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November 14 1953

SWATANTRA

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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

Vol. VIII. No. 41

Saturday November 14 1953

Issued Weekly

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NOVEMBER 14 1953

SWATANTRA

THE LAND GRANTS

ONE of the first acts of Sri Rajagopalachari on becoming Chief Minister was to annul the system of land grants to political sufferers that had been in vogue under earlier regimes. Now after the formation of the Andhra State, some of the Andhra Ministers have been issuing statements indicating a change-over in the new State to the system rejected by Sri Rajagopalachari. As the rewarding of political sufferers is not a regional matter, it is advisable that the Congress High Command should evolve an all-India policy on this particular issue, instead of leaving each State to chalk out a line of its own which may not be in harmony with the practice in other States and may even run counter to the essential spirit of Congress principles.

SRI RAJAGOPALACHARI'S objection to land grants cannot be dismissed lightly. It was based on sound commonsense. Political sufferers are not small in number. They run into a huge figure. If a proper method of recompensing them for their sufferings is to be evolved, it is essential that the reward must bear some proportion to the suffering, that it must be of a sort beneficial to the sufferer and that in the distribution of rewards political influence is not brought in to the advantage of the less deserving. In actual practice, however, in the period in which the system was in operation in the composite Madras State, it was found that all these requirements were regularly disregarded. To begin with, there was no arrangement made for any sensible or reasonable assessment of the deserts of the intended beneficiary. The land grants were made on the basis of applications to local officials. The more refined sort of political sufferers shrank from the vulgarity of seeking a price for their patriotic services of years ago, refrained from making applications, and kept out of the scramble. The result was, in net effect, that the cruder self-advertising sort ousted the more dignified type of political sufferer, and all kinds of strange anomalies were witnessed. The idea of conferring some form of material benefit in recompense for "suffering"—political or other—becomes meaningless if the benefit is passed off to people already well off. It can have relevance and significance only when the beneficiary is economically in a state of poverty rendering the gift made to him necessary and valuable. But far too many of the recipients of the Government's land grants on the score of their political sufferings were rich landlords with plenty of land in their possession already. Some of them were even Ministers. This was undoubtedly an abuse of power, doubly reprehensible, because under cover of helping patriots in need, it mispent the resources of the State in enriching those already rich in no need of any kind of special assistance.

THE problem of helping political sufferers has to be tackled in an entirely different way. The sufferers to be rewarded should not be selected on the basis of applications to be submitted by themselves. They should be marked out by leaders who bore the full brunt of the freedom struggle and can be expected to have complete and reliable knowledge of all those that participated in it and their circumstances. Lists should be made of all the deserving cases, and to the extent possible they should be drafted to useful occupations, or otherwise assisted economically. Land grants are of no use to non-cultivators. There are many political sufferers condemned to starvation and frustration because all the optional patronage at the disposal

of the Government seems somehow to gravitate towards the affluent, especially those who had done themselves very well in the British regime with tenders of loyalty entailing continual denunciations of the freedom movement. If this human material is sought out sympathetically and employed usefully, the real and genuine political sufferers in the country will feel themselves amply rewarded. Land grants to the adroit and the clamorous would be sheer bamboozlement and no more.

Sotto Voce

MUSICAL CHAIRS AND POLICEMEN'S BATONS



IT is in many ways an extraordinary report that Mr. Justice P. B. Mukerjee, sitting as a one-man Commission, has issued on the alleged assault by the police on Calcutta pressmen. He finds that on July 2nd there was an assault, but it was an assault by 'persons unknown', to wit, plain-clothes policemen. In the parlance of the courts the case against these anonymous custodians of law and order is thus 'referred' as undetected. Mr. Justice Mukerjee is likewise unable to say who the assaulted were. He explains he was not asked to find out.

But one thing he vigorously affirms, that none of the Grand Moghuls or even the middling magnates of the Calcutta police had any hand in the beating. This is no consolation to the beaten. Why were plain-clothes men at all put on this duty of quelling a disturbance? Their business is to observe unobserved when trouble is brewing, to remove trouble-making elements from the scene without fuss and thus help if possible to prevent an open breach of the peace. When the law is broken it is for the uniformed and proclaimed policeman to take over.

But was it so very difficult to find out who the individual assaulters

were? Mr. Justice Mukerjee has said that very few of the reporters involved had come to testify before him. It seems to me that even if the assaulted had come forward to testify in larger numbers they could not have easily identified the assaulters as these were in mufti. But since the assaults were in many cases followed up by the arrest of the assaulted, surely the men who took charge of the arrested persons could have been asked to say under whose orders they did so; and then these men could have been questioned.

But it is clear that Mr. Justice Mukerjee regarded this question of assault as a minor matter. He has satisfied himself that it was not deliberate and premeditated. That there was an assault was a pity, but the meddling pressmen asked for it. What business had they to stand in a large group on that battle-ground where the might of the law was being vindicated? Mr. Justice Mukerjee is careful to affirm that he is not questioning the journalists' right to report. But he energetically maintains that they have no right to congregate in groups of more than five. If they do and get a beating they must not make a song about it.

Mr. Justice Mukerjee contends, wholly unnecessarily, that journalists have no special rights. Nobody claims that pressmen should be allowed to break the law with impunity. But these journalists were not present on the *maidan* that day to break the law or even for a picnic. They were there to report. He rather uncharitably suggests that they herded together to save their skins; if they did, thanks to the zeal of the plain-clothes heroes, they failed in this craven ambition. But does the law require that reporters should risk a beating rather than be found in groups of more than five even by accident; that, while they keep one eye on the scrimmage, they should with the other look out for the sixth scribbler and run for dear life when he hoves in sight?

I have no right to pit a mere layman's opinion against the learned judgement of a High Court Judge. But it seems to me odd that Sec. 144 Cr. P. C. should be supposed to enjoin on reporters the duty of playing musical chairs under the spectre of the uplifted *lathi*. The reporter's duty is to be on the spot—at the kill, if I

may use the sanguinary metaphor of the chase,—and to tell his paper, as soon as he can contrive it, what he saw with his own eyes. It follows that if there are a score of reporters on an assignment they must inevitably be found all together at the point where whatever is happening is happening.

You cannot expect them to do it on the orderly queue system. A crowd that collects at a place against express orders may, by doing so, be presumed to intend violation of the law. But you cannot presume any such intention on the part of the reporters and therefore must not chase them off the field. Here is no special right claimed for the journalist. His known purpose being as lawful as that of the policemen dispersing unlawful crowds, he has as much right to be there. Mr. Justice Mukerjee might have had this point strongly impressed upon him and been saved the trouble of inditing much irrelevant eloquence had the proprietors and editors, instead of mysteriously and unaccountably developing cold feet, cared to lead evidence at the enquiry which they had so loudly demanded.

VIGNESWARA

DYLAN THOMAS

WORKS:

Poetry—18 Poems; 25 Poems; Deaths & Entrances; Collected Poems (1934-1952).
Prose & Poetry—The Map of Love
Prose—Portrait of the Artist as A Young Dog; Adventures in the Skin Trade (Novel in Progress); Under Milk Wood (A Play for Voices); The Doctor and The Devils (A Story-Scenario)

Amid the babel of much modern
verse,
maiming, throwing the Muse into a
tawdry hearse,
with divine dower,
you were a pride and power—
Dylan,
thou shouldst be living at
this hour,
this troubled earth hath need of thee.



Born 1914 in Swansea, U. K.
Died* 1953 in New York, U. S. A.
* Nov 9 1953

SIDELIGHTS :

C. R. is partly right in his assessment of the causes that have impelled some of the Madras legislators to desire him to "quit the scene." Since his advent they have not been having their share in the spoils of office and power. In the earlier Congress regimes the legislators dominated local officials. Often the officials gave in to the pressure of the legislators and went out of their way to oblige them with palatable orders and decisions. Justice was disregarded frequently under the pressure of the legislators' importunities. The impression spread everywhere that without influence justice could not be had, and to get the favour of the local officials, the simplest method was to enlist the services of the local legislators. The legislators of course did not give their services free. They got paid for their pains. Some of them became so suddenly rich that the new wealth could not be accounted for in the normal way as the outcome of professional activities. It was the result of the sale of political influence.

The officials in the districts no doubt knew that it was wrong of them to place themselves at the disposal of the legislators in the discharge of their administrative duties, but they were influenced by the fate that befell those of their own order who stuck to the strict standards of impartiality and rectitude. The legislators bullied the Ministers into venting displeasure on officials that disregarded their wishes, and rather than get punished for doing the right thing, the officials learned to consult their own safety by pursuing lines of least resistance. This was the state of affairs when C. R. became Chief Minister. Within a week of his assumption of office, he succeeded in rescuing the administration from the undue political influence that used to be exerted on it by the legislators and other party bosses. Since then the officials have acted

with freedom and initiative. If still they have erred, it was due to their inherent deficiencies, and not the superimposed pressure of outside elements acting irresponsibly.

C. R.'s advent has meant the throttling of a considerable section of legislators in their attempt to use the power of their positions for private gain. He rose to office on a volcano—a volcano of suppressed fury filled with the bitter disappointments of many a Tammany politician baulked of graft. They did not greet him with enthusiasm, they suffered him out of helplessness. They would have continued in helplessness indefinitely, if C. R. had exercised his power with care, not providing them a handle for revolt. In this he failed.

NOBODY of course can act with flawless perfection, and some error can be expected from the very best of administrators. But it is the saving grace of error that it is redeemable, and to redeem it, all that is needed is an open mind. Many acts of autocracy have been alleged against C. R. They are not very serious, since the very method of functioning in democracy is unhampered administrative action of which the leader is the judge, and no Chief Minister can afford to desist from prompt decision in an emergency—or what he deems to be such—on the ground that he has not had time yet to consult his party. Democratic rulers can be as powerful as dictators, and it is not the quantum of power or swiftness in its exercise that distinguishes the one from the other system. The real distinction between the two systems lies in the fact that in a democracy the acts and decisions of the ruler are subject to review along also with his right to continue in power, whereas a dictator is subject to no such check or review. It is absurd for C. R. to chafe at being called to account by the legislators for his actions as Chief Minister. Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu has as much right to

seek the interest of his fellow-legislators to depose C. R. as he had to enthrone him in the first instance. Every democratic leader is subject to potential displacement when he ceases to be acceptable to his followers, and it is not by expatiating on the "lapses and faults" of his critics that he can maintain himself in authority, but by strengthening his position with measures and policies which his would-be supplanters will not dare to oppose.

EXCEPT on the condition that he will be able to confront his party, with his record and obtain for it their general approval, there is no right to rule for C. R., no security for his office. There is weakness and lack of balance in his overmuch of emphasis lately on his own indispensability and incomparable excellences. It synchronises with a fall from his old sureness of touch as a practitioner in statecraft. We have its worst exhibition in the choice of Srimati Jothi Venkatachalam as a Minister. When the Chief Minister refers to a Minister being a Harijan and a lady as merits, what right has he to cavil at others on the charge that they "want new privileges based on caste to be in vogue?" Too much tenacious clinging to power on the part of C. R. seems to have drawn out the "monkey" in him, and it is not surprising if some at least among those aware of his charm and talent wish to see the man—(and the State)—saved from the monkey. SAKA

If in a picture, Pisto, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most
different kinds,

Cover'd with feathers of all sorts
of birds;

Would you not laugh, and think the
painter mad?

Trust me that book is as ridiculous.
Whose incoherent style, like sick
men's dreams,
Varies all shapes and mixes all
extremes.

—HORACE



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Progressive Painters' Exhibition

By

K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

THE Progressive Painters' Exhibition has come round again and one may expect, now that the association is well established, that this will continue to be a regular feature of the cultural life of Madras City.

A novel aspect of this year's exhibition is that it has attracted entries from some painters of Bombay. To say that some of these exhibits have created an impression would be to make an equivocal statement. Some of them have arrested attention more by their exotic value and novelty than by their appeal. These pictures strike one as being extremely clever without being significant or satisfying and the more one sees such, the less one is inclined to accommodate them. Such pictures as "Holi" by Hussain and "Betrayal" exhibit cleverness in arrangement and assurance in the filling up of space. As expressed by a visitor, these pictures may be called dictionaries of art where the vocabulary of art is analytically arranged and displayed. An impatience of tradition that seems to be behind the approach to such works does not necessarily mean that one has to go about studiously, (casting aside sincerity and individuality) after effects calculated to startle on-lookers by garishness. An exception is "Still Life" by Ara where the artist, while being 'modern' has succeeded in being satisfying. The modernity of "White Doe" is a moot point. The cave men artists who lived 5,000 years ago would have noticed in this work a reproduction, in essence, of some of their drawings done on the cave walls. For, if one takes away the veneer of 'modernity' these two types of drawings are found to be similar to a high degree.

There are in this year's exhibition, more than 300 exhibits including paintings in different media, drawings and a few sculptures. The exhibitors would have done well to cut down the numbers by setting a higher standard of selection. Cheek by jowl with outstanding works one

comes across works that are rudimentary. Strictness in selection is a duty the selectors owe to the public who, being familiar with exhibitions, will no longer be satisfied with amateurish efforts.

Among the works in Indian style, by far the most outstanding ones are from the brush of Dhanapal whose "Tambura Player" and "March of the Mahatma" are excellent examples of happy synthesis between tradition and individuality. P. L. Narasimhamurthy has some good works to his credit, among which mention may be made of "Frightened Child." Srinivasulu's "Toilet," a noteworthy picture, is however disappointing in its colours and its obsession with mannerism. Among the water colours in western style Panikkar's "The Cliff" is a delightful effort in which through a studied economy of effort the artist has conveyed much. R. Krishna Rao's "A Street Scene" is noteworthy. Santhanraj, Munuswamy, Antony Doss and Patel have some good works to their credit. The oil colour section is graced by some outstanding works by Panikkar. His large groups can hold their own in any exhibition anywhere. The figures handled with mastery seem to resolve themselves with satisfying significance of form and dissolve themselves back again to form striking colour patterns. "Mother Goddess" by Ramgopal is particularly noteworthy among the other exhibits this artist has to his credit. "Judgement" by P. Pillai, delightful for its boldness of approach, is a highly promising work. Antony Doss, who strikes one as an up and coming artist, has revealed that he has a distinct flair for the oil colour medium. There are some excellent drawings and sketches by Ramgopal, Panikkar, Dhanapal and Antony Doss. In his "Market Scene" Panikkar seems to have set a precedent in displaying the possibilities of lines in oils. The brush drawings of Dhanapal "Recreation" and "Procession with Offerings" are outstanding in their delicacy, strength and flowing grace. Dhanapal is to the fore in the sculpture section with his head studies in plaster and groups in terracota.

ACHARYA NARENDRA DEVA

By P. D. TANDON

TO be in politics and not have enemies, is so rare. It is a privilege which very few enjoy. Acharya Narendra Deva is one of them. This profound scholar and able politician enjoys the respect not only of those who agree with his politics, but also of those who differ with him. He does not allow politics to interfere with personal relationship and in congress, also, he has a large number of friends and admirers who never say a harsh word about him. Jawaharlal Nehru has great affection and regard for Narendra Deva and whenever Nehru knows that Acharyaji is in Delhi, he wants to meet him and often invites him to stay with him. It was at his request that Narendra Deva agreed to join the official delegation to China. Some of his comrades would have been happy, had he not lent prestige to the official delegation by joining it. "Why did you agree to go to China as a member of the official delegation? Certain members of your party did not like it very much" asked a few friends. With a disarming smile, he said, "You see. I just could not refuse the offer, when old friends pressed me." This reluctance to say "No" to anybody is at once his strength and weakness. He is so generous, so kind hearted and so accommodating that he feels that he must oblige others. This is interpreted as a sign of weakness by some friends, but the Acharya prefers to be weak and oblige others, rather than be strong and say "No" and disappoint people. "Clean and abstemious in living, modest and considerate in behaviour, generous and understanding in friendship, Acharya Narendra Deva is a safe counsellor and an enlightened leader."

Whenever there is need for a man of integrity, impartiality and ability in politics or in educational circles, the name of Narendra Deva is mentioned. Despite political differences with the Congress, I know how greatly he was pressed by several

Congress dignitaries to accept the Vice-Chancellorship of the Lucknow University and how later Delhi almost forced him to take up the Vice-Chancellorship of the Benares Hindu University. Even his opponents trust him, because they know that he would never do anything that is improper or undignified. Several Congress leaders requested him to accept the Vice-Chancellorship of these universities because they knew that the Acharya would not take any advantage of his position and would never prompt students to do anything against Congress or the Government, despite his being a leader of a rival political party, but would give a high moral tone to the universities. And it did happen. During Narendra Deva's Vice-Chancellorship Lucknow University students behaved with dignity and restraint as they were always keen not to hurt him. Whenever they thought of creating any trouble, they always asked themselves, "What Acharyaji will think about it." He is held in great esteem by students and teachers alike.

THE world of scholars has suffered loss by Narendra Deva's straying into politics. He is a scholarly type. He is never more happy than when teaching or reading. He is a high class academician, completely free from the professorial humbug which characterises a number of professors. He carries the weight of learning like a flower on his head and hardly ever believes that he is "know-all". He is ever willing to learn even from his students. His eyes glisten, a smile is scattered across his face, and he hears intently when some one talks intelligently and profoundly. He is a good conversationalist and a very patient listener. In his company, you never feel scared of his scholarship. He does not make you feel that he is too learned and the others around him hardly know anything. He makes the humblest feel easy and comfortable in his presence. He has high regard for common courtes-

sies and decorum. He is one of the most cultured of men, you can come across. "He is a profound scholar, persuasive orator and proficient linguist. Acharya Narendra Deva is the high priest of Socialism in India, an intellectual among intellectuals, a preceptor among patriots. Admirers and critics alike may dispute among themselves whether this gaunt, gray veteran of a hundred freedom battles could not have served his country more in the temple of learning and the athaeneum of culture than in the dusty cockpit of politics; but no one will deny that the Acharya has enriched public life by his mature wisdom and high idealism."

WHEN he left the Congress along with his Socialist comrades, there was widespread regret in the U.P. at the Acharya's going out of the Congress fold. On that occasion, the Secretary of the U.P. P.C.C. sent him a letter requesting him to revise his decision and not leave the Congress. The Acharya sent a reply which was marked for its high dignity. He said

"At a time when all sorts of motives are being attributed to us and we are being accused of disrupting the Congress, and when some men in authority and influence are even holding out threats of dire destruction, it is heartening to know that at least the highest executive authority of the Congress in these provinces appreciates the motives which have actuated us to take this step.

"I reciprocate the noble sentiments and express our gratitude to the Council for their deep concern for us. It would have given us great pleasure if it would have been possible for us to respond to their appeal to return to the Congress fold.

"In all humility I would say that in the circumstances it would be best for both of us to reconcile ourselves to what has happened. It hurts us to think that we are not finding it possible to respond to the appeal of our friends. The love that you bear for us should not be used to weaken us in our resolve, but should rather help us

in keeping straight on the path we have chosen for ourselves.

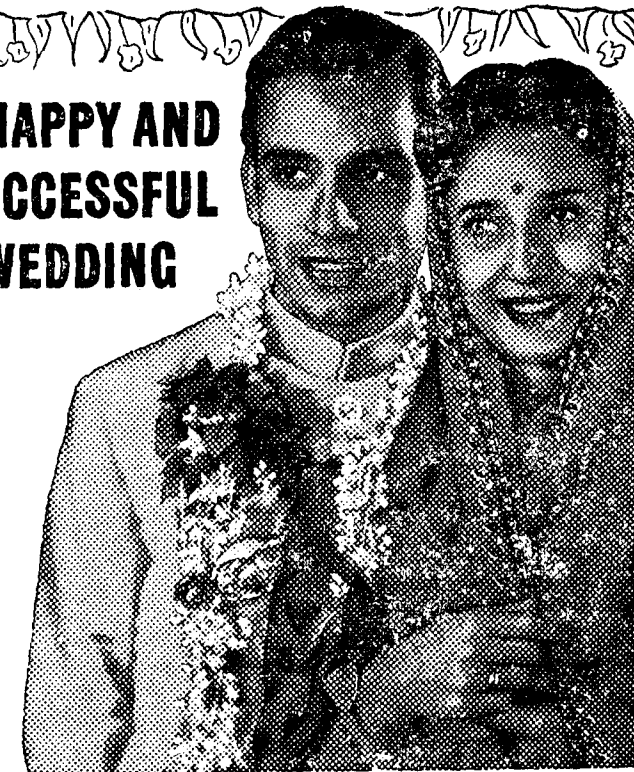
"It is a great solace to us to know that in this unjust and unkind world, at least our erstwhile comrades-in-arms, while disapproving of our decision, are willing to judge us with charity and recognise our past services."

Narendra Deva is one of the greatest orators in Hindi, English and Urdu. His torrential eloquence is extremely impressive. It is not mere sentiments that lend weight to his speeches, but deep scholarship and learning. He keeps his audiences spell-bound and the pitch of his talks is always high. Invariably at the end of his lectures people ask "Do not you think he is a remarkable speaker and a very well informed man?" He can hold his own in any assembly of learned men.

Narendra Deva was born in 1889 of a middle class Khattri family at Sitapur. At a young age he could recite the Gita and Amarkos. He is an admirer of Tilak and at the age of ten, he attended a Congress session. He could hardly follow anything at that time, because the speeches were in English, but he kept sitting and listening all the same. He was a student at the Muir Central College and after finishing his education, he practised law at Fyzabad. Young and brilliant Narendra Deva had toyed with the idea of going to England and appear for the I.C.S. examination, but his mother disapproved of his going abroad. He had hardly practised law for about five years, when he plunged into the Non-cooperation movement and since then has been to jail several times. In 1942, he was in the Ahmadnagar Fort along with the members of the Congress Working Committee, and while there he wrote a few very scholarly books.

In 1921, due to the pressure of friends, particularly of Jawaharlal Nehru, he joined Kashi Vidhyapith, a national institution with patriotic traditions. After five years he became its principal and was called "Acharya". Narendra Deva's father Babu Baldeo Prasad, was a successful lawyer and was keen that his son also should stick to law, but Naren-

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DALDA

VANASPATI

dra Deva got engulfed in the stormy sea of Indian politics and had no time for law. He was keen to be an archaeologist, but in 1913 when he passed his M.A. examination, he realised that he could not do that. In 1915 he took up the Secretaryship of the Fyzabad Home Rule League. He attended the Calcutta Congress session in 1906 as a visitor. There he heard the speeches of Arbindo Ghose and Bipen Chandra Pal. He listened to the famous address of Arbindo Ghose on "Tenets of the New Party". He did not attend the Congress session at Allahabad in 1910 though he was a student there, because extremists had been expelled from the Congress.

Narendra Deva was always a good student. Books like "Memoirs of a Revolutionary", "Mutual Aid" by Kropotkin, "Essays in National Idealism" by A. K. Coomaraswamy, the writings of Arbindo Ghosh and Hardyal, the stories of Turgenev, the "Life" of Garibaldi, the Writings of Mazzini, books on the French Revolution, Blantschelli's "Theory of the States" and a lot of Nihilist literature from Russia, were thoroughly studied by him. He was a contemporary of G. B. Pant, K. N. Katju, Shiv Prasad Gupta and Thakur Cheddi Lal. When the All India Congress Socialist Party was formed, he presided over the Patna Conference. Since then he has been the guiding light for Indian Socialists. His address at the Patna session of the party was a masterly performance and created a stir. For many years he was a Kisan leader and did con-

siderable work for the peasantry in the U. P. He was twice elected President of the All India Kisan Sabha and presided over its sessions at Gaya and Bedual in 1939 and 1942 respectively.

GANDHIJI was very fond of Narendra Deva. He had once proposed his name for the presidency of the Congress, but the Working Committee decided on another leader. Even Subhas Bose had requested Narendra Deva to be on his Working Committee, when he was against so many of his Congress colleagues.

Paying an eloquent tribute to Acharya Narendra Deva, Meharally once rightly observed "His captivating manners, his unassuming, but gigantic scholarship, his gifts of character and intellect have endeared him to hundreds of thousands. His is the typical case of a man who lives for an ideal and a faith—the ideal of a new classless society where poverty, ignorance and exploitation are banished and the faith in the common man and his revolutionary ability to create a new world. And he lives his life with so much purity of purpose and dignity of spirit that it ennoble all who come into contact with him and sets a new tone to public life."

Narendra Deva is one of those refined and cultured men whose company is coveted by politicians and scholars of repute. Modesty, he has too much. Assertion, he has hardly ever known. His gentle nature and genial temperament lend a subtle charm to his personality.

EXPANDED CABINET AND DIVISIONAL COMMISSIONERS

By P. N. SAMPATH

NO tactical move should be judged in isolation; the wider context is what determines the significance as well as the moral character of a particular move.

The rationale behind the recent expansion of the Madras Cabinet was not administrative convenience. The whole emphasis was on expediency rather than necessity. It is a well-known fact that in addition to the troubles shot up off and on by the opposition parties, a wiry clique inside the State Congress organisation itself led by Sri Kamaraj Nadar, has been keeping Rajaji's wits fully employed.

Rajaji is one who never gives up when a fight is on. He is more than a match for his scheming foes. He is a Smyslov for adept moves. The roping in of Sri Rajaram Naidu, the stormy petrel of the Nadar group and of Sri Bhaktavatsalam, whose allegiance to Nadar is wellknown, as additional Ministers of his Cabinet was calculated to disrupt and divide the Nadar ranks.

But the repercussions are far-reaching. In the case of Sri Rajaram Naidu, an erstwhile staunch opponent has been made a Minister, at the expense of faithful followers who stuck to Rajaji through thick and thin. In the appointment of Srimati Jyothi Venkatachellam, Rajaji has chosen a rank outsider who, though a qualified Harijan, was not a member of the Congress. (She has since joined the Congress). This has been exploited by the dissident group to foment unrest among the Harijan M. L. As. whose claims to Ministership had incidentally been passed over. Sri Bhaktavatsalam's record during his tenure as Minister in the Kumaraswami Raja Ministry had exasperated public opinion and shattered public confidence in him. This was quite convincingly revealed

in his defeat in the last general elections. His comeback under Rajaji's auspices is a source of resentment to the public in general. But Rajaji's tact was not exercised without restraint. He has been discreet enough not to entrust Sri Bhaktavatsalam with his former portfolio. The latter is much too beholden to Rajaji for having rescued him from political hibernation and facilitated his comeback to mind this undoubted slight.

On account of Rajaji's deft tactics, the Nadar group is now rendered powerless to make itself felt. Nadar may be down, but he is never out. Though temporarily stunned into submission by Nehru's telling rebuke, Nadar is certain to ruminate over things and before long, re-gather his strength for a mighty further effort to unseat Rajaji.

ANOTHER instance where Rajaji had to improvise to get out of a difficulty is in the matter of finding alternative employment for displaced top-notch Revenue Board officials. When the Andhra State was formed on 1st October, the Board of Revenue was bifurcated, resulting in the constitution of a two-member Board of Revenue for the residuary State. Prior to the Partition all the five members of the Board of Revenue were senior I. C. S. officers drawing salaries of Rs. 2,500 and upwards. The Andhra leaders chose to elevate smart junior officers to the membership of the Andhra Board of Revenue rather than adopt the old incumbents. Even in regard to the other key administrative posts, Andhra leaders adopted a like policy. This burdened the residuary State with a plethora of senior officials of the I.C.S. cadre and a good number of officers of the Indian Administrative Service. Rajaji is a well-known friend of the Steel Frame, and he could not desert them at this emer-

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gent juncture. People had already expressed their antipathy to the continuance of the Board of Revenue which they consider a colossal waste. The events that had precipitated the formation of the Andhra State had incidentally clipped the wings of the Board and had attenuated its strength to two. To restore it to its previous complement might enrage public opinion and evoke adverse comment. So Rajaji's fertile brain fished out the novel appellation "Divisional Commissioners" and through their appointment, restored the old strength of the Board by proxy. People object to the name Tweedledum; so call it Tweedledee.

THIS new appointment had to be invested with plausibility. Therefore, Rajaji gave out that these Divisional commissioners will supervise and guide the work of the inexperienced junior officers of the I.A.S. cadre in charge of the district administration in the State. But people

nowadays are not so gullible as Rajaji might think them to be.

Of the fourteen District Collectors in the residuary Madras State six are I.C.S. men and the rest belong to the Indian Administrative Service. All of them are experienced officers who have been serving the State with unremitting zeal and maximum efficiency. In the discharge of their duties they have on many occasions stoutly resisted the importunities and threats and undue interferences of the ruling party, whether it be ordinary Congressmen, or legislators or even Ministers. It must be said to their credit that during the strains and stresses, trials and tribulations of the incipient years of Congress rule in this State, they had stood solid and square behind the Government serving its best interests at all times. Rajaji himself had on one or two occasions complimented them on their efficiency and resourcefulness. Such being the case, to suggest at

this stage, all on a sudden, that they are lacking in experience or that their work requires supervision and guidance, is, to say the least, indecorous. It is rather hard on these hardworking public servants.

IN fact none of them can be said to be inexperienced. While the I.C.S. officers have had not less than 10 years' experience in administration, the present I.A.S. incumbents in the districts have more than ten to fifteen years' experience in their line. To talk of their being inexperienced is meaningless. Instead of publicising this far-fetched explanation, for the new appointments, Rajaji could have very well taken the public into his confidence and stated that the main idea was to utilise the services of highly-paid I.C.S. officers rendered surplus to the requirements of the residuary State, in a capacity other than routine district administration which junior officials could

themselves attend to. This would have had at least the saving grace of candour.

Despite the change in nomenclature, the Board of Revenue is continuing, the functions of the three divisional Commissioners being identical, more or less, with those formerly exercised by the original Board of Revenue.

Additional Ministers and additional posts necessarily mean additional charge on the public exchequer. Rajaji is complaining of lack of finance on the one hand and on the other, is increasing expenditure without warrant. Expediency gets the better of economy. Side by side with these superfluous appointments is the spectre of unemployment facing the hundred and more lower subordinates who have been thrown out of employment in the wake of the partition.

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FOUNDATIONS OF A SOCIAL STRUCTURE

By Sir C. P. RAMASWAMY AIYAR

WHENEVER there arises a discussion regarding the social structure and institutions of our country there is a growing tendency to cut it short with an assertion that Hindu law and customs have remained static and have proved incapable of adjustment to new conditions. Such an attitude illustrates what Francis Bacon termed *idola tribus* and *idola fori* namely, obsessions due to preconceived opinions, dogmas or slogans. No one has grasped the fundamental characteristic of Indian evolution who has not noticed the insistence on fearless inquiry (*Vichara*) and courage (*Abhaya*). In fact, they are the main features of our Dharma. The expressions 'Dharma' and 'Rita' connote ideals that are not generated by the command of a sovereign in the sense in which the laws of other countries have originated in the dictates of either monarchs or Legislatures. The conceptions of law as developed by Jurists like Austin and Bentham are essentially foreign to us. It is asserted in the *Satapatha Brahmana* that Dharma is the king of kings by whose aid even the weak prevail over the strong. Our rulers and law givers were not regarded as enunciating this Dharma but as governed by and charged with implementing it. This Dharma has never remained in this country stationary or immobile. One simple illustration will make our meaning clear. As early as the *Taithiriya Upanishad*, it was affirmed that the most infallible guide to one's conduct is to follow the rules and practices of disciplined and righteous men in the locality and where there is any doubt or ambiguity, the conduct of such men should be taken as the norm.

The importance of custom which has often been declared to be transcendent law is exemplified in India by the recognition of startlingly

divergent practices. The *Marumak-kathayam* system of the West Coast put aside the normal doctrines as to marriage and widowhood that are supposed to be basically Hindu. The customs of the Nambudri brahmins and the non-insistence of marriage in the case of Nambudri women, the recognition of a marriage in several localities with maternal uncle or maternal uncle's son, are few out of many instances which demonstrate that the local or even temporary circumstances have modified Indian legal and social practices. The rise of Buddhist and Jaina systems and the consequent overturning of the older ideas regarding animal sacrifices, rituals and the pre-existing caste system and the divergences between the various legal commentaries like *Mitakshara* and *Dayabhaga*, the adoption of many southern or Dravidian ideas in respect of the social fabric are further pointers in the same direction. The manner in which temple entry by Harijans was accepted in the most orthodox part of India, i.e., Travancore-Cochin, the gradual but definite abandonment of the old restrictions as to sea voyage are other instances that may be adduced.

TAKING a rapid survey of ancient and medieval social developments we shall realise that as early as the Vedic times when the so-called Aryan invaders came into contact with aboriginal populations, they lost no time in assimilating the pristine inhabitants into the Aryan fold. The *Vrathyasthoma* by which the foreign and non-Aryan elements were integrated into the Aryan society is described in the *Sama Veda*. It may be noted that Parasara, a brahmin, married a fisher girl who became the mother of Vyasa. So, in later days, Chandra Gupta married a girl who was either a brahmin or according to some narratives, a Kshatriya of the

Lichchhavi clan who became the grand mother of Asoka. Divergent and even apparently repugnant customs were tolerated in the interests of the unification of society. The Asuras who occupied a place of importance and respect in the earlier Vedic age seemed to have degenerated later. The practice of mummification was prevalent amongst them and is recognised in the Chandogya Upanishad. The practice of burial of the dead and the honours paid to relics and ashes are un Aryan but are now accepted in several instances. In a recent publication under the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan entitled "Vedic Age" it has even been asserted that the doctrine of transmigration, the worship of Uma or Durga, of Subramania or Skanda and of Krishna are instances of the adoption of non-Aryan ideals with Aryan modes of worship and ideology. It is also remarkable that both the Varaha and Bavishya Puranas seem to take it for granted that Surya or sun worship was introduced from the Sakadvipa (namely, from the Scythians). The Brihat Samhita also proceeds to state that the images of the sun when installed in temples should be so installed by the Magas, (presumably the Magi or Persians). In other words the guiding principle even up to medieval times has been that enunciated by Asoka. "Reconciliation is the best of all things."

DR. RADHAKRISHNAN has rightly characterised Hinduism as not based on a common creed but on a common quest and as involving a unity not of organisation but of spirit. That this is the right approach is demonstrated by considering the development of our ideals and their successive modifications to suit particular special conditions. For instance, in the Uddhava Gita it is stated that originally there was only one caste termed 'Hamsa'. The Bhagavad Gita in dealing with this topic of caste affirms that the four-fold division of society is dependent on individual capacity or potentiality or guna and inherited characteristics or Karma. This idea has led to the present unforeseen and calamitous subdivision and stratification of our

society. Comparatively recent developments due to foreign invasions and political and social subordination have obscured the original character of Indian life. Those who now accentuate the differences between Smarthas and Vaishnavas or between Brahmins and non-Brahmins ignore the admitted fact that Rama was a devotee of Siva and that Chidambaram deified Nanda the Harijan devotee, that the Kshatriya at the time of Chandogya Upanishad was regarded as superior in Vidya to the Brahmin, that the Suta tradition embodied in the person of Sanjaya and Vaishampayana recognised the special greatness of a non-Brahmin group, that Vasishtha's mother was a Ganika and that as already stated Parasara and Vyasa were born of mixed unions. In short, one would not be rash in remarking that our social structure was fluid and elastic and admitted of a number of adaptations until a period of rigidity set in after the Greek, Syrian and Muslim invasions. But even then it should not be forgotten that the great Saiva Siddantha philosophy of the Tamil country is based upon the intermixture of the old Sangam ideals with Sanskritic contributions both linguistic and philosophical. This flexibility of our social and thought structure is further proved by the instance of Kabir who was a Muslim disciple of Ramananda and who preached strongly against institutional religion. The Kabir Panthis are now a part of Hindu society. The existence of the Sikh and the Lingayat communities is another proof of the co-existence of different social and religious conceptions within the framework of a tolerant and catholic social fabric. Tukaram as late as the 17th century worshipped Vithoba at Pandarpur where no caste discriminations were recognised and there were a number of Muslims as his disciples.

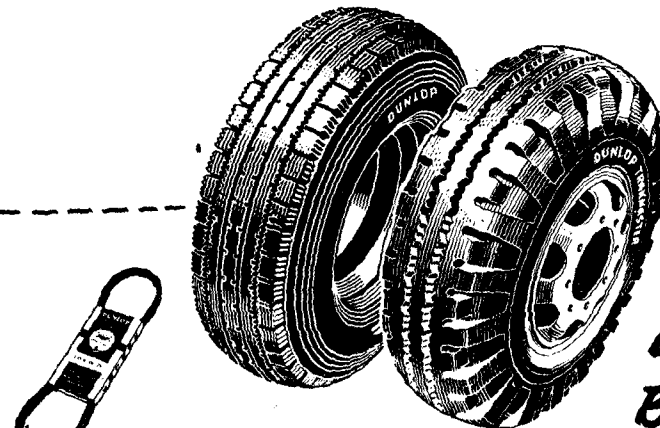
THE transcendence that was manifested in Puri, in Pandarpur and in Chidambaram over the shackles of caste observances would have been more widespread but for extraneous influences that checked the spontaneous growth of Hindu society. The

Islamic and Christian impact on India produced a reaction by way of self-defence, an artificial hardening and segregation of social ideas and our society behaved like a porcupine transforming itself into a ball of spikes, when attacked. Nevertheless, even during recent times the rise and progress of the Brahma Samaj and the Arya Samaj and the great contributions of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Vivekananda have led to new interpretations of Varnashrama Dharma and the jettisoning of unjustified privileges. The real doctrine of Ahimsa involves the non-exploitation of races, creeds and communities and this doctrine has been, in spite of apparent divergences, the guiding principle of Indian life. Great activity is now being evinced in the matter of social legislation but such legislation can only be successful in proportion to

the readiness of the people as a whole to accept and to implement the principles underlying such legislation.

What is needed in India is primarily the realisation of the essential nature of Indian civilisation. Social developments amongst us have been always conditioned by the successive messages of the great pioneers who have never failed India in times of need beginning from Viswamitra and Buddha and continuing down to our own times. From the foregoing the general conclusion is legitimate that our social structure is legitimate that our social structure has been, in spite of apparent divergences, inelastic but has always responded to movements from within, though it has generally resisted forcible attacks or coercion from without. —Condensation of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay.

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ANDHRA EMPIRE IN ANCIENT INDIA

By H. RANGACHAR

HAPPY, it has been said, is the country which has no history and the new Andhra State has fortunately no claim whatsoever to this kind of dubious bliss. For, the inauguration of Andhra as a constituent of the Indian Republic on 1st October marks but the re-emergence of one of the most ancient States which played a very great and often decisive part in the history of India from remote antiquity. The auspicious occasion of the birth of the new State, barely a month old, may be a fitting time to obtain a glimpse of its first known predecessor, right in the dawn of the history of our country over two thousand years ago.

The earliest reference to the Andhras is in one of the later books of the Aitreyia Brahmana (assigned a date not later than 500 B.C.) where they are mentioned along with Pundras, Sabaras, Mutibas, etc., as "Dasyus" or non-Aryan tribes living in the southern borders of Aryavarta in the Vindhya regions. The Mahabharata also classes them along with non-Aryan peoples. There is no evidence to support the view sometimes advanced that they are Aryans, being the descendents of Andhra, one of the sons of Visvamitra. The Andhras are no doubt a Dravidian people as subsequent smritis and other evidences show.

The Andhras are also described by Pliny in his *Historia Naturalis* as being next to Prassioi, (i.e. prachyah or the easterns or the people of Hindustan) the most powerful nation in India then. He refers to the king of the Andhra country possessing 30 fortified towns besides numerous villages, an army of 100,000 infantry, 2000 cavalry and 1000 elephants. This is presumed to be a quotation from the works of Megasthenes on which Pliny depended for his information on India. This would point to Andhra being an independent

State during the latter part of the Magadha Empire and the earlier part of Chandragupta's reign. If this is so, it has to be presumed that Andhra was also one of the countries subdued by Chandragupta or Bindusara during the expedition to the South to which references can be traced in early Tamil texts which refer to invasion by "Vamba Moriyar" or "Moriya upstarts" who subdued Mohir and its allies and advanced as far as Podiyil Hill in Tinnevely district. Early Buddhist texts also mention capital cities like Setakannika Andhapura, probably on the Telavaha or modern Tel.

There is however recorded evidence to show that the Andhra State formed a part of the "raja vishaya" or the dominions of the great Asoka. In the Rock Edict XIII of Asoka occurs the following reference to the Andhra: "And likewise here, in the king's dominions, among the Yona and Kambojas... among the Andhra and Pulindas, everywhere men follow the Law of Piety..." This, in the words of Rapson, "seems to indicate that they (Andhras) acknowledged the suzerainty of Asoka, but they were never conquered and brought under the direct government of a viceroy." They seem to have asserted independence again soon after the death of Asoka. Some independent kingdoms seem to have then sprung up and an inscription discovered at Bhattiprolu, assignable to the 2nd century B.C., mentions a rajan named Kuberaka. But soon most of the area and adjoining countries were brought under the sway of the great Satavahana emperors. The subsequent history of Andhra can be traced in some outline from the Puranas, coins, inscriptions and monuments.

THE Puranas, whose value as a source of history is coming to be more and more recognised, all agree in regarding the Satavahana Empire

is the lineal successor to the Maurya Empire. According to their accounts, the last of the Kanva kings was killed by the founder of this empire, an Andhra officer in the Emperor's service (*tatbhrityah... andhrajateeyah*), "who will thereafter enjoy the sovereignty of this earth" (*vasudham bhokshyati*). The name of this founder is differently given in different Puranas as Simukha, Sipraka, Sisuka and even Balipuchchakha as in Vishnu Purana. The Puranas are usually fairly in agreement with the evidence of inscriptions and coins, so far as the names of the kings and the length of their reigns are concerned; but the chronological position assigned to the dynasty cannot be reconciled with other evidences, as observed by Rapson. The death of the last Kanva king is placed at 30 B.C., but the earliest coins of the Satavahana kings to which a date can be assigned bear the name of Sri Satakarni about 150 B.C. There is also some discrepancy among the Puranic accounts of the number of kings and the duration of the dynasty. The number of kings whose names are given vary from 19 to 30 and the duration of their rule from 300 to 460 years. It is however clear that the Puranas which give the longer duration take into account collateral lines who collectively reigned for more than 450 years, as pointed out by Sir R. G. Bhandarkar.

There is also a great divergence of views in regard to the significance of the name Satavahana. Tradition associates it with Salivahana but there is no evidence to support it. As these kings are referred to as "Andhra bhrityas" or servants of Andhras, it is suggested that they were of Kannada origin who were at first feudatories of the Andhra rulers. As pointed out in *The Age of Imperial Unity*, Vol. II, of the *Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan History*, Przyluski connects the name with Austric words signifying "son of horse," a hardly acceptable explanation. It is also of some interest to note that according to Kalhana's *Rajatarangini*, the Loharu dynasty of Kashmir was also known as Satavahanas. This apart, Satavahana seems to be the name of the family to which the

founder Simukha Satavahana belonged.

THE dynasty seems to have extended its sway with "extraordinary rapidity" as observed by Vincent Smith so that by the time of Krishna, the second emperor, the kingdom stretched "across India and included wide regions of Upper Deccan, portions of Central and Western India, the North Konkan and also portions of Kathiawar." The subsequent period of about a century till the reign of the famous Gautamiputra Satakarni seems to have witnessed a temporary eclipse of Satavahana power due to encroachments of Saka and other foreign hordes. The great and outstanding achievement of Gautamiputra was the extirpation of these under the Kshaharata dynasty and annexation of their dominions about A. D. 124. According to D. C. Sirkar, the direct rule of this king seems to have extended over the whole land from the Krishna in the south to Malwa and Kathiawar in the north and from Berar in the east to Konkan in the west. He also seems to have claimed a sort of suzerainty over the whole of trans-Vindhyan India. Some of the conquered territories seem to have been again lost by him towards the end of his reign. The last great king of the dynasty was Yagnya Sri who ousted the Scythian rule from the Aparanta or Northern Konkan and from parts of West India and Narmada valley. It was not till the reign of Vasishtiputra Pulamavi (c.A.D. 130-59) that Bellary district was annexed to the empire. Soon after the death of Yagnya Sri, the empire began to disintegrate.

Its subsequent history is briefly told. The heart of the Andhra country about the mouths of the Krishna and Godavari continued in the possession of the main branch of the Satavahanas till they were overthrown by the Ikshvakus in the first quarter of the 3rd century A.D. Probably, these are the Sri Parvatiya Andhras who appear to have ruled from Vijayapuri in the Nagarjunakonda valley. From available inscriptions, it seems probable that the Pallavas subjugated the Andhra country about the end of the 3rd

century A.D., though the Ikshvakus lingered as a local power for many years more.

From the Nanaghat inscription, it is seen that Satakarni I performed many Rajasuya and Asvamedha sacrifices with his famed consort Nayanika.

The name of Hala is of some special interest in view of his being regarded as the author of "Sapta Sataka," an anthology of erotic verses, though tradition ascribes it to Salivahana. Sir R. G. Bhandarkar is of the view that Hala is either the author or it may have been dedicated to him.

On Gautamiputra Satakarni, one of the most outstanding emperors, we have some interesting details. He was a handsome person, well-built and muscular, with a charming and radiant face and a beautiful gait which has been compared to the majestic gait of a stately elephant. (Vara — varna — vikrama — charu — vikrama). He was a dutiful son and a person with very pleasant manners. Though a valiant warrior and a conqueror, he was kind-hearted and even reluctant to hurt an offending enemy. His conquest of the Sakas and the extension and consolidation of his empire justly earned for him fame as the "restorer of the glory of the Satavahana dynasty" (Satavahana kula yasa prathishtapaka). He was a sympathetic ruler, beloved of his subjects and fair in his rule and in the levying of taxes.

His diplomacy is evidenced by the fact that when, in the closing periods of his reign, the Scythians won back some territory from him, he consolidated his position and that of his son to some extent by judicious matrimonial alliances with them. Even after due allowance is made for the flowery language and panegyrics of the inscriptions, there is no doubt that the picture revealed is that of a great monarch and a great man. It is this greatness that has led to his being erroneously identified with the famous Vikramaditya.

The last great ruler, Yagnya Satakarni, defeated the Scythians and annexed their territory in Western India. He also performed many

Vedic sacrifices. During his reign, there seems to have been a marked development of maritime trade.

THE Andhras had a well-developed and efficient administration on the pattern of that of the Mauryas, glimpses of which we get in Kautilya's *Arthashastra*. While the large part of the empire was under the direct administration of the centre, there were many feudatory States, more or less autonomous, some of whom enjoyed the right to issue their own coins. Prof. Bhandarkar has advanced the view that there were two branches of the Andhra dynasty, one western and the other eastern. This view is not supported by available evidence and it is probable that the western provinces were in charge of a prince of the royal family, exercising virtually all royal powers subject to central suzerainty. Inscriptions show that there was a hierarchy of officers styled Amatya, Maharathis, Mahabhojas, Mahamatras or heads of departments and Bhandagarikas or collectors and treasurers. There was also a secretariat staff and references are made to Lekhakas or clerks or, to use the term now in vogue, non-gazetted officers. The language in use for official purposes was Prakrit and many inscriptions are in Sanskrit.

The period witnessed a marked development in agriculture and industry and particularly in trade including foreign trade.

Beginning from the 1st century A.D., a rich maritime trade developed between India and the Mediterranean world in which the Deccan also shared. The geography of Ptolemy refers to Maisoli or Masulipatam. The Periplus of the Erythrian Sea, "a most interesting hand-book intended for the use of Greek merchants and seamen as a guide to the coasting voyage from the Persian Gulf to the west coast of India" also refers to this port and others, not definitely identified, on the east coast. It also mentions that since the ports of Suppara and Calliena (Sopara and Kalyana in Thana) "came into the possession of Sandares,

foreign vessels." Sandares" is identified by many scholars with Sundara Satakarni who, according to the Puranas was a few generations earlier than Goutamiputra. Trade also developed with Far Eastern and other Asian countries such as Java, Cambodia, Malaya, etc. There were rich Roman trading settlements near some ports.

The growing trade also promoted money economy and there are many kinds of coins issued by the Andhra kings which are found widely scattered in different parts of India. In 1939, a hoard of 1525 coins of some of the later Satavahana kings was discovered in Tarhala in Berar. As observed by Brown in "The Coins of India," "most Andhra coins are either of billon (a mixture of silver and copper) or lead, with Brahmi legends on both obverse and reverse and characteristic devices are the elephant, chaitya, and bow. One issue in lead of Vasishtiputra Pulumavi . . . has in the obverse a ship with two masts." Yagna Sri issued silver coins.

The Andhra country has played a very great part in Buddhist history, being virtually the birthplace of the Mahayana sect. In the 2nd Buddhist Council held at Vaisali a century after Buddha's death, there developed a schism which resulted in some subjects springing up, amongst which was the Mahasanghika sect which became located in the Andhra country. The Mahayana Buddhism developed out of this in the 1st century B.C., and later attained full development under the famous Nagarjuna, the great thinker and writer born in Vidarbha then under Andhra rule.

The Satavahana kings were patrons of Vedic dharma, though some of them had heavy leanings towards Buddhism. But their support and benefactions extended to both the religions.

The most precious heritage of this period are the great architectural and sculptural monuments (assignable to the period 150 B.C. to 400 A.D.)

at Amaravati, Nagarjunakonda, Jaggayyapetta, etc.

The Andhra country seems to have been studded with stupas from the earliest period and none of these ancient monuments exist in their entirety, but from the replicas on the casting slab at Amaravati some idea may be formed of what they were like and of their distinctive characteristics. The technique of construction differed from those of the north. The distinctive features of these stupas were the Ayaka Kham-bhas or columns and the superb rich carvings on the ground balustrade and the dome.

THE sculptural art of Vengi carries on the tradition of the Indian art and forms a link between the earlier art of Barhut and Sanchi on the one hand and of the later Gupta and Pallava art on the other. In the earlier phase the art was hardly religious. The main interest lies in the human figure itself "in all poses and attitudes . . . all definite in their precise and exuberant outline and characterised by an amazing elasticity of movement." The art was "frankly naturalistic and even sensuous." In the mature art of Vengi as represented in Amaravati, "the sensuousness is refined, elegant and sophisticated, lifted to a subtler plane which is due not a little to the complete mastery of an advanced technique." As observed by Prof. Nihar Ranjan Ray in *The Age of Imperial Unity*, "for the first time Indian art becomes conscious of psychological conditions and learns to differentiate between the subtle and the violent shades and emotions of the human heart; they are given full expression to not intellectually but through the lineaments of the body." The developed and mature art of Amaravati shows clearly not only the growth of aesthetic process and the growing mastery of technique but also changes in the economic and social structure of the society and in the resulting social psychology of the people. The early art of Barhut, Sanchi had its roots in a mainly rural and agricultural society which "naturally reflected

the essential oneness with nature, a healthy and spontaneous joy in and acceptance of life, preference for stable and permanent values and faith in calm and composed strength." The change from this society into a mercantile social economy is also "noticeable in the selection of motifs which range from toilet and love scenes to scenes of toying with birds and drinking bouts." "The art of Amaravati naturally reflects the disposition and attitude of a mercantile social economy which manifests preference for transient pleasures and temporary values, exuberant expression of joy and passion and courtly elegance and sophistication."

THESE priceless treasures are the heritage of the whole country. They have suffered grievously from vandalism, ruin and neglect in the past and it is only in the last half a century that their great value is rea-

lised and attempts made for their preservation. Some of the sculptures of Amaravati in white marble are in the British Museum and it is hoped that arrangements will be made for their transfer to this country and preservation in the museum at Nagarjunakonda or one to be established at some suitable centre.

Such has been the great and glorious achievement of the first great Andhra empire which flourished in the dawn of Indian history. This should inspire the new State coming into existence so soon after the dawn of independence to play a great and worthy part in the building up of a great Indian Republic. With its resources, natural and human, it should be possible for it to do so if only energy and talents of the people are directed unitedly to the great task by concentrating on first things first.

JUDICIAL REFORM: PERILOUS PROPOSALS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THERE can be no two opinions on the need for promoting judicial reforms in our country, but the proposals which have just emanated from the Home Ministry have, it must be confessed, little to commend themselves to the people at large; and it is clear that far from realising their objectives, these "reforms" may actually introduce chaos and confusion, upsetting cherished institutions and principles. The scheme envisages innovations in procedural laws alone, but any root and branch reform will have to take into account both the substantive and adjectival laws; and in any reckoning, it should be preceded by preliminary and statistical investigation. That precisely was what was done in England, America and on the Continent. Before the famous Judicature Acts were enacted in 1873, a Royal Commission had undertaken an elaborate survey in 1869. More recently still, drastic and far-reaching changes in the law of libel, which were effected in England last year, did not come out by a fiat of the executive, but followed the patient and prolific investigation of the Porter Committee commencing from 1938.

In regard to judicial reform there has been a surprising amount of unanimity amongst all the countries governed by the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, evidently because the demerits and abuses were more or less common to all the systems: and the tendency everywhere had been towards a less formal and more realistic set-up. The problem is, as one writer put it, how to do the largest quantity of work in the simplest, most expeditious and most efficient manner: or, as another so well observed, the trial of cases should be prompt, efficient, at a reasonable cost before impartial, experienced and competent judges with the privilege of appeal from the trial court decision to an appellate tribunal

which will render a final decision within 3 or 4 months. This last requirement is most important because even in the State administrative apparatus review is provided for at every stage. Appeal is not a luxury, but a well-recognised check on caprice and perversity. Hence the utility of any plan for reform will be judged only if all these conditions co-exist, and these indeed may well be the norm from which the present proposals will have to be considered.

Many valuable suggestions have doubtless been put forward, the chief of them being the realization for perhaps the first time in our country by the Government, of the iniquity of the court fee exactions, which in their incidence affect ultimately the poor man, and even otherwise are of lesser moral import than the drink revenue. But it is extremely unlikely that the States would be induced to part with this major item which has been falling into its coffers uncomplainingly or without fear of a no-tax campaign. One however still hopes that the estate duty levies will afford scope for the eradication of these unjust bits of taxation. Translation and printing of documents have rightly been held to be unnecessary. Likewise, the service of summons by registered post and the other minor reforms are unexceptionable. It is not clear why the question of cutting down the all too numerous holidays and vacations has not been thought of. On the recruitment of the judiciary, stress is laid on so many factors, which are more psychological than professional: but under the existing wooden rules and restrictions in force in the States, these qualifications have no place at all.

TURNING now to the concrete proposals, it is apparent that they have been suggested on a *priori* considerations without examining their repercussions on the litigant and



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litigation. The move to restrict interim orders like injunctions, attachment, etc., to a period of 3 months is wholly unnecessary because ordinarily the matters could be decided within that period: but if it is to be made an absolute rule, it will leave the wronged party at the mercy of the wrong-doer. Similarly also the provision abolishing revision against interlocutory orders with no scope for stay of trial, would work hardship because there can be no point in locking up the stables after the horses have bolted away. After all, there has been no complaint that the existing provisions have been abused by the suitors. On the other hand, there has been a long standing grievance that both the appeal and the revisional powers of the High Courts are utterly inadequate to remedy manifest injustice. The use of affidavits in place of depositions is insisted on, but it has to be done sparingly because there is no opportunity to observe the demeanour of the witnesses or test their veracity by personal cross-examination. The proposal that no trial is to be adjourned save for death or illness of the suitors is much too draconian, and will hit appreciably the lawyers who will be given the slip by the vast majority of defaulting clients. The time limit of 3 months for appeals is Canute-like, and does not take into account human exigencies.

BY far the most disquieting provisions are those relating to appeals. The system which is now devised is novel, untried in any country. In England, there is no restriction upon the right to appeal and every suitor can try his luck at the highest tribunal. The result is that many of the decisions of the House of Lords centre round what in India would be a mere trifle. The only curb is that in certain restricted classes of cases, the certificate of the tribunal or the Attorney-General is insisted on: but such leave is available in any case in which there is a reasonable doubt of the correctness of the decision. If that be so in a country where the judiciary is carefully chosen and manned by barristers of not less than 10 years' standing, what are we to

say of a proposal restricting and rationing appeals from the decisions of persons who are recruited as raw youths with but 3 years' practice at the bar?

IN regard to Supreme Court appeals: and second appeals, the deciding judges have in India to give leave to appeal. But it is difficult to lay down exactly the principles which govern in the matter. Even judges of the highest court proceed on no uniform formula; and almost invariably the cases which are brought up on special leave before the Supreme Court are those in which the High Courts had declined to grant leave. In such a context, one has to judge the new procedure which invests the district judges with plenary powers. Appeals are to be rationed out. Where the claim in dispute is below Rs. 1000 it will be heard by a single district judge: and if he agrees with the lower court, the matter becomes final. If not, it will go before a bench of two judges, whose decision will be "final." Appeal therefrom to the High Court will be only by its leave. That is to say, in place of the present procedure, when an appeal is heard by a judge and disposed of normally within 6 months, there will be two hearings before 3 district judges. As for the granting of leave to appeal, it is reasonable to assume that no district judge with an eye to promotion, will be disposed to grant leave where he knows he has gone manifestly wrong. And most curious of all, there is to be no residuary power in the High Court to grant special leave to appeal.

Even more drastic are the appeals in respect of criminal cases. Where the sentence is 3 months and less, there is apparently to be no appeal. If it exceeds that period, an appeal lies to the district judge, whose decision in case the appeal is dismissed is final. If, however, he disagrees with the lower court he has to refer it to a bench of two district judges. If they differ, then it will go before a third district judge, if the difference is as to the sentence alone. In other words, a criminal appeal which in these days is disposed of by a sessions judge within 2 or 3 months

has to go before 4 district judges. What annoyance, delay and expense the appellant as well as the State would be put to, the protagonists have simply refused to contemplate. Under the existing law, reasons have to be recorded for not imposing the death penalty in cases of murder: and this has operated as a check on the tendency to visit cold-blooded murders with misplaced leniency, which persists to an alarming extent in the subordinate courts. This is sought to be taken away, at a most inopportune moment. The suggestion to hold all criminal trials in villages would be exceedingly worthwhile if the magistrates and the legal advisers are given the necessary protection. Even in urban areas, manhandling of magistrates by desperate prisoners is becoming too common nowadays.

The Madras State has recently and for very good reasons abolished the jury system in mofussil sessions trials. U. P. too is following suit. Where the abuses of the system are too well known it is incomprehensible as to why it should be resurrected and applied to all trials including murder trials. The proposal to revive it is also born out of an inhibition to stop appeals, because appeals in mofussil jury trials can only be on a point of law. The village panchayats are no doubt admirable institutions on paper with a hoary antiquity: but all the same they are utterly unsuited to modern conditions. The rule of the populace or the majority is tolerated in the political field but its application to private disputes is carrying out-worn theories to a dangerous extent. Thanks to the various subversive movements, villages have become storm centres of

faction, pillage and murder. It is not surprising that in the various rural conferences none has pleaded for the enlargement of the judicial powers of the panchayats.

THE main defect of these proposals is that in most matters the High Courts have been bypassed. The trend is towards making the district judges veritable despots in their own dominion and that certainly is an alarming prospect. The proposed powers of the district judges and the finality accorded to their decisions, cut across the powers of the High Court under the Constitution. Even otherwise, one cannot understand why in the present era when even administrative decisions have been made justiciable, normal appeals from civil courts should be put a stop to. There has been no complaint from any quarter that the right of appeal is extensive and abused in India, and in this respect the Government cannot proceed on the footing that what they have provided is what the people wish for. The whole scheme looks as if it is a politician's panacea for the reform of the judiciary, not the lawyer's or the jurist's or even the people's. There has been no attempt to deal with the problem scientifically and exhaustively just as the 22 jurists of the Haldane Society in England effected recently. Most of the glaring evils are left untouched and the remedies provided for a few of them are more desperate than the disease. No doubt swift parliamentary implementation has been promised and the Home Minister has been commending the reforms in his tours but not all the favour and the propaganda will wash out the obvious defects of these perilous proposals.

The coming of power affects men in devious ways; it leaves no man unchanged. A common manifestation is megalomania, which in its milder form may go no further than an admiration of one's own talents, a contempt for the inadequacies of one's lieutenants, accompanied by outbursts of unreasoning intolerance. To lesser characters a coming of power brings mental anxiety, physical exhaustion, and a general shortening of their span on earth. Some develop qualities hitherto dormant or untested; others, who from the passenger seat urged vigorous action, become paralysed by the weight of final responsibility and are numbed into cautious inactivity.

—Hugh Cudlipp in, PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED!

Bevan On Democracy

By

M. P. R. REDDY

The issue, therefore, in a capitalist democracy resolves itself into this: either poverty will use democracy to win the struggle against property, or property, in fear of poverty, will destroy democracy.—Bevan: "In Place of Fear".

DURING his whirlwind tour of India, Aneurin Bevan, the stormy petrel of British politics, threw new light on some crucial problems confronting India and the world. With his remarkable penchant for biting sarcasm and sparkling wit and humour Bevan not only endeared himself to vast audiences but also left behind an indelible impression of his dynamic personality. Nye Bevan was the first Englishman who, having been a Cabinet Minister, received such a warm reception from the Indian intelligentsia. This was not only because "they (the Indians) appear to be too ready to forget what we are not too anxious to remember" (Bevan at Madras). Nor was it because "it was the British Labour Ministry that found it possible to reach agreement with the Indian National movement." For millions of people in India, Bevan is the uncompromising left-wing leader who has expressed in unequivocal terms his sympathy with the colonial revolution, New China and the Soviet Union coupled with hostility to American rearmament and war hysteria.

Bevan was perhaps the first prominent British politician to give expression to the progressive point of view that India and England were oppressed by the English ruling class represented by Churchill. The erroneous view of the average Indian patriot that the British people as a whole ruled India was refuted by Bevan: "We had a parliament in England long before we had democracy. And Mr. Churchill was in it. But I was not. Nor were my people." Then he added that British democracy began only in 1929 when universal adult suffrage was given to the people; with the result that

labour members began to be elected in large numbers to Parliament and came within earshot of power. Though parliaments have existed for centuries democracy is the accomplishment of the first half of the twentieth century. For parliaments were places where ruling classes settled their differences among themselves, and not where the ruling classes settled their differences with others, for the others were not there. These ideas were expressed not with the insouciant ease of the upper class dilettante intellectual, but with the burning rationalism of the self-educated, self-made son of a South Wales coal miner.

The far-sighted British statesman was confronted with a paradox of the Indian situation, namely, the appalling poverty of the people in the midst of democratic political institutions. It is undoubtedly true that parliamentary institutions based on universal suffrage and periodical election have carried the Indian people forward on the road to democracy. It is also an undeniable fact that neither Russia nor China possessed these advantages on the eve of their revolution. It is also true that India is trying to accomplish her industrial revolution with the willing consent of her people and the deep deliberation of her parliaments. But what percentage of the Indian people enjoy the opportunities, the education, the leisure and above all the standard of living of the British people? How many of them consciously participate in the democratic life of the country? When will the Indian political atmosphere be free from castism, communalism, racialism and anachronistic political factions? These are big questions which stare every thinking individual in the face in this country and which no foreign student of Indian politics can escape. And Bevan points out with abundant justification in his recent book: "The function of parliamentary democracy under universal franchise, historically considered, is to expose wealth privilege to the attack of the people. It is a sword pointed to the heart of the property power. The arena where the issues

are joined is Parliament". No one who has closely observed the proceedings of the Indian legislative assemblies during the last two years can deny the truth of this statement.

The influences that moulded his political outlook bear testimony to the best traditions of democracy. He witnessed around him the ravages and merciless exploitation that characterised the capitalist society which did not even enable his father to give his son the barest minimum of education. "To us the doctrine of *laissez faire* conveyed no inspiration, because the hope of individual emancipation was crushed by the weight of accomplished power." He derived profound inspiration from the writings of Eugene V. Debs and Daniel De Leon of the U. S. A. and Jack London's "Iron Heel" which taught him the anatomy of the capitalist social order. He could not easily forget that the ruling cliques in his country did not hesitate to break heads when they deemed it necessary as at Peterloo, at New Port, and in the case of the Tolpuddle martyrs. He concluded therefore: "You can rule either by counting heads or by breaking them."

The architect of the British national health insurance scheme had unhesitatingly admitted that the record of the English Government, including the Labour regime in the colonies, "had been tardy, a bundle of pious sentiments that contained a lot of humbug." He assailed the die-hard Conservatives saying, "It took us twenty five years to convince them that the nation can exist without mine-owners, but not without coal-miners." Nor did his withering sarcasm spare T. S. Eliot and the romantic columnists who bemoaned the passing away of Victorian England: "To them the nineties was a period romance and plenty, it was the modern Arcadia, the Elysian fields, where everything was tinged with an umbra, a penumbra, and a nimbus."

Bevan recognised the epoch-making transformation that had taken place in Russia since November 1917

and its potentialities for shaping the future of mankind. His outspoken statements on the peace-loving nature of Soviet economy have many a time hit headlines in the Soviet press. He, however, asked pertinent questions from those fellow-travellers and others who believe in the infallibility of the Soviet statesmen: "Why is it necessary in that country to have periodically a series of legal assassinations? Why is it necessary to conduct nationwide purges and liquidate outstanding public men, scientists and writers without the semblance of judicial investigation and trial? The bureaucratic way in which famous scientists like Vavilov and historians like Pokrovsky were exterminated physically has astonished and puzzled democrats the world over." Bevan feels that a Government that has withdrawn from circulation, John Reed's "Ten days that shook the world," all the works of Leon Trotsky, one of the architects of the November Revolution, and Ilya Ehrenburg's historical novel "The Storm" badly needs a new orientation based on the better human values.

BEVANISM is the quintessence of a century-old struggle for democracy and social justice. It represents the best tradition of parliamentary democracy based on free institutions and individual freedom of thought. It places before mankind the inevitable limitations of the doctrines of *laissez faire*. While recognising the worthlessness of moribund capitalism and vanishing colonialism he pleads for democracy coupled with economic egalitarianism while there is yet time to reconcile the two principles by legal and peaceful means. "People" he says, "have no use for a freedom which cheats them of redress. If confidence in political democracy is to be sustained, political freedom must arm itself with economic power. Private property in the main sources of production and distribution endangers political liberty, for it leaves Parliament with responsibility and property with power."

THE LAMB OF THE MONTH

Just then the apparition of the doctor appeared. A man armed with a stethoscope and carrying a port-manteau made his way up . . . Instantly that worthy turned pale and took a bee-line to the door

THERE was no doubt about it. I was being followed. Not a very pleasant experience, you will agree, on an evening walk.

I slipped behind a pillar-like root of one of the large, sprawling banyan trees in the park.

A couple of youngsters in some sort of uniform were crawling on all fours among the shrubs. I sauntered up to them as, baffled, they looked about for me. I coughed softly. They sprang up, as if by clockwork.

"We were trailing you," they explained.

"I don't understand—" I began stiffly.

"Well, you see, it's part of our camp exercises—trailing and stalking. We are scouts belonging to the Orang-utan Group. We picked up your spoor a mile back. First we thought you were a bear, then a kangaroo—but the text-books say kangaroos aren't found here. Then we thought you were—"

"An elephant, perhaps," I suggested sarcastically. Looking at the formidable staves they carried, I felt thankful that I had prevented their bagging kangaroo-me.

"That puts an end to our work for the day, Gopi," said one.

"And we haven't done our good turn for the day." And they gazed dismally at each other.

They looked the very picture of misery. It was then that the generous idea of inviting them home occurred to me . . .

There was a tin of comfits prepared by the missus for my use till she and the rest of the family returned from their annual jamboree

to the village. I reached deep into it and distributed handfuls of the stuff to the expectant scouts. They did rapid justice to it; but showed no signs of departure. Looking at my watch was of no avail; evidently they had not yet been taught to recognise this suave way of being told that one's presence has become superfluous.

"We have not yet done our good turn for the day," they wailed again.

Just then our cat entered the room, evidently drawn by the smell of the comestibles, and leisurely stretched herself out on a chair.

"Here's our chance, Gopi," exclaimed one of the youngsters triumphantly. "That cat's badly in need of exercise. Let's take it out for a walk!"

"I'm sorry to discourage you," I said, "but she would thank you more for letting her alone."

They looked rather put out at this. Then I had a brainwave. "Look here, you want to be of some help, don't you?" They nodded, their eyes luminous with the spirit of service.

"Then why don't you just rearrange the furniture here in an artistic pattern?"

They fell to the task with such zest that in a few minutes chairs, tables and almirahs were at sixes and sevens. I managed to sit through it with set lips until, the pell-mell complete, they walked out jubilantly.

The next morning, as I was reading the newspaper, I heard the sound of a car drawing up outside. I threw down the sheets and went out hastily. It was the family, back from the village.

SHORT STORY

By

PRAVIN KUMAR

November 14 1953

"Oh, such a lovable man!" gushed the missus, bouncing out from the taxi.

I blushed at the unsolicited and all too rare praise. "Am I?"

"I don't mean *you*!" she snorted. "I mean that nice old scout-master, Mr. Rao, at the station. He was so helpful in getting us a taxi!"

"But getting a taxi at the station is not a Herculean task! The moment you emerge from the station the drivers besiege you. The problem arises when you *don't* want one."

"I mean, there were so many of them rushing forward that, but for Mr. Rao and his scouts, we would have found it difficult to make a choice."

"Oh."

"That is all you can say, you lazy—! You didn't even care to receive us at the station!"

"If only you had written to me—" I began lamely; but she was already flouncing into the house with sundry pots and pans—trophies which she invariably brought back from every expedition to the countryside.

As if to rub salt into the wound, my wife announced that she had invited Mr. Rao to dinner. "He assured me he was an authority on cooking," she said, "so I wanted to get his opinion of our new cook."

"Who isn't?" I wanted to say, but satisfied myself with making a wry face—behind the protecting sheets of the newspaper. My wife's pet vanity was our new chef. She delighted in flaunting him to visitors, just as one might show off a new saree or a piece of furniture.

Mr. Rao turned up with deadly punctuality—a thin, bespectacled person with enormous, rabbit-like incisors. He was accompanied by the two young good Samaritans of the previous day, who kept staring about, doubtless surprised to find that the furniture had returned to its original pattern of arrangement.

My wife lighted up at the sight of the man. Our kids were introduced to Gopi and his friends, and urged to emulate them, at least during the time the Orang-utan Group would be camping in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Rao proved himself a good trencher-man. So dinner passed smoothly enough. I was mentally thanking our chef for being able to engage Mr. Rao's attention so completely, so I was naturally pained to see the former moving about in a cowed-down manner, very much like a fowl drenched in a shower. I felt an overpowering desire to go up to him and give him a what-ails-you embrace. I thought no more about it for the moment, for, just then, Mr. Rao announced that he had had his fill.

DINNER over, I retired to my desk under the pretext of work. I took up some official papers which had already been disposed of, and began poring over them with a preoccupied air.

"Can I help?" asked Mr. Rao, edging forward and peering at my desk.

I gave a gruff negative, hiding the papers from his inquisitive eye.

"There is an urgent need," he began, between mouthfuls of *pan supari*, "that the youth of the country should be imbued with the spirit of service from—"

"I know," I said coldly.

There was an uncomfortable silence after that . . .

I was expecting a very bleak afternoon. I believe I must have snoozed off, for my next impression was that of the cook rushing up and whispering in my ear. I flew to the window, and sure enough, there were the uniformed monkeys—the scouts—perched on my beloved grafted mango-trees, digging their teeth into those ripe, succulent globes over which we had dreamed for days together.

"Is *this* what you call service?" I turned with cold fury on the scout-master, who blew his whistle to bring the miscreants down.

"Surely," he explained blandly, "it is a nuisance to have ripe fruit like that rotting on the ground—as they would have been. A convenient way of keeping the garden clean."

The missus was exasperatingly apathetic towards the outrage. She merely commented: "Well, I suppose it saved the kids from getting a

stomachache by eating those unripe mangoes."

"Unripe!" I protested. But I fancied I could detect a grim ring in her voice.

Wandering disconsolately in the garden that evening, I came upon the cook muttering to himself.

"That wretch—" he was growling, shaking his fist.

He was a phlegmatic person who normally would not get excited over matters non-culinary. So I enquired as to the cause of his wrath, and gathered that it was Mr. Rao, who had cast aspersions on his culinary abilities. That explained why the cook had looked so shaken at dinner-time.

"I'll get even with him," he muttered, clenching his fists.

I shook his hand silently.

The next morning, as I was rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, Sita the youngest burst in on me, waving her note-book triumphantly.

"What! Don't tell me you have solved those problems!" I exclaimed. On checking I found to my consternation that the general test which I made them undergo periodically had been answered satisfactorily for once. That meant I would have to part with the promised reward.

"And now for the present," she pleaded, "but not the doll with movable eyes."

"Why not?"

"It must be something which can be divided."

"That's simple. You have only to

tug at the arms and legs and off they will come! Anyway, that's the fate of your dolls generally."

"But I want to share the present with Gopi and Ramu—the boy-scouts, you know."

"What!"

"Yes—they helped us with the problems."

I was still brooding over this when Mr. Rao was announced.

"We've decided," he burst out breathlessly, "to adopt you as our 'Lamb of the Month'."

"Will you explain?" I said sternly.

"Well, you see, it is like this. It is the practice with our Group to adopt somebody who appears to be in need of our help as the 'Lamb of the Month.' Our services are then placed at his disposal for a month."

Dazed, I sank into a chair.

It was just then that the apparition of the doctor appeared. A man armed with a stethoscope and carrying a portmanteau made up to Mr. Rao and whispered in his ear. That worthy instantly turned pale and made a bee-line for the door.

I looked quizzically at the thaumaturgist, who was beginning to assume an appearance of familiarity.

"Simple!" he laughed, peeling off his wig and spectacles. I followed it up by pulling off his false nose, whereupon the cook manifested himself before me.

"I merely asked him," he explained, "whether he knew the dangers of entering a home in which small-pox was prevalent."

A Significant Novel on Sin

EVEN for an ordinary thoughtful person, the developing course of events in life amidst society leads him on to religious perplexities, due to a bias in early education. How the Christian sense of sin is permeating the writings of the living English and French authors, in their novels, is worth study; for instance, Graham Greene (himself a Roman Catholic) in his *Heart of the Matter* published in 1948.

The hero, Scobie, a Police Sergeant in a west African British colony—highly ridden with malarial and black-water fever—puts in there about fifteen years' service, living with his wife, Louise, in a bad tinshed over a swamp, having been ousted from a more decent building by a more favoured officer. They had a daughter who died at the age of nine when his wife had been home. Her trip then and a recent operation had cost some money which he could ill-afford.

The story begins with the rumoured supersession of Scobie to the post of the Chief Commissioner, by a fresh recruit from home. Louise is very much put out by this news, as she is socially ambitious—the status of the lady as usual depending on the husband's official rank. She is an imaginative woman, reading poetry and she is considered the 'city intellectual' by other women in society. She is now very pale and weak, almost a skeleton owing to successive attacks of fever. She desires to go away from the station so as not to face the odium of Scobie's supersession and for reasons of health also, she wishes him to book a passage to South Africa where she has some friends. She suggests even an early retirement from service to go home where she could be more happy, living on his small pension and expecting some small earnings from her own writing. However, Scobie does not agree with her idea. She had already begun to nag at him saying that he loved only himself.



Graham Greene

But he is so good that he feels he should make her happy at all costs.

The bank refuses him a loan for passage money as there is not sufficient guarantee and he feels the refusal as an insult to his honesty and self-respect. The society in which he lives circulates a scandal that he has illicit union with black women when he, unlike others, has actually been loyal to his wedded though sick wife. Further, a rumour is circulated that he is also in the pay of one Yusef, a Syrian merchant. The Commissioner of Police informs him of these rumours and styles him "Aristides the Just,"

"wonderful for picking up enemies." Yusef owns several grocery stores in the colony, besides being a smuggler of diamonds from the adjacent French protectorate for shipment abroad. At this juncture Scobie has been forced to take a loan from him at a small rate of interest, for the passage money of his wife. Yusef has his own axe to grind in giving this loan, so that the police may let him smuggle the diamonds which don't occupy much space—through captains of foreign ships arriving at the port. In fact, before taking the loan Scobie had refused quite honestly an offer of a bribe of a hundred pounds from one of the smugglers in a ship, though the diamonds could not be located.

It needs hardly be said that their mutual love is almost dwindling and at the breaking point, when Louise meets one Wilson, a subordinate official, who would not show to the world that he is a highbrow reading literature and writing poetry. Scobie is comforted that Louise has found a good companion with whom she could spend her spare hours. Wilson shows a tendency to fall in love with her.

Louise and Scobie are both Roman Catholics and she has been insisting that he should attend the weekly mass and take his communion regularly. She even retorts, when Scobie is absent on duty or irregular about the mass, whether he had not become a Roman Catholic just to marry her.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

The Webbs and their Work by Bernard Shaw, Lord Beveridge, G. D. H. Cole and others

Rs. 11- 4 as

Rude Assignment: A narrative of my career up to date by Wyndham Lewis

Rs. 15-12 as

The Life of Edward Carson by H. Montgomery Hyde

Rs. 18-12 as

Dance to the Piper: Ballet Memoirs of Agnes de Mille

Rs. 13- 8 as

Life of Oscar Wilde by Hesketh Pearson

Rs. 16-14 as

The Man Whistler by Hesketh Pearson

Rs. 13- 8 as

30 Years with G. B. S. by Blanche Patch

Rs. 9- 6 as

Sir James Jeans: A biography by E. A. Milne

Rs. 18- 6 as

Bernard Shaw by Hesketh Pearson

Rs. 6- 6 as

Disraeli by Andre Maurois

Rs. 7-14 as

K. MAHADEVAN

22 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

Scobie had not the opportunity to inform his official superior for some time about the fact of his having taken a loan from Yusef. He had also committed an act of indiscretion, before his wife's departure, in burning a letter of a captain of a ship who was reported through a code telegram to have been carrying diamonds, as the letter which he opened without authority had no incriminating news in it. Then after her departure, there was a shipwreck off the coast and among the passengers saved is one Mrs. Helen Rolt who had lost her husband at sea and her child in the hospital soon after their rescue. Scobie is so full of pity for the poor woman when she was moved out from the hospital, and had to shift for herself in some poor lodgings.

There are two heinous sins, which, it is stated, a Roman Catholic should desist from; one is the taking of one's own life and the other, the breaking of the seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." When Scobie was quite ill at an outstation, Yusef tended him for several days till recovery. On that occasion, Scobie had a strong inclination to commit suicide and to write his last letter to Louise, the main reason being his inability to secure passage money for her, but he did not carry out his intention, having had a bad dream.

His meeting with Helen Rolt, and the long absence of Louise for about nine months brought about his living with Helen. This news of his infidelity was conveyed to Louise in South Africa by a friend of hers, and she returns unexpectedly. Scobie is unable to live away from Helen even after Louise's return. Wilson takes this opportunity to declare his love to Louise, and he gets a severe cut on his nose given by her with a whip. He is a bleeder, and Scobie arrives on the scene. His brother Officers, including Wilson, have been spying on Scobie's movements. When he was once examined, before Louise's return, about his relations with Yusef, he utters his first lie, and tells them about an engagement with the latter, when he had none.

Yusef obtains through Helen's servant, a letter of Scobie's, written to her and left at her place; and he desires to use it as a blackmail against Scobie, who is aware, however, that Louise knows of his infidelity. Possibly on account of his indebtedness to Yusef in more ways than one, and in spite of the cursedness of Yusef's request to smuggle a small packet of diamonds to the captain of a shortly arriving ship.

When Yusef sends to Scobie a diamond as a recompense through Helen's servant, he promptly refuse it with disdain. But Ali, his boy servant, who has been living with Scobie, even longer than Louise herself, and whom Scobie loved, notices the incident. Ali is decoyed by Yusef and is killed brutally. Scobie is sorry for Ali's death, considering himself the cause thereof. As the author observes, "Truth is what Scobie's human love had done to him—it had robbed him of love for eternity."

Louise forces Scobie for his confession to Father Rank, apparently for his living a reformed life for the future; and in spite of his full confession, he is unable to give up Helen Rolt, who would, in that event, lead a life of harlotry. He feels that "he could speak to God only as one speaks to an enemy—there was a bitterness between them."

The news that eventually, he would now be promoted as Commissioner is conceived by him as "a damnation for his soul." As he is suffering from angina he takes a very heavy overdose of Evipan prescribed by a Doctor, and kills himself. Poor Louise as a Catholic, is sorry for the soul of Scobie; but Father Rank says, "Scobie really loved god." The monologue, before the taking of his own life, is a marvel of reading, for any one "who has loved but not trusted god!"

The story describes the slow descent of a good man into sin, just as *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo is that of the slow ascent to spiritual heights of Jean Valjean. As the author put it: "It is only the man of good will—full of hope—carries always in his heart the capacity for damnation!"

C. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAI

NEW BOOKS

ENCOUNTER

A Monthly Review of Literature, the Arts and Politics
Edited by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol
Published by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., London

for the
CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM
Per Number 2s 6d
Vol. I. No. 1, October 1953

IN a BBC Third Programme talk of his broadcast during February 1951, Mr. John Lehmann argued the case for the Literary Magazine with great vigour and convincingness, dwelling upon two important points: the personality of the editor and the contents of the magazine. "... A magazine achieves eminence and power," he said, "through the personal qualities of its editor and his success in imposing a distinct personality upon it. And if one pauses to recall the literary periodicals that made the most marked impression during the last two generations, one will have to admit the truth of this, for personality can be created as much by choice and balance of contributions as by personal editorial comment." In recent years he himself has been one, as editor of *Penguin New Writing* which after a renowned international career of a decade closed down in the latter half of 1950; and Cyril Connolly, another, on whose final performance with *Horizon* the curtain came down earlier in the same year. Other casualties have been *The Bookman*—a little remote in time to ours, the *London Mercury*, and *Life and Letters*, the second absorbing the first and the third amalgamating the previous two for the eventual extinction. The disappearance of these periodicals from the literary scene has often been deplored, "mournfully commented on by many a publicist in the national press." One may listen patiently or with a numb sickness or disgust to the rigmaroles of regret, concealing one's sense of loss as at the loss of a long-loved friend, a guide in one's

most need. "Social change," writes a critic, "has impoverished the class that was its (the literary magazine's) consumer; those whom social change has enriched have other tastes. The serious weeklies and the literary supplements survive and thrive in the new conditions much as the fourteen-foot racing dinghy survives and thrives in a world which has willy-nilly scrapped the J-class yacht." To talk of 'other tastes' in conjunction with literature is rather vague for where the vertical man has been asserting his verticality a trifle too much he has only succeeded in making himself vulgar or fanatical: vulgarity or fanaticism in life as in literature can hardly be called taste as the fondness for pig-rearing or potato-peeling can either be a profession or a hobby and not a matter of taste; or a sloganeer being the salt of the earth or a propagandist the pinnacle of self-expression. The same critic in a common-sense key asks: "Is there really scope for a full-sized, full-powered monthly devoted to literature, the arts and politics?" And he answers:

"Not certainly, if it only offers an enlarged version of existing literary sections or supplements; nor if it is intrinsically second-rate and second hand; nor yet if its excellence is that of an 'avant-garde' raiding too far ahead of the main force. An appropriate scale of treatment, a basis of opinion and taste wide enough to escape cliquiness but unified enough to generate an authentic voice, a certain difficult balance between novelty and continuity—these are essential specifications for success, or a chance of success."



Stephen Spender

Very sensible criteria. Here is a new literary magazine named *Encounter* (encountering you to quicken your hope?) edited by Stephen Spender (British) and Irving Kristol (American). It is sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom and carries on its title-page the signatures of Karl Jaspers, Salvador de Madariaga, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Bertrand Russell as honorary chairmen; Denis de Rougemont as President of the Executive Committee; and Nicolas Nabokov as Secretary-General. A formidable array indeed! Of the five honorary chairmen, all of them distinguished philosophers who pontify, the first four don't believe in providing easy reading; the fifth is popular for his brilliant unpopularity, a great mathematician, but as for his philosophy read what W. B. Yeats wrote to Thomas Sturge Moore. "I am reading that bald-pate (Bertrand Russell) daily. When I read him before I knew little, but now for four years I have read nothing but philosophy and I understand what has happened. The scientific and psychological parts are amazingly acute, but as for philosophy—the bald-pate sprouts radishes." The Congress for Cultural Freedom, we are told in the editorial under the caption 'After the Apocalypse,' "is made up of individuals of the most diverse views, as can be gathered from a mere listing of names of its honorary . . . chairmen," but what brought them together? "Two things: a love of liberty and a respect for that part of human endeavour that goes by the name of culture." What Himalayan highmindedness in the process of integrating love and respect! Cultural freedom is not different from other freedoms but culture is different from and at the same time allied to civilization in that it is civilization's life blood. It cannot be made into an industry nor is it necessary to make it so. The material output and the technological advance of a society at a given period in the history of mankind have more pertinence to it than the schisms and conflicts in the realms of religion and philosophy. Culture is creative. It cannot be produced

to order. It is the fundamental with which a society keeps its good manners. It manifests itself in many ways: in the endeavours and endurance of humanity.

Going through the contents of the first number of *Encounter* one cannot help feeling that what has really caused the coordination of the "diverse views" is anti-communism. (Those who have read Stephen Spender in the symposium *The God that Failed* must know why he repudiated communism. His was "an intractable personality," he himself says, "which would not fit into any social movement"—the personality of a poet and an intellectual, an extreme individualist who had to state the dilemma created by the problem of means and ends, that in order to obtain power, one had to use "bad means while indignantly denying" one were doing so.) The article entitled 'A Postscript to the Rosenberg Case' by Leslie A. Fiedler is anti-communist; not all its penetrating analysis and brilliant presentation can hide the fact of propaganda.

"Before the eyes of the world an opportunity was lost to assert concretely what abstract declarations can never prove: that the suffering person is more real than the political moment that produces him or the political philosophy for which he stands. Surely, it is not even a paradox to assert that it is a special duty to treat as persons, as real humans, those who most blasphemously deny their own humanity?"

If rhetoric contrived to accomplish pulchritude in style can have the veneer of a palliative these words are, but contrary to what Mr. Fiedler intended the Rosenbergs emerge from his study as real humans, deserving mercy. There are poems—in the vein one expects from them—by Dr. Edith Sitwell and Cecil Day Lewis, now Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who when he took up the post said: "I hope to lecture about the technique of poetry from the practising poet's point of view rather than to involve myself deeply in academic criticism." His 'Pegasus' shows that he has not; the involvement would not have been good for his poetic health; he is still the

practising poet who could write: "The wind tiptoed away like an interloper"—"The pale sky yawns to its uttermost concave"—"The heights take back their eagles"—single lines of exquisite imagery, and still be brave enough not to be averse to using a worn-out currency such as "Flowers open their eyes." But the most interesting among the items is 'Pages from A Diary'—selections from Virginia Woolf's diary (1926-1933) supplied by the author's *A Writer's Diary* (1915-1941), a book to look for soon from the Hogarth Press—giving wonderful glimpses of Thomas Hardy in whom:

"There was not a trace anywhere of deference to editors, or respect for rank or extreme simplicity. What impressed me was his freedom, ease and vitality. He seemed very 'Great Victorian' doing the whole thing with a sweep of his hand (they are ordinary smallish curled up hands) and setting no great stock by literature; but immensely interested in facts; incidents; and somehow, one could imagine, naturally swept off into imagining and creating without a thought of its being difficult or remarkable; becoming obsessed; and living in imagination."

And of Arnold Bennett:

"A lovable genuine man; impeded, somehow a little awkward in life; well meaning; ponderous; kindly; coarse; knowing he was coarse; . . . glutton with success; . . . deluded by splendour; . . . a shopkeeper's view of literature; yet with the rudiments, covered over with fat and prosperity and the desire for hideous Empire furniture, of sensibility."

In 'The Head of A Leader' Christopher Isherwood executes quite an animated portrait sketch of Ernst Toller, that tormented genius who died by his own hand fourteen years ago. There are two good short stories, 'Of Women' and 'Cherries' by a Japanese writer Dazai Osamu (his real name was Tsushima Shuji—"a sort of Japanese Rimbaud") who killed himself in 1948 when he was thirty-nine—autobiographical miniatures rather than stories, Zolaesque with a simplicity bordering sometimes on *niaiserie*. Edward G. Seidenstricker at present in Japan on a Ford Foundation fellowship does the rendering and *Encounter*

promises further translations by him from modern Japanese writing in its future issues. 'Looking for India' is an impression of a visit to this country by Denis de Rougemont, and much of what he says one has heard from foreigners before. Through the trite the exotic can never attain charm. There are book reviews, discerning and of generous length, not suffocating in the Procrustean frame of the five hundred or a thousand words set by the hebdomadal supplements, but again two of these four are clothed in anti-communism; so also 'No Cantatas for Stalin?' (Music) by the Secretary-General and 'Men of Science—and Conscience' (Science) by the Editor on the American side. Albert Camus's essay 'The Wind at Djemila' is a fine descriptive piece—forerunner of his prestige in prose. (Andre Gide mentions him in his *Journals* in connection with the founding of the monthly literary review, *L'Arche*, in Algiers of whose editorial board he—Camus—was a member.) For the arts, the magazine has allowed only a meagre space: space for one photograph showing the architectural wealth of a side chapel of the Nemath temple, and pictures of Children at A Pump. An Indian Street Scene, and A Peasant Girl—good but not arresting as camera studies.

Encounter has just the format that a journal of its kind should have; it is neatly printed on fine feather-weight paper, two-column with thumb-aware margins that enable reading without eye-strain. A single issue costs half a crown. The yearly subscription rates are 34s for Great Britain; for Australia, 42/6 (Aust.); for U. S. A. and Canada \$5; for South Africa, 34s, and for India a mere 10 rupees—to suit the pocket of the poor Indian whose Government wants him to concentrate on his mother-tongue for creative work and on Hindi, the *lingua franca*, for service under it. But for those who are brought up here with English as their medium of education, who have read widely in its literature and can express themselves fluently in it,—to them with their income at the starvation level even the low ten rupees is not sufficient temptation.

And they would like to know who really are the enemies of culture before they rush to defend its freedom. As the avowed object of *Encounter* is internationalism it should meet what it wants to meet without prejudice and hatred and promote good will among the peoples of the world telling them "to cultivate the good seed which is the intellectual patrimony common to all, whose fruit cannot be other than love." The contents of the present number seem to have been drawn from the editors' intimate circle of friends—old and well-known hands—as if for an emergency. However there is nothing even in the propaganda element of some of its articles to infuriate the impartial reader—let alone the communist who will not be bothered by it—to cry havoc at it. But a responsibility rests with the editors. As Lehmann says: "Not the least of a good editor's function is, with each contribution as it comes in, to become the author, and judge on the author's own premisses whether he has done justice to himself. And that needs humility as well as imagination."

Our warm greetings to Stephen Spender and his colleague in the task they have undertaken and our good wishes to *Encounter* for a long and fruitful life in the cause of human harmony through endeavours that seek to combine personal and national well-being and not to be propagandistic and platitudinous of duty where culture is concerned.

Materassi Sisters

By Aldo Palazzeschi

Secker & Warburg Ltd., London

15s

FIRST published in Italy about a couple of decades ago and hailed as "a great novel by a great writer," *Materassi Sisters* appears now in the English garb. It is the story of Teresa and Carolina Materassi, two middle-aged spinsters who had "never even been kissed at fifty"—mistresses of a fortune made through stitching and embroidering beautiful underwear for the aristocracy, unsurpassed by any of its kind in the whole of Florence in whose outskirts they have their home. Into their sterile lives comes

Remo, their nephew aged fourteen, an orphan and a very handsome lad. Heaven, a very heaven of happiness opens up for the old maids, the centre of which is the boy, and illimitable grows their ambition, their dreams in the process of rearing him up to make him a big gun: an engineer, a deputy, a minister, a man of destiny. But Remo is made up of a clay the poor maiden aunts cannot divine—and his life with them is a rake's progress—"what he doesn't know about women can be written on the head of one of his aunt's pins—, stripping them of their entire fortune movable and immovable, and finally marrying an American heiress and going to live with her in New York. But the rotter has not decamped without leaving a rack behind; the last view of him he affords is through his impoverished aunts who contemplate his photograph (in bathing trunks as to be almost nude) sadly, wistfully—they are grateful to the memory of a blissful past which he cannot squander as he did their wealth.

Materassi Sisters is an expression of the pure Comic Spirit—Meredith would have welcomed it with pleasure—moving us to a smile behind the tear. The characters that provide this kind of comedy are timeless; they are the stuff of which the ordinary mortal is made. Aldo Palazzeschi through his compassionate irony and blend of personae with felicitous phrasing has brought a rare and refreshing breeze into the general stuffiness of contemporary fiction. His picture of spinsterdom is a documentary of perpetual delight.

I. S. M.

INTEGRATION

MIx me with mud,
scorch me with flame,
lap up my blood,
blot out my name,
in waters drown,
stifle in air,
up the sky blown,
what do I care?
Ends the sojourn,
expires the date,
the bits return
to integrate.

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

DIWALI—the festival of lights and joy—has been celebrated in Bombay with greater gaiety and enthusiasm than last year, thanks mainly to derationing and ample supply of wheat and sugar, especially the latter at half the price of last year. In Bombay, every section of the community seems to have enjoyed Diwali except of course the film people.

The film people were in no mood of celebration thanks to the economic crisis that has cast a spell of gloom all over the industry. The workers who used to get bonus during Diwali are worried whether they will continue to hold on to their jobs and get their salaries in time; the bosses are worried how to carry on the show with the present inverse ratio of expenses and returns. The theatres, in spite of the general spirit of gaiety did not do extraordinary business; the pre-Diwali week was noteworthy for a record in lowest returns for the past several years. Even the pictures which had proved popular could not collect the theatre hire in this particular week.

In the annual reviews, the critics had to confine themselves to such depressing terms—a year of crisis or a year of depression. They could not point a picture of prosperity for the future. Generally, the trend in favour of realistic pictures was welcomed and *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Parineeta* were hailed as the pictures of the year. It was also pointed out that the pictures that critics hail are not very popular at the box-office. Thus while *Do Bigha Zamin* which received the highest critical acclaim proved to be only a minor hit, *Anarkali* which was the most criticised picture of the year,

proved to be the record-breaking hit of the year.

Next year we will have pictures which would try to blend the entertainment of *Anarkali* with the realism of *Do Bigha Zamin*. For while the former assures success the latter assures prestige and reputation both in India and abroad. And out of the blending of these two diametrically opposite formulas, the producers may be able to find a solution to their problem. Whatever be the outcome, one thing is certain; that in the ensuing year most of the producers are making a determined effort to conquer the box-office—as is evident from the plans announced by Vasani, Shantaram, Raj Kapoor, Kardar and other important producers.

This determination to win popularity on the part of the producers and the prospect of better economic conditions as a result of bumper crops and employment schemes under the Five Year Plan may help the industry to tide over the crisis. At least that is the pious hope entertained by all optimists like me.

Picture Of The Week

A. V. M.'s marathon musical melodrama *Ladki* tries to repeat the trick of *Bahar* and almost succeeds in the process. Almost, because the story is not as powerful and human nor the music as tuneful.

Yet, basically, the pattern is almost the same. There are two stories in *Ladki* as they were in *Bahar*; and while the story involving Vyjayantimala is thin and set in a minor key, the story involving the other girl provides the dramatic core of the whole story.

This story of the daughter of an untouchable mother and a father from a high caste could have been as poignant as the story of the unfortunate girl in *Bahar*. But in the welter of dialogue and comedy of Om Prakash and a false situation of jealousy it loses much of its poignancy and the happy ending only gives it a semblance of musical comedy. Thus an opportunity to develop a poignant tale of a woman's suffering and social injustice has been lost; instead we have loud,

mechanically contrived melodramatic situations which fail to move the audience at all.

Comparatively the second story concerning Vyjayantimala and Kishore is more bright and entertaining. In fact, Kishore's sprightly performance and Vyjayantimala's dance numbers constitute the main attraction of the picture and are responsible for making it so entertaining. Here again, the situation in which Vyjayantimala challenges the supremacy of western dance could have been made more dramatic and thrilling by presenting the dance number as a competition between two styles of dancing. Now with the Indian dance number set to a rather putrid patriotic song following the Western dance, it loses all its dramatic thrill.

And yet there is no gainsaying that the dance ensembles of Vyjayantimala are lavish, spectacular and entertaining; the dance-number with revolving statues is the highlight of the picture. In an otherwise artificial story, only Kishore's character appears to be natural and human and the manner in which he plays it, is so charming that he almost steals the whole picture. Indeed, after the interval when he does not appear on the screen for a long time one feels his absence very keenly. Compared to Kishore, Bharat Bhushan has given a very poor account of himself in a role that hardly suits his temperament. Anjali as the 'Achhut' girl gives a sympathetic portrayal. Vyjayantimala has not been given any chance to show off her histrionic talent; it seems as if the director did not want to take any chances with her dubious acting talent. Om Prakash is his usual self, trying to get as much footage as possible; Leela Misra, Randhir, in spite of his hideous make-up, Nagaiah, Raj Mehra and Indira have all done well in supporting roles.

Barring a couple of lyrics and some witty lines, Rajendra Krishna's dialogue and songs are not particularly impressive. The screenplay is written in the very old style of the thirties in which each scene begins

with a fade-in without any direct relation with the previous scene. The direction is also of the old type and is noteworthy for crude symbolism. The production values are first-rate and for a social picture, they are too lavish and spectacular. Technically the novel turn introduced in the beggar song forms the highlight of *Ladki*.

Too long and at times boring *Ladki* nevertheless manages to provide marathon entertainment of the variety which appeals to our audiences.

Personality Of The Week

ON 2nd November, producer P. N. Arora invited film critics to a tea-party at Eros. At what he 'P. R. O.' Japeth described as 'informal get-together,' Arora described the circumstances under which he started the production of *Laila Majnu*.

He disclosed that the idea to produce *Laila Majnu* first occurred to him during the production of *Poonam* a year and half ago and immediately he got in touch with Munshi Dil, the veteran screen writer who had already written the same story twice for the screen—once in 1937 for Madan Theatres and again in 1943 for producer Nazir. But before he could finalize his plan he read the advertisement of K. Asif's *Laila Majnu* and suspended the production.

Then after a year when he found that Asif had made no progress with his production, he decided to take up the idea again. It was when he announced the plan to make *Laila Majnu* and had made all the preliminary preparations to start the shooting that Asif raised an objection. According to Arora this objection was discussed at various informal meetings of representatives nominated by Asif as well as Arora and it was discovered that the objection was not valid.

As a result, on 2nd September Arora started the shooting and by now he has almost completed the picture. Asif has given up the idea of competing with Arora, though he has not abandoned the project. In fact, he too is

right earnest. This is not the first time that two different producers have tackled the same subject; in 1932-33 Madan Theatres and Krishna Movietone almost simultaneously produced *Laila Majnu*. What is more, in Krishna Movietone's version, Laila was shown black in conformity with the original legend while in the Madan Theatres' version she was shown as a fair and charming girl. Besides, *Laila Majnu* is such a popular subject that almost every year we find one or the other variation of it on the screen under different garbs and locales.

Be that as it may, the fact that an independent producer like Arora with a cast of free-lancing stars has been able to complete the picture in less than three months is in itself worthy of praise. For as Arora rightly pointed out, unless the pictures are made within scheduled time and budget, the producers have no chance to survive. And if for nothing else, for his organising capacity and speed,

Arora should serve as a model to all our producers.

News Of The Week

A PART from Madhubala, Pushpavalli, M. K. Radha, Lalita Pawar, Agha, Kanhayalal are cast in Gemini's new Hindi picture under production. Entitled *Long Long Ago* (Bahut Din Hue) it is reported to have been inspired from the Telugu hit *Bala Nagamma* and it will be Vasan's first costume picture after *Mangala*.

Murad, *Baap Re Baap*, *Inder Sabha* and *Money Order* are the four new pictures planned by producer Kardar. Out of these *Murad* will go immediately on the sets to be followed by *Baap Re Baap*.

The muhurat of R. C. Talwar's *Lala Rukh* starring Geeta Bali and Ranjan and directed by Nanabhai Bhatt, Varma Films' *Ladla* starring Geeta Bali and Karan Dewan and Shri Vishwa Bharati Films' *Meewar* starring Madhubala and Bharat Bhushan were performed during the Diwali.

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November 14, 1953

PREFAB NATIONALISTS AT A LOSS

By ANDREW ROTH

WHEN the Vietnamese 'National Congress' defied Chief of State Baodai on October 19 and refused to dissolve itself, French commentators recalled the famous "Tennis Court Oath." This was a turning point in the French Revolution, when deputies of the Third Estate gathered on a tennis court on June 20, 1789 and swore not to separate until they had written a constitution for France.

Vietnam's 'National Congress' also revolted. It had been specially convened to give Baodai's negotiations in France the rubber-stamp of 'national' approval. It was scheduled to meet for two days only, like the 'yes-men' of the Russian Supreme Soviet. During this time it was expected to endorse Baodai's demand for greater independence, nominate a list of twenty persons from which Baodai could choose six to join in the Paris talks. To ensure that everything went smoothly, the arrangements were supervised by Prince Buu Loc, Baodai's righthand man and High Commissioner in Paris, and Tran Van An, who first made his name as a Japanese-sponsored Vietnamese broadcaster on war-time Radio Singapore. Between them they tried to insure that only tame supporters of Baodai were included among the wholly-nominated rubber-stampers.

When the 'Congress' convened on October 15, it surprised itself, its sponsors and the world. Its 197 delegates voted unanimously for complete independence outside the French Union; only after frantic cables from Baodai in Paris did it agree to Prince Buu Loc's pleadings to append the qualification that its objection was to the French Union "in its present form." It resolved that all previous Franco-Vietnamese agreements—including secret treaties—should be null and void. Another resolution—with 83 abstaining—voted that all crown lands should be

handed over to the State. The 'Congress' refused to name the slate of 20 requested by Baodai. It agreed that, after a complete transfer of sovereignty, Vietnam could sign a treaty of alliance with France provided that it would be ratified by a Vietnamese National Assembly elected by universal suffrage. Delegates suggested that they might have been even more forthright when they complained to reporters: "The Congress is not independent, but under outside influence. We cannot fulfil our mission."

These decisions—made in response to Vietnamese public opinion—caused consternation in France where many people had apparently persuaded themselves that the transfer of limited power to French nominees had quenched the thirst of non-Communist nationalists. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, telephoned agitatedly from the London 'Big Three' meeting. A hurried meeting of the French Cabinet was devoted entirely to the situation in Indochina, as was an all-night sitting of the French National Assembly. The cry went up throughout France: "If this is the Viet Nam attitude, why are French soldiers still dying there?" *Le Monde* asked a more sophisticated question: "Are we not fighting to maintain a regime which has not succeeded in gaining either popular support or even that of the privileged classes?"

Behind The National Congress

WHEN Baodai left France for Indochina on October 28 he bore with him a demand from the French Cabinet for an explanation of the significance of the actions of the organization styled as the Viet Nam National Congress. Baodai should be forgiven if he does not give a completely forthright answer, because to do so would impel him to U. S. \$3,500,000 annual retainer of

November 14, 1953

Chief of State. The actions of the 'National Congress' mark the explosive end of a pair of linked myths on which the West has based its whole political and military strategy in Indochina. These now-exploded myths are:

1. That you can 'prefabricate' a safe, anti-Communist Asian nationalism as a recruiting corps for anti-Communist troops.
2. That having 'prefabricated' a 'safe' nationalism you can expect to control it.

In the case of Viet Nam 'prefabricated' means exactly what it says. It means that you select the materials for the job you have in hand, in this case people who will fight the Communists without fighting the French. These very special 'materials' are expensive because while authentic Asian nationalists are often willing to fight and die for glory alone, 'prefabricated' nationalists need gold as a substitute for idealism.

Thus, the Government of Viet Nam pays Bao Dai 120,000,000 piasters (£1,200,000 or Rs. 150,00,000) a year as Chief of State, according to James Reston of the *New York Times* (July 15, 1953). This makes him three times as expensive as the British monarchy, over ten times as costly as the U. S. President and probably two thousand times as high-priced as his competitor, President Ho Chi Minh. Yet Baodai refuses to visit his capital of Saigon, which he professes to dislike, preferring to stay 175 miles away in his mountain retreat at Dalat, where the hunting is better. He has scarcely ever visited "his" troops—he is nominally Commander-in-Chief—in Tonkin. He boggles even at performing ceremonial functions. Yet, the French insist that, as the former Emperor of Annam, he is "indispensable" as an internal symbol of the unity of the three *ky* (Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina) and an external symbol for the outside world to "recognize."

Another "indispensable" element in the structure of 'prefabricated' and 'safe' Vietnamese nationalism is the 'Private General' Le Van Vien. This

shifty-eyed prewar gang boss of Cholon, the Chinese suburb of Saigon, has a dual command in the struggle against the Vietminh. He commands some 5,000 men of the Army of the sect of Binh Xuyen who patrol the east bank of the river gateway to Saigon. But he is not paid a piastre—directly. Financial support comes from his second command: the *Grande Monde*, Saigon's mammoth gambling casino. This concession was conferred upon him by Baodai himself. He is permitted to take a quarter of the 600,000 piastres which the Government earns every night, in betting tax to 'nourish his troops.'

As equally colourful and more important element in the defence of Viet Nam against Communism is the army of the Baodaists. Like everyone else, I found it difficult to take the Caodai (literally, High Altar) seriously when I visited their capital at Tay-Ninh, 50 miles north of Saigon. Brightly coloured dragons climbing the columns in the beautiful Cathedral devoted to worship of a combination of Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, with Jesus Christ, Mohammed and Victor Hugo—but not Winston Churchill—included as gods. The Caodaist pope, white-silk-clad Pham Cong Tac, showed me how he receives messages from the 'great beyond.' Two priests put their hands on the handles of a *corbeille a bec* (a planchette) and the spirits sent messages which were written by the brush in its nose. At the time spirits seemed to write only in French but, I understand that as American influence in Indochina increased, the Caodai's spiritual advisers learned to write English as well.

WHEN I visited Tay-Ninh in 1948 the few Caodaist troops who had been trained originally by the Japanese, were beginning to be re-trained for use against the Communists. By 1951 the Caodai claimed 50,000 troops, 8,000 of them equipped with rifles for operational use, and 12,000 auxiliaries. At present they are reported to have over 25,000 troops, more than an eighth of the troops serving on Baodai's side. In recognition of this the post of Deputy Premier has been given to the Caodaist Le Van Hoach, whom the Japanese had

appointed as Saigon's Chief of Police in 1941.

Another colourful example of religious warlordism is provided by the Hoa-Hao, with their famous companies of female warriors in black trousers and Arab-style head-dress. The Hoa-Hao claim to have—largely around Cantho—1,700,000 adherents to their religion which is a form of Buddhism "purified of superstition." They contribute some 15,000 regular troops, under their own command.

Not to be outdone by these upstart Oriental sects, the Vietnamese Catholics, particularly in the two areas of Phat Diem and Buichuu in Tonkin, have their own troops, although not more than 5,000 or so. This means that of the 200,000 regular forces facing the hardened regulars of Ho Chi Minh, fully a quarter are really hired warlords, including Catholic crusaders, feudal chieftains, freak religious minorities and aspiring gangsters. Harry Hopkins quotes a young Vietnamese lieutenant in his excellent book *New World Arising* (Hamish Hamilton): "I think the war will last a long time. The Vietminh are stronger than we, they are well-organized, their leaders will die before they will surrender. And they have unity—with us, it is *chacun a son coin* (each in his own corner)."

The Cao-dai General, Nguyen Van Thanh, also showed frank forthrightness. "An army made by the French," said he, "will be like the army of Chiang Kai-shek. It will run away when the enemy comes . . ."

IN actual fact, the comparison with Chiang Kai-shek is not quite fair. The striking fact about the whole French tactic is that they have mobilized the Indochinese equivalent of the mercenary regional 'warlords' who ruled the roost in China between 1912 and 1926. Except in the North, the French have not yet dared to call upon the authentic voices of rightwing nationalism because they

are as anti-French as they are anti-Communist.

VIRTUALLY all non-Communist groups in Vietnam are divided into three streams. First are the "collaborationist-nationalists," the mercenary and passive Vietnamese who look to the French (and the Americans) to supply and protect them in a painless transition to a formal independence which will preserve the status quo in Viet Nam except that Vietnamese will occupy all the offices that the French now occupy. At the other extreme are the "fellow-travelling nationalists" who are willing to work with Ho Chi Minh and the *Laodang* (Communist) Party as the only means to throw out the French. In between are the "attentiste (waiting)" or "neutralist" nationalists who say: "A plague on both your houses" and want to be dominated neither by the Franco-Americans nor by the Chinese-supported Communists.

The leading figure among the "neutralist" nationalists is Ngo Dinh Diem. He is a leading, anti-Communist Catholic and brother of the Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Le Huu Tu. Ngo is virtually the only leading Vietnamese who is widely accepted as both anti-Communist and incorruptible, either by offers of money or position. He has repeatedly refused to accept any position in the Government until Viet Nam is as independent of France as India or Pakistan is independent of Britain. This attitude is found in other groups as well notable the dissident Cao-dai who even have their own radio station, "The Voice of the National Resistance Front", which attacks both the Communists and the French and their Vietnamese stooges. It is significant that those elements in France who want to give Viet Nam a standing equivalent to dominion status hope to secure as Prime Minister the respected Ngo Dinh Diem in place of the notoriously pro-French ex-policeman Nguyen Tam, now Prime Minister.

Until now those Frenchmen, like Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, who fear for the effect on North Africa of dominion status for Viet Nam, prefer to "play safe" with Bao Dai and Nguyen Van Tam, who will make demands when pressed by public opinion, but will never fight the French because their whole status and economic position is dependent upon French (and American) support.

THIS is neither cheap nor easy for the French. A large part of the now notorious 'piastre traffic' whereby France spent hundreds of millions of francs to enable get-rich-quick specialists in Indochina to transfer their piastres to France at inflated values—was a disguised form of subsidy not only for colonial Frenchmen but also for these French-approved collaborationist nationalists. An official report of the Indochina Exchange Control describes Baodai and his wife as among the first to benefit. As early as 1949 they transferred 176 million francs to Europe, buying a villa in Cannes and an estate in the Belgian Congo.

Although they take French money, the collaborationist-nationalists don't always return full value. Baodai even balks at ceremonial functions, despite his pay of U. S. \$3,500,000 (Rs. 1,50,00,000) a year. And even religious warlords like the Cao-dai have to be cajoled into certain military operations by the French.

The fact is that these collaborationist nationalists—who seek to replace the very colonial administrations which called them into being—are too flabby to stand up without a stiffening of French troops. There is nobody acquainted with Indochina who thinks that if the French troops go—unless they are replaced by Americans—that Baodai or Nguyen Van Tam will be around to bid them farewell. They certainly will have flown earlier.

It is worth recalling the injunction of Gen. LeClerc, who insisted that "anti-Communism in Asia is meaningless so long as the national problem has not been settled."

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MADRAS CONGRESS PARTY AFFAIRS

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

THE events of the past few weeks have exposed the growing cleavage in the Madras Congress Legislature Party. The immediate cause of the rift appears to be the expansion of the State Cabinet consequent on the separation of Andhra. Affairs came to a head with the presentation of a memorandum signed by a number of M.L.As. to the Congress President, Sri Nehru, alleging various acts of commission and omission on the part of the Chief Minister, Dr. P. Varadarajulu Naidu, the protagonist of the dissident M.L.As., contends that there is deep discontent among the people against the administration of the Chief Minister, and says that he can prove to the hilt the veracity of the statements made by them in the memorandum to Sri Nehru. Sri Rajagopalachari on the other hand, feels that the move is a ruse to dislodge him from the helm of the State as he is unable to cater to their appetites, and "is opposed to the introduction of the spoils system in our democracy."

The clash of opinion has become a major controversy, and the ensuing meeting of the party legislators is expected to be a stormy session. The issue has brought to the fore certain grim realities which should be faced squarely if democracy in India is to be consolidated on firm and stable foundations. There is no gainsaying the fact that the "spoils system" is one of the banes of democracy, and, as the Chief Minister rightly puts it, "wherever the spoils system has prevailed, it has been found to lead to injustice and national deterioration. Good, non-totalitarian democracies are run steering clear of the spoils system." This system was for a long time a recognised feature of democracy in America where also it ran its course. The term, "spoils system," in general, connotes nepotism, jobbery, the distribution of public contracts and

public money, graft in public offices, etc. But it has a special political significance in the American constitutional terminology. To put it in a nutshell, "it is the practice under which the incoming President or State Governor turns out those who do not belong to his own party, and replaces them from the ranks of the faithful," and it dates back to 1801, when Jefferson first cancelled a number of appointments made by his predecessor. The system produced a great deal of corruption in American political life and for a long time prevented the development of a first class civil service in America. It was naturally roundly condemned by many leading American reformers and radicals, and now it is almost a thing of the past.

IN the composite Madras State, the interregnum between the end of the Prakasam regime and the beginning of the C. R. regime was notorious for the undeclared practice of this system. The distribution of lands to political sufferers as a sort of compensation for their past sacrifices was the most blatant example of this system, and it was mainly responsible for undermining the popularity and prestige of the party. The reservation of a certain percentage of the total number of seats in the technical colleges for ministerial patronage was another open scandal at that time, and it was regarded by eminent educationists also as an outrage on the educational system itself. There were also frequent complaints of interference by legislators in the day-to-day administration. All these contributed to the deterioration of the morale of the party, and consequently to its electoral reverses in the State. The Communists, who are adepts in propaganda, made capital out of these misdeeds, and garnered a rich harvest in the general elections.

November 14, 1957

SWATANTRA

It should be said to his credit that Sri Rajagopalachari, coming on the scene at that critical moment, applied the surgeon's knife to remove the malady from the body politic and restore the even tenour of the Administration. He almost made it a condition precedent for his acceptance of office that the legislators should not seek favours at his hands, nor interfere with the course of public administration. He also annulled the practice of land grants, and cancelled the provision of reservation in the colleges.

SO far so good. But this is only one aspect of the system of democracy. The vital and the most important test of democracy is the subordination of individual opinions to popular will on basic questions of social direction and policy. Democracy is no respecter of persons and it does not recognise the infallibility of individual judgment. It is here that one is too prone to think that Rajaji is carrying things beyond the pale of democratic traditions, and one has a cause for complaint. Rajaji has observed in a recent statement that the duty of a true leader is not to accept blindly what might please his followers, or do what his followers might think to be good. The Chief Minister was obviously labouring under a misconception overlooking the subtle distinction between a leader in a democratic set-up and the dictator in a totalitarian State. The role of a true democratic leader, as a matter of fact, is to adumbrate plans of reform, advise his followers as to what is the best course, and finally submit to their decision. A spirit of conciliation and compromise is the essential requisite of a popular leader. "The pure logic of democracy," as Mr. J. A. Hobson rightly observed, "demands that the executive should be a mirror of Parliament, and Parliament of popular opinion."

"It is the bitter experience of the Congress Legislature Party," says Dr. P. Varadarajulu Naidu, "that Sri Rajagopalachari for some months past, has been showing a tendency to assume the role of an absolute dictator in the matter of the administration of the State." He has also

cited three specific instances wherein the legislature party was not consulted before the decisions were taken; namely, the abolition of the Board of Revenue, the revival of taluk Boards, and the transfer of Government servants. Even granting that the transfer of public servants should be the exclusive concern of the executive in order to enable it to meet promptly the needs of the administrative machinery, the Government should have taken the legislature party into confidence in respect of the other two items involving radical changes in the administrative set-up.

Then, again, the way in which the new elementary education scheme was forced down the people's throats can only be described as a political monstrosity. It has become, consequently, one of the major causes of the turmoil in South India, and has given rise to a lot of bitterness and misunderstanding.

A VEIL of obscurity still envelopes the exact nature of the complaints made by the M.L.As. to Pandit Nehru against the Chief Minister, and Pandit Nehru's reply to them. Sri Varadarajulu Naidu has refuted the press statements indicating that Sri Nehru has rejected the complaints of the M.L.As., and asserted that the Congress President has dealt with the subject in a very conciliatory manner. The latest reports indicate that there is a no-confidence move against the leader of the party, and that about 90 of the 125 members of the party have endorsed the move. In these circumstances, to try to prolong the Chief Minister's tenure of office by a mandate from the High Command will only aggravate tension and create a provocation to unrest and disturbance. The Chief Minister would do well to convene a party meeting at the earliest possible time, thrash out the issues involved, and pacify resentments. He should himself seek a vote of confidence, and if his leadership is not wanted, he should quit without entangling himself in petty controversies.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Home Truths For Non-Andhras

Sir,—While the Andhra people are going through the ordeal of birth pangs and struggling against odds, there has been a spate of advice and home truths from the lips of self-chosen prophets and friends amongst non-Andhras.

Here I propose to refer only to two such pieces of flamboyant advice which have appeared in your esteemed weekly. In her "Letter from Kurnool", Santha Rungachari bemoans the separation of Andhra from Tamilnad and predicts almost a failure for the new State when she says that

"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." She betrays a tremendous ignorance of history when she refers only to non-Andhra dynasties ruling over Andhra but forgets to mention the glorious period of Andhra emperors, the Satavahanas, whose rule extended not only over Andhra but also over Magadha and even over Santha Rungachari's Tamilnad. This was about 220 B. C. Later on, about 100 A.D., Kaundinya, an Andhra hero, established the kingdom of Champa in Indochina with the help of Gautamiputra Satakarni.

It is also very amusing to read this lady's emphatic statement on such a fundamental matter as the origin of the Andhras. She finishes that subject with a complacent statement that the Andhras were originally of the Aryan race. Probably in her subconscious mind there was wishful thinking that the Andhra culture was alien to her Dravidian culture. Behind her statement that the Andhra people saw their brightest days under non-Andhra rulers, one can easily see her desire for the continuation of the domination of non-Andhra people over the Andhras. Probably she still dreams of the balmy days of the British Empire with plenty of jobs from the highest to the lowest status for her adventurous people.

Sri K. R. Karanth in his "Home Truths for the Andhras" refers to the

desertion of the Praja Socialist Party by Sri Prakasam. I have no admiration for what Sri Prakasam has done. But I am surprised when Sri Karanth passes over the no less objectionable conduct of the Congress Party in tempting Sri Prakasam, with only a slight reference. In fact the leaders of the great party have degraded themselves by placing such a temptation before him and dragging him into the ditch. They deserve greater censure.

The unhappy Andhra people will struggle through their misfortunes better if the self-chosen non-Andhra friends and prophets keep away from Andhra affairs. One cannot but suspect mischievous intentions in some of these prophets whose sole aim seems to be to create as many difficulties as possible for the new sub-nation.

L. N. RAO

Member, Servants of India Society.
[Srimati Santha Rungachari is a native of Kavali, which is in Andhra—Ed. S.]

Library Organisation

Sir,—Three years and more have elapsed since the Act constituting local library authorities came into force. For the past three years, municipalities have been collecting library cess and handing it over to the local library authorities. The Coimbatore Municipality has handed over nearly Rs. 1½ lakhs to the local library authority, being the library cess collected for the past three years. Again, the municipality constructed a fine building in memory of Mahatma Gandhi at a cost of 1½ lakhs of rupees a year ago, and has entrusted the building to the local library authority. The library building is today sans furniture, sans book-shelves, sans books and sans librarian. The Municipality has washed its hands of the affair. The public are at a loss to know why the library has not started functioning and which body is responsible for not taking the initiative and necessary steps to set in motion the library organisation. The Act has created a statutory body and provided the necessary finance. But libraries have yet to come into being. Conditions in other districts do not seem to be any the better.

The Municipality collects the library cess and may well be entrusted with the running and maintenance of the library in its area, subject to the supervision and expert guidance of the local library authority. I do hope that the apathy is not the outcome of the campaign conducted in some quarters against book-learning.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR
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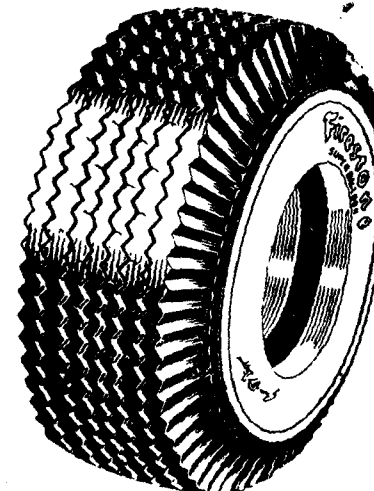
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LOOKING BACK

English was foisted on India as a result of political enslavement, but it proved also to be a vehicle for the introduction of international currents of thought and knowledge into the country. The very helplessness of the victims of British imperial power accelerated the spread of English in India. Free countries like Japan and Soviet Russia had been organising, before the war put an end to all other activities, tremendous campaigns for the propagation of English in their midst, but with nothing like the success that attended British efforts in their Indian Empire. Apart from the beauty, vigour, and grand literary content of the language, the importance of English lies in its being spoken by the largest body of people in the world. A non-English knowing man is an incomplete man in this age of the radio, the aeroplane, the atom bomb and of unavoidable interdependence between country and country.—From SWATANTRA. February 16, 1946

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SWATANTRA

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

CENSUS AND SENSIBILITY

MR. R. A. GOPALASWAMI's comprehensive Census of India, published last week, has been received in the daily press in diverse moods. Its findings have been called among other things "pessimistic." We would like to label it realistic—brazenly realistic. The few technical and procedural improvements and modifications in enumeration methods that have been introduced are a minor matter almost of administrative expediency. But the real point lies in the findings of the Census Commissioner regarding population growth before and since 1921 and the prospects for the next thirty years as he sees them. The first is a matter of figures and numbers, which is fairly infallible proof and the second is a suggestion which he puts forward as his hope for the future. He blows up two myths which have become rooted in our national consciousness—the myth of the time-honoured nature of the enormity of our population and secondly, the myth of the sanctity of people in our country which conclusion that the phenomenal multiplication of people in our country which we now refer to as the population problem started only in 1920 is, to say the least, thought-provoking. He proves it with facts and numbers and we needs must believe him. Mr. Gopaldaswami explains that the steep rise in figures which an analysis of the census of the past three decades revealed might partly have been the consequence of a decrease in the death rate in the country. The plagues and epidemics and pestilences of the thirty years before 1921 were beginning to be checked. Science was letting fewer people die but nobody availed of its services to check irresponsible procreation. Perhaps part of the answer lies in something which Mr. Gopaldaswami left unmentioned, that our great grandmothers were not so innocent of the facts of biology and reproduction as is generally imagined, for the diverse ways in which they inadvertently practised it were so cunningly camouflaged with talk of auspicious days and *laghams* and fast-days and pollution that it became a sanctified principle of ordered, married life.

Mr. Gopaldaswami's firm, detailed, bold offering of a solution to the problem in the form of family planning if the conditions of the pre-1921 days of disease and catastrophe were not to occur, is really nothing new or original but the suggestion has still the gloss of unorthodox novelty about it. This delicate subject even after repeated emphasis by a succession of reformers, welfare workers and progressive economists, always seems to touch off a particularly sensitive nerve in people. There comes even today a hiss of indignation from elderly improvident fathers who have had their hey-day and reaped their harvest of hungry mouths they could ill-afford and who ought to know better. The middle-class, that unwanted, resilient buffer between the rich and the poor, is full of them, contrary to the popular belief that it is the people who live on the bed-rock of life who are profligate in fecundity. But then the orthodox thinkers can hardly do anything else as

clean-mindedly as hide their heads in the sand and conscientiously declare war against any new step which smacks of change or departure from the accepted view of things. It is difficult to convince them that just as in religious faith, if one accepts without question the First Belief all else must naturally and inevitably follow, so also in the modern world if one accepts the new religion of science one must willy-nilly accept all its conclusions. It is lop-sided to accept the atom bomb and refuse plastic surgery, accept penicillin and deny contraceptives, permit total war and object to bacteriological warfare. A half-way house is the most insecure and untenable of dwellings.

All the diversity of opinion about Mr. Gopalaswami's conclusions and suggestions does not however detract from the eminently clear-sighted analysis he has made of the present situation. It has entailed three years of dull and solid work in what must seem to many of us an uninspiring field. You can't do much with numbers except add or subtract, multiply or divide them. At best you can get an answer. Mr. Gopalaswami has sought to do more. He has tried to find a solution.

Family planning and the development of agriculture are by no means the complete solution to the problem. And the acceptance of his solution as the right one is neither necessary nor is it demanded. What is far more important is the realisation of the *existence* of the problem at all. The optimistic and hopeful theorists who speak of India being well able to feed all her children if only all her land was brought under the plough, all her water resources utilised, all her mineral wealth dug up, are men who see their vision as the brink of the horizon. But the far line of our utmost vision is not tomorrow and tomorrow is the name of our immediate future. We cannot live on the hope of a millenium nor can we plan our future entirely by our past. What we must do is to face the situation squarely and keep swimming against the tide if need be. If the tide should suddenly turn in our favour—well, nobody is going to weep.

Sotto Voce

UNINSPIRED GUESS-WORK



WITH the verve of Dr. Johnson demolishing the Cocklane ghost, the physicians of the Victoria Hospital, Bangalore, have proclaimed that Dhanalakshmi, the Coorg mystery girl, is a hoax. In the words of the Mysore Director of Medical Services she must have been "eating and drinking secretly, somewhere and somehow, unnoticed by people" in the long period from May 1951 to October 1953. For three weeks in this period she had

been under observation at the Mercara Hospital, not to speak of shorter sojourns in Mysore institutions. The Bangalore medicos suggest by implication that their Mysore and Mercara confreres had been diddled by this country lass.

I must say that I am rarely surprised when I find a medical man, and particularly an allopath, flinging about such opprobrious epithets as 'hoax' and 'hocus-pocus'. In fact I

should be surprised if he did not. For the allopath there is no other scientific system of medicine in the world. Like all scientists he is only too sure that what he does not understand does not exist. The Bangalore physicians say that "Dhanalakshmi started taking 7 to 8 ounces of water voluntarily on the fourth day." So for at least three days the girl did not take a drop of water. Now, is that not remarkable on the face of it? I wonder how many of the physicians could have managed it.

They do not seem to have thought the phenomenon worth commenting upon. Dhanalakshmi started losing weight and showing signs of starvation within 24 to 48 hours of her admission. And yet, for three whole days she did not ask even for water. The lynx-eyed observers do not seem to have found in her any of the classical stigmata of the purposeful hoaxter. And her exhaustion at the end of three days' total fast was apparently not half so prostrating as it must be in the case of anybody who is not a professional faster.

The physicians observe that she did not look like one who had been starving when she was admitted for observation. It is naive to conclude from this that she must have been eating. There are well attested cases on record to show that a person can be in the pink of condition and yet have not touched food for years. The founder of the Yogoda Centre in America tells in his Autobiography of a yogini in Bengal who had been living on nothing but air and was beaming with vitality. I myself have known an elderly cousin, a great Hanumad-bhaktha, sustain life on a jug of cold water, month after month, while he lived with us.

But Dhanalakshmi made no claims to supernatural powers, or for that matter, to any powers at all. A normal healthy girl who had grown up in quiet rural surroundings, it so happened that suddenly and unaccountably she lost appetite. The revulsion against food may have

been due to some peculiarity of the non-vegetarian meal she took on a particular day, some time in 1951, to which a relation attributes the disturbance. The remarkable thing in the case was not that she lost appetite, but that she continued to have seemingly normal health. The restoration of appetite may have come about in the same mysterious, but possibly natural, way as the original loss of it.

We have heard of men losing the power of speech from disease or accident and regaining it as the result of a shock. It must be within everybody's experience that great joy or sorrow brings about profound disturbances in the bodily functions. Children evacuate in extreme fright and even the insomniac, under the impact of grief, finds himself falling into a stupor. The strict surveillance in hospital—where even the bathroom was kept locked—the interdict laid on the free entry of familiar and friendly faces, the over-awing consciousness of official suspicion may have all combined to distract poor Dhanalakshmi and given yet another jolt to the mysterious mechanism that regulates hunger and thirst,—and set the clock ticking again.

The doctors might have engaged themselves more usefully if they had assumed that she was speaking the truth and tried to find the explanation of her condition in the state of her digestive organs, the liver, the kidneys, etc. It is worth remembering that the case was first brought to others' notice by her father when he took her to see a doctor, worried by her refusal to eat. The family did not cadge for publicity. The girl herself remained unaffected by the newspaper furore when it came, as those who saw her constantly could testify. Neither exhibitionism nor avarice could be predicated as the ruling motive for deception here. The Bangalore doctors' confident assertion that she must have been taking food on the sly looks like an unscientific surmise which is also an unwarranted aspersion.

VIGNESWARA

“ PUDUMAIPITHAN ”

By P. C. GANESAN

THE miserable life and premature death of S. Vriddhachalam known to the Tamil reading public under the pseudonym “Pudumaipithan” is a sad commentary on the status of writers in Tamil Nad. Ill-treated by a step-mother and driven out by a father who was too simple to understand this prodigious son, Pudumaipithan ventured out into the world to earn his bread with his pen. It was not only a venture but proved a misadventure later. Vernacular journalism in those days was a rickety child struggling for survival and it was inopportune that he chose it for his career. After a struggle of many years, he became a victim, by his own choice, of acute poverty and utter destitution.

In his boyhood days he was naughty and prankish. In his scholastic career, he was a thorough failure, counting more than a year in each class. He was a bully with his classmates and took much delight in playing jokes on his teachers. Just as Dr. Johnson slipped away from Mr. Jorden's classes and “had been sliding in the Christ Church meadow,” Pudumaipithan absented himself from classes and wandered in the desolate haunts of nature probing deep into her mysteries; and perhaps learning more than he could have possibly done by listening to the dull voices of his teachers. Completing school education in St. John's High School, he joined the Hindu College, Tirunelveli. During his college days he read much and evinced a keen interest for detective novels. After more number of years than was necessary, he came out successful in the B. A. Degree examination in the year 1931.

Swatantra Sangu and *Manikkodi* were the two popular Tamil journals in those days. Eminent writers like Va. Ra., Sangu Subramanyam and T. S. Chockalingam adorned their pages with passionate and soul-

stirring articles. Pudumaipithan used to contribute short stories to them. Va. Ra. (the late V. Ramaswami Iyengar) who discovered in him a great talent for storywriting wanted to include him in the editorial staff of *Manikkodi*. But the finances of the journal were too slender to permit any expansion of the staff. In this connection Va. Ra. narrates an interesting incident:

“Pudumaipithan made repeated enquiries to me whether he could come to Madras and join us. I discouraged him for obvious reasons. One fine morning without previous intimation he came to Madras and took us all by surprise. We felt delicate but we could not turn him away. I gave him two rupees (that was all I could spare) for his expense during his stay at Madras. With the money he left, and returned after a few hours. I found him with a story book by Maupassant and a packet of Spencer cigars, both of which, he told me, he bought with the money I gave him. I asked him what he proposed to do penniless in Madras. He was not in the least perturbed and began reading the book, lighting a cigar.”

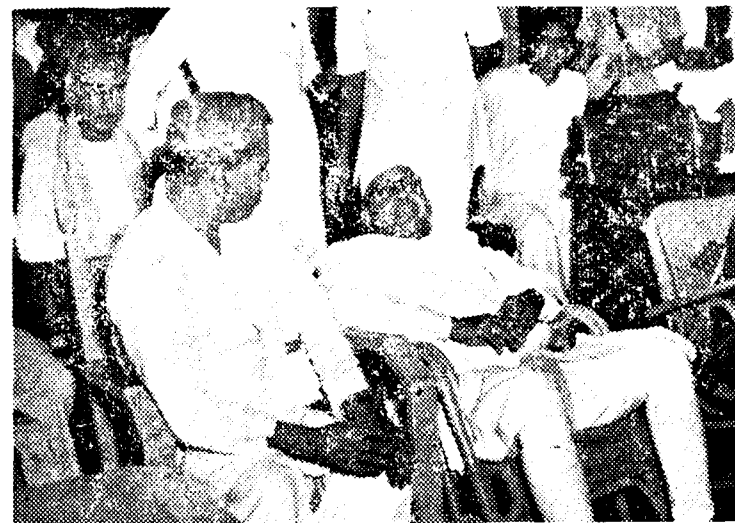
Did not Oliver Goldsmith spend the guinea sent by Dr. Johnson on a bottle of Madeira even while he was in the most straitened circumstances, arrested by his landlady for not paying the rent? It was exactly the nonchalant Goldsmith way of life that Pudumaipithan lived.

IN 1934, he became a sub-editor of *Oozhian* and from 1935 to 1943 he served in *Dinamani*. Through *Dinamani* under the pseudonym *Rasamattam* he brought to light the plagiarism of many writers in Tamil Nad. When the Editor of *Dinamani* (Mr. T. S. Chockalingam) left the paper and started a daily of his own *Dinasari*, he took his job under him. This did not last long. Eleven years of experience in journalism brought a thorough disillusionment to him. He took to scenario-writing in the ardent hope of bettering his economic prospects. From 1933 to 1944, he loyally toiled for the journals in which

he had the privilege to serve. This made him a bankrupt financially and affected his health. His originality of disposition and independence of spirit became his life's handicaps. After running for a decade after the mirage of literary glory, like the proverbial deer, he was completely exhausted. He lived in a world of his own creation with very little sense of realism, always hoping for a patron to recognize his talents. It took him long and bitter years to know that noble ideals and imaginary ambitions could not fill empty stomachs. He knew well that script-writing for the screen could never be a pleasant job nor was it his. Threatened with dire poverty he was prepared to sacrifice his ideals at the altar of money. His career as screen playwright began successfully. But misfortune followed him like a shadow. While he was working for a studio at Poona, it was diagnosed that he was suffering from consumption. Pudumaipithan, who left his house youthful and energetic and with bubbling enthusiasm and necessary qualifications for a successful career in journalism, returned to his native place a bundle of bones. During his

last days he felt that though he did his duty unflinchingly by his people they had let him down. He had no money for proper medical treatment. From his death bed, he made an appeal to the people for funds through the press, telling them that they were by duty bound to help him. But the disease was too advanced to be cured. He succumbed to it on June 30, 1948.

Pudumaipithan was a short story writer of a very high order. Judged by any standard of short-story writing he was head and shoulders above most other writers. He was in a class by himself. While other story writers measured the breadth of life, he plumbed its depth. They portrayed events colouring them with their likes and dislikes, with their passions and prejudices. He presented events as they were, providing only the background in which the events could be better understood and appreciated. They drew pictures, he took photographs. His stories had a realistic touch about them. He was not a dreamy writer. He saw, felt and wrote. He only diagnosed the diseases of society and nowhere in his stories did he sug-



Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras, witnessed a special show of “Avvaiyar” at Gemini preview theatre last week. He was greatly impressed by the inspiring message it carried and he complimented Mr. Vasani for the useful picture.

gest any remedy for them. Let him speak of his own stories: "My stories are new in theme and novel in approach. Many writers of today cannot write stories without calling in 'Love' to play its part, or the Moon to shed her soothing radiance or the breeze to cool the burning atmosphere. But in my stories no moon shines; no breeze blows; and my characters live in hovels, suffer poverty and grope in the dark—only in the dark."

HIS stories "The Sculptor's Hell", 'The Street Lamp' and 'Ponnagaram' (to mention only a few) are among the best he wrote. "This Is Machine Age" and 'Akhaliyai' are satires in story. He made readers face problems that were unpleasant to contemplate. Some of his stories are vague and mystically vague. The language employed in some of them is roundabout and lands the reader in confusion. His creation of characters and the masterly treatment of situations in his stories are commendable. As Manjeri S. Isvaran once observed, while other stories decay and die, his would remain immortal.

A gentleman once wanted the twelve best Tamil short stories to be translated into English and Hindi, and approached Pudumaipithan to select them. Pat came the reply: "You want twelve best short stories in Tamil—why, choose any twelve of my stories." This is a clear illustration of the abundance of faith he had in himself. Under the pen-name 'Kandaswamy Kavirayar' he wrote some random poetry. He had translated many English works into Tamil.

Pudumaipithan's character was marked by laziness and vanity. He was not prompt in sending articles

and editors were put to much inconvenience. He had very high regard for his own creations. He was of a charitable disposition. The two things he hated most were plagiarism and idolatry. He was ever ready to recognize and appreciate the merit in others even if they happened to be his 'enemies.' He had his idiosyncracies that were at once his strength and weakness and made him human and lovable. He was offensive at times, but not out of ill-will or malice. At the same time he could heartily laugh at jokes made at his expense. He was an agreeable companion and among other things he very much liked conversation. An entertaining conversationalist he would talk with ease from cabbage to kings, from share-market to intrigues in Stalin's Kremlin. But strangely, he had no taste for music. He was a very poor specimen of a platform speaker. He was of the opinion that writers should not be made heroes, for that would segregate them from society and make them mere objects of adoration and worship. They must be read, felt, criticised and found fault with. He felt that literary criticism should be candid, frank and honest. Under the garb of encouragement no second-rate matter should be encouraged. While reviewing a book of short stories he wrote only a line; "A collection of worthless stuff called short stories."

In his short span of life Pudumaipithan enriched the Tamil language with his vigorous short stories. His life was both an inspiration and a warning to those who want to take up journalism as a career. He shocked his contemporaries by the candid theme of his stories. He belongs to the class of authors who live in their works.

When I first entered on the stage of public life (now twenty-four years ago), I came to the resolution never to engage while in public office in any enterprise for the improvement of my fortune, nor to wear any other character than of a farmer. I have never departed from it in a single instance; and I have in multiplied instances found myself happy in being able to decide and to act as a public servant, clear of all interest, in the multifarious questions that have arisen, wherein I have seen others embarrassed and biased by having got themselves into a more interested situation. Thus I have thought myself richer in contentment than I should have been with any increase of fortune.

—Jefferson

A SEARCHLIGHT ON MARRIAGE

By W. G. MATTERS

IN Britain today 20 earnest men and women are studying tens of thousands of words on problems that started with Eve. They are trying to find out how to prevent marriages from breaking up, whether divorce should be made easier, what to do about couples who stay married long after love is cold.

The 20 investigators, 13 men and seven women, are members of Britain's latest royal commission on marriage and divorce, the country's biggest probe of man's inhumanity to woman, and vice versa, since the days when a person wanting a divorce had to have a special Act of Parliament passed to get it.

Under the chairmanship of Lord Morton of Henryton, a handsome, 65-year-old Scots lawyer, the commission started its work in October, 1951. Since then it has waded through 300 written submissions, ranging in length from one to 200 pages, from churches, marriage guidance associations and other interested bodies, read some 2,500 letters from reform experts and members of the public, and heard testimony from a multitude of individual witnesses in 37 public sittings. Members listened to all sorts of suggestions (some so novel and far-reaching that many British newspapers raised editorial objections) and then retired to think it all over. When their deliberations are complete, possibly not for some months, they will submit a report which may well result in fundamental changes in the laws governing marriage and divorce.

It is just 100 years since a similar royal commission issued a report on which Britain's first Divorce Act, passed in 1857, was founded. Before that the ecclesiastical courts were the final authority in such matters, and the best they could do was to grant a kind of judicial separation. There was no such thing as a decree

for divorce. The law did allow for divorce by special Act of Parliament, but this was so involved and so costly that private divorce bills were passed only at the rate of a little over one a year. Britain has moved a long way since then. Several matrimonial Acts have been passed making divorce easier and widening the grounds on which decrees may be obtained.

But as late as 1950 the problem of broken marriages was considered so pressing that 104 members of Parliament put their signatures to a motion urging radical reform.

In Britain, with an adult population of some 35,000,000, one marriage breaks up every 10 minutes, resulting in about 30,000 divorces and 20,000 separation and maintenance orders a year. At present, the three chief grounds for divorce are adultery, desertion for three years, and cruelty. Only in cases of exceptional hardship will a divorce be granted within three years of marriage.

In the event of a judicial separation (which does not dissolve a marriage) or where the "innocent party" refuses to divorce the guilty partner, the ties that bind cannot be cast off. Some authorities believe this presents the most urgent problem the royal commission has to tackle. It is estimated that 20,000 men and women are forced to remain married in name only long after their unions have passed the point of no return. Many of them find happiness with other partners and bring up families in a community which accepts them as respectable citizens. Robert Pollard, chairman of the Marriage Law Reform Society, says there are many such couples willing to marry but one of the parties remain shackled to a legal spouse merely through anomalies in the divorce law.

It was to end this unsatisfactory state of affairs that Mrs. Eirene White, a Labour M.P. introduced into the House of Commons a bill designed to make divorce possible, on the petition of either party, where a couple had been living apart for at least seven years, and where the court was satisfied there was no reasonable possibility of reconciliation. The bill was given second reading in March, 1951, but was withdrawn on the promise of the then Labour Government that a royal commission would be established.

The commission's terms of reference were extremely wide. It was given power to pry into virtually every aspect of the complicated relationship which starts when the groom carries his blushing bride over the threshold. As well as dealing fully with the subject of Mrs. White's bill and other legal problems, it had to seek ways of proving that despite Shakespeare the paths of true love can run smooth—or at any rate that certain pitfalls can be avoided.

SOME suggestions put to the commission were radical, some received sympathetic public approval, others merely ridicule. A woman doctor, 72-year-old Marie Stopes, argued that British girls should be allowed to marry at 15. The present legal minimum age of 16, she said, 'ignores the biological tendency to natural marriage.' Several organizations stressed the need for more careful preparation before young couples embark on matrimony. The Scottish Marriage Guidance Council recommended a compulsory medical examination before marriage, and wanted skilled advice on family limitation to be made available to all prospective life partners. From one of the churches came the suggestion that Britain should have a marriage guidance service operated at public expense in the same way as the national health service.

Evidence was taken concerning various legal issues, such as the property rights of husband and wife and the law relating to maintenance. Two different associations of women

proposed that women should be able to sue the "other woman" in divorce proceedings, and the Married Men's Association put a case that alimony should stop when divorced wives remarry.

BUT these are straightforward problems, easy to deal with compared with the task of finding ways to make marriage work. To gain information on this thorny subject the team of investigators directed their searchlight right into the matrimonial home. They were offered numerous suggestions for new laws designed to help couples combat the vexations of married life, any one of which might develop and destroy the union. After poor cooking and bad housekeeping, both of which would be dealt with, according to one proposal, by law courts empowered to prescribe courses of instruction, we come to money, or more specifically, the "division of income."

Witnesses argued this problem would be greatly eased if wives had a fairer financial stake in marriage. The Muir Society, a group of Scots lawyers, recommended that husbands should pay their wives a salary for running the home—10 per cent of the husband's income if he earned less than \$2,800 a year, and a bigger proportion for higher incomes, the exact amount to be determined by an impartial authority. Foreseeing the possibility of domestic quarrelling over payment of this salary, the society would have the money taken out of the man's pay by his employers.

Other money experts had ideas for helping the wife who felt she wasn't getting a proper share of the family income for housekeeping. Armed with full knowledge of her husband's earnings, obtained from the income tax inspector, she would go to court and have the matter threshed out there. As for savings, her husband would hardly risk having any she didn't know about. He would have declared his full financial status to her within three months of the marriage, and kept her informed as to the size of his bank balance ever since under threat of a court order to reveal it. Other

relevant details about himself, including a list of his debts, would have come to light when the couple exchanged information about each other before marriage.

If they were under 25 on their wedding day, a statutory period of six weeks would have elapsed since the public announcement of their engagement, giving them time for a second thought.

Even with no money troubles between them, and no misunderstanding about each other's background, this modern couple still might "have words" about which friends and relatives should be invited to their home. Their marriage contract would give them equal rights in this respect. But still, they might not be getting along too well together anyway, and one of the partners might not respond (to quote the Council of Married Women) to the other's "You know your obligation under the law, my dear, is to do so and so." In this case the wronged partner would go to court for a ruling, and unless there were some exceptionally good reason against it the friend or relative in question would be able to visit the home. For mothers-in-law the magistrate would recommend a tea or dinner visit, but he would have no power to order a longer stay.

IN cases where, despite all these precautions a couple found they just could not prevent their marriage from foundering, the law—as other witnesses would have it—would allow them to divorce by mutual agreement.

There is indeed a considerable body of opinion in Britain in favour of "divorce by consent." One view was advanced by Mrs. Helena Normanton, Q. C. who wanted first of all to see a serious attempt made during the next few years "to stabilise marriage as an institution" through improved preparation and education for marriage. When all else failed she was of the opinion that a decree of nullity should be granted on the joint application of both parties.

OTHER reformers would be content to extend the permitted grounds for divorce and so maintain the present principle on which decrees are granted, which is that one of the parties has suffered "an intolerable matrimonial wrong." Proposed extensions put to the commission included habitual drunkenness and cruelty to children of a marriage. One witness suggested nagging should be added as a form of cruelty. Opposing these suggestions, legal experts pointed out the difficulty of deciding what tests to apply. And nagging wives had something said on their behalf by a well-known divorce court judge. Lord Justice Hodson, 57, married, did not think nagging should be regarded as cruelty, a marital offence. A woman's tongue is her only weapon, he said.

Although the grounds for divorce are narrowly limited at present, the various interpretations of existing law already fill a 1,000-page legal handbook. Lawyers have sought to define cruelty in a hundred ways, from cruelty by nagging to cruelty by silence. Desertion has been proved though husband and wife continue to live in the same house. Divorce judges have held forth on the unsatisfactory nature of evidence, yet have granted decrees just the same. The law says a divorce petition must fail where there is collusion or connivance. Yet a legal authority avers that half the divorces granted today result from collusion.

For couples who want to stay married but find happiness elusive, the team of investigators may be able to extract a recipe for success out of the welter of words of advice they are considering. As for the more novel notions offered by witnesses, it is safe to say they will be rejected. Were they all to become law, the future Mr. and Mrs. Britain would find themselves in a marital strait-jacket, with the law courts always at hand to adjudicate in the most trivial of domestic upsets. And no doubt the divorce courts would be more crowded than they are now.

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REPORTER'S LIFE

By

E. K. RAMASWAMI

THE leader page of the *Daily News* carried an item in bold headliness "Late Mr. Vanila Venkat Rao—Tributes at City meeting."

Reporter Raghu who covered the function for his paper the previous evening sat at his desk scanning his report which had been featured nicely with supreme satisfaction—the only privilege enjoyed by his tribe. Little did he realise that even this joy was going to be a short-lived one.

The telephone on the Chief's desk rang. The old beak, who was immersed in his diary, reports, cuttings, invitation cards, and a quantity of other papers heaped on his table looked annoyed, and casually picking up the receiver grunted "Hello—Daily News Chief here." As he continued his conversation the look of annoyance changed to one of agony, and by the time he had replaced the receiver there were half a dozen more wrinkles on his wrinkled face.

"Boy, Call that Raghu," he ordered, though Raghu was within speaking distance from him. Reporter Raghu heard his Chief's command, but being a disciplined member of the profession preferred to stick to his seat till the boy came up and communicated the order.

Now the attender boy, an experienced member of the Chief's personal staff had an extremely sensitive ear to his master's voice. Quickly he realised something was wrong somewhere and Raghu was the victim. Assuming the most sympathetic air possible he went up to Raghu's table and whispered "Sir, you are wanted." Slowly the scribe got up and ambled towards the old man's desk. For two minutes the old man sat staring at Raghu without uttering a word, as though he expected him to freeze into a statue by his very look, and then broke the ice with the question "When did Venkat Rao die?"

Pat came the reply from the understudy! "Must have been long time ago, Sir."

"How do you say that?"

"Because, Sir, his portrait was unveiled last evening at the Guild Hall".

"Do you mean to say that portraits of people who are alive are not unveiled? How dare you presume from that that Vanila is no more?" thundered the Chief.

"But, Sir, I had a full view of the portrait after it was unveiled, and I looked around the whole place, but did not see the original anywhere in the hall", replied Raghu more puzzled than afraid.

"What do you mean original? You mean Mr. Venkat Rao? Don't be stupid. Do you expect Mr. Venkat Rao to be present there when his portrait is being unveiled?"

Raghu was rather shocked at this statement. For he could distinctly recall three occasions when as their portraits were unveiled, and tributes were being paid to their greatness, he had seen the originals sitting on the front row grinning and shaking their heads in approval. After all, even at the previous evening's meeting he was told it was a show organised by Vanila's close relations. But unfortunately no one had told him that the "original" was not present there, though still alive. This was perhaps the first and only instance when the man had stayed away from the function. Suddenly he remembered the speech of the Minister who unveiled the portrait and said—

"But Sir, Mr.—the Minister spoke of the late Mr. Vanila Venkat Rao."

"Nonsense. You would not have heard him right."

"Excuse me, Sir, I must submit that the Minister referred to the late Mr. Vanila not once, but several times. He said that the late Mr. Vanila was a great man, and lived a full life."

"Nonsense, I say. Nonsense. Disgraceful," growled the Chief. "Venkat Rao is all alive and kicking. I do not want any excuses for your blunder. It was my mistake. I should have sent, a senior hand. All these juniors are half deaf. Go back to your seat, and write out a written explanation which the News Editor wants immediately."

Crestfallen poor Raghu returned to his corner and collapsed in the chair. At once several of his junior colleagues who were witnessing the court martial rushed to his seat to revive him. But the seniors sat unconcerned, stiff in their seats without as much as moving a muscle of their oily faces, or batting an eye-lid.

The first to offer his condolences was scoop Seshan. He was followed by Reporter Chandramouly, popularly known as City Notes Mouli on account of his audacity and ability to convert even the biggest meetings (no matter whether they were addressed by the President or the Prime Minister) into five line City Notes items. He is the only reporter alive who had given a report "Pandit Nehru also spoke", and got off with it.

"You see, Raghu, that is why I summarise, and reduce the size of my reports" observed City Notes Mouli and made his exit.

"Did the Minister use the word late? Did you not compare notes with the other reporters after the meeting?" asked reporter Bhujanga Rao; the doubting Thomas of the profession, in his characteristic sing song tone.

"Don't spray salt over the wound" replied poor Raghu angrily, and added gloomily "don't you know that these functions are exclusively covered by our paper?"

"I am sorry", apologised Bhujang and slipped away.

"Refuse to write an explanation. But if you write one, stick to your statement that the Minister did say late Venkat Rao" advised reporter Seemachu, the seniormost amongst the juniors.

Suddenly reporter Pitchumani, the juniormost member of the section rushed towards the telephone like a man inspired, lifted the receiver and barked "Operator, put me on to Mr. the Minister for.... immediately". He beckoned to Raghu to come near the phone. "Raghu," said the youngster earnestly "I have full faith in you. Wait and see".

The telephone rang. "Hello, Sir, Am I speaking to the Minister for" screamed Pitchumani in his shrill voice into the phone. He con-

tinued "Good morning. This is the *Daily News* reporter speaking. It is regarding that speech you made at the ceremony of the unveiling of the portrait of the late Mr. Vanila Venkat Rao. Yes, sir. Yes. It seems one of Venkat Rao's relatives rang us up last evening to point out that, being under the wrong impression that Vanila was no more, you had used the word *late*, and that we should not carry the error in the paper. But it seems they could not get anyone on the phone as everybody here was out. It does not matter, Sir. After all, it was their mistake. Having invited you they should have told you whether he was alive or dead." He went on chuckling merrily. "Anyway we shall all be obliged if you could kindly tell our old man that you used the word *late*. Raghu is in trouble. Beg your pardon, Sir. You are going to tell him right now. That is very great of you, Sir. We know not how to thank you, Sir. One minute, Sir, please hold on. I am bringing the Chief."

Placing the instrument carefully on the table. Pitchumani with a wink of encouragement to Raghu rushed to the big man's desk and in a solemn tone announced "Sir, The Minister wants you on the phone. He is waiting."

Being a member of the old brigade, the word "Minister" had a magical effect on the old beak. He sprang into action. Buttoning his coat, giving a tug to his trousers and adjusting his cap, he walked up to the instrument.

Five minutes later the Chief returned to his desk with a less wrinkled face. He called for Raghu who went up to him and received the award of a patronising smile. The Chief advised "It is all right, Raghu. It seems the Minister was really under the impression that Vanila was dead. He told me so. Anyway you should be more careful, and also you should be well informed on matters of "Who is Who". Had I been in your place I should never have allowed the Minister to commit such a mistake. In fact in those days we used not only to report but also write out speeches for big men."

Raghu grinned sheepishly.

"A G. I. VISITS MADRAS"

By HAROLD LEVENTHAL

IN the early part of February, 1946, I boarded a train at Sealdah station in Calcutta on way to spend a two week army leave in Madras. My decision to visit the south was prompted by my desire to see as much of India as possible. Madras was regarded as "out of bounds" to American soldiers in view of the fact that no U. S. Army detachment was established in that city. I received a most gracious invitation from Dr. P. Subbaroyan inviting me to be his house guest, and as such the army granted me a pass permitting me to visit Madras. As the train pulled out of Calcutta, I shared a first class compartment with two British and Indian army officers. Unfortunately these gentlemen were strict observers of rank

shoulder was dangling an expensive Leica camera (borrowed from another Bengali friend). When the train pulled alongside the platform at Vizagapatam, I decided to get out of my compartment for a few minutes to stretch my legs and get a cup of tea. About four or five minutes later I turned to board the train—but there was no train at this platform! My calculations had gone wrong. My compartment was in the first car next to the engine and I figured that should the train move on before I'd get a chance to get into my compartment, I'd enter another one along the line. But it seems that the engine was reversed and my car was now the last one as I saw it slowly but surely go on its way to Madras leaving me behind gaping

A foreigner in a foreign land. He loses his luggage on his railway journey. His hosts are not in town when he arrives. Mistaking him for an intruder a servant comes down upon him with an iron bar. What contretemps! Despite, the narrator of these adventures, an American soldier in India, says of his visit to Madras: "An eight-day visit is hardly enough time to see a city but in these few days I came to like Madras and the Madrasi and Andhra people I had met. I came to the conclusion that the only orthodoxy of the Madrasi people was their friendliness and cordiality."

protocol and maintained a casual silence and aloofness from me when they observed I was but a humble corporal. However I paid less heed to my riding companions and more attention to the passing Orissa scenery.

The next morning our train arrived at its first important stop—Vizagapatam—and it was here that my leave almost left me. I was traveling, as most American soldiers did, with all the benefits and amenities as befit members of the U. S. Army. I had a large suitcase (borrowed from a Bengali friend) loaded with neat and well tailored uniforms hastily bedecked with three colorful service ribbons I was finally entitled to wear. I had also packed away a choice selection of American cigarettes, sweets, cigars and magazines. I took along two G. I. (government issue) blankets, a knapsack with toilet articles and a new leather jacket. Strapped around my

at the empty railroad tracks. I immediately rushed to the office of the British Railway Transportation Officer explained my unexpected situation and urged them to make immediate efforts to recover my luggage when the train arrives at its next station. The young British major seemed most cooperative and telegraphed Bezwada advising the R. T. O. to board the Madras Mail and recover my luggage until I arrived on the next train. I thanked him for his splendid co-operation and assured him that the recovery of my luggage which contained "vital U. S. Army material" was most important.

ABOUT an hour and a half later I boarded an antiquated local train that was due to arrive in Bezwada about three a.m. the next morning. Here I was, shorn and stripped of my luggage and blankets, left only with my camera still dangling from my shoulders. I entered a third

class compartment and some Andhra travellers aware of my situation, gladly offered me blankets for the evening ride. At four a.m., luckily one hour behind time, our train arrived at Bezwada. Hurriedly I went to seek the R. T. O. office at the end of the platform, barged into the room awakening its British occupants, and asked to have my belongings handed over to me. A sleepy corporal replied. He regretted there was no luggage for me. They had forgotten to check the Madras Mail when the train arrived hours before. I am generally not an excitable sort of a person, and one who is more prone to logic than emotions. My tempers are reserved, my tolerance often most generous, but on this occasion I was ready to break every breakable object in the room. I yelled at the British soldiers, cursed them as only a soldier can, and told them in no uncertain terms that their negligence in failing to recover my luggage (which by now "contained secret army documents") would be reported to higher authorities. Unfortunately the British soldiers were not impressed and went back to bed. I immediately dispatched a telegram to the R. T. O. in Madras insisting that they claim my luggage when the Madras Mail arrived in the city. Back into the slow moving local train I went, anxiously wondering if I would ever wear that full dress uniform.

EARLY evening we finally arrived at the city of Madras. I quickly made my way to the lost-and-found office to claim my luggage. The man in charge seemed delighted to see me. "So you are the American soldier," he smilingly greeted me, "well, we have your lost articles." I felt relieved as he walked into another room and came out handing me my leather jacket and knapsack. "But where is my suitcase?" I quickly asked. "Your suitcase? I'm sorry, but that is all we have and that is all that was handed to us when the train arrived." I became furious. I started belaboring him about Madrasi hospitality, about my "secret documents," and why no effort had been made to inspect the compartment when the train arrived. "After all,

didn't you receive the telegram I sent?"

"Telegram you sent?" he questioned, "oh no, we never received any telegram."

"But what am I supposed to do now?" I asked him. "I have lost all my clothes in that suitcase."

"Well now," he suggested, "report the matter to the security police. They may help."

I reported the matter to the security police, the Madras police, the Indian military police, the British military police, and finally, the American Consulate in Madras. Needless to say, I never did get back my luggage.

Leaving the Madras railroad station, I got into a taxi and headed for Royapetta to the home of Dr. Subbaroyan. When I arrived at the place I noticed it was in complete darkness, but just within its gates I saw a flickering light from the servants' quarters. As I approached the door, the women inside noticing me ran to a corner in complete fright—I stood there motionless—when just then a man came towards me with a heavy iron bar apparently assuming I was an unwelcome intruder bent on trouble.

"Put down that iron bar," I quickly urged, "you have nothing to fear. I have come to visit Dr. Subbaroyan." He threw away the bar and in Tamilized English apologized. "I'm sorry, Sahib, but the women's screams made me rush in not knowing what happened." I showed him the post card I had received from Dr. Subbaroyan, and further explained that I had written advising my hosts of my arrival date.

"But Dr. and Mrs. Subbaroyan are not at home and I'm sure they did not get your card because they have left for the country and will not be back for several weeks." The housekeeper invited me to come into the house and assured me I would be a welcome guest even though my hosts were not there to greet me. After my gruelling train ride, I wanted a place to rest for the evening and made myself comfortable.

The next day I went shopping for clothes, and donned white trousers and a shirt, while the army uniform that I wore was being washed. I felt I was imposing upon the Subbaroyan household, with the hosts away from home. I thanked the housekeeper for his courtesies and moved to a hotel in the city.

I had been now in India for almost two years and spent a considerable portion of that time in Assam and Bengal. Fact is, I literally became an adopted son of Calcutta and was referred to as the American-Bengali, but of course, I never did succumb to the provincialism and egoism of the Bengali. During my stay in India I was indeed fortunate in having personally met Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Maulana Azad, and many other distinguished Indians in all walks of life. Here in Madras I hoped to complete the circle of meetings by visiting Rajagopalachari.

As an American soldier, I found the hospitality of the Indian people of unequal friendliness and sincerity. There was no difficulty in meeting the people of India. But merely meeting people or seeing India as did many thousands of American soldiers during the war, was almost meaningless unless one was willing to understand what they saw.

THE second day of my visit to Madras, I was fortunate in being introduced to Khasa Subba Rau. One evening Mr. Rau invited me to his home for dinner, and while I was never particularly fond of Indian food, I did look forward to meeting his family. I had been under the impression (influenced by my Bengali friends) that Madras was the stronghold of Brahmin orthodoxy and its influence in Indian history was measured by the number of civil servants representing India throughout the world. I had also been forewarned about Madras dishes as being the "hottest" food in India, diluted with all the spices that at one time tempted Columbus to reach its shores. Mr. Rau was indeed a most perfect host. Special food was prepared for me and I was spared

the turbulence brought on by highly spiced food.

ONE evening while I was at Mr. Rau's home, he invited me to come along with him to hear C. R. speak at a meeting.

"But if Rajaji is going to speak in Tamil, I certainly will not understand him."

"Now don't worry about the language," replied Mr. Rau, "you will appreciate his personality by observing him speak, his tone, his gesticulations, and the response of his audience."

Off we went thru the dark and dirty lanes of Madras, thru the Moslem quarters, and finally we approached an open air court where hung banners, "YMHA". I looked at the banner in amazement; could this be the Madras branch of the Young Men's Hebrew Association?

"Oh no," Mr. Rau reassured me, "this is the Young Men's Hindu Association."

As Rajaji spoke, I paid more attention to the people about me, watching their mannerisms—as they watched me.

The following day, I made my way around the city of Madras on an unplanned sightseeing trip. I was stopped by many passers-by who were anxious to meet an American. I always welcomed these informal friendly meetings, as it afforded me an opportunity to talk to the people, exchange views and learn about their country. However, the heat of Madras was getting the best of me and I cut short my "tour" and retreated back beneath the whirling fan in my hotel. Late that same afternoon—my third day in Madras—I received a call from Mr. Rau.

"Leventhal, I have just made arrangements for you to meet C. R. at his home tomorrow morning. Can you make it?" Certainly, I replied.

The next morning as my cab rolled over to C. R.'s house, his son came out to greet me and ushered me into the library. A minute or two later C. R. came in, and beckoned me to a chair. For the next two hours we sat and talked. He asked me questions about America. I

rejoined with perponderant questions about India. He wanted to know the attitude of the American soldiers stationed in India (the same question was asked of me by Gandhiji). To this question there was but one answer—they didn't like India. This of course is explainable only if we understand that any foreign soldier on a foreign soil finds many reasons for this dislike—but in India, the American soldier found the abject poverty, the uncomfortable climate, the unhygienic conditions and the backwardness of the country somewhat more than he could appreciate. I put my camera to use, and C. R. was a most willing subject as he stepped out to the garden to pose for pictures.

The next few days I continued my trips in and around Madras—and I became somewhat acclimatised to this city. One day I took a bus and decided to visit Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophists. My knowledge of Theosophy was rather scant, but I remembered that I had heard about several active Theosophy groups in New York, my home town. The bus ride to Adyar was most pleasant and as I walked into the grounds of the society it appeared to me to be a "veritable heaven on earth." The beauty of the grounds impressed me, and the serenity of the surroundings seemed to radiate an air of cosmic bliss. I could find none on the grounds—and none in the main buildings or the library I went into. I walked around for an hour or so, until thirst was parching my throat and I quickly made for the nearest bungalow and knocked on the door. A young man,

apparently an Englishman, opened the door and bid me come in. He got me a drink of water.

"You sound like an American," I said to him.

"Yes I am," he smilingly replied, "I'm from Rochester, New York—but you see," he hastened to add, "I've been here with my family for about four years, and when the war broke about I joined up with the American army and after serving almost three years, I was recently discharged."

I was quite amazed to find a New Yorker—of all places in Adyar—and the first Theosophist I had met. Well, we sat and talked for hours, and I finally made for the last bus going back to Madras.

AFTER eight days in Madras I was finally prepared to cut short my army leave and return to Calcutta. One uniform and lack of clothing—and the fact that my money was running very low, prompted an early return. An eight day visit is hardly enough time to see a city, but in these few days I came to like Madras and the Madras and Andhra people I had met. I came to the conclusion that the only orthodoxy of the Madras people was their friendliness and cordiality.

Mr. Rau was at the railroad platform to bid me goodbye as I boarded a train for Calcutta.

"Do come back to Madras," was Mr. Rau's gracious farewell.

Well, I hope to come again to visit Madras and Andhra . . . but this time I won't get off the train for tea.

SOME SAYINGS OF MACHIAVELLI

It is difficult for a man, who has war in his heart, to wear a look of peace upon his brow.

He who, blinded by ambition, raises himself to a position whence he cannot mount higher, must thereafter fall with the greatest loss.

Any monarch who has any feeling of humanity in him, cannot entirely rejoice in that victory which has brought secret sorrow upon all his subjects.

As good morals need good laws to maintain them, so the laws cannot be maintained without good morals.

This indeed is Fortune's work; she chooses a man, when she wishes to bring about great events, so full of mettle and merit that he is able to discern that fortune offers him.

TRUTH ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

SINCE we personally knew ex-Premier Cheddi Jagan when he was a student at Chicago we dispatched one of our correspondents to Georgetown to get to the bottom of the situation there. Here is an objective report about it. We believe it to be a true appraisal of what is going on in a small territory in the New World where 40% of the people are of Indian descent and the ousted Premier belonged to this group.

All is relatively quiet in British Guiana; but anything can happen at any time. So far there have been no Communist-inspired acts of incendiarism, no new strikes, no demonstrations. But when I asked a very high official if the trouble is now over, he replied. "No. It's Just begun."

There is nothing in the record of the Communist-led People's Progressive Party, which the British threw out of office on October 9, to prove him wrong. That record includes committing arson, mauling opponents, and provoking needless strikes.

The PPP is not armed—that should be made clear. It never was. But the PPP can upset the colony's outward calm in other ways. Two of its deposed ministers, ex-Premier Cheddi B. Jagan and L. F. S. Burnham, a former cabinet member, are now abroad stirring up excitement. It is their intention to push on to India and enlist Nehru's support. Jagan, the PPP's acknowledged chieftain is of Hindu extraction. The Indian press has taken the PPP's side against London, and it would not be beyond Nehru himself to put in an oar.

The general strike has petered out, but the party men still are active among the sugar workers. The objective now, I learned from a PPP leader, is to slow down production. Two sugar strikes in less than two months have already cut production by 25,000 tons and cost the colony \$3,000,000 in lost exports.

Additional millions of dollars have been lost in wages and fallen retail sales. Great quantities of imports lie in Georgetown warehouses unclaimed—consignees have no money to pay for them.

Unless Britain soon pours funds into Guiana, an economic crisis could occur.

The situation in Guiana, declared returning Minister of State for Colonies, Henry Hopkinson, in London the other day, "is fraught with potential danger."

It is a chronic situation. And it was not created by the PPP. The vast majority of Guianese suffer under a triple yoke: economic exploitation, racial discrimination, and colonial subjection. These three basic conditions are the source of PPP strength. They were not removed by Britain's suspension of the Constitution.

Most Guianese work long hours at arduous tasks for little compensation. Housing is abominable, education rudimentary, recreation makeshift. To speak of such things as hospitalization benefits is to indulge in fancy phrases—the colony's largest hospital is nothing but a broken-down shack. Even Georgetown, the capital, a city of 75,000 is no paradise. Street after street is lined with foul tenements and shanty-like stores. Behind the tenements rotting shacks crowd in on one another. Along the streets, and in the narrow lanes back of them, stand heaps of refuse. Here, children play.

FEW Guianese can boast such luxuries as modern toilets. In contrast, a small group of businessmen, professional and colonial officials live rather well. When you see, on one side of a road through a sugar estate, the big, clean white houses and well-tended acres of the manager, and on the other side workers' "ranges" too over-crowded, filthy and decayed—they were condemned by a British commission in 1949—you

know why the PPP is strong. Then there is Booker Bros., McConnell & Co., Ltd. brokers is a commercial giant impossible to escape in British Guiana. There are "Bookers Hire Service", "Bookers Drugs", "Bookers General Store", "Bookers Groceries", "Bookers Steamship Line", and lots more. In the country, Bookers owns or manages most of the sugar estates. To a lesser or greater extent, every Guianese is dependent on Bookers. That fact doesn't make for idyllic social relations. Exacerbating this situation is something more disturbing; race friction.

W. O. R. Kendall, House Opposition leader until London's intervention, told me: "If the troops hadn't come; there might have been a Durban here." He was referring to the bloody clashes some time ago in Durban, South Africa, between Indians and Negroes.

British Guiana's East Indians and Negroes (called "Africans") have been at each other's throats for years. Since the two groups consti-

tute the great majority of Guiana, estimated 453,000 people—Indians number 207,000, Africans 162,000—their enmity would threaten the colony's well being even if there were no Communist problems.

The Communists, however, have heightened social tension. Despite their "progressivism," they practise racial policies. Janet Jagan, wife of the PPP leader, is an old Young Communist League "progressive" from Chicago. Yet she was a leader in a struggle inside the PPP last spring to restrict the Africans in the party to two out of six ministerial posts. She wanted three for the Indians and one for herself. Since she is married to an Indian, that would have given the Indian faction a majority of portfolios.

THE PPP is essentially an "Indian" party although it contains an African minority. Eleven of its 18 seats came from predominantly Indian districts. The Africans had long been slaves in Guiana by the time Indians were brought in, around



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1950, as indentured laborers. The former resented the latter's arrival, and the Indians in turn looked down upon a people newly emancipated from slavery. Taking advantage of a compulsory education law passed in 1876, the Africans prepared themselves for better jobs, while the Indians worked the sugar estates. Today Africans have a near majority on Government posts below the policy level, while Indians comprise more than 80 per cent of the country's 30,000 sugar workers.

A NEW generation of educated and enterprising Indians has grown up in recent years. They are gradually displacing Africans in preferred jobs, and also building a middle class. These advances are resented by Africans. Another major source of African resentment is that the Indian birth rate is very high, and within a decade is expected to make Indians the majority group. The Africans look forward to that time with great trepidation.

Guiana's 4,100 "Europeans" regard both Indians and Africans as "darkies." They believe neither is capable of governing. One explained it this way: "The blacks are lazy, the Indians unstable."

That view has been implicit in Britain's administration of the colony since it was ceded by the Dutch in 1814. Non-whites had no voice whatsoever until recent times.

In 1926 a Constitution containing meagre concessions to democracy was granted. It was withdrawn two years later. There were no Communists around then, but there was a Popular Party the British didn't like.

The Constitution just suspended by the British went into effect only last April. It was the most democratic to date, providing for universal adult suffrage and a party system. That the first elections under it were won by a Communist-dominated party is a tragedy. But the reimposition of colonial rule is a second tragedy no less grave.

Was there a real danger, before Britain intervened, of Communists taking over British Guiana? Is the Peoples Progressive Party, which was ousted from office, Communist?

STRICTLY speaking the PPP is not a Communist party. It is a nationalist party with a frankly Socialist economic programme and a distinctly pro-Soviet orientation. It was created by Communists, and is led by Communists. PPP's day to day policies and practices were certainly Bolshevik in temper, if not always in content.

The party's structure moreover has aspects in common with that of orthodox Communist parties. It exists on three levels.

First there is the broad, open party familiar to the electorate, which uses slogans such as "Limey, Go Home." It numbers upward of 10,000 members, ordinary Guianese who simply believe the PPP is the best instrument through which to solve their problems. They know nothing about Communism, and probably care less.

The second level consists of about 800 active party workers who are more or less indoctrinated with Communist ideas. They accept the need for building a Socialist society. Chiefly younger people, they meet in study groups to take up such matters as "Marxism—An Introductory Course in Five Parts," published by the British Communist Party. They form the shock troops in strikes and demonstrations.

Finally, there is a hierarchy of about two dozen leaders who actually control the party. They are thoroughgoing Communists, some of them trained abroad. They include the ousted Prime Minister, Cheddi Jagan; Jagan's U. S.-born wife, Janet; former Works Minister Sydney King; Martin Garter, junior vice chairman of the PPP; and others.

This group is the link between the PPP and international Communism.

Jagan himself admitted to me on my first visit to Guiana in August that the trips leaders frequently made behind the Iron Curtain—10 have gone within the past two years—are financed by such Red agencies as the World Peace Council.

Janet Jagan visited Rumania last spring as a guest of the Rumanian Communist Government. During the very moment the PPP was denying

British charges of connection with international Communism, three PPPers were delegates at a World Federation of Trade Unions Congress in Vienna. When I inquired where Jagan and former cabinet minister L. F. S. Burnham had got money on such short notice to make their present trip abroad to stir up sympathy for the PPP, I was told it had been "borrowed" from a respectable Georgetown businessman.

Jagan has openly proclaimed: "I am a great admirer of the Soviet Union." The party's monthly bulletin, Thunder, which is edited by Mrs. Jagan, in its May issue hailed the PPP's electoral victory as victory "against the compromisers, racist and anti-Communists."

Does all this add up to a "plot"? Hardly. To pull off a coup, arms and military formations are necessary. The PPP possessed neither. True, it had heavily infiltrated the police, but it was likewise attacking the entire civil service as a general policy.

There is little chance, at the moment, of the opposition filling the

vacuum created by London. Fortunately, all the opposing parties have come together in a new United Democratic Party. During the crisis, the UDP has issued intelligent statements favouring retention of universal adult suffrage and demanding large-scale economic and social reforms. But it has serious shortcomings. The UDP's leaders are young and liberal, but behind them stand forces that are colonial-minded. They are preponderantly African, when there is need for a multi-racial party. In the last analysis, the British will have to fill the vacuum they have created.

THE banks had an opportunity to push Guiana's development before the PPP came on the scene. But they practised a short sighted policy of investing their money outside and severely restricting credit. The International Bank has intimated that a change here would be most welcome. Generally, the sugar estate owners, industrialists and mining interests made very few contributions to the popular welfare.

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REVOLUTION IN A DESERT LAND

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE industrial revolution has struck the sandy desert realm of Saudi Arabia.

Industrial plants are multiplying under the desert sun. The smoke curling out of the tall chimneys in the Al Hasa province on the Persian Gulf or in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea port city of Jidda is really issuing from industrial plants, and is not the deceptive play of the desert fata morgana.

Saudi Arabia is, of course, the site of the fabulous oil wealth, enough, in the words of a noted U. S. petroleum geologist, to create hundreds of Rockefellers. However, many of these new industries are not directly related to oil.

Saudi Arabia would seem to be the last country in the world to have an industrial revolution. Cut off from the main streams of contemporary life by vast deserts, it was living in sordid, poverty-burdened isolation until recently. Most of its people are at such a low level of civilization that they have not even settled homes but are nomads in their scorched world where the patriarch Abraham would feel perfectly at home.

However, modern western civilization is all-pervasive, turning the life of even the most primitive desert upside down. This is precisely what is happening in Saudi Arabia.

The least utilitarian of all countries, tradition-bound Saudi Arabia has turned to highly utilitarian industries. To mention a few notable examples, a factory manufacturing 4,00,000 pounds of soap a year was established last year in Jidda itself. The same Red Sea port city has witnessed the beginning of the operations of the Arabian Leather and Tanning Works. While it is under British management, it is drawing upon indigenous labour.

Camel Is Back Number

A meat cannery is now in process of erection in Saudi Arabia to

minister to the needs of the annual influx of tens of thousands of pilgrims to Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet Mohammed. The need for such a cannery is great. The pilgrims usually slaughter 500,000 animals in a single year.

At the opposite or eastern side of Saudi Arabia, on the Al Hasa coast of the Persian Gulf, a textile factory and a printing plant are being erected. This is particularly interesting, in view of the fact that in all Saudi Arabia there is only one newspaper published and that is a Government publication.

A plant for the processing of dates is also being set up at Hofuf, which has more than 2,000,000 palm trees producing the highly prized "khilas" dates. Palm trees are strange creatures and they like to have their crowns scorched by the burning rays of the sun and their roots cooled in fresh water. In few other parts of the world is the sun as burning as it is here, where the thermometer may soar as high as 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The cooling waters are provided by the seven enormous springs of this large oasis.

The industrial revolution in England began with the revolution in transportation and that is precisely what is taking place in the desert kingdom. Today the nomad of the deep desert embarks on his raiding parties in a car and not on the back of the traditional camel. Because of this revolution in transportation, automotive services and repair shops are becoming important parts of the desert land. Local contractors in this field are employing more than 11,000 workers. Sizeable automotive service and repair shops have been established in key positions. The tyres they use in Saudi Arabia are different from ours. They are much higher, containing only 10 pounds of air, instead of three times that

amount, so that they spread out on the sandy ground, using it for support, instead of grinding themselves into the sand. This is in imitation of the wide-spread soft feet of the tall camel.

Industries have also been attracted to the shining new railway which Saudi Arabia opened to traffic recently. It connects the Persian Gulf oil centre with the capital of the country, Riyadh, which is also the seat of the royal house. It is 357 miles long and its running time is 10 hours, instead of the 12 days it took the fastest camel to cover the distance. It cost \$50,000,000 to build the line.

The line is to be extended for another 700 miles from the capital to Mecca and so on to the Red Sea coast at Jidda. Thus the entire waistline of the country from Persian Gulf to the Red Sea will have railway transportation.

The industrialisation bonanza has also created a boom atmosphere in building. In order to meet this need a cement plant is being readied. Last year some 61,000 metric tons of cement passed Jidda. A typical boom town building atmosphere prevails in Mecca and Medina, and in the country's mountain summer resort, Taif, not far from Mecca, as well as in the Persian Gulf oil centres, Dammam and Dhahran.

Since power is the lifeblood of large-scale industrialization, the Dammam project is important. It began operations last September, was privately financed and is privately owned. The lack of hydro-electric power in one of the driest regions of the globe is, of course, a great handicap.

THE bottling plant at Al Khobar is another promising industrial establishment. Saudi Arabia is the heart of the vast Islamic world extending across the entire length of Africa and Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. According to Moslem law, the faithful are enjoined not to drink wine and this has been interpreted to mean all intoxicating beverages. Therefore, soft drinks are "naturals" for Moslem countries

and especially for such a super-dry nation as Saudi Arabia, where religious puritans, called the Wahhabs, are in control. The Al Khobar bottling plant may be the first such establishment in a part of the world which is being rapidly "coca-colonized."

OIL being the basis of Saudi Arabian industrialization, a few of the auxiliary services may be mentioned here, without going into the petroleum aspect of industrialization. The most ambitious of these services was the construction of the fabulous Tapline, the more than 1,000-mile long pipeline across some of the world's desert terrain, from the Persian Gulf producing centre to the Lebanese city of Sidon on the eastern Mediterranean.

A plant for liquified gas was set up at Dammam last February and it serves customers all the way to the capital. Then there is the Ras Tanura refinery, and a seven-mile-long pier near the oil production centre. Several gas-oil separator plants are under construction.

Who is financing this desert phenomenon? Most of the money comes out of oil royalties. During the current year King Ibn Saud received some £185,000,000 in royalties from Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Company, which is operating his fabulous oil wells. This entire Persian Gulf region is the greatest oil pool in the world, and production in Saudi Arabia seems to have practically no limit.

The fairy-tale story of the Saudi Arabian wealth may be better appreciated if we recall that the total annual revenue of the country (whose population is estimated at between 4,000,000 and 6,000,000) was no more than \$300,000 in 1917, according to the great English explorer, H. St. John Philby.

The Arab industrial development department of Aramco has been active in the industrialization programme. It was set up in 1946 to advise and assist Saudi Arabia in matters of industrial development, and it has been instrumental in starting a considerable number of industrial activities, such as instal-

ling electricity, waterlines, sewers, pipelines and plumbing.

Industrialization cannot be imposed upon a people from the outside but must be generated by a country's own human resources. At first it was not easy to make Saudi Arabs gadget-conscious, their entire way of life militating against such an attitude. Discipline is the very heart of modern industry and how could people brought up in nomadic habits be thus regimented? Time, in the first place, meant nothing to them. Certainly, time was not money. It was something to be disregarded, enjoyed and often wasted. Some of the hired workers turned up at their punching clock at any time of the day, whenever the spirit moved them, and sometimes it did not move them at all. Often they were moved to leave their work bench and take a long siesta.

IT took some time before these habits were broken. Once this major difficulty was overcome, the rest of the work was easier. The Arab has a large measure of flexibility. In the desert he had to adjust himself to the ugliest whims of nature. Thus he learns easily.

Saudi Arabian industrialization has some weaknesses. The distribution of the fabulous oil income is highly unequal. The king wants to keep peace in his country and one of the ways of doing so is to finance the leading sheiks. That is why his court retinue is so large. Oil wealth has been seeping also into the coffers of the important merchants and the large land-owners. In turn, these people are little interested in industrialization, are far more interested in buying expensive luxury articles, which are imported into the country. Jewellery is one of these, and if there is unusual activity in the largest jewellery stores on New York's Fifth Avenue, that, to a cer-

tain extent, is the work of Saudi Arabian buyers. On the other hand, the annual per capita national income of the Saudi Arabian is still not more than \$40 and that only if a low estimate of the population is taken.

Are there any plans for further industrialization? There are no "year plans" in Saudi Arabia, because the country is not time-conscious and because the leading people think this would not please the U. S. Still, there are unofficial plans drawn up by the country's able Finance Minister, Abdulla Sulaiman, and the Assistant Minister of Finance, Sheik Hamid Sulaiman. They have the help and advice of U. S. and U. N. experts, the Point Four and Technical Assistance people particularly.

Saudi Arabia would like to have more U. S. capital. It is one of the few countries in the world which have "hard currencies", not only freely brought in but also freely taken out. This is natural, since it sells so much of its oil in the hard currency area for dollars.

Capital should be encouraged to go into Saudi Arabia because of this. But it is not. North America offers sufficient inducement for investment. Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, strikes many potential investors as too primitive, too far removed from a high degree of industrialisation.

Yet this land of the minarets may play an even more important role in the land of assembly lines. It is situated near the heart of the world's population centre, even though it is largely empty. It is also the heart of the vast Islamic world because of Mecca and Medina the two most important religious shrines of more than 300,000,000 Moslems. Saudi Arabia is still hardly known to the world, but it deserves a closer look. —Copyright NNF.

There are rules of success, which is not merely a matter of luck, with the wise man; for success can be assisted by care. Some folk are contented to plant themselves with a cheerful smile at the gates of Fortune, and hope that she will open to them. Others act more wisely in pressing onward, and they profit by their wise audacity; for borne along on the wings of their courage and boldness, they overtake Fortune, and coax her to favour them.—Gracian

PSP PROSPECTS IN TRAVANCORE-COCHIN

By K. U. NAIR

DESPITE the numerically weak position that the Praja Socialist Party commands in the legislative bodies of the country, destiny has been extraordinarily kind to it. In Travancore-Cochin or in Andhra, in Uttar Pradesh or in Bengal, the PSP has come to hold the trump card. Its coveted yet thankless position of power has given it the power to decide the political direction of this country for the next few years in as much as its active cooperation alone can bring the efforts of the leftist parties to dislodge the Congress from power any measure of success. The recent civic elections in the U.P. and by-elections to State legislatures point to the important place of the party in any anti-Congress front.

It is this enviable position that the PSP will occupy in Travancore-Cochin if its recent decision to avoid three-cornered contests against the Congress in the forthcoming elections is worked out. The decision to avoid three-cornered contests will give the party in the State two distinct political advantages. First, it may enable the party to retain at least its present seats in the elections, if not increase their number. Secondly, it may also enable the party to prevent either the Congress or the Communists from securing absolute majority. But to what degree the party will be able to utilise these advantages to affect for the better the post-election situation in the State, will depend entirely on the party's own preparedness to strike out a bold new path for itself.

Two months ago, when the motion of confidence in the Congress Ministry in Travancore-Cochin was defeated, an immediate re-alignment of forces was expected to follow. By voting with the United Front of Leftists against the motion, the PSP expressed in effect its recognition that the Congress did not any longer

enjoy the confidence of the people and hence it was incapable of shouldering responsibility in the State. For various reasons, the PSP did not think it fit to join the leftist forces immediately upon the fall of the Congress Ministry and present an alternative Government. Nevertheless in its uncompromising attitude towards the Congress, the party's belief that a non-Congress Government alone can successfully administer the State seemed implicit. That such a Government cannot be of any single party but must be based on the alliance of the various non-Congress, non-communal parties was also obvious.

In this background, one could justifiably have expected of the National Executive of the PSP which met recently in Delhi, a clearer exposition of its position in relation to the different parties in the State and particularly the Congress. The decision to avoid "as far as possible" three-cornered contests in Travancore-Cochin is by itself far-reaching. But one might ask why this reservation, "as far as possible"?

Acharya J. B. Kripalani, Chairman of the party, has said that the main consideration that weighed with the party in deciding to avoid three-cornered contests is its firm faith in the two-party system of democracy. In his own words, "democracy is best when there are only two parties fighting." By avoiding three-cornered fights can Travancore-Cochin politics be reduced to two-party politics? Obviously, no, when as many as five parties in all are in the fray with varying degrees of influence in the different parts of the State—the Congress, the PSP, the Communist Party, the Revolutionary Socialist Party and the Kerala Socialist Party. If Acharya Kripalani means by "two parties" the Congress Party on the one hand and the non-Congress par-

ties on the other, then the reservation "as far as possible" becomes enigmatic. Notwithstanding the reservation, had the National Executive meant it that way, then why should it fight shy of the United Front of Leftists and decide to carry on a lone fight against the Congress when it was possible for it to consolidate the leftist forces and lay the basis for an alternative to the Congress?

IT will be relevant here to recall that that the PSP had fought the last general elections on a platform of removing the Congress. It is on the same platform that the party is approaching the coming elections. Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai the State PSP leader, has unequivocally declared that "the conditions at present in the State demand that we fight the Congress." Thus in the two successive elections the party has chosen to be consistent in its opposition to the Congress. The maintenance of this stand in the State in the face of efforts of the leadership elsewhere to seek areas of agreement with the Congress is a clear indication of the awareness of the party in the State that it cannot grow except in proportion to its opposition to the Congress.

If this basic awareness does not take the party along the logical course of uniting the anti-Congress forces within the State on a commonly acceptable programme and meeting the demand of the people for an alternative Government, it is because of the party's persistent, if unfounded fear of the Communists. This fear is indeed irrelevant in India particularly at a time when even on an international plane Democratic Socialism has, as in Italy during the last elections, begun to shed its anti-Communism and thereby make tremendous gains. A common enemy can be defeated only through a united fight, as the fight against the tramway fare increase in Calcutta has shown. The party cannot be oblivious to the needs of the times and of the people because of its imaginary fear of a distant danger except at its own peril. The experience of the Kisan Mazdoor

Praja Party which allied itself with the Communists during the last general elections in Malabar must have taught the party at least this lesson. The catholicism of the KMPP which now forms a live part of the PSP paid it rich dividends. It not only did not lose its identity because of its association with the Communists but grew, by virtue of the association, to be a powerful force in Malabar politics. In Calcutta too, the PSP's prestige has risen only following the tramway struggle which it waged in cooperation with other leftist parties.

On the other hand wherever the PSP has tried to be dogmatic about its approach to Communists, it has come to grief. As the U. P. civic elections draw to a close they expose the fundamental weaknesses of the party as against the inherent strength of the unity of other leftist parties represented by the belatedly formed Citizen's Democratic Front. They also show that with the Congress as the only organised party in the country it is not possible to displace it except by the united efforts of the opposition parties. Andhra provides another illustration. The PSP in Andhra was in an advantageous position. It was the factor that spelt all the difference between rule by the Congress and the opposition. It tried to drive a bargain with the Congress in an effort to prevent a non-Congress Ministry. The result, as it is now regretfully acknowledged, is that the party split. Mr. Prakasam, the mainstay of the party, walked over to the Congress, drawing away with him a good many members of the party. The party lost its vantage position and its anti-Congress platform.

AT Betul, when a programme of alliance with the Congress was defeated by the rank and file, it became apparent that the party had realised that with the Congress it would not amount to much in Indian politics, whatever the political compulsions of a backward economy. Between Malabar and Andhra, the conviction must now be growing that while the party has no chance at all

with the Congress, it has a fighting chance with the Communists.

PERHAPS this is how the Travancore-Cochin Socialists read the political situation when they openly came out in favour of an agreement with the United Front of Leftists. Their standpoint as they put it forward before the National Executive in Delhi, seems to be that if the electorate returns those fighting on an anti-Congress platform in a majority, it will expect them to replace the Congress and give it a taste of what it is to be governed by those who claim to be progressives. Should the PSP, winning its seats as it expects to on an anti-Congress platform, fail to fulfil this task, it may forfeit the confidence of the electorate.

It is too early as yet to attempt a forecast of what considerations may arise in the formulation of the PSP's post-election policy in Travancore-Cochin. The National Executive has taken one step forward in that as it has recognised the need to avoid frittering away of opposition votes. And that step has landed the party at the cross-roads. If the United Front of Leftists agree to the arrangement proposed by the PSP of a temporary electoral alliance, no doubt the party will be able to get through the elections unscathed and perhaps with addi-

tional gains. But that will not change the relative strength of the parties in the State. All the bother attendant on elections will prove unprofitable by this repetition of an unstable situation unless the PSP casts its weight this way or that. If the party fails to form a Government along with other leftists, surely, its anti-Congress slogans will appear to the electorate as so many empty words. The party will also lay itself open to the charge of being pusillanimous. If it makes bold to join hands with the leftist forces and form a Government, it may mean the beginning of a thrilling new era of hope for the people in Travancore-Cochin as elsewhere.

A decision either way may be difficult to make for a party which until yesterday aspired to be the second party and is today faced with a third factor. But a decision must be taken, for indecision will in politics prove as ruinous as a wrong decision. The party convention in Trivandrum towards the end of this month may give an indication of the mind of the rank and file so far as Travancore-Cochin is concerned. But inevitably all eyes will be turned to Allahabad where the annual conference of the party is due to be held during the last week of December. Allahabad, may well be a turning point in the history of the party and of India.

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A CHANGE OF HEART

They called out to him in the bitterness of their pain. He turned round for a moment to regard them. Two tears dropped from his eyes.

THE bullockcart raced through the avenue. The animals galloped spiritedly, perhaps eager to invade the barrel of boiled gram at home.

The cart was returning to Rampur village from the near town, with passengers. It may seem funny that there are people still who travel in a bullockcart in these days of wide-spread automobile transport. But to the Rampur villagers, it was inevitable for here were no buses, no jutkas, no tongas and no rickshas. Even then there was only one bullockcart drawn by two bulls—the cart of Ramayya that monopolised the conveyance business. The village was at a distance of eight miles from the town.

Almost all the villagers were agriculturists and they rarely stepped out of their place. All were tall and sturdy, scarcely in need of any kind of vehicular transport.

But there were some middle-class people who hired the cart regularly. Anyway Ramayya had three or four trips daily, usually, from village to town.

The bullocks stopped galloping and plodded for a while. Ramayya struck the beasts on their hams and twisted their tails, scolding them viciously, and they kept running in a state of somnolence. The wheels creaked as the cart jogged and jolted. The tall palms, the huge rocks, the umbrageous thickets, the glistening dunes were retreating and the passengers watched them in the way they would at sights in a wonderland.

The sun had set when they reached the village. This was always how it happened and this was the routine life of Ramayya.

Just before ten o'clock one dark

night, Ramayya was awakened by a hurried knock at the door. "Who is that?" he demanded in a gruff voice.

"Myself—Vimala—come out—Hear me once—" she cried in dismay.

Ramayya stumbled towards the door with sleepy eyes and opened it and stared at her. He almost loathed her at that moment for disturbing his calm sleep, after a day's hard labour.

"Ramayya! You know my grandfather—he took to bed two months back—his state is deplorable—he is vomiting blood—his days are numbered—I am very much afraid—we have to remove him to the general hospital in town—you can save his life—take us in your cart—I beg you," she cried, her words coming brokenly.

Ramayya looked at the bullocks that were tied to a post nearby. They were ruminating leisurely.

"Impossible. I can't interrupt their rest. They need rest. Go away," he said, wrinkling his brows into a frown.

"Ramayya—I beg you—save my grandfather—save my life—oblige," she entreated, in utter despair.

Vimala was in her teens. She was the granddaughter of Venkatesh. She had lost her father and mother in her childhood and the old man had reared up the orphan. She had none but him in this wide world. He was a chapman and his income dwindled, keeping pace with his declining health. Vimala was depressed even at the mere thought of his death.

Ramayya stood embarrassed at Vimala's pleadings.

"Oh, why should I be bothered in this dead of night? All right. Give me five rupees," he said peremptorily.

SHORT STORY

By

M. DAMAYANTHI

"You know our state. How can we afford five rupees, Ramayya? Yet I shall pay the amount in instalments. Don't disappoint me. Save the life of my grandfather—I beseech you," she persevered.

Her tearful requests failed to move the lout and he shut the door on her face and stretched himself on his cot pulling the rug snugly over his body. Within few minutes he was snoring.

Suddenly he was awakened by a queer sound. He trembled for a moment, then recognising it to be a sob from outside, he raised the wick of the bed-lamp and reaching the door step by step, opened a fold slantingly and peered through. To his great surprise, he noticed Vimala lying in front of his house, weeping. His pity was roused at her plight. He consoled her and agreed to take her ailing grandfather to the hospital. She smiled through her tears. She raised her quivering hands to her heart in a passion of gratitude.

DAYS passed and the old man regained his normal health. He was discharged from the hospital. At daybreak the cart was taking them back to the village. All three, Ramayya, Venkatesh and Vimala were talking, recollecting the past events.

"We are unable to find the right words to express our indebtedness to you," the old man said.

"Yes, if Ramayya had not helped us that day I would have lost you. You were saved, grandfather, by his kindness and timely help," chimed in Vimala.

"Never mind that. How are you two going to get on through the rest of your life," asked Ramayya.

"That is what I am pondering over, Ramayya. I have to settle my Vimala's marriage and that means money. Who knows what will happen the next moment? I may die. But she needs protection from this wicked world," he said anxiously.

"No, no. I don't want to get married. Don't worry about my marriage," cried the girl, deeply perturbed.

Ramayya felt infinitely sorry for

them. His heart yearned to help them.

"Well then," he said, "I can help you in one way. I shall sell this cart and buy new carts—single bullock drawn. You can have one, and I shall have the other, for both of us thus to earn our livelihood.

Venkatesh and Vimala gazed at Ramayya with their mouths wide open in astonishment for the unexpected succour offered by him. The old man tried to say something but a lump rose to his throat and no sound came out of it. And as if participating in their joy, the bullocks galloped through the avenue with an increased gusto.

Vimala never expected that a man who refused help callously in the beginning, would sacrifice his all to give her and her grandfather a fresh lease of life on this vagarious and overcrowded planet.

The Rampur denizens were proud to have two bullockcarts in their village. There was no competition between either but the majority of the people liked to ride in the cart of Venkatesh. They favoured his cart as he relieved them from the tedium of the journey by singing pleasant songs and telling interesting stories.

After a couple of years Ramayya's wife returned from her mother's house, with her unmarried daughter. She was surprised to observe a thorough change in the household affairs. She couldn't believe her eyes at the sight of the solitary bullock. She questioned her husband about the other one. He narrated the entire events and his generous help to the poor old man. She wept bitterly. "I never expected that you will do like this. It is not a joke to part with the double bullockcart. It was our only treasure. Why have you not exchanged me for a new one?" she said sarcastically. In order to avoid dissension, Ramayya went out of the house abruptly.

She gathered all the information from her neighbours. She learnt that Venkatesh was driving his cart days and nights in order to hoard

money for his granddaughter's marriage and that he gained an equal position with her husband in the village. Her heart became black with malice. When Vimala came to express her respects, she glanced at the ornaments round the girl's neck and had almost a seizure—of jealousy.

One night, while she was in her husband's arms, she raised the topic, and begged of him to get back the bullockcart from Venkatesh. He tried to convince her.

"Dear, how can I do that? You know they are poor. Taking away the cart is just dashing the cup of hope from their parched lips—"

"Everyone has to face his own fate. Venkatesh is not the only poor man in this world. There are plenty like him and is it possible for us to help them all?"

"No. One gives help according to one's ability."

"But what about our future? What about our daughter? How can we keep the family going? We are not getting the reasonable reward for our labour. All are engaging Venkatesh's cart. And you are coming with empty hands often times. The villagers are fond of them but not of us."

"Never mind. If you are so persistent in wanting back our cart I shall do so after the marriage of Vimala."

"No. Here and now I want it.

Every moment we are digging our grave with our own hands."

All through the night Ramayya lay tossing in his bed this way and that. To take or not to take—he was in the throes of a conflict such as he never had in his life before.

At early dawn Venkatesh opened the sealed tin in which he put his savings and counted the amount. It came to four hundred rupees. He bit his lower lip in an ecstasy of joy.

He thought aloud: "Gracious heavens, Vimala is a fortunate girl! And there is every hope for me. Within a few months, I can marry her off to a suitable young man with my own hands."

When he was setting out of the house Vimala ran up to him, panting and crying.

"Our cart!" she faltered.

"What has happened to our cart? What is the matter?" asked the old man, equally agitated.

"Ramayya is taking it out—"

"What?"

"Our cart!" she cried again, agonizingly.

They called out to Ramayya in the bitterness of their pain. He turned round for a moment to regard them. Two tears dropped from his eyes.

He turned his back again on them, driving the cart like an automaton. Vimala hid her tear-drenched face in her hands.

Venkatesh felt as if he were falling, falling into a bottomless pit.

SHADOW OF SHADOWS

It was only yesterday when we were free of cares
we built tiny castles with the sands of the strand;
alas, the tide of knowledge has washed them off;
at the Altar of Authority in the Pagoda of Life;
our sweet little innocence is burnt like incense,
now our lives emit the smell of hopes to ashes die,
our faces are begrimed with the soot of wretchedness,
I hate the grate of fate, I hate that holy smoke,
I hate the gate that was shut on our visages.

We are yoked, we are choked, our fates are faked,
the scarecrow laughs at us, the oxen grazes us;
my wingless dreams and your endless screams
are the crops of agonies in the fertile pavements;
the smile falters on your slippery lips,
there is no ray of new born sunshine
on the darksome horns of the withering heights,
instead of gliding gracefully like tango dancers,
the rivers are in spate (that is fate!)—
in the blight of darkness we are the shadows of shadows.

Hard to analyse our lives and catch the meaning by tail,
like the nightmares of the blind they are tangled skein on skein,
we act according to instructions received through a dictaphone,
the Master is not to be seen, his wishes should be done;
in quest of Truth, in search of Beauty, we go on the streets;
we try to ring the Supreme One from the public telebooth,
the slot machine swallows our coins and we don't get advice,
we hire the taxi of Life and the meter doesn't work,
there is a cowl over it as on the head of a monk;
we can't pay the fare, ergo we pawn our souls,
we needn't worry since a Raskolnikoff would redeem them.

When we asked for Beauty we were shown the newlook Bra
the lowcut gown (thru 25 lens in a long shot)—
when we begged for Truth we were given a blank cheque
on a bankrupt bank and the cheque is crossed and isn't signed;
the promises of the Mighty Leader are postdated,
the saints and sadhus sell synthetic salvation,
terms Cash E & O E and the packing is free;
we and Happiness travel on parallel sidewalks,
the omnipresent police club prevents our crossing,
since we are the breed of Adam and the brood of Satan, Amen!

ARUDRA

NEW BOOKS

Seven Years in Tibet by Heinrich Harrer with illustrations	Rs. 12
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The Mountain World—Everest 1952 Edited by Marcel Kurz	Rs. 18-12 as
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K. MAHADEVAN

82 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

Of Men and Movies

WHILE seated in a theatre I always watch my neighbours. It is so amusing to watch them. I come across a variety: funny, eccentric, annoying, offensive. Next time you visit a theatre turn round and have a look. You would agree with me.

The most annoying are the 'Eaters.' Armed with packages they enter the theatre. As soon as they settle themselves down they begin to function. They eat to the sound of fifty different sharps and flats. They reinforce their fodder at regular intervals. Even the theatre authorities seem to conspire with them. For they specially engage boys to sell all sorts of stuffs, no matter eatable or not, inside the auditorium. A sudden overwhelming thirst! The boy is beckoned and an order for a drink is given. In a moment the little homunculus comes back armed with a bottle and opens it. Sometimes the liquid effervesces in glee (or anger?) and leaps out of the bottle and strikes against an innocent individual adjacent to the Eater, spilling his smart palm beach trousers.

Sometimes a neighbour would humbly request us to mind his seat. We cannot but acquiesce. During his absence we have to tell every man jack that comes that it is already occupied and receive in the bargain sinister, insolent and scornful looks and half-articulate innuendoes.

The 'Sleepers' are not as troublesome. These Rip Van Winkles feel quite at home in the theatre and fall into a nap at the beginning of the newsreel. Usually they wake up only after the main picture starts, then they begin questioning one at which point exactly they were in the programme. Why do such people come to the theatre at all? The management should charge them extra and add the amount to the entertainment tax, enabling the Government to balance its budget.

The light-fingered gentry known as the 'Tappers' are the most exquisite creatures. Strongly addicted to

tapping they tap on every blessed thing that comes their way. I suppose they imagine everything around them to be void of animation and bless them with life by their magical touch. Their heels are always busy. When the heels get tired, the fingers begin and then the elbows. In fact the three work on shift system. How disgusting!

The inimitable "Whistlers" who never trust background music come next in the list. Unpaid, they labour hard, with unselfish motive to keep up the music. Be on the look out and shun them at all hazards.

And then come the 'Running Commentators'? When the picture begins they also begin. They talk in a low voice but audible enough to annoy the neighbours. They tell out the scenes in advance and steal all the tempo out of the picture. Such nuisances should be forbidden to enter any theatre.

There are some more to trouble us at the end too. They are the 'hasty' ones. Neither do they sit in their places nor slide out but stand up and jog along stumbling and disturbing everyone in the way. I never leave my seat till the picture is quite over and do not like those who do.

We emerge from the theatre amidst a living deluge. It takes quite a few minutes for us to fall off the crowd and find that we are minus our purse!

V. K. RAMAN

A Famous Author Passes Away

DEATH occurred of Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin, celebrated Russian emigre novelist and short-story writer in Paris on November 7, 1953. He carried on the tradition of Tolstoy and Chekov, living as an exile in France since the Revolution of 1919. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1933. Some of his famous works are *The Gentleman from San Francisco*—a devastating satire on international civilization—, *The Village*, and *Sukhodol*. His last work to be published in England

(March 1951) was *Memories and Portraits*. (John Lehmann). It had a touch—more than a touch—of political and personal rancour but made excellent reading. Of his most important book, *The Well of Days*—largely autobiographical—originally published in England in 1933, David Garnett, wrote in *The Manchester Guardian*. In *The Well of Days*, Bunin shows us the other side to the genius which created *The Gentleman from San Francisco*. . . . *The Well of Days* is no less memorable by its flow of atmospheric beauty. The book steepens us in the flowing richness of nature and life in old-world Russian manorial estates, conveyed by the hero's Arseniev's memories of childhood and boyhood fifty years ago in a family of landed gentry which is heading downhill. The magical freshness and fulness of the feelings and emotions of youth are blended throughout with a special poetical sense for landscape and great depth of passionate receptivity. It is astonishing that a man of sixty-three should have been able to enshrine the heart and spirit and pulse of youth"

Andre Gide mentions Bunin in appreciative terms in his *Journals*.

MITRA

★

WHAT is life? . . .

Is it the bubble on a rainy day?

Is it the foam on the falling water?

Is it the rainbow in the fleeting sky?

Is it the cloud in the Moon or the spot in the Sun?

Is it the wave that ebbs and flows for ever, and knows not why this ceaseless motion from sea to land in a strange thirst for love and freedom?

Is it the gleaming light on the idle breakers on the shore?

Is it the flower that fades in an hour?

Or is it the childhood that is mine no more?

—K. S. Venkataramani in
ON THE SAND-DUNES

FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM

SWATANTRA has printed leading reviews of the following books (fiction and non-fiction) during the quarter (June-Sept.) 1953:

Satan in the Suburbs, by Bertrand Russell (The Bodley Head, 9s 6d)

The Vagrant Mood, by Somerset Maugham (Heinemann, 12s 6d)

Memories, by Desmond MacCarthy (Macgibbon & Kee, 16s)

The Old Man and The Sea, by Ernest Hemingway (Cape, 7s 6d)

The Art of Ernest Hemingway, by John Atkins (Peter Nevill, 15s)

Lions and Shadows, by Christopher Isherwood (Methuen, 9s 6d)

Videhi, by Charles Leslie Holden (Macmillan, 16s)

Harold Laski, by Kingsley Martin (Gollancz, 25s)

Ideas and Places, by Cyril Connolly (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 16s)

Desires, by Annemarie Selinko (William Morrow, 4.50 dollars)

Forrest Reid, by Russell Burlingham (Faber & Faber, 25s)

Collected Poems (1934-1952), by Dylan Thomas (Dent, 12s 6d)

Marshlands & Prometheus Misbound, by Andre Gide (Scker & Warburg, 12s 6d)

New Poems: 1953—A P. E. N. Anthology (Michael Joseph, 10s 6d)

Nehru: The Lotus Eater from Kashmir, by D. F. Karaka (Verschoyle, 8s 6d)

George Orwell, by Tom Hopkinson (Longmans, 2s)

Kingfishers Catch Fire, by Rumer Godden (Macmillan, 12s 6d)

Barabbas, by Par Lagerkvist (Chatto & Windus, 7s 6d)

NEW BOOKS

HUMANITIES

By Desmond MacCarthy
With a Preface by Lord David Cecil
Macgibbon & Kee, London
15s net

BARRING a photograph of Sir Desmond MacCarthy by Douglas Glass which shows him bending over an open book, the only other I have seen (also by Mr. Glass) is the familiar and fascinating one—this great critic and master of the spoken word leaning far back in his chair, behind him a shellful of books, his broad brow wrinkled, his eyes lowered deep down in meditation, with a smoking cigarette held between the index and middle fingers of the left hand and spectacles, their riders folded over, in the right. It is a picture which charms you into instant respect, admiration, affection. "By birth half Irish, half German-French," his son-in-law Lord David Cecil—himself a critic of repute—writes in his Preface to *Humanities*, the second posthumous work of MacCarthy to be published, the first being *Memories*; "By birth half Irish, half-German-French, he had none of the Englishman's instinctive flinching from painful fact . . . For Desmond MacCarthy a grain of fact, however harsh, was worth a ton of daydream, however beguiling." Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, "he accepted the Cambridge principles of thought; intellectually and morally he remained all his life a liberal. But temperamentally he was very unlike the typical English liberal." Starting his writing career as an occasional reviewer to *The Speaker*, a Liberal weekly, "vigorously anti-Imperialistic," edited by J. L. Hammond, the historian, he became subsequently its dramatic critic; then when the paper was



Desmond MacCarthy

converted into *The Nation*, its editor H. W. Massingham, had no use for him. MacCarthy next worked on *The Eye Witness* which was "most erratic in its remunerations," in the company of Belloc, Chesterton and Maurice Baring, and this he did, he says, "to save me from nibbling away too fast my small capital." He continued his job on *The Eye Witness* in its incarnation as *The New Witness* and this precarious life ended for him when he became the dramatic critic of *The New Statesman*. Later he was the literary editor of *The New Statesman and Nation*. *The Nation* was once a rival of *The New Statesman*, then the two were "happily united in holy wedlock." For a period MacCarthy edited *Life and Letters*, alert for and discovering new talent, and printing in it the stories and poems by Roy Campbell, William Plomer and some of Cyril Connolly's brilliant articles, bringing about a climate of critical appreciation in harmony with creative thought in English writing. As literary editor of *The New Statesman and Nation*, he was tireless, says Raymond Mortimer, in training apprentices like himself; and when he left the paper, it was to succeed Sir Edmund Gosse as the leading critic on *The Sunday Times*. For several years he was the President of the English Centre of the International P. E. N.—an admirable asset to the centre, a sure and sympathetic guide to the new young poets and writers.

"Desmond MacCarthy did not think much of his own work," says Lord David Cecil. This self-depre-

cation on his part is confirmed by others who were close to him; in one who was in love with life and enjoyed the diversity in traits of his fellowmen, observing them clearly and judging them correctly, this could only be the shade of a strange spiritual sadness. Reading his *Memories* which was published in March this year, I was filled with a longing for the flavour of his early works; there were five of them, *Portraits, Criticism, Experience, Drama, Shaw* in my bookcase, and to whichever page I turned, I was face to face with a spacious mind, dwelling in imagination, delighting in curiosity, wise, warm, witty. In a prefatory note to the earliest volumes of all, *Portraits*, first published in 1931 he addresses Desmond MacCarthy, *Act. 22* thus:

"I dedicate this book to you, young man, and you will not be pleased. You will suspect me of laughing at you: I admit to a certain malice. It was you who prevented me from collecting my contributions to the press during the past thirty years, with the result that when I finally made up my mind to do so, I found I had written more than I could read . . . By the bye you never intended me to become a critic, did you? I slipped into it. The readiest way of living by my pen was to comment upon books and plays . . . Some day, when you came upon a hushed space in life, away from journalism, away from the hubbub of personal emotions, I know you fully intended to listen to yourself; and discovering what you thought about the world to project it into a work of art—a play, a novel, a biography. But confess, you were too careless to prepare that preliminary silence, and too indolent to concentrate. Meanwhile how delightful you found it to imbibe literature at your leisure! And so you read and read. I must say I was grateful to you afterwards, for as a critic, I should have run dry long ago if you had not been so lazy."

MacCarthy read and read, and talked and talked, perspicaciously, enchantingly. In a group which included Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, John Maynard Keynes—"alert, original men and women," he called them—he was a light shedding genial rays all his own. He was a master in the art of

praise and in the art of improvisation. He had no time to sit down and write a major book, which with his varied gifts he could easily have done. His work is a fecund miscellany: literary essays, dramatic criticisms, portraits of the great authors like Meredith, Conrad, George Moore, Henry James, and statesmen—his friends—like Asquith, Balfour.

Humanities which has been assembled with the taste of a connoisseur by T. R. Fyvel, comprises autobiographical fragments; the a tre criticism—"MacCarthy's strength as a dramatic critic consists essentially in his regarding the drama not in isolation; but as one branch, one aspect only, of literature, and of life;" assessments of poets and writers like Leigh Hunt, Swinburne, Edgar Allan Poe, De Quincey, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Katherine Mansfield; T. S. Eliot as a Critic under three headings: Machiavelli and Andrewes, Poetry as A Criticism of Life, On Shelley as A Religious Poet,—above everything irresponsibility in a critic MacCarthy could not tolerate; and finally, two short stories 'The Mark on the Shutter' and 'The Bear' which previously appeared in *Life and Letters*. The essay 'Reviewers and Professors' is such wonderful, illuminating advice to the young man who aspires to be a critic, in the form of a colloquy between Editor and Young Reviewer. If one is careless or rash enough to form from this essay the idea that MacCarthy is unprogressive one is wrong; it is only that with his wide scholarship, his sensitive mind ebullient with the riches gathered from the English prose and poetry of three hundred years this greatest of contemporary critics is humble before great writing, courteous and generous to the interpreters of such writing. He asks:

"Whom do you suppose Professors Saintsbury, Grierson, Elton, Mackail, Raleigh, Ker wrote their books for? If you imagine that they wrote for pupils, you are mistaken. They wrote in order to keep people like you and me 'straight'. They believe in learning and culture.

And concludes:

"I won't employ you unless you read the Professors. They—we are coral.

insects building the reef that protects the lagoon of literature from the restless sea of nonsense and confusion. Strong waves will burst against it, and part of them foam over. That is well; but the reef must be built. If you are not content to be an insect too, I won't employ you, and you must try your luck as a genius. My dear, the sensibility of your own generation is only the tick of a minute hand. If you set up to read the clock, you must watch the hour-hand as well."

There can be no greater tribute to Desmond MacCarthy than that paid him in a broadcast after his death by Sir Max Beerbohm: "Writing was always to him a task, and rather a terror, and that is, perhaps, the reason why he wrote so splendidly well. He had always to do his very best."

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Isopanisad

With a New Commentary by the Kaulacarya Satyananda
Translated with an Introduction by Jnanendralal Majumdar
Together with a Foreword by Arthur Avalon
(Second Edition)
Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Ltd., Madras 17
Rs. 3

THE Upanisads have taught through the ages that the purpose of life is the realization of God. Man has ever attempted to question the processes of Life and Death. And everytime he has found that he should attain a state wherefrom there shall be no return back to a world of pains and sorrows. The Upanisadic seers fully understood the creative processes and sought ways by analytical reasonings to abide forever within the self.

Isopanisad teaches us that to see Brahman in everything and everything in Him one must transcend the bonds of Vidya, Avidya, and Karma. The explaining nature by itself of what should be experienced in Itself—if this be the essence of Brahma Jnana.—to such an existence the Jiva fettered to the qualities of the decaying elements cannot but crave. The present book is a Tantrik's interpretation of the sacred text, translated into English, along with a fine

introduction, by Jnanendralal Majumdar. In an age such as ours, of conflicting isms and ideologies, we are more fit to study the Upanisadic sayings as an intellectual panacea to cure the Saturnian infections than practise them in a moral reincarnation.

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

Professor P. Sambamoorthy
Silver Jubilee Commemoration Volume
Issued by the Jubilee Celebration Committee
12, Rangachari Road, Mylapore Madras

A COMPETENT scholar and linguist, a sober critic and sincere research worker, Prof. P. Sambamoorthy, Head of the Department of Music, University of Madras, has served the cause of Music in South India for over quarter of a century. By his numerous publications and inventive skill he has achieved a worthy place in the annals of South Indian Musicology.

The Commemoration Volume—a garland of prose and verse—from his students, friends, and admirers is a fitting tribute to the Professor who has sought to spread correct and wholesome ideas of our musical heritage to people in India and abroad and has persistently worked for the inclusion of Music in the curricula of schools, colleges, and universities. The Volume contains many interesting and illuminating articles touching on the various aspects of music from musicians, critics, and *rasikas* like Vidwan Kalidas Nilakanta Iyer, Sri Mudikondan Venkatarama Iyer, Sri S. V. Parthasarathy, Prof. Ranade of Poona, Mr. C. S. Ayyar, and Mr. T. N. Ramachandran. The stately verses in Sanskrit were composed by Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit V. Venkatarama Sarma of Trivandrum and the beautiful Tamil verses by Sri Papanasam Sivan. Prof. Sambamoorthy himself contributes two articles, "History of Musical Instruction," and "Thevaram Conference." The Volume which is neatly got up includes a life sketch of the Professor prepared from his Diaries.

RASIKA

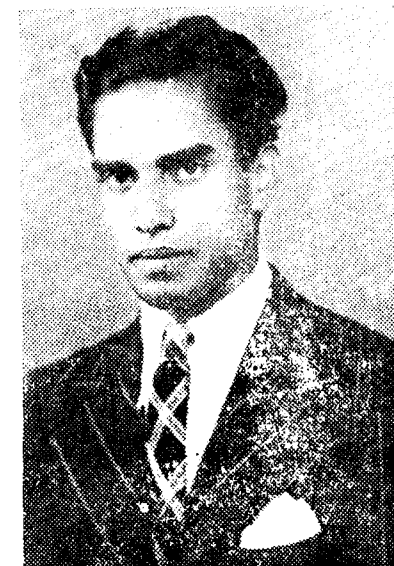
A Popular Sportsman

By P. N. S.

IN the early years of the second world war a thin nervous youth opened the Madras innings in a Ranji Trophy Championship match along with C. P. Johnstone. The contrast between the two was obvious; Johnstone's batting breathed attack, while his partner appeared absolutely strokeless. He would bring his bat to play only when the ball threatened to hit the stumps. Though his method caused chagrin to the onlooker the grim determination and concentration of purpose of the youthful player were appreciated. And not before an excellent start had been given for his side did he leave the crease—and even then he was run out.

After nearly 13 years a stocky, powerfully built batsman was the centre of attraction at the Marina grounds. His side required 218 runs in 135 minutes for victory—and 15 minutes before close of play the possibility of hitting them up was not even dreamt of. But the stumps were drawn in great excitement, for in those minutes the score had leapt up from 146 to 197 and victory for a moment appeared on the horizon. This sudden transformation of the scene was the result of determined and aggressive hitting by the batsman, who seemed oblivious to everything except belting the bowling for a four or a six. It was an innings that brought the thrill of cricket to the full to spectator and player.

The batsman in both cases was M. Swaminathan, the Madras State cricketer. The first innings described above was played when he was on the threshold of his career; the second of 97 runs was a farewell knock early this month for the Mylapore Recreation Club against the S. I. A. A. in the Madras Cricket League Championship. The former displayed the fundamental quality of grit and concentration that always characterised Swaminathan's batting; the latter unfolded the qualities that had flowered on that solid foundation.



Swaminathan

Chepauk has always been the live centre of Madras cricket; for the Madras Cricket Club grounds has all along been the venue of tests and representative matches. The open fields in and around Chepauk were naturally alive with young boys trying to emulate their 'heroes' with bat and ball. And Swaminathan, born 33 years ago, along with his elder brother Sambandam—another fine sportsman of Madras—grew in his cricket in such a lively atmosphere. During his boyhood days at the Hindu High School and at the Presidency College from which he graduated, he distinguished himself in many games, while he showed special aptitude for cricket and tennis. Even while an undergraduate, his skill in cricket attracted the eyes of local celebrities who were not afraid to choose him for representative matches in spite of his youth.

Swaminathan responded firmly to this early encouragement and, by nature hardworking and industrious, he had little difficulty in making the grade and staying on top. Soon experience added the blend of strokes which his cricket originally lacked, while confidence born out of such experience lent power to his stroke-

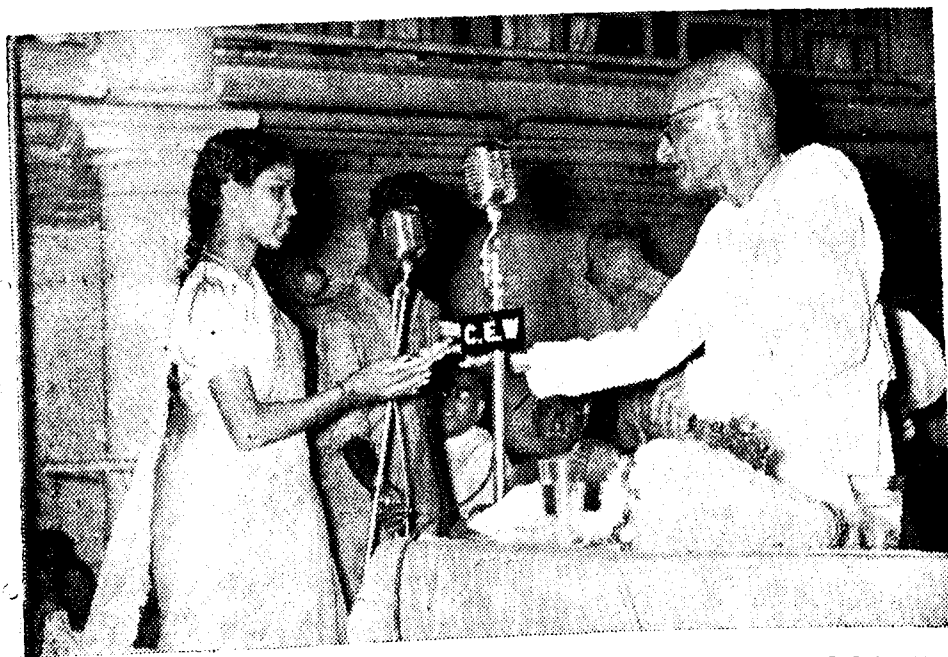
play. Swaminathan could scarcely be called a stylist, but this failing was amply made up by his robust approach; he believed in attack and in getting better of the bowler in the shortest time. He had almost all the strokes in the game; he could cut, hook and pull powerfully. But his best was the drive through extra-cover that literally tore through the grass on its way to the boundary.

Unlike many others, Swaminathan was not complacent with his batting skill, for which alone he was worth his place in any Madras side of his period. He was also an admirable fieldsman. Whether at the slips or other silly positions, or in the deep, he was equally at ease. And when occasion demanded he could don the gauntlets and do good work behind the stumps. He was also a useful leg-spinner and if only he had been more serious in cultivating this aspect he would have managed a better bag of victims than he actually did. Versatility was the hallmark of Swaminathan's cricket.

Recognition came early to Swaminathan, but while he was quick

enough to make use of the opportunities, he never allowed success to go to his head. He was humble about his gains and one never heard him talk about himself. He was a member of the M. R. C. first, to which club he felt proud to belong. Thoughts of being a State cricketer, if ever entertained by him, came only afterwards. He was popular in any team, and especially so in his club. He loved the M. R. C. as much as he loved bat and ball and during a drooping period of three years, with a deep sense of loyalty, Swaminathan with a few others, held it from falling apart.

Swaminathan is an example of a good cricketer who always played the game. While his cricket and his pleasant manners will live in the memories of those who grew along with him, the up-and-coming youngster can without hesitation follow in his footsteps. In Ethiopia, to which country Swaminathan has gone to take up an appointment with the Imperial Government, he is bound to be as popular as he was in Madras. More power to his elbow!



Rajaji presenting the Sir Edward Wallace Endowment Gold Medal awarded by the Bar Council to Miss T. Prasanna Kumari at the Gokhale Hall on November 7

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE news that the Films Division is again planning to produce a feature film has been received with great consternation in certain sections of the film industry. Personally, I do not think that there is any cause for alarm. In fact, I think this is a move that should be welcomed by all producers; for when the Films Division makes a picture and tries to exploit it not with laws of compulsion but on a commercial basis, the Government of India will realize the real implications of the problems confronting the producers.

Besides, apart from the Films Division, no individual producer is likely to make any feature documentary film for the simple reason that such a film has no commercial possibilities. And just as it was left to the Government-sponsored Films Division to produce good news reels and documentary shorts, it behoves the Films Division to undertake the production of first feature documentary films. Whether mountaineering, as reported in a certain newspaper, is the correct subject is a matter open to argument. Here again, I think that the subject that should be chosen should be of national significance. It should help to make people enthusiastic about the Five Year Plan, especially the community projects.

In this connection, the critics of the Films Division would be interested to learn that already the Films Division is planning a number of shorts to popularize the community project scheme and to instil enthusiasm in the minds of the public. And I for one will not be surprised if ultimately the Films Division chooses the community project as the theme for its first venture in full length feature film. In this connection I understand that the members of new

famous little Ballet troupe will be featured in the proposed full length film. Incidentally the Films Division has made considerable progress in the matter of documentary shorts, some of which have earned world-wide fame. Now, apart from producing the community project shorts and the feature film, the Films Division is contemplating to start its own laboratory. And the important feature of this proposed laboratory will be that it will provide facilities for processing and printing colour films.

Moreover, the technicians of the Films Division are carrying on experiments in 3-D production. So far they have succeeded in making a small 80 feet short; if the experiments prove further successful we will soon have a complete Indian process for making 3-D films. The progress of these experiments will be watched with keen interest by all film technicians.

Personality of the Week

WHEN I read the news of the death of Ghulam Haider, the great maestro of film music, I recalled the days when he had first come to Bombay, after the stupendous triumph of *Khazanchi* and *Khandaan*. I met him through one of his *Shagirds* who was giving music for a Navyug picture. Dark, tall and hefty, Ghulam Haider looked simple and unassuming, he did not seem conscious of the fact that he was a great music director. Success had neither made him arrogant nor ego-centric.

In the film-world, where most of the people are unable to stand criticism Ghulam Haider could. I still remember meeting him after the premiers of Filmistan's *Shaheed* for which he had given music; I could not resist the temptation of asking him that of all the music directors how could he agree to give a tune which was already popular in another picture. Ghulam Haider's reply was direct and forthright; he told me he had no choice. And no wonder, for after his 'triumphant' success in Lahore, he came to Bombay and secured many contracts. But unfortunately for him, most of the pictures for which he gave the music were not successful with the result that his stock was no longer high

and he had to submit to the producer's wishes.

During his stay in Bombay, he did give some outstanding tunes, especially in *Shama* and *Majboor* the picture that brought Lata Mangeshkar into limelight. His musical score in *Chal Chal Re Nau Jawaan* merits praise at least for the composition and orchestration of Rafiq Gaznavi's last marathon song; his music in *Shaheed* also proved a hit, but then he would not have taken all the credit for it.

Ghulam Haider never felt at home in Bombay; just as his music belonged to the Panjab so did his soul. He always pined for Lahore and when the time came for choosing between Lahore and Bombay, he chose the former at the sacrifice of a lucrative career.

Born in 1908, Ghulam Haider went to Calcutta to learn music after toying with the profession of dentist, and though he began his film career in 1932, it was when Pancholi started making pictures that Ghulam Haider came into prominence. After giving music for Punjabi films Ghulam Haider and Pancholi caught the imagination of the entire country with their picture *Khazanchi*.

Khazanchi was a land-mark in film-music; it introduced Dholak and Punjabi folk tunes and gave a new rhythm to film songs. The credit for introducing this new style which later became a popular craze went to Ghulam Haider. Naushad may have given even better music; but no other music director except R. C. Boral in the early days of New Theatres had revolutionized the film music and given it a new style as had Ghulam Haider. He discovered many new playback voices, the most notable being of course that of Shamshad.

In the beginning the classicists and Bengalophiles were highly critical of Ghulam Haider; but as years passed, they realized the greatness of his contributions. What is more, his music always remained true to Indian style; in fact when Rumbasumba music came into prominence Ghulam Haider appeared to be rather orthodox by comparison.

So much can be written about this

great music director and his contributions to film music. For the present, it would suffice to say that in his untimely death, the film industry of India and Pakistan has lost another great pioneer and artist.

Picture of the Week

THE Hindi version of the much acclaimed Bengalee film *Navin Jatra* has failed to enthuse the common picturegoer of Bombay. Whatever the artistic merits of *Naya Safar* produced by the New Theatres, it does not seem to have in it the qualities of a box-office triumph. Perhaps the lack of glamour and music are responsible for this rather 'cold' popular reception; and one feels that with greater showmanship the producers could have easily succeeded in capturing the public imagination without sacrificing any of the intrinsic merits of the story.

Artistically, *Naya Safar* has many commendable features. To begin with, the story dealing as it does with an adolescent boy who from his childhood had been working in a Natak Mandali (Theatrical company) is refreshingly different and human. The theme of basic education as contrasted to the orthodox Indian and Western mode of education is both timely and significant.

The story begins with the Natak Mandali arriving in a village and Mohan, one of the troupers, having a quarrel with his boss over food. Mohan comes in contact with Indrani, zamindar's widow who takes a fancy for him and almost adopts him as son. She tries to educate Mohan; she sends him to a Pandit who fails in his task and later to Nirmal, a terrorist who has now turned into an educationist. Through his novel way he succeeds in educating Mohan; but his very unorthodox method raises a storm of controversy and the arrival of a foreign-retained headmistress from Calcutta leads to further dramatic complications, which are ultimately resolved in the triumph of Nirmal and his method of education.

The first half which relates mainly to the adventures of Mohan is very lively and entertaining; the second half which concerns mainly the

educational theme is static and dull. As in most Bengalee films, the dialogue is given too much importance; and whatever may be the beauty of the dialogue in the original version, in its Hindi rendering it becomes monotonous, especially since none of the artists is capable of putting feeling and emotion in his diction. Indeed with their faulty diction, Vasant Chowdhary, Maya Mukerjee and other artists, far from enlivening the picture, only help to make it monotonous. Even Prem Kumar who plays the principal role of Mohan with great understanding suffers from faulty diction. Devbala and Molina however manage to put over excellent portrayals.

Technically the picture is more than satisfying; the photography of Amulya Mukerjee is specially noteworthy. Subodh Mitra has succeeded fully in capturing the atmosphere of the story and lending the entire picture an aura of realism. There is nothing artificial or phoney in *Naya Safar*; and yet because of the slow tempo in the latter half, faulty diction and lifeless acting by Vasant Chowdhary, the picture is not half as effective and lively as it should have been or as perhaps the Bengalee version is.

With all its shortcomings, *Naya Safar* is to be commended for its true-to-life atmosphere, first-rate technique, timely theme and refreshingly human story.

News of the Week

SOHRAB MODI and his wife Mehtab returned on Monday 9th November and he started immediately preparations for his next picture which will be a social picture with music playing a vital part in it. Meanwhile K. M. Modi has gone to New York to arrange for the foreign distribution of the English version of *Jhansi Ki Rani*.

Black and White Movies' *Mastana* directed by H. S. Rawail from a story by S. K. Ojha is going on sets on 20th November. Arjun Dev Rashk is writing the dialogue. The cast is led by Motilal, Nigar, Kuldeep, Sunder, Gope and K. N. Singh. The story is said to have been inspired from Chaplin's classic silent comedy *The Kid*.

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SIDELIGHTS :

OF the many tributes paid to Sri Sadanand since he passed away, the aptest is that of Sri Rajagopalachari. He was truly a "Napoleon among journalists" and he was one "who possessed an unconquerable spirit and braved misfortune and trouble as to the manner born." I met him for the first time at Woodlands hotel at his invitation a day after he had taken over the *Indian Express* from Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu. Straightaway he asked me to become editor of the paper, saying that Sri Rajagopalachari whom he had approached for suggestions, had recommended me for the place. He said, "C. R. is very enamoured of you. What have you done?" I answered I did not know. I had very little contact with C. R. then, and to be told that I had some place in his thoughts thrilled and excited me. I joined the *Indian Express* but I could not stay there for more than a week. The terms were good and the prospects rosy, but I had the guilty feeling of a deserter when I thought of *Swarajya* which I had left and of Sri Prakasam's heroic struggle to keep the paper going. Very soon I could think of nothing else. By the end of the week I capitulated to conscience and made a clean breast of the whole difficulty to Sri Sadanand who acted like a sport and said: "You are the best judge of what you will do with yourself."

Within a year *Swarajya* closed down and I was stranded without employment. One morning I received a letter from Sri Sadanand offering me the post of leader-writer in the *Free Press Journal*. I accepted with alacrity but when I arrived I found conditions in the office depressing. Sadanand was then at the very zenith of his faculties and one paper was not enough for him. He had taken on hand a programme of starting daily newspapers in various North Indian centres like Lucknow, Lahore and Delhi. He was the pioneer of the chain newspaper idea. His soaring ambition impelled him to gigantic schemes beyond his

resources, and he came to grief by not knowing where to draw the line. The strain of overmuch expansion with insufficient means told on his nerves, and when I first knew him in the *Free Press Journal*, his nature had not yet been matured by misfortune. He was rough and rude to the staff, spoke harsh words to them and was violent tempered. He was given to sacking his employees mercilessly for trifling faults. I despaired of being able to get on with him for any considerable time.

We had our stormy clashes but out of them gradually an enduring friendship arose. I found that the exterior roughness of the man did not indicate him correctly. He could be as sweet and gentle when his emotions were touched, as he was steely-hearted when driven to it by ambition or necessity. He enveloped all whom he loved with a gracious and protective benevolence. There was no limit to his fortitude in adversity. Nothing ever cowed him down. He counted no risks in the discharge of his professional duties as editor. I learned this not from hearsay but from direct experience. It was at the time of the Quetta earthquake. There was discrimination there between the Indian and the European dead, but the Government of India were extremely intolerant of any criticism on the subject. I had a pre-vision of trouble if free comment was indulged in, and I took the precaution of drawing Sri Sadanand's attention to a leading article I had written, in particular, the following sentences in it:

The Government have not, by their past, succeeded in creating the impression that they can be trusted to give equality of treatment, in adversity or prosperity, to Indians and Europeans alike. Already, there is visible, a striking disparity in the official arrangements made for the transport of European refugees and the publication of information about European dead, as compared with the manner in which the Indian victims of the disaster have been, and are being handled. The hand of God in the earthquake has not apparently cut

Churchill On Democracy

"THE Prime Minister (Sir Winston Churchill) dwell for some time on his decision not to seek an early election. His argument, which may in time find its way into constitutional text-books, was an appeal to members to remember that they live in a Parliamentary and not a mandatory democracy . . . "Elections," he concluded, "exist for the House of Commons, and not the House of Commons for elections." That statement has its political as well as its constitutional importance. Sir Winston Churchill's insistence, ever since his return to office in 1951, that he intends to avoid as long as possible another "costly machine-made tumult" has sustained the Government through many times and testing decisions. It is not the least of his contribution to British politics that he has shown . . . that strong and stable government is possible even when there is only a small majority. This may yet prove to be a lesson of the first importance in the years that lie ahead."—Editorial in *The Times*, London.

SAKA

across the bedrock of racialism on which British rule rests, and helped it to transfer its moorings to fresh values based on broad humanitarian considerations . . . Humanity is evidently being sacrificed to mis-directed Frontier policy."

Sri Sadanand said: "Is this not a matter for the Congress to take up?" I said, "Yes, but as they have not moved, the duty is cast on a paper like ours. We should not shirk it, let me warn you that a forfeiture of security is likely." Sri Sadanand said, "If you feel like that, go ahead." On the third day came the Government order forfeiting the paper's security of Rs. 20,000. I have still with me a letter from Sri Sadanand in which he said: "The forfeiture of security over Quetta will remain in my mind as the happiest incident, because in spite of all our desire to avoid a clash, truth came out of us."

On risky occasions Sri Sadanand established the rectitude of Indian journalism in absolute disregard of the cost involved. That is why, as C. R. has observed, "this world of ours is lonelier and poorer by his death."



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AN APPEAL TO ANDHRA LEGISLATORS

By An Andhra Journalist

WITH the approach of the opening of the Andhra Assembly on the 23rd November, it is not quite clear whether the movement for the shifting of our temporary capital from Kurnool to Guntur-Vijayawada has gained momentum or regression. Vijayawada the hub of the agitation for the shift is quiet after the wholesome advice administered by Governor Sri C. M. Trivedi, in his recent address at Vijayawada.

But the Communists are still at it. The entry of Sri Latchanna in the ministry does not seem to have altered the stand taken by the K. L. P. to support the Communists. The K. L. P. leader Acharya Ranga confidently hopes that the Communists' amendment to the Governor's speech to shift the capital will secure a majority vote. The Raja of Vijayanagaram, the Secretary of P. S. P. bitterly criticises Sri T. Prakasam for betraying the Rayalaseema people with his categorical statement that the capital issue has no bearing on the confidence or no-confidence on the ministry. In this state of affairs one does not know exactly who will stand by Kurnool and who will vote for the change.

But there are already indications that the opposition group is divided. One section holds the view that it does not matter where the temporary capital is located provided it is assured that the permanent capital will be located at Guntur-Vijayawada or Vijayawada-Guntur. And even in this very section there are some who vehemently criticise that this move to locate the permanent capital between Guntur and Vijayawada is very dangerous as it will greatly jeopardise the movement for the formation of Visalandhra with its permanent capital at Hyderabad. But there is still the other

section among the oppositionists which holds that not a pie more should be spent on Kurnool, and the Andhra capital, whether permanent or temporary, should immediately be shifted to Vijayawada-Guntur area.

Let us examine the voting position for a while. There is no denying the fact that the Communists will solidly vote for a change. The few Independents supported by the Communists will also vote with them. Let us also presume that the 10 or 12 K. L. P. members will support them. But the Vijayanagaram Raja's team of 4 or 5 whom the Communists are expecting either to vote with them or to be neutral should be counted as an uncertainty. That team has voted for Kurnool last time. The Communists expect that as either a sure vote or neutral vote. The Rajah of Vijayanagaram who criticises Sri T. Prakasam the author of Kurnool capital as having betrayed the Rayalaseema people may be told that he (the Rajasahib) and his henchmen will be equally betraying the people of Rayalaseema if they vote for any change now having supported the stand for Kurnool last time. Sri K. V. L. Narasimha Rao whom the Communists are banking upon has openly come out with a statement that he is vexed with this controversy on the capital issue and hence intends to move an amendment motion of thanksgiving to the Governor's speech for the immediate shifting of the High Court to Guntur and the remaining Andhra offices still functioning at Madras to Andhra State area. It may be presumed that all K. M. P. legislators with the possible exception of one or two will vote for Kurnool. The Congress may certainly make the A. P. C. C. decision on the capital issue binding on all Andhra Congress legislators and will probably

take every step to ensure the presence of all its members at the time of voting on the issue. All the P. S. P. members probably with the exception of the Rajah's group are likely to vote for Kurnool. The rest are all independent members on whose attitude the fate of the capital issue depends. It is mainly to these independents that this appeal is directed.

It must be clearly understood that what is sought to be done now is to undo what had been previously done at the first meeting of the Andhra Legislators specially convened to decide the temporary capital of Andhra on the ground that the decision taken at this meeting could not secure clear majority of Andhra legislators in Madras Assembly at the time of voting on the Andhra State Bill. So it is clear that the issue of the permanent capital does not hold the field at this stage and what may be discussed and decided upon is only the issue of the temporary capital. What does anybody gain by changing it now when it is not to be changed again when the permanent capital is settled. "It does not matter where the temporary capital is," the oppositionists say, "so long as no further amounts are spent on the temporary capital. But should not the officers and the employees live in comfort and ease and all reasonable amenities be provided for them and does not all this cost huge amounts? Shall not the major portion of this money go to secure permanent benefits to the city of Kurnool and why should a good number of buildings be erected by a co-operative house construction society to which the Andhra Government advances substantial amounts as loan? This the Government does anyway in my place and if it is done at Kurnool it is no exception since all this money got up can be treated as investment and not as expenditure. Even if the temporary capital is shifted from Kurnool to Guntur-Vijayawada it still remains a temporary capital and any substantial expenditure by the Andhra Government on it is a mere waste. It may be said that there are enough buildings to house the officers and offices and Government employees. But who will give these build-

ings free of rent? Though the officers and the other employees pay the rent from their salaries the Government has to pay heavy rents for buildings to house their officers for which our Government is paying more than Rs. 27,000 per month for the offices still at Madras alone. This also it may be argued is a waste if every single pie spent on the temporary capital is considered to be a waste.

But why this anxiety to shift the temporary capital? The prospects of the disintegration of Hyderabad and the formation of Visalandhra is there. Do the Communists doubt this or think it will take a long time? Sri Vavilala Gopalakrishniah, M.L.A., Sattenapalli, the mover for the change asserts that the Andhras who could not snatch the Andhra State from the Central Government can fight for the disintegration of Hyderabad and succeed in the formation of Visalandhra. The Central Government on its part has assured about the appointment of a high power commission very soon to examine the various conditions for the redistribution of Provinces on a more reasonable economic, cultural, and administrative basis. There is already serious agitation going on for the formation of Karnataka and Maharashtra States. Let it not be forgotten that the first line in the illogical chain of Indian Provinces set up by the British for perpetuating their stronghold is broken and the chain is let loose and the various links are certain to fall out soon.

In conclusion let me earnestly plead with my co-circar brethren to hold their patience for a while. Let us, if we want, set a final reasonable limit for the establishment of a permanent capital for the Andhra State whose shape and size with the inclusion of Telangana districts would have been decided by them. Let us not forget that a few years' time is not a long period in the endless process of history. Let us calmly and dispassionately view the situation and do that which is best for all Andhra people including those of Rayalaseema and Telangana. Let us all with one voice cry, Jai Andhra!

SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF DEATH DUTIES

By Dr. T. BARNA

Fellow, Nuffield College, Oxford

IN all countries reaching a certain stage of development, inheritance of property is dependent on certain legal formalities. Some account must be taken of the property of the deceased person, and this forms a convenient opportunity for the State to levy taxes on that property.

It is, therefore, not surprising that various forms of death duties have existed for a very long time in most countries. But it is only in recent times that these taxes became substantial, helping to pay for the expenses of the modern State and at the same time contributing towards the achievement of certain aims of social and economic policy.

In Britain, of a number of different death duties existing in the past, only three have been in force since 1914. The estate duty, which is by far the most important, is payable by the "estate," without regard to its destination. The legacy duty and succession duty are payable by beneficiaries in connection with the acquisition of property. The legacy duty is levied on personalty (movable property and money inherited) and the succession duty on realty (immovable property); for practical purposes they can be taken as one duty.

Legacy and succession duties are paid on the inheritance (after the deduction of estate duty) according to the relationship of the beneficiary to the legator. At present, in Britain husband, wife, lineal descendants or ancestors pay two per cent; brother, sister, or their descendants 10 per cent; charities 10 per cent; and any other beneficiaries 20 per cent.

These rates were introduced in 1947; for a long time before that the rates of duty were half of those now in force, but were the same for charities. No duty is paid on bequests from estates less than £2,000

(Rs. 26,620) in value; widows or children inherit £2,000 exempt from duty in any case; and all bequests of less than £100 (about Rs. 1,331) are also free of duty.

The British estate duty is a highly progressive tax, graduated according to the value of the estate. It was introduced in 1894 at comparatively low rates; since then it has been successively increased to its present rates. Estates under £100 net value were exempt. In the years before 1914, the rates ran from one per cent to 15 per cent, the maximum being reached on estates over £1,000,000 (Rs. 1.33 crores) in value. In 1914 the maximum was raised to 20 per cent. In 1919, there was another rise, and the duty reached 40 per cent on estates over £2,000,000 (Rs. 2.66 crores). In 1930 it went up to 50 per cent. In April, 1939, to 55 per cent, in September, 1939, to 60 per cent, and in July, 1940, to 65 per cent.

The existing rates of duty were introduced in 1946. Circumstances have changed very much since 1894. The value of money has greatly diminished. Also, especially as a result of saving during World War II, large numbers of people possessed small estates in the form of owning their houses, and so on.

ON the other hand, those small estates, on which the duty was only one or two per cent did not bring in much revenue. Consequently, estates under £2,000 were exempted. On medium-sized estates the duty was made somewhat lighter, and on larger estates even more steeply progressive. Today, one per cent is paid at £2,000; then the duty gradually rises to six per cent at £10,000 (Rs. 1,33,102); 12 per cent at £20,000 (Rs. 2,66,204); 24 per cent at £50,000 (Rs. 6,65,510); 35 per cent at £100,000 (Rs. 13.31 lakhs); 50 per cent at £250,000 (Rs. 33.28 lakhs); 70 per cent

at £1,000,000 and 75 per cent at £2,000,000.

FROM the interesting information which is obtained through the administration of the tax, it is possible to estimate the size of the national capital and its distribution between persons. From these figures it can be estimated that in 1937 less than one per cent of population possessed about 40 per cent of all capital in personal ownership—a proportion which shows a high degree of inequality in the distribution of capital, though not necessarily higher than in other countries. These persons paid 85 per cent of all estate duties.

The social importance of death duties as they exist today lies in the fact that they tend to bring about a greater equality in the distribution of property through gradual change. High rates of duty have not been in operation long enough yet to have definite results. But it is quite clear that an average rich family cannot pay income tax and surtax at present rates, as well as death duties in each generation, out of income; they must sell some of their property to the less rich.

The same aims, of course, could be achieved by a higher income tax on income from property or an annual tax on capital. In most countries, income tax on income from property is at higher rates than on incomes from work. But it is impossible, to raise income tax to prohibitive levels for practical reasons, while it is possible to put an annual capital tax of, say, five per cent on property which does not yield more than four per cent income. Therefore, taxes on capital are necessary if one wants to differentiate heavily in favour of income from work as against income from property.

Theoretically, death duties can be converted into an equivalent tax on capital payable annually. But in practice death duties are preferable to an annual tax on capital. The annual tax may be highly detrimental to the willingness to save money. Death duties are detrimental to a far smaller extent because they are payable at an uncertain date; since people do not know how long they

will live, they are not inclined to spend all their capital.

More important than that is the cheapness and efficiency of administering death duties, in comparison with the difficulty and expense which would be involved in an annual valuation of everybody's property. With the present system, the British tax collector can concentrate on about 50,000 estates annually.

Evasion of the duty is difficult since real estate, government bonds or shares in companies are generally registered in the name of the owner, and rich persons keep most of their capital in this form.

More serious is the fact that property can be given away in the lifetime of the owner without paying the tax. There is no tax on gifts, apart from stamp duties, on the transfer of property. Consequently, it has become customary for rich people to give their estates to their children as they, themselves, grow old.

This deprives the State of revenue and defeats some of the social aims of the tax. Duty is payable, however, if the donor dies within five years from the time the gift was made (one year in the case of charities). This was raised in 1946 from the previous three years.

To remedy this situation, it was suggested that there should be a progressive tax as gifts between living persons. This tax, as well as the tax on bequests should be graduated according to the wealth of the beneficiary and not according to the wealth of the legator. Such a tax has been considered but it was thought that its administration would be difficult.

There were also suggestions that the graduation of the duty should take into account, not only the size of the estate, but also the number of times the same property has been inherited. The son would pay at a certain rate when inheriting from the father and the grandson at a higher rate when inheriting from the son.

THIS scheme (the Rignano scheme) arranges for the entire confiscation of the estate after three or four generations.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

"Government Bride"

I had gone through Santha Rungachari's article on "Government Bride" in *Swatantra* twice but failed to understand what she was driving at. Was she trying to ridicule the entire organisation of vigilance societies as useless, or was it her intention to point out that the 'passionless' marriage that she witnessed was not likely to bring about domestic happiness because the bride and bridegroom could not even understand each other's language?

A marriage performed in a vigilance society cannot but be 'passionless', if that is a correct expression. There is bound to be a certain amount of fear complex in both the bride and bridegroom. The bridegroom knows he is taking as his wife a 'fallen woman' who wants to be taken back to society. It is a leap in the dark and the future is uncertain. In this background one can easily understand the absence of mirth and merriment.

In 1941 I witnessed a mass marriage of Harijans in Madras conducted according to strict Vedic rites by the veteran Harijan worker Sri Sankaranarayana Iyer. Prominent celebrities of Madras graced the occasion with their presence, but it was as 'passionless' as the one witnessed by Santha Rungachari. The ceremony was over in a few minutes and the couples bowed before the idol of Vighneswara and I photographed them. I had no occasion to ask Sri Sankaranarayana Iyer later whether the marriages that he arranged had proved happy. But there is no justification to draw the conclusion that such marriages may prove failures. Though I am not a social worker in any sense of the term, I can narrate my own experience, and I believe it must be the experience of many. I married by putting an advertisement in a prominent daily of Madras. I got nearly a hundred replies. I 'interviewed' a number of girls and selected one. My married life has been quite happy. I have three children. My wife and myself adjust ourselves to each other's vagaries. Almost every Hindu marries the girl whom he had not seen before and all

those marriages are arranged by parents. Some may prove happy, some may not. You will be committing the greatest mistake by drawing any conclusion. Let not the reformer come anywhere near this and bring about domestic misery. Love marriages break up in no time, and arranged marriages prove extremely happy. Leave all these to the individual's fate. Domestic happiness depends on the individual mental make up. Neither legislation nor public opinion will bring about this magic. Let the reformer step in only when there is wanton cruelty and negligence.

Santha Rungachari seems to emphasise on the bride's ignorance of Hindi. There is nothing to be worried over this. Women pick up Hindi much quicker than men. When we came to North India my wife was completely ignorant of Hindi. Within a month she picked up enough working knowledge of Hindi.

There is nothing wrong in the Madras Government running vigilance societies to rescue fallen women. They do their best to reclaim them. If this 'second chapter' in their lives again proves a failure, nobody can help it. Marriage is also a gamble in happiness. At times you get it; at times not.

Santha Rungachari is a brilliant writer. She has always something new to say. Some of us in Lucknow who read her articles regularly want to know what exactly she had in her mind when she wrote that article. Hence this letter.

S. KRISHNA RAU

Lucknow

Santha Rungachary writes:

Let me first make it clear that I was not 'driving at' anything. What I was trying to convey was merely an impression of a ceremony and the attendant thoughts of the moment. I must thank you, sir, for trying to clear my mind of any cobwebs of illusion that there might be about marriage. But, may I point out, that know a thing or two about it myself, having plunged into that happy state heart foremost a dozen years ago? You point out that love marriages "break up in no time." May I suggest that all marriages, love or arranged, are constantly breaking but very few of them quite break up, and that it is sometimes the intensely happy marriage that suddenly cracks up.

Your reference to certain women as 'fallen women' implies that the rest of womankind are on a kind of pedestal. That is only a conceit, as you. I am sure, will agree.

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 slily 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

(Issued Weekly)

VOL. VIII. NO. 43. NOVEMBER 28, 1953

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LOOKING BACK

The Indian genius in politics is like the perfume of certain of our own rare flowers. Champak fills the air with cascades of fragrance but the flowers are in modest retirement, one with the leaves in colour and shape. Before British Raj came, politics in India, like the fence in an orchard, took its place as a sentinel on duty and carried out its main function of protecting the soul of Indian culture and civilization. A true fence is two-dimensional, takes up no lateral space—it is vertical and steel-framed and ever vigilant. So politics should levy the least from the honest toil of its citizens. But, alas, today, democracy involves the sacrifice often in mere negative waste of twenty to twenty-five percent at least of our active man-hours. What a state of affairs under the inspiration of the West! The Indian genius in politics is just the reverse—minimum space for the fence and the maximum for the fruit garden. Our ideals of governance are erected and exalted on the twin bases of plain living and high thinking—consume the minimum and produce the maximum.

From SWATANTRA, April 24, 1948

Cut along this line

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THE PRAJA SOCIALIST PARTY

THE Praja Socialist Party has been greatly weakened by recent shifts in policy. The responsibility for this belongs to Sri Acharya Kripalani. He has failed to assess the realities of the Andhra political situation correctly. The Praja Socialist Party was the outcome of a merger between the Socialists and the Praja Party that had its origin in Andhra, due primarily to the initiative of the young Raja of Vizianagaram. The Socialists were originally Congressmen. They split from the Congress in 1933, and since then they have been carrying on their work through a separate political organisation. Twenty years of separate existence should have given them an independent outlook, but actually the presence of the Communist Party has put a brake on their opposition to the Congress. The Socialists have not attained the proportions of a party capable of replacing the Congress in running the Government. Theoretically they class themselves as an opposition party, but they are not prepared to oust the Congress from office if in consequence of it the Communists are likely to step in. Fear of Communist rule has watered down Socialist opposition to the Congress.

THERE was never any possibility of the Communists replacing the Congress at the Centre or running the Government of any State. The only exception was in Andhra where they won at the last elections an electoral strength in the legislature equal to that of the Congress. If Sri Prakasam had waited till the formation of the Andhra State to constitute his United Democratic Front with the Communists, the Congress Party in Andhra would certainly have been ousted out of all share in the Government. The only alternatives then would have been Communist rule or President's rule. Some prescience of the dangerous potentialities of letting Sri Prakasam remain at large must have impelled the Raja of Vizianagaram bestir himself to rope in Sri Prakasam into the Socialist fold. He seemed for a while to succeed but the rope broke under the very first strain put upon it.

IN the Praja Socialist Party in Andhra, the real force was Sri Prakasam. In most matters he is a law unto himself. He is not a man that can be held under allegiance to another. Sri Kripalani certainly lacked the authority to bring Sri Prakasam under any rule of discipline of his imposition. He could have the privilege of leading a party of which Sri Prakasam was a member only if he let him have his will in all things. There was no choice for him except letting Sri Prakasam have his way when he wished to head the Andhra Government on the formation of the new State. Sri Kripalani was quick enough to adjust himself to this position, but he erred in assuming that with

Sri Prakasam out, he could control the Praja element in the Praja Socialist Party. When Sri Prakasam left the Praja Socialist Party, he lost none of the loyalties that belonged to him while he was its leader. He only abandoned the title of leader but the substance of the position clung to him.

THE Praja Socialist Party in Andhra got broken on the day on which Sri Prakasam left it, and it was inevitable thereafter that the merger would end and the Socialists relapse into their old position. There is no future for the Praja Party in Andhra as an independent political organisation even apart from the Socialists. Sri Prakasam and Viswanatham are politically inseparable, and when Sri Prakasam became an associate member of the Congress, the true significance of the step was that Sri Viswanatham and his Praja Party associates also got re-aligned similarly, though the fact was not so bluntly avowed. Within the Congress Party itself, associate membership is enough for Sri Prakasam to capture all the authority of leadership. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi did not know what he was about when he announced Sri Prakasam's admission to the Congress Party as an associate member as a triumph. He ensured his own displacement from party leadership by that act. In Andhra quick and significant changes have taken place but the formalities of admission have not been registered yet. For all practical purposes, there is little difference now between the Praja Party and the Congress, and over both it is Sri Prakasam that rules.

Sotto Voce

LANGUAGE IS WEALTH



GESTURES have their uses. Lord Reading taking his oath on touching Indian soil tossed aside the English Bible that was handed to him, and the tremendously flurried bureaucracy found a Hebrew Testament for him in a jiffy. I have no doubt he was a good practising Jew; but that imperious gesture was clearly calculated to impress and did powerfully impress the imagination of the profoundly religious people over whom he was sent to rule. Mr. Prakasam, in politely calling to order the temporary Speaker of the Andhra Assembly for uttering a solitary English sentence, was no doubt bent on stressing the symbolical significance of the occasion.

So far as my knowledge goes, Lord

Reading did not make a public parade of his religion for the rest of his time in India. There was perhaps no need for it. In our secularist democracy we suffer from an exaggerated fear of religion. President Rajendra Prasad is made fun of for washing the feet of Brahmans and worshipping cows by the self-same rationalists who were ecstatic over the interment of the remains of the Buddha's disciples and the devout unction displayed by our normally sceptical Prime Minister. But everybody, believer and unbeliever alike, recognises that it is best to render unto God the things that are God's and unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and not to mix up the two.

Our devotion to secularism could, I

suggest, be given a richer content if it was interpreted as laying on us an obligation not to cultivate narrow and exclusive allegiances in any sphere. In the Andhra State Telugu is bound to have a predominant place in every field of activity. But any suggestion of intolerance of other languages, not excluding English, might provoke the spirit of contrariness. And that may touch off a wholly undesirable—because irrational—chain-reaction. Love your language by all means. Give it vitality, point and power. But don't try to compel others to love it: love is not coerced.

When every possible linguistic State has been brought into existence there are bound to be minorities, large or small, scattered throughout every one of them. And there will be small movements of family units from State to State going on all the time and introducing slight modifications in the linguistic pattern. This infiltration can, however, never be a disturbing factor. The newcomers will have every inducement to learn the local language. In a generation or two these families will begin to speak it as to the manner born. There is all the more reason why there should be no suggestion of any chauvinistic attempt to force the pace or to deny living room to the language the immigrants bring with them.

There are quite a number of Telugu communities settled in the Tamil country and a rather smaller number of Kannadiga and Maharashtra groups. They have been here for generations. Most of them speak Tamil as well as if not better than the born Tamil. It is a pity that in recent times they have not as a rule been bringing up their children to love their own mother tongue, as they ought.

to. But the vigorous contribution to Telugu and Mahrathi literature in earlier times by Telugus and Maharashtra who had never seen Andhra or Maharashtra shows how keen and healthy was the urge to self-expression of these voluntary exiles. And that undoubtedly made for a richer national life.

The Telugus and other old-time settlers have made a rich contribution to Tamil literature too, especially in the past few decades. Likewise or perhaps even more markedly Tamils who have made their homes in other regions, particularly those who have settled in Mysore and Karnatak, have brought a new and striking note into the literature of their adopted language. The Tamil, on the whole, seems to lend himself more readily to assimilation than other linguistic groups. At least, I am not aware of any sizeable output in Tamil by the Tamils long settled elsewhere.

However that may be, the important thing to remember is that assimilation, if it is not to do violence to integrity, must come about imperceptibly as the result of the operation of natural forces. In future, the operation of these forces is bound to be more complicated because of the vigorous not to say exacerbated, language consciousness of every group, which is a characteristically modern phenomenon. It would be wrong and foolish to suppress that consciousness with a high hand in the name of uniformity. The Sinhalese schools in Ceylon which deny admission to Tamil children on the plea that they cannot provide for teaching Tamil, are planting the seeds of strife. We in India cannot afford to follow that fratricidal policy.

VIGNESWARA

Who needs words in autumn woods
When colour concludes decay
There old stories are told in glories
For winds to scatter away.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

SIDELIGHTS : :

IT was announced in Parliament that the Government of India were contemplating legislation to put an end to the crossword puzzles scandal. As an intellectual exercise there is nothing to be urged against crossword puzzles. They provide an innocent pastime for spending time to many who do not know what to do with it. Like playing cards. But long ago the crossword puzzles have ceased to be harmless. By the enterprise of newspapers they have been converted into a potent instrument for the spread of cupidity on a mass scale. Pictures of men and women who have earned prizes of thousands of rupees with all-correct solutions of crossword puzzles are published in the newspapers, with sometimes Ministers and other high-placed dignitaries officiating in the prize-distribution functions, and the effect of it all is the intensification of discontent in the minds of millions over the niggardly returns of honest, steady work. The time taken from useful occupations to be wasted in unsuccessful efforts to win crossword prizes, is beyond all computation. It is undoubtedly one of the factors contributing to the unsettlement of the national character, and through it, diminishing of production and efficiency and disturbance of the national economy.

Nobody has any means of knowing what kinds of frauds are committed under cover of the crossword puzzle prize schemes; the honest are clubbed with the dishonest and the public is powerless to discriminate between the two classes. So far as newspapers are concerned, the worst of the system is the boost it gives to unreal circulations in the matter of advertisements. Many fortune-hunters buy several copies of a paper for the sake of the coupons entitling them to compete in crossword competitions. They have no further interest in the papers they buy and simply throw them away. These unread papers have no sales-promotion value, but advertisers rarely take the fact into account. The

result is that newspapers of inferior social value given to speculative stunts score over their superiors that disdain to boost themselves up with devices like crossword prize attractions and astrological forecasts. A Government interested in promoting a healthy tone in the Press can ill afford to be indifferent to the maintenance of the crossword puzzle as one of its features with an enormous outlay in money.

An even worse menace is the newspaper chain system. Formerly, the ownership of newspapers was widely distributed. Each paper had a separate individuality of its own, and together they represented a wide variety of interests. With the growth of the chains a deadly sameness has invaded the Press. We have several papers now under common ownership that are just replicas of each other. The powerful chains absorb to themselves almost the whole of the revenue from industrial advertisements, and there is precious little left for the independent, non-Syndicated newspapers. Recently in Calcutta, one of Dalmia chain of newspapers had to close down for lack of local and regional support. The same fate overtook an earlier paper started at the same place some years ago by Sri Ramnath Goenka. The Bengalees have been tutored into the power of combination to resist invasions from outside of lucrative fields of enterprise in their midst, through the misery of having been very nearly ousted from every one of them in the years past. They seem to have decided that no more newspapers from profiteers outside should be tolerated amongst them, and they saw to it when such papers were started, that they came to grief. There is a universal tendency in every part of the country to welcome service by visitors from other parts, but profiteering is not greeted similarly and is resented. If North Indians had not spread themselves so aggressively in trade and commerce and in the running of news-

papers in the South, there would have been no wind in the sails of movements like the Dravida Kazhagam, and the agitation against C. R. would have gathered no momentum. There is heart-burning when a man not knowing a language starts a newspaper in that language. If there is to be harmony between the Press and the public, the ownership of newspapers should be restricted by law. Nobody should be allowed to start more than two papers, one in his mother-tongue and the other in English.

THE Andhra capital issue should be decided only from the standpoint of the good of the whole State, and not the susceptibilities of people in particular regions of it. Demonstrations are therefore totally irrelevant as aids to a correct decision. Threats are absolutely meaningless. No Government worth its salt will allow itself to be coerced out of a right decision for the reason that threats against its adoption are uttered at a public meeting. Of all the threats that have been made the most fantastically nonsensical was

the one that Rayalaseema would secede from Andhra if the capital is shifted from Kurnool. It is a pity that a Minister should have uttered this sort of threat. It shows that Sri Prakasam has not chosen his Ministers wisely. Anyone who believes that people can go into or out of a State at their pleasure is certainly not fit for serious administration. Any and every place cannot be erected into a capital. The capital of a State must have certain specific qualifications. It must be centrally situated, it must be the nerve-centre of communications, and it must be surrounded by an alert and informed public, so that big movements initiated from the seat of Government for social welfare will be greeted with prompt and responsive support. Vijayawada satisfies all these conditions, and Kurnool does not. Sri Prakasam made one of his Himalayan blunders when he planted the capital of the Andhra State in the arid Kurnool soil. To persist in maintaining that wrong decision will be disservice to the State.

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ISRAEL AND THE ARABS

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y.—Can there be peace between Israel and the Arab States? The answer from both sides is: "Yes, but—." And the "but" contains such ponderous qualifications that, much as one would like to minimise them and offer a glib solution to the strife and bitterness which have plagued the Holy Land for so many years, they lead to the inescapable conclusion that peace is far away.

The most optimistic view comes from Abba Eban, Israel's Ambassador to the United States and permanent delegate to the United Nations, who told the Saturday Feature Magazine in an exclusive interview this week:

"There is nothing in the character and natural interests of our two peoples to prevent peace." But he candidly sees little likelihood of Arab leaders agreeing to sit down at a bargaining table—not as long, he says, as it serves their interests to continue the unrest. From the Arab side, these statements were obtained in private interviews:

"No responsible Arab can sit down and discuss peace with Israel, particularly because public opinion is so inflamed."—Omar Haliq, of the Saudi Arabia delegation to the UN.

"Israel maintains a continuing violation of the armistice agreement (which ended the Israel-Arab war more than five years ago) and disrespect for the resolution adopted by the UN (since the armistice was reached.) For the moment, I don't see much prospect for peace negotiations."—Ahmed Galal Eldine Abdel-rozek, Egyptian delegate to UN.

Out of the welter of charges, accusations, claims and counter-claims which have punctuated the dispute in recent weeks, two facts emerge quite clearly: Israel is ready, nay, eager to attempt to negotiate a permanent peace treaty. The Arabs are not, primarily, they say, because many wrongs inflicted upon them by Israel

must be corrected before a basis for discussion can be established.

There is hardly an Israeli spokesman more qualified to propound the views of the fledgling State than Abba Eban, the tall, heavy-set, Cambridge-educated scholar who has long been a keen student of the attitudes of both Arabs and the conglomerate population which inhabits Israel.

"The attitude of the Arabs," he told us in his suite at the Savoy Plaza, "is the only case in the international relations of our time where a group of nations makes it their policy not to have peace with their neighbours."

That is a broad and damning accusation, and he was pressed for an explanation. "Psychologically," he said, "the Arabs still feel a sense of frustration at Israel's existence. Further, there has been insufficient emphasis by the great powers of their desire to have peace in the Middle East. With this there has been undue indulgence by the great powers of Arab hostility, as evidenced by the fact that the Arabs refuse peace and still have excellent relations with the West."

"And, there is not sufficient political leadership among the Arabs to advocate a settlement. Instead of leading toward peace, they follow demagogic impulses away from peace. There are no voices uplifted in the Arab world in favour of a positive and constructive relationship with Israel."

MR. EBAN argued that the Middle East, contrary to popular conception, is not a poor area, that it has "all of the resources in natural wealth and in manpower necessary to support a civilization of the highest levels. But without peace the region cannot fully develop its true potentialities."

He reiterated that Israel is "ready at any time to sit down and develop the armistice treaty into a permanent peace, to have the Arab nations present their demands and to have

them listen to ours. If that is not a reasonable position, what is?"

In the absence of Arab willingness to even approach the peace table, what then?

Mr. Eban said his great hope was that world opinion, exerted chiefly by the great Western powers like the U. S. and Britain, would eventually bring Arab leaders face to face with the Israelis. "Of course, nothing but an Arab will to have peace can really break the deadlock," he said. "You can't force people to have peace. But world opinion should assert itself strongly in favour of peace. It has not done so forcefully enough yet. Eventually, that would break through Arab resistance and have a decisive result."

He refused, however, to venture a guess on how long a process would take.

CURIOUSLY, the UN which played so vital a role in the birth of Israel and, since its own inception, has dedicated itself to world peace, finds itself in a paradoxical position in the Israel-Arab dispute—that of unwittingly encouraging resistance by Arabs to peace overtures. Mr. Eban feels.

"The availability of the UN has indeed been misused," he said. "The UN could escape from this paradox by directing complaints by the Arab States to the proper address—the Government of Israel." He contended that the Arab world would, of necessity, at least make an effort to settle its quarrels with Israel directly if it knew it could not find asylum within the debating halls of the UN. And, is the hand of Russia anywhere evident in the foment—that is, has Russia inspired or prodded any of the clashes? Mr. Eban didn't think so. The Arab position, as outlined by the two spokesmen interviewed for the Saturday Feature Magazine by the United Press, pivots on two points: The fate of the estimated 800,000 to 1,000,000 Arabs who fled Israel when the State was created, and the UN resolutions adopted to implement the armistice treaty.

Said Egypt's Ambassador: "We cannot make contact in any peace

negotiations before the Israeli Government executes all of the resolution adopted by the General Assembly, especially the resolution concerning the Arab refugees."

He placed their number at 1,000,000 "brutally sent from their homes and from their fatherland," and described their plight as one of "misery and hunger after having lost all their money and property." "Other resolutions," he continued, "call for rectification of the frontiers in accordance with the original partition resolution, and for internationalisation of Jerusalem."

"What Israel will do and can do is clear to all the world. Israel maintains a continuing violation of the armistice agreement and disrespect for the resolution adopted by the UN."

Saudi Arabia's Omar Haliq suggested that the refugee problem could be partly solved through a boundary readjustment, taking from Israel that part of fertile Galilee originally designated for Arab Palestine in the 1947 partition decision.

"This district would absorb 250,000 of the refugees," he said. "It's also important that Israel pay the refugees just compensation. Israel offers only \$50,000,000 when the original holdings of the refugees are worth \$2,000,000,000, according to Arab estimates."

"What the Arabs want are deeds. In 1951, the Arabs offered to negotiate with Israel on the basis of the UN resolution, but Israel refused." He described the Israeli offer to accept 100,000 Arab refugees as "not a humanitarian proposal, but an effort to fill the agricultural gap (because of the shortage of trained farmers) and also a political move."

MR. HALIQ also minimised the importance of water and the Negev (the desert area for which Israel envisions great potential). "Water," he said, "is not as important a question to the Arab States in general as it is to Israel and Jordan. It's not a question of life and death. Actually, it is not so crucial to Israel. They still have cultivable land they don't use. Implied in their talk of Negev development is an element of publicity

addressed to contributors of funds for Israel. Some land lies unused simply because immigrants are very urbanized."

The writer himself visited Israel in May 1951, and came away with the strong impression that the people of the new State and the Arabs can live in peace if given a genuine opportunity. There are indeed problems and questions of tremendous scope which must be adjudicated, but the desire for peace among the people themselves is vibrant. Moreover, that wonderful phenomenon we call peace is even now being practised among Jews and Arabs within Israel's borders. It is a fact that Israel's present population of 1,750,000 includes 170,000 Arabs. They are Israeli citizens, with rights and obligations similar to those of the Jews, including education, medical care and the right to vote.

I REMEMBER vividly driving through the village of Abugosh, within Israel's borders but entirely populated by Arabs. Not only did it remain intact during the war, but it fought on the side of the Jews. Festooned across the gateway to the town was a banner in Arabic which read: "Your celebration is our celebration. Citizens of Israel, be happy on your Day of Independence. Your independence, our independence." I remember this incident equally as well: On the road to Haifa, our car driver noticed an Arab family working in a field and, without warning to his bouncing passengers, brought the car to a skidding stop in a mushroom of dust.

A rapid exchange in Arabic followed, and, just as suddenly as we had stopped, we roared off, our driver's trenchant baritone voice wafting the strains of "You Are My Sunshine" across the countryside.

"What did you say?" he was asked.

The fact that there are spheres in American life to which moral rules do not apply is disconcerting to the more consistent moralists, to the extent that they let themselves be aware of this. But the more general reaction is to deny the existence of such spheres. There is a general and concerted tendency to ignore those aspects of the universe which clash too strongly with the general ethical picture. The system of achieving morality by treating as non-existent facts which cannot be reconciled with an ethical picture reached its most consistent development in Christian Science.—*The Americans*, by GEOFFREY GORER

"I tell them," he answered gaily, "Health to your bodies, They answer, And the Same to you. Then I ask them, Are you happy in our country? And they say Yes, very much, very much. That's all."

Never once, during our two week stay in the country—and we travelled the length and breadth of it—was there any evidence to contradict the feelings that the only difference between Jews and Arabs within Israel was in the colour of the skin, and there was very little of that in many cases. I remember, too, standing on the docks of Haifa and watching a shipload of 4,500 Jewish refugees from a Romania disembark in the most moving scene I have ever witnessed.

I saw a young Israeli soldier run up the gangway, smother a brother in his embrace and then stand back at arm's length to feel his face, to reassure himself that this hour of hours had come to pass . . .

Saw two men kiss each other full on the lips again and again, with a passion born of years of waiting, years of hoping . . .

Saw two sisters run into each others' arms and weep tears that drained the strength of their bodies.

Saw a wizened little woman blanch when a police officer asked to see her sailing papers and then kiss his hand when he assured her, "Don't worry. You are in Israel."

These people had come from concentration camps, with all horror that the term implies. I remember telling myself, that, surely, people who had survived the hell that was their existence in their homelands had not come to the Promised Land to fight anew, against Arabs or anyone else.

WITH evidence such as this, there would seem to be some basis for a formal peace, regardless of attitudes in the political councils.

THE STATE AND EDUCATION

By S. RANGACHARY

A cultural chaos darkened India in the 19th century and cast its gloom all over. With the advent of the British, the English language and literature were introduced into the educational institutions in the different provinces. The tastes and standards of European society rapidly came into vogue and soon became the fashion of the young. The English educated youths became so enamoured of European standards of life and society that they began to ape the West with a feverish zeal. Hundreds of educated men readily surrendered to the foreign culture and unashamedly wallowed in their slavery. They were so carried away by the glamour of Western civilization that they adopted outlandish conventions of food, dress, speech and manners.

The first reformer of the century was Raja Ram Mohan Roy. But he was unfortunately not absolutely free from Western bias. In spreading English education, he cooperated with Lord Macaulay, who believed that it was sure to destroy the faith of the young students in their past. As Swami Vivekananda observed, Ram Mohan Roy's advocacy of English education pushed India's forward march backward by half a century.

One day Swami Vivekananda, answering a question from a disciple on the education of boys, replied that the old system of 'Gurukulam' must be revived with the combination of modern Western science. Swami Vivekananda, even in 1900, was able to foresee the evil effects of the Westernised education. Speaking of the university system, he said that it was a perfect machine manufacturing clerks. What he said fifty years before, is still true. Things have not changed to alter the mode. It does not stop there. Men are becoming destitute of 'sradha' and faith. They assert that the Gita is only an interpolation and the Vedas are but rustic songs. They like to master every

detail concerning things and nations outside India but do not want to remember the names of their own forefathers of the sixth or the seventh generations, not to speak of the fourteenth.

The education that is being imparted now has some good points, but it has a tremendous disadvantage and this disadvantage is so great that the good things are all weighed down by it. In the first place, it is not designed to build up the human personality. It is merely and entirely a negation of education. Education is not the amount of information that is put in the brain, that runs riot there undigested all through life. There must be positive learning. Mere book learning will not do. The education by which character is formed, strength of mind is increased, the intellect is expanded and by which one can stand on one's own feet, is needed. The ideal, therefore, is that the whole education of our country, spiritual and secular, must be on national lines, through national methods.

IT may be argued that through our modern Westernised education, our boys have nowadays become more large-hearted and liberal. They have almost demolished the narrowing walls of the caste system and begun to move more freely with their neighbours. It is said that modern scientific education has discovered those grand truths which to our forefathers would have appeared as incredible as miracles. Considering all these glorious achievements, can we judiciously stigmatise our present system of education as narrow and worthless? It is a fact that some good has been derived from our education. All the so-called achievements of the modern scientific education are nothing better than soap bubbles which are glorious to look at but contain nothing inside. Our boys have certainly become more broad-minded and liberal and have cast off the caste distinctions. But certain other distinctions have

crept in. Our education has made them more vain, more negligent towards their inferiors, more fastidious, more lenient and indulgent regarding their own shortcomings, and more selfish than their uneducated brethren. And considering this, can we say with any good reason that they have almost demolished the narrowing walls of the caste system? Have they not jumped from the frying pan into the fire, by giving up one kind of distinction and taking up another?

EDUCATION in rural areas is so urbanised that the young villager, no sooner he goes to a school, than he develops a disgust for the village culture, nor are they trained in the art of village-building. In the urban areas, education still following the mid-Victorian method prepares the student mostly for examinations through book-reading. The vocational aspects of education are more honoured in words than in pursuit.

The aim of most parents, therefore, is to send their sons and daughters, however ill-equipped they may be, to the universities in order to secure a degree in the hope that it may give them social prestige and open for them the gates of Government service.

It is a known fact that discipline in schools and colleges is at its lowest ebb. Committees are formed, conferences are held to discuss this problem. The Narendra Dev Committee appointed in U. P. thinks that the cause of indiscipline must be sought in the social and economic environment, not only of the student but also of the society composed of the teacher and the guardian. The teacher is poorly paid. The teaching profession is economically the hardest hit during recent years. The student is poorly equipped and the guardian is indifferent. Another reason which can be discerned is that a wrong conception of democracy within the four walls of the classroom, has taken its root deep in the minds of the young. Outside influence on the students is playing havoc. Party feelings have been slowly brought into the precincts of the schools and the colleges. The students' unions formed with the

only ideal of being community unions, are functioning in some schools on the model of trade unions. Strikes which were never heard of in schools and colleges two decades ago, are becoming very common. Strikes are organised against the authorities in protest against the detentions of undeserving students in the examinations or increase of college fees. Of course it is true that in some hostels, enough facilities are not being provided. But the students can resort to nobler methods of bringing their grievances to the notice of higher authorities than by organising strikes.

This state of affairs has led to the disappearance of 'Gurubhakthi' amongst the student population. The first thing that must be done to make our education a useful training for life is to impress upon our students the necessity for a disciplined life, to cultivate respect, obedience and affection for teachers. In order to create that in students, the cooperation of the parents and the general public is sought. Children copy their elders and it is therefore necessary that parents should set an example by treating teachers as men and women having some status in society. The teacher by the record of his service and affection for the students must instil the spirit of devotion and respect not only among students but among parents also. If there is real respect, there can be no room for indiscipline.

THE new education should be shaped so that the future citizen of India is physically, intellectually and morally a sound individual. He must be able to contribute in building a free and democratic India, on a self-sufficient basis and he must be well equipped to play an appropriate role in the modern world order. India is an agricultural country. Our Five Year Plan has rightly emphasised agricultural development. The farmer of tomorrow should occupy a central place in any scheme of national education.

Every primary and secondary school in rural areas should have a farm attached to it. In this Uttar Pradesh has led the way. A network of land schools, full time, part

time and in camps, giving seasonal courses depending on the local conditions should be established in our State, on the lines of rural schools in the Netherlands and Denmark.

Education in urban areas, both at the primary and the secondary stages, should include technical and vocational training. Technical and vocational schools are costly. Such schools, even where they exist now, tend to specialise in one process and not in one trade. Secondary schools cannot be equipped with workshops unless large finances are made available. The creative idea of Sri Rajagopalachari, our Chief Minister, has, therefore, to be elaborated so that every student in an urban area spends a part of his educational time with registered artisans and craftsmen in workshops, factories and business houses. Further, secondary education should cease to be a stepping stone to a degree. It must be an end by itself. The Secondary Education Commission has ably analysed the problem. Its chief recommendation is the introduction of diversified courses of instruction and eventual upgrading of secondary schools into higher secondary schools, with an extra year, so that pupils leaving the schools would be in a position to eke out their living instead of hanging on to the universities for further progress. At present products of secondary schools have no other avenue except universities. This is due to the insistence on the part of Governments and Public Service Commissions, on the possession of a university degree for the smallest of appointments, open in the public services in the country. The present system of education and the existing methods of recruitment have only resulted in a large number of educated unemployed in this country. The university system should be reorganised on a planned basis and the present set-up which is only a relic of the dead past should be rebuilt. Once a degree ceases to be a passport to Government service, the existing universities would be sufficient to meet the demands of higher education. But before they are made to suit the new conditions, more accommodation and equipment,

and a well-paid first class staff and funds for further development should be generously provided by Government.

The Five Year Plan provides Rs. 151 crores for education, Rs. 34 crores at the Centre and about Rs. 120 crores from the States. The directive of the Constitution that free and compulsory education should be provided for all the children upto the age of 14 within 10 years of the commencement of the Constitution, may not be easily possible to be carried out. The present inadequacy of educational facilities is alarming. With perhaps less than 40% of children of the age group 6 to 11, with less than 10% of boys and girls of the age group 11 and 17 at schools and with colleges and the universities, with only 17% of Indian population literate, an enormous expansion in the provision of educational facilities is called for. The targets in the Five Year Plan are to provide education for at least 60% of all the children of school-going age (6 and 11) and to widen the benefits of social education.

BECAUSE of the gap between the needs and the resources it is necessary that an increasing share of responsibility for providing social services should be borne by the people themselves.

The Plan provides Rs. 1 crore for youth camps and labour service for students. It is proposed that students between the ages of 18 and 22, except when they are exempted on medical grounds, should devote a period to disciplined national service. This would help in their development as workers and citizens. It is proposed that at some stage during the course of education, a period which may extend from six months to a year should be spent in manual activity. This could be organised, for example, in relation to community projects, irrigation works, roads, slum improvements, sanitation projects, etc.

The future Indian school will not perpetuate the stupid tyranny of requiring its boys and girls, bursting with active energy, to sit silent and sombre, brooding over books and

swallow irrelevant, unwanted unassimilated information.

THE Five Year Plan has envisaged many projects in several fields of activity, agricultural, industrial, economic, commercial and otherwise. Some hundreds of crores of rupees are to be spent on these projects. The success of these depends on the availability of trained personnel of all grades for employment. The first and most important factor in all branches of education is the supply of well qualified teachers, with the love of profession and a flair for teaching. The indiscipline in the schools and colleges has been found partly due to uninteresting lectures and due to failure to hold the attention of the students. Hence, no set syllabus, no rules and regulations, no sort of inspection can possibly be of any use unless and until the most important and the vital element concerned with education, the teaching profession, is properly recruited. The Reforms Committee appointed by the Mysore State Government have stated that the educational qualifications of teachers should be raised, followed by adequate training for teacherhood and that persons should be recruited as teachers only after interview by competent authorities so that the right sort of persons become teachers. This is necessary since at very stage in the educational ladder, it is the teacher who bears the brunt of the task and it is the teacher who is responsible or who ought to be responsible for the proper bringing up of the children committed to his care. If education

today in its diversified aspects is to make any progress at all, it can only be if it can attract the right type of teachers to man the institutions which are to cater to the young. The Secondary Education Commission has taken the position of the teacher as a pivotal point. It has recommended that the teaching profession should be upgraded and that the teacher should have full freedom within certain limits.

Regarding co-education, nothing need be done against the trend of public opinion in any particular part of the country.

REGARDING the medium of instruction, our State will do well to continue the present policy. It is argued that the students find it very difficult in the colleges when they have to study all the subjects in the English medium. Under the reorganised scheme, all who pass out of the schools will not join the colleges and the universities when a degree would cease to be a passport for Government service. For those who wish to pursue higher education, facilities will be given to cultivate a sound knowledge of the English language before they join the university.

Purposeful education must aim at developing the individual personality of the pupil, it must develop the personality so as to be in harmony with the needs of society, and it must fit the pupil to some place or other in the occupational structure so that he might support himself and also support the country's productive economy.

CONCEPT OF THE ISLAMIC STATE

By M. MADHAVA RAO

THE Governor-General of Pakistan is furious at Nehru for regretting the medieval features in the newly framed Pak Constitution. According to him it would be to misread History if Islam is viewed in any other light than of a religion liberal in concept and application, inspired by the ideals of freedom, equality and the brotherhood of man. We are not concerned with the internal structure of Muslim society—whether it allows the free play of democratic forces, or whether it has moved by cataclysms of violence. The pertinent question is whether the Islamic State has treated the non-Muslim citizen on a footing of equality with the Muslim citizen. Let us forget the bad old times in which the ruling dynasties or races imposed their own religion on their subjects. We shall view the Muslim world commencing from the nineteenth century when the idea of the Secular State began to develop. What is the record of the States of the Middle East in this fairly recent past?

The Armenian Christians formed a numerous group of subjects under the Turkish Sultans. Intelligent and enterprising, they occupied a prominent place in industry and commerce. The prosperity of this community was gall and wormwood to the Muslims of Turkey. In 1898, the massacre of Armenians in many towns in Asia Minor was carried out by Muslims who first assembled in mosques, and then proceeded to carry fire and sword through the Armenian quarters. The young Turks professed to be liberal in concept, but when they took up the reins of government under the last Sultans, they organised massacres of Armenians which reduced the Armenians from 25 lakhs to 8 lakhs. A great community was practically wiped out.

After the first world war, Turkey broke up into several States, of which Iraq was one. Just where the fron-

tiers of reduced Turkey and Iraq met was the Assyrian Christian community. Neither Iraq nor Turkey was prepared to protect them. The whole community was evacuated by the League of Nations and found homes in the British Commonwealth and in America.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the Amir of Afghanistan conquered the Kaffirs of the Hindu Kush—a community which had taken up Greek deities, from a colony of Alexander the Great, and was practising their own religious rites among the fastnesses of the Hindu Kush. The conquered were given the choice of Islam or extinction, and all embraced Islam.

IF the State itself is regarded as Islamic, only Muslims will feel the full flush of patriotism sustaining the State. The non-Muslim will therefore be regarded as an encumbrance except in so far as he pays taxes. The deliberate conversion of the Hindu Kush Kaffirs, and the State-organized or State-stimulated Armenian massacres can therefore be understood as attempts to wipe out such lukewarm elements in an Islamic State. Pakistan in its short history has had more than her share of such apparently frenzied outbursts, which decimated the non-Muslim younger generation, and bled the older generation of its riches. The one crore non-Muslims left in Pakistan may, in the context of the above circumstances, be excused for thinking that the handicaps under which they have suffered in the economic competition and the occasional beeding, real and figurative, of the non-Muslim which has so far characterized Pakistan, will be continued in future. It is not only the name of the State, but other provisions in the basic principles that are positively alarming to the non-Muslim minority. Let us leave alone

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the clause with regard to the Head of the State. As Mr. Ghulam Mahomed seems to think, why not frankly tell non-Muslims that they have no chance and should not waste their energies in trying for the coveted position? But the basic clause that future legislation shall be regarded as valid only in so far as it conforms to the Koran and Sunna can be most baleful in its operation.

TAKE again the law of limitation. Mr. Justice Din Mahomed of the Lahore High Court, who became the Governor of Sind, in the Pak regime, laid down the dictum that a mosque remains the property of the faithful, despite the lapse of centuries of adverse possession, in the famous Shahid Ganj case. The reverse position, which may enable Hindus to reclaim the temple at Benares, converted into a mosque by Aurangzeb, will not be entertained, as it is only Allah's elect that may claim exemption from the law of limitation.

The application of Islamic scriptures will be even more dangerous in the sphere of criminal law. These scriptures lay down the doctrine that an apostate from the Muslim faith becomes an outlaw—it is not murder to kill him. Any wave of conversion to non-Muslim faiths in Pakistan can be effectively met by legislation on the above lines, and the Supreme Court is bound to regard such legislation as valid. If the Quadiyani sect of Zafrulla be declared outside the pale of Islam, any attempt at enlarging its numbers can be effectively met by legislation of the nature indicated above, encouraging the killing of converts to that sect.

To crown all, the Pakistan State is given a constitutional directive that it shall propagate the religion of Islam, drawing upon the State exchequer, and devoting thereto all the resources of the State. It would be difficult to find such a clause in any modern Constitution, dedicating the resources of any State for the propagation of any particular religion. Aurangzeb converted large numbers of Hindus in North India by

the simple device of confining grants of lands only to Muslims. It is already being complained that the Hindus of East Bengal and Sind (there are practically no Hindus or Sikhs left in West Punjab) are excluded not only from Government jobs but from trading licenses. A Hindu in East Bengal will be taught at school that Islam is the religion of the favoured of God, and after leaving school, he will be made to realize every day of his life that it is the religion of the favoured of Government.

If the non-Muslim in Pakistan be regarded as a second class citizen, nay as an excrescence that has to be removed to round off the even beauty of the Islamic State, Nehru is bound to warn Pakistan of the reaction that will set in in India. The communal forces in India will be able to make a powerful appeal to the electorate that we should give the same importance to the Hindus and Hindu religion in India, which Pakistan has given to Muslims and Islam in Pakistan. Even Nehru's personal influence, great as it is may not be able to stem the communal reaction, if it sets in strongly. If the State steamroller is applied to convert the Hindus of East Bengal and Sind, we shall be asked to use the State bulldozer to bring back the Indian Muslims to their ancient faith.

THE seeds of liberty were planted in America by the *Mayflower* landing the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. It is not perhaps known that the *Mayflower*, a few years later, founded near the coast off Masulipatam. The Americans will sink the spirit of liberty engendered by the *Mayflower* fifty fathoms deep if they ally themselves with a theocratic reactionary State like Pakistan. The spirit of William Penn will revolt when it is asked to shake hands with the wraith of Mahomed of Ghazni. In defence of the world's freedom Mr. Dulles proposes to ally himself with the apostles of camouflaged religious persecution. It reminds one of the alliance of the Pope, in the Middle Ages, with Mahomedan States, in the feuds with other Christian powers.

HITLER'S LAST MOMENTS

By MATTHEW HALTON

FOR many years I wondered how Hitler would die and then I became convinced that when the time came, he would take his own life—because although the man was a monster, he was not a rat. He did take his own life—but in a scene of lurid Wagnerian melodrama beyond the wildest speculation.

The story of the last days of Hitler and Eva Braun was told in a statement issued by the British intelligence service in Berlin after four months of exhaustive investigation. The key work was done by a brilliant young major, a teacher at Oxford, whose name may not be given. I have interviewed this officer closely, point by point. And I have something new to add about Hitler and Eva Braun.

The British officer's work was difficult because he got no help from the Russians—and the chancellery, where Hitler died, is in the Russian-controlled sector of Berlin. The Russians appear to be completely uninterested in Hitler's end. Their attitude is summed up by a Russian colonel of police, with whom I talked: "Is Hitler dead? We don't know and we don't care. What does it matter? We aren't going to make a fuss over him one way or another."

Whether or not that is their real feeling or only an elaborate affectation, whether or not they know something which they wish to keep secret, I do not know. But British authorities were deeply concerned. They feared that unless the truth were known, wild rumours would be cherished and disseminated among the credulous Germans. "The leader is still alive! He is in the mountains with a team of scientists preparing atom bombs! Watch and wait!"

The British have succeeded in their determination to prove that Hitler is dead. They have succeeded because a number of Hitler's intimates

escaped from the Russian zone during the last week of the war and were captured later by the British. We have had many eye-witness accounts. But they are good witnesses—and they are eye-witnesses. No single one of them heard or saw everything that happened in those last few days, but pieced together, their evidence tells the story. Hitler and Eva Braun killed themselves and their bodies were burned.

Soon after 2.30 p.m. on April 30, 1945, Adolf Hitler and his wife retired to their private apartments in the concrete bunker in the chancellery garden. Hitler then handed Eva Braun a capsule of poison. She swallowed it, and when he saw that she

"Is Hitler dead?"

"We don't know and we don't care. What does it matter? We aren't going to make a fuss of him one way or another."

Such is the Russian attitude.

was dying, Hitler put the muzzle of an automatic pistol into his mouth and blew his brains out.

A FEW minutes later, his followers, Goebbels, Martin Bormann, his secretary, his surgeon, Dr. Ludwig Stump-fegger, carried the bodies up the narrow stairway to the exits. There they soaked the bodies with many gallons of gasoline. At that moment, Russian shells started falling in the garden and Goebbels and Bormann stepped back into the entrance of the bunker. There they soaked a rag with gasoline, lit it and threw it on the bodies.

Several times during that afternoon and night, the charred bodies were again soaked in gasoline until there was nothing left of Hitler and Eva Braun but burned bones and bits of sinew. The bones were then broken into small pieces. The remaining cinders were disposed of.

They were hidden away. They have never been found. The Russians have dug up about 150 dead bodies in that garden, but found no trace of the Fuehrer. The ashes of Hitler are lost somewhere in the ashes of Berlin.

BUT let me try to convey the atmosphere of that chancellery garden which saw the luridly fantastic end of the man who set flowing such rivers and oceans of human tears as will never be measured.

Enter Berlin from the west, drive eastwards along the Charlottenburger Chaussee, one of the world's magnificent avenues, and you come to the famous Brandenburg Gate, opening into Unter den Linden. On the left is the Reichstag, burned in 1933 by Hermann Goering to give Hitler a pretext for outlawing the Communists. On the right is the Adlon hotel. Take the first turning to the right and walk down the ruins of the Wilhelmstrasse and you come to the chancellery, the grandiosity in marble that Hitler built for himself.

When I was in Berlin on May 9 to witness Germany's unconditional surrender, the vast halls and chambers of the chancellery were filled with rubble and gaping bomb holes. Now this has all been cleared away by the Russians and nothing remains but bare walls. The marble walls and long marble halls are full of echoing footsteps of gaping British and U. S. soldiers. "This was the Fuehrer's study," says the German policeman in charge. "And here is his bedroom." Now step out into the chancellery garden. It is still a scene of weird and haunting ruin—and, of course, it grips the imagination, because in it was played the last staggeringly improbable act of the war and because, there in front of you, is the spot where Hitler was cremated.

The garden is an appalling scene—the grave of grandeur and of egomania and the last battlefiel of the war. Every tree is broken and leafless. Every building in sight is in ruins. Here and there are graves of men of Hitler's bodyguard, buried where they fell. And there is every kind of debris. Your mind tries to

grasp the picture as it was when the Russians were fighting their way, house by house, toward the chancellery; when devotees were begging Hitler to leave and when no fewer than 20,000 guns—so the Russians tell me—were pounding the centre of Berlin.

WALK 50 yards to the plain concrete bunker, go down a few narrow flights of steps and you are in the chamber where Hitler and his intimates spent their last days amid a hurricane of steel. The grim asceticism of these underground cells is in striking contrast to the boastful magnificence of the chancellery a few yards away . . . here is where Goebbels and his wife and children took poison and died . . . here is where Bormann brooded and begged . . . and here is the tiny suite occupied by Hitler and Eva Braun—two bedrooms, two toilets, and a sitting-room. The sofa in Eva Braun's room, where they died, is still stained with blood. Everything else of interest or value has been smashed or removed by Russian troops. I wandered through there by the light of flashlight and reconstructed the last fearful days of the greatest drama of our times.

"Hitler's original intention," says the British document, "was to fly to Berchtesgarden on April 20 and from there continue the struggle. But when that day came he postponed his departure. On April 22, at about 4.30 p.m. he held a staff conference at which he made it clear to his advisers that he considered the war lost and announced that he intended to remain in Berlin to the last."

He had rejected the idea of a last stand in the Berchtesgarden redoubt. He had decided to die in Berlin. Goebbels—the high priest of the lie—decided to stay with Hitler and die with him. So did Eva Braun.

In actual truth, it was Eva Braun who persuaded Hitler to die in Berlin rather than escape to Berchtesgarden for a futile last stand. More than once she said: "Mein Fuehrer, the end has come. Die gloriously here in Berlin—and let me die in your arms."

Eva Braun was a typical German Nazi girl—a starry-eyed devotee, enthralled by Hitler's strange spell. For six years, she had been one of his intimates and the intimacy steadily became closer. But it seems to be a fact that in Hitler's case sex was sublimated into his vast egomania. Nevertheless egomaniac though he was, he needed a confidante—a feminine worshipper to whom he could open his heart. He said to one of his circle: "Eva believes in me. She is stronger than victory or defeat."

From the moment on April 22 when Hitler decided to die in Berlin, he never left the bunker. His state of mind seemed to improve. He was no longer apoplectic with anger against those whom he blamed for Germany's defeat—he blamed everybody but himself. He was calmer. He had made up his mind. "He still had tantrums," says the British document, "in which he recalled old treacheries and found new ones. But apart from the reported trembling of his hands, from which he had suffered for some time, and his general decrepitude, he was normal as ever in his mind."

ONE of the eye-witnesses, whose name can be mentioned, is Alfred Speer, Hitler's chief architect, with whom he had been making grandiose plans for a gigantic building programme for Germany. He was one of the faithful who stayed behind. He says that after Hitler made his decision to stay in Berlin, he actually became more hopeful.

According to Speer, Hitler began to say: "There is still a good chance that Gen. Wenck's 12th-army (which was reported erroneously to be within shelling distance of the Potsdammer Platz) may relieve Berlin."

"When I visited Hitler in the bunker on the night of April 23," said Speer, "he told me he had made complete plans for his suicide and for the destruction of his body by burning. He was calm, even elated. I begged him to change his mind and leave Berlin. He replied, 'My friend, this is the end. Say no more.'"

"On the evening of April 26," says the British major's statement, "Field Marshal Ritter von Greim

reported to Hitler's bunker to receive his commission as commander-in-chief on the German air force in succession to Hermann Goering, the latter having fallen into complete disfavour from Hitler a few days earlier.

"Hitler informed Von Greim, as he had Speer, that he had made all arrangements for the destruction of his body and that of Eva Braun so that they would not fall into enemy hands and so that nothing recognizable could remain. He gave Von Greim and Reitsch poison capsules. Such capsules already had been issued to all in the bunker."

The Reitsch referred to is a Nazi girl aviator named Hanna Reitsch—and she is another of the witnesses who can be named. Her job was piloting a communications aircraft between Hitler and 12th army headquarters, using the Charlottenburger Chaussee as a runway. She also begged to stay and die with Hitler but he sent her away.

On that same day, Russian tanks broke into the nearby Potsdammer Platz and Russian shells started falling in the chancellery garden and on the bunker. All hope of relief from Wenck's army was abandoned. On the morning of April 29, Hitler said to Goebbels, "It is time to die."

The night of April 29, Hitler married Eva Braun.

"She was a strange woman," the British major told me. "She spent most of her last day on earth polishing her nails and changing her dress. There is absolutely no doubt that her love for Hitler meant a great deal to him and helped sustain him. She it was who persuaded him to die in Berlin. Now she persuaded him to marry her before they died. Hitler consented."

WAS there ever a stranger wedding? It was the incredible climax of Hitler's incredible career. The marriage ceremony was performed by a minor official of the propaganda ministry. Goebbels, Bormann and five others were present in the little conference room outside Hitler's suite. The rest is told by Hitler's secretary, a girl whose name may not be given.

"As soon as the wedding ceremony was performed," she said, "Hitler and Eva Braun shook hands with Goebbels and the rest of us and then retired to their sitting-room for the wedding dinner. At the last minute, they invited me to dine with them. It was a terrible hour. Though I was with them, they didn't seem to see me. They talked of nothing but their coming suicide. I couldn't beat it. I excused myself and left the room. That was about midnight.

"None of us slept that night. At 2-30 a.m. Hitler came out of his room and went through the bunker saying good-bye. There were about 20 people, of whom 10 were women. Each of us gave the Hitler salute and then he shook hands with us. His hands were trembling but he was calm."

Hitler again retired to his own suite with his wife. He emerged suddenly and gave orders that his Alsatian dog, named Blondi, should be killed immediately.

At noon on April 30, Goebbels was summoned to Hitler's room. He came out a few minutes later and gave orders to the SS bodyguards to go to transport office under the chancellery and collect 200 litres of gasoline. They could find only 180 litres—about 40 gallons. This was placed at the exit from the bunker.

And now at about 2-30 p.m. Hitler and Eva Braun made their last appearance alive. They went around the bunker to shake hands with Hitler's immediate entourage, including Goebbels and Bormann. One witness reports that as the Fuehrer said good-bye to Goebbels, he said, "My faithful friend," and that Goebbels replied "Heil Hitler."

Adolf Hitler and his wife returned for the last time to their own apart-

ment. Goebbels, Bormann and Dr. Stumpfecker stood in the conference room waiting. Twenty minutes later, they heard a muffled explosion and pushed open the door.

Hitler had blown out his brains after watching Eva Braun die by poison. That is all that is known of the last moments of the man who had, in the space of 12 years, made Germany the most feared nation on earth and then led her to utter ruin. The two bodies were then burned beyond recognition and the charred bones scattered.

One witness who saw the burning tells a strange story: "When the shelling started," he relates, "I was in the garden behind the bunker. I crawled around carefully to get to the entrance. As I came around the corner, I saw the two bodies. Nobody was standing near them. I saw no one set fire to them. Yet suddenly, they burst into a great column of flame."

What happened, of course, was that the Russian shelling forced Goebbels and Bormann to step back into the shelter of the bunker, from which they threw a burning rag upon the bodies.

ONE day, I spent a weird half-hour finding my way along underground passages leading from Hitler's death cell to the chancellery. It was full of rubbish and water from damaged pipes. The sloshing sound of the water made strange echoes as I waded through it. T. S. Eliot's line kept going through my head: "I think I am in a rat's alley..." And as I emerged into the clearer air of the chancellery, I thought: "Perhaps the Russians are right. What does it matter how Adolf Hitler died?"
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I have always believed that man's real capital lies not in money or social eminence, but in the power his body possesses for responding to every experience of life. One hair of my beard is more dear to me than all the money that can be extracted from me. However, on the two occasions when my disorder has brought death alarmingly near, I learned that the senses in such hours of extremity are not to be trusted. They will all become panic-stricken, as though they were a bevy of oversensitive girls required against their wills to be present at a tragedy. In such a crisis it is the haughty mind that we must call up to steady these five cowardly slaves who stand huddled together, inactive and forlorn.—Llewelyn Powys

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

MR. W. G. MATTER'S article under the caption "A Searchlight on Marriage" in SWATANTRA of the 21st instant makes interesting reading, and furnishes a somewhat sombre background for the forthcoming reforms in divorce laws in Great Britain. His survey of the ills of married life would be found instructive in countries like ours which have lately adopted the common law for the regulation of marital relations.

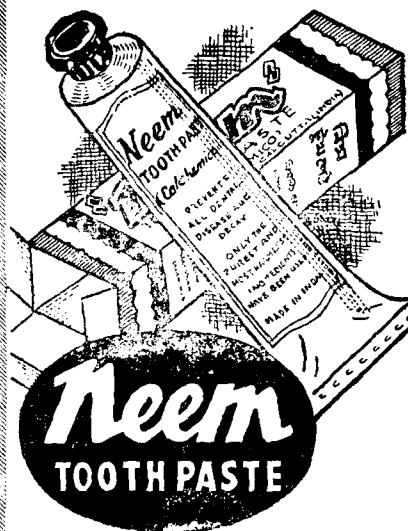
Marriage has from time immemorial been a recognised human institution making for the sanctity and stability of society and of civilized progress. Few countries have regarded it as other than a sacrament of utmost spiritual and mystic significance. It is a life long union, which Christians regard as "made in Heaven," and Hindus as the leading up to "*Brahmaloka avaptiyartham*", and necessarily also it is meant to be monogamous for either spouse. There has been a marked uniformity amongst the various religious denominations in regard to its minutiae. The Christian bridal pair who take their oath of fealty before the candles at the church congregation with great solemnity, is not far different from the Hindu groom receiving his bride before the holy fire. In fact, the discipline and austerity which in the good old days of Hindu ritual occupied four days, have been the best insurance against inconstancy and infidelity.

Though there had been an underlying core of uniformity amongst the various systems, the Hindu lawgivers had progressed far beyond even modern juristic notions in regard to marriage and its incidents. Mr. Justice Mack recently pointed out that in respect of bastardy laws, ancient Hindu jurisprudence had marched forward considerably. In regard to marriage, the Hindu Rishis brought up every kind of union between a male and female, (not amounting to incest) under

the ambit of lawful alliance and what was more, provided for the legitimacy of the offspring with a definite place for all varieties in the scheme of inheritance. They likewise provided for the re-marriage of women in five-fold emergencies. Nevertheless they accorded the highest priority to the Brahma form of marriage which is entered into purely in a holy spirit without any thought of monetary or other extraneous consideration. This more or less may be taken to resemble the modern "arranged" marriages with no stipulation for dowry. They had also prescribed the "Gandharva" type of marital union, which corresponds to the love-at-first-sight marriages. But after the bitter experience of Sakuntala, they came to interdict it during the Kali (or modern) age.

Western marriages have invariably been 'Gandharva' marriages and hence invariably also they have to carry with them instability and impermanence. One of their own poets was not far wrong when he sang: "love that is too hot and strong burneth soon to waste: love that lasteth till it is old fadeth not in haste." The result is that today western marriage institutions have become shaky enterprises, with a lot of ill-will and complications all round—out of which enterprising authors and publishers have not been slow in reaping a good harvest by their numerous publications on "know-how" techniques and books of advice on the most natural of human institutions. Not that the ingrained habits of the people always encourage breaking up of marriages or married couples. Even in England, the very idea of a widow re-marrying had once been abhorrent: in fact Shakespeare had built up his greatest tragedy around one such instance. In comparatively recent times, a king had to renounce his throne to marry a divorcee. Incidentally it may be mentioned that English monarchs cannot even now marry

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of their own choice, if the candidate is not acceptable to the governing class.

DIVORCE in the West had been discounted in early times and was effected only with the mediation of the Pope and the Church but gradually the courts came to be invested with the jurisdiction. The statute provided for it and it became easy for either spouse to urge one or two grounds and then sunder the union. This ultimately lent itself to grave abuses because people who could not get on well together had to seek umbrage under the provisions of the law, and hence in not a few instances, had even to collude and concoct evidence: with the result that as a British judge publicly complained a year ago, perjury is rampant in the divorce courts. This is the root evil which has to be tackled, and any attempt either to cut down or amplify the existing grounds of divorce will only mean greater scope for false evidence and worse. Another circumstance has also to be adverted to. Divorce cases are tried publicly, and though newspaper reports have recently been banned, their narration in the law reports could not be prevented; and this has also helped to introduce greater laxity in the sanctity of marriage. Hence any well thought out reform would have to provide for the elimination of public trials for this particular branch of disputes; because as one writer put it, it is scandalous that sensitive people who are seeking the aid of law should be forced to endure an ordeal for the pleasure of those who have nothing to do with the case. Mrs. Arnold Nasa of the U. S. A. who had recently been in this city, has propounded a proposal for establishing "family counselling centres," which would help a married couple to understand each other's problem in the right perspective with the object of achieving conjugal harmony and happiness and the promotion of emotional understanding and ultimately the bringing together of a differing couple. This proposal is intrinsically sound and well worth a trial. The jurists of the Haldane Society have made a striking contribution

to the solution of the manifold problems arising out of matrimonial discord, and their suggestions in this behalf merit anxious consideration. Divorce, they say, is not to be a prize to be obtained exclusively only if certain rigid conditions are fulfilled. Good marriage is achieved when the separate individuality of the spouses grows into a community of body, mind and soul. As a rule, the spouses desire a permanent and good marriage but if in spite of all they could do, they do not succeed, they have a right to expect that their marriages should be dissolved with dignity and without a public trial which "outrage loyalty, good manners and common honesty." The present divorce laws force people who do not love one another to remain together either in sin or frustration. Their main recommendation is for the institution of divorce by consent. They proceed on the principle that the couple are the best judges of whether they can get on well together. If they think not, they should be enabled to approach the judge in chambers on a joint application, which should be heard privately. If the judge is satisfied that there had been no undue pressure and that the consent of either spouse had been freely given and also that the interests of children have been safeguarded, a decree should be granted, followed up 6 months later by a decree absolute. There is a somewhat analogous provision in regard to the Parsees in our country; the statute definitely provides that the hearing should be "within closed doors." This system is said to obtain in Norway and Sweden; and it is rightly claimed that the procedure will obviate much of the squalor, collusion and perjury in the courts.

The wisdom of these proposals could hardly be better vouched than by a case decided in Madras recently, where a couple both of whom were high placed in society have had to fight each other in the courts to the bitter end for 7 years now, and yet have to live together, being unable to obtain divorce under the restricted provisions of the law.

REFORMERS of marriage laws ought to remember that conjugal felicity could not be promoted by adding more grounds for divorce or for investing divorce courts with greater jurisdiction over the affairs of the husbands and wives. Marriage is an intimate personal affair and is bound to come into its own sooner or later. Even in England, in peak years, unhappy homes form only 0.07% of the adult population, as the figures provided by Mr. Matters themselves indicate. The remedy lies probably in reducing the number of "Gandharva" marriages to a minimum, but apparently having regard to the social and economic conditions of the people, such a rough and ready method cannot probably be thought of. It is however heartening to find that at a recent symposium of the Madras Branch of the British Council, a very large majority of girl students of the collegiate classes in the city voted for "arranged" marriages in preference to "love" marriages. And that certainly is a happy augury for this country and an object lesson for their sisters abroad, who can well aspire to be Mirandas rather than Desdemonas. India is a land of conjugal felicity of which her greatest wonder, the Taj, is a standing monument, and hence she is in a highly favoured position to teach the West in this respect.

The earth belongs to the living, not to the dead. The will and the power of man expire with his life, by nature's law. Some societies gave it an artificial continuance, for the encouragement of industry; some refuse it, as our aboriginal neighbours, who we call barbarians. The generations of men may be considered as bodies or corporations. Each generation has the usufruct of the earth during the period of its continuance. When it ceases to exist, the usufruct passes on to the succeeding generation, free and unencumbered, and so on, successively from one generation to another forever.—Thomas Jefferson

THE CROSSWORD FAN

What had happened to him? What had happened to the whole house? What were they quarrelling about?

HE was sure he would win that crossword, for he was convinced he had lots of commonsense. He had so much commonsense that he never asked his wife about her fortune in order not to show that he was interested in money, and then when he found out she had none, he had the commonsense not to say anything for anyway it was too late. He was sure he would get the first prize, for he needed exactly the amount of the first prize, he was not interested in any of the runner up prizes, these he left for others less intelligent than he.

He knew precisely what he was going to do with the 50,000 rupees he would win. He would buy a small house in some posh quarter, he was quite fed up with this cramped apartment he had been living in for the last ten years with his wife and four children. He would move into one of those nice suburbs where houses are surrounded by huge gardens, where you can have tea in the afternoon on the lawn and where children are noiseless because they play in the backyard. Of course he would have to buy a car, not a big one, just big enough to impress the neighbourhood. He had not decided yet what the colour of the car should be. For this he had to consult his wife, she knew better, and even if she didn't, it was always better to consult her first.

"Darling, would you like to have a red car?" he said.

"A red car? What for?"

"Oh, just for you and me."

"You and me?"

"And what about the children?"

"Never mind about that now. Would you like—?"

"How can you say such a thing? Of course I mind about the children. You don't think of leaving the children at home, do you?"

"No, I shall not leave them at home, but for heaven's sake tell me would you like—"

"But how are we going to take the four of them at a time? We need quite a large car for that, don't we?"

He had not thought about that, but maybe she was right after all as she always was. He hesitated a moment, then tried timidly:—

"Perhaps we could manage with a small car, you see, we would both sit in front and the four kids at the rear."

"The four kids at the rear? In a small car—you are crazy—they would be packed like sardines. We would be the joke of the neighbourhood. It would be a horrible humiliation for me. How can you think of such a thing? After all these years—"

And she went on sobbing and reminded him of all she had done for him and how she had loved him all these years and how she had made a man of him. And now he wanted to ridicule her in front of her neighbours, make them think they were misers. To do such a thing to her, his own wife, the mother of his children!

"All right," he interrupted her in an exasperated voice, "let it be a big car. All I wanted to know was whether you would like it to be red."

"What do I care if it's red or blue, as long as I choose it?"

Yes, of course, he didn't think of such a simple solution. He would let her choose the colour as she pleased, that would be much safer for him. He admired her wits, yes, after all why should they discuss the colour

SHORT STORY-Y

By

MOSHE TARANTO

now?—they would both go to the shop, she would choose, and he would pay. It was as simple as that. It should have occurred to him before. Well, it was good she always thought of these things.

"You know," he said, "we should also buy a bicycle for the children to play in the garden."

"A bicycle," she cried, "you want them to drive me mad? They will keep riding out of the garden, on the main road, they will have an accident, maybe, poor darlings—what shall I do? How am I going to protect them from all these dangers?"

"Stop this nonsense, will you? A bicycle has never been a danger to anybody, if you can ride it properly. Why, I myself had a bicycle, and sometimes I used to make deliveries for the grocer around the corner and make some money out of it."

"What? You want my children to be delivery boys? I shall hear no more of it!"

"Hold your horses, I never said such a thing, I just tried to explain that it didn't harm to have a bicycle and I am sure that the children would be very happy if I bought them one."

As he was finishing his sentence, their elder son entered the room, and quickly asked:

"Are you going to buy me a bicycle, dad?"

"No," said the mother, "nobody is going to buy any bicycle for anybody."

"Why, mum?"

"Run along," said the father, "can't you see your mother is upset?"

"But," said the boy, "I would like so much to have a bicycle, you know, Elmer Smith, the fellow who sits near me on the bench, he got a bicycle last week for his birthday, and what a bicycle, it was so beautiful, with two bells and an electric lamp, and a pump."

His wide open eyes were shining at the enchanting vision, and the whole household, including the two younger brothers and the little girl who had joined in, hung on his words. Then the little girl asked hopefully:—

"Will you let me ride your bicycle, Joe?"

"And what about me?" asked one of the younger boys.

"I want a bicycle too," exclaimed the other.

"It's *my* bicycle," said Joe defensively, "I won't let you ride my bicycle, you would break it."

"I want a bicycle too," insisted his brother.

The father tried to calm them down. He tried at first to reason with them gently:—

"Now, now, children, don't get excited, everybody is going to ride the bicycle!"

"No, it's *mine*," said Joe.

"There won't be any bicycle in my house," shouted the mother.

And then the children started crying, and the mother went on shouting, and the father found himself yelling. And then he slapped one of the boys who was nearer to him and sent them all to their room without dinner.

When they had left, he found himself again, face to face with his wife.

"It's all your fault," she said accusingly, "it was your idea to have the poor children break their necks with a bicycle!"

"If you don't shut up, it's your neck I'm going to break!" he said. He was suddenly amazed at his own boldness.

She sank speechless in an arm-chair.

AND then he began thinking. What had happened to him? What had happened to the whole house? What were they quarrelling about? The fifty thousand rupees—that shouldn't be a cause of quarrel, on the contrary, everybody should be happy about it. He decided that he would make everybody happy. Yes, but how?

He couldn't sleep that night. But in the morning his troubles were over, for when he checked the result of the crossword, he realized that in No. 1 Across he had written DREAM instead of CREAM.

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THE Sitwells—two brothers and a sister—Osbert, Sacheverell, and Edith—are established reputations in the English literary world today; mention of one brings instantly to mind the other two: Osbert holding the four-fold distinction of poet, essayist, biographer, novelist; Sacheverell, specialist in the baroque in architecture and music, and Edith, a major voice and one of the superb melodists in English poetry.

It is with Sir Osbert that we are at the moment concerned.

He was born in 1892. His father Sir George Sitwell, Bt., owned vast landed property in Derbyshire. "His mother Lady Ida, was the daughter of Lord Londesborough, and the great-grand-daughter of the Marchioness Conyngham, the lady whose company was a solace to King George IV in his declining years." Renishaw, the country house of the Sitwell family was one of the stately homes of England and here Sir George reigned, a domestic tyrant, "whose ignorance of other people's natures was matched only by his desire to bend them to his will." But Lady Ida was just the reverse of her husband,—affectionate, tenderhearted, demonstrative, and she, it seems, "indulged in unashamed tears" when Osbert was put at the age of eleven in a preparatory school—"the model prison" of the young. Then came Eton, the English school-life to which the aristocratic lad felt an intense dislike. On leaving Eton he served as an officer in the British army fighting with his regiment in France in the Kaiser Carnage of 1914.

With a war in the offing what can I do that matters? a modern poet has asked. From the moment he started to write, Sir Osbert makes the avowal that what mattered to him even in the midst of a worldscale



Sir Osbert Sitwell

destruction was that his life had discovered its main purpose. His vision was clear. The genre of much of his earlier writing is satirical finding its medium in vigorous verse—unpalatable to high-brows and low-brows alike—as was exemplified in *Wheels*, issued annually and edited by sister Edith (now Dr.) as a *contrecoup* to Georgian Poetry. He issued his poems singly, along with those of his sister, and then with his younger brother's—all three of them together in a collection. They leaped down upon the public from a common springboard, ruthless in their outspokenness.

Let us prune the tree of language
Of its dead fruit.
Let us melt up the clichés
Into molten metal;
Fashion weapons that will scald
and flay;
Let us curb this eternal humour
And become witty.

—so wrote Osbert Sitwell, at the conclusion of the Armistice, in 'How Shall We Rise to Greet the Dawn?' Between 1920 and 1930 he published, —excluding volumes of verse—important prose works namely, *Triple Fugue* (short stories), in 1924; *Discursions on Travel, Art and Life*, in 1925, with Southern Italy and parts of Germany providing the scenes; *Before the Bombardment*, in 1926,—a novel whose background is Scarborough—that famous watering place where he had spent some of his boyhood and youth—which was bombed by German cruisers at the close of 1914; *All at Sea*, in 1927, a Play sub-titled A Social Tragedy in Three Acts for First Class Passengers Only, written in collaboration with Sacheverell; *The Man Who Lost Himself*, in 1929, another novel; *Dumb Animal* a second collection of short stories, in 1930. Following these were *Dickens* (1932), a brief but admirable sketch of the great Victorian novelist whose "courageous observation verged continually on prophecy;" *Winters of Content* published in the same year, again discursions on Travel Art, and Life, made from a journey through Italy, showing his advance as a describer which had distinguished his previous work of the same kind. In the course of a half decade beginning from 1933 with *Miracle on Sinai*, a satirical novel, there were *Brighton*, recapturing the social history of the town—with special reference to architecture—during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, produced in joint authorship with Margaret Barton; *Penny Foolish*, a book of Tirades and Panegyrics; *Those Were the Days*, a novel. *Escape With Me!*, a delightful travelogue recording a journey to China, succeeded this novel in 1939; other volumes of short stories, *Open the Door!*, *A Place of One's Own*, a ghost story which bore the amusing note,—“the ghosts in this story are purely fictitious and any of them attempting to materialise outside it will be prosecuted for fraud;” *The True Story of Dick Whittington*, a Christmas story for Cat Lovers, and *Death of A God* in which were included the stories of *Open the Door!*, the long ghost story,

with an additional new one 'Staggered Holiday' appeared between 1941 and 1949. Included also in this period are a Play *Gentle Caesar*, written with R. J. Minney, (author of the novel *Distant Drums* which the reader might recall had India for its setting and Mr. Minney was for sometime editor of the *Englishman* published from Calcutta), *A Letter to My Son*, (essay) *Sing High! Sing Low!* (essays), *The Novels of George Meredith*, and *Some Notes on the English Novel*. But the crown and fulfilment of Sir Osbert's authorship is his *magnum opus*, the autobiographical volumes numbering five: the first, *Left Hand! Right Hand!* published in 1945; the second, *The Scarlet Tree*, in 1946; the third, *Great Morning*, in 1948; the fourth, *Laughter in the Next Room*, in 1949; the fifth and final, *Noble Essences*, in 1950. Spacious in conception and execution, these volumes are a triumph of serenity over complexity, glowing, graceful, genial—a remarkable success story of one who had to fight against odds in his private as well as public life and who never sucked up to popularity. Says Sir Osbert: "I belonged by birth, education, nature, outlook, and period to the pre-war era, a proud citizen of the great free world of 1914, in which comity prevailed." When still very young he had discovered his purpose in life; his was the splendour of detachment, his the superiority of the humane aristocrat.

"... I retain a Victorian esteem for the triumphs of the human spirit and regard achievement in the arts as the highest form of human endeavour and reward, assessing Shakespeare—as I have written elsewhere—as a much greater victory for the English people than ever was Blenheim or Waterloo... That, I think, is why I began to write—why I began to write short stories is another matter."

This quotation comes from Sir Osbert's introductory essay to his *Collected Stories*, thirty-one of them, short and long-short, the short running to an average of six pages (demy) and the long short from twenty to seventy-five. And as to why he began to write short stories here are the reasons: "firstly because novels and short stories had always been my

favourite reading; secondly, because I wanted to escape for a while from the orbit and range—I nearly wrote *rage*—of the poetry reviewers who had been the only critics concerned with my work so far; and thirdly, because I designed to save my stories for my own pen, since a friend of mine, a well-known author, a charming man and a truly appreciative listener, had taken to writing the tales I could not resist relating to him, and to producing them either as his own short stories, or as episodes in the witty, rather bumpy novels he wrote." Might one guess: Was it Ronald Firbank, the gilded butterfly?

When Sir Osbert began to write—he published his first volume of stories at the age of thirty-two—the masters of the short story were Rudyard Kipling, Somerset Maugham, and D. H. Lawrence, his seniors by twenty-seven, eighteen, and seven years respectively, not to speak of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and John Galsworthy, besides several other experimentalists. Perhaps the most typical of all British short story writers of the period was Hector Hugh Munro who wrote under the pen-name of 'Saki,' noted for his wit, brevity, and subtle cruelty—qualities in the make-up of a tale whose mode is still in favour in the present day. But much as he admired Kipling and Maugham and Walter de la Mare, and many other practitioners in this medium, Sir Osbert disliked the idea of setting for himself any model; his notion of the short story was akin to that of a poem—language, theme and form integrating to achieve perfection. "I am an author who, for better or worse, cannot write without making of what he is writing a work of art," he tells us, and brings to his task as a short story writer two positive gifts: "a love and understanding of human beings . . . and a certain useful vanity." Well, a style full of light and learning born out of these gifts has set his seal indelibly on his stories, so various in mood and movement, point and purpose, grouping scenes and presenting people as they are—which made Arnold Bennett comment sharply:

"The man describes characters instead of showing them." Sir Osbert is uninterested in human character for its own sake and hence his are not social protest stories. As a critic has said: "Like his seniors Norman Douglas and the ever fascinating Sir Max Beerbohm and his contemporary William Plomer, Sir Osbert looks back to the post-prandial urbanity of the eighteenth century while practising the economy of the twentieth." In the single volume in which are assembled all Sir Osbert's stories in their entirety there are two sorts of displays: one in which he is the conqueror of words and the other where words are his conqueror—all style and no plot, and style and plot beautifully blended. For the spice of variety—*The Love Bird* is an exquisite parable, powerfully done; *Primavera*, uncommonly sinister, the boy Pancrazio spitting out "words and phrases of the most obscene and erotic significance" taught him by Miss Miranda Starbottle, "a typical late-Victorian spinster of seventy . . . frozen into whalebone stays and layers of thick clothes;" *Triple Fugue*, a brilliant study in human eccentricity; the most jovial 'You Can Carry It, Mrs. Parkin'; *The Greeting*, so blood-curdlingly weird; *Death of A God*, a little masterpiece—portrait of a vanished epoch, giving a horrible inkling into the behaviour of adolescent girls when faced with the essence of maleness. I read this story when it first appeared in *John O' London's Weekly* for January 31, 1941—the time when Britain was passing through the Nazi blitz—and it has haunted me since like a muted cataract. The story centres round a Mr. Snowberry, "the local god of time," whose business it is to wind the clocks of the great English country houses, which he does every day in the week, locality after locality, winding his own, perhaps, on Sunday. While on the job driving his pony cart in the neighbourhood of Renishaw one day, he sees two young girls pelting a billy-goat with stones and he, a lover of animals, is shocked at the sight of this wanton cruelty, pulls up, shouts at them, and is about to jump out of the cart to prevent

them from torturing the helpless beast, when in their fright they hurl a stone at him which hits the pony and he is thrown out and killed instantly. It is harrowing: the man, the goat, the girls etched with such quiet vehemence against a vista exhaling "a primitive Noah's-ark charm." Runs the narrative:

He was driving quietly along, when suddenly he saw before him a white billy-goat tethered tight, but wildly running round a post, rearing up in pain and then jumping down again on its four cloven feet; a pure white goat that was like a flame in its proud, white maleness against the dark green of trees and grass. In front of the animal were two girls, fourteen or fifteen, with flaxen and tow-coloured hair of the countryside, rolling with lewd, brutish laughter, and aiming as hard as they could at the most vital part of the goat's body. Something in the masculinity of the goat maddened them beyond bearing, for they were at that queer stage of adolescence when young girls are no longer themselves, no longer individuals, their consciousness joining that of all young female things, so that they are able, as we see from time to time in the cases of haunting by poltergeists, to produce psychic phenomena mysteriously and with an inexplicable ease. They were laughing under the influence of some horrible kind of intoxication or control—perhaps at other moments they were good children, perhaps they would grow up to be reasonable human beings, but now they were possessed. The god Pan was loose in them, and they were in reality crucifying that which was within themselves.

The autobiographical element in the story is unmistakable. Sir Osbert recalls the year 1916 when he came home to England ill from the war-front. Mr. Snowberry, he says, is much upset at the murder of the Austrian archduke "who had often been entertained in one of Mr. Snowberry's palaces . . . shot while driving in an open motor-car through a distant Mohammedan town." A simple tale with the prodigiousness of history. A harking-back to the First World War in the beginning of the Second. *Death of A God* is a gem, unique in the British section of the world's short stories.

With no whipped-up passion, no undue assault on the finer sensibilities, no cheap wisecracks or rhetori-

cal fireworks that differentiate short fiction—apart from that of the masters—one from the other in the American and European countries, Sir Osbert Sitwell remains solidly British in his stories, a craftsman of the highest order, a commanding figure in modern English literature.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

The Time of Indifference

By Alberto Moravia

Secker & Warburg, London

12s 6d

MY first knowledge of Signor Alberto Moravia, the Italian author, was through his novel, *Wheel of Fortune*, an English translation of which Messrs. Cassell published in January 1938, nearly sixteen years ago now. In one's youth it was tremendously exciting to come across a wholesale shattering of the conventional ideas of mankind and its morals; Signor Moravia was thirty-years old then and he provided the excitement to its fullest measure in the novel. In the course of a decade and a half, *The Fancy Dress Party*, *Agostino*, *The Woman of Rome*, *Disobedience*, *Conjugal Love*, *The Conformist* have been his other productions in fiction; but the growing years do not seem to have sobered him to any sort of synthesis. His deep awareness of essential psychology propels him to revelations resembling volcanic eruptions, darkly, desperately pessimistic. He has been compared with Dostoevsky which largely, is not incorrect.

The Time of Indifference, is an early work of Moravia's—written when he was twenty-two—and one sees here the fruiting early of his powers that went to make his fiction which is outstanding in Italian literature today. It is autobiographical, as its intensity reddening its carnality testifies. Woman arises out of this study of a young man's indifference as a very selfish creature. The milieu is drab middle class, with a rich businessman as the dominant figure, dividing his sensuality between mother and daughter. Only he, of all persons in the story knows what he wants and takes it. He has no time to stand and stare. He is a

businessman. The emotional warmth and ardour of the novel never slackens. Mr. Angus Davidson has done the English translation.

I. S. M.

The Greatness of Siva Mahimnastava of Puspadanta
With the Commentary of Jagannatha Chakravarti
Translated with Commentary by Arthur Avalon
(Third Edition, Revised & Enlarged)
Together with the Sanskrit Commentary of Sararthadipika
Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Ltd., Madras 17
Rs. 3

COMPOSED in honour of God Siva by a great Gandharva devotee, Puspadanta, these thirty-five stanzas are full of devotion and self-surrender. Arthur Avalon's English rendering is readable though not highly poetic in structure. His notes in explaining the philosophic intricacies of the poet's thoughts are clear.

In this land of sacred hymns sung to a million deities and more, the One Force, Siva-Tattva, has its own advocates. What have we but hymns to guide us before we experience the sweetness and light of Nirguna Brahman?

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

TELUGU

Mahaika
By Kavirajamurthi
Praja Sahitya Parishad, Khammameth
Rs. 2

THE author of this book is one of the hundreds of poets who are trying to write for more than a decade like Sri Sri—the pioneer who started a new school of writing Telugu poetry—seeking to emulate his artful modification of rhythm and metre. The only common point between Sri Sri and his imitators is this: they all champion the cause of the poor and hungry, the distressed and downtrodden. But when it comes to a question of translating their feelings into poetry we notice their utter poverty of expression, whereas we acknowledge the supremacy of Sri Sri, his control over words, his technique of using pure and restrained

symbolism to convey powerful ideas. It is this we miss in his imitators, the author of the present work being no exception.

N. V. G. S.

DISSOLUTION

FROM the market place of the gods,
away from the festival of the souls,
I quit
my own home
in her very surrender
for her own loveliness.

She bought me,
and he gave me to her
in silence and in smiles,
accepting no price
but the fidelity
and devotion
of a long wedded wife.

She bought me
and secluded me for a while
to build a coffin of bones;
she imprisoned me
and grew restless;

she waited for a star,
she waited for a month,
she waited for a day,
she waited for an hour,
she but waited to be rid of me,
and I was out one morn,
and she taught me to beg,
to beg for her breasts
with a cry
only she could understand!

I cried, I begged;
I begged and I grew;
I grew to beg
at every stage.

He and she:
he gave me without a form;
she took me
and gave me to the world
with patience and with pride;
he and she
I am.

When my coffin of bones is burnt
then would I disown the world;
still she owns me,
and her ashes in the sea
will claim my ashes.

In the market place of the gods
there is a festival of the souls,
of men and beasts,
of birds and worms
running through Eternity.
I get into that crowd
and lose my identity.

MUKUNDA

FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

A year ago, music was being tabooed in film discussions and the producers were hopeful that the day when they will make pictures without songs was not far off. In fact, some producers had announced their plan to produce a picture without song. Today, no producer can even think of such a blasphemy; after the phenomenal success of *Anarkali* and *Baiju Banwara* music and songs have become all-important again.

As a result no producer can dare think today of making pictures without a song. Raj Kapoor who launched *Boot Polish* without a song has gradually come to the conclusion of incorporating eight songs in the picture. In *Shri 420* he plans to have ten song-numbers. K. A. Abbas who was thinking of doing away with songs is planning to make *Mr. 1954* a musical hit. Shantaram is making preparations to launch a musical story of a dancer's life; and Sohrab Modi who made the fatal mistake of not having any song in *Jhansi Ki Rani* is contemplating to start a musical picture almost immediately. Sadiq who has suffered a set-back with a number of flops is hoping to make another *Rattan* in *Shabab* with the help of Naushad and a legendary romance as the basis of his story.

Thus the position of music is once again fully entrenched and for some years at least we cannot hope to have a picture without songs.

Next to music, romance is again on the anvil. For it has been proved again by *Anarkali* and *Baiju Banwara* that nothing succeeds at the box office better than romance. And so we find that all the classic patterns of romance like *Heer Ranza*, *Laila Majnu*, *Shirin Farhad*, *Lala Rukh* and *Shashi Punhu* are being made

again, some in their original garb and some in the new garb to suit the times.

So whatever progress we may have achieved through *Do Bigha Zamin* and other pictures, thanks to the box-office verdict in favour of *Anarkali* our producers seem to be determined to abandon progress and realism for the success assured by escapist musical romances. Happily all the producers are not carried away by this formula; still they have a hope that they can make purposeful pictures and also succeed at the box office. They are trying to blend all the trick of entertainment and yet retain the basic purpose of the social theme; but unless their efforts succeed in a big way like *Anarkali*, the present backward trend of movies will continue and soon we will be producing nothing else but *Gulbakawali* and its prototypes.

Picture Of The Week

AT last the international award winner John Huston's *Moulin Rouge* has come to India; and thanks to the popularity of Jose Ferrar it has been given a warm reception.

The creator of such different types of pictures as *Treasure of Sierre Madre*, *Asphalt Jungle* and *African Queen* has this time chosen the story of the crippled artist Toulouse-Lautrec who by his wonderful paintings made *Moulin Rouge*, a night club, so famous for his film vehicle and again succeeded in giving us a very human and aesthetically beautiful picture.

According to some critics, John Huston's screen version is not as good as the novel by Pierre La Mure. Not having not read the novel, I am in no position to compare the two; but as it is I feel that the film is quite beautiful, deserving all the prizes.

John Huston captures the gay atmosphere of Paris sixty years ago and uses technicolour for the first time perhaps in his career to capture the steamy muted shades as well as hot pinks of Lautrec's palette. For the first time, technicolour gives a realistic tone to the picture which in a way deals with different colours as imagined by the celebrated painter. He also makes an excellent use

of sketches and paintings and in the last scene in which as the lovable characters—dancers and singers of Moulin Rouge—come to life, bidding farewell to the dying painter is perhaps the best specimen of John Huston's subtle art.

The story itself is very human and touching. Lautrec, son of a nobleman, has an accident in childhood which deforms him for life. He is a dwarf and he feels that no woman would ever love him. He leaves his home, goes to Paris and leads a lovely life in the gayest city of the world. And yet when he meets a street-walker and gives her refuge, he falls in love with her hopelessly, only to realise that she does not love him. Later he meets a mannequin who is very affectionate to him; but thanks to his disappointment in his first love he is unable to realize that a girl can love him and when he does, it is too late. Denied all normal pleasures, he seeks escape in drinks and frustration makes him drink more and more with the result that ultimately he drinks himself to death!

This story of an 'ugly' man who painted beautifully has all the poignancy of a great tragedy; and yet it is presented almost without any gushing sentimentalism. Throughout the painter wears the cloak of cynicism to hide his true emotions; and in the picture, the screenplay and acting also tend more towards witty cynicism missing the inherent pathos of the character. And yet Jose Ferrer's performance is not merely a physical achievement; there are moments when his performance rises to great heights. He is of course best in delivering devastating witty dialogue; his comment on love, woman and art are both pungent and delightful. Especially his retort to a woman who finds his painting vulgar that it is a product of the beholder's imagination is very striking. The performances of Collette Marchand who plays the role of street-walker, Suzanne Flon who plays the attractive and sedate mannequin and Zsa Zsa Gabor who is cast as the singing star of Moulin Rouge are equally brilliant.

Indeed, *Moulin Rouge* is one of the best foreign pictures made in recent years.

Personality Of The Week

“WHY didn't you come to the premiere of such and such picture? Since you were acting in it, I thought you would be there.”

“You know, Sathe, I don't attend premieres of pictures for which I am not paid. Whenever you do not see me, be sure I have not been paid.”

This is the reply I got from K. N. Singh and with his permission I am quoting it here. He also told me that during the past year he had worked in more pictures than he ever did before in any other year and he added that during the past year he made less money than in any other previous year. The producers just do not pay, he complained, and gave me a long list of them who had not paid him. He thought that a few of them were genuine and he had respect for them; for others, he had no compassion.

These bitter words coming from an artiste like K. N. Singh really sums up the present-day condition of the industry. Tall, dark (rather too dark) hefty K. N. Singh is known for being a most accommodative, co-operative and sensible artiste. Educated, he comes from a well known family from Dehra Dun and hardly looks like a film actor. Anglecized in his habits and manners he is more at home speaking in English than even Hindustani. Singh came into limelight in New Theatres' *Vidyapathi* in which he played the Senapati's role. Like Prithviraj who has been his neighbour and friend Singh migrated to Bombay and specialized in the role of the sophisticated villain in pictures like *Apni Nagarian*. Later he played all kinds of roles in all kinds of pictures; but mostly he continued to be the “bad man” of the movies. One of his best performances, I think, was in *Ishara*. He did another good role in *Jwarbhata* and then in *Laila Majnu*. In *Barsaat* and *Awaara* he was equally successful; but his performance in *Andhiyan* was really remarkable. Given a role that suits him and enthuses him, he has always done adequate justice to it. He is

not a genius; and he has no false illusions about himself. Like Jairaj and David, his two pals, he is a good actor and, what is more, a cultured sociable gentleman. When even he has started becoming bitter against producers, it is apparent that there is something genuinely wrong with our producers and that quite a number of undesirable persons have become producers. And as K. N. Singh says, the moment the industry gets rid of such producers it will make progress in the right direction. There is a great deal of truth in what he says; and if the producers take heed of his warning, they will do a great service to themselves and the industry.

News Of The Week

ON Friday 20th November, two new pictures went on the floors. At Famous Cine Laboratory, Director Rawail launched *Black and White*

Movies' *Mastana* starring Motilal and Nigar; at Eastern Studios director Shamsuddin launched Hindustan Arts' *Jashan* written by Krishan Chander, starring Vyjayanthimala, Karan Dewan.

Sohrab Modi is again thinking of producing the biography of *Ghalib*, the screenplay of which was written by S. H. Munto for him years ago.

Pancholi has almost completed *Bhaisaheb*. He will be soon launching a Muslim social written by Akhtar Mirsa. Nimmi is likely to play the leading role. Ravindra Dave will direct. Kamal Amrohi's next picture will be also a Muslim social story.

Bimal Roy has secured the rights to produce *Devdas* from New Theatres. He intends to produce it again with an all star cast and hopes to cast Dilip as Devdas and Meena Kumari as Paro.

NEW BOOKS

Russell's Encyclopaedia of English Literature , Edited by S. H. Steinberg, 2 vols.	Rs. 63
The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir	Rs. 37- 8 as
Humanities: Essays by Desmond MacCarthy	Rs. 11- 4 as
Publish and Be Damned! The astonishing story of “Daily Mirror” by Hugh Cudlipp	Rs. 9- 6 as
Scheherezade: Tales from A Thousand and One Nights , Translated by Prof. A. J. Arberry	Rs. 11- 4 as
Come, My Beloved: A New Novel by Pearl Buck	Rs. 9- 6 as
Low Visibility: A Cartoon History by David Low	Rs. 9- 6 as
Problems of Economic Union by J. E. Meade	Rs. 7- 2 as
Laughter and Applause: Anecdotes for Speakers Compiled by Allan M. Laing	Rs. 6- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82 A ROYAPETTAH HIGH ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

By P. N. SAMPATH

SCIION of a noble stock, son of Motilal, scholar in sociology, soldier *par excellence* of the freedom struggle, stolid patriot *sans peur et sans reproche*, successor to the Mahatma, soul and spearhead of Asian resurgence, supreme arbiter still of the hopes and aspirations of about a fifth of the human race, Pandit Nehru at sixty-four, inevitably and indubitably, is one of the most dynamic personalities of the twentieth century. No praise can be too high for the industry, probity and self-abnegation of our Prime Minister. He is an incarnation of the unity of the Nation, of the secular concept underlying our Republic, and is a reconciler of all conflicts and ideologies. His mental make-up is the quintessence of Eastern culture overlaid with what is best in Western character and thought.

Pandit Nehru's genial good humour, his ebullience of spirit, his youthful vigour and his affection towards children are all delectable facets of his character we very well know of. He is not a humdrum politician. Cheerfulness in his hands is not a penny whistle but a trumpet. Despite occasional fits of temper, he is the most likeable of our politicians.

In the words of Walter Lippmann, "The politician stirs up a following, but the statesman leads it." Pandit Nehru never angled for popularity either among his own countrymen or outside India. Popularity came to him unsolicited. He is the biggest public attraction in the country. He is also the champion vote-catcher. He is the Congress mascot during election time.

His popularity is not confined to India. No statesman of a foreign nation, not even the irresistible Winston Churchill got such a tremendous welcome at the hands of the common people of America as Nehru did when he had been there. Nehru is comparable in stature to only two among the living leaders of the world, viz., Winston Churchill and

Mao Tse Tung. Winston Churchill, the knight-errant and watchdog of British Imperialism, the most exquisite word-spinner since the days of Fox and Sheridan, Burke and Disraeli, whose indomitable prowess during the battle of Britain will be told and retold in the annals of history, does not possess Nehru's humanity. His is a narrow vision comparatively. His horizon is limited to what will serve the supreme interests of his Island Kingdom, and it does not go beyond that. While he is the trumpet-major of Colonialism, Nehru is its inveterate enemy. Nehru is a true internationalist, a living embodiment of the late Wendell Wilkie's conception of a world citizen. Churchill's intrepidity is matched by Nehru's innate sincerity; Churchill's doggedness by Nehru's dynamic manysidedness.

AS a man of action, Nehru pales before China's Mao Tse Tung. Nehru is dynamic in thought but anaemic in action. Nehru's lofty idealism, his comprehensive knowledge of the social and political history of the nations of the world, his breadth of vision, his high intellectualism and his emotional conceptionalism are all his strong points. But ideals without effectiveness tend to futility. With all his merits, Nehru is an ineffectual angel beating his wings in vain. Mao is not as accomplished as Nehru is. He is a plebeian whereas Nehru is an aristocrat by birth and breeding. But Mao has wrought a metamorphosis in the Chinese mainland in such a short span as four years. Problems there will be, but none insuperable, once it becomes a question of 'we must.' Mao has galvanized the people of China to new endeavours and worthy enterprises. People foregather in their millions to hear or see Pandit Nehru, but their enthusiasm is not kindled into purposeful action. Gandhiji had that power in supreme measure, but he never ascended the saddle of office.

As Abraham Lincoln said long ago, 'government is a combination of the

people of a country to effect certain objects by *joint effort*. That 'joint effort' is lacking in this country. The mutual admiration between the people and the Pandit never amounted to a synchronisation or synthesis of effort. The zeal, is rarely if ever, translated into action.

DEMOCRACY requires unremitting action on all fronts. It is, in other words, a process, not a conclusion. Its commitments are unending. Government organisation is dynamic rather than static. Its serviceability lies in its capacity for adaptation quite as much as in its ability to stay put. The Central Cabinet is still the safe preserve of the Congress old guard. They might have served their purposes in days gone by, but are hardly fitted now to wield power efficiently and well. A complete recasting of the governmental machinery from time to time would provide opportunity for elimination of dead wood and infusion of new blood. Then nobody need have apprehensions about the future of the Congress after Nehru, about a worthy successor to him.

The Congress Party is Nehru's biggest headache. Its degeneration on assuming office is now an old story. It has become a camarilla of capitalists and the citadel of self-seekers. Opportunism has suffered the emasculation of being converted into a principle. Through the mischiefs that flow from an unlicensed abuse of governmental power the Congress governments, especially in the States, have become unpopular. Internecine strife inside the Party has made it a house divided against itself. Opportunities to serve the people have been neglected and resources misused. Because there is no stable standard of political values such as would teach them to discriminate between the relative urgency of different objectives, unimportant things were pursued to the exclusion of important ones.

Society is an indivisible and integrated whole, and it is not possible for it to advance in isolated sectors. It is either progress in all the various ramifications of social living or stagnation at all levels. Further, the very idea of democracy implies a

closer approximation to economic equality. Nowhere else is economic inequality more pronounced than it is in India. Nehru is fully aware of the state of things. Despite his cheerful exterior, there is an undertone of sadness in his heart at thought of the poverty and penury of a great majority of his people. The Five Year Plan is designed to lead the country forward to prosperity and plenty.

The psychological attraction of planning is that it supplies a definite programme of action, it promises a purposive direction of events, and it gives assurance, real or illusory, of some cooperative, social control over the future. The Five Year Plan lays down fine principles but does not chart out any practical programme of action. That is why three years have already elapsed without the country turning the corner. That the Plan has failed to progress satisfactorily is scarcely in dispute. The magnitude of the failure will be appreciated by those who know what other nations accomplish at a fraction of the cost. The results of planning depend, not on the label attached to it, but on the purposes which it is designed to serve, the methods which it employs in order to realise them and the spirit which determines the choice of both.

TALKING of foreign policy, Aneurin Bevan remarks: "In no field of human affairs is the line between humbug and honesty so thinly drawn as in the foreign policy of nations." Pandit Nehru's foreign policy is actuated by sincerity and is honest to the core. His belief in the United Nations' Organisation as the vehicle for the reconciliation of outstanding international disputes and for the promotion and propagation of world peace and cooperation between nations, is unlimited. He is the greatest single factor on the side of Peace. The Korean truce is not a little due to his mighty efforts. He has raised India's prestige in the counsels and chancelleries of the world. He has refused to be browbeaten into joining either of the power blocs. Neither American money nor the hustling tactics employed by the U. S. A. have been

able to win him over to their side. His recognition of Red China is a masterstroke of realism. His 'neutrality' is of such perfection that even the overcautious Soviet Union is prepared to recognise India as the No. 1 Neutral.

But Kashmir is Nehru's blind spot. It is his sweetdream as well as his nightmare. It is a riddle defying all solution. It is a sieve which drains the country's hard earned money. The League of Nations died of inanition, not overstrain. The United Nations Organisation is the exact reverse of that. It is full of activity, but it is of a type which defeats its own high purposes. It has become in effect the tool of the United States subserving their interests. It has become the arena of power politics. The solution of the Kashmir tangle is nowhere in sight with America playing mischief in a big way. Nehru's inability to arrest the racial excesses of the Malan Government in South Africa, the continuance of foreign pockets in India, are some of the other loopholes in Nehru's foreign policy.

In the solution of the problems that confront the common people of this country, Nehru has not been much of a help. In fact many of them remain unsolved, some superficially attempted and some not at all. The land problem is not solved with the abolition of the zamindaris and the jagirs. Even this abolition has been accomplished only in a few States. A comprehensive land reform and a constructive land policy are the needs of the hour. The country's economy is still in the hands of foreign financiers and indigenous capitalists. Nationalisation of the heavy industries and intelligent supervision of the key sectors in the nation's economy are ideas still in the process of incubation. The Five

Year Plan proposes to leave things as they are rather than attempt at any drastic improvisation conducive to progress. Here is H. G. Wells' solemn warning: "The largescale private ownership of land, natural products, transport and industrial organisation of all sorts, has served its purpose, and with the abolition of distance and the progress of time, has become a manifest impediment and a corruption of human affairs, a *blackmail on progress*."

THERE is no self-sufficiency in the matter of food. Famines are recurrent. The ravages of overflowing rivers have not been effectively checked. The standard of life is ignominiously low. No worthy attempt has yet been made to reorientate the outmoded educational system; nor have people's health and hygiene been given the attention that is due to them. Over and above everything is the prodigious problem of unemployment. The Five Year Plan offers no remedy for this. The full employment of labour must be regarded as a moral, social and economic necessity. Pandit Nehru at sixty-four is sick over all this and is a sadder man this year than a year before. People's hopes in him still linger since he is the only man who, by virtue of his acceptability to the people and his unrivalled personal prestige, can deliver the goods and lead us on to an era of economic prosperity and social contentment. He can do so only if he takes the people into his confidence and shakes himself free from his lethargic and factious followers. As the Congress President he must first rescue the organisation from these parasites. Strong action, not soft soap is called for in this behalf. Either the operation is carried out before long or the gangrene will eat away and erase all the good things Gandhiji had studiously and steadily built up.

The times we live in do not provide much sense of security for the individual . . . If democracy means anything, it means deciding—for a change—to pay some attention to the expressed preference of the majority, to what people themselves want, not to what we think they ought to want . . . So, while continuing to build our castle in the air, let us not ignore those that already exist—somewhat untidily scattered, it is true—on the ground. In addition to searching the horizon for a new vernacular, let us accept also for what it is worth the one on our own doorstep.—J. M. Richards, in *THE CASTLES ON THE GROUND*

U. S. VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON

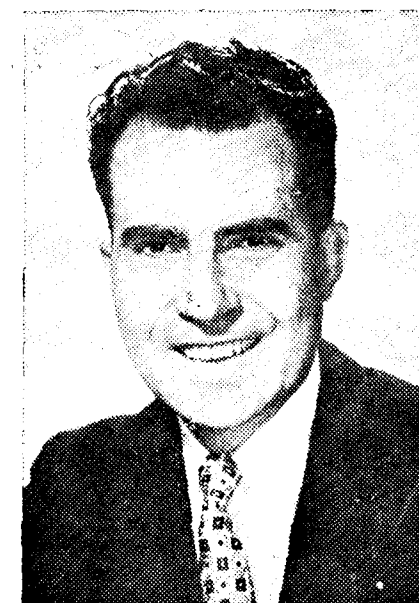
MR. RICHARD ("Dick") MILHOUS NIXON of California, who last year was elected Vice-President of the United States for four years, at 40, is the second youngest man in U. S. history to hold the office of Vice-President. Mr. John C. Breckenridge, who became Vice-President in 1856, was 35 (the Constitutional minimum) at the time he took office.

Vice President Nixon holds an office that requires a thorough knowledge of government and politics. He is, in a sense, the bridge between the legislative and executive branches of the U. S. Government.

He has the exacting duty of presiding over sessions of the 96-member U. S. Senate. Even though a parliamentarian is ready at all times to advise him, the Vice-President must have a good grasp not only of the Senate rules and traditions but also of the political implications of issues being debated.

The Vice President has the right to cast the deciding vote when there is an equal division in the Senate. With the Senate now consisting of 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans and 1 Independent, Mr. Nixon may have many opportunities to cast a decisive vote for Administration measures.

Mr. Richard M. Nixon, the 36th Vice-President of the U. S., accompanied by his wife Mrs. Patricia Nixon, and representatives of the U. S. Department of State are scheduled to arrive in India on Sunday, Nov. 29, as part of their tour of the Far East and South Asia at the behest of President Eisenhower. Mr. Nixon does not regard the trip entirely as a goodwill mission. One of the objectives of the trip, he has said, is to discover, anticipate, and reduce tensions in South Asia.



Nixon

First in line of succession to the Presidency, the office of Vice-President is probably unique to the American system of government, for it does not appear to have any exact counterpart in European parliamentary regimes. In the British House of Commons, for example, the Deputy Prime Minister is for all practical purposes the Leader of the Government and its chief spokesman whenever the Prime Minister is absent or out of the country. But the U. S. Vice-President does not have this power or authority. He does not become the Acting Head of the Government in the absence of the President. The President carries his office with him at all times.

MR. NIXON is a hard-working legislator, an indefatigable campaigner and a proven vote-getter. Although in politics less than 7 years (4 years in the House of Representatives and 2 years as a Senator), he has won wide popularity throughout the country and the respect of his colleagues—Democrats and Republicans alike.

Vice-President Nixon entered politics almost by accident. He had enlisted in the Navy in 1942 as a lieutenant, and four years later was

a lieutenant-commander awaiting discharge. In 1946, Republicans of his Congressional district in California were determined to find the most formidable candidate to run against a 10-year Democratic incumbent.

Mr. Nixon was invited by 150 local citizens representing party clubs and groups throughout his home district to appear with other prospective candidates. He did, and after all the candidates were interviewed, Mr. Nixon, then only 33, was chosen. He easily won the November election.

IN 1947, as a member of the U. S. House of Representatives' Select Committee on Foreign Aid, Mr. Nixon visited Europe to study economic conditions on the Continent. This committee drew up recommendations for implementing the Marshall Plan—probably the greatest rescue mission in human history—to aid European recovery. His voting record in both the House of Representatives and Senate has been one of consistent support for aid programmes to strengthen the free world.

For his accomplishments in his first two years in public office, Mr. Nixon was chosen one of the 10 outstanding young men of the country in 1948 by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. Running for re-election that year, Mr. Nixon received both the Republican and the Democratic Party nominations in the summer primaries, a feat made possible by California's cross-filing system, and did not need to campaign for the November election.

But in 1950, as the Republican candidate for a Senate seat vacated by a retiring Democrat, Mr. Nixon engaged in one of the most hard-fought senatorial campaigns ever witnessed in California. Mr. Nixon was elected by a plurality of 670,000 votes, the greatest vote margin registered by any victorious Senate candidate that year. He became the youngest Republican in the Senate.

These successive victories were in contrast to Mr. Nixon's earlier experiences on the football field. In his freshman year at Whittier College (California) in the early 1930's, Mr. Nixon aimed for the football team. When the season opened,

Mr. Nixon watched the game from one of the choice seats the bench where the substitutes sit. Four years later Mr. Nixon was still on the bench watching the games.

"I had a wonderful time," he reminisces. "Football was my great ambition, and the fact that I didn't make the team may account for my avid interest in the sports pages to help make up for it. If I have had one hobby it's my interest in sports."

What he lacked on the football field he made up for on the public platform. After winning the Southern California championship in public speaking and graduating from Whittier College in 1934, he entered Duke University Law School. Mr. Nixon was elected president of the student body at both schools.

Vice-President Nixon was born in the village of Yorba Linda, California, on January 9, 1913. His father owned a small grocery store and service station there, and as a young boy, Mr. Nixon spent his spare time selling petrol and tending the store. He attended public secondary school at Whittier and then worked his way through Whittier College and Duke University.

While practising law in Whittier, Mr. Nixon met an attractive, red-haired girl who was teaching commercial subjects at the secondary school. Young Nixon indicated the determined type of man he is when, upon meeting her for the first time, he said confidently: "You may not know this, but I'm going to marry you."

On June 21, 1940, "Dick" and Patricia Ryan were married in a Quaker ceremony, thus making good his earlier boast. They have two daughters, Patricia 7, and Julie, 5.

A QUAKER, Vice-President Nixon is deeply religious. He rarely smokes or takes a drink. The Nixons spend their social evenings with other young Senators and their wives. He refuses to play bridge, but loves to go to the movies.

In 1950, during the hard-fought Senatorial campaign, Mrs. Patricia Nixon, as always, was a help to her husband. Before the election, the Nixon's borrowed a used station

wagon, painted it with big signs and installed a public-address system. In that station wagon, they covered California, with Mr. Nixon speaking in cities, towns and villages anywhere they could get voters to listen. While the young man answered questions, his wife passed out pamphlets to the crowd.

All through their marriage, Patricia Nixon did her own cooking, house-keeping and caring for the children, until the important Chicago convention at which her husband

became the Republican Party's choice for Vice-President. Then, Mrs. Nixon literally "cleared the decks" in order to help him in this critical phase of his career. For the first time she acquired the services of a full-time maid. Her two daughters went to stay temporarily with their grandparents in California. And once again young Mrs. Nixon stood beside her husband as he talked earnestly and successfully to the voters of America.—*USIS*.

CLASSICAL ARTS : Plea For Tax-Exemption

By

M. V. SASTRY

Secretary, Saraswati Gana Sabha,
Kakinada

IT is rightly felt by organizations concerned with the propagation of the arts of classical music and dance, that the policy of Government in this behalf can be more helpful, defined and uniform. The Central Government has indicated its interest in such cultural activity by constituting the National Academy of Dance, Drama and Music, and there seems to be a move under way to constitute regional academies also in the several States. Government patronage and help in all possible ways is definitely necessary and indicated, in view of the fact that generally conditions do not exist in the country which warrant the expectation of a fair amount of support and help from the public as such. The taste for the classical arts is very uneven and culturally we are stagnating, whatever may be our pretensions in regard to a so-called centuries' old cultural background. Even in those parts of the country like Tamilnad where the taste for the classical arts has reached a fairly high level, it has been the experience of organizations conducting the entertainments that their activity is not remunerative. That is why the Government of Madras, at one time, thought fit to promulgate G. O. No. 2682 dated 11-10-51

granting a general exemption for two years in respect of entertainments of this class conducted by approved registered Sabhas. After all, while this provision could not have resulted in any great loss of revenue to Government, it at least rendered very substantial help to the concerned organizations. It saved them from the petty pinpricks that the subordinate officials of the Commercial Tax Department could give them. While the pronouncements at the Ministerial level in matters relating to culture have always been very encouraging, it has been the sorry experience of several organizations that the attitude of these subordinate officials has generally conduced to the hampering of any type of cultural activity. These officials rely on so-called 'administrative instructions' which seek to interpret the plain provisions of even the Acts of the Legislature, like the Madras Entertainment Tax Act in a shockingly absurd way. There is, of course, a remedy available in respect of all these absurd interpretations and acts of the official authority and that is to seek redress before a civil court. This costly remedy which also involves loss of time, is of no practical use to honorary cultural organizations. For instance, Section 8 (1) (c) of the Madras Entertainment Tax Act provides as follows:

"The entertainment tax shall not be levied on payment for admission to any entertainment where the Provincial Government are satisfied that the entertainment is provided for purposes which are partly educational, cultural or scientific by an institution not conducted or established for profit."

We had occasion to make several applications from time to time under this provision in respect of the entertainments of classical music and dance conducted by us. Sometimes an officer thought fit to grant exemption and on most occasions they summarily rejected our applications. On one occasion, in respect of a dance performance of Srimati Vajayantimala, conducted by us, a Commercial Tax Officer not only rejected our application but was pleased to observe that "The object of these dance performances is money making, fun and frolic." Therefore, in respect of this very entertainment we had to approach the Government which was pleased to exempt this performance from liability to entertainment tax and direct the Commercial Tax Officer concerned to refund to us the tax collected. The Government of course acted under Section 8 (2) of the Act. Even so, we do not presume that the Government exercised its general power to exempt, in a matter which offended the provisions of Section 8 (1) (c). I point out this particular instance to show that there is quite a disparity in the outlook and appreciation of cultural values and objects, between the higher reaches of the Government and its own subordinate staff in the districts.

Another stand taken by the subordinate staff in the districts is the administrative instruction in regard to the interpretation of Section 8 (1) (c) relating to exemption of entertainments provided for purposes which are partly educational, cultural etc. The administrative instruction is said to lay down that "the educational, cultural etc.", character refers to the "entertainment" as such and not to the "purposes" for which the entertainment is conducted. Such an interpretation is, I should say, doing violence to the language. While institutions like ours are not interested in conducting entertainments other than of a cultural or educational character, the plain meaning of the provision under reference is that an entertainment has got to be exempted under Section 8 (1) (c). if the purpose for which it is conducted is prejudiced with this aspect of the

interpretation of Section 8 (1) (c). What we are concerned with is that the disparity in the outlook and appreciation in regard to matters of culture between the higher level of Government and the subordinate staff should be rectified by issuing the necessary administrative instructions to the latter, pending the promulgation of a G. O. on the lines of the aforementioned G. O. No. 2682 dated 11-10-51.

ON one occasion in 1951 Sri B. Gopala Reddi when he was the Finance Minister, wrote to our President as follows:

"I am glad your Kakinada Sabha is interested in organizing music performances and instil a sense of appreciation in the minds of the public for classical music. I see there are other Sabhas too with similar intentions in the Telugu districts. But I don't know why you have not made good progress as is evident in the Tamil districts. Steps must be taken to popularize on a wide scale the excellence for classical music. The State Government is keenly alive to the need for giving an impetus to literature, music, and painting. The State Government too are doing their utmost to help in this endeavour."

It is common experience that high and esteemed officials patronize music and dance recitals of reputed artistes like Srimathis M. S. Subbulakshmi, D. K. Pattammal, M. L. Vasanthakumari, Kumaris Kamala, Lalita and Padmini and Vajayanthimala. Even the Prime Minister of the country patronizes such shows. Such high patronage, we believe, is a good enough imprimatur of culture. We therefore hope that even if the Government does not promulgate a general order immediately, it will at least issue necessary administrative instructions to its subordinate officials to adopt a liberal and really cultured attitude in interpreting the law when they are moved by genuine cultural organizations like ours with a standing of over 50 years. This is the least that the Government can do for the propagation and encouragement of the fine arts.

RATIO AND PROFUSION

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY, E. D.

I DARE say there are quite a few problems that the Census Report for India has created for the Government but it has proved of material help to me, personally speaking. I am the distaff side of a family whose middle name was Harmony. Friends used to say that my husband and I were like two chords of melody in a perfect tune, we were so beautifully matched. We shared everything. He earned the money. I spent it. And though, not being dimwits, we didn't see eye to eye about everything, I was always ready and willing to compromise. Let us go to pictures, I would suggest. No, he would counter, let's go to the beach. We would argue a little in a good-humoured way but finally we would reach a compromise. The pictures it would be. The whole arrangement worked comfortably till an Editor absent-mindedly sent me a cheque for fifteen rupees for my first short-story. I couldn't believe it. I thought of the possibilities it opened up and was stunned by the realisation of their import.

"You mustn't worry," said my husband. "You could always spend fifteen rupees."

Or I could have it framed up. And years later, when I had become a famous writer and my books were on every shelf, I would point to this humble little piece of paper and say with a wistful look in my eye, "This was what started it." And when I was dead—*Ladies and gentlemen, the first cheque of this famous writer who has given us all such happy, delicious hours, framed by a picture frame maker whose autograph can be found at the back of the frame—the first step on the road to fame, ladies and gentlemen,—did I hear you say a thousand rupees to start with? This gentleman bids a thousand rupees for this first cheque—thousand two hundred . . .*

"You can't tell," I said. "It might even go up to two thousand."

"What?" said my husband.

"Oh, nothing," I said. "I was just thinking."

"You mustn't let it frighten you" said my husband. "After all, what is fifteen rupees?"

But of course it would not always be fifteen rupees. Authors made hundreds and thousands as royalties. And if a book was accepted for a film by Hollywood, well, they could retire on the money. And I might be invited for lecture tours. Dear Mrs. Rungachary, may we have the great pleasure . . . It would mean extensive travelling of course. Seeing the world and headlines and that sort of thing. One has to pay a price for everything. Not that I would mind, of course, but the children . . .

"I am worried about how the children would take it," I said anxiously.

"Well," said my husband, "if Khus comes to know about the fifteen rupees she might renew her plea for that illustrated de-luxe children's edition of *Treasure Island*."

"I don't mean," I said confused, "about this, but about my future career."

"Career?" said my husband dimly. "What career?"

"As a writer, of course."

"Oh!"

"Whatever I might say or do in future," I said feelingly, "I want you to remember this, that it will never be a case of Career vs. Marriage with me. You know me better than to doubt that, I am sure."

"Do I?" said my husband.

"It is fate," I said. "I didn't want to do it. Some power beyond me seemed to enter my pen. And if greatness is going to be thrust upon me, I don't want to shirk it but accept it with humility. I don't know what really prompted me to write. I don't want to call it inspiration but what else am I to call it?"

"Quite," said my husband.

In less than six months I had earned another cheque for the same amount. A year later a 'sketch'

brought in another twenty rupees. I pooled my self-earned resources together and went shopping. The red and gold Mysore crepe saree cost exactly eighty rupees. My husband came forward chivalrously with the extra thirty.

"I don't want you to think," I said, "that you are giving your wife the money. As far as our professional lives are considered we are two distinct, separate people."

"Well," said my husband puzzled. "How do I know when you are professional and distinct and when you are a mere wife?"

He would be flippant of course on a question which was a matter of life and death to me.

"Would you," I said coldly, "like me to give you an IOU for thirty rupees?"

He pondered.

"No," he said. "I will take your word for it."

That was not the only IOU I didn't give him. But there has never been a word of difference between us.

"After all," as I said more than once, "it is not as if you are giving the money to somebody *outside* the family."

"Quite," said my husband. "The money lent out gets returned."

He was joking, of course. Money has never meant a thing to him.

"After all," he has said so often, "what does it matter who spends the money in the family?"

The Census Report burst into this happy household like the atom bomb on Hiroshima.

"He calls you," said my husband solemnly turning over the pages of the mammoth volume, "an Earning Dependent."

"I like that," I said, indignantly. "I pay my bus fare myself. And a couple of months ago I bought you a packet of cigarettes, don't you remember?"

"I have had that framed up," said my husband deeply moved.

"What else does he say?" I asked, touched.

"He goes further," said my husband. "He says that every thousand self-supporting persons in India sup-

port by their own exertions themselves as well as two thousand five hundred and four other persons. He calls it the—let me see—the Burden of Dependency."

"This is terrible," I said. "It can't apply to *me*. I contribute something to the family exchequer."

"Yes," said my husband, "IOUs."

"I hope you art not suggesting," I said with dignity, "that I should return the money I have taken from you for trifles? Whoever heard of a debt between husband and wife? After all, clothes and things are absolute necessities. You do want me to wear clothes and things, don't you?"

"Sometimes," said my husband.

"I won't be called an Earning Dependent," I said firmly.

"Santha Rungachary, E.D.," said my husband, licking his lips over each word. "It sounds quite impressive. It might even pass for a foreign degree occasionally."

"Don't be facetious," said I. "How would you like Mr. R. A. Gopalaswami to know that Santha Rungachary E.D. gets only thirty rupees a month bus money?"

"Which she spends on taxis," said my husband.

"Naturally," I said. "You must try and understand my profession. A writer's raw material is life—life in the raw. I have to go about from place to place. I have to meet people, be in the thick of things. Look at Arthur Koestler. Look at Priestley. Look at Hemingway, above all. He doesn't merely go from place to place. He goes from continent to continent in search of human material."

He looked at me.

"Which continent," he asked "do you propose to visit first?"

"Why?" I said bristling.

"Because," he said, "I want to know how much leave I have to take."

"You think it is absurd for a woman to do that kind of thing," I said furiously. "Look what the Report says. That ought to make it clear to you women can do a thing or two. Listen. The Report says that the sex ratio

is 947. What do you think of that?"

"Is it a mystic number which stands for something?" asked my husband.

"It means that it takes a thousand men to do the work that 947 women can do."

"Don't let anybody hear you," said my husband. "It means that for every thousand males on an average throughout the country there are 947 females. It is a case of ratio and proportion."

"It sounds more like ratio and profusion to me," I said. "What do the other fifty-three males do when they want female company?"

"I wouldn't like to guess," said my husband.

The sex ratio in our family is 1. One man to one woman, past indiscretions ignored, and future plans sternly suppressed.

"In taking the Census," said my husband, "they always calculate per a thousand males. The females, incredibly enough, are lesser in number."

"That can't be," I protested. "The Report says that there is perhaps a male excess in India. If the females are fewer it is surely a case of female excesses and not male excesses."

"This," said my husband, "is the other excess."

"Whichever excess it is," I said reading on, "it seems to be alright as long as they don't have more than three children."

"Which leaves us," said my husband, counting on his fingers, "one more to go."

"He goes further," I said fascinated by the details given, "and gives medium and method by which the incidence of improvident maternity can be reduced from 40 per cent to 5 per cent in fifteen years. He says the first phase of the campaign itself

would take at least five years from the word 'Go'."

"I think," said my husband thoughtfully, "it will have to be carefully explained to the 947 women and the thousand men what exactly they must do when somebody says 'Go.'"

"Yes," I agreed. "If they start off wrong it will be quite-er-disastrous."

"It will only be more of what he calls *anti-social indulgence*."

"The bus-money now," I said trying a random shot. "is not *anti-social indulgence*, is it? I mean when you come to think of it, what is money? It comes and goes."

"In our case," said my husband, "it goes."

"You don't want to see me going around wearily from one bus queue to another, do you?" I said. "It doesn't stand to reason. Think of what I can do in the time I save by going in taxis. Think of how much I can see and experience. A writer," I continued, now fairly launched, "needs raw material to create from. Look at Priestley. Look at Hemingway. Look at . . ."

"I am looking," said my husband. "How much do you suppose you will need for this ring-side seat to see Life?"

"Well," I said making a rapid calculation and adding a tenner to it just in case. "I can manage on sixty rupees."

"And how much do you make a month?" asked my husband looking into space. "Remember I am not asking as a husband, but professionally."

"Well," I said, "What with one thing and another, let us say I reel off a short-story *every* month. That would mean you would be lending me thirty or forty rupees every month. Shall I give you an IOU for it?"

"No," said my husband raising his left eyebrow a trifle, "I shall take your word for it."

I marvel at the soul's indifference,
For in her theatre the play is almost done,
The tears are shed; the actors, the immortals,
In their eternal manifestation, elsewhere gone.

KATHLEEN RAINE

INDIA AND CHINA: ECONOMIC RELATIONS

By B. N. MOOKERJEE

INDIA'S economic relations with China date back to a period of history which is veiled in the mist of antiquity. A student of history in our own day is thrilled by the evidence of intermingling of Indian and Chinese cultures in these ancient times when civilisation seemed to have wings and migrated through incredibly long distances across the barriers of mountains, deserts and oceans. One must, however, recognize that even in ancient times civilisation and culture used to trek along the path broken by the merchant and trader. Sometimes the flag followed trade; but more often than not, peaceful commercial relations paved the way for cultural contact, spread of religions, and even assimilation and fusion of races.

It is well known that in very ancient times China and India came together in the realms of art, architecture, religion and philosophy and experienced a deep fusion of cultures of which we possess abundant evidence today. Our imagination is staggered when we try to apprehend how this happened through the steady migration of men and goods and ideas across the perilous mountain trails and desert routes. China and India had much to contribute to each other not only in the way of ideas and social and religious experience but also in the way of the good things of life exchanged by the merchant adventurers of both countries.

Modern historical research has revealed how in comparatively recent times the efforts of both Chinese and Indian merchants and traders to overcome the barrier of distance and to bypass mountains and deserts brought southeast Asia into close contact with both China and India, because India's road to China and China's road to India now crossed southeast Asia. India needed an

alternative to the overland Tibetan trade route to China. At the time when sailing ships were keelless and dangers of piratical attacks on rich cargoes were great, Indian traders avoided the all-sea route to countries of southeast Asia and to China. Perhaps they carried on trade by the overland route across the isthmus of Kra which probably explains the rise of old Indian settlements in Burma, Cambodia and Champa. But trade with China being important, goods were carried by a process of hopping from one settlement to another along the coastal fringes of southeast Asia. Gradually as the technique of navigation improved and piracy was suppressed the all-sea route became important. The flag followed Indian trade across the straits and narrow seas of southeast Asia just as Indian trade also followed the flags of Sri Vijaya and Shailendra, kings and of the empire of Majapahit. The Chinese too entered southeast Asia by migrating south along the sea. They developed agricultural settlements and mixed with the local inhabitants. Thus the Chinese and Indians converged in southeast Asia as merchants and traders specialising in China-India trade and activated the economies of this region. In the process powerful cultural and religious influences coalesced and set the cultural pattern of this region.

DURING the subsequent period of the expansion of western economic enterprise based on colonialism and imperialist expansion the situation was transformed. Indians and Chinese were reduced to the level of intermediaries between the local inhabitants whom they knew so well and the foreign capitalists who were interested in trade in tropical raw materials. China-India trade was reduced to comparative insignificance. The West dominated the trade of the whole of southeast Asia.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

It was during this epoch of the forward march of imperialism in Asia that India's economic relations with China centred on trade in a commodity like opium, the consumption of which gradually emasculated the Chinese people. It was a sad reflection that a country which had exported the choicest gifts of civilisation to China in early times was exporting a commodity like opium in the age of imperialism and colonialism in Asia.

MUCH water has gone down the Pearl River and the Ganga since then. Nothing is more heartening than the anxiety on the part of the countries of southeast Asia to develop direct trade relations with one another. This is important if we are to reverse the process of Asia's disintegration through the artificial barriers created by the boundaries of the Western empires and by the spirit of nationalism animating the continent today. Direct trade relations, as in the days of yore, should be re-established for the sake of meeting one another's deficiencies on the basis of mutual advantage and mutual aid. Development of trade will then lead to the kind of division of labour and international co-operation which is needed in the common interest. It will also be conducive to cultural interchange and better understanding which Asian nations need so much today after the long period of isolation through which they have passed during the recent centuries.

Nothing is more conducive to peace and friendship among nations than peaceful, non-discriminatory commerce. Trade of the Asian nations with one another must not be an instrument of aggression but an instrument of peaceful cooperation, provided that imperialism is rooted out from the economic and political soil of Asia. If China and India and all the neighbouring countries engage themselves in developing and using their enormous economic

resource for their own economic betterment and for the welfare of the world as a whole rather than for the major advantage of any particular class in society or of dominant countries which may try to exploit the economic weakness of comparatively underdeveloped countries, there is no reason why the area of economic cooperation should not expand on the basis of development of international trade amongst these countries. There are vast potentialities for such economic cooperation between India and China and between either of them and other countries of southeast and south Asia.

A formidable obstacle in the way of developing direct trade relations is the lack of mercantile marine. Let us hope that this obstacle will be removed in the near future.

Development of trade, of the area of economic cooperation, of friendship and cultural exchange depend on the fulfilment of certain basic conditions. The creative energies of the people in the task of national reconstruction must be released in Asian countries. There must be expansion of constructive economic activity all along the line. For this, Asia needs undisturbed peace for at least one generation. Consequently Western powers must no longer project their dark fears, their rivalries and frustrations into the shaping of events in this part of the world as they did in the area of imperialist expansion. The Asian countries, on their part, must create conditions which would be a deterrent to the growth of incipient imperialism within their own borders which may spill over and claim victims outside their borders. But their fulfilment again is largely contingent upon friendship, peaceful relations and cooperation between India and China and between both of them and other neighbours who face the common problem of poverty and sub-standard conditions of life.—NRPS

Ideology: This word offends some purists, but I do not see why it should, provided that its mesmeric influence is kept in check. Now that people can no longer care enough about religion to fight, massacre and enslave one another to secure the form of its observance, we need a word for what has taken its place as an excitant of those forms of human activity, and I know of none better.—SIR ERNEST GOWERS in *Plain Words*

High Power Commission on Linguistic States

By

C. VAMAN MURTY

THE much advertised High Power Commission on Linguistic States is to be shortly constituted and its personnel is likely to be announced during the present session of Parliament.

The first thing to be decided is the nature of the Commission—whether it is to be a political, official or a judicial one and whether its recommendations are to be mandatory or advisory. There is patently no need for a commission of politicians or of officials in the present stage of the problem. It should be a judicial Commission of the status of a High Court with sufficient powers to call in evidence and constituted with a clear understanding that its recommendations should be binding and should be implemented.

Regarding the terms of reference it should be made clear to the Commission that it need not decide the question of the desirability of the formation of linguistic States. To make it again the subject-matter for decision is an insult to the Andhra State that has been achieved and an affront to the long and persistent agitation that is being carried on for other linguistic States. In fact, it should be mentioned in the very preamble of the instrument of appointment of the Commission that the Government have accepted the principle of the division of the country on the basis of language and that it should only suggest ways and means as to how best to implement this accepted principle.

The Commission shall only decide as to which States are to be created and in what manner. It shall also demarcate the boundaries clearly and unambiguously. Even though it may take sometime (which under any circumstances should not be more than an year) the Commission should clearly and permanently fix the boundaries for each unit even going into the details of demarcation, leaving to the officials of the respective States the physical draw-

ing of the line of separation. Incidentally the Commission shall also demarcate accepted bilingual areas, multi-lingual towns and industrial centres in each State and lay down provisions for protection of the cultural rights of the linguistic minorities consistent with the general good of the State.

THE most important factor to be decided is whether the Commission should tour the whole country for this purpose. Evidently, there is no need for this. For there is already enough evidence, both official and non-official, on the subject and the Commission can easily decide the issue by calling in the necessary evidence sitting at a particular place; or, at best, it may propose to sit in four or five important places in turn to facilitate its work. But it need not tour border areas to ascertain the local opinion about the problem. If it goes on tour it would be taken advantage of by local politicians who would foment discontent and unrest and vitiate the normal peaceful atmosphere. Nor can demonstrations be taken to be truly representative of the popular opinion in such cases. If popular opinion were proposed to be obtained a better and more reliable method would be a plebiscite or a referendum. Hence there is absolutely no need at all for the Commission to go on tour.

Before the Commission comes to brass tacks the Prime Minister who of late has been creating an impression that he is against the re-alignment of State boundaries on cultural and linguistic basis, should make a personal appeal to the people living in disputed border areas that they should not unnecessarily get agitated and do anything that may lead to disturbances and that the Commission would also lay down mandatory directives to be followed by the Central and State Governments for safeguarding the educational, social and cultural rights of the minorities in any region.

Keeping an eye on the early solution of the problem the authorities should see that the farce and fun staged during the Dhar Commission tour should not be repeated.

November 28 1953.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Economy In Administration

Sir.—Far-reaching reforms in the administration of the residuary Madras State are taking place, as a result of partition. The abolition of the Board of Revenue and the appointment of Regional Revenue Commissioners is an instance. Retrenchment in most departments has set in even at the risk of causing the hardship of unemployment. But strangely enough, the superannuation age-limit is not observed scrupulously. The indispensability of any superannuated officer is but a matter of opinion. The public would expect a hard and fast rule to be observed, without respect to personalities.

The present Chief Minister, so early as 1937, did not find any use for the posts of Divisional Inspectors of Schools. The then D. P. I., the late Mr. Statham, pleaded for their continuance. Later, the Ramalinga Chettiyar Committee on Retrenchment strongly recommended the abolition of the offices of the Divisional Inspectors of Schools which were considered superfluous post offices, causing only delay in the disposal of files.

Again, We must have at least one adult education officer for each district with a mobile van containing library and visual education equipment. The present arrangement of one adult education officer with one van for about eight districts is a waste, productive of little benefit. Thus there is great scope for economy in administration, needing the scrutiny of the Education-cum-Finance Minister.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Coimbatore.

Strengthen National Leaders

Sir.—It is indeed the height of folly to embark on adverse and destructive criticisms against the Government for some of its inevitable omissions and commissions.

The general uneasiness among the people is that Swaraj has not liberated them from their struggle for very existence, consequent on the countrywide unemployment problem, which has been with us for many years. As a matter of fact, the Government is fully aware of

the seriousness of the problem and has devised ways and means to eradicate the menace root and branch.

The Government has been ceaselessly striving for the economic regeneration of the country on various fronts. For example, it has launched the Five Year Plan, the community projects, big river projects and similar gigantic schemes. Much attention is also bestowed on the progress of villages and rural welfare. It is therefore necessary that the entire nation should rededicate itself with unflinching loyalty and optimism to strengthen the great national leaders to march ahead with their mission of economic rehabilitation.

P. M. DAMODAR

Bangalore.

Housing For Middle Classes

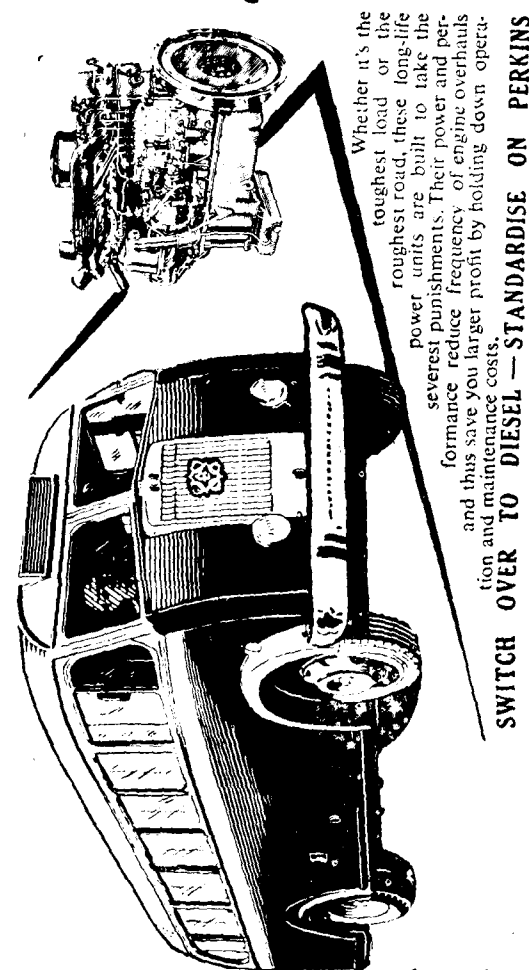
Sir.—It is gratifying to note that the Corporation and Government are directing their attention to slum clearance in Madras City. Construction of houses for the middle classes is also one of the urgent needs which the Government cannot ignore. The City Improvement Trust has been giving some attention in this direction but the progress is extremely slow and the results negligible.

What should the Government do? There are open lands which Government can take over and sell in convenient plots to intending builders and not to profiteering middlemen. Another difficulty in the purchase of lands for building purposes is the fabulous rates the owners demand for their lands. If the problem of housing the middle class is to be tackled successfully it is essential that the cost of the land should be brought down to a reasonable level. No ground (60' x 40') should cost the purchaser more than Rs. 1,000, which should be deemed fair return to the seller.

Co-operative societies may also be advised to offer loans more freely for building purposes than they do at present.

One more method by which the Government can ease the tension is by harnessing the assistance of the insurance companies in the matter. They can be persuaded to build or assist prospective insurants in building houses on payment of an initial advance to cover the cost of the land. The house may be pledged to the company to be released on payment of the full amount or on death of the insurant. These will to a large extent alleviate the sufferings of the middle classes of whose income a major portion is now taken away by exorbitant rents.

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