has founded enterprises that employ 160,000 wage-earners, or one-third of all the workers in the country. It operates 375 agricultural settlements. When private capital is lacking for new projects, it builds them itself. And that's just part of its activities.

It runs a workers' sick fund serving 900,000 people, or 60 per cent of the population. It has 130,000 students in its schools and 10,000 persons on its vocational training rolls. It operates 1,000 centres for the teaching of Hebrew to new arrivals. It runs a workers' college to train trade union organizers and leaders. During my travels I saw new glass factories, a huge cement factory, telephone and radio factories, steel and concrete pipe, insecticide, textile and sugar factories all being built by this mammoth labour union. At Jerusalem a Government official told me nobody was quite clear which held the most actual economic power in the country—Histadut or the Government. This situation is now being counteracted by the flow of private capital into other enterprises from the Jewish communities of the world and the growth of the Manufacturers' Association.

"We have played a major part in the achievement of a stable and

expanding economy," said a Histadut spokesman in Tel Aviv. "We have laid down the principle that wage increases can only be justified by increased output and efficiency. And we have kept the cost of living allowances pegged to the cost of living index. We have boosted production and we have sent teams all over the world to study production methods."

ISRAEL is the land of tomorrow. You can't spend half a day driving over its roads without seeing that the children have first place here. Everything is sacrificed to their interests. Every kibbutz and settlement has its school. Not just reading, writing, arithmetic schools, but places where the children live, learn to co-operate, find out how to get along with each other and merge their 54 different countries of origin into one common Israelite nationality. The classical Hebrew language has been revived to unite all these elements. Already the kids have forgotten they were from Iraq or Germany or Africa. They are all Israelis now. The nation's fifth birthday saw it many jumps ahead of the planners' schedule. So they're setting their sights pretty high for the 10th birthday. They expect a nation of 3,000,000 then. That'll be almost twice as big as it is today. It'll be more than four times as big as it was on its first birthday. Already it's unique in the world for social development and co-operation.—NNF.

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QUESTION MARK OVER GUIANA

By ANDREW ROTH

A series of giant question marks shimmer in the humid heat over British Guiana. Did Britain's Colonial Secretary, in nipping in the bud a suspected Communist plot to seize control there, actually strike a devastating blow at the faith of British colonial peoples? Until this action, whatever their irritation at the delays, the inhabitants of British colonies at least had their faith that Britain would gradually and progressively transfer the right for colonial peoples to govern themselves. Until this there has been no known stipulation that colonies could have self-government provided that they did not elect pro-Communists. In fact, both in Burma and the Gold Coast the national leaders were known to have been very closely associated with the Communists. The late General Aung San was even briefly the Secretary General of the Burmese Communist Party.

What evidence is there that a Communist coup was actually planned? No one doubts the Communist sympathies of Dr. Jagan and his American wife, nor of two or three of their associates, including Rory Westmaas, the People's Progressive Party Vice-President, who is known to be a card-holding Communist Party member. No one disputes the attendance of P. P. P. leaders at the whole circus of Communist-organized "peace" festivals, youth meetings and the like in Eastern Europe. Nor is there any question of their attitude; they sympathized with the Communists in Malaya, in Indo-China, wherever they are embattled against the Western powers. But until now, under British rule, it has required something more, some overt action before such drastic action as the dismissal of a popularly elected Government and the withdrawal of a newly-instituted Constitution and the landing of troops would be contemplated. In his

speech explaining these actions, the Governor, Sir Alfred Savage, accused the P. P. P.—without any evidence—of undermining the loyalty of the police "by intimidation and other methods." Apart from that his only other major charge was that of bringing in "pamphlets and propaganda to teach us the Russian way of life."

Did the British Government act in panic on the basis of misleading advice from a paternalistic Governor? The one thing on which all reports agreed was that at the moment that Orders in Council, suspending Guiana's Constitution, were rushed up to Balmoral Castle for Queen Elizabeth's signature, there was no evidence of any excitement in Guiana. The general strike on fourteen sugar estates had fizzled out. The Speaker of the House, a British official, had frustrated the P. P. P.'s efforts to rush through a bill, modelled on the U. S. Wagner Act, which would have enabled the P. P. P.-led trade unions to be recognized as bargaining agents if the majority of the workers voted for it. There is considerable evidence that the only sense of urgency was in the mind of the Governor, a shy financial expert with a prickly sense of duty. The rise of the P. P. P. was undoubtedly frightening away the foreign capital he considered necessary to carry out the recommendations of the International Bank. With the experience of Malaya and Kenya in the background, the Conservative Government here may have been more willing to act precipitately, in the belief that events could be "nipped in the bud." In actual fact, as the Observer pointed out on October 11, It was the timorous destruction of the Kikuyu Central Association that helped to create Mau Mau and thus contributed to the present situation in Kenya. In contrast, Dr. Nkru-

mah's Convention People's Party—the Gold Coast's counterpart to the Guianese P. P. P., which at one time also had strong Communist affiliations—has been brought into the fold of the West by a generous and statesmanlike policy....

Why was it necessary to suspend the six-month-old Constitution? This Constitution was certainly an advance in that it gave popular suffrage for the first time. But it retained strong reserve powers. The Speaker of the lower house was appointed by the Governor. The upper house, or State Council—which could delay a bill for a year—consisted of nine members, six nominated by the Governor, two appointed on the recommendation of the majority group in the House of Assembly and one from the minority group. In addition, British Colonial Office civil servants still retained the three key portfolios of Chief Secretary, Attorney General and Financial Secretary. These plus six elected Ministers and a Minister without port-

folio chosen by the State Council made up the 'Cabinet' or Executive Council. The Governor had the power to allow or disallow a bill passed by the two houses. Just how arbitrary this retained power could be was indicated when the Speaker refused the Premier's resolution protesting the arrival of troops.

Why was the House not dissolved and new elections called? Much has been made of the fact that the P. S. P. won 18 of the 24 elected seats with only 51% of the popular vote, although this is two per cent more than Britain's Conservatives polled in their own country. It has been alleged that the P. P. P. "faction in power"—as the Government statement describes it—had lost favour because it has not fulfilled its election pledges. Then why not hold a new election instead of revoking the Constitution? The fact is, as *The Observer* affirms, that the P. P. P. is "a widely supported mass movement. This may be an un-

palatable fact, but to ignore it may result in wrong policies being followed which could bring about an active estrangement between the Guianese population and the British Government." The *Sunday Times* confirms this, in a highly slanted manner: "The heterogeneous electors proved quite unfit for adult suffrage. With no political tradition to guide them, they flocked blindly into the Communist parlour...." Actually, it is now admitted there are no Chinese leaders to take the place of those deposed.

Why was a Communist-led left-nationalist movement the only alternative offered to the 'sugar bosses'? Is it because, until recently, political lethargy was so prevalent that the Guianese were called 'mudheads' by other West Indians? Until the war, Guianese accepted their £2 weekly wages and the domination of their colony by the big sugar interests, particularly Booker Bros.—which exports three-quarters of the colony's sugar—as inevitable. But, during the war many Guianese enlisted and saw living standards higher than their hovels in Britain and elsewhere. American bases brought in American ideas and money. The war-time boom in bauxite—the raw material of aluminium—brought talk of developing industries other than sugar and maintaining full employment. These dreams evaporated after the war. The only ones setting up a clamour for their realization were the left-wingers who organized the P. P. P. and the P. P. P.-led Guiana Industrial Workers Union. To the Guianese who went to the polls last spring it was a choice between the continued dreariness of living in hovels under the sugar bosses or voting for the dreams held out by the dentist son of an Indian sugar plantation worker. The fact that the P. P. P. propaganda had, in the international sphere, Muscovite sympathies probably mattered to the Guianese voter much less than the

fact that all the newspapers which opposed the P. P. P. were owned by the sugar interests.

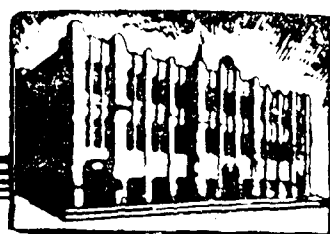
To what extent have the sugar interests been behind the deposing of Dr. Cheddi Jagan? There is no doubt that the P. P. P.'s major effort was to break their economic power. The sugar producers continued to bargain with the Man Power Citizen's Association, a company union with dwindling support. On four estates a strike was called to secure recognition for the P. P. P.-led Guiana industrial Workers Union. The proprietors remained adamant and retaliated by locking out the workers on the colony's ten remaining estates. Efforts by the P. P. P. to rush through emergency legislation for a referendum to decide which union should represent them were thwarted by the Speaker, who is nominated by the Governor. The P. P. P. demanded the abolition of such "reactionary powers."

Did America meddle? When the P. P. P. was elected last May, the State Department expressed its fear and presented the British authorities with a dossier of Mrs. Janet Jagan, Dr. Jagan's Detroit-born wife who admits to having been a member of the Young Communist League when in school in the U. S. There is no evidence of more recent U. S. pressure, but the Colonial Office was not likely to forget that the U. S. was rather worried about having a "red bridge-head" in Latin America on the approaches to the Panama Canal.

Has the action succeeded? There is no evidence as yet that this action has lost Dr. Jagan any supporters. On the contrary it gives P. P. P. leaders the pose they most like to assume: "Martyred by the imperialists." The Colonial Secretary has not yet learned the lesson that there is no easy substitute for winning the support of the majority of the people—even if they are colonial "mudheads."

The great man vanquished may lose in a moment his glory, empire, glittering throne, and crown—even the aureole of fame which makes his face to shine as a star of heaven—but his genius he retains as an everlasting possession.
—Victor Hugo

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SUGGESTIONS FOR ANDHRA MINISTRY

By K. R. KARANT

Former Revenue Minister of Madras State

NEXT to land reform, housing for the poor and the middle classes is the most important problem in the country, and yet it is the most neglected. In the towns, big and small, several families live in one house without privacy and without comfort. In the villages in the East Coast the houses are in a disgraceful state. They are more huts than houses. There are no compounds or gardens. The West Coast is much better in this respect. In the northern Andhra districts there are large numbers of thatched huts built continuously. There has been since 1920 a Town Planning Act in Madras, but the progress made has been very little. It has not touched the villages. Whether in towns or villages lands are locked up with private parties who will not part with them. The State need not build houses. The simplest measure will be to buy up convenient sites of 10, 20 or 30 acres, mark out the area, make the public roads and parcel out the sites to buyers with 10 to 15 cents for each site. The buyers can themselves put up mud houses. In a year's time dozens of such house-schemes can be carried out in every village and town with little expense to the State. Given the necessary drive half a lakh of houses per year must be the minimum for the next three years in the new Andhra State. But today nothing is being done in this direction and not a thought is bestowed upon it in the residuary State.

Agriculture can never succeed unless the cottage industries are encouraged on an intensive scale. So much has been talked about cottage industries in the last ten years but little or nothing has been achieved practically. We have heard of the Cottage Industries Emporium at New Delhi in charge of "fashionable ladies" as adverted to recently by Acharya Kripalani. But that is only

a way of squandering the revenues and helping friends and admirers of the persons in authority with jobs. A Cottage Industries Report as to what actually can be developed in each district was prepared by an officer of the Madras Government now nearly 25 years ago. There is also a lot of other material available on the subject. All that is needed now is that in every district, regard being had to existing or possible handicrafts, an organisation must be created with a view to supplying the necessary materials required for these industries, without worry to the craftsman and without corruption. The same organisation, and preferably in the shape of co-operative societies, can collect the products and sell them preferably in the country wherever there is a demand for them, or export them outside. An organised and systematic basis afforded in this behalf will be a great boon to the rural parts. A network of such organisations should function throughout the country developing what is necessary. It is well known that Japan has made great strides in this regard and that even power is used in Japanese cottage industries. A deputation from Japan which is touring India now have said that they can help this country in the matter of developing cottage industries. This should be availed of by the Government of Andhra and a machinery set up so that every village may produce more and add to its income and give additional employment to people.

I BELIEVE Sri Prakasam and his Ministers can do a lot in the matter of decentralising the administration. Today there is almost stagnation in the life of the panchayats and local boards and municipalities. All initiative is killed. Everything is centralised either at Madras or New Delhi. If any village panchayat decides upon

the building of a small culvert, its estimates have to go to some administrative officer through so many channels and sanction will not be obtained for years to come. The same is true of the village roads. I know of instances where estimates submitted were not passed even after the expiry of three and four years. The work done by contractors for roads is not check-measured and paid for the same period. Life and administration in the villages and local boards and municipalities is stifled because of this dull and dead routine from the top. The highway roads, for instance, have all been centralised and placed in the hands of a Minister in Madras. It is my experience in this district (South Kanara) that roads were very much better some years ago when the District Board was administering them than they are now under the centralised Highway Department. The District Board engineer had some respect for local opinion and some fear of local complaints. The Highway engineer today looks only to Madras. There is need for a great deal of decentralisation. I know that Sri Prakasam wanted to give the largest measure of freedom and powers to the panchayat boards when his Ministry began to function in 1946 and a bill was being drafted for this purpose. If he had a little more time he would have done so.

Another point to be considered is, whether the District Boards need be continued or could well be abolished and the old Taluk Boards revived. Some years ago there was not much local leadership. But today that is not so. Almost every taluk has a sufficient number of educated persons who can take up the Taluk Boards and work them efficiently. This is all the more necessary now when there is a panchayat in every village and the work and co-ordination can be better achieved by the Taluk Boards rather than by a single District Board in which the members (nearly 70 or 80) meet once in two or three months. Even with regard to municipalities where people can be expected to be more enlightened it is desirable that greater powers should be given to the councils than that

their work should be hampered at every stage.

I do not mean that greater local autonomy should mean greater scope to misappropriate. The strictest financial control should be there and local bodies and persons who misrule should be brought to book. But local initiative should not be killed or hampered as it now is.

THE first thing that strikes one about the existing form of administration is the absolute impossibility of getting any justice for the common man by filing applications before the officers of Government in any department. This is my own experience and that of several others who come to me almost daily. If petitions are filed they go on from hand to hand, and no redress is got unless one has recourse to corrupt methods. It is no pleasure to me to say this, but it is a fact and it is my painful duty to say so. There is any amount of high-handedness in the village. The quiet and the poor man is not allowed to live in peace. Many of the police officers who are there to protect the weak are today only protecting the strong. If something can be done to put a stop to this sort of thing and if in this country of ours all can get even handed justice, whether rich or poor, it will be a great thing. But today it does not simply exist. Something can be done by the Ministers who have taken office by setting others an example. If they themselves yield to pressure and influence and want to advance the interests of their own friends and relations, how can they ever expect to put a stop to the rot that is now existing in the administration? I am sorry to say that ever since the advent of Swaraj, whether in New Delhi or in the States, influence by Ministers in getting jobs for their friends and relations has been the rule rather than the exception, with the result that the subordinate officers who know all these things only too well are defiant themselves. They know that such people can only talk and cannot put down corruption. It is up to the Ministers, like Caesar's wife, to be above suspicion. Let them not rely upon the dull routine

of administration but search for cases of injustice and make an example of the officers who behave corruptly.

THE whole system of administration in English should be done away with, at any rate in the courts and offices in Andhra. It is a matter for shame that even six years after the advent of Swaraj in our munsif courts and sub courts where the officers belong to the area and know the language of the locality (whether it be Telugu, Tamil or Kannada) and the lawyers on each side are also fully acquainted with the local language, the whole farce of a trial and arguments should still, go on in English. The party who pays for all this is not able even to understand what is going on. A document in Telugu has to be translated into English often twisting the real meaning. The evidence in Telugu is translated and recorded in English and the whole matter argued in English. Why all this farce? This again is a matter in which Andhra can give a lead to others.

Before the last war the annual income of Madras State was about 1,600 lakhs. Whereas today it has risen to nearly Rs. 6,000 lakhs. Likewise the expenditure. During the war there were many supernumerary posts. Many of these have not yet been abolished. Collectors hardly acquaint themselves with what is going on in the district. Their personal assistants are all in all, and now even papers are being signed in their name by the clerks in charge. Then there are the new departments like Rural Development, Community Projects, National Extension and so on. Thousands of jobs have been created which are duplications of the existing departments. This is a criminal waste of public funds. When there are the established Health and Medical Services, Public Works, etc., it is improper to have these new offices and new cadres touring over the same area doing the same kind of work though in a less efficient manner. I hope the new Andhra State will not go on with these rural development departments separately. They can and ought to utilise the existing departments, enlarge them

where necessary and make them do all the work and avoid this wasteful multiplication of jobs. Recently hundreds of youngmen are said to be trained for six months or so for rural development work. What can they learn in six months? We read recently of a new scheme of the Union Government accepted by the Provincial Governments of training lay men as health officers in 2 years. They can at best be sanitary inspectors. They cannot be trained doctors. This is all a costly hoax to give jobs to party men and nothing more.

There is a lot of scope for retrenchment in the Police department. In 1946 and 1947, the total expenditure on this department was somewhere about Rs. 250 lakhs. In the last six years, for one reason or another, it has been raised to nearly Rs. 800 lakhs. Just imagine one-seventh of the total revenue of a State being spent upon the police to protect the people! This excessive expenditure is particularly true of Andhra where on account of Communist troubles a great many new stations were opened. Today with a Government of their own people and with the backing of the people, it should be possible to reduce this expenditure. The people should try to help themselves. Such wasteful expenditure upon one single department should be put an end to and the new State has a good chance of doing so.

THE new State may have to face a deficit budget as forecast in the Wanchoo Report. But I have no doubt that existing taxes can be easily adjusted to make both ends meet. Much wasteful expenditure can be saved as indicated above. Apart from that, there is the question of Prohibition. It may be remembered that it was during Sri Prakasam's Premiership in Madras in 1946-1947 that Prohibition was introduced in four districts. Then we were found fault with for not introducing it all at once in the whole State. But it was only a stunt to pull down the Ministry. Today we have Prohibition all over the State but with the experience of many in this district and in every other place where Prohibition is

working, one must honestly say that it is a huge failure. It has already created a rich class of bootleggers in villages and towns with the active collusion of some of the persons in charge of the departments concerned and this class is ready to break any law and beat down anyone who opposes them. I remember well a Chief Secretary of the Madras Government during our time warned us against entrusting this work to the police saying that if they had anything to do with it, they would themselves get corrupted. Today I see that his words have come true. The work of these gangsters who are engaged in this trade is a danger to society. In every town and village illicit liquor can be had and liquor extremely detrimental to health is being freely sold. Honest folks in the villages who do not drink and who want to help the administration dare not do so. The whole thing has become a first-rate scandal. Why not see the truth and say so and scrap the whole thing rather than go on with the falsity and the fraud prevalent today in the name of Prohibition? I believe that for the poorer working classes mere toddy is not injurious, but on the other hand, something of a food also. I am told that everywhere in the villages

coolies do not do half the work they used to turn out formerly. In every country in the world some such form of harmless beverage is being used. Toddy by itself will not ruin anybody. But stronger liquors may be bad. But now from place to place liquor, and bad liquor at that, is being sold. Young people who would never have taken to drink in former times are doing so today for the mere bravado of it. All in all, the high ideals of the Prohibition movement are simply not working and the whole thing has become a failure. Why not scrap it so that the State may not only not lose the revenue but prevent large wealth being made out of this business by very undesirable elements everywhere? Prohibition, if it could have worked properly, would have been a blessing. But when it does not and it is doing real harm mere false prestige should not stand in the way of our doing the right thing. I do hope that my friends in Andhra will review the position and do what is right and what is practicable.

The above are a few suggestions from me and I hope and trust that the Andhra Ministry and its people will take such action on them as they deem fit.

C. R. AND PRAKASAM: A Study In Contrast

By

M. V. S. CHARI

IT is the good fortune of the country that the Madras and the Andhra States are having two greatest sons of India at the helm of affairs. And yet no two men have differed in temperament and personality as these two leaders of South India.

In the depth and fervour of patriotism, neither of these leaders will yield to the other. Both are tried patriots who have gone through hell and fire for the sake of the country.

But the make-up of the personality of C. R. is of a very complex

character. In spite of all C. R.'s mixing with the populace it is only a pose. It is never a heart-to-heart mixing. This does not mean he does not love the populace. He does. But he seems to be incapable of tuning his heart to beat in unison with those of the people around him. With him it is an intellectual feeling of love for the man in the street. It is exactly here that Sri Prakasam scores a victory over C. R. His love for the masses is direct and is easily communicated to them. They feel his love and respond to it.

In spite of C. R.'s outstanding abilities as an administrator, none of those around him love him merely for the sake of love. They may admire him. They may even worship him. But they are always kept at a

respectable distance and are afraid to take liberties with him. He is a leader from whom partymen can expect no special favours and naturally his party is not enamoured of his leadership. He is too severe a moralist to be a successful party leader.

ON the other hand, Sri Prakasam's partymen will rally round him as one man. There are no pinpricks behind Sri Prakasam, from within his own party.

Sri Prakasam is a man of emotions and his heart is an open book to the public. There is no mistaking his utterances. And he has rarely offered any 'interpretation' to his utterances. C. R. is an exact contrast to Prakasam in this respect. C. R. is never swayed by emotion whatever may be the provocation. And more often than not, C. R. has to explain in subsequent speeches what he really meant to say in his former ones.

Both these men are equally brave. But while C. R. would go about his business in a cool and collected manner, Sri Prakasam would be unable to hide his feelings of determination to meet the threatening danger. The quelling of the policemen's 'revolt' in Madras by C. R. and the handling by Sri Prakasam, of the South India Railway strike during his term of stewardship will amply illustrate the truth of the above observations.

C. R. is a man steeped in literature, religious and other. And he draws his inspiration from them in his administrative work and in his speeches. Sri Prakasam has not found time for pursuing literary studies. And he has rarely referred to religion in his utterances. This habit of C. R. has led his critics to say that he is unnecessarily dragging the name of God in temporal matters. This is not a just criticism. The import of religious feeling in tempo-

ral matters would only be productive of good. Mahatmaji's whole life is a vindication of this position; viz. that nothing but good could come out of having a spiritual outlook regarding even temporal matters.

At any moment, C. R. could turn a spiritual leader and could bring out spiritual literature in plenty. His simple Tamil prose is a landmark in the history of Tamil literature. His knowledge of Sanskrit is profound though his interpretations are designedly suited to modern conditions.

C. R. is a master in rallies resplendent with intellectual humour. He can be at ease, like Gandhiji, with royalty as well as the man in the street.

For a man of his reputation, one would be surprised at the complete absence of warmth (of feeling) in him. Sri Prakasam is the political Johnson of India while C. R. may be compared to Addison.

Like Gandhiji, C. R. rarely goes back on his convictions and he collects only a body of yes-men about him. This, may be an administrative necessity but one's conviction in one's own infallibility is fraught with danger. But one thing must be said to his credit. None of his reforms has till now been found to be *harmful* to the people.

C. R. is in the main a believer in the "mailed fist" theory and he always backs his persuasion with a veiled show of force. But when force has to be used, he has developed the use of "minimum" force (with *maximum* effect) into a fine art.

THE art of administration sometimes calls for a cool and even heartless calculation of circumstances. C. R. is without a doubt the greatest of administrators and in this Sri Prakasam has to give the palm to him.

The joy of being a doer of good action awakens in us an emotion quite different in its sweetness from that of being the recipient of kindness. It is a pleasure which never cloy; the more one indulges in it, the more worthy one is of the delight it affords.—*Massillon*
Never serve any political party, though these funny folk say they aspire to give you happiness; they are no better one than another. Make use of them, which is fair, for they mean to make use of you; but observe this pregnant warning: "Never surrender yourself absolutely to any party."—*Herisson*

Ceylon's New Premier

By

V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE Ceylon Press said unanimously that the new Premier's frankness is both his strength and weakness. A few instances will make this clear. Speaking once on Buddhist Bhikkus that did propaganda for the leftist parties like the Trotskyite Sama Samaja Party he said that every such Bhikku should be disrobed and virtually tarred on his back. This evoked horrified comments even from his friends. On another occasion when he inaugurated the Air Ceylon services, the demonstration ended up rather unflatteringly for the plane in its first flight. But quite resourcefully Sir John Kotelawala, then the Transport Minister, coolly brushed off the embarrassment by saying that this is not the way in which Air Ceylon planes will fly in future. On still another occasion when he was laying the foundation for the Colombo port development scheme, he pushed a button for the electric crane to lower a big stone. The crane failed at the crucial moment and the stone was hanging in the air. Sir John got it over by a simple expletive in Sinhalese.

He is a blunt man to the embarrassment of friends and enemies alike and very often to his own later embarrassment. But once his idiom and idiosyncracies are known people say that he is the easiest to get on with.

His frankness is one facet of his great virtue, his drive, his capacity to get things done. The story goes that when an extension to a hospital was built to relieve congestion, somehow the engineers forgot to do the necessary plumbing and the extension went without watersupply and drainage. Sir John called the engineers together and told them plainly what he thought of them and gave them a date by which the thing should be done. No wonder it was done.

HIS phenomenal drive and energy at the age of 56 are still a mystery to friends and admirers. He is still a vigorous rider and his digestion is

excellent. As a Transport and Works Minister he put through many a scheme in record time. But many would say that it is also a source of danger to him and his country without proper counsel. Men of action tend to glorify action for its own sake and Ceylon's new Premier is no exception to the rule. His creditable career in the army ending with a Colonelship does little to relieve these anxieties. Even now he takes a very keen interest in youth rallies and almost a childish delight in inspecting guards of honour presented by the youth section of his party. No doubt his capacity for organisation has stood the party in good stead in all elections. As its propaganda chief again he has done solid work to keep the party before the public eye. But the danger that he might blossom into a fascist dictator has been pointed out by an English journalist who paid a visit to the island recently.

Asked his opinion Sir John looked quite perturbed but had no ready-made reply. But there are a few relieving features too. The first is his sense of humour. No other politician in the island provides such rich material almost daily for the cartoonist Collette as he does. He has so far taken the whole thing in a good spirit. Asked about his opinion he said that Collette must be doing him justice, for a child immediately recognised him saying that he looked exactly like a Collette cartoon.

But the danger is still there. In fact it is aggravated by another weakness. He surrounds himself with a group of sycophants incapable of any frank advice. He has yet another weakness, riding the hobby horse of Anti-Communism. Both these can easily be exploited for the most doubtful anti-democratic ends. He has had his political schooling under the old Senanayake who had an infinite capacity for taking advice. That was the secret of his success against more qualified men. The new Premier however has shown change in temperament in two ways. He has entrusted the key portfolios to an elder statesman and has carefully refrained from issuing any long and provocative statements.

MRS. RODRIGUES'S FIGURINE

She was an indomitable woman, but she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears

MRS. RODRIGUES was a widow and she lived in a small upstairs flat in her friend's house. She was thirty-five or even a trifle more but she looked thirty when made-up and dressed for a party. She knew more about dresses than the dressmaker and as much about make-up as the beauty specialist writing for the leading magazine in the City. She was cheerful and popular universally and deservedly popular. If any one of her friends needed someone to complete a party, for dinner or lunch, it was to her that they turned. She enjoyed things so much that she made any party go. And then her devotion to her late husband! She hardly ever spoke of him, but when she did, her gaiety vanished for a moment and she would fall into a grave mood. But soon, as though determined that her own private grief should not spoil the cheerful atmosphere she would become the gayest person in the gathering. "What a pity!" her friends would say, "she ought to have married again years ago! Why should such a sweet creature so full of life and quite well-off too, remain a widow?" However Mrs. Rodrigues remained faithful to the memory of her husband. With a pathetic and yet a sweet smile she would manage to ward off the advances of her many admirers.

One day she was sitting in the living-room in her flat. It was essentially a woman's room; the curtains were of bright chintzes, the artificial flowers artistically arranged, the books though not many were just those which a visitor would wish to read. There was nothing noticeable about the furniture, yet everything was in good taste—everything in the room was indeed bright and welcoming. Though the atmosphere was

subtly feminine it was in no sense ostentatiously so. There were few ornaments or knick-knacks to disturb but there was one thing which was in an altogether different category from the rest. On a low tastefully carved rosewood table, beside the piano, stood a solitary ivory figurine. It was beautiful, truly beautiful—one would be tempted to call it, small though it was, a superb work of art. An aristocrat among figurines it dominated the room. It had the sort of calm strength combined with delicacy which a beautiful work of ivory can have. How it came to be in her possession no one knew. Mrs. Rodrigues loved it more

than anything else. Always as she sat writing, talking, or reading her eyes would stray towards the figurine and she would feel refreshed and happy.

And yet on that particular day Mrs.

Rodrigues was clearly dissatisfied and unhappy. Even the exquisite figurine though more beautiful than ever could not make her the sunny and bright soul she usually was. She was unwrapping a parcel and a look of discontent replaced her habitual smile. From the packet she took out an ivory figurine. She held it up and examined it critically. With increasing annoyance she glanced from it to her own figurine and she frowned even more. This new figurine was a wedding present for her friend Rosa Sherman and it had cost a great deal of trouble to choose. In the shop where she had paid thirty rupees for it, it had appeared to Mrs. Rodrigues to look twice its price. Now that she had paid the money and brought it home to examine it at leisure it appeared to be rather common and pretentious. How her own ornament killed it by comparison!

It is proper now that one should

SHORT STORY

By

PRABHA TELIKICHARLA

be let into some of Mrs. Rodrigues's secrets. In the first place she was not a widow. Her husband to whose memory she was so romantically and self-sacrificingly attached had in fact left her rather suddenly and betaken himself to another part of the country to live under a suitable alias. Secondly the 'comfortable' income which she possessed was in reality only the money sent by her husband's people, and that was very little indeed! Exactly how she contrived to keep up the appearance of affluence cannot be explained. An examination of her account books might have revealed that her host of friends provided her with most of her drink and food. Well, she was a clever woman. Of all her friends Rosa Sherman was the most devoted. They had been together at school when they were little kids. Rosa lived with her father just a few streets away from Mrs. Rodrigues and Mrs. Rodrigues was the ever-welcome guest at their house. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Sundays she would dine with them, three times a week she would drop in to lunch. Then came the disaster! Rosa had become engaged to be married. Of course Mrs. Rodrigues had foreseen the danger and credit should be given to her for averting it twice before, for, she was an experienced campaigner. But now she was helpless. So she decided to make the best of the bad job; ruefully she realised that Rosa's dinners and lunches were lost to her. Well, she must make sure to keep Rosa on as a friend and insinuate herself into the life of her friend's new home. Precisely for this reason she had given long and anxious thought to her wedding gift. She did not have much money, but still she hoped she could buy something with thirty rupees which Rosa would believe had cost her a hundred. And now after all the trouble and expense she found the result profoundly disappointing. Fiercely she pushed the thing back into its box.

There was a knock on the door and her sister-in-law's mother-in-law's cousin, whom she called Aunt Emma came in. Aunt Emma was about sixty, talkative and fussy, but kind-hearted though tiresome. Still, she

lived in solid comfort in her big house about a mile away from Mrs. Rodrigues's flat, and Mrs. Rodrigues though bored by her was accustomed to fall back on her for occasional meals when her friends failed her. So now she promptly switched off the frown of annoyance from her face and replaced it by her most charming smile of welcome. She prepared tea and brought out some biscuits and made much of dear Aunt Emma and her kindness in calling upon her.

"My dear," said Aunt Emma, "You are the only person I would love to call on. You tell me all about my friends and I love to hear you. Now give me all the news that you know, how is everybody?"

THE old lady loved gossip and Mrs. Rodrigues knew how to please her. Her diplomacy was rewarded, for within ten minutes she had secured an invitation to dinner for the following Wednesday (a day which had threatened to conclude with a cup of cocoa), and had both heard and imparted a lot of personal information. Then just as she was about to go Aunt Emma gave the shocking news.

"Oh dear Dolly," she said, "I have some important bit of news for you, I'd just called on the Manuels and they told me that Rosa's engagement was broken."

"Why?" cried Mrs. Rodrigues.

"Oh dear, it was such a shock to us. The man turned out to have had a shady past. It was so dreadful. Mr. Manuel found out about this man and told Rosas' father I think Rosa is really very lucky—" and Aunt Emma walked off.

For sometime Mrs. Rodrigues tasted perfect bliss. The unlucky engagement broken and the dinners and lunches at the Sherman's restored to her and the thirty rupees saved, she was sure she could return the figure to the shop. She gaped rapturously at her own figurine and dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief and gladness. And then suddenly the idea struck her! Could she not make her happiness even greater? Could she not by her cleverness bind Rosa even more close-

to her? It was only two weeks more for the date of the wedding—the wedding which would now never take place. Rosa would have received lots of presents and now all those would be returned with thanks to the senders. So—she seized the pen and wrote hastily:

Dearest Rosa,

After days and weeks of consideration and inspection to find the right present for you, suddenly today I realised what exactly I wanted to give you. You know, my dear, that I Treasure my figurine more than anything else, that is why I want to give it to you to remember me by. With love from your Dolly.

With breathless hurry she packed her figurine neatly and sealing it along with her note ran to the post office and sent it off.

Returning home she placed the new figurine on the little table. How petty and vulgar it appeared in the place of the other! Well, in a few days the other would return and make the room beautiful once again. And Rosa would never forget that. Dolly had wanted to give her the thing which was her cherished trea-

sure. Really this would mean the certainty of at least three dinners and more lunches at the Sherman's.

Mrs. Rodrigues's face was slowly wreathing itself into a smile as she mused. She was suddenly jerked out of her reverie by a loud knock and Aunt Emma came in again. "Dolly dear, I am sorry to disturb you, but I left my umbrella here. Oh, yes, there it is, just where I'd left it. Oh, darling, I nearly forgot to tell you, I made a horrid mistake about your friend's engagement. You must forgive me, my dear. It was not Rosa Sherman's engagement that was broken off, but it was Rosa Colman's. I felt I must tell you at once about it. Dear dear, how I confuse these names! Next I suppose I will be confusing my own name. Don't forget about Wednesday deary—" Aunt Emma went out fussily.

MRS. RODRIGUES sank into a chair and lifted her eyes towards the little table where the new figurine shone brazenly in all its monstrous vulgarity. She was an indomitable woman, but she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

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K. MAHADEVAN

#2 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

Indo-English Poetry

THE rise and fulfilment of Indian nationalism has not noticeably weakened the impulse to write English poetry. But it produced personal conflicts, especially after Gandhi took the movement to the villages and wrapped it in austerity. There was the dilemma of the young Indian with intimate English friends, an English education, memories of the best of England, yet drawn by patriotism towards another camp. And there was the dilemma of the son or daughter of wealthy parents, westernised, cosmopolitan, prepared no doubt to do some 'slumming' in the big cities, but shrinking from the village-programme with its rude denial of aesthetics and its brave abandonment of comfort. Anybody who had Indian friends knew of these conflicts and hesitations, deepening with the new issues of world-warfare. How often I heard T. S. Eliot quoted in those personal crises:

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow . . .

Eliot, with his religious sense, his appreciation of Hindu metaphysics, his delicate surgery of middle-class despair, was meat and drink to the Indian intellectuals between the wars. He had imitators as well as readers . . .

I believe that there is often a hesitation, a fastidiousness, which not only prevents good poetry in English from being published in India, but also prevents better poetry from being written, because of the absence of critical standards. Heaven knows the way of a poet in England these days is not easy. It must be worse to feel oneself in company with English poets and yet find no worthwhile channel of public communication or professional competition. The existing anthologies are enthusiastic rather than selective, and there are not many of them. I cannot help wishing sometimes that Mr. Eliot would apply himself to this task for Indo-English poetry. After all, he put the Anglo-Indian Kipling through a critical sieve.

What, then, do we expect from this Indian poetry written in English? Mastery of the language we can take for granted, in the past at all events, and in the future probably. The Sadler Commission on Calcutta University observed in 1919:

We do not mean that the English of the Indian would necessarily be indistinguishable from that of the English-born citizen. But it would be by special qualities and characteristics that it would be distinguished, not by incongruities and faults.

And that notion of a special sort of English seems to be in the mind of the novelist Raja Rao, who says:

We cannot write like the English. We should not. We cannot write only as Indians. We have grown to look at the large world as part of us. Our method of expression, therefore, has to be a dialect which will some day prove to be as distinctive and colourful as the Irish or the American.

That is what one might logically expect. But frankly I fail to find signs of this national variant of English. At any rate I do not find it in the poetry, which seems to succeed and fail in form and texture, as English verse succeeds and fails. —Extract from an article in *The Listener* entitled "English Poetry from India" by FRANCIS WATSON

LANGUAGE CONTROVERSY

"TAMIL sounds like the sounds you make when your stomach is rather windy"—

we love Tamil for Tamil's sake, we hate Hindi.

Tamil is a great language, Hindi was born in the Dehli mart, Tamil has an ancient heritage, Hindi is an upstart.

Tamil is really old, among all *linguas* she is the rani; we don't want the national tongue to be Hindustani.

Hindustani, I am sure is not still a language; as yet it is very immature, hasn't come of age.

Olden times Tamil was spoken from Cape to Rawalpindi; you learn Tamil as a token, we'll learn Hindi.

T. PATTABHIRAMA REDDY

NEW BOOKS

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS

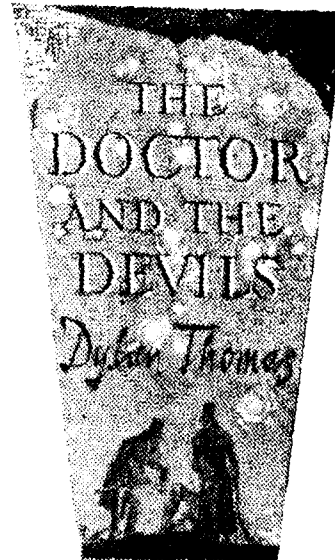
By Dylan Thomas

J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London

10s 6d

IN a recent causerie of his in *The New Statesman and Nation* Mr. V. S. Pritchett wrote that there are people in England who do not want "Dylan Thomas to be thought highly of." One critic deplored that his reputation was nothing short of canonization. Another, one of a group of minor poets and a plodding novelist who began his career in the Civil Service but later forsook it for full-time authorship says that Thomas's work "has always affected his diaphragm more than my intelligence, and I have accordingly felt that some of the critics have gone a little too far in proclaiming him as a major poet of our time. But that may be due to the fact that I belong to the lost generation." He does, indeed; the delicateness of his diaphragm is a matter for the anatomist rather than for the aesthete. Dylan Thomas is the richest asset to the poetry of his generation and is assured to be one of the glories of English Poetry for all time.

He was born in Swansea in the year 1914, the son of a master of the Grammar School of that seaside town. Six years of pupilage here and his formal education ended when he was sixteen. His first job, after leaving school, was as a junior reporter on the *South Wales Evening Post* in Swansea which he held for less than a couple of years. He then left for London to try his hand at free-lance journalism. He had seen his first poem in print at the age of sixteen; at nineteen his first book—*18 Poems*—appeared, attracting at once the interest of the poetry-minded public; at twenty-two the publication of *25 Poems* brought him wider recognition; reviewing his poems in *The Map of Love* (a volume in which was included seven of his stories—published in his twenty-fifth year) Mr. Herbert Read (now Sir), poet and critic of repute, wrote:



"They contain the most absolute poetry that has been written in our time, and one can only pray that this poet will not be forced to surrender the subtle course of his genius." When he was thirty-two the addition of another volume of poems entitled *Deaths and Entrances* revealed a Thomas of "simpler poetic experiences traditionally familiar," as different from the Thomas dealing with the complexities of adolescence and for the obscurity of a personal, private symbolism hard to understand. Between *The Map of Love* and *Deaths and Entrances*—in his twenty-sixth year—came out his book of prose, *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*,—peeps into the pageant of his early life in Wales, loosely linked episodes in which he quotes some of his teen-age poems. Dylan Thomas has visited the United States thrice between the years 1950-53 and the lectures and poetry-readings he gave here during these

visits have drawn devoted attention such as is shown to an inspired bard by the people, and won for his work the highest acclamation. "The noted Welsh writer is here in person," proclaimed an American newsitem, "in his three incarnations as poet, novelist, and dramatist." Thomas's novel-in-progress called *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, a humorous piece of writing, is at present serialised in *New World Writing*, the American book-cum-magazine which represents an important cross-section of current world literature and criticism. Simultaneously with this his latest work is a play, *Under Milkwood*, which appeared under the title 'Llareggub: A Piece for Radio Perhaps' in Volume IX of *Botteghe Oscure*, an international periodical issuing from Rome. The publication of his *Collected Poems* towards the end of 1952 was a significant literary event, bringing him the £250 William Foyle Poetry Prize in January 1953. To this edition Thomas writes a short prefatory note which concludes with the following paragraph:

I read somewhere of a shepherd who, when asked why he made, from within fairy rings, ritual observances to the moon to protect his flocks, replied: 'I'd be a damn' fool if I didn't!' These poems, with all their crudities, doubts and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't.

In the directness of this utterance, loving Man and praising God, Dylan Thomas stands fully revealed; plain or perverse he is perfervid; his eloquence is a molten flow, and in its controlled intensity it shows him at the highest level of his creative art, as in his poetry, in another arresting medium—the screenplay. Thomas as a broadcaster, actor, and radio writer has added these distinctions—if they really are—to his greatest distinction as a poet—during World War II he worked for the Ministry of Information writing film scripts, and his most recent book *The Doctor and the Devils* marks his brilliant conquest of the screenplay—the film scenario, both in form and content—a conquest which is bound to affect the technique of the novel in a new and lasting way, larger than the influence

exercised by Gertrude Stein and James Joyce.

It is a gruesome tale, gripping every moment of it, "based on the case of the murderers Burke and Hare which came to trial in Edinburgh more than a hundred years ago." Donald Taylor has collected the material, researching into the character of Dr. Knox, the eccentric Edinburgh anatomist of the early nineteenth century, "known in his time as a great European figure." This is the 'story-line' on which Dylan Thomas has worked out his scenario. Dr. Knox figures as Dr. Thomas Rock, the lecturer in anatomy, brilliant, cold, hard, cynical, ravenously ambitious; Burke and Hare as Fallon and Broom, the body-snatchers, who murder men and women, decoying them to their low lodging house, and supply their corpses to Rock's Academy for dissection. Their reward for these 'subjects' is lavish—up to ten pounds a carcass. The hangman who is generally the official provider of dead bodies to medical theatres cannot cope with the demands of Dr. Rock—hence the services of Fallon and Broom—who has a host of students round him, to whom he lectures:

I stand before you, gentlemen, as a lecturer in Anatomy, a scientist, a specialist, a 'material' man to whom the heart, for instance, is an elaborate physical organ and 'not the seat of love,' a man to whom the 'soul,' because it has no shape, does not exist.

But paradox is inherent in all dogma, and so I stand before you also as a man of sentiment, of spiritual aspirations, intellectually creative impulses, social convictions, moral passions. And it is in my dual capacity of scientist and sociologist, materialist and moralist, anatomist and artist, that I shall attempt to conduct my lectures, to expound, inform, illustrate, entertain, and edify.

Our aim forever must be the pursuit of knowledge of Man is his entirety . . . The noble profession at whose threshold you stand as neophytes is not an end in itself. The science of Anatomy contributes to the great sum of Knowledge, which is the Truth: the whole Truth of the Life of Man upon this turning earth. And so: Observe precisely. Record exactly. Neglect nothing. Fear no foe. Never swerve

from your purpose. Pay no heed to safety.

For I believe that all men can be happy and that the good of life can be led upon this earth.

I believe that all men should work towards that end.

AND I BELIEVE THAT THE END JUSTIFIES ANY MEANS . . .

LET NO SCRUPLES STAND IN THE WAY OF THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE!

Murder follows murder; of Jennie Bailey, the pretty trollop who is loved by Murray, a colleague of Rock's (Murray's feelings towards Rock after this are hostile but he is powerless to expose Rock), of Billy Bedlam, the idiot boy, of a Mrs. Flynn which finally brings the police on to the trail of the murderers—who wag their tongues in their drunkenness—and their women Kate and Nelly. The mob bays for the blood of Rock and burns his effigy; but he is prevented from being brought to trial, indicated as accessory after the fact of murder, through the influence of the surgeons' guild in the City, as the conversation between Doctor Hocking (Rock's rival in profession and an orthodox one) and another reveals:

Hocking. I do not exonerate Doctor Rock, but I will not have the whole medical profession of the City put on trial.

Green. Accuse Rock, you accuse the integrity of all the surgeons in the City.

Hocking. Oh, more than that. The whole aristocracy of learning that has been so carefully built up would be tumbled to the ground. The stain upon his character would spread across the whole of our culture. There could be no more respect for us. Indictment of Rock would mean the death of a class . . .

This from Hocking who is scorned by Rock:

Doctor Hocking was in his second childhood before he was adolescent. When he is your age, sir—a good age—he'll be old as the grandfather of a tortoise, take a week to put his boots on, a fortnight to suck his bread and milk, and a month to make up his absence of mind.

It is unrelieved horror,—the pandemonium of the market place and the dens of booze, the filth of

the alleys, "the straw-strewn cobbles with stalls that sell rags and bones, kept by rags and bones,"—horror that through its various movements rises to a crescendo in the finale with the gibbet and the hangman and the fury of the mob lashing like a choppy sea. And over all this nightmare whose sombreness is lit with flashes of humour flickering like jack-o'-lanterns a little candle sheds its placid beams,—that is Elizabeth, "young, small, fair, with a candid face," the wife of Doctor Rock—she is a servant girl and the Doctor has married beneath him which fact is rubbed into him by his sister Annabella, a frustrated proud spinster, when she says: "You can't think that you can outrage every convention and not suffer for it. You married her for better or for worse; and it's worse . . . They don't forget that you disgraced your name, and mine, and defied every social decency when you married . . ." But when his reputation is dragged to the dirt and his life is in danger from the mob, the gentle Elizabeth tells her sister-in-law: "I married him because I loved him. But we're only a very little part of his life, Bella." She is so magnanimous, so self-effacing, that to be the petty burglar of the creative life of a great man is abhorrent to her. Rock's valedictory lecture to his students, like his inaugural before, sounds like a thunderclap; nothing can daunt a man of science who is in pursuit of truth although it dawns on him in the end "that the right of any individual to live is more important than the demonstration of truth."

To 'think' is dangerous. The majority of men have found it easier to writhe their way into the parasitical bureaucracy, or to 'droop' into the slack ranks of the ruled. I beg you all to devote your lives to danger; I pledge you to adventure; I command you to experiment. (Slowly) Remember that the practice of Anatomy is absolutely vital to the progress of medicine. Remember that the progress of medicine is vital to the progress of mankind. And mankind is worth fighting for; killing and lying and dying for. Forget what you like. Forget all I have ever told you. But remember that . . .

In *The Doctor and the Devils* Dylan Thomas has achieved a *tour de force* in the art of the screenplay. As he has handled it—with his dialogues aglow with poetic imagery whosoever the character that speaks, man of science or murderer, judge or tatterdemalion, slut or lady—as he has handled it, it is worth while for every practitioner of fiction to emulate him by using the dynamic Camera and the economical shooting directions (instead of longwinded descriptions of person and place) to tell their story.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

A Book of Trials

By Sir Travers Humphreys

William Heinemann Ltd., London

15s net

"**S**PEAKING for myself, I am not at all sure that the interests of Society would not be advanced by some rule or order preventing or even discouraging the ghoulis enjoyment by the idle of the spectacle of a man being tried for his life." So writes Sir Travers Humphreys in his introduction to his *A Book of Trials*; but humanity being what it is, it is interested in watching or reading criminal trials. It is always avid for sensation which cases of crime seldom fail to provide, and if the narrator of these trials aims at sensation above everything else it is no wonder that its gluttony for such increases. Sir Travers, one of the eminent and respected of judges in England, with his experience at the Bar and the Bench for over forty years, knows what he is about and does it with exceptional calm and detachment. Here is wisdom in its essence for the student of crime, and fascination—without the slightest trace of sensation—for the ordinary reader. The book is divided into three parts: the first deals with Three Old Trials; the second with Some Trials in which I was Engaged as Counsel; and the third with Six Cases Which I have Tried. The trials of the infamous Dr. Crippen, Seddon, Oscar Wilde, and Bywaters and Thompson are well-known, but their treatment by Sir Travers is the *thing*. In the Oscar Wilde case he recalls

the impression made upon him by the devastating cross-examination of Edward (later Lord) Carson, to whom in the beginning Wilde was a match only to topple down shivering ignominiously at the end. Sir Travers writes:

"I have no intention of repeating from memory a story which has been written about from every point of view 'ad nauseam' by almost every class of writer; more especially since the trial of Lord Queensbury and the two trials of Oscar Wilde form the subject of a volume of the Notable British Trials series published by Messrs. Hodge, of Edinburgh . . .

The case for the prosecution was closed and Carson opened his case to the jury. It was a brilliant and deadly speech, and the speaker gave details of evidence . . ."

The evidence was damning; the jury could only make one decision—conviction. In this connection Sir Travers observes:

"I have prosecuted, and defended and tried too many blackmailers to entertain any doubt that the section has materially assisted such persons to carry on their nefarious trade."

The section refers to the statute of 1885 under which Wilde was prosecuted.

It is this frank and dispassionate approach of the judge-author that gives *A Book of Trials* its agreeable difference from the rest of its kind written by every class of writer.

MITRA

Devil in The Flesh

By Raymond Radiguet

A Signet Book

The New American Library, N. Y.

25 cents

RAYMOND RADIGUET was a precociously developed boy. He had his first affair with a married woman at the tender age of sixteen and related it in *Devil in the Flesh* which he wrote when he was seventeen. It lacks the philosophising which would have been a necessary accompaniment, had it been written by a mature man and hence is direct and has a certain raw freshness about it.

Adolescent yearnings, which are

unsatisfied or which take on a mystic turn can be transmuted into poetry and will attain permanence as such. But in the present instance the author's every desire—physical and mental—having been satisfied by a girl who was only two or three years older to him, it is in the very nature of things that he could write only a prose version of his exciting experience. At its best this novel is just good reportage.

His cravings were purely physiological and were emotionally rationalized. It is a strange mixture of adolescent innocence and adult subterfuge, of love sincere and love simulated, of fidelity and infidelity set off by the author's gift for narration.

Aldous Huxley who has written an introduction to the book suggests that Raymond Radiguet is "expert beyond experience." This is rather extravagant praise, for sexual precocity can never lead to expertise beyond experience and what he quotes from T. S. Eliot refers to the metaphysical poet Donne who had an integrated development which the present author lacked.

V. V. S.

Indian Railways

Edited and published by G. Runga Raju B.A., A.M. (Inst) T.

73, Dr. Alagappa Chettiar Road, Vepery

October Issue. Re. 1

ALTHOUGH a number of Railway magazines are published in this country, several of them by Railway administrations for circulation among their own staff and the public, the need for a reliable and informative journal on transport problems is still being keenly felt by discerning students of public affairs. Such readers will welcome the publication of this new Transport monthly edited by a retired Railway officer, a keen student of transport problems with over thirty years of service in the various branches of the commercial department. The 76 pages comprising the first issue of the journal are packed with well-written articles on a number of current Railway problems like the construction of the Khandwa-Hingoli and Renigunta-Madras (Metre Gauge) lines, the Railway Users Committee and Indian Railway Centenary.

LIFE

Life is short, a little love, a little dreaming and then, Good-day. Life is vain, a little hope, a little hate, and then, Good-night.—*Alfred de Musset*

Life is like a deceitful woman who breaks all her pledges to her lover, and leaves him no other consolation than the right to despise her.—*Alfred Mercier*

Life is a flower, and its honey is love.—*Victor Hugo*

Life is a sentry beat: you must mount guard in a proper manner, and be relieved without blame.—*Charlet*

Life is a flower, and its honey those who have slept the longest time; when they wake up, they find it is time to die.—*La Bruyere*

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THE SWATANTRA ANNUAL 1953

Edited by
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SIDELIGHTS : :

THE Silver Jubilee celebration of the Madras Seva Sadan was the event of the week in the city. Madras is now full of institutions devoted to the care of orphans, foundlings, handicapped children, destitute girls, lost women and similar other unfortunates. Twenty five years ago there was no tradition of non-official social service. It was the example set by Sir M. Venkata Subba Rao by founding the Seva Sadan that has proved to be the precursor for the starting of a number of similar other institutions in the locality. Sri Rajagopalachari who took a leading part in the Silver Jubilee celebration said that, unlike himself who had not planned his own life, Sir M. Venkata Subba Rao was an outstanding example of a life lived according to plan. The Chief Minister's self-deprecation over his unplanned existence is something like the art which conceals art. It masks with non-chalance an expertness in winning competitive rewards, proved to the world as far superior to the achievements of the most laborious striving. The Congress politician's technique of attaining greatness has lain in building out of the prestige of sacrifice and renunciation a ladder for reaching towards power and the good things of life not available to competitors aspiring for them in a direct way. Sir M. Venkata Subba Rao has reversed the politician's code and practice by making renunciation the crowning chapter of life, and not its beginning, antecedent to its acquisitive exertions. He earned well through sheer merit in his chosen profession, and most of what he earned, he gave away to good causes, and all good causes were concretised to his conscience in one single institution of many-sided serviceability, the Seva Sadan.

He was fortunate in his life's partner. Many a generous man is robbed of initiative for good works by the turmoil of domestic differences over the disposal of cash. But Lady Venkata Subba Rao even excelled her

husband in zest for social service. The affection which fond mothers give to their children, she gave to the destitute in the community, and she found joy and satisfaction in mothering them, giving them a home, and getting them educated and trained to ways of self-dependence. It was a grand mission of charity, but the charity of it was neither loud nor obtrusive. It was so civilised that the Seva Sadan lost the usual attributes of institutions maintained by philanthropists for the special benefit of the poor. Entrants from all social strata flocked into it. What began narrowly to meet a social need pertaining to a limited section, expanded into a vast compendium of benefits, and the Seva Sadan is not now just a school or a home for girls, it is also a centre of industrial training, a seat of culture, a temple dedicated to crafts and arts to combine grace and beauty with utility and good cheer in the formative influences building up habits and character. It is swiftly forging towards the university level of accomplishment.

The Silver Jubilee celebration was spread over three days, and on the last day portraits of Dr. Alagappa Chettiar and of his daughter Srimathi Umayal Ramanathan were unveiled. Sir M. Venkata Subba Rao announced an endowment of Rs. 5,000 in honour of Dr. Alagappa Chettiar on the occasion. Though sick and physically feeble, Sir M. Venkata Subba Rao felt impelled to break his habit of rest and silence in recent years, to voice his tribute to the Doctor for his munificent treatment of the Seva Sadan. He related how, on one occasion, Dr. Alagappa Chettiar gave the Seva Sadan, unasked, a gift of Rs. 20,000. He acted on an impulse of generosity of his own, without any external stimulus to provoke it. Such impulses constitute the basic substance of Dr. Alagappa Chettiar's very existence nowadays. His has been a career of amazing shifts of fortune, but he has

shot up like a cork, defying every reverse. Having, sometime ago, concluded all family settlements to his satisfaction, he has now only one purpose, to earn all he can to give it for the educational objectives dear to his heart. A couple of years ago, I made a calculation of the sum-total of his donations to public and educational institutions. The figure mounted up to nearly 75 lakhs of

rupees. It must have reached the crore mark by now. Dr. Alagappa Chettiar's urge to give, not indiscriminately, but with meticulous wisdom, for the advancement of knowledge and scientific research at its highest levels, is insatiable. In his hands, capitalism's rapacious acquisitiveness has got dissolved in the beneficence of a supreme social purpose.

SAKA

IMPERIALISM ?

BY

KARUMUTTU THIAGARAJAN

NOT long ago, when the Andhras wanted part of Hyderabad incorporated in Andhra State, our Prime Minister remarked that such a demand for Visala Andhra smacked of imperialism. One would like to know why. When territorial boundaries divide a people who speak one language and have one common bond of cultural tradition, surely it is natural that this scattered people should desire to be reunited and live a common cultural life under a common political administration. Why should this desire be stigmatised as "imperialistic?" Is not this stigma rather deserved by the attempt to thrust one's own language upon another people? Or by the attempt of the Central Government to usurp the powers of the States?

After all, what is the objection against a redistribution of the old Provinces of India on a linguistic basis? We are told that it would mean a fragmentation of the country. How so? The number of States would be only eleven instead of nine; and how can so small an addition make any appreciable difference in a country of almost thirteen million square miles inhabited by thirty-five crores of people. Besides, the formation of linguistic States was accepted in principle by the Congress as far back as 1917; then why was this principle not acted upon as soon as freedom was attained and until Andhra paid a big price? Further, with what consistency can our leaders, who accepted the partition of India on the very questionable basis of religion, now set up the bogey of "fragmentation" to waive aside the arguments advanced by the advocates of linguistic States? Have they, perhaps, discovered new wisdom in the old motto of "divide and rule", and do they wish to put asunder what nature has joined together? Is this not arbitrary, "imperialistic?"

When the Andhras claimed their long promised State, they were told to come to an agreement with the Tamils, as if such agreement could ever be reached! It would have been more honest to have told them that linguistic division was no longer a principle accepted by the Central Government. This is in fact what the Prime Minister has now frankly avowed. Has he forgotten the great price the Andhras paid to obtain their Linguistic State? And is he unaware that Ministers and Governors are openly advocating linguistic States, in spite of contrary instructions issued by their own Congress leaders? Surely the will of the people in this matter is clear enough, and it is the duty of a democratic Government to carry out the will of the people.

It is comforting to know that the recent Poona meeting reached an agreement about the proposed Maharashtra State, but one would like to be sure that this agreement will be implemented without demur.

When will the Central Government realise that no single language can be imposed on the whole of India? Linguistic States are natural and unavoidable in such a large country; and the attempt to oppose it in a free democratic country is obviously inconsistent. That mention of an universal national language should ever have found its way into the Constitution is a matter for wonder and regret.

The practical difficulties that may result from the establishment of linguistic States are negligible. Each State could naturally conduct its own affairs in its own language and men elected to the Central Government could, if necessary, learn Hindi or English, just as Ambassadors to foreign countries must learn either the language of those foreign countries, or a recognised international language.

Is it too much to hope that our leaders will see the wisdom of bowing to the will of the people, and readjusting the boundaries of the States on a linguistic basis, before their hand is forced by extreme forms of agitation?

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

USUALLY Dassera marks the launching of several new pictures. Only two years ago as many as six new pictures went on the floors in Dassera; but on Saturday the 17 October, Dassera Day, hardly any picture worth mentioning went before the camera. This is yet another proof of the slump in the industry; and as I have written before, every effort rightly or wrongly is being made to stem the tide of depression. As reported last week, every well-known producer is trying to make consciously a box-office hit utilizing all the tricks he knows of the film craft for this goal. Then every producer is also trying to reduce the cost of production. The stars, the music, the shooting days and the raw stock—are the four items that constitute the bulk of the cost; and the producer is trying to save on each of these items.

But still he is not in a happy position; and I think unless an equitable distribution of the box-office returns is assured and unless finance is made available at a reasonable rate of interest, the producer has little or no chance of survival. In this respect, I would like to quote some concrete examples. Two pictures were recently released in Bombay; one of them is considered a flop and the other a fairly successful picture. Now the 'flop' picture was seen by more number of people and had better collections than the so-called successful film. Sounds paradoxical; but it is true. The flop picture, for instance, in its 4th week at the major theatre collected a house of over 7500; and yet the distributor had to pay a deficit of three thousand because the theatre hire per week in this case was about Rs. 10,500. The 'successful' picture collected only Rs. 6,500 in the 4th week and the distributor got

a share of Rs. 2000 because the theatre hire is just Rs. 4,500 per week. Hence the first picture is considered to be flop while the second is considered successful. This is the queer mathematics of the film industry; and it will continue to be queer until, like the entertainment tax, the ratio of division of the total earnings of any theatre between the exhibitor, the distributor and the producer is fixed. Indeed a detailed study of collections and their distribution would prove beyond doubt that the inequitable distribution of the collections is also one of the major factors responsible for the present plight of our producers.

Picture Of The Week

ZIA SARHADY'S *Footpath* has been described by some critics as disappointing and by others as a great piece of work. It is neither.

For his theme, Zia has taken the issue of the black-market. The issue is nothing new; it has been tackled on the Indian screen before in pictures like *Naya Tarana*, *Dharti Ke Lal*, in which David and K. N. Singh play the roles of black-marketeers who were responsible for the famine in Bengal. It has also been tackled in recent foreign films like *The Third Man* and *Naples Millionaires*, an Italian film shown during the festival; it also forms part of *Babla* reviewed in these columns some weeks ago.

The exposure of the black-market in *Footpath* is neither striking nor emotionally moving. But then the picture does not indulge in any melodramatic social exposure. Zia has confined his story to one man who is honest and poor and dissatisfied with his lot. To pile up riches he becomes a black marketer—rather a blackmailer—and when conscience started pricking him in the form of his brother who refuses to take his ill-gotten money and who dies for want of medicine hoarded by black-marketeers, he renounces the vile profession and surrenders himself to the police. It is thus on an introvert study of one character played by the one and only Dilip Kumar who has a special flair for

such 'introvert' roles that the entire structure of *Footpath* rests.

As a study of man it is interesting; but it lacks basic conflict—even the conflict within himself is not manifested clearly. Besides, the motivation for his becoming a black-mailer or a black marketeer is not very human and strong; the manner in which he operates in the black-market is most far-fetched and unconvincing, and what is worse, his change-over after the death of his brother is also tame lacking in dramatic impact and emotional poignancy. It is tame because it is nowhere established that he was directly responsible for his brother's death. That apart, nowhere has the author-director tried to show the misery of poor people who are the victims of the black-market.

Not only that, generally speaking, the picture does not show anything happening as such. It is like a stage-play with mostly one actor, Dilip Kumar, dominating the scene and it is mostly through his 'introvert' dialogue spoken in typical Dilip Kumar style which demands repetition of almost every sentence twice—sometimes even more—that the whole story is narrated. The result is that the whole picture lacks both action and incident and it becomes static to the point of almost boredom. And if it does not bore altogether it is because Zia is brilliant and Zia's dialogue is powerful and pithy.

There are many good individual scenes in the picture; brilliantly

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written, directed, photographed and acted. But when joined together they fail to hold together, lacking as they are in action and suspense and drama. That is the major draw-back on which *Footpath* flounders and leaves one guessing what exactly Zia wanted to achieve in the picture. Dilip Kumar also fails to live the character as such; in individual scenes he is brilliant, but he does not succeed in submerging his identity to that of the role and all the while the audience is conscious that it is not Noshu but Dilip Kumar who is speaking the words. Ramesh Thaper for a maiden role has given a good performance and so has Anwar, Achala and others; but it is Meena Kumari looking lovelier than ever who steals the show in spite of the fact that she has a very insignificant role to play. Her 'bathing' song, though unnecessary, has been beautifully picturized by Zia.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that an almost identical theme is tackled by Prithviraj in his new play *Paisa*; but unlike Zia, Prithviraj has succeeded in making his play moving, poignant and logical and intensely human employing film technique so effectively on the stage. It will be interesting for every student of drama to see both *Footpath* and *Paisa* and judge for himself how two different persons tackle the same theme.

Personality Of The Week

SELDOM does one find the great moghuls of the film industry in a reminiscent mood. On Friday last when I went to meet producer-director A. R. Kardar, who for over a week now is having severe attacks of asthma. I found him in such a mood. I went with a well-known artist (not artiste) and Kardar who started his career as an artist is in the best mood when he meets an artist whose work he admires. In this case, Mianji (as he is known in the industry) was asking for an autographed photo of the artist.

He is a keen admirer of art-paintings, cartoons, sketches—because he is an artist himself. In a reminiscent mood he revealed that

Kardar started his career as an ivory painter; he learnt the art from Ustad Nazir Hussain in Delhi where he worked for seven years. Even in those days, he was allowed to give his initials A. R. K. on paintings some of which must be still adorning the palaces of Rajahs and Maharajahs. Ivory painting is a very laborious and difficult job. So later he became a lithographer in Lahore. As a lithographer, he was very much in demand and this is the story of 27 years ago when Kardar made two to three thousand rupees a month as lithographer. Some of the Urdu text books even today have the illustrations made by him.

It was however the lure of the films that made him give up his original vocation—a vocation in which he had made such a good name for himself. In Bombay he tried to get into the films; but his efforts did not succeed. So at Lahore he started his own concern in 1927-28 and made a number of silent films. Later

he migrated to Calcutta and produced pictures for East India Films Co., pictures like *Chandragupta* and *Bage Sipahi* which made him famous. The rest is recent history known to all film fans; but the career of Kardar, the artist, is not so well-known.

News Of The Week

BIMAL ROY is making Sarat Chatterji's *Biraj Bahu* for Hiten Chowdhury and Tagore's story for himself.

Ashok Kumar is reported to have signed Shailajanand, the author of *Doctor* and other Bengalee hits, to write five screenplays for Ashok Kumar Productions. His first story will go on the floors in Diwali; it will be directed by Vasant Joglekar.

Shantaram's next picture is provisionally titled *Nartak* based on a story by Dewan Sharar. Sandhya and Gopi Krishnan, the famous Kathak dancers, will play the stellar roles. It will go on sets by Diwali.



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INDIAN VILLAGE IN KOREA

(From A Correspondent In Korea)

THE 38th Parallel might well be an imaginary line marked only in geographical compilations, in spite of the international notoriety it has achieved since 1950. But not so the "Armistice Line" in Korea that has brought the Korean war to a temporary halt. Any casual visitor to the "DEE ZEE" area (as the Americans call the Demilitarized Zone) where the "Indian Village" is situated, will see a two-inch wide white tape running cross the country over plains, bushes, hills, not even avoiding the small streams that add charm to this hilly area. As though to emphasise the "neutral" aspect of the Commission, the white tape skirts the NNRC camp where the Headquarters of the Chairman (Lt. General Thimayya) and his offices are situated. Here live sixty of his officers and about 300 jawans in tents erected by the U. N. Command, and wooden shelters constructed by Chinese and Korean labourers.

To the Indian, the Korean countryside has not much new to offer. It is similar in pattern and layout to any in India. The fields are green and the crops golden. The terrain is rugged and hilly. Actually the "Indian Village" is situated in a Valley (almost a cup) surrounded on all sides by hill ranges. There is, of course, plenty of evidence of that stark poverty, of which Asia can boast in plenty, dwelling in mudhuts scattered in the countryside. But the Korean loves flowers, and indeed needs them to cheer him up. It is popularly said here that the Korean will much rather go without food for days on end, but he must surround his mudhut with flowers of all colours—this despite the war. But to remind the onlooker that the war is still 'on', red coloured triangular discs range the roadside with the grim words "Warning—Mines here" with instructions "Keep on the road—Mined area."

Human beings can be warned away, not so the millions of snakes that seem to have concentrated into the

"Dee Zee" area. Death comes to them only from the endless flow of jeeps on the ten mile main road that connects Indian Village with the northern and southern parts. Dark green in colour, thin and no more than a foot or two in length, the snakes amble slowly across the road in artistic curves; only to get crushed by the passing vehicles.

In these surroundings the renowned Indian General, K. S. Thimayya, presides over an organization known as the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission (NNRC), whose task it is to help nearly 23,000 prisoners of war to make up their own mind, without fear or coercion, to be repatriated to their homeland or not. With his military background, General Thimayya approaches this problem in a straightforward, practical and commonsense way. Not accustomed to diplomacy, and the kid-glove tactics that go with it, he very often hits the nail right on the head, making no bones about it. His frankness and sincerity may be said to have impressed on his colleagues—the Czech, the Poles, and the Swedes and Swiss—that India approaches this problem with absolute impartiality and no selfish axe to grind.

Contact with the 'outer world' is maintained by helicopters ("Choppers" as the GI's call them) shuttling between NNRC camp and Seoul. They land and take off, with much greater quickness than a car, in formations like bumble bees.

INDIAN army personnel (as also the civilians that are sprinkled among the O. G-s) have got quickly settled in this atmosphere. Bath and toilet is done in the American way, but mess arrangements are still Indian in style and taste. Rations and other necessities are supplied both by the U. N. Command and the Chinese and Korean authorities. Fresh vegetables, eggs and rice come from the Northern side (including Russian jam and Chinese bread and fruits). Tinned

fish, meat, butter and cornflake or oats come from the U. N. side.

Out of this East-West supply are made such items as "Thimayya Soup" or "Chakravarthy Pudding". Indian newspapers and foreign magazines regularly keep the men here in touch with national and international developments. Drinking water in the camp is provided twice daily by U. N. trucks.

All is not so smooth and laid out for the personnel of the Custodian Force, India. The Dogras, the Jats, the Raj-Rifs and the Garhwals, have each a prisoner enclosure to guard. The units are self-contained with cooks, barbers, washermen and even sweepers. Foodstuffs are provided from the central warehouse, and water supply kept steady by trucks. Where lucky they billet themselves in abandoned huts, but the majority of them live in tents overlooking the POW enclosures. Within the short time they have been here, they have volley ball courts laid down by their own effort and labour. It is heartening to see these soldiers cheerfully carrying on their all important task of guarding the prisoners, which has become delicate after the recent incidents.

But what sort of life do the Koreans (north or south) lead in the innumerable villages or townlets? South Korea is "out of bounds" for the time being; and getting to North Korean territory is no easy matter either. Once in a while, one might be lucky to get to Kaesong, the nearest North Korean townlet, 15 miles from Indian Village. Even in that short trip one can gather plenty of impressions.

With 80,000 inhabitants, Kaesong hit the headlines for two years as the site of the armistice negotiations between the U. N. and Communists. But it has the added importance in that Kaesong was the capital of Korea in the days of its old glory when Korea was independent. Well housed historic monuments tell that tale.

Once the visitor gets permission to visit the place, hospitality is lavished on him. Choicest foods are laid down,—one such is egg buried under the earth for scores of years—wine flows unendingly and Kaesong's choi-

cest apples and pears are yours to satisfy.

In the streets life goes on 'as usual'. Innocent children play in the open, while slightly grownups help their parents in whatever they can. The fields show sign of a bumper harvest. Not an inch of cultivable land is wasted. Terrace farming is a common feature here. Besides, vegetables grown include cabbages, bringals, carrot, sugar roots and pumpkin; apples and pears are said to be 'pride' products in Kaesong and willow trees surround the compounds. Two cinemas cater to the recreation-minded. Most of the houses were of the mud-hut pattern, while wood-work and paper-plaster make the prominent buildings. But the entire place is alert with armed soldiers and sentry-posts. A grim reminder that the war is not yet over. Even the hills bear marks of warfare. Only the stars in Korea seem to shine peacefully.

Prisoners And Problems

WHEN the Custodian Force India took over custody of all non-repatriated prisoners (about 23,000), little was foreseen of the ticklish problems this situation would create. Under the terms of the Armistice Agreement, it was the responsibility of the detaining side to provide the enclosures for detention, food and all other amenities required. Six detaining enclosures have been provided, they being divided into various compounds to accommodate about 500 each. There is no mixing of Chinese and North Koreans. The groups have been taken over as they were handed by the U. N. Command.

From the beginning the Korean People's Army and Chinese People's Volunteer Commands (incidentally, they resent being called loosely as Communists or the North Koreans) had drawn the urgent attention of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission that these prisoners have had no opportunity to express their free will because of the existence of well-organized groups of the Kuo-mintang and Syngman Rhee 'cliques,' who are alleged to have terrorised all those who wished to be repatriated.

These groups still exist, as organised violent demonstrations that took place in various camps prove. The main objective of these demonstrations was not only to prevent the NNRC from fulfilling their task, but also impress upon them that the entire lot is 100% anti-Communist. Of course, the prisoners (or, rather leaders) receive full support and instructions from various agents that smuggle into the camps on various pretexts.

Demonstrations are usually indulged on the plea of discontent regarding treatment received in the camps, inadequacy of ration, need for supply of more blankets, and so on. The NNRC has tried to meet the prisoner representatives and discuss with them these problems. But instead of touching on the needs of the prisoners, the representatives almost always insist they be not compelled to attend explanations from KPA or CPV groups. What is more, they go a step further and assert that they would not like visits of the NNRC if the Czech and Polish representatives are to be included. No amount of explanation that the composition of the NNRC was agreed to by even South Korea would make these fanatics see reason. Fuel is added to these tactics by frequent broadcasts and statements of a provocative nature by the U. N. Command and South Korean officials.

A CASUAL visit to the prisoner enclosure will impress anybody of the success of the terror gangs. The daily routine of the POWs runs as follows: After breakfast, there is physical training course and games of football or volleyball. But then around 9 o'clock, someone will blow the whistle. This will be echoed and re-echoed from the various nearby compounds. Signals are flashed by waving of flags from tent tops. And then begin coordinated demonstrations in all enclosures—prisoner marches shouting anti-Communist, anti-Indian and anti-NNRC slogans. This will go on till lunch time. The whole pattern will be repeated in the evening, with much greater frenzy. Then to sleep (and a very early one) by 7 in the evening. The idea is to impress anybody passing on the

roads that no prisoner wants to be repatriated to North Korea or China.

ALL the prisoners have tattooed on the shoulders, heart or back 'I am anti-Communist.' Ingenious weapons are made of cans and even tent-poles. Hundreds of flags (all South Korean and KMT) fly over the tents. They even have got erected an observation post.

In these circumstances not one of the prisoners of war dare openly ask for repatriation. The more than 120 or so that have sought freedom so far, have had to do so surreptitiously or at the risk of death or injury from fellow-prisoners or at the risk of being shot on the fence by armed guards. The tales that the repatriated have given to press correspondents reveal physical torture inflicted on the 'dissidents' of the most revolting nature. Just one instance will suffice: When one prisoner showed a tendency to escape from the camp, the 'leader' called on others to pounce on him with sharp weapons. His heart was taken out, burnt in gasoline and the dead body buried in the tent itself.

Finding that peaceful methods of persuasion were of no avail, the NNRC has since warned the prisoners in clear terms that continued indiscipline and indulging in acts of violence will no more be tolerated. The guilty will be punished and severely too. At the same time it has assured (by daily broadcasts in both Korean and Chinese as also by distribution of leaflets among the prisoners) that the NNRC is most anxious to secure for the POWs complete freedom of choice without duress and coercion. In fact, the NNRC is there to protect all prisoners from force or threats of force.

To complicate the problem further, the explanation phase of the Commission's work has been delayed due to a technical hitch in agreeing on the site of the explanation enclosures. This period is fixed at 90 days beginning from September 26, and the U. N. Command have emphatically refused to extend the end date by the number of dates the delay extends. And the NNRC is helpless on this point—the period can be

extended only by agreement of both the contending sides.

Meanwhile all devious ways are being adopted by the United States press and broadcasts to make the task of the NNRC "thornier and thornier." It is accused of taking decisions on the strength of "latitude" allowed it; of voting with the Communist side "invariably," of even helping prisoners to return to North Korea and China against their "wishes." In point of fact, the NNRC has emphatically made known its position on a number of occasions that it will observe the strictest impartiality in arriving at decisions

in accordance with the Terms of Reference.

Though India is said to possess the "tie-breaking" vote in the Commission, on more than seven occasions it has leaned to the side of the Swiss and Swedes; only on five occasions voted with the KPA and CPV; but had invariably attempted at arriving at unanimous decisions. So far General Thimayya's efforts in that direction can be said to have achieved "heartening" results. There is hope that the NNRC will be enabled to launch on its second phase of work—that of explanation work—in a few days.

SAROJINI NAIDU

By

SUBHASH J. RELE

SAROJINI NAIDU was a dynamic personality. While paying tribute to her Jawaharlal Nehru said, "Sarojini did not write poetry with pen and paper, her whole life has become a poem and a song." Her genius, it must be said, was that of temperament, rather than of intellect.

As a child, Sarojini was of a very fanciful and dreamy nature. She tells us: "My training under my father's eye was of a sternly scientific character. He was determined that I should be a great mathematician or a scientist, but the poetic instinct which I inherited from him and also from my mother proved stronger. One day, when I was eleven, I was sighing over a sum in algebra; it wouldn't come right; but instead a whole poem came to me suddenly." From that day her poetic career began. At the age of twelve, she achieved the impossible. She passed the Matriculation examination of the Madras University. Such a thing never happened before. Her gifts were astonishing. Her courage of conviction was of a high order. Sensations, whether of pain or pleasure, were at once keener for her than for ordinary folk. Her intuitions were swift and searching. She was an embodied emotion. Among all her gifts, she ranked her gift of humour as the most precious. She

wrote, "Of all things that life or perhaps my temperament have given me, I prize the gift of laughter as beyond prize." Her poetry gives that healing touch of the spirit that ministers smoothly to the soul and the mind, that sense of the larger significance of life which is so easily lost in the midst of our "getting and spending." The Love of beauty caused an exquisite rapture in her heart. "It was the desire of beauty that made her a poet." Mr. Arthur Symonds in his introduction to *Golden Threshhold* writes: "Her eyes are like deep pools and you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths." According to Symonds her poems possess "an individual beauty of their own."

Wherever she went, she brought with her an air charged with electricity. Her devotion to duty, her instinct for human comradeship, her quick and lively intelligence, her maddening interest in the good things of life, her jokes and jibes endeared her to one and all. Her spirits were inexhaustible and equal to any emergency. Many a time, she played the role of an ambassador between Muslims and Hindus with a candour and goodwill that cleared the air of hatred and suspicion.

Sarojini Naidu was an incarnation of eternal youth. She once expressed the wish that after her death the following words should be inscribed on her cenotaph: "She loved the youth of India." In spite of her greatness Sarojini was intensely human.

THE MIRACLES OF SURGERY

By ROSS HARKNESS

THERE are only two parts of the body that surgeons have been unable to remove entirely or partially and have the patient still live, and those are the heart and the spinal column.

Anything else is expendable if it threatens life, and organs once considered vital are being expended every day in near-miraculous operations that 10 years ago would have been fatal.

Part of this new daring is due to the discovery of antibiotics that minimize the danger of infection, part to the development of glandular products, either extracts of or synthetic, that replace the product of certain glands, thus permitting their removal, but most of it is due to the greater knowledge and skill of the surgeons themselves.

In Toronto surgeons speak with awe of a patient who had one complete half of his brain removed by Dr. K. G. McKenzie and lived to carry on a moderately normal existence. One side of the body was, however, partially paralyzed, for the halves, each half responsible for brain operates as a team of two running the opposite side of the body.

Operations in which a small part of the brain is removed, or a complete frontal lobe, are commonplace in cases of tumour or injury, but this famed Toronto surgeon is believed to have been the first to remove an entire half brain.

Down in New York a surgeon is performing what doctors with grim humour, have named "all-American", on women who are suffering from extensive cancer. It is described as a pelvic clean-out and involves removal of the sex organs, bladder, and extensive lengths of intestine, along with whatever other organs may be affected by the disease.

Recently one of Canada's top surgeons listed for me the organs that

are now being removed as fairly commonplace procedure. The brain, of course, is the only really vital organ of the head, and he didn't bother to enumerate such routine extractions as tonsils, teeth and eyes.

Down in the throat is the thyroid gland, the watchdog of the body's metabolism. Once enlargement of the thyroid, known as goitre, was common, but it has been almost eliminated by the use of iodized table salt. If too much were removed, the patient would get moon-faced, brittle haired and fat, but that seldom happens today, for thyroid extracts have been developed that enable the patient to get along quite well without that important gland.

Nearby is the parathyroid gland, which controls the metabolism of calcium and phosphorus. There was a time when that gland could not be removed, for the patient would suffer what is called "tetany," in which he went into spasms and had difficulty getting his breath. Now extracts are supplying the parathyroid deficiency quite well.

The oesophagus, the tube by which our food passes into the stomach can be taken out, though it is seldom necessary to remove the whole oesophagus since usually only one end is affected by disease. However, it is not unusual to have the entire length from the throat to the stomach cut away. To compensate for the short oesophagus the stomach is pulled up into the chest and sewn to what remains of the tube.

The entire stomach can be removed, and the sufferer live a normal, happy life provided he maintains a careful watch over his diet.

Those familiar with the treatment for tuberculosis know that one lung is expendable, and surgical removal of a lung is common. More recently it has been learned that a lobe of the second lung can also be removed, with the subject of the operation functioning fairly well on only two-thirds of one lung. He is short of

breath and can't do much in the way of physical labour, but can carry on in a sedentary occupation.

The procedure now usually followed in the removal of a lung was developed by Dr. N. S. Shenstone and Dr. R. M. Janes of Toronto. Their invention, the Shenstone tourniquet, now universally used, is a loop of fine wire which is slipped around the lung, pinching it off.

It is a matter of pride for Canadians that some of the most daring and successful surgeons are Canadians, and that surgeons from all over the world are beating a path to Toronto, to watch them operate and learn their techniques. Toronto is fast wresting from Edinburgh the fame that great Scottish city once enjoyed as a world centre of medical learning.

Surgeons have found they can remove half the liver, and the patient get along fairly well. He cannot expect an active or a long life, however, and a portion of the liver is removed only in drastic cases of cancer where the surgeon believes the patient's life will be prolonged thereby. It is not effective in halting the disease, but it slows its progress. At least half the liver is essential to life.

The entire gall bladder can be taken out and never missed. The gall bladder manufactures bile, which is necessary in the digestion of fats, but the ducts which lead to the duodenum and the intestines also make bile, and when the gall bladder is removed, they take over the whole job. Usually the gall bladder is removed when it becomes plugged with stones, an exceedingly painful condition.

One kidney can be removed, and the remaining one seems to handle readily the job of both. We could not live, however, if both were taken out. A kidney may be removed for several reasons. Often it is because of injury. Also a certain form of high blood pressure may be caused by a diseased kidney and is cleared up when the kidney is taken out.

Recently sensational experiments in transplanting kidneys have been reported. A Toronto woman who was

given the kidney of a dead man by Dr. Gordon Murray after her own two failed, is apparently in good health two years later. Similar attempts in the United States ended in failure, the patient rarely surviving more than 17 days.

The spleen, one of the bloodforming organs, has often been taken out after an injury, with little apparent harm to the health of the patient. The spleen is a particularly soft tender organ in a vulnerable position near the ribs; where it is easily crushed if the ribs are broken.

Thanks to the discovery of cortisone, the human adrenal glands can now be removed and the patient live in almost normal life. Cortisone is one of the products of these glands, and the deficiency can be met by taking synthetic cortisone, or cortisone extracted from the glands of animals. The adrenal glands are closely associated with sex, and Dr. Charles Huggins of Chicago is removing them in cases of cancer of the prostate or breast. He has demonstrated that the removal of this mysterious organ which manufactures sex hormones slows down the progress of cancer in those two places in 80 per cent of the cases, though it is not a cure.

Operations removing the urinary bladder are performed many times a year in any large Canadian city, usually for cancer, but sometimes for other diseases. The ureters, the two tubes which lead from the kidneys to the bladder, are transplanted to empty their fluid into the large bowel.

The entire large bowel and rectum, which may be nine feet in length can be removed and often are in cases of ulcerative colitis or multiple polyposis. The latter is an inherited disease that attacks young women more often than men, in which growths called polypi occur in the intestine. Multiple polyposis is a pre-cancerous condition, and it is said that 100 per cent of people who have it will ultimately suffer from cancer of those organs unless the polypi are removed.

One of the prime arguments for early examination to detect cancer,

even if there are no symptoms, is that the examination may disclose polypi, the removal of which averts cancer.

The small bowel, which is 23 feet long, cannot be completely removed, for it is the organ of digestion, but one person is known to have lived with only 15 inches left. It is unusual to remove more than three or four feet. The usual reason for removing a section of the small bowel is a strangulated hernia. The duodenum, the site of the ulcers which so bother the overworked businessman, is the section of the small bowel where it leaves the stomach, and it, of course, can be dispensed with.

Some of the most spectacular operations, such as those on the heart, do not involve removal of an organ, but patching it, repairing it, or making it operate more efficiently. Surgeons are now cutting right into the heart while it keeps on beating, and fixing leaky valves, re-routing arteries, plugging holes and the like.

Dr. W. T. Mustard of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, has even developed a heart-lung machine that, it is hoped, will take over the job of circulating and purifying the blood while the surgeon stops the heart completely to perform certain operations that are impossible while it is beating. The only human beings this apparatus has been used on were babies with congenital heart malformations who would have died away, and though the operations were failures and the babies subsequently died, the machine was a success for it kept them alive while the operation was in progress.

An artificial kidney, also developed in Toronto, has long been in use to do the work of a patient's faulty organ while it rests and regains strength. Too cumbersome for anything but hospital use, it washes impurities from the blood and returns it to the body. An artificial kidney that one can carry around is still beyond the realm of probability.

Another spectacular field is what is known as "spare parts surgery." Surgeons are grafting tissue, glands, bones and corneas from one person

to another. Such grafts are possible however, only in the case of parts of the body that are so nearly lifeless that they can be considered nearly dead, though not as dead as hair or fingernails. The cornea of the eye is living, but just barely so, whereas ordinary flesh is very much alive. Living flesh grafted from one person to another never "takes" except in the case of identical twins, that is why there is so little hope for a successful kidney graft.

However, bone grafts are easily made, and every big hospital today has its bone bank just as it has its blood bank. Skin and cartilage are also being deposited for future use; and there are seven eye banks in the U. S. Not long ago doctors at Columbia's University College of Physicians and Surgeons replaced a six-inch Y-shaped piece of the aorta, the giant artery that carries blood from the heart, with a transplant from a blood vessel bank. It had been taken from a dead person and kept alive in chemicals for six weeks.

With plastic, doctors are planning to patch leaky heart valves and are already repairing splintered body joints. They are using plastic tubes to replace short sections of veins, and have even developed a substitute for blood. Plastic heart valves have never been used on human beings, but their success with animals forecast their use. For a long time plastic balls, wedged into the bone, have replaced worn out or broken knee, shoulder, hip and elbow joints.

In January, Dr. Albert Lightbody, chief of the chemical division of the U. S. Naval Ordinance Laboratory, said that among replacement parts being made out of plastic are teeth and gums, hands, feet, arms, ears, the skull, nose cartilage, jaws, elbows and hair. A new plastic artificial eye cannot be detected even at close range because it moves in the socket like a genuine eye.

At a recent meeting of the American College of Surgery more than 125 top specialists reported on spare-part surgery alone and, as one surgeon remarked, "this is only the beginning."—Copyright—NNF.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

What Next?

Sir,—The year 1953 seems to be eventful, full of promise and achievement for us, at home and abroad. Especially, it is so to the Andhras—and Kannadigas. Now that the Andhra State has been ushered in—we ask ourselves, What next?

The "message" of the Chief Ministers of Madras and Mysore seem to point and indicate the answer—a veiled suggestion and a prophecy.

Easily the best and by far the most far-seeing and highly prophetic is the message of the sage-statesman-politician of Madras, C. R., who said: "The illusion of autonomy will fade away with the experience of actuality. After achievement, the other side of the plate shows itself. Thereafter again begins another period of dynamic effort for something and a fresh feeling of achievement". These words are as deep and profound as they are true and thought-provoking.

Sri Hanumanthaiah seems to indicate the direction of this 'effort' in his 'message' to Bellary when he says "We are merely carrying on the great traditions of the Vijayanagar Empire, which was an Andhra-Karnatic Samrajya." So that, it appears the next period of "dynamic effort and achievement" is to be the revival of the Vijayanagar Samrajya—the unification of the South.

C. R.'s message was addressed to New Andhra, Sri Hanumanthaiah's to Bellary, the one to "Andhra Kesari" and the other to "Rayalaseema Kesari."

Now, it is the bounden duty of the people of Bellary whom their present Chief Minister Hanumanthaiah has in his very first words reminded of their great and glorious past, to spare no pains to bring these three together with one common purpose and effort for the grand undertaking. Then their efforts will be crowned with achievement and the glories of the never-to-be-forgotten Vijayanagar Empire will be revived. Bellary.

N. K. RAMADOSS

'Deficit Financing' Or 'Created Money'

Sir,—It has been reported that the Government of India will have recourse to the Nasik Printing Press for finding

finance of the order of 700 crores for the implementation of the Five Year Plan. Already the value of the rupee has fallen down considerably. The present rupee has not even the value of a pre-war quarter-rupee. With so much as seven hundred crores of created money pushed into circulation, the value of the rupee would fall down still further. The prices of commodities will also register an appreciable rise. The worsening economic predicament of the fixed income people of the middle class would still be accentuated. The lot of the low-paid State Government servants would further deteriorate. There will be still louder cries for enhancement of the dearness allowance. It passes one's comprehension why the Centre should not come to the aid of the States who find it impossible to meet the reasonable demands of their servants because of their low revenue income. The States should press for the grant of a good slice out of this created money to be used for the benefit of their low-paid servants.

Also there is a legal aspect of the matter. Under the Constitution, the Union Government can raise their money only by taxation with the sanction of Parliament by means of appropriate statutes or otherwise. Deficit financing of the type in question is a desperate remedy usually resorted to only during times of war, when a National Government as distinguished from a Party Government would function. To the extent the created money reduces the worth of the money in the hands of the public already, it is taxation, though indirect. It is not known whether the Government examined this position. Well informed publicists should take the matter up to the Supreme Court, as that body alone could give a binding verdict. Madurai.

Court Vacations

Sir,—Dr. Kailasa Nath Katju has at the appropriate time brought the question of legal reform to the forefront and one can hope that before long he will tackle the knotty and controversial matters involved in the solution of the problem.

One matter to which he may devote a little time and attention is the closure of courts at intervals for substantially long periods. The Supreme Court has a long vacation of more than four months in a year; the High Courts in the States have long vacation for more than 3 months and the subordinate courts more than 2 months. This is indeed a relic of the past which the Britishers have left to us as a legacy. Our courts, especially, the High Courts, were manned at the beginning by English judges

and many members of the Indian Civil Service who were at the head of the judiciary in the districts were Englishmen and the long vacations were introduced to enable them to make an annual exodus to their native country. The time required for travel by sea and land to Great Britain and back and a period of resting for over a month would come to more than 3 months. Naturally, the mid-summer was chosen as the best part of the year for the exodus. With the introduction of the air services the time for travel has become reduced to a few hours or days and hence with the change of conditions, long vacations are no longer necessary.

Our Indian judges who man the highest courts in the land are not, for obvious reasons, in need of an annual exodus and they could always avail themselves of leave, as the members of the other services in the State do. As for lawyers, the vast majority of them are hit hard by the intervention of the vacations and the few at the top, with a superfluity of wealth, can always command rest and leisure by voluntary absence from court. Further, unlike in other countries we have a plethora of holidays all the year round and that is more than sufficient for the busy lawyer in need of rest.

May I request the Ministers for Law and Home to abolish all the vacations for the courts in the land as that alone will go a long way to reduce laws' delays.

Cudalore. L. MINIKSHI SUNDARAM
College For Adoni

Sir,—A college for Adoni is a long-felt need. Being situated on the Madras-Bombay railway line, Adoni is a great commercial centre and has a large and growing population. Within a radius of 50 miles it has no college and the people, especially the poor and middle classes, are denied facilities of college education. As the people of this area are not sufficiently vocal and cannot bring pressure to bear on the Government, the Government should take the initiative and step in with munificent grants and see that a secondary grade college is established in Adoni early. I also appeal to the philanthropic merchant population in and round Adoni to contribute their mite. As Adoni is a cotton and ground-nut growing tract, a contribution of one rupee per bale of cotton and per ton of ground-nuts from cotton and ground-nut merchants may be levied and collected. The rich should come forward with generous donations. G. M. GANGANNA

Special Fees In Secondary Schools

Sir,—During the last five or six years, the Department of Education in Madras

State has been trying to regularise and systematise the levy of special fees in secondary schools. Special fees are collected at the rate of about ten rupees per pupil in the lower forms, and about Rs. 16 per pupil in the higher forms. The administration of this large sum of money in every secondary school has become a problem in recent years. The tendency of most managements has been in the past to absorb the special fees into the general funds of the school and thus defeat the very purpose for which the special fees are collected.

The D. P. I. in Madras State issued a circular in May last that committees consisting of the correspondent of the school as ex-officio-president of the committees, headmaster as ex-officio-secretary and treasurer, two or three teachers connected with the activities of the particular subject for which the special fee is collected, and two pupil-representatives should be constituted for each of the following special fee funds in every secondary school, viz., literary association fee, library fee, science fee, medical inspection fee, hobbies and crafts fees, excursion and scouting, and examination fees. The issue is, how far the working of this mixed committee is practicable and feasible. Correspondents of schools are generally big busybodies, being lawyers, doctors, businessmen and landlords. Except a few, most correspondents would have neither the leisure nor the temperament to attend the meetings of the committees. Due decorum has to be observed and maintained; and free assertion of views by either teachers or pupils may not be possible, in the presence of the manager of the school. It is dangerous to attempt this democratic functioning and administration by these mixed committees. Many headmasters find it difficult to convene meetings of the several special fees committees to suit the pleasure of correspondents.

Again, the recent rules prohibit the expenditure on the celebration of school anniversaries from the literary association fees. While the purchase of prize-articles for the sports competitors from the games fund is permitted, the purchase of prize-books for the literary association competitions at the school anniversary is not permitted under the recent rules. Some schools collect donations for the celebration of school anniversaries; and others, again, meet the anniversary expenses out of the literary association fees. Discretion may be allowed so as to suit the needs of the localities. The recent orders regarding the administration of special fees need revision.

Coimbatore. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

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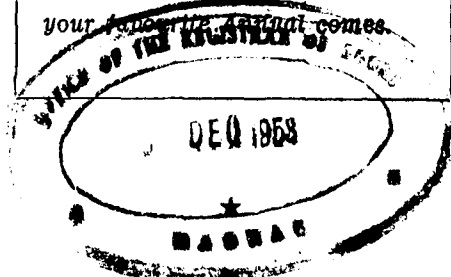
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Cut along this line

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
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SWATANTRA

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THE RIFT

BY assuming the Congress Presidentship, Pandit Nehru has put an end to discord and disharmony between the party organisation and the Government at the Centre. But in some of the States there is perpetual conflict between the heads of the Ministry and the leaders of the provincial Congress organisation. It is public knowledge that plans were laid not long ago in Tamil Nadu for getting rid of the Chief Minister. They were foiled by the intervention of the Congress President who prolonged the tenure of office of Sri Rajagopalachari by announcing that there is now no need for a fresh election of party leader in consequence of the formation of the Andhra State. It is doubtful, however, whether a superimposed rescue of this sort will be effective for any continuous period when local and regional conditions pull the other way. In the wake of Pandit Nehru's intervention the propaganda activities of the Chief Minister have become impressive. There is scarcely a day when he does not become lyrical with joy over the happiness of people for having him in their midst during his visits. To a considerable extent, propaganda has diverted energy from administration and the Chief Minister's time and attention are given to conferences and statements illustrating how pleased the people are with him instead of adding, in practical terms, to the reasons for their content. And yet, in spite of all the Chief Minister's ecstatic rejoicing and outpourings of his pride in his dear folk, it does not appear that there has been any general improvement in the economic condition of the people. There has been no diminution of the distress. The State Government has lapsed into routine administration and done little or nothing by way of planning for social benefit on a large scale to rouse the enthusiasm of the people. Neither receptions, rose garlands nor the presence of crowds to listen to speeches afford any indication of the social utility of the maker of speeches. If that were so, Sri Ramaswami Naicker must be reckoned the greatest benefactor of Tamil Nadu, because he is undoubtedly able to collect larger multitudes to hear him than anyone else not excluding the Chief Minister himself. Sri Rajagopalachari should give up the inanities and unrealities with which he is beguiling himself and others and take his stand on plans and policies that will bear the test as instruments for the spread of welfare on the widest scale.

PERHAPS one reason for the dissatisfaction of the leaders of the Congress party organisation with the heads of the Ministries is the latter's barrenness in the matter of formulating plans for considered adoption. The elementary education scheme of the Madras Chief Minister, which he seems to regard as the outstanding achievement of his regime, was never presented to the party organisation for its consideration. It arose in an *ad hoc* way, without any supporting party endorsement, and on account of this

omission, it antagonised many who might have been easily won over, for the reason that they felt their importance slighted. There is scope for a choice division of functions between Ministries and Pradesh Committee Presidents, the former initiating policies of welfare, and the latter shouldering the advocacy of such policies and fitting them into a framework of responsive constructive cooperation from the public in the countryside.

THE Congress structure seethes with quarrels because it has lapsed into mere routine leaving no work for the organisational leaders to do. Part of the deterioration in the electoral position of the Congress is due to this cause. People no longer know what benefits they can expect of the Congress in office. The Chief Minister's exhortations to be good, to pray and to believe in God emphasise only his poverty of ideas as a political leader and administrator, and they are not likely to commend the Congress regime to intelligent men who see in individual and collective exertion the seed of all progress and plenty.

Sotto Voce

ARM-CHAIR REVOLUTION



IT may be an old-fashioned prejudice; but when a man plaintively pleads, "I am a poet" or another stumps the country with the declaration, "I am a philosopher," I grow suspicious. Somehow it seems more decorous to let others put the crown of laurels on your head or the *chaddar* of honour on your shoulders, even if you cannot rise to the heights of aloofness which made Shakespeare attach more importance to the dignity of being a country gentleman or Diogenes seek refuge from tuft-hunters in his tub. The poet who is conscious of his halo and the philosopher of his mantle have usually done with poetry and philosophy. They have become politicians.

But philosophers, at any rate, are expected to be conscious of their public responsibilities; and how can they gain the ear of the public except by crying their wares? A

pertinent question. So long as they proclaim the pure milk of doctrine and are content to do battle with all comers on the intellectual arena nobody can accuse them of exhibitionism or trying to tickle the groundlings. But once they begin to address street corner meetings, on the engaging but mistaken assumption that that is the way to realise the Platonic ideal of the Philosopher-King, they will find they are at the mercy of the heckler—a phenomenon unknown to academic halls.

Of course, if you have the luck to get on the bandwagon, you can ignore, or at least pretend not to hear, the humming of the hornets in the noise of the fife and the drum. But the hornets' sting is a different matter. We have, in the Vice-President of the Indian Union a philosopher who fully believes that the Platonic ideal can be realised here and now; if it isn't, it will not be

for lack of trying on his part. But when from the exordium which promises so much you go on to the message itself, you seem to have heard it all before. Thus on the U. N. Day the voice you heard was Dr. Radhakrishnan's, but the thoughts were Mr. Nehru's.

Take this prize bit about Revolution. "Mankind," we are oracularly informed, "is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The compulsion of tradition has lost its force. Revolution is not only in the air; it is in the hearts of men." That has been the gambit of every demagogue from Cleon down to the reigning Tammany boss. But when did Revolution—with a big R—succeed, as Dr. Radhakrishnan says it must, in recreating and re-enacting "a vision of the world based on the elements of reverence, order and human dignity without which no society can be held together?"

How much of order, reverence and human dignity do we find in that country which has made the biggest Revolution up to date? Dr. Radhakrishnan admits that in Soviet Russia opposition to the State is ruthlessly suppressed. He is even prepared to concede that "we may not agree with the materialist basis of Communism or the missionary zeal (save the mark!) with which it is enforced." But we are asked to believe that "in countries where Communism is accepted, it has meant education, opportunity and living conditions which, if hard, are not harsher than those which prevailed previously." Yes, the education that exalts the party-line, the opportunity to play the spy or to be sent to Siberia and the slavery of the collective farm, compared to which the moujik's life in the Russia of the Czars was paradise itself.

"To talk to the starving peasant or the oppressed worker about personal freedom and civil liberties does not make much sense," says our philosopher. That is the logic which the apostles of World Communism have made us familiar with. It is,

to say the least preposterous, that a philosopher should be found engaging in this specious essay in 'Either-or.' Starvation and capitalist 'oppression' are undoubtedly bad. But would it be a bargain if we got rid of them by sacrificing personal freedom and civil liberties? Is freedom a dispensable luxury?

Dr. Radhakrishnan assures us that the Comrades altruistically "recognise the necessity for radical social reorganisation in those countries where abject poverty and selfish luxury exist side by side." And, of course, with them to recognise is to act—employing every means. The bourgeoisie shall bask in the comforting thought that when starvation and capitalist tyranny have been abolished the State will just wither away. (They must not believe that there is poverty or luxury in Russia—though many philosophers from Gide to Koestler may seem to think otherwise). But till that Never-neverland is reached, the benighted Asiatic, who shall be redeemed willy-nilly, must shun civil liberties like the plague. What a prospect to look forward to! And yet our St. Georges are happily looking round for half-dead dragons—Colonialism, Imperialism *et hoc* to slay.

VIGNESWARA

MUSINGS ON MONEY

How sweet is the idea of not slowly toiling and earning and putting by a little, but of adventuring and digging and picking up a lot. We are told of the ineffable sweetness of money earned by the sweat of the brow. But money earned (thinks the clerk now getting on fifty, with eight children to support) is mere payment for woes endured—the daily journey to the office, the boredom day in and day out. For that boredom you get something—the right to go on being bored. Such money is necessary stuff, like bread without much butter, dull.—RICHARD JENNINGS

SIDELIGHTS :

ON August 3 the Federation of the Press Trust of India Employees Unions observed a Demands Day. Their demands were incorporated in a Charter widely publicised at the time.

Three days later a five-member deputation of the Federation met Sri Ramnath Goenka, chairman of the PTI Board, in Bombay. Here is a brief account of what transpired in the meeting between the chairman and the deputation.

The chairman was in an uncompromising mood. "If you think my answer to your Charter is Yes, you are mistaken," he said. "You can take it that the answer is No." He added, challengingly, that "in his official capacity he was determined to follow his own line of action, and the Federation was welcome to act in whatever manner it liked."

The deputation regretted the stand taken by the chairman, but the chairman remained adamant. "You can keep your Charter," he taunted. Dr. Parulekar, who was also present, chimed in with approbating comment.

Waxing angry over the Demands Day and the suggestion of direct action conveyed in a Reuter report of it, the chairman exclaimed, "Direct action! Well, you can go ahead and take your direct action. I am prepared to preside over the liquidation of the PTI."

The next phase in the PTI struggle was in the Council of States, Delhi. Time, September 16. In the debate that occurred then on the floor of the House, Sri G. C. K. Reddi asked "whether the Government were satisfied that the PTI was now in safe hands, or whether it was being exploited for the personal advantage of some persons". Mr. K. Rama Rao demanded that the Government should "smash the racket that was now controlling the PTI". The Union Labour Minister Sri Giri answered that "as the law stood at present the PTI dispute fell within the jurisdiction of the State Governments."

Professor Ranga urged that "if the Government regarded the PTI as a national utility concern, legal and technical difficulties should not stand in the way of Government doing the right thing." The Union Minister promised that "the Government of India will not be indifferent to the interests of the PTI workers," that he will take "an abiding interest in the matter," and see "how far the law should be amended to suit the requirements of the PTI and such other organisations." Meanwhile, he advised the PTI employees to "explore every lawful and peaceful method of settling their differences with the management."

In pursuance of the Labour Minister's advice, the PTI Federation sent in the second week of this month a letter embodying proposals for settlement to the "Director-in charge" of the PTI, Sri Ramnath Goenka having left the country suddenly on a tour of Europe or America. The proposals, which were drawn up mainly on the lines indicated by the Union Labour Minister, are:

"(1) that members of the PTI Board should sit with representatives of the Federation round the table and come to a satisfactory, amicable and speedy settlement of the dispute;

"(2) that if, however, the management is not persuaded that way, a joint consultative committee of representatives of the management and the Federation be agreed to for the purposes of settlement, provided that should this consultative committee fail to come to a decision on any particular point or points, recourse is to be had to *ad hoc* arbitration; or

"(3) that the management and the Federation may make a simultaneous approach, not necessarily jointly, to the Central Labour Minister for the settlement of the dispute either through his personal intervention or through the appointment of a Central Tribunal."

These proposals are now hanging fire, and I understand that the "Director-in-charge" has asked the Federation to wait for Sri Goenka's return from his tour. Sri Goenka,

who counts among his employees the Prime Minister's son-in-law himself, has ways of getting round the resistance of Ministers and turning them round his finger, which the PTI employees, without his financial resources and dexterity in cajolery, will be powerless to circumvent. At one time he was so bent on hounding Sri Rajagopalachari into an eternal wilderness that there was no room in his office for anyone who failed to respond with enthusiasm to the ardours of his anti-C.R. crusade or endeavoured to temper the animus of it with some measure of moderation and fair play. But now the two old antagonists have made peace and each eats out of the other's hand. I suppose the politics of press magnates are as variable as the affections of administrators, and the loyalties of the two are interchangeable on the bargain counter, especially when their fortunes are precariously poised and they need each other's help to wade successfully through the uncertain factors adversely affecting their power and position. PTI men would reach their goal swifter if they depended less on the favour of the mighty and more on their own firmness and strength.

Sri Goenka worships prestige like a god and loves victory more than its yield. A large part of his authoritarian bravado is just a facade of bluff. In his dealings with journalists he has the insight of the sensitive outsider for assessing the right moment for capitulation with dignity. He is never so stern as on the very eve of a descent from an apparently unalterable fixity of purpose. I speak from knowledge of old, but one instance will suffice for the present. It occurred in August 1940 when with Sri Pothan Joseph as first in command I was Joint Editor of the *Indian Express*. The victim was Sri Velu Pillai, an excellent typist and one of the hardest working men I have ever known in a newspaper office. He was dismissed for no conceivable reason, and Sri Goenka was nowhere to be found, at home or in the office, so that every chance of a remonstrance in person was cut off. I felt impelled, in the circumstances,

to write the following letter to Sri Goenka:

Madras,
31st August 1940.

Dear Mr. Goenka,

I understand that you have dispensed with the services of Mr. Velu Pillai, giving him a month's notice.

Mr. Velu Pillai is the oldest employee of the office and has put in eight years' service. I am told by the Press Superintendent under whom he is placed that he has no complaint to make about his work.

The dismissal of an employee, especially of so many years' standing, is a very serious matter.

A newspaper is not just a commodity offered for sale. It is an institution that has to espouse justice and fight for people's rights. One of these is security of service. I feel that, as a writer, no weight can attach to any words of mine attacking injustice abroad, if worse injustices are to be tolerated inside the office. The writing of such words becomes a fraud to deceive the world. The other day I wrote a note condemning Government for dismissing the Palacole Commissioner. But your treatment of Velu Pillai beats the Government completely.

It is the duty of a public spirited journalist to leave an office where he is unable to prevent wrongs of the same kind as those against which he wields his pen publicly every day; and if you do not see your way to adhere to standards assuring security of tenure and proper treatment to the staff, I have no option but resign.

Let this resignation take effect forthwith. I shall be willing to rejoin in case you wish it if Velu Pillai is reinstated, but not otherwise. For otherwise this office will not be worthy of the services of any decent friend of the workers.

Sincerely yours,

A day after receipt of the letter, Sri Goenka asked Pothan Joseph to fix up a successor to me to carry on the office work, but Joseph seems to have said that on the issue that had arisen, his position with the staff would be prejudiced if he remained after I had left. Attempts were then made to replace both of us, but at the last minute the proprietor changed his mind. The next morning Joseph wrote to me:

Madras,
2nd September, 1940.

My dear.....

Goenka has agreed to reinstate

Velu Pillai. Kindly attend office immediately. I am enclosing Goenka's written assurance. (The written assurance was enclosed).

Yours affectionately,
POTHAN JOSEPH

Velu Pillai was taken back and after several more years of service, left the office only last year. This story has lain with me for thirteen years. I had never intended to make it public, but I am provoked to do so now by the high and mighty Churchillian ring of Sri Goenka's lofty admonition to the PTI staff. All that threatens is not however strength. It is when they are at their most aggressive, apparently occupying the very summit of unbreakable power, that humble pie waits round the corner to bring down the pride of the world's braggarts. Let not the PTI employees be daunted by the chair-

man's omnipotent poses. All that domineering exterior is the reverse side of an ambitious character rooted in a complex of inferiority. It has the spirit of fight but not enough valour. It is aware of the ineffectiveness of paper organisations. It is adept at playing on the dreads of the hard-up, and has brought many a troublesome trade union down to heel. But it has the basic sanity of the alert businessman and knows when it is to its advantage to exchange war for peace, and then it will compromise gracefully. Like all commodities in the world, every right has to be bought with a price. Valuable things cannot be had cheaply. The PTI men will win in proportion to the value they attach to their rights and the price they are prepared to pay to win them, and not through any tricks of organisational legerdemain.

SAKA

SCHOOL OF MIRACLES

CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, the BBC's correspondent in Rome, recently visited a school near the lovely Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi, a school for small boys who are doing magnificent work in proving that even when children are robbed of all normal means of communication, loving and painstaking education can transform hopeless lives into something approaching those lived by their ordinary brothers. Talking to the BBC man the Director of the Institute said that when it comes to education on abstract matters, such as the grasping of ideas about right and wrong, the deaf mutes are confronted with a colossal handicap compared with which blindness is almost negligible. The blind, as they have their rearing, can learn by repetition, and by means of Braille can often achieve great heights of education, but the deaf mute who neglects himself, is moody, sensitive, melancholic and sometimes violent, becomes so because of his enforced isolation from the human family and social existence . . .

The most moving aspect of the

school, in Serpell's opinion, was the extent to which deaf mutes regained their capacity for laughter and enjoyment. He saw silent, moody new arrivals who were unable to communicate, and then the school Scouts, laughing and lively, playing boisterous and complicated games, and hanging with eagerness on the lip movements of their leaders. The progress of the deaf mutes was most striking to a visitor but the achievements of the blind pupils were almost equally impressive. These boys, many from poor and ignorant homes, became musicians and modelers and some had produced strangely forceful sculpture born entirely from the sense of touch. Education could proceed more quickly with them but there, too, was the almost visible expansion of personality as the Institute's system took effect. The first impression was inevitably one of tragedy at the handicaps under which the children suffered, but it very soon gave place to wonder at the miracles achieved and reverence for the devotion and loving-kindness of the men who made it possible, men who were worthy successors of St. Francis.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

I QUITE enjoyed Harindranath Chattopadhyaya's recorded broadcast from Madras, 'In the Process of Quest—Pages from a Poet's Notebook'. This was a collection of stray thoughts from his own notebook, epigrammatic rather than poetic, for it was a play upon words and compressed expression that gave them effect. Here are some of them:

"Nature made me so that I may remake her."

"From root to fruit—and then, again from fruit to root!"

"The mind is a loud cockatoo."

"Life alone is the deciding factor of Life."

"The rainbow silently laughs at the artist's box of paints."

There was a conceit that I thought rather clever, how the captive tiger can seek escape from the bars of its cage but cannot escape the bars of its stripes.



That sort of thing can be fatiguing, after a while, but the versatile Mr. Chattopadhyaya used melodramatic tonal inflections to sustain his broadcast. Just as I was losing interest, a burst of authentic poetry surprised and roused me.

"How long will you chip me and chop me?" the wood asks the carpenter.

"The day is not far off when I shall burn those very hands to ashes!"

This was followed by a similar sentiment, with the mud telling the potter who is kneading it (underfoot) that

the day is not far off when it shall lie over him (bury him). This, surely, is from a true poet's notebook—some six hundred years old. Kabir's well-known couplet runs:

"Why do you trample upon me?" the clay asks the potter,

"One day it shall so happen that I shall trample you underfoot!"

Some writers, apparently, do not mind snipping a bit out of someone else's book and pasting it into their own—that, too, is a service to poetry, if the snipped bit is well chosen.

During its introduction and afterwards a number of eminent jurists, lawyers and experts on taxation have explained the Indian Estate Duty Bill to the public. I thought Mr. V. K. Narasimhan's talk (from A. I. R. Madras, on the night of October 17) the most balanced and considered exposition of the bill I had heard or read. It is not easy to explain or criticise a bill like this, for though very similar taxation has currency elsewhere its repercussions on our social and economic systems cannot be predicted accurately, and some of its provisions are complex. Mr. Narasimhan was admirably succinct in his account of the bill and its background, and its possible effects on our joint families and private enterprise, especially on small partnership business. In a country where the money-maker has sometimes a dozen others to support, his estate is all that can sustain them if the support falls prematurely; and the low-fixed taxable mark on Mitakshara joint-families may well affect domestic and business values adversely.

SO many distinguished persons have spoken and are to speak in the National Programme series, 'The Future of Education in India,' that it sounds as if A. I. R. is conducting a patrician plebiscite on the issue. Airing his views on the subject on October 21, Mr. K. M. Munshi was less cautious than his predecessors—and, quite possibly, his successors as well.

He began promisingly with the remark that though much had been planned and discussed and pointed out, nothing had been achieved beyond "indiscriminate expansion." The popular hunger for education was a healthy sign (I use Mr. Munshi's own words), but it would never do to allow it to feed on what it got. He went on to say many things that were constructive and say them well, but in between came out with pronouncements that were either desperately far-fetched or else uninformed and opinionated. Listening to him I wished the Duchess had dug her sharp chin into his shoulder and not Alice's, and whispered, "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." Too often Mr. Munshi seemed led by the sounds.

First, let me repeat that many of the points he made were acute and convincing. He realised the urgent need to stabilise rural culture in rural schools and stop the townward migration of the best young men from the villages—there is a rural economic betterment angle to this problem, but as Mr. Munshi pointed out, one could not be comprehensive in a brief talk. He gave an objective bias to Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's primary education scheme (at a higher age level also) by suggesting that "every student in an urban area should spend a part of his educational time in practical training with registered artisans, craftsmen, in workshops, factories and business houses." In saying this Mr. Munshi overlooked the fact that it is unsound to trust vocational experts, untrained in educational methods, with the instruction of school children—previously, he had appreciated a similar need when he spoke of how teachers in rural schools should be trained in certain ways and develop "a sense of mission to stop rural disintegration." But his suggestion for urban vocational training was a compromise formula, put forward because vocational and technical schools were too costly, and anyway his idea is far sounder than the

Madras scheme which crams book-lore into children for half the day, and lets them drift for the other half, evading educational responsibility.

I LIKED Mr. Munshi's criticism of the uncoordinated educational policy of the country and the way things were allowed to drift—though I am certain that the regimentation of education on a national scale, without sufficient liberty for regional variations, will be disastrous. I liked Mr. Munshi's insistence on our native culture at all levels of education. And most of all I liked what he said about secondary education being an end in itself and not a stepping-stone to a degree, and about how an university degree should not be a passport to governmental employment. Manual and vocational training are good in all ordinary education, but today, when the money-earning value of education is so madly overstressed, it is heartening to hear anyone say boldly that education is also an end in itself and an equipment for a finer appreciation of life. Shrewdly Mr. Munshi pointed out that once a degree ceased to be a passport to a government job, our colleges would be less congested.

On certain points I was unable to follow him, when he spoke of the moral and religious rekindling that should light the education of the future. What is wrong with the morality of education today? How and why is it poorer than in the past? And, if "No country can have a godless education" and produce noble youth, does Mr. Munshi envisage a compulsory theistic slant to education in future? I don't think that is quite the idea behind the religious freedom that our Constitution seeks to create.

It is when considering how ably Mr. Munshi spoke on many aspects of education that one is surprised at the remoteness and lack of information of some of his remarks. I have known Mr. Munshi come out with wild and woolly statements before, but that was when he was India's

Food Minister and spoke of our wild life and domestic stock, things about which he knew nothing, obviously. That cannot be cited now, in a review of his latest broadcast—I refer to it only to say that he was speaking as an expert this time. Mr. Munshi was introduced at this broadcast as "an eminent educationist." This is what the eminent educationist had to say on the aim of future education in India:

"In the ultimate analysis, this aim would lead to certain definite objectives which the new education would seek to achieve, namely, first: (A) To develop and maintain physical and mental vigour in the student; to heighten his zest for living by hard physical labour; (B) to teach him how to command the respect and affection of all with whom he comes into contact; to recognise the broad aspects of social life; and to hold values that are above material gain; (C) to equip him so that he can win freedom from want through an honourable vocation and work for a better economic order; and (D) to develop in him the passion to fight for the right and to release spiritual energy by high aspiration and consecrated work."

Shall we add another clause, as follows: "(E) to develop a pair of superior, iridescent wings in his scapular region so that he need not crowd the buses in these days of congested public transport; to develop a powerful, luminous halo around his head that will save midnight oil and municipal electricity; to endow him, generally, with an aura of superhumanity about his person."

That, of course, may be just an oratorical effort, not meant to be taken too seriously (I often suspect that the cliché, "In the ultimate

analysis," is an invariable preface to such an effort), but how about Mr. Munshi's totally unjustified condemnation of the teaching profession today and current university standards? As one grows old, there is a tendency to exaggerate the worth of the education of one's studenthood—many of us, I am sure, can remember matriculate uncles and other elders who assured us solemnly, when we were graduating, "The Old Matriculation is equal to the Modern B. A." Allow for all this, but by what right or information does Mr. Munshi say that the present class of pedagogues is less devoted to its calling, more perfunctory, or less efficient than in his days? He was dead right when he spoke of those who teach as men who enjoy few rewards; they do not merit this aspersion on their integrity in addition. The schoolmaster today is more human and less magnificently terrifying than in the old days, but that is not a fault: often, he is much better equipped to teach.

SPEAKING of how university standards are being depressingly lowered these days, Mr. Munshi was again factually out. He himself stressed the need for scientific education in modern times, and scientific education has made great strides at Indian universities in recent times. If he had a particular university in mind in speaking of low standards, he should have stated this and not indulged in a sweeping generalisation. The fact remains that in most universities the science staff has been augmented with the best available people, that the scientific education provided is far better than in my days and ten times as good, qualitatively, as in Mr. Munshi's days.

To be educated, a man or boy or girl must want to be educated. This means that anything which hides this fact from the young is a foe of education. Further, the importance of wanting to be educated cannot be disclosed by anyone except those who want the same thing. Thus the only good teachers are people who still regard themselves as learners, who are determined to continue the learning process for themselves throughout their lives. Possibly, for this reason, Socrates is still the natural type of the true educator—a man whom the Oracle called the wisest man in Athens, simply because he thought himself in need of education.—MANAS

A DAY WITH SARDAR

By K. M. MUNSHI

MANY have paid tribute to Sardar; I have also done so, on occasions; but few have given us a picture of the real Sardar as he lived and moved and had his being in the different circumstances of life. It is necessary that we should have such pictures of this great, indomitable man, who was throughout in the vanguard of freedom's battle; who when freedom came integrated India and stood four-square against the forces of disruption.

It is January of '41. The climate of Poona is as cold and exhilarating as it can be.

We are all living in the political ward of the Yeravada Prison: Sardar, Bhulabhai, Kher, Mangalabhai Pakvasa, Gilder, Nurie, L. M. Patil and myself. The leader of the little community is, of course, Vallabh-bhai. He cannot help dominating all situations unless Gandhiji is present.

I am a late riser, rarely getting up before 7.45 a.m. The Sardar, however, is up and about by 5 a.m.

Sardar has taken complete charge of our welfare. In one spare room, he keeps all the edibles; it is his unquestioned realm. No one is allowed even to look in without permission. There, in different cupboards, he keeps in neat rows pots full of ghee, milk, curds and spices in fact, everything that is needed to meet our appetite and taste.

The first thing that Sardar does is to get the milk, he then puts the stove on a table, lights it and prepares tea for himself. He remains standing behind the table preparing tea or milk for the rest of us. But we get up at different times; from Kher who rises at about 6, to Nurie who gets up after 8. Sardar knows exactly the time when each one of us will be ready for his tea; and if we should be late, we are ordered to pull ourselves out of bed and have our tea. At 7.45, for instance, his call comes: "Munshi, your tea is ready" and I promptly bundle my-

self out of bed. He also knows just the right strength of tea and the exact quantity of sugar which each of us likes; and none of us dare to change our taste or appetite.

Nurie comes last and has his two cups of tea; we all sit or stand at the table, while Sardar chats to us, tells stories, using his inexhaustible fund of verbal puns.

The morning tea is over and I am not sure how many cups Sardar and each of us have taken. We then disperse for our exercises and bath.

At about 10 a.m. Bhandari, the Inspector-General of Prisons, comes. He is very nervous; he does not know how he will be received by Sardar. On many days Sardar is extremely pleasant; when he wants he can be fascinating. But on others, he makes fun of Bhandari. Sometimes he is curt and sarcastic and the helpless Bhandari does not know how to escape. His prestige crumbles to pieces when Sardar's scathing remarks make him look small before his subordinates.

I have known Bhandari since 1931 when he was Superintendent of the Nasik Jail and I, its inmate. Later, it fell to my lot to appoint him Inspector-General of Prisons.

Whenever Sardar assumes an angry look, Bhandari invites me to his office and piteously appeals to me to come to his rescue. "You know, Mr. Munshi, I am a Government Officer; I have my sympathy with politicians, and particularly you, the leaders. But I have my duty to perform. Will you not please tell him to have some consideration for me?"

IN the evening one day a jailor comes to say that our mosquito nets are torn and will not be available for the night. "Go to the bazaar and buy new ones" orders the Sardar. "New ones have been ordered", replies the jailor, "but have not yet arrived." Sardar, in his most emphatic way says: "Go and tell



Sardar Patel

Bhandari I did not come here of my own accord. He brought me here. If he cannot provide mosquito nets, open the door and I will go. I shall come back when the mosquito nets arrive". He then turns to us and says: "Why does he keep us here if

he has no mosquito-nets?"

In the mouth of any other man, this may appear to be a joke or bluff; but Sardar invests his remarks with such an air of decisiveness that the man reels. The jailor goes to the Inspector-General and reports

that Sardar wants the door of the jail opened as there are no mosquito-nets. Within an hour mosquito-nets arrive for us.

It is 10 a.m. The *Times of India* and the *Bombay Chronicle* are brought. Sardar sets a chair for himself in the sunshine and begins to read; two or three of us join him, for his reading of the daily newspapers is accompanied by spicy and picturesque comments. As he reads the war news, he makes a comment or two for our benefit. I am an Anglophile and if anything happens to the British in the war, his voice rings out: "Munshi, your English are at the bottom of the sea." If the English win somewhere, some one suffering from Anglophobia is accosted appropriately.

I take my bath, do my *dhyān* and *svādhyāya*, afterwards write something or visit Bhulabhai.

By 11 a.m. Sardar is busy preparing our meal. None of us can share the mysteries of the chamber where he and one or two 'C' class prisoners prepare things for us to eat.

Sardar cooks very well; but his strong point is milk and curds; particularly the latter. Every night he lovingly puts the *mattha* (butter-milk) into the milk. In the morning the different *pots* are divided with care into fresh curds, second best curds and the really sour curds.

Sardar is the absolute monarch of the mysterious chamber. One day, some friends come to interview one of us and bring a large quantity of sweets. In the absence of Sardar, the recipient of the sweets enters the sacred chamber and puts them away in one of the cupboards. Naturally, the sweets attract endless hosts of voracious ants, who impartially attack sweets, milk and curds. When Sardar returns to find his sacred precinct thus violated, he is furious. He expresses unequivocally his impatience with friends and relations of political prisoners who think that they have nothing to do but eat sweets all day. His biting sallies are also shot at people who like sweets; people who go about inviting ants. The ants also come in for a few caustic remarks; I do

not know whether they hear them and take offence; but the friend who lodged the sweets so unceremoniously is very unhappy. There is a major outburst at the dinner table. Sardar coolly hands over the sweets to 'C' class prisoners and for a whole day the chamber of mystery is washed and cleaned till not a trace is left of the invading ants.

By 12 noon we are ready for the midday meal. Sardar has everything brought out and meticulously arranged. He then sits down in front of the food and like a mother begins to serve it to us. He knows exactly what each one of us likes and presses us, by cajolery, flattery, ridicule or coercion to eat more than we do.

His diet is simple; he dislikes variety in and the refinements of the culinary art. But he enjoys a hearty meal and wants us to enjoy too. And once Sardar presses us to eat something more, it becomes difficult to say 'No'. He says it with such concern that it looks almost unfilial not to submit to a pressure so affectionately made. But some of us later pay dearly for this filial submission.

I suffer from an incapacity to eat more than an extremely limited quantity. Naturally, therefore, the one and a half hour meal under Sardar's supervision is an ordeal for me. I accept everything that is offered, but eat just a small amount and praise the stuff in fulsome terms. Sardar's standing joke is that I am like the man who advertises his wares but cannot use them himself. The joke varies every day by bringing in a variety of persons who carry on such a profession.

ONE day I am guilty of high treason. The previous day I had told everybody that tomato-cocktail makes a very fine drink and that I know how to make it. The next day, with the assistance of one of the 'C' class prisoners I try to prepare cocktail; but with my inaptitude, the wretched thing is not ready exactly at the time Sardar comes to take the presidential seat at the midday meal. Immediately a fusillade of half-humorous, half-caustic

remarks is fired at tomatoes, cock-tails and the incapables who cannot prepare food. I can hardly control my temper; but no sooner the meal starts, Sardar is as pleasant as ever. I think we all enjoyed the cocktail; but I decide never again to encroach upon the culinary jurisdiction of Sardar.

After the midday meal, we all retire to our rooms; I for a little nap. Sardar also has a nap, after which he casually reads one of the three or four Gujarati books which he has in his room; I am glad to find two of them are my novels.

Then the Charkha Club begins its sittings and ceremonial spinning continues for about a couple of hours. I decline to join the Charkha Club.

WHEN I first went to jail, I took to spinning; but writing being my pet hobby, I could not bring myself to spending all my time on spinning.

In 1932-33 I became a victim of acute neuritis of the right hand; I could not so much as hold a pen, much less turn a charkha. So in 1940, I take only to token spinning in jail. I place the charkha in front of me, put the watch on the ground; and like a loyal soldier turn the spinning wheel for exactly ten long minutes. Every few seconds the thread snaps; more often than not the charkha goes out of gear and the prescribed time is cut short. The threads which I spin are a cross between a thin rope and a two-count thread—if there is such a one.

By 3.30 p.m. Sardar is at the table again, ready for 4 O'clock tea. Obediently we reach the tea-table to time, we are served tea to our taste and have most pleasant conversation. Provided he wants to, no one can be more pleasant than Sardar.

Immediately after tea, Sardar busies himself for about half an hour and then walks up and down the verandah.

At about 4.30 Bhulabhai pays a return visit to my room and under the pact which we have made, we read the *Gita* together. Bhulabhai, being a student of Persian, has little idea of the *Gita*, and as I read, his

comments are sometimes cynical beyond words. Sardar overhears some of them as he walks up and down the verandah and immediately after our *Gita* reading, steps in to know all that has been said. Then he says: "You are disobeying Sri Krishna; did He not say: Do not read my message to those who scoff at me?"

Sardar is fond of the *Gita*, but in his own way. He does not worry about its philosophical aspects; he concerns himself only with its inspiration; sometime during the day I see him reading it to himself. And in some rare moments I discover that he has a deep, though inarticulate faith in God.

At 4.30 p.m. Sardar's peripatetic discourses begin in the yard; we each take a turn as his companion. I find this privilege highly interesting. We discuss the effect and bearing of the latest war incidents; then we drift into discussing Indian politics, our politicians, their habits, their outlook. On every one of these topics Sardar has some remarks to offer, half-humorous, half-caustic, but each of them disclosing shrewd insight into the man or the situation. Sardar always has pleasant anecdotes to tell about everybody. His laugh is infectious; he enjoys a good joke as few can, but never at his own cost, unlike Gandhiji.

I divide my evening walk between Sardar and Bhulabhai. Bhulabhai by temperament and outlook is scarcely fitted for the semi-monastic life and is not quite happy. But I am his old pupil and during that hour, the *guru* and *shishya* exchange a lot of comments which, outside a bar library, would appear shocking.

After the walk we pray. We chant the multi-lingual, all-religion prayer used by Gandhiji at his daily prayer meetings, verses from the *Gita*, the *Qoran*, the *Gatha*; then *bhājans*. The prayer is conducted under a venerable mango tree, and for the moment we are fully in tune with the Master.

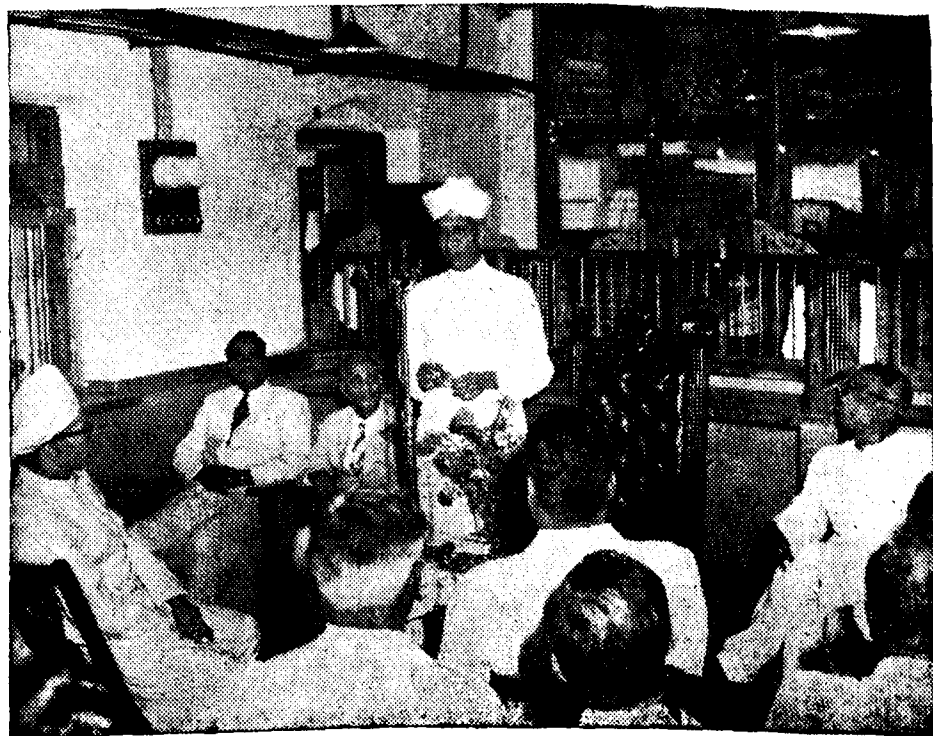
At 7.30 p.m. we dine. Dinner is a smaller edition of the midday meal; but somehow our hilarity tends to disappear with the setting sun.

SARDAR is a tireless walker; he is on his legs for possibly eight hours during the day. After dinner, he resumes his walk. On most days I keep him company; others are in their rooms reading or spinning. During this hour the monastic atmosphere lifts. Sardar reveals autobiographical details; tells anecdotes and experiences of his pre-Gandhian days. Knowledge of his experiences both as a lawyer and man, comes as a surprise to me; for I have come to know him well as a great leader only in recent years.

Vallabhbhai is in a sense an ascetic; his life is as simple as a peasant's; his wants are few. His impulses are always under complete control. But he knows life in all its aspects and appreciates its variety and richness. His pre-Gandhian anecdotes, however, are reserved for a few; I had the privilege of being one of them.

Sardar remembers a few snatches of old popular Gujarati songs and during the evening hour, he sings them and we have a jolly good time. At quarter to nine he retires. By 9 p.m. he is fast asleep.

In March I fall seriously ill; a very severe form of colitis keeps me half unconscious during the best part of the day. Gilder acts as both physician and nurse; Sardar is as devoted as a mother. Several times during the day he comes into my room, sees that my comforts are attended to and says a few cheering words. In the more critical stage of this attack, he comes to my room once or twice at night; his enquiries are solicitous. Eventually the attack is considered by the Government to be too serious to retain me within prison walls, and I am carried out on a stretcher. Sardar accompanies me to the jail gate and—was it my fancy?—his eyes are moist.



Dr. S. Radhakrishnan at the premises of the Madras Corporation Officials' Co-operative Bank in Ripon Buildings, Madras

THE CASE OF THE LOUD TALKING CONSPIRACY

By ANDREW ROTH

IT is hard to conceive of a conspiracy started by loud talk. But I started the ball rolling on the 'Amerasia' case—allegedly a conspiracy—by talking too loud.

One day in 1944 I was passing through the Far Eastern division of the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, where I held down the Japanese Fleet desk. A colleague in China division called me over. He had been reading the current issue of *Amerasia*, a leftwing magazine specializing in Asian affairs with a circulation of some 3,000. He asked me what I knew about Kate Mitchell and Philip Jaffe, who were then editing it. I had worked as research assistant to Kate Mitchell during my summer vacation in 1941 and had become friendly with both of them.

I told my interested Navy colleague that both Miss Mitchell and Mr. Jaffe were well-to-do leftwing intellectuals with a specialized knowledge and interest in the Far East. Miss Mitchell had, for some time, been an assistant to Edward Carter, of the International Secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Jaffe had come to the Far East after a considerable success in the business world, where he had organized a highly profitable mail-order greeting card firm. Although a successful businessman he always longed for the academic career he had abandoned. In the early 'thirties he began to take a serious interest in Marxist theories and gave learned lectures to conventions of mail-order businessmen telling them that they were in a parasitic field which would fall with the inevitable crisis of capitalism.

Jaffe's special interest in the Far East developed when his cousin married a brilliant young leftwing Chinese economist in exile, Dr. Chi Ch'ao-ting, now a top functionary in the People's Bank of China in Peking.

In 1937 this interest led Jaffe, Owen Lattimore and T. A. Bisson to visit the Chinese Communist capital at Yen-an, later to be the Mecca for so many foreign correspondents.

I liked Jaffe, although he could be a destructive critic, seemingly willing to see the worst in people. I attributed this partly to the immigrant-boy-makes-good struggle through which he had passed. He was also resentful that academic Far Eastern specialists with half his brains cold-shouldered him because he had been a success in business before 'invading' their field. During the war he felt more than a bit 'out of it' because virtually everyone in the Far Eastern field—including youngsters like myself—were in the 'thick of it' in Washington while he and Miss Mitchell remained out of it in New York. With virtually all the other former members of the Editorial Board of *Amerasia* in Government service, Jaffe and Miss Mitchell edited the magazine themselves.

Jaffe would come down to Washington fairly regularly and we would usually have lunch or dinner together during his stay and exchange gossip and ideas about the Far Eastern field. He had a warm and flexible intelligence, his Marxist ideas tempered by his capitalist experience. He was then writing his *New Frontiers in Asia*, whose theme was that the future prosperity of America was based on free Asian states with expanding economies. I enjoyed throwing up ideas to him and have them torn to pieces. I also gave him copies of chapters of my *Dilemma in Japan* which half a dozen other people were reading and criticizing.

I was just telling my inquiring Navy colleague about Jaffe's inordinate interest in Chinese political figures when I could see his neighbour's ears prick up. It was this

overhearing of my conversation which launched the famous 'Amerasia case.'

The eavesdropper was another specialist in the China division of Naval Intelligence, E. S. ('Jimmy') Larsen, whom I scarcely knew except as the smiling and chipper civilian specialist whose chief preoccupation was a box of drawers stuffed with filing cards. These were the famous 'personality cards' largely on Chinese political figures.

When he heard me mention that Jaffe was interested in Chinese politicians, Larsen said he would like to meet him. I said I would try to arrange a lunch the next time Jaffe was in Washington.

Although Larsen and Jaffe were about the same age—both in their late 'forties—I was surprised to see how well they hit it off when they did meet. Jaffe was thoroughly political and intellectual and Larsen was neither. But they were both fascinated by the subject of Chinese political figures and could spend hours discussing the most obscure warlord.

Larsen was thrilled to find someone equally interested in his consuming hobby of collecting detailed chit-chat about Chinese political figures. Even before Larsen entered Naval Intelligence in the late '30s he had had a substantial number of 'personality cards.' He had added to it considerably, largely out of classified intelligence materials but partly from 'open' materials.

Jaffe was not only interested in someone who shared his own enthusiasm for secondary Chinese political figures. He was even more enthusiastic about someone who felt compelled to know how important he was by confiding 'inside stories.' Larsen was a curious character. Although an American citizen of Danish origin he had spent most of his life, from about the age of three, in China. He had worked for the British-American Tobacco Company and for the Chinese postal administration. He not only spoke Chinese fluently but had taken on much of the comprador psychology of the

Chinese who served the Westerners in the great port cities. These go-betweens frequently lost their Chinese culture and morality without mastering Western culture and morality.

The 'Case' Begins

WHEN I learned that Larsen agreed to sell Jaffe a copy of all the information on his 'personality cards' I was in a quandary. Strictly speaking, it was a violation of security. But it was only more systematic and wholesale than the spasmodic but large-scale 'leaks' and declassifications which were going on generally in Washington during the war.

From the security point of view Washington was a mess during the war. The U. S. has no British-style Official Secrets Act and security ranged from the ridiculous to the dangerous. Over-zealous officers would write a covering letter introducing a newspaper clipping and stamp it "Confidential" or "Secret." To ridicule this sort of over-simplification I had a stamp made: "SUPER-SECRET: DESTROY BEFORE READING."

At the other end there were dangerous security violations. The one which springs to my mind—since I spent my first eighteen months in Washington working on cracking the Japanese communications code—was the *Chicago Tribune's* famous unpunished security violation. Its correspondent cabled, during the Midway Battle—the turning point of the Pacific naval war—the exact names of the whole Japanese fleet we were engaging. Since even the most accurate aerial reconnaissance could only tell the class of vessel and not its name this story was a dead giveaway to any Japanese counter-intelligence agent in Portugal, Mexico or anywhere else that we had read the coded cables giving the exact composition of the Japanese fleet which was to attack Midway. In fact it was only because we had 'cracked' the Japanese code that we were able to slow the Japanese fleet down and start to turn it back in the dark days of 1942-43. In short this *Chicago*

Tribune story endangered one of our best weapons—our ability to read a substantial amount of Japanese military and naval communications. But the *Chicago Tribune* was never punished.

On political questions, of course, there was infinitely more leakage. A cabinet officer, in rivalry with another cabinet officer, would 'leak' information to some columnist like Drew Pearson over lunch. Various columnists became known for their 'pipelines' to various departments. Thus, when Constantine Brown of the *Evening Star* disclosed something not usually known it could be guessed that it was 'leaked' to him by someone in Military Intelligence.

I myself felt that it was important to distinguish between the leakage of political information and military information. I was furious to find one morning in the *New York Times* the estimates of the Japanese fleet strength which I, as head of the Japanese Fleet desk in the Far Eastern Division of the Office of Naval Intelligence, had circulated a few days earlier with a 'Secret' classification. I wondered which of the former Naval Academy classmates of Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times* had fed him the information.

Larsen's Blackmail

WHATEVER my feeling about Larsen's violation of security on primarily political matters, there was nothing much I could do about it. Late in 1944 he shifted from Naval Intelligence to the State Department and he had succeeded in taking his 'personality cards' with him as "personal property." When the Marine Colonel who headed the Far Eastern division of Naval Intelligence attempted to stop him, Larsen told me proudly, he had used thinly-concealed blackmail. According to Larsen's version he threatened the division chief: "There is a Congressional committee meeting to investigate who was responsible for our unpreparedness at Pearl Harbour

(when the Japanese attacked unexpectedly). I seem to remember that after Pearl Harbour there were lots of documents warning about an attack which were burned in this office. If I cannot take my 'personality files' with me to the State Department, I will present this information to the Congressional committee." The hard-bitten Marine Colonel—with a chest full of campaign ribbons—capitulated rather than face a Congressional committee. Larsen was permitted to take along his files as "personal possessions."

This action made it very difficult for me to complain. In effect the head of my office had de-classified all of the material in Larsen's files by allowing them to be described as "personal possessions." In addition, by himself capitulating to Larsen's blackmail it was almost impossible for him to prefer charges against Larsen. Any complaint, therefore, would make Jaffe the scapegoat for a violation by Larsen. Yet, under Navy rules I would have to submit a complaint through my chief who had already tied his hands by submitting to blackmail.

I was not, to be honest, particularly anxious to 'cross' a man who had shown in other ways his streak of ruthlessness and amorality. Knowing my sympathy for the Chinese he boasted to me of having gotten rid of one Assistant U. S. Military Attache in Chungking whom he considered to be anti-Chinese because of the chauvinistic way in which he wrote his dispatches. Larsen simply took one of these dispatches and showed it to the wife of Chinese Ambassador in Washington. The Military Attache was immediately recalled as "persona non grata." Probably he has not known until today just what hit him.

Immersed in the effort to finish my *Dilemma in Japan* before my pending transfer to Pearl Harbour, I put these things out of my mind. I thought that if two men almost twice my age wanted to be foolish it was their own affair. Little did I know..

"The infinite in man is not satisfied by the fashion of the finite world that passes away.—Radhakrishnan"

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN CANADA

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

TORONTO: North of the U. S. border, an amazing and dramatic thing is happening—namely, the rebirth of a great nation that for too long has slumbered in the shadow of the U. S. A. and Great Britain.

I became aware of it when the clerk at the hotel news stand accepted my dollar bill and demanded an extra five cents. That was in a week when the Canadian dollar brought \$1.03½ American at the banks, though individuals making change ignored the fractions and took a nickel straight. The clerk smiled as she accepted the nickel—a peculiar smile, like triumph tried on for size.

I got to know that smile well as I travelled across Canada. With it invariably came the question: "How do you Americans like having the cheaper dollar?"

You couldn't blame them. As long as any of us remember, the Canadian merchant has been on the short end of such currency transactions. Two years ago, his broad green dollar bought 90 cents worth of the American dollar. Across the border in the States, you felt like a petty thief when you attempted to pass a Canadian dime. The shoe at last has moved to the other foot. In world councils, Canada has not yet begun to throw her full weight around, but her voice seems to have grown amazingly firm.

The prestige of the Canadian dollar in the world's hard money markets is no freak or accident. It is a visible, tangible result of what has been happening in the last dozen years north of the 4,000 miles of the undefended frontier of U. S. The vast, lonely land which shares the North American Continent with the U. S.—the third largest country in the world—is stirring at last, like a great bear ending its hibernation. It is moving in all directions, tapping

its wealth of essential oil and precious metals, harnessing the tremendous power of its rivers and lakes, making goods, selling these goods throughout the world.

From the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle there is the heady excitement of destiny finally catching up. The plane motor, the pneumatic drill, the carpenter's hammer are beating out the rhythm of Canada's new national anthem. Few events in the 20th century have been more dramatic or portentous.

Something like it happened in the U. S. when the last frontiers were opened, but that took a whole century. This is moving faster and with less pain, since it is not hit-and-miss stumbling toward fortune, nor even a by-product of production for national defense. Rather, it is a planned operation, unique in history, performed by a Government acting jointly with business, to develop the country's natural resources and industrial power. Billions of American dollars are tied up in it, and American hopes. That, too, is unique. U. S. is helping a possible competitor to grow strong and great.

The present boom is reaching every income level. Fortunes are being made not only in minerals and oil, but by people who merely have goods and services to sell.

"Have you heard of Bonnyville?" I asked a Montreal clothing manufacturer. I was referring to one of the overnight oil-boom towns in Alberta, a couple of thousand miles across the continent.

"Of course," he replied. "We sold ten dozen women's skirts there last week."

"I've been in the mattress business for 30 years," another businessman said. "But I'm taking my big gamble now, building a large new factory."

Sears-Simpson is spreading a department store chain continent-

wide, since thrifty Canadians at last have money to spend. They are buying more meat, cheese, coffee, ice-cream than ever before; equipping their homes with mechanical refrigerators, washing machines, television sets. And Toronto is completing a subway. An entire nation is dazzled and proud, and more than a little surprised at itself. It has waited long for this day.

There are reasons for this waiting. I learned one of them on a Trans-Canada plane going West. The businessman seated next to me was bound for Vancouver, on the Pacific Coast. Against the roar of the motors we discussed what was going on in the land—the opening of rich iron deposits on the Quebec-Labrador border, the uranium prospecting in Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, the oil flooding the prairie provinces the plans to start the St. Lawrence Seaway, the huge new factories.

"Why did you wait so long for all this to happen?" I asked.

"Perhaps we just liked things as they were," he shrugged. "We are cautious. Canada was settled by conservative people, you know. They developed a pattern of life, comfortable, pleasant, unadventurous. We've had little of the creative discontent which pushed you ahead in the States. We liked our traditions, our ways."

He smiled. "The sons and grandsons of our pioneers didn't look North. They looked South. They emigrated to the States. Or they worked at desk jobs, when they could, for American firms. The blood of the pioneers thinned out."

"And where will you get your pioneers now?" I inquired.

He smiled again. "You'll send them to us most probably."

He may be right. "If I were a young man," Bernard Baruch said recently, "I'd go to Canada." Young men are listening to him.

Within the last one hundred years, Canada took in 7,200,000 immigrants, but 3,000,000 persons left to enter the U. S. Some of the Dominion's most gifted young people went, seeking the greener pastures across the

border. But within the last year, the trend has reversed. 5,000 former Canadians last year decided things were really better at home and the time had come to go back. These former residents together with the number of Americans emigrating to Canada at last equalled the number of Canadians coming to U. S.

Yet the population of this half-continent was still a mere 14,000,000 and the Dominion still was debating whether to open its doors. In the middle of last year, with the boom at its peak, a country-wide Gallup poll revealed that only the prairie provinces wanted more immigrants. The land of settled habits had still not accepted its destiny.

But at Saskatoon, in the heart of the prairies directly north of Montana and North Dakota, an engineer gave me a different answer. "Why did we wait so long?" he echoed my question. "We had to. Geography. We couldn't get to the places where our wealth was. Canada's big, you know—it is even bigger than the U. S. The plane made it possible to cover all this area. Without it, we couldn't have licked our terrain."

"See here"—he pointed to a map—"we're building a railroad up to Ungava. Planes carry in bulldozers and cement. They leap-frog from airstrip to airstrip along the line of the road. They bring the uranium miners fresh meat, fresh vegetable, fruit, milk; and they bring the ore out. And the helicopter. It gets into the mountain passes, drops the workmen supplies. There's no longer a spot we can't reach." His eyes sparkled. "We're a careful people, slow moving and slow-reacting. But we're beginning at last to comprehend what this means. We're making history. Our sons should have a wonderful future in this land."

"Everywhere, the land is burgeoning with activity and opportunity. At the head of the Douglas Channel, one of the inlets of the British Columbia coastline, the Aluminium Company of Canada is building what may become the world's largest aluminium plant. To achieve this 2,000 men are tunneling a mountain at Kemano to create a cavern to house

a dynamo; they are changing the course of a river and chain of lakes with a 300 foot dam to tap the water through the mountain to form a man-made waterfall 16 times the height of Niagara. On the Quebec-Labrador border, close to iron mines believed to be richer than Michigan's Mesabi range, there may be, by the end of next year, a city of considerable size. In Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, uranium is king. Oil spurts from the rich earth of Alberta. A pipeline is being drawn from there through the Rockies to our Pacific Coast. It moves fast and fantastically. Everything is fantastic. Take Edmonton in the foothills of the Rockies, for example. "How big is your city?" an Edmontonian was asked. Unblushingly, he answered. "As big as Chicago. But most of it is just being built."

I flew westward over desolate prairie to Edmonton; and I saw first, in the dark, the flares of burning oil

waste on the hill slopes and then the neon of a sprawling city.

I came down at a commercial airport ringed by airforce barracks, a fueling stop now on the sky route to Thule, our new air base at the top of the world. The silver planes—landing, taking off, droning overhead—carried not only uranium ore from the Great Slave Lakes deposits and men bent on making million dollar fortunes quickly.

Fifty years ago, Edmonton was a picturesque fur-trading post, with a population of 2,000 including Indians. Today it cannot pause to count numbers. There may be a quarter million, there may be more. Silver oil pumps cluster like giant shocks of wheat on its outskirts; the steel framework of a \$54,000,000 chemical plant is rising upon its plains. The Hudson's Bay Trading Company is a great department store, glittering with glass and chrome. Around it, on Jasper Avenue, are fashionable apparel shops.

RENOVATION OF RAYALASEEMA

By

P. V. C. RAO

THE Deccan plateau has since the 19th century been the target of famine and pestilence, and Rayalaseema along with the Bombay Carnatic suffered the most, situated as they are in the rain shadow region of the Western Ghats and the Vindhya range. A scrutiny of the revenue records relating to the agricultural and non-agricultural lands of these regions reveals to us the creeping death that was slowly engulfing the populace.

The history of these regions is embedded in the geological history of the landscape. The Vindhya Range in the North and the Western Ghats in the West squeezed these regions into a bottle-neck with a gaping hollow on one side. Bijapur was the granary of the Deccan in Adilshah's reign and Rayalaseema has been the crown of the Vizianagar

empire. Both these areas harboured the finest of civilizations that the world had ever known and the proverbial honey and milk had actually flown in the guise of the smiling streams. Trade and commerce flourished, and Vizianagar was famous for its sturdy army.

But today we face an entirely different picture. The only living emblem at Bijapur is its Golghummut, the monumental tomb of the seven echoes, which stands as Adilshah's gift to posterity. There are the Humpl ruins to glorify the land. These two emblems remain as a spur to succeeding generations to probe into the reasons that brought about this grotesque and fatal transformation in the life of these regions. It is not merely a change due to decaying dynasties in the realm of the ruling princes, but it was the transfiguration of everything that built up the civilizations, the land, the people and their enterprise.

Prolific agricultural settlements sucked the land of its vitality which was not rebuilt for regeneration. This loss of vitality has been accele-

rated by the cumulative effect of intensive exploitation on the one hand and its geographical situation on the other. It is no exaggeration to suggest that this rapid deterioration in the vitality of the land had synchronized with the decline of the civilization. And this loss of vitality is the result of what is now known as soil erosion.

NATIONS perish under the impact of soil erosion. The history of Mesopotamia, Arabia, Babylon and Egypt bears testimony to the fact that it was soil erosion that brought about the downfall of these ancient civilizations. The Chinese civilization, one of the best of its kind in known history, fell victim to the demon of soil erosion.

The Sahara desert was once considered to be humming with life amidst green fields and irrigation canals. In our own country ruins dug out in Rajaputana offer ample evidence of the deltaic settlements. Within a period of five centuries, the face of the Deccan had entirely changed as soil erosion swept over it with its destructive effects.

The soil that nourishes life is also capable of destroying it just like the other elements of Nature. When the blanket of vegetative cover is lifted for the growth of food and fodder, and when soil is subjected to primitive cultural practices which are essentially regenerative in application, the exposed soil is victimized by the unchecked forces of wind and water. Millions of tons of this soil are either blown out as dust storms or washed away as silt and mud by the rapid rivulets. These dust storms blind the pedestrians, cover the house tops and the tiny shrubs, and when they grow in intensity, bury the channels and even change the flow of water courses. The floods that swoop down the barren rocks engulf villages and townships in their whirling tides, and in their receding phase deposit sedimental blocks that help to make shallow the channel beds, shut the sluice valves, reduce the reservoir storage capacity, and choke the harbour mouths.

The frivolous thought that soil erosion is merely a freak of nature

was prevalent in America till 1925. Exploitation of land began on an unsystematic basis in the New World since its discovery in the 17th century. The land became so exhausted that the manifestations of soil exhaustion were felt in all their intensity in the wake of the last great wars. In 1934 the American nation witnessed an unprecedented disturbance caused by the unleashed forces of soil erosion. Mr. Bennett, Head of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, told the story in these vivid terms.

"Dust clouds arising over sun-parched fields in Western Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, and Eastern Colorado were lifted into the pathways of high air currents and carried eastward across two-thirds of the continent. Soil from the great plains for the first time since the coming of white man, darkened the sun over the nation's capital, sifted through the screens of tall office buildings in New York City, and moved on for hundreds of miles over the Atlantic Ocean. People on the eastern seaboard were shocked into a realization that something had gone wrong with the land to the West. All over the country people began to inquire about this new phenomenon and to discuss its significance.

Soil erosion is now generally recognized in the United States as a powerful and destructive force which, directly or indirectly, affects the lives of every man, woman and child. It is understood now not as a freak of nature which occasionally turns up on isolated farms and ranches, but as an almost continually active process which attacks countless fields, whole water sheds, and broad farming communities."

When in a country like the United States, where production had not degenerated to the extent of paralysing the agricultural economy, the acuteness of the problem of soil erosion was so keenly felt and sweeping measures were undertaken to arrest its further expansion, we should realize how we had all along been blind to the reality of the problem wasting our energies in flimsy schemes that hardly touched the fringe of the disease. It is high time that we apply our minds for a proper understanding of the problem and evolve radical remedies which aim at cutting the cancer at its root.

SAVITHRI

The merciful gods decreed that in the evening of her life she should be with a kindly family where her years and sorrows were respected. But was it a fortuitous coincidence that all the money her son had left his wife should go down the drain when the firm in which she had invested it went bankrupt?

OF all persons there was no reason whatever for Chandru to have died so suddenly after a spell of 'fever'—they do not distinguish between one kind and another in village parts even to this day. A fever was a fever and you would know it by touching the body and feeling the pulse and the medicine was common for most fevers, in fact for most illnesses! Chandru was young and sturdy and took life laughingly. He would swim across the river in full flood near the bridge where it was deepest and most viciously swirly, with a plantain trunk for a float, just to dare his aged brother and guardian, who would bend over the parapet and beguile him coaxingly to come and when at a get-at-able reach catch hold of his tuft and give him the thrashing that was due. He had been apprenticed in the Chettiar's shop and in due course was accredited the accountant and was thereafter eligible for monthly dole which however was only by way of an entree for a much larger portion of sundry benefits, all of which made up to what was considered sufficient for marrying and rearing even the large families of those halcyon days. And so it was, for the few years he lived with Savithri, his wife, they had a jolly, if a little harum-scarum life. Their son, Ragu was three years old, when Chandru died and left them to the mercy of the world. Savithri was a lusty, gossip country lass—could sing with gusto and step it with verve at the circular dances of women, hand-clap and foot-fall timed to the chorused lilt of the

tunes. All that was over now. She had her heart-broken cry, but she neither realised the full implications of her loss, nor was she made for lasting grief. The only solution the elders could think of for her and her Ragu was that they should live thereafter in the house of her husband's brother who was in service at Madras. As an unpaid domestic drudge in an inaffluent family of numerous children, she slaved from morning till late at night. When she stretched her aching limbs on the mat for sleep every fibre of muscle, every ligament, tense tendon

and taut nerve relaxed and melted into an elixir of nothingness. one with the elements, the earth, the wind, the stars and cosmos. This daily toil and exhaustion were perhaps in their

SHORT STORY

By

K. SANKARAN

way not unsuitable talismans for moulding her fleshly body to the altered circumstances. The root for the will to live drew its sustenance from her son and if she slipped at any time into a hopeful peep at the future it shimmered as a glow round her son grown to manhood, strong and loving in her balmy autumn, while she dangled his little ones in her arms.

The boy toddled through unkempt babyhood lugging wheelless toycarts and blowing through tuneless trumpets discarded by the other children and grew to school-going age and throve day by day and year by year. His misshapen cap bobbed askew as he ran home to his mother after school hours and she had her bliss as she stuffed him with something to eat while he prattled in disjointed language all the little happenings in his class.

THE cocks crowed, the cows mooed the tradesmen bawled their wares through weeks, months and years and Ragu ultimately got through his matriculation examination. Further study was beyond his reach. An open faced lad, mature for his age, he caught the eye of a good Samaritan of a relative who took him to Bombay, where there was not the press of layer upon layer of equally impecunious and equally ardent matriculates seeking outlets for their ambition and energy as in Madras. He entered service as a small limb in a British business firm. The iron had so run into his soul at a plastic period that his one purpose—to make good—could be seen in the set of his jaws and the directness of his looks which seemed to have no illusions. He studied every shortcoming in himself and every need of the firm and set to equip himself after office hours, to learn and to practise all that was necessary, till late at nights. He pushed sturdily and stubbornly against obstructions in himself and outside. So determined an onslaught could not but bear results and within a few years he was high enough up in the hierarchy to have financial elbow room and leisure to feel the sap of life gently but firmly throbbing in his young arteries. After having been sediment so long it was heady to be afloat on smiling waters. His mother could have sung Nuncdimitis in content. Her pride and fulfilment would find vent in an extra bustle with saucepans and broomstick, where all was spick and span. An occasional whelming with emotion would bring forth a spring shower of tears which would be briskly wiped away with the explanation that she was only thinking, how wonderful it would have been if his father was alive.

Other people had been noting Ragu's doughty deeds and there was many a flutter in homes with daughters to give away. Rajam & Co., in hardware line had recently attained prominence as prominence went in the scrumpy business world of old Madras and the elder Rajam's daughter, Janaki was finally settled upon and married to Ragu in such pomp and style that Savithri was

awe-struck. When her bejewelled daughter-in-law did the ceremonial obeisances to her she could scarcely mumble the proper responses. Ragu was elated. One who had spent a large part of his life in surroundings where only the daily washings ornamented the front yard, cannot but feel a confused disintegration of bearings in carpeted drawing rooms. The starved hard-bitten young man looked up with pride and an ill-suppressed gloating on his wife, her home, its cars and luxuries. Janaki was a hard-headed indulgently brought up girl, not given to deal with consideration where consideration was in any degree to her detriment. When she came to Ragu her pride of background which had a willing and ready acceptance with both Ragu and his mother set the cue for a domestic realignment of values. She could summon a plaintive tone of patient suffering bravely endured when things in any way displeased her, which brought Ragu to his heels in uxorious attention. Poor Savithri was slowly egged into a feeling of superfluity. She found that her son would be much happier and she herself feel much less of an interloper if she lived separately in a little dwelling which Ragu had bought in Madras as an insurance against the future. Savithri settled down there, not perhaps in the rose red glow of that earlier period at Bombay with her son, but still happy and contented, looking forward to the occasional visits of her son and his family, which had increased by a couple of children. Chirpy, neighbourly, proud of her son and the little home with its growing mango sapling and plantain trees, its little patch of coriander and the pumpkin creeper trained over the tiled roof, all her own, she would enlarge on the splendour with naive satisfaction to the scion of the house where she laboured for years in early widowhood.

ONCE again the crows cawed the sultry afternoons away through a number of years—years no doubt of steady advancement and lengthening bank balances for Ragu, but also years in which the early unregulated grind and overdrawn reserves of

strength demanded payment in failing health. He weakened in a lingering fell illness the seriousness of which he himself did not realise but which was apparent to others amongst whom his grateful and considerate boss who sent him home to Madras ostensibly on a long and well-subsidised leave but really on retirement. He ambled in his little patch of kitchen garden, beguiling himself with weeding, rooting and watering, made out plans for an out-house, wrangled with the tradesmen, repaired the wheezy harmonium for his girl, submitted to the injections of the doctors, made efforts to be cheerful and unconcerned and to look forward to what all he would do when he was well again. To him it was an absurdity that he, the vital resilient Ragu who could wear down a rock with his pressure and persistence could be reduced to ineptitude and be put away on the shelf. He changed from doctoring in Western medicine to the pilules of a homeopath and from the homeopath to the massages and decoctions of a Malabar vaidh, slowly oozing out money and courage in the downward slide. Poor Ragu who knew nothing of philosophy except what he learnt in the hard way as a dependent boy: that to live he must reach out for success and that money was the panacea for all ills, began to grope uncertainly into questions of existence, purpose, soul, birth and death.

His mother was once again his best solace. But Janaki still young and strong could not long and indefinitely bear the atmosphere of gloom and sickness, when she could have an alternative. On the plea of greater convenience for treatment, she shifted Ragu and herself to her father's mansion, leaving her children with careworn Savithri in their little home. Miserable and weakened the Ragu gradually lapsed through the care of servants into neglect in that busy buoyant household. Death which seemed as if it could have no personal application to himself and was a terrifying thought to Ragu now

showed a different and a not altogether disagreeable aspect. He tried to get back to his home and to his mother for the brief period that was still left to him, but by then he was too feeble and was overborne by his wife and her noisy crowd. At the end he was taken to a hospital where he died untended by any loving hand, for his mother was not informed of the precipitate decline and the shift to the hospital. The little gods he had worshipped had completely deserted Ragu in his last lone fight.

THE world for the second time lay blasted around Savithri. Accustomed as she was to the school of daily renunciation, this final wreckage left her destitute, emotionally and physically, of any tendril of support—for Janaki would not let her husband's mother live with herself and her children in Ragu's house. Once again Savitri is a dependant in an alien home but the merciful gods decreed this time that it should be with a kindly and prosperous family where her years and sorrows were respected. Was it a fortuitous coincidence or a deliberate drama of nemesis that all the cash that Ragu had left and which his wife had confidingly invested with her family, went down the drain when the pretentious firm of Rajam & Co. closed in bankruptcy a year after his death?

COURTESY

Nothing is more valuable to a man than courtesy.—*Terence*

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—*Goethe*

Life is short, but there is always time for courtesy.—*Emerson*

Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it.—*Sterne*

NEW BOOKS

POEMS

1953

By Robert Graves

Cassell & Company Ltd., London

7s 6d net

"IS a foreword really necessary?" asks Robert Graves in his very brief foreword to his slender volume of *Poems* 1953, and unlike the Jestling Pilate who asked What is Truth and did not wait for an answer, answers it in the next breath: "Poems, if they are any good, ought to tell their own story." Of this anon.

Robert Graves has a double distinction: as a poet and as a novelist, —writer of a new kind of historical fiction. Born 1895 he belonged to the generation of Edmund Blunden and Siegfried Sassoon (both of them English) and himself Irish, who went through the fire of the First World War and recorded their inclement experiences in verse. In parenthesis —the most outstanding of the soldier poets Wilfred Owen who wrote "what may be termed strictly War Poetry" was killed in action, just a week before the Armistice was proclaimed. Graves had his early education at Charterhouse and later at St. John's, Oxford. At the age of thirty-three he wrote his autobiography *Goodbye to All That*, and five years after produced—as has already been said—the new kind of historical fiction: a two volume novel, *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*, which is a powerful, enthralling reconstruction of a "violent, scandalous era in history," through Claudius Caesar's own story of his life in Rome during the sanguinary reigns of Augustus, Tiberius and the mad Caligula, the events of which ran parallel with the life of Jesus Christ. This work published in 1934 won for him both the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black Memorial Prizes. *Count Belisarius* a novel about Justinian's celebrated general followed *Claudius*; in 1939 he was the recipient of the

Feminia Vie Heureuse Award. The distinction that graced his autobiographical writing and historical fiction was apparent earlier, in his biographical study of his friend, the famous T. E. Lawrence (renowned now in legend and history as Lawrence of Arabia), entitled *Lawrence and the Arabs* (1927). After these books came his highly provocative portrait of Milton in *Wife to Mr. Milton*, "a historical novel about Milton's life with Marie Powell, his first wife," while writing which Graves says in his essay "The Ghost of Milton": "I felt his ghost haunting my writing table with glowering eyes and minatory whis— which Graves says in his essay, "The ghost has walked England in times of national crisis ever since Wordsworth conjured it up during the Napoleonic wars: *Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour . . . living at that hour.*" In England and America the reviewers were roused to a righteous indignation when the novel was published. But Graves walked away with it, then turned his attention to the great days of yore with *The Golden Fleece* and *King Jesus*. His other works are *The White Goddess*, subtitled *A Grammar of Poetic Myth*; *Seven Days in New Crete* which forecasts a nascent shape of things in which the old Mediterranean civilisation is restored to the world, after the failure of science which has only spelt destruction. *The Common Asphodel* comprising his essays on poets and poetry revealing a vigorous talent for controversy and a critical faculty to crack the brittleness of conventional ideas, not as a sobersides but as an enlivener of original views.



Graves

on the function of the creative mind; *Occupation: Writer*, a miscellany of essays, plays, short stories, and articles on swearing and the future of humour. And all through the years, from his second decade to the late years of the fifth in which he is now, he has written poetry—for poetry always has been his prime concern—whose beauty and simplicity are of a kind apart from that of most contemporary poets with inflated reputations. He has gone his own honest, peculiarly personal way, fitting the content of poetic experience into ever varying forms sought through lively experiment, such as would satisfy his mood of savagery and tenderness, to shock and soothen, to anger and amuse, to be fanciful and grotesque. In 1938 his *Collected Poems* was published after a drastic rejection and revision of many pieces with the help of Laura Riding with whom "he had been in close literary partnership"—they had collaborated in the writing of *Modernist Poetry* (1926). *Anthologies* (1927) in two sections: *True Anthologies* and *Popular Anthologies*, and *The Perfect Modern Lyric; Poetry and Politics*, and *Poetic Drama* (1935-37). A further revised edition of *Collected Poems 1914-1937* appeared in 1948; then *Poems and Satires*, 1951; *Poems 1953* containing just twenty-eight pieces is the sheaf for the current year.

Reverting to the Foreword to this volume mentioned at the beginning—Graves here discloses the fact that he has written "more poems in the last two years than in the previous ten." To repeat his other words: "Poems, if they are any good, ought to tell their own story." They do, and in his case, in an aggressive fashion, profoundly disturbing—not permanently, for he reaches tranquillity "by honest struggle through the bad lands and a new understanding of the language of poetic myth." Peace broken, hope in a shambles, a burning thirst for change—Graves fights life not with aversion, irritation or dejection; whatever happens to him happens as an acute physical experience on a darkling plain of doubts and evils particular to his own time, the intensity of which

transmutes it into a dream. He has expressed his poetic faith thus in the essay, 'The Poetic Trance':

The nucleus of every poem worthy of name is rhythmically formed in the poet's mind, during a trance-like suspension of his normal habits of thought, by the supra-logical reconciliation of conflicting emotional ideas. The poet learns to induce the trance in self-protection whenever he feels unable to resolve an emotional conflict by simple logic. If interrupted during this preliminary process of composition he will experience the disagreeable sensations of a sleepwalker disturbed; and if able to continue until the draft is completed will presently come to himself and wonder: was the writer really he?

The opening poem in the present volume bears the title: 'To Calliope.' It tells its own story. Graves addresses his poetic muse, the beautiful-voiced. (Calliope is also "an instrument consisting of a series of steam-whistles, played by a key-board like that of an organ). The poem is a satirical comment on the bloated poetic reputations of the day. Listen:

Permit me here a simple brief aside,
Calliope,
You who have shown such patience
with my pride
And obstinacy:

Am I not loyal to you? I say no less
Than is to say;
If more, only from angry-heartedness,
Not for display.

But you know, I know, and you know
I know
My principal curse:
Shame at the mounting dues I have
come to owe
A devil of verse

Who caught me young, ingenuous and
uncouth,
Prompting me how
To evade the patent clumsiness of
truth—
Which I do now.

No: nothing reads so fresh as I first
thought,
Or as you could wish—
Yet must I, when far worse is eagerly
bought,
Cry stinking fish?

He is angry-hearted because he is true; beneath his indignation lies positive belief; disillusioned he is baffled but never defeated; he impeaches because he loves. He has

the gift of song pre-eminently; Skel-tonic in his brevity his diction has the magical simplicity and evocative loveliness of ancient ballads. For irony, a high degree of concentration achieved through technical brilliance integrated with economy of language here is another example, the poem: 'With Her Lips Only':

The honest wife, challenged at dusk
At the garden gate, under a moon
perhaps,
In scent of honeysuckle, dared to
deny
Love to an urgent lover: with her
lips only,
Not with her heart. It was no
assignation;
Taken aback, what could she say
else;
For the children's sake, the lie was
venial,

'For the children's sake,' she argued
with her conscience.

Yet a mortal lie must follow before
dawn:

Challenged as usual in her own bed,
She protests love to an urgent
husband,

Not with her heart but with her
lips only;

'For the children's sake,' she argues
with her conscience,

'For the children's'—turning suddenly
cold towards them.

Cassell's Blurb says:

Because Robert Graves chooses to keep out of politics, literary rackets, journalism, the theatre and the Church, is eccentric, not queer, and has lived abroad since 1929 (in Deyá, Mallorca, Spain), his poems have never become glossily fashionable.

Never will they, for Graves is an intensely original poet, tolerating no nonsense, and deep-rooted in commonsense caring one-pointedly for the purity of poetry, distilled through absolute candour and self-criticism.

The common people do not understand poetry, are shy of poetry, and though they have been taught to admire the true poets of the past are loath to admit that the race is not yet extinct. That is why very little work by living poets has a wide circulation except what is comfortably third-hand and third-rate. The people are not to be blamed: their difficulty is that despite all the charlatans, racketeers and incompetents

who have disgraced the poetic profession, an aroma of holiness still clings to the title 'poet', as it does to the titles 'saint' and 'hero' both of which are properly reserved for the dead. It is only when death releases the true poet from the embarrassing condition of being at once immortal and alive in the flesh that the people are prepared to honour him, and his spirit as it passes is saluted by a spontaneous display of public emotion.

This quotation is from Graves's Foreword to the book of poems *Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets* by Alun Lewis, the Welsh born poet who died in the field in World War II. It sums up his own tumultuous personality—the personality of a poet whose title to immortality has never been in question.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Caravan Passes

By George Tabori

A Signet Book

The New American Library, N. Y.

25 Cents

GEORGE TABORI, the Hungarian born novelist now resident in the United States is a man with a wide experience, geographically and mentally, for he has made four continents and a dozen countries his dwelling place from time to time. "He has survived two world wars, three revolutions, and some minor upheavals." *The Caravan Passes* has a Near Eastern port for backcloth and the novel has all the elements calculated to excite human passion at its various levels; the squalor of slums, poverty and disease, scheming politicians and greedy businessmen, a revolutionary hero, a much hated tyrant of a governor (of the port) a doctor who is caught between a frigid nurse and a voluptuous mistress. The story moves through violence; the characters are sharply etched and Tabori as a novelist combines in himself the qualities of a man of action as well as imagination. His dialogues are crisp and he betrays character in a few deft strokes:

"The Governor's wife was in her bath, sponging her crumpled arms and legs with rough sponge, and

spouting water slowly onto her shoulders. What else remained but such simple pleasures? She would always spend a long time in the tub, letting more water as time went by. Water was soft."

Melodrama in competent hands never fails to produce the effect intended but which an overdose of bloodlust mars; it has its virtue of restraint. Tabori being a serious writer realises this virtue. He is competent and has an international outlook that would redeem him from playing variations on the same theme.

MITRA

MALAYALAM

Kochanujathi

By Karur Nilakanta Pillai
The National Bookstall,
Kalarikkal Bazaar, Kottayam
Re. 1

"I ate the food of one of the children. Was it a theft? Perhaps. Now I openly admit that I had not taken food for twenty-eight hours since yesterday morning when I took some *conjee*, and when I felt that I would fall on the ground tired of work, I ate the food—which consisted of two or three handfuls of rice—of one of the boys, whoever he be, one who would have taken something three hours before. It might have been wrong. It might have been a sin. I may have to answer for it in the other world. Even here I may have to answer. I shall do it. But please tell me this: what was the alternative?"

The theft of the food packet made a great stir in the village school. The boy, its owner, stood before the headmaster with tears running down his cheeks. The headmaster was moved. He questioned every child and declared that he who confessed the guilt would be pardoned. He gave a long lecture on how bad it was to indulge in thefts, and that too of a food packet. But the guilty person could not be traced.

In the evening the manager of the school, while he was enjoying music through the radio, received a letter. It was a letter of confession. And

the confessor was none other than the headmaster himself!

This is the theme of Sri Karur Nilakanta Pillai's powerful story *The Food Packet* included in his collection of short stories entitled *Kochanujathi* (The Young sister).

After reading the story the words of the humble teacher quoted above, will continuously ring in your ears. Every one of us on every possible occasion loudly proclaims the nobility and sanctity of the teaching profession. But how many of us have paused a second to think what life these creators of our future citizens lead? Or is it not truly said that teaching is the noblest of all professions but the sorriest of all trades?

Sri Karur has been occupying an enviable position among the short story writers in Malayalam for the past several years. One of the chief characteristics of his stories is the simplicity both in theme and in style. He narrates his stories in a natural and easy manner without striving to create artificial effects. This mainly accounts for his success in the field of short story writing.

The present collection contains eight stories. The loving brother who returns from the army with a precious present for his young sister finds that she had died some months back (*The Young Sister*), the poor and innocent peasant who is forced to forego his house and compound as a result of the treachery of his rich neighbour who poses as his well-wisher (*The Next Compound*), the young couple who are torn apart by cruel caste (*Fate*), the idle but energetic schoolboy who turns hardworking in order to make his nickname, Collector, an actuality (*The Collector*), the childhood friends whose relationship becomes strained after marriage due to the man's economic dependence on the girl who later comes to a compromise when she knows that he is leaving her to lead an independent life (*Mate*), the hardworking and faithful accountant who gets dismissed for charges of misappropriation due to a wrong entry in the account book

(Ten Rupees), the parents who hurriedly give away their daughter in marriage in order to escape from humiliation to find later that the man responsible for the humiliation is himself prepared to marry (*The Quest*)—these pictures have been drawn by Sri Karur as if with an expert pen.

Sri Karur's stories are all pages torn from the life of the common people. They have a purpose: fighting evils. This gives them a particular life and beauty.

Kanatha Mathil

By K. Saraswathi Amma
The National Bookstall,
Kalarikkal, Kottayam
Re. 1-4 as

SRIMATHI K. Saraswathi Amma's *Kanatha Mathil* (The Thick Wall, is built in an engaging pattern. She views all problems from a woman's point. The main thread running through most of her stories is the woman's right to freedom. Dr. Visalakshi in *The Forbidden Path* who prefers the independent life of a doctor to the life of a housemaid, Kamalamma in *The Family Tradition* who lives the life of an ordinary press worker in spite of severe opposition from the people of her class, and Sujatha in *The Search for a Job* who escapes from the clutches of her step-mother to lead an independent life—these represent the urge among woman for freedom.

Srimathi Saraswathi Amma's male characters, however, are silent victims to social oppression. They are weaklings who allow themselves to be sacrificed for the perpetuation of social and economic evils.

Srimathi Saraswathi Amma shows how thick is the wall of social and economic disabilities that divides man and man in this world and creates an urge in you to break this wall. A powerful language and good technique help her in this.

Hasa Sahityam

By Puthezath Raman Menon
The Mangalodayam Ltd., Trichur
Rs. 2-8 as

HUMOUR is still an undeveloped branch in Malayalam literature.

Since the days of E. V. Krishna Pillai and Sanjaya, who flourished during the thirties, laughter seems to have ceased in Kerala. Or, after all, how can a people engaged in a serious struggle against poverty and unemployment find time for laughter and merriment?

Sri Puthezath Raman Menon through his book *Hasa Sahityam* (Humorous Literature) has attempted to fill the critical side of this gap. In this book Sri Menon, an old guard of Malayalam Literature, gives a general treatment of humour in literature.

The book has been divided into two parts. The first part deals with what is humour, how our forefathers handled it and other allied subjects while the second part gives examples of humorous writing. Many literary masters, past and present, have been summoned by Sri Menon as witnesses to prove his case.

The book, no doubt, is a welcome addition to the general discussion on the various aspects of Malayalam literature. But verbosity and lack of subtlety have greatly contributed to reduce the value of the book. One would wish that the author had taken the first part of the book more seriously.

CHITRA BHANU

SILENCE

OUT of its lair,
somewhere,
silence comes
prowling like a snake.
It twitches,
turns on its tapering tail,
pauses,
piles up in rings
and rearing high,
reaches the sky,
and the moon and stars
seem adazzle
as a diadem around its hood—
silence ophidian,
more ominous than sound.

DHANUS

THE TRIUMPH OF A TRIPHIBIAN

By D. ANJANEYULU

WHEN Mr. Churchill was made a knight of the garter, the transformation was greeted with mixed feelings. For, the world which had known the great Commoner as plain Mr. Churchill could not easily reconcile itself to Sir Winston. Knight-hood (even of the garter) is not exactly a crown that marks the climax of a long and eventful political career and a life of action and achievement. It was, however, an honour that he could not decline with grace (coming as it did from a 'fairy queen' of his imagination) or accept with alacrity and enthusiasm. The award of the Nobel prize for literature does not give rise to such a situation, as it is the highest literary distinction that the world can offer and the recipient happens to be the first active politician and leader of men to be chosen for the prize. In fact, it marks him out as a 'double first,' or rather as a 'triple first' for the stature he has attained and the abiding impress he has left in the fields of action, oratory, and authorship.

'Prime Ministers seldom write—at any rate, anything worth reading or remembering—and many authors who write like angels talk like 'poor polls'. Caesar's *Commentaries* are not half so celebrated as his conquests. Napoleon had many epigrams and aphorisms to his credit but he was by no means a master of the written word, though he could by the magic of his magnetic personality lead millions of his men to victory or defeat and death. Hitler's political harangues were effective intoxicants to drug brain-washed battalions, but his utterances had no sublime idealism or profound philosophy to sustain them after the hour of action and the *Mein Kampf* (his *magnum opus*) was no literary masterpiece. Mr. Nehru is a great leader (in times of stress and struggle and in times of peace and calm) as well as a first-

rate writer (it is enough to mention his *Autobiography* and *Glimpses of World History*). But he is no orator in the accepted sense, for all the admiring crowds he draws and the spell he casts on them. President Eisenhower is mainly an arm-chair General who can indulge in resounding rhetoric, but he is not from the top drawer as a speaker or man of action and he is yet to show proof of his writing ability. Instances of this kind can easily be multiplied, but suffice it here to say that Churchill's is a unique three-sided, or many-sided genius.

An infant who could describe the unveiling of a military monument by his vice-regal grandfather in the explosive sentence "...and with a withering volley he shattered the enemy's line" must have an ingrained passion for words and an instinctive sense of drama. Never handicapped by nervousness, he had no difficulty in getting the right word for the occasion, when he was on his legs. He did not, of course, become suddenly famous by a maiden speech in Parliament as did his intrepid friend F. E. Smith. But his maiden performance in the Commons, which was on the Boer question, revealed very high promise. He soon began to hold the attention of the House, in those days when oratory was not yet dead within the Parliament and outside. All the impromptu feats of his oratory were in the beginning really the outcome of careful preparation and repeated rehearsals. It required presence of mind to improvise an apt introductory sentence. He has a hard, metallic voice, always firm and often powerful, though it does not lend itself to subtle modulations of tone. His language is rich, expressive, colourful, and infinitely varied. His oratorical skill does not exclude dexterity of debate though his impassioned eloquence is

not the best for the cut and thrust of Parliamentary duels.

THERE were quite a few Parliamentary orators in the Edwardian and Georgian eras, but there was none of the florid, flowery and picturesque Churchill type. The Welsh Wizard (Lloyd George) who could talk a bird off a tree had the gift of ready repartee, a quickfire brilliance that made for his Celtic witchery of words. Churchill's oratory is more solid and substantial and sustains interest on the printed page, with nothing meretricious about it. It has little of the classical quality of the speeches of Asquith, which were learned, lordly and leisurely in their pace. The Earl of Birkenhead shone better in attack and invective but his harsh tones had no room for memorable Churchillisms. Ramsay MacDonald was often diffuse and dull, with a maudlin, metaphysical ring and a misty Scottish air. Churchill is invariably clear without confusion and definite beyond any shadow of doubt. Among younger Parliamentarians the Left-wing spell-binder Bevan never rises to heights of sustained eloquence, though his gift of the gab is undeniable.

His finest hour as an orator was also his country's 'finest hour,' when as a leader of defiant England, in the Battle of Britain, he gave the clarion call to action:

"Come, then: let us to the task, to the battle, to the toil—each to our part, each to our station. Fill the armies, rule the air, pour out the munitions, strangle the U-Boats, sweep the mines, plough the land, build the ships, guard the streets, succour the wounded, uplift the downcast, and honour the brave. Let us go forward together in all parts of the Empire, in all parts of the Island. There is not a week, nor a day, nor an hour to lose."

His speaking manner is exquisitely adapted to express his own moral as a leader of men: "In war, resolution; in defeat, defiance; in victory, magnanimity; and in peace, goodwill, confidence in one's strength, contempt for the enemy and a dogged determination to see through the ordeal of fire to success"—these were the keynote of his wartime

speeches when the fortunes of Great Britain were at their lowest ebb. Of his country's war aims he said: "I say to the House, as I said to the Ministers who joined the Government, that I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. To those who ask what is our policy I say it is to wage war by land, sea and air. War with all our might and with all the strength God has given us and to wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime . . . To the question what is our aim I can give the answer in one word—it is victory. Victory at all costs, victory in spite of peril; victory however long and hard the road may be, for without victory there is no survival for the urge and impulse of the ages that mankind shall move forward towards its goal. I take up my task with buoyancy and hope—and I feel sure that our cause will not be suffered to fail among men . . ." These then are the ringing resounding tones of the orator of free men who has "defended high human values" with his "brilliant orating art" as recognised in the Stockholm award.

THE picturesque phrases in which he summed up his powerful sentiments linger in the listener's or reader's memory. "Never was so much owed by so many to so few." "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." The Fuehrer was to him "the mad dog of Europe" and "that wicked man" sums up the depth of his scorn. The Nile is described in his characteristically colourful metaphor as "a thread of blue silk drawn across an enormous brown druggel." The royal wedding of Elizabeth and Edinburgh was greeted as "a splash of colour on a dry road against a dreary landscape." For all his glittering phrases, he can be purblind and unjust as when he dismissed the Mahatma as "a one-time Inner Temple lawyer, now a seditious fakir, striding half-naked up the stairs of the Viceregal House to parley on equal terms with His Majesty's Representative in India."

Not only isolated phrases and stray sentences, but many of his major speeches live to posterity. The famous Fulton speech summed up the ideals of the Western Powers and laid down their peacetime attitude to Soviet Russia. Unlike the speeches of Fox, Lloyd George and Mrs. Besant, his utterances read well in print and survive by the salt of their style. The grand manner sits well on a speaker cast in the heroic mould but on ordinary, humdrum occasions it may sound a trifle grandiose. The ceremonious and chivalrous atmosphere in which he clothes his references to the modern version of "Gloriana" have a distinctly false ring in a democratic age that has no use for sovereigns except as rubber-stamps and show-pieces. The oracle of the Empire cuts a sorry figure indeed in the Commonwealth set-up when the roar of the British lion no longer rouses fear in any part of the world. The hard-bolled Conservative "who had not become the first Minister of His Majesty in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire" has found it hard not to liquidate it, and he knows that imperial (and imperious) tunes are out of place in an age of republicanism and revolution. It is to his credit that he has pruned his oratory to the needs of new times and the changed moods.

If his speeches give evidence of careful composition, his writings have the resounding ring of his fervid eloquence. As in his painting, so in his writing, he revels in vivid contrasts and his pen, as his brush, delights in the juxtaposition of bright colours. The same richness of imagery, diction and rhythm distinguishes his prose, whatever be the branch of writing he may try his hand at. That he has thirty sumptuous volumes to his credit is itself surprising in a man of action who could only snatch brief spells of time to be devoted to writing. More remarkable is the fact that he has successfully experimented with biography, autobiography, war memoirs, political history, journalism (as a war correspondent) pen-portraiture, not to mention the adolescent effusion by way of a novel about a hero who was a faint image of his own self. All

this by a backbencher at Harrow, who was deemed too dull for the bar and promptly despatched to Sandhurst!

Early in life his mother fed him on Gibbon and Macaulay. Later, as a subaltern at Bangalore he eagerly devoured contemporary classics like Darwin and Carlyle, and studied Schopenhauer, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Macaulay and Gibbon however, were his staple diet and strong meat. The two masters of historical narrative and descriptive prose were the strands that formed the warp and woof of his ornate, picturesque style. His burnished prose bears ample marks of the hard glitter of Macaulay's rounded periods and the majestic movement of his narrative echoes the regal, stately measure of Gibbon, whose *Decline and Fall* had inspired his lordly latinities. It must, however, be admitted that he lacks Gibbon's faultless, sympathetic sense of history, for Churchill's incursions into the historical field are sometimes like lively experiments in animated anachronism, as he could never get over the habit of reading the living present into the dead past. He was equally devoid of Macaulay's meticulous sense of detail, and has a weakness for indulging in broad statements and facile generalisations.

HIS war memoirs in five volumes, his latest and longest work, are on a wide compass and the story is set on the stage of the world in crisis, with the Prime Minister of Great Britain as the *prima donna*. With their snappy and significant titles these war memoirs have attracted wide attention and attained phenomenal success. Winston Churchill has become in US the greatest dollar-earner after William Shakespeare. The *Life* of his father was a good filial tribute and *Marlborough* a scion's homage to a distinguished ancestor. *The Story of the Malakand Field Force* and the *River War*, based on his despatches to the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* are careful and colourful chronicles of military events, with the last ounce of drama dragged out of the copious material. For sheer power of style

there is nothing to beat his *Great Contemporaries*, wherein he presents brilliant cameos of men, which are masterpieces of comprehension and condensation. Of the Ex-Kaiser he remarks with patronising pity: "This is no traitor; he is only a blunderer. He had none of the qualities of the modern dictators, except their airs. It was not his fault; it was his fate." Describing the visit of the "Literary Gadfly" Bernard Shaw and of Lady Astor to Soviet Russia he shoots a broadside at them: "Here was the world's most famous, intellectual clown and pantaloons in one, and the charming cumbine of the capitalist pantomime. To the aged jester, with his frosty smile and safely invested capital, it was a brilliant opportunity of dropping a series of disconcerting bricks upon the corns of his ardent hosts."

TO his friend, that eccentric genius, Lawrence of Arabia, he pays an unstinted tribute: "Here (in the *Seven Pillars*) we see Lawrence the soldier. Not only the soldier, but the statesman; . . . through all, one mind, one soul, one will-power. An epic, a prodigy, a tale of lament and in the heart of it—A man." Discussing his intimate friend and colleague 'F. E.' the first Earl of Birkenhead, he becomes warmhearted and eloquent: "For all purposes of discussion, argument, exposition, appeal or altercation, F. E. has a complete armoury; the rapier for a personal dispute; the entangling net and the unexpected trident for the courts of law; and a jug of clear spring water for an anxious perplexed conclave." He can be devastating in bitter irony and sarcasm as when he lets his guns go at the humbled and exiled Trotsky: "When the usurper and tyrant is reduced to literary controversy, when the Communist, instead of bombs, produces effusions for the capitalist press, when the refugee war lord fights his battles over again, and the

discharged executioner becomes chatty and garrulous at his fireside, we may rejoice in the signs that better days are come . . ." More scorn on the same hapless victim: "He fumed, growled, snarled, bit and plotted. He had raised the poor against the rich. He had raised the penniless against the poor. He had raised the criminal against the penniless . . . but poor wretch, he had reached rock-bottom . . ."

In his written sketches, the author goes hammer and tongs at his victims, as he does in his verbal offensives, and smashes them down as with machine-gun fire. This may seem a trifle melodramatic and overemphatic in a book. But he can be just, subtle, and scintillating where he has no blind spots. The bell-like clarity of his style has no use for delicate, dulcet notes and his writing, like his water colours, has no place for soft subdued shades. Like Dr. Johnson he knows not the whispers of language. The undertones elude him. His world is all bright sunshine and oriental splendour. The resplendent glitter in his writing is no less evident than the rubicund hue on his face.

IN discussing the appropriateness or otherwise of the Nobel prize award to Churchill it is academic, if not idle, to wonder if his speeches would survive and his writings would live down to posterity. He had in his speeches at times touched heights of eloquence not reached by any living person and was not only an embodiment of the spirit of defiant England, but the voice of the free men in their fight against the tyranny of modern dictatorships. His writings have a compelling appeal and a classical quality, enhanced by an individual style. He has at least as good a claim to the literary distinction as William Faulkner and Sinclair Lewis if not G. B. Shaw and Rudyard Kipling.

It becomes prudent men to remain quiet so long as they are not injured, but courageous men ought to exchange peace for war as soon as they have been wronged; when they have brought the war to a successful issue, peace may be made with the enemy; but no one ought to be uplifted unduly by success in war, nor should any submit to injustice because they are unwilling to sacrifice the calm delights of peace.—*Thucydides*

NEHRU AND NAINI

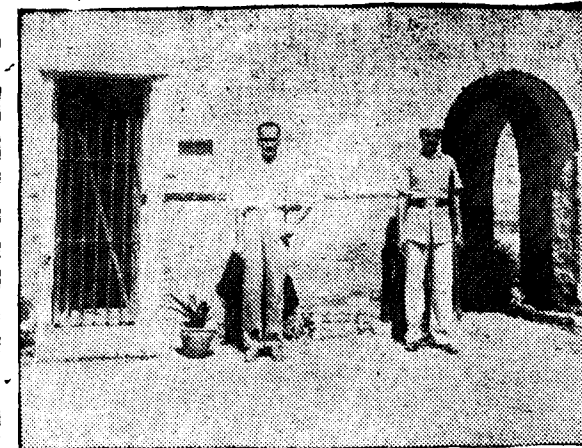
By P. D. TANDON

“PLACE where our beloved leader Nehru was incarcerated by the British during our struggle for freedom. Long live Indian Union. And Long Live Nehru.” These words are inscribed at the gate of the barrack in the Naini Central Prison where Nehru lived as a prisoner during the freedom struggle for quite a long period. This inscription thrilled me when I recently visited Naini Jail, Allahabad, to see Nehru's cell from where he wrote beautiful letters to his daughter. The barrack in which he lived, which was formerly called Kutta barrack, is now a sacred and a devoted place. Now no prisoner is kept there. It is a jail memorial to Nehru and prisoners and officials call it Nehru Barrack. It will be interesting to recall Nehru's impressions and experiences in this yard which was formerly used for dangerous criminals. Nehru wrote: “I was in Naini Central Prison. My enclosure was apart from the big enclosure containing the gaol population of between 2,200 and 2,300. It was a small enclosure, circular in shape, with a diameter of about one hundred feet, and with a circular wall about fifteen feet high surrounding it. In the middle of it was a drab and ugly building containing four cells. I was given two of these cells, connecting with each other, one to serve as a bathroom and lavatory. The other remained unoccupied for some time. The hot weather had already begun and I was permitted to sleep at night in the open, outside my cell in the narrow space between the inner building and the enclosing wall. My bed was heavily chained up, lest I might take it up and walk away, or, more probably, to avoid the bed being used as a kind of scaling ladder to climb the wall of the enclosure. The nights were full of strange noises. My barrack and enclosure were popularly known throughout the gaol as the Kuttagarh—the Dog House. This was an old name which had nothing to do with me. The

little barrack had been built originally apart from all others, for especially dangerous criminals who had to be isolated.”

Nehru wrote long, interesting letters to his daughter from Naini Central Prison which are included in the first volume of his book *Glimpses of World History*. In his first letter to Indira on her birthday, he wrote: “On your birthday you have been in the habit of receiving presents and good wishes. Good wishes you will still have in full measure, but what present can I give you from Naini Prison? My presents cannot be very material or solid. They can only be of the air and of the mind and spirit, such as a good fairy might have bestowed on you—something that even the high walls of prison cannot stop.”

VERY often Nehru in Naini Prison used to think of his home, family and his comrades struggling outside. He gave vent to his feelings and emotions in his letters. Once in his inimitable way, he observed: “I have had time enough here in Naini Prison to read or write what I wanted to. But my mind wanders and I think of the great struggle that is going on outside; of what others are doing and what I would do if I was with them..... Strange that we should be so near and yet so far away! In Mussoorie you were several hundred miles away from me. Yet I could write to you as often as I wished, and run up to you when the desire to see you became strong. But here we are on either side of the Jumna river—not far from each other, but the high walls of Naini Prison keep us effectively apart.... Meanwhile, you sit in Anand Bhawan, and Mummie sits in Malacca Jail, and I here in Naini Prison—and we miss each other sometimes rather badly, do we not? But think of the day when we shall all three meet again! I shall look forward to it, and the thought of it will lighten and cheer up my heart.”



Naini Central Prison where Nehru spent many months

Nehru never felt defeated in prison and the undying hope that India would be free, never left him and sustained him in moments of grief and sorrow. The cheering war cry “Inquilab Zindabad” thrilled him in his cell as it did outside. Nehru in one of his letters stated: “As I sat here today to write to you, faint cries, like distant thunder, reached me. I could not make out at first what they were, but they had a familiar ring and they seemed to find an answering echo in my heart. Gradually they seemed to approach and grow in volume, and there was no doubt what they were. *Inquilab Zindabad! Inquilab Zindabad!* The prison resounded with the spirited challenge, and our hearts were glad to hear it. I do not know who they were who shouted our war-cry so near us outside the jail—whether they were men and women from the city or peasants from the villages. Nor do I know the occasion for it today. But whoever they were, they cheered us up, and we sent a silent answer to their greeting and all our good wishes went with it.”

Like all prisoners Nehru too eagerly awaited the interview day. Those who have been in prison, they alone can tell what this day means to the prisoner.

“Perhaps, with luck, I may see all of you tomorrow. For tomorrow is my interview day, and in jail the *mulaqat ka dip* is a great day. I

have not seen Dadu for nearly two months. I shall see him, I hope, and satisfy myself that he is really better. And I shall see you after a long, long fortnight, and you will bring me news of yourself and of Mummie,” wrote Nehru from Naini Prison.

The dear ones did not turn up that day and it was a disappointment to Nehru. Next day he wrote: “None of you came today to interview us and the *mulaqat ka dip* has been rather a blank day. We were told that Dadu was not well.”

Two days later, Pandit Motilal Nehru and others interviewed him in the Naini Central Prison and he recorded the following in a letter: “It was good to see you all yesterday. But I had a shock to see Dadu. He was looking so weak and ill. Look after him well and make him fit and strong again. I could hardly speak to you yesterday. What can one do in a short interview? I try to make up for all the interviews and talks we have not had by writing these letters. But they are poor substitutes, and the make-believe does not last long! Still it is good sometimes to play make-believe.”

GANDHI was in Yervada Prison and the two Nehrus were lodged in the Naini Central Jail in 1930. Sapru and Jayakar were working as peace-makers between Gandhi and Lord Irwin. One day they went to Naini Prison with a letter from Gandhi to see the Nehrus. Making a reference to that visit Nehru in his Autobiography said: “Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar suddenly descended on us in Naini Prison on July 27th, with a note from Gandhiji. On that day and the next we had long interviews with them, which were very exhausting for father as he was actually feverish then. We talked and argued in a circle, hardly understanding each other's language or thought, so great was the difference in political outlook.”

Little things of the outside world often have much use and excitement for the prisoners. Even the passing of an aeroplane over the prison cells excites the residents. Nehru wrote: "One of the welcome excitements of our prison existence at Naini was the passage of aeroplanes over our heads. Sometimes, if we were lucky, we saw a plane in the early winter morning, when it was still dark and the stars were visible. It was a beautiful sight as it sailed by, against the dark background of the early morning sky."

And now about the parrots: "In Naini there were thousands of parrots, and large numbers of them lived in the crevices of my barrack walls. Their courtship and love-making was always a fascinating sight, and sometimes there were fierce quarrels between two male parrots over a lady parrot, who sat calmly by, waiting for the result of

the encounter and ready to grant her favours to the winner."

Once Nehru observed: "I have developed strange habits in prison. One of these is the habit of getting up very early, earlier even than the dawn. I liked to watch the coming of the dawn and the way it gradually put out the stars. Often I have watched the contest between the moonlight and the dawn, in which the dawn always wins."

NEHRU spent many precious years of his life in prison. He was cut off for long periods from the strife, struggle and the activities of the outside world and it must have been a great strain on him. Days in Naini Prison were dull and wearisome, but he busied himself in reading, writing and spinning and gardening and in other activities. I wonder if now he ever gets time to think of those dead yesterdays which lie buried in the Naini Central Prison and which occasionally tormented his sensitive soul.

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HOW THE FRENCH HOLD MOROCCO

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.

A YOUNG Socialist from Pakistan (where Socialists are few and far between) called to see me at my home. I put down the book which I was reading and put out my hand in welcome. His eyes were on the book.

"That is the best book on Morocco I have read," he said, "and I've read everything which I could find in the British Museum library."

I was interested in this remark for two reasons. First, it showed how strong even in a Socialist are the ties of the Moslem faith. It was the religion Pakistan and Morocco hold in common which made this young student so concerned about the fate of the French colony in North Africa.

Secondly, I was interested because the reaction of this political Pakistani to Ethel Mannin's book was an enlightening comment on her technique of writing. But perhaps before I proceed I should name the book. It is *Moroccan Mosaic*, published by Jurrolds at 15s.

Ethel Mannin was writing a novel. An English supporter of the nationalist cause rang her up and suggested she should go to Morocco to prepare a book presenting the Arab case. She replied that she hadn't the temperament to write a propagandist book.

But when she had replaced the receiver, phrases caught her imagination. "The Great Atlas"—the "Mountain of Mountains." She put aside her novel, phoned her photographer friend, Irene Beeson, and within a week the two of them were leaving for Tangier. Not to write and illustrate a propagandist book; but a travel book, a book about people and places.

And a travel book she has written. Turning the pages one sees Morocco, the French mansions and sky-scr-

pers of Casablanca, the Arab shanty towns outside the cities, the impoverished peasants, the palace of the beloved but deposed Sultan, the prostituted Marrakeesh whose Prince the French have raised to power, the mystic though savage Fez where 1,500 monastic students study politics and prayer.

Yet through this mosaic the political scene is constantly breaking. Ethel Mannin began her journey in a Tangier cafe where, in the tradition of risings and revolutions planned in the students' cafes of Tsarist Russia and the bee-cellars of Germany in the 'twenties, "the real work for Moroccan independence goes on."

Wherever she went, she found herself in the stone dwelling of the local leader, sitting among cushions on the floor, sipping coffee, whilst the hours went past in political discussion. She recalls these discussions, and is so moved by them that for pages she forgets she is writing a travel book and recounts the history of the French oppression. Besides which, there are carefully documented appendices on the Nationalist movement, housing, education, labour and social conditions, health, and the French reform proposals. A veritable text book.

No wonder my Pakistani friend regarded this as the best book on Morocco! It gives a living picture of the people, which should be the background of all political thinking, and then gives the facts on which judgments should be made.

SINCE Ethel Mannin was in Morocco the French Government—or, rather, the French settlers and authorities in Morocco, for it is they who impose their will on Paris—have deposed the Sultan and arrested every leader of the Istiqlal, the Nationalist Party, on whom they could lay their hands. The French

have followed a favourite imperial technique; they have boosted a stooge, in this case, the Glawi of Marrakeesh, Churchill's friend, and organised a demonstration of tribesmen from the hinterland, in this case the Berbers, to prove how unpopular are the Independence movement and the Sultan, who has so courageously backed it.

Ethel wasn't there to describe the final *coup*, but she was there to get the facts about the rehearsal of it.

In January, 1951, the Sultan was threatened with deposition by General Juin, the Resident, unless he would dismiss his Private Cabinet, disavow the Istqlal Party and sign 68 decrees, including endorsement of the imprisonment or exile of hundreds of Nationalists. The Sultan appealed to Paris to send a commission of enquiry, but General Juin warned Quai d'Orsay that delay was dangerous. M. Schumann gave the General a free hand.

The French press announced that the Berber tribesmen were in a state of revolt against the Sultan. His palace was ringed round with French troops under the pretext of "protecting the Royal family." And it was true that thousands of Berbers were massed on Fez and Rabat.

But why were the Berbers there? Ethel Mannin reveals that they had not come to depose the Sultan or to sack the cities, but in the belief that they had been summoned to take part in some State function, a normal demand on them. Banners were given to them by the French Army—and then photographs of the horseman bearing the banners were published in the French press to prove the gravity of the Berber revolt! In this atmosphere of intimidation the Sultan signed the necessary documents, but he declared: "I am signing under pressure, but have to do

so to avoid bloodshed; it must always be remembered that forced signatures do not make bilateral agreements." Precisely the same methods were adopted when this year the Sultan was deposed and deported.

IN saying this, I do not want to give the impression that there is no tension between the Berbers and the Arabs in Morocco. There is; just as there is tension between the tribesmen of Southern Sudan and the North and between the Moslems of Northern Nigeria and the South. The British could easily have mobilised the more primitive tribesmen of Sudan and Nigeria against the more advanced sections of the population; but we refrained at least from doing this physically. We negotiated agreement, even if in the case of Nigeria we still applied the principle of divide and rule!

The French don't pretend to negotiate. They issue ultimatums and mass innocent tribesmen to provide the excuse.

All who read Ethel Mannin's book will want to know what they can do about it. We cannot intervene directly; that must be done through our French comrades. But there are two spheres where British Labourites can act. The first is the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which has already championed the right of the Moroccans, now denied them, to form trade unions. The second is through the United Nations, where the Asian-Arab group has again raised the issue of Morocco as threatening the peace and security of the world.

The British vote, even when Labour was in power, has always gone against the Moroccans. The least we can do is to see that that does not happen again.

To captivate beings so subtle, supple and penetrative as women, clever praise and artful pandering to conceit may suffice. Flattery is the yoke with which to make their light and ardent heads submissive. Woe to the man who tries to be frank in love-making.—G. Sand

The world is merely a comedy, where each man plays a different part. There, on the stage, in theatrical garb, shine prelates, ministers, conquerors. As for us, base groundlings seated in back seats, scorned by the great ones of the earth, we listen to the play from a humble place. But we are useful to the spectacle, for we pay for it, and, when the farce is acted ill, we get a return for our money by hissing the players.—Rousseau

THE SEVA SADAN

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

LADY Venkatasubba Rao, the Founder of the Madras Seva Sadan, does not look like the usual publicist's idea of a social worker. She looks as if a hard day's work would break her and a harsh word frighten her out of her wits. She looks, for all her height and robustness, shy and modest, diffident and incapable of temper. If you met her outside at a party and she was anonymous, you would even feel rather protective towards her as towards all shy, retiring people. But do not be deceived. All things that do not glitter are not dross. Inside all the gentleness, the softness and delicacy, Lady Venkatasubba Rao is made of tough material.

The Seva Sadan may be said to have begun as the idle thought of a leisured lady. The twenties of this century were the days of the pioneering movements. The All India Women's Conference was not more than a hope—yet. One of the many minor ventures of Mrs. Margaret Cousins, wife of the Irish poet and the driving force behind many revolutionary and unconventional movements, was the Baby Welcome Centre, a medical-cum-social focal point of the juvenile and distaff side of progressive families. Going on a round of subscription collections one day, she entered Judge M. Venkatasubba Rao's palatial family residence. When she left some minutes later, she took, along with a handsome contribution, the curiosity and interest of the young woman, the Judge's wife.

From interestedness to participation was a mere step for Lady Venkatasubba Rao, a lady of leisure and ample means and a retinue of servants. The Women's Home of Service being run by Mrs. Cousins had then seven or eight destitute women in its charge whom it was trying in rather a confused, haphazard fashion to rehabilitate. Lady

Venkatasubba Rao offered her services to it. It occupied her time, it stirred her imagination, her life seemed to acquire a new purpose. But when Mrs. Cousins became interested in the All India Women's Conference, and had no time to attend to the Home of Service, she reluctantly decided to close down the Home. She conveyed her decision to Lady Venkatasubba Rao who returned home with a heavy heart. Take it over, she felt she could not. She had neither the experience nor the organising capacity needed to take upon herself a work which, she could see, would inevitably grow and perhaps become ultimately too big for her to handle. That evening the eight women of the Home whose security was in jeopardy came to see her. "You must help us," they cried in despair. "We don't know what to do."

Lady Venkatasubba Rao was deeply touched. But she was still undecided. She turned to her husband. He laughed at her indulgently, as husbands will. She must not decide hastily or without giving the matter due thought. After all what did she know about organised social service, he wanted to know. Being a woman, that decided Lady Venkatasubba Rao. She would learn, she said. She *could* learn. She would get somebody to run it for her at first. Lady Venkatasubba Rao took over the Women's Home of Service from Mrs. Margaret Cousins for the sum of Rs. 750 which was paid over as goodwill money. She rechristened it Seva Sadan.

A North Indian social service organisation was invited to put the new venture on its feet, with Rs. 10,000 as capital. In a few months it was all over, having been spent liberally on advertisements.

"We had to pay them to go away," says Lady Venkatasubba Rao. "And clear a mountain of naner rubbish."

She took over. Now in twenty-five years it has, as she herself first warned herself, outgrown her hands and runs itself. But the history of these twenty-five years has not been an uneventful history. There have been mistakes.

"We used to teach the women enamelling, lamp-shade making and painting," she says. "The women didn't find it lucrative. There just was not a big enough market for the things they made." Now nearly one hundred and fifty women in the Industrial School in the Seva Sadan and its two branches at Chetput and Tambaram learn needlework, embroidery and weaving.

They tried many experiments. The day the Brahmin girls and the non-Brahmin girls combined their mess was a red-letter day in the annals of the Seva Sadan. That, we may remember, was twenty years ago, long before Dravida Kazhagam. The non-Brahmin girls sat in their seats waiting. The Brahmin girls filed in slowly—all except one. The room tensed waiting for the girl to take her place. But she stood apart, afraid, undecided. Miss David, the first headmistress of the High School

and now head of the Tambaram branch of the Seva Sadan moved forward and took the girl by the arm. They went out together. Ten minutes later the girl re-entered and, smiling, went straight to her place. Another battle had been won.

"I merely spoke to her," says Miss David. "I said that if she persisted she would stand in our way and spoil everything."

It has happened again and again. Gently but firmly the Seva Sadan has moved forward, persuading the public out of its way, circumventing obstacles it could not cross, and when necessary, taking up arms against prejudice and outmoded convention. And more incredible than all, cajoling the wherewithal to pay for this growth out of the people themselves.

But that was not all. The work of the Seva Sadan itself became more and more complex. The difficulties and the obstacles in the way of finding suitable vocations for the widows, the deserted women, the women without education, women with a 'past,' women with undisclosed secrets, acquired a psychological twist. And, of course, right from the



Girls playing in the school grounds.

beginning, in an endless trek from all kinds of broken homes, came the orphans.

"They are not very easy to handle," says Miss David and explains why.

The child from a normal, healthy home seems to know by instinct what she is entitled to and how far she can go. But an orphan with no place to go, nobody to belong to, psychologically and emotionally cornered, feels that he is entitled to the earth. He has nothing, and nothing less than everything will satisfy him. It is a situation which has to be met with a combination of gentleness, understanding and firmness.

In the early forties came the invasion which Lady Venkatasubba Rao and her co-workers found hardest to handle—the refugee line from Burma. They came in demented hordes, mothers who had lost their families, children who had seen their parents die on the roadside and had then left their lifeless bodies to follow the crowd because they didn't know what else to do, starving, lousy, full of sores, ill in body and crazy in mind, their hearts and memories a fearful chasm.

"They had," says Lady Venkatasubba Rao searching for the right expression and finding it. "no standards of behaviour."

Not just women who didn't know what to do, but women past the stage of caring.

The Seva Sadan to this day does a kind of social service about which little is known to the public. It keeps under its vigilant eye infanticides specially recommended, because of mitigating circumstances, to something less harsh than imprisonment in gaol. The custom started when Judge Venkatasubba Rao felt that in some of the cases of infanticide he tried the mothers had been driven into a temporary frenzy by unbearable and inhuman circumstances.

"There is nothing to add to that" says discreetly Mrs. M. Lakshmi Amma, the Organising Secretary of the Seva Sadan, throwing cold water over my natural curiosity on the subject. "You wouldn't know them if you saw them. They go about their business like everybody else."

The Seva Sadan started with eight destitute women who had to be taken care of because they didn't know



Story-time at Seva Sadan.

current mood of frustration, and raw cries of revolt are also heard. Here the impact of social currents and cross-currents on the stage also makes itself felt. While the professional stage has already been emerging from mythological and historical representations to social themes, the new stage in West Bengal is the handiwork of amateur, educated troupes and is alive with the social stresses of the hour. It has expressed the moods and motives of the time and hence caught the imagination of the educated public. Incidentally it has itself been reflecting the cultural conflict between negative reaction to the current social maladjustment and a positive urge to end the maladjustment in working out a new and appropriate social pattern. Both these trends have found organized dramatic expression and doubtless contain potentialities of development in response to the evolution of the people's lives.

Bohurupee—literally meaning multifaced—an organization founded by Sambhu Mitra and his talented wife Tripti, has launched a number of productions that have been almost a revelation to the comfortable section of society blissfully ignorant of the sorrows and struggles that rage within the social organism. A more positive lead has come from the Little Theatre of which Robi Sen is the energetic secretary. Utpal Dutt whose name is already one to conjure with in dramatic and cinematographic art in Bengal, has well adapted

the organisation to the needs of concrete positive expression of the conscious urges of the people. The Little Theatre has produced a number of English and Bengali plays not excepting works by Tagore and Shaw. Besides Utpal Dutt, Premashish Sen, Satya Banerjee, Aloka Sen, Anuradha Roy, Tarun Mitra, Sailen Sen, Dipa Roy and Manashi Das Gupta, to name only a few, have proved themselves eminently equal to the task of dramatic representation in consonance with their own realization of the problems that beset society and the people. Adaptations from English and continental plays have been devised to make up for lack of a sufficient number of suitable original plays in Bengali. There are other isolated troupes as well, but the Bohurupee and the Little Theatre must be said to typify the trends of development of the new Bengali stage. They symbolize the emergence of feudal Bengal into the convulsions of industrial city life; they voice the impact of new social requirements of old, outmoded patterns of life; they might well presage the shape which the lives of the rising generation in West Bengal will take. There is no doubt that the very logic of development will secure improvement in technique. The industrial pattern of life will necessitate adaptation of western forms to the local set-up. These would be but ancillaries of the main lines of development of the Bengali stage as can now be visualized.

CABINET STABILITY IN ANDHRA STATE

By V. LINGAMURTY

THE Andhra State consists of 12 districts covering an area of more than 63,000 sq. miles, inhabited by more than 2 crores of people. It is thus bigger than many European nations like Switzerland. According to the order of the Delimitation Commission, the Andhra State will have 28 seats in the House of the People and 12 in the Council of States. Viewed from the standpoint of representation in the Parliament, the Andhra State occupies the seventh place among the Part A States.

The political structure of the new State is envisaged in the Andhra State Act which contains 64 clauses and 8 schedules. The legislature of the new State is of a unicameral type. The Andhra Legislative Assembly as per the final order of the Delimitation Commission will consist of 196 members. The Legislative Council was not abandoned unwept. But as Sri T. Viswanadham, Finance Minister of the Andhra State, rightly remarked, "judging from past nominations, the Council was not a place for elderly statesmen but for those who had been left out in Assembly elections." No wonder that other States like Bombay are now thinking of abolishing the Upper House.

The tenure of the Assembly, as in the case of the other Part A States, will be for five years. Regarding the duration of the present Assembly it is stated in the Andhra State Act that "the Andhra Assembly be deemed to have commenced from the date it actually commenced in the case of the Madras State Legislative Assembly." This provision in the Act has made it clear that fresh elections will not be conducted soon after the formation of the State. Stabilisation of the State which is the urgent need of the hour, will be greatly hampered if the attention of the people and the Gov-

ernment is distracted by elections. It is however to be noted that the Governor has the power to dissolve the Assembly at any time and order fresh elections. If the calamity of cabinet instability occurs in Andhra the proper course will be to hold fresh elections. While parliamentary democracy has its dangers, it has its own advantages, the chief of which is that the voice of the electorate ultimately prevails.

The composite nature of the Legislative Assembly has made the formation of the Cabinet in Andhra a thorny problem. The Assembly is an admixture of different political parties where no single party commands an absolute majority. In the present Assembly consisting of 140 members, the Congress and the Communists hold almost equal number of seats, the former having about 46 and the latter about 42 seats while the Praja Socialist Party has 16 and the Krishikar Lok Party 14 seats. Besides these major parties there are some smaller groups like the Kisan Mazdur Praja Party which has 6 members. Besides these there are nearly 16 Independents. In these circumstances a coalition Cabinet is inevitable. A coalition Cabinet in Andhra is justified by the composite nature of the legislature. Under existing conditions, even if the Congress Party can take into its fold a sufficient number of Independent and other members, as Mr. C. Rajagopalachari could do in Madras, it will not be quite desirable to have a one-party Cabinet in Andhra to-day.

IT is now quite unthinkable for the Congress or the Communists to form a Cabinet without the co-operation of the P. S. P. and the K. L. P. The withdrawal of the K. L. P. from the Congress in the legislature and the opposition of some members of the P. S. P. to the present Cabinet make one doubt whether the present Mi-

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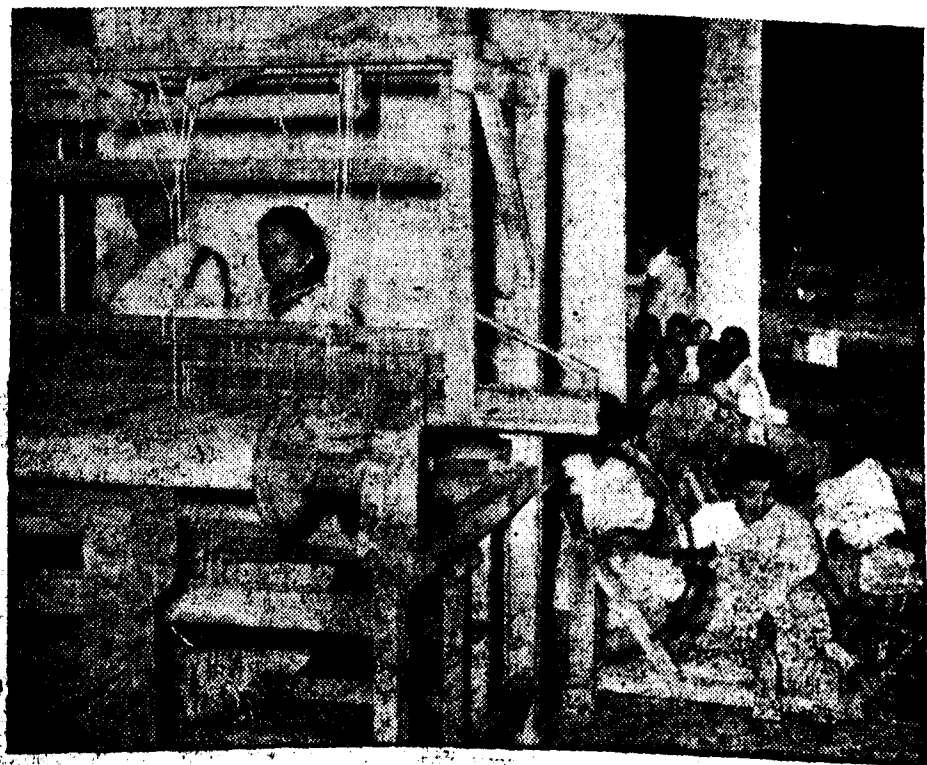
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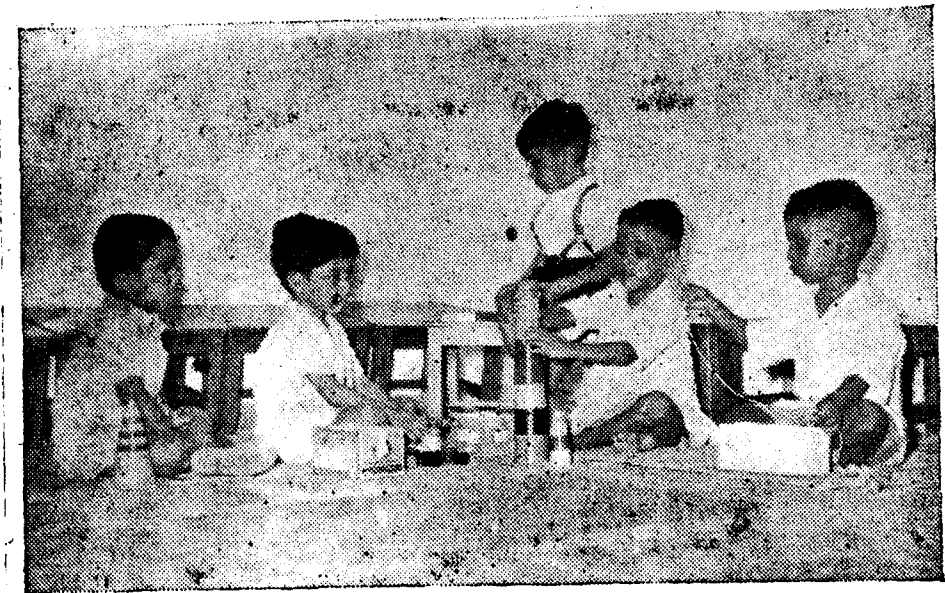
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what to do. Now it has a High School for girls, an Industrial School, an Orphanage, a Hostel for girls and women studying or working outside and a Nursery. It has gone, as they say, from strength to strength, completely dwarfing the people connected with it. Time can but increase and custom emphasise its efficacy to society. It is not an alms-house, not a rescue home. It is a monument to society's apology to its women.

It is part of middle-class snobbery to shove the responsibility of social service on the ruling Government. It is the duty of the State, we say. Assuring and maintaining standards of health and comfort among all its people is certainly as much a part of the work of a Government as the arranging of trade and the building of bridges. But a Government is a vast machine which cannot establish personal contact. And, Government, especially a Government like ours, cannot afford to make experiments. It can only be expected to take over a social service when the necessity for its extension to the whole nation

has been made indisputably manifest by the success of voluntary enterprise. Moreover, the tendency of statutory social service would be not to deal with an individual but with a statistical normal. Such standardisation and levelling down becomes inevitable because of the vastness of the problem and the complexity of social needs. No Government can afford the time to see where in a particular case conformity ends and individualism begins.

Social service has a fine ring about it and has become a catch-phrase. But it is more than visiting institutions, going to hospitals in cars with wilted flowers and well-thumbed magazines, giving cheri children a weekly bath. Social service, in combination with a predatory philosophy, does more harm than good. It must be sustained effort for a cause one believes in. It is to be a Philistine in the camp of the self-righteous.

It is to cast your bread upon waters knowing it shall not return to you even after many days.

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