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From SWATANTRA,

for June 10, 1950

SWATANTRA

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Leprosy Expert.

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December 5 1953

SWATANTRA

PYRRHIC VICTORY

THE new elementary education scheme of the Madras Government has been formally blessed by the Parulekar Committee. But the Committee have not given to the scheme their unqualified approval. They have insisted on modifications which they consider as essential to the success of the scheme. It is one of the important recommendations of the Committee that "teachers should be paid higher salaries than at present." But already the Chief Minister has announced that teachers cannot be paid higher salaries, at any rate for the present, as the Government have no resources to draw upon for the purpose. The Committee also urge that the inspecting staff should be increased and that training should be given to village craftsmen to enable them to teach their crafts efficiently. They do not share the blithe outlook of the Chief Minister that by merely watching the craftsmen at work the pupils released from the prison of school hours, stand to gain substantially. Nor do they hold with the Government in their belief that the village councils will be capable of exercising adequate supervision so as to ensure the success of the scheme. They want that the teachers themselves should supervise the out-of-school programme by turns. The conditions laid down by the Committee for the success of the scheme are no doubt quite sound, but none of them is capable of being fulfilled for the reason that they cost money and the Government have no more money to spend. In net effect, the general principles underlying the Government's scheme have the backing of the Committee, but the particular conditions stipulated by the Committee as necessary for the success of the scheme, are not within the bounds of practicability, mainly for financial reasons, so far as the Government are concerned.

THE Madras Government have lost no time in placing on record their "high appreciation" of the report of the Committee, but if they regard the report as a victory for themselves, they seem in their hurry to have overlooked the fact that at the most it was only a Pyrrhic victory. Nobody ever doubted the merit of the objective of Sri Rajagopalachari's scheme. It was in fact enshrined, as the Committee themselves have repeatedly stressed, in the Constitution itself as one of its directive principles. The Chief Minister's conception of objective was splendid, but he erred in his choice of technique for implementing it. He ignored the psychological factors requisite for the success of a great national enterprise, and instead of inviting the public to study it and support it, and contribute to its success, he sprang it on them as a surprise and made it catch them unawares like a thief in the night. He roused public antagonism for it. With a little effort to suppress the monkey of dictatorship in the ego, he could have captured the public imagination and roused it to responsive enthusiasm. His worst blunder was the treatment he meted out to the teachers. No scheme of education can succeed if the teachers withhold their cooperation. Elementary teachers are a woebegone community steeped in the misery of overmuch penury. No Government that neglects to rehabilitate them can hope for any impressive educational record. This basic fact does not seem to have been grasped yet by the nimble architect of the new education scheme.

News of the World

ACCORDING to the International Press Institute the most striking feature of the Indian Press is the very high proportion of foreign material it contains. This prominence of foreign news in the Indian press is not merely a product of the editors' choice or of India's interest in the outside world. The Institute says in its survey that the "instruments for gathering foreign news from the Western world existed when India gained her independence." But the instruments for gathering Indian and local news were few and "until these are developed, the Indian press will continue to use proportionately large quantities of foreign news." If the instruments for gathering Indian and local news are few, the blame for it must be laid, at least in the period after the attainment of freedom, on the editors and conductors of Indian newspapers. These have developed no sensible system of news-gathering based on the relative importance of events as they happen in different localities. Snobbery has ousted elementary considerations of professional duty. Voluminous piffle uttered

by Ministers is accorded lavish hospitality in the Indian press. But very often happenings of momentous significance are either blacked out or given niggardly publicity. Objectivity is the very soul of journalistic craftsmanship. But the controllers of the Indian press lack it. They have their likes and dislikes which regulate the measure of publicity accorded to news. Another factor that has to be taken into account is the perverse attitude of high-placed persons in authority, like Ministers, when approached for enlightenment on official policies by representatives of the press. These have their favourites. They are sweet to sycophants and stern to critics. Rarely do they give to their own countrymen a fraction of the consideration which they are ever ready to bestow on the foreign correspondents. Even the Prime Minister is not above this sort of discrimination. The Indian press, unfortunately, is torn with internal jealousies, and it has not developed powers of combination to protect its members from discourtesy and ensure its progress towards higher levels of efficiency and usefulness.

Sotto Voce

THE SCRIPT-STEALERS



POOR Devanagari is paying the penalty of greatness. She is being streamlined and strait-laced for her imperial destiny. The linguistic face-lifting is in the hands of India's ace-politicians. The President hovers in the wings with maternal anxiety while the Chief Ministers are expertly engaged in plastic surgery. Meanwhile their Chief, the Prime Minister shows himself to cheering crowds

at the door of the operation-theatre in his handsome robes and dwells impressively on the international importance of face-lifting as a prelude to heart-lifting.

The Vice-President of India, facing the past and future Janus-wise, distracts the mind of the patient from the scalpel with learned lollipops of argument. He tells Nagari, stret-

ched on the table, that nobody may hope to stand still for ever and nobody must run too fast. The puritan Acharya from the South asks the surgeons to remember, "Handsome is that handsome does; don't give her the face of a coquette. Let it be a plain, honest and if possible ugly face; only so will it inspire confidence." He is no fire-brand, you must know, though as a pure exercise in virtuosity he can Romanise Tamil to the delirious joy of his admirers.

But the Acharya is not alone in shooing the printers off and in refusing to monkey with the script for base mechanical considerations. With suspicious unanimity the experts vie with each other in pointing out that Chinese with five hundred characters and Japanese with a thousand have insisted on getting key-boards made which scrupulously respect this proliferation. This sturdy independence towards the Moloch of machinery is as admirable as it is new. But if you are not going to be overawed by the linotype, why should you change the script at all? Methinks the lady protests too much.

Nagari, it is pointed out, is being written differently in different languages, such as Hindi, Marathi and Gujarati which now employ it. Besides, the Nagari used for Samskrit is too stiff for easy writing. In the interests of uniformity and dispatch, it is argued that its angularities should be rounded off, its conjunct consonants split and certain other things done to it which would give wider currency. Actually Samskrit scholars have found little difficulty in writing Nagari as rapidly as any other script is written.

But the real object of those who are desperately anxious to give Samskrit Nagari a new look is to enable it to supersede in time not only the modified Nagari which Gujarati, Bengali, etc., are using but also the distinct and historic scripts which have grown up with the great languages of the Dravidian groups and others of non-Sanskritic origin. The cult

of bigness and the consuming ambition of the Hindi Hitlers have combined to fool people into thinking that unity requires uniformity. It is argued that a common script will make it easier for everybody to acquire languages. What they mean is, "You will learn my language more readily if you give up *your* script; it will then be only a matter of time before your language fades away."

If a common script could make people more language-minded, the logical thing would be to have only one script for all languages from Samskrit to Swahili. The Romanisers entertain this global ambition. Mr. Nehru himself remembering his reputation for progressivism is all for Roman. But he would have it as a compulsory second script along with Nagari. Nay, he would retain the Persian script intact in all its decorative glory. He goes into raptures thinking of its beauty, its storied past and the door it opens to the heart of the Middle East. Tamil and Telugu and the rest are, one must suppose, parvenu barbarians who must be shouldered out of the way.

Anything more crudely unscientific than the logic of these script-snatchers it is impossible to imagine. The prevalence of the Roman script over the better part of Europe has not made English easier to learn for the French or French easier to learn for the English. Pronunciation is a far more formidable obstacle. Actually a near-phonetic script like Tamil could represent the sounds of other languages far more dependably than Roman sounds do. Anybody who wants to learn a new language without learning its script can have its literature printed in his own script. But fancy asking me to sacrifice my own Tamil script for Roman in the speculative hope that some lazy foreigner here and there might condescend so far as to take a benevolent interest in Tamil! Haven't you heard our Southern scoff about shaving off your moustache for a day's mummery?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

ANDHRA politicians have much to learn from Sri Trivedi. He came to the State as a stranger. Within three months he won all hearts—not with any tricks to canvass popularity, but just by being himself. At receptions and parties, to suitors for this or that favour or amenity, he gave neither soft words nor sweet praise but hard rebukes. If they wanted anything good to happen to them, he said, it will not fall into their lap in response to prayers, they have to work for it with grit, industry, tenacity and determination. He became an apostle of unpalatable and uncompromising truths. He won his way into favour by manifesting all the qualities of a reliable guide, unafraid to deal in harsh and difficult realities. People have learnt to trust him. If he were to cast off his high office and stand for election today from any constituency in Andhra, he is sure to win against any and every Minister. The Ministers and the party leaders with their wobbles, insincerities and inconsistencies have made the people sick of them, whereas Sri Trivedi, with the evidence he has already given of his strength, integrity and humanity, has made them wish almost for President's rule as the only way out of the present confusions and discords.

The Andhra Ministry has revealed since it was formed a deplorable lack of character. Some of the Ministers are unfit for the office they hold, and for the good of the State they must be sacked forthwith. Or else, they will bring the prestige of the Government to still lower depths and force it to break down under the weight of their follies. Sri Koti Reddi should go of his own accord, having announced sometime ago that nothing less than Rs. 2,000 a month would suffice for a Minister these days. It is not dignified for a Minister to accept as pay one-fourth of what he claims as his due. Now that the Government themselves have accepted as inevitable the shifting of the capital some

day from Kurnool to some other place, there is no room in the Ministry for Sri Thimma Reddi; he should be released to take on hand well in time his mission of getting Rayalaseema to secede back to Madras State.

The Andhra State is being torn to pieces with factions because, with the exception of Sri Prakasam, there is none in the Ministry with a comprehensive conception of social welfare covering the whole area of the State. The Ministers are all representatives of minor interests, and they have imposed on themselves the duty of elevating those minor interests over the level of the major ones. When the *part* seeks to usurp the importance of the *whole* and relegate it to inferior status, all energies get diverted from constructive adventures to conflicts. That is why, in the very first issue that has come up in the new State, the capital issue, the legislators have failed to arrive at any decision on the basis of the only relevant consideration, the good of the State as a whole. The debate on the capital issue in the legislature has become a battleroyal between sectional interests of all kinds. Over every other issue that may have to be considered hereafter, similar battles will rage, and the disputants will mobilise fighting material around sectional war cries. There will be no hope of peace or prosperity so long as this spirit of faction lasts. It is a pity that Sri Prakasam should have gone the wrong way about in his management of governmental affairs. In his anxiety to save the Ministry and make it survive against the storms of controversy threatening its existence, he has placed himself too much at the disposal of the protagonists of conflicting viewpoints. As might have been expected inevitably in the circumstances, he has lost direction. He is at the mercy of every wind that blows. In politics as with life, excessive anxiety over safety leads to paralysis which is worse than death. The leader

who seeks to achieve security by trimming his sails to conflicting winds, is lost. Death comes but once, and without risks there is no life. A policy of avoiding risks for the sake of survival is apt to impose on a Government a dreary mentality charged with fear, and instead of adventuring boldly into worthy enterprises, such a Government, shrouded in nervousness, will die a hundred deaths daily with fear. Sri Prakasam's dashing qualities which served to distinguish him with the halo of a hero in popular estimation, are not found in evidence in his brief record as Chief Minister. He should rise above his new anxiety-neurosis, if his headship of the Government is to result in popular benefit and exhilaration.

THERE is no doubt that Sri Rajagopalachari is superior in many respects to any other likely successor. This fact is disputed by none. Yet he has become a target of attack and provoked a persistent movement to dislodge him from power. It may be conceded at once that in some matters of policy the Chief Minister is in the right and his critics wrong. His zeal for Prohibition in the face of the opposition of powerful elements progressively gathering dangerous momentum, is in the highest degree admirable. His refusal to reverse his policy in the matter of land grants to political sufferers is inspired by a spirit of rectitude which is as precious as it is rare, and cannot be commended too highly. But he has lost the asset which enabled him to win his present position. That asset was *detachment*, or at least a passable semblance of it. Madras legislators of the Congress Party wooed him to assume the leadership and rule the State, fascinated by his seeming immersion in cultural and spiritual pursuits, and his indifference to temporal ambitions. The charm of that distinction is now gone. He clings tenaciously to power and fights for its retention in his hands like a very juvenile, and shattered for ever is the vision of his self dragged from retirement dedicated to holy Gita doctrines unwillingly down to uncongenial earthy

activities, solely to please importunate devotees. The man of God of the earlier incarnation has become a power-mad person with neither the taste nor the capacity to cherish the normal courtesies of democratic rule. The conflict now is between his right to make dummies out of colleagues and ride roughshod over them, and the self-respect of the politicians in their desperate struggle against being reduced to absolute ciphers. Ministers and legislators have endured more slighting from C. R. than perhaps their compeers anywhere else in the democratic world, and it seems certain that the Chief Minister will not survive for long unless he learns to temper his proneness to dictatorship with a little of the customary democratic methods of give and take.

SAKA

IF . . .

If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

If you can't do what you wish, wish to do what you can.

If Jupiter were to hurl a thunderbolt for every sin that men commit, very soon he would have none to throw.

If you are good in health, it is well.

If you wish me to weep, you must first display grief yourself.

If you desire to maintain peace, be prepared for war. (Strong armaments are the best security for peace).

If God be with us, who shall be against us?

If the world were to crumble into atoms, the ruins would strike him (the man of firm purpose) undismayed.

If the lion's skin is not enough, sew the fox's into it. (Supplement strength by astuteness).

If you do not know how to live rightly, submit to those who do.

If fortune favours . . .

MRS. PANDIT AS UN PRESIDENT

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y.—An American observer has this to say:

Two months ago today, the UN General Assembly elected its first woman President. The lady is Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. A fiery advocate of her Government's views in the past, she has become an iceberg while sitting in the President's chair in the General Assembly Hall. And, with the impartiality of an iceberg, she sinks those who stand in the way of what she believes to be the quickest way of getting Assembly business done.

Her decisions on points of order and matters of procedure are given crisply. One gets the impression that she will brook no argument, but that has still to be proved, because no one has had the nerve to argue with her. Andrew Cordier, executive assistant to the Secretary-General, speaks of her "friendliness and congeniality, combined with keen political insight." Mr. Cordier should know whereof he speaks, since he has sat at the left hand of every Assembly President; he has been the guide and advisor of seven men and now, for the first time, a woman.

It is not at all certain that Russia's Andrei Vishinsky or the United States Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. would agree that she is "congenial." She has had occasion to stop both of them when, in her opinion, they were getting out of line.

Before the Assembly got around to voting on whether to discuss the American charge of Communist atrocities in Korea, she ruled both of them out of order. Mr. Vishinsky, no man to toy with in verbal exchanges, then thanked her meekly for allowing him to get his morning "constitutional" in walking back and forth between his seat and the rostrum.

The towering Mr. Lodge acceded quietly, although he was correct from

a parliamentary standpoint, when she told him, in effect, to keep quiet and sit down.

More important, perhaps, is the fact that a respected representative of India occupies the President's seat. Both sides in the cold war are wooing that country. Neither side dares impugn, publicly at least, the fairness of Madame Pandit's decisions. The work of the Assembly goes forward accordingly. Once she takes off her Presidential "hat," however, she displays the same sharpness of opinion that has characterized her public utterances in the past. No previous Assembly President has dared to be as outspoken as she. For instance she told a meeting of women in world affairs at the Waldorf-Astoria that the UN Charter has been reduced to a "mass of words." She said that men and women meet here, not to create a climate of peace but to "create a sop to their conscience." Whereas people cried with joy when the Charter was adopted, now "men don't cry at the Charter any more—they laugh at it."

This quality of character on the part of one of the world's outstanding women is well recognized. Delegates may differ with her personal opinions but they mind their manners when she speaks as President of the Assembly.

Seat On UN For Red China

UN diplomats are hoping that the Bermuda conference will cast some new light on an ever-present UN issue: if and when Communist China should be seated in the world organization.

It has been noted here that the Soviet Union's November 3 note, rejecting the West's offer to discuss on the Foreign Ministers' level the future of Germany and Austria, contained, according to reports, a stipulation that any East-West discussion

of world tension must be preceded by the seating of the Peking regime in the UN.

RUSSIA knows that agreement between the U. S. and its major allies on their approach to the Red China problem is based to a large extent on temporary commitments. She also knows that the so-called neutral nations of Asia believe that the seating of Peking's representatives in the UN would go a long way to break many present deadlocks.

With this in mind, Russia sounds a constant siren call: if Communist China were in the UN, life would be much sweeter.

Observers here, therefore, took particular interest in the remarks by Secretary for State John Foster Dulles at his news conference. Mr. Dulles said that to seat the Red Chinese in the UN is quite out of order, as long as the Peking regime is a UN proclaimed aggressor in Korea and has not purged itself of that aggression—presumably through negotiating more sincerely for a permanent Korean peace conference—and as long as it is promoting further aggression in Indo-China. The Secretary pointed out, however, that the Eisenhower administration has never said it would be forever opposed to a recognition of a Communist government in China. At the UN this statement caused all sorts of speculation, and has led to the hope that the discussions at Bermuda may result in some clarification. The current status of the Communist China problem at the UN is this:

As Secretary Dulles has noted, what government represents China in the UN depends not on admitting a nation to the organization, but on approving the credentials of the representatives of a nation that is already a UN member. This is crucial to the issue, because under UN practice, the admission of a nation is subject to a veto in the Security Council while the approval of credentials is a matter for each UN body—such as the General Assembly—to decide for itself, and is a procedural issue requiring only a majority vote.

Before this Assembly session opened, Britain, which agrees with the

U. S. that Red China should not enter the UN now, but does not wish to see this entrance put off indefinitely, committed itself to a postponement of any debate in the Assembly on this question for the "duration" of this session "in the current year."

When Russia's Andrei Vishinsky pressed in the session's opening meeting on September 15 for Red China's immediate seating, the Anglo-American approach won the day.

Shortly thereafter, the Assembly debate on Korea was put off pending developments concerning the Korean peace conference. The target date for the end of the Assembly session is December 8, but the current deadlock on arrangements for the peace conference may force the Korean debate past that time, and indeed on into next year. It is expected, for instance, that after the peace conference—if it is ever held—the Assembly would want to debate its results. These questions then arise:

How sincere is Russia in pressing for Red China's representation in the UN? There is a school of thought that believes Russian pressure will dwindle as Peking's chances become stronger. Its premise is that too much Communist Chinese contact with the "outside" world will result in less desire for alliance with the Soviet Union.

If, on the other hand, Russia's pressure is sincere, is Communist China's representation a price that must be paid before there can be a Korean settlement, and before there can be a high-level East-West meeting on Germany or on world tensions in general?

IN connection with Britain's particular desire for such a meeting, and for Communist China's eventual presence in the UN (in order to open up new British trade markets, for one thing), what becomes of the British commitment on the postponement of this issue after the first of next year?

If the Red China question comes to a vote in the Assembly—where no

veto exists—what would be the result?

Dexter White Affair

ONCE again the gap between a man named Dwight D. Eisenhower and the President of the United States has been tragically revealed.

At a news conference yesterday a fair-minded man named Eisenhower voiced the instinctive revulsion which millions of Americans have felt over the Republican attempt to impugn the patriotism of Harry Truman.

There can be no question about Truman's loyalty and devotion, said Dwight D. Eisenhower; it is inconceivable that Truman knowingly appointed a Soviet spy to high office: it was wrong for a Congressional committee to summon him for questioning.

But where was Eisenhower when the lights went out? And what will he do now about the men who engineered this infamous performance—especially the Attorney General who led the pack?

The President said he did not believe that Brownell meant to cast any reflection on Truman's patriotism. But these were Brownell's words when he launched the attack:

"Harry Dexter White was known to be a Communist spy by the very people who appointed him to the most sensitive and important post he ever held in governmental service."

Did Press Secretary Hagerty fail to call Brownell's words to the President's attention? Eisenhower says it is inconceivable that Truman knowingly named a Russian spy to a high post. But these were Brownell's words:

".....White's spying activities for the Soviet government were reported in

detail by the FBI to the White House by means of a report delivered to President Truman through his military aide, Brig. Gen. Harry H. Vaughan, in December 1945."

Brownell's statements were categorical charges. They plainly asserted that conclusive and unimpeachable evidence depicted White as a Soviet spy and that Mr. Truman deliberately chose to protect and promote a spy. Not until long after the Eisenhower press conference did Brownell change his tone. He belatedly announced that it was Mr. Truman's "laxity" rather than his "loyalty" that he questions.

This afterthought was voiced nearly a week after the original smear had swept the country and a day after the Congressional election in California was safely over.

Brownell said solemnly that the President told him it was his duty to deliver the luncheon-club speech at which he indicted the former President. But, as Eisenhower tells it, a fellow named Brownell dropped in to see him, mentioned something grim about an unknown man named White and was told to do as he saw fit with the material. Was Brownell whispering or was Eisenhower napping when the conversation occurred?

It is reassuring to be reminded that Eisenhower still retains his moral sense. But he has so far seemed incapable of communicating that quality to the office of the Presidency. In discussing the Truman affair, the President sounded like a Washington commentator describing a drama in which Eisenhower was, at best, an incidental character. He gave no sign that he plans to assume the moral and intellectual leadership of his party, now or at a later date.

That citizens get better value for the rates and taxes they pay than for most other items in their expenditure never occurs to them. They will pay a third of their weekly earnings or more to an idle landlord as if that were a law of nature; but a collection from them by the rate collector they resent as sheer nonsense: the truth being precisely the reverse. They see nothing extravagant in basing democracy on an assumption that every adult native is either a Marcus Aurelius or a combination of St. Theresa and Queen Elizabeth Tudor, supremely competent to choose any tinker, tailor, soldier, or any good-looking, well-dressed female to rule over them.—G. B. S. in his preface to *Geneva*

THE REAL BATTLE FOR PEACE

By Dr. PIERRE DOROLLE

Deputy Director-General, World Health Organization

Does saving peoples' lives through better public health measures only increase the number of mouths to be fed? Are humanitarian considerations the only justification for fighting disease? What concrete dividends, if any, can be expected to result from the struggle for better health?

These are some of the vitally important questions answered in this article by Dr. Pierre Dorolle, one of the leaders of the World Health Organization, a specialized agency of the United Nations. The article is based on an address given by him recently in Stockholm during the Sixth Congress of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women.

HOW does the World Health Organization contribute to economic development? Let me introduce my answer to this question by quoting the definition of the word "health" as it has been agreed upon by the 83 countries that have accepted the WHO Constitution. "Health," according to this Constitution, "is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity." From this definition it is clear that the World Health Organization could never be satisfied just to help countries in the fight against disease: it must also contribute to the struggle for health.

The acceptance of this definition of the word "health" by more than 80 governments throughout the world clearly means a considerable widening of the traditional scope of public-health work. WHO's definition carries the implication that public health, on the one hand, and economic progress, on the other, are closely related to one another. It says, in effect, that the state of a community's health is intimately bound up with the level of its social and economic development.

Sick farmers: smaller crops

IT is well known that the agricultural yield of many large and potentially rich farming areas in many parts of the world is held to a pitiful minimum by a whole gamut of preventable diseases which sap the strength of the farmers. When the health of the farmer is improved, his productive capacity rises sharply.

The result is that increased income from the land makes possible greater investment both in health work and in agricultural improvement.

This also has important implications for industrial development. Large-scale industrialization would appear to have as a prerequisite the presence of a relatively healthy population. If the people of an area are not, on the whole, fairly healthy, then migration to the cities tends, with the growth of industry, to leave only the dregs of a partially sick and overworked population to till the fields; and the vicious circle of "sickness-breeds-poverty-breeds-more-sickness" will inevitably recommence.

Thanks to research carried out during the past few years, we are today in possession of a variety of evidence tending to show the crippling effects of ill health on the development of society. In fact, many large-scale health campaigns which have been carefully analysed from this point of view yield concrete proof of the economic value of preventive medicine. . . . These investigations show that sickness imposes an enormous burden on our economic structure.

But sickness is not alone in robbing us of much of our wealth: premature death is also one of the biggest thieves. It is quite clear that, if an individual dies at the age of 15 years, there is a net economic loss to society because that individual has not yet begun, or has hardly begun, to contribute his share to the productive processes on which the

maintenance and growth of society depend. A life lived to the age of 40 means, on the other hand, a potential economic gain; and if death does not come until 65 years, there is a net economic gain about twice as great as in the case of the man or woman who dies at 40.

These facts alone show how important to the world's economic well-being are the efforts which governments—with the assistance of the World Health Organization, the UN Children's Fund and various bilateral agencies—are directing towards the saving of human life, towards raising the life-expectancy of as many of their people as possible.

Example from India

LET us turn now to a few examples which will show the toll exacted from our economic resources by preventable sickness. The economic value of anti-malaria projects, for instance, can be gauged by what has happened during the past several years in Greece, India and Sardinia.

In Greece, in 1943, there were 2,000,000 malaria-sufferers. The country was at that time buying one-fifth of the entire world output of quinine at a cost of approximately \$1,300,000. But by 1949—just six years later—malaria-control measures, costing a million dollars less than the price that Greece once paid for quinine alone, had cut down the sickness figure to 50,000. This was about one-fortieth the number of cases there had been in 1943, and the effect on the country's economy was to increase its total manpower by the equivalent of 150,000 persons per year.

Take another example—this one from the Terai and Bhabar areas of Northern India. Here, modern malaria-control measures on a wide scale were begun a little over three years ago. Already the production of foodgrains is up by 25%, while the value of the land has nearly doubled.

Or take Sardinia, where malaria has for many years been the only barrier to rich agricultural development. A vigorous control campaign was launched in 1946. Three years later, in 1949, there was not a single case of primary malaria to be found

on the entire island. And today a plan is under way in Italy for settling in Sardinia one million citizens from the overcrowded mainland.

Malaria is undoubtedly the major barrier in the way of increased agricultural productivity in most warm countries. But similar figures could also be given to illustrate the disastrous impact of other preventable diseases on economic development.

According to an estimate made by Sir Andrew Balfour some years ago, there were at the time about 45 million workers in India suffering from hookworm disease. The annual earnings of these workers amounted to the equivalent of around one billion dollars. An intensive control campaign in one district was estimated to have increased labour efficiency by over 25%. Even if this figure were placed at only 10%, the application of a similar programme to the whole of India would have increased production rates by almost a hundred million dollars annually.

Another disease, prevalent in most of the underdeveloped areas of three continents, under tropical conditions, is yaws. It is a crippling disease caused by a treponeme, very similar to the treponeme that causes syphilis, but its transmission is not venereal, and it affects large groups of the population in rural areas. It responds to treatment by penicillin, in one single injection of an appropriate dose. WHO, with the aid of UNICEF, and through both its regular and its technical assistance programmes, has helped in the control of yaws in several countries, notably in Haiti, Indonesia, the Philippines, Thailand and, most recently, India.

Operations in Haiti, for instance, started in 1950. It is now possible to test how far the results of earlier work in this project have been permanent and to compare the effectiveness of different methods of work. In an area where the treatment was given by a mobile clinic, it was found recently, in a sample examination of nearly 13,000 persons, that only 100 were infected with yaws.

In another area, where treatment had been given by house-to-house visiting, at no greater cost in money or personnel, no cases were found

among the 2,500 persons examined. It is estimated that to date the control programme has meant the return to work of about one hundred thousand incapacitated persons, and has thus increased the national income by several million dollars a year. In Haiti, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Thailand, well over one-and-a-half million persons have been treated. At a relatively low cost the result has been an immense increase in national manpower and income.

TA programme greatest hope

THE examples I have given show, I believe, how important is the role which health work can play in any scheme aiming at the improvement of general living standards. Many of WHO's projects are specifically designed to help break the age-old vicious circle of "poverty-breeds-sickness; sickness-breeds-more-poverty." For the simple fact is that, without radical improvement in health conditions, all grandiose schemes to raise agricultural and industrial productivity in the economically under-developed countries will be dangerously handicapped, if not doomed to certain failure.

No amount of money will be able to stimulate agricultural and industrial development effectively if the man and women for whom new opportunities are thus created continue to be plagued by physical and mental ills. On the other hand, nothing will be achieved by restoring good health to millions of human beings if, due to lack of capital investment, they only swell the ranks of the unemployed and add to the economic burden which their communities already bear. And finally, unless endowed with the intellectual and moral values which culture and education can bring, even a healthy and economically productive people cannot help to build a peaceful world.

I believe that in the UN Expanded Programme of Technical Assistance for Economic Development lies mankind's greatest hope for the future. I believe this to be true because this programme provides for a concerted frontal attack by the UN and all its specialized agencies on the inter-related problems of poverty, hunger, ignorance and disease . . . This is "the real battle for peace."



Perry Burgess at the Madras Medical College

FACTS ABOUT THE POWS

THE question of prisoner repatriation was responsible for the creation of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission (NNRC). The issue of prisoner repatriation first came up at preliminary armistice talks as long ago as December, 1951. At that time the U. N. Command informed the Communists that a great many prisoners in U. N. camps would resist return to their Communist homelands. In April of 1952, five months later, the Communists finally agreed to have Communist prisoners in U. N. prisoner camps polled to determine how many would return to Communist territory without force.

When the results of the polling showed that large numbers of prisoners had refused to return home, the Communists charged that the pollings had been conducted unfairly. They refused a U. N. offer to re-poll the prisoners in the presence of Communist observers and demanded the unconditional return of all prisoners of war, even by use of force if necessary.

To this the U. N. Command would not agree, and on this one vital issue the armistice negotiations were deadlocked. India's proposal that the question be considered by a commission composed of neutral nations broke this deadlock and was a vital part of India's successful effort to bring about the armistice.

When the armistice came into being on July 27th, 1953, the two sides exchanged those prisoners willing to go home in a 33-day programme which was commonly known as "Operation Big Switch." During this period the Communists returned 12,760 prisoners to the U. N. Command. The U. N. Command returned 75,800 prisoners to the Communists.

There remained in U. N. Camps approximately 15,000 Chinese prisoners and 8,000 North Korean prisoners who said they would resist repatriation to their Communist homelands.

Why are Indian troops in Korea?

To quote the Armistice Agreement signed at Pan Mun Jom on July 27, 1953, Indian troops are on duty in

Korea today "to ensure that all prisoners of war have the opportunity to exercise their right" to be repatriated if that is their choice.

This position of trust and responsibility stems from India's membership in the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission. Not only is India a member of the commission, but in the person of General Thimayya, India also is chairman and executive agent of the NNRC.

Paragraph 3 of Article 1 of the terms of reference for the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission states: "No force or threat of force shall be used against the prisoners of war . . . to prevent or effect their repatriation, and no violence to their persons or affront to their dignity or self-respect shall be permitted in any manner for any purpose whatsoever . . . This duty is enjoined and entrusted to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission."

Indian troops are in Korea today successfully carrying out these armistice terms. All prisoners are quartered in compounds within the demilitarised zone, from which both Communist and United Nations forces are barred. These compounds are under the overall control of the Indian Custodian Forces. Producing of prisoners for the "explanations" is the responsibility of the officers and men of General Thimayya's command. Their discipline, control and calm judgment in this difficult and unprecedented task have won the respect and admiration of the free world.

How many prisoners have chosen to return to their Communist homelands?

Out of some 15,000 Chinese and 8,000 Koreans who said they did not desire repatriation, and who were turned over to the NNRC on September 23, 1953, some 130 have changed their minds voluntarily and requested repatriation without "explanations."

A RECENT tally showed that, 2,213 prisoners had heard the Communist "explanations." Of this number

64 changed their original stand against returning to their Communist homeland. This constitutes slightly under three per cent of those to whom explanations have been given.

What is the hitch in the repatriation programme?

EVER since it became clear that only a handful of prisoners could be won over by the explanations, the Communists have been finding excuses to stall the proceedings. They have refused to continue with the explanations unless the NNRC would produce those prisoners who could only be produced by force. This the NNRC has refused to do.

What is the Communist justification for this course?

The Communist side alleges that the POW camps are controlled by ring leaders and agents of Nationalist China and the Republic of Korea, who effectively prevent many prisoners from electing to return to their homeland.

The "explanation" procedure was specifically designed to meet this difficulty by providing for explanations to prisoners one at a time. The Indian forces have entered POW compounds in sufficient strength to protect any prisoners who desired repatriation.

While resisting the Communist demand to produce the prisoners forcibly, General Thimayya has endeavoured, with successful patience, to persuade most of the prisoners to appear voluntarily.

More recently, the Communists dragged out their "explaining" to such an extent that only part of those in a given compound were processed on the day scheduled. The Communists then demanded that these men be segregated from the others from the same compound; General Thimayya pointed out that this was a physical impossibility, and (at the time this is written) the Communists are refusing to continue the "explanation" process at all.

Why does the U. N. Command insist that all POWs should be released on January 22, regardless of whether a Political Conference is held?

Paragraph 11 of the Terms of Reference of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, as negotiated at the long Pan Mun Jom peace talks and agreed to by both sides, is as follows:

"At the expiration of 90 days after the transfer of custody of the prisoners of war to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, access of representatives to captured personnel . . . shall terminate, and the question of disposition of the prisoners of war shall be submitted to the political Conference recommended to be convened in Paragraph 60, Draft Armistice Agreement, which shall endeavour to settle this question within 30 days, (i.e. by January 22, 1954) during which period the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission shall continue to retain custody of those prisoners of war.

"The Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission shall declare the relief from the prisoner of war status of any prisoners of war who have not exercised their right to be repatriated and for whom no other disposition has been agreed to by the Political Conference within 120 days (i.e., by January 22, 1954) after the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission has assumed their custody.

"Thereafter, according to the application of each individual, those who choose to go to neutral nations shall be assisted by the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission and the Red Cross Society of India."

But isn't the U. N. stand on this question legalistic?

An important principle is involved—one for the establishment of which 16 nations have paid a heavy price in blood and treasure. That principle is that a human being shall not be held in pawn as a price for an armistice or conference.

FOLLOWING his return from Korea early in November, U. S. Ambassador Allen explained to the Indian press that the U. N. Command takes a serious view of the emotional state in which the prisoners find themselves after as much as three years' confinement.

"One of the most important things in the minds of the POWs is to know whether they are destined to stay in the demilitarised zone indefinitely," declared Mr. Allen at that time. "A political conference may drag on, like the conference on Austria, for seven years. If any impression were to get around among the prisoners that the (armistice) timetable might be changed, the result would be devastating."

"While this business of prisoners' not wanting to be repatriated is a reasonably new phenomenon," the Ambassador added, "it already has occurred twice since the rise of totalitarian governments. We began to experience it when we captured Germans during World War II. There were serious disturbances in the POW camps, with some of the prisoners denouncing Hitler."

"In 1945, when we occupied Germany, we found large numbers of Russian prisoners. We decided they should all go back to Russia. Many had to be driven back at the points of bayonets; some jumped off trains, and committed suicide."

The United Nations Command is determined that this will not happen again. Thus, when the agreement was written, language was included which protects the prisoner of war. Its major purpose is to insure his

scheduled freedom. He is to be a free man again upon a definite date. The United Nations Command, in sticking to the letter of this paragraph, is not taking a stand on mere words. The U. N. stand is taken on the *meanings* of those words.

Paragraph 11 does not make the freeing of the prisoners conditional upon the holding of a political conference. It envisages the possibility that the recommended Political Conference might not meet or might fail to arrive at a solution for unrepatriated prisoners. Note the use of the word "endeavour":

"... prisoners of war who have not exercised their right to be repatriated shall be submitted to the Political Conference recommended to be convened in Paragraph 60, Draft Armistice Agreement, which shall *endeavour* to settle this question within thirty days . . ."

THUS the United Nations Command, in sticking to the language of the terms of reference, is sticking to the humane proposition for which it has long held out—that men who have been inmates of a prisoner of war camp for as long as three years must be freed on *schedule*, that their right to live as human beings should not be harnessed to the inability of negotiators to find a solution to problems of world magnitude. —USIS

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BRITISH CONSERVATIVES AND AMERICAN 'WITCH HUNT'

By ANDREW ROTH

PERHAPS the most telling example of the British Conservative attitude toward the American 'witch-hunt' was given in two separate articles in the *Sunday Times*. The *Sunday Times* is a Kemsley newspaper and traditionally Tory, without any of the streak of Liberalism which threads through its chief competitor *The Observer*.

Under the title "Washington Witch-Hunt" its chief foreign affairs commentator, Scrutator, led off with:

"At a time when common needs and common ideals have thrown the American and the British people more closely together than ever before, it is most unfortunate that a development like McCarthyism should have arisen to cloud their mutual understanding....."

"If anyone rejoins that the affair is domestic to America and therefore not our concern, the answer is simple. It is that the United States is the indispensable head of the great Western Alliance.....and it is most important that the leading country should be liked, respected and trusted by the rest.....Nobody can like McCarthyism, or feel full confidence in a country in which it is allowed to run riot....."

On another page Sir Percy Sillitoe, who retired this year as head of M. I. 5, the super-secret British equivalent of the F. B. I., wrote "My Answer to Critics of M. I. 5." Some excerpts are revealing:

"When I took over the office in 1946 a new phase, as it were, had opened, in which international espionage had spread across the world.....Certainly the Department had its worries and it did not escape criticism. There are two classes of criticism which have been directed at M. I. 5, firstly alleging that we have not done our duty well enough—as in the Fuchs case—and, second, objecting that we have not done at all certain things which the public in

moments of emotion believe should have been our duty.

"I would not dream of denying that M. I. 5 was mistaken over Fuchs and that it would have been much more laudable had it been established—or even suspected—in 1942, instead of in 1949, that Fuchs was passing information to the Russians.

"But, having said that, I would like to point out that M. I. 5 is not a supernatural organization. I have sometimes felt that many people, not knowing accurately what its methods are, have come to expect that its representatives must all be endowed with a sixth sense.

"The fact is that there was absolutely no valid reason why anyone's suspicions should reasonably have been aroused about Fuchs. Should we, all the same, have arranged for him to be shadowed night and day? In that case, we should have had logically to follow the same procedure in the case of all the other apparently quite innocent men who were engaged on secret work....."

"With regard to the second type of criticism, this was manifest after Bruno Pontecorvo, who had previously been working at Harwell, failed to return to this country from a holiday in Italy, and when Burgess and MacLean, the two Foreign Office officials, disappeared.

"The public concluded these men had gone to Russia. Assuming that this be so, what could M. I. 5 have done in the matter? 'They should have been stopped from going to Russia,' was the cry. But in this country a man cannot be **arrested** unless legal evidence to warrant it is either available or likely to be obtained when he is searched....."

"We must all bear in mind, if we cry out against the people who have abused their liberty in this country, that had we deprived them of that liberty without legal evidence against

them we should have been taking steps which would, inevitably, have threatened the liberty of every one of us in Britain. We should, in fact, have been standing on the slippery slope which leads to the 'Police State'—in which the ordinary citizen goes in constant helpless fear of a Secret Police against whose decrees he has no redress.

".....I myself, at any rate, would rather see two or three traitors slip through the net of the Security Service than be party to the taking of measures which could result in such a regime."

Perhaps one of J. Edgar Hoover's liaison men in London has sent his chief a marked copy of this article.

Labour's Embarrassing Victory

THE Labour Party was surprised and is a little embarrassed by the margin of its victory in the Holburn and St. Pancras constituency. At a reception for Dr. Cheddi Jagan just before he flew to India, I canvassed a number of Labour M.P.s and prospective Labour candidates on their expectations in the by-election which was to take place the next day. One young Labour Party propagandist gave me the official Transport House anticipation: they thought Mrs. Jeger would win by about 900 votes. The analysis was as follows: Dr. Jeger, whose death had caused the by-election, had had a majority of 1759 against a Conservative and a Liberal. They expected that they would suffer most by the usual fall in the vote in a by-election. Moreover they feared that in this very cosmopolitan district—the constituency takes in part of Soho—it would be largely the Labour Party voters who will have moved on without enough trace, to enable them to secure postal ballots. They felt that Mrs. Jeger, a journalist on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, would pick up a few votes because she has been a popular member of the St. Pancras Council since 1945 and the first Labour member of the London County Council from the constituency. She would pick up a few votes because of the sentimental favouritism for a widow and the fact she

bears the same name, a name long known in the district. Transport House thought she would just squeeze through.

A number of prospective Labour M.P.s who have been canvassing in the district were less optimistic. Ted Castle, former *Picture Post* editor, who recently lost a by-election himself, said that the transitory character of many of the eligible voters was terrific. He had canvassed a whole day and had only been able to run down 6 voters. Any adult of British nationality who had been in the district a year before was eligible to vote. This included many Indian and Pakistani students studying at London University—which is on the fringe of the district—and patients in the several large hospitals.

One experienced woman politician assured me that Mrs. Jeger only had a chance if the Greeks and Cypriots voted solidly for her. There are three thousand of them in the district, most of them working as waiters in Soho's restaurants. The people from Cyprus are enthusiastic about returning to Greece and determined their vote would be decided on this issue. Mrs. Jeger organized a special meeting for them where she promised to support the return of Cyprus to Greece if the Cypriots voted to do so. "I stand to see persons of whatever nationality or creed are able to work out their own destiny without conditions." She was supported in this by Francis Noel-Baker, young former Labour M.P., and son of Philip Noel Baker who addressed the meeting in Greek and quoted the example of Burma, India and Ceylon as evidence of Britain's good intentions. My informant told me that she thought the Cypriots would vote Labour, partly because Communist influence is strong among them and the Communists are, for the moment, all for unity-against-the-Tories.

When I spoke to Mrs. Jeger she thought that housing would be one of the major issues. The week before the Conservatives had announced their policy that landlords would be permitted to raise rents if they could show that they had spent money on keeping the house in good repair. "I

don't have to raise this issue," Mrs. Jeger told me, "people bring it up themselves." There are many working class slums in the district and with the rise in other prices, their inhabitants would be hard put to pay out more for rent.

When the Holborn constituency went to the polls and sent Mrs. Jeger to parliament with a majority increased by 217 votes, despite a reduced poll, there was considerable amazement. Two days before the

election Lord Woolton, the Conservative Party chairman, had called it "a sort of political barometer." The result showed a swing of over 1% to Labour—enough to give Labour a majority of 15 in the House of Commons if this swing were followed all over the country in a general election. But there is no indication that Sir Winston wants to risk losing his place—or that Labour covets it particularly at the present. There are too many signs of a trade depression ahead.

VINCENT AURIOL: PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

AS the brilliant seven-year presidency of Vincent Auriol draws to its close, the problem of choosing his successor is still unresolved. No one doubts that the contest will be one of the narrowest and perhaps the longest in French republican history. No one, in view of the anxious decisions to be made by France early in the new year, and particularly that concerning the European Defence Community, can view the result of the election with indifference. The fact is that when the senators of the Council of the Republic and the deputies to the National Assembly meet at the historic palace of Versailles in December—in the same transformed riding-school in which met the members of the ill-fated Louis XVI's National Assembly—they will have to choose one of the key figures in the Western democratic world.

Earlier French Presidents were only too frequently figureheads of the ship of State, fearing to exercise, or indifferent to, their constitutional powers. But since Vincent Auriol was elected the first President of the Fourth Republic his office has become, thanks to his own bold and wise handling of frequent ministerial crises, and the public confidence he has built up, second only in power, among the heads of democratic States, to the presidency of the United States. A French President, if he has the courage to wield it, has

more effective power than the ruler of Great Britain or any other constitutional monarch in Europe.

Vincent Auriol's presidency ends officially on January 16, 1954. His successor must be elected, according to the Constitution, during the first half of the month preceding this date. The electoral college of senators and deputies is composed of 946 members, and the newly elected President, if he is to have an absolute majority of votes, must find at least 474.

Long stationed in Paris as a diplomatic correspondent, George Slocombe knows thoroughly the currents and personalities of continental politics. He also has a deep knowledge of French politics and an extensive acquaintance with its leading figures.

At first glance it should be easy to find them for a popular candidate. But the field has narrowed considerably since Vincent Auriol was elected. The Communists, who supported him, were then represented in the Government. Now they are in permanent opposition. But their votes, if judiciously cast in successive ballots for various candidates, may lead to the most unexpected results, especially in view of the large number and diversity of candidates in the field.

Oldest and most experienced of the prospective runners in this presi-

dential derby is veteran Henri Queuille, a country doctor who abandoned his practice in the little town of Neuvic, in central France, to sit in no fewer than 22 Governments before the war and in six since the liberation. He has been twice Premier, was an unsuccessful pre-war contestant for the Elysee against Albert Lebrun, is an able negotiator, dignified, democratic, well-liked, a radical, but not an active anticlerical, like most of his fellow radicals.

THE youngest candidate is René Plevin, the tall, bespectacled Breton who was Minister of Finance in General de Gaulle's first Government, and who, as Minister of Defence, fathered the idea of the European army. Plevin is 58, has also been Premier, and leads a splinter group of near-radicals in the Assembly. In view of the bitter controversy in French political circles over the European army, Plevin's chances are not very good.

For the same reason another radical candidate, 68-year-old Yvon Delbos, must be considered handicapped. Delbos had the courage to defend the European Defence Community at a recent radical congress, when his fellow radical and rival candidate for the Elysee, Henri Queuille, conspicuously remained silent. In favour of Yvon Delbos must, however, be counted his marriage to a woman of charm and beauty, the former actress Germaine Rouer, of the Comedie Francaise. Since Madame Vincent Auriol came to the Elysee, that erstwhile drab and dowdy presidential palace has become not only a comfortable home for the first family of the Republic, but also a centre of French taste in art, *haute couture* and even gastronomy. She has set a high example for the wives of future French Presidents, and the electors in Versailles this year will undoubtedly have the wife of their candidate in mind when they make their choice.

Georges Bidault, another presidential prospect, is fortunate in this respect. His wife, the former Suzanne Borel, is a woman of charm and intelligence who had the distinction before the war of becoming the first

woman in France admitted to a diplomatic post.

Bidault, a brilliant young professor of history and editor of the Christian Socialist newspaper *L'Aube*, was president of the National Council of Resistance at the liberation and was named Minister of Foreign Affairs in the first Government formed by De Gaulle. Since then he has been twice Premier. Georges Bidault would make a handsome and elegant President, and one with a wide knowledge of world affairs and the men who handle them. To be elected, he has to overcome not only the opposition of the Communists on the extreme left and the ex-Gaullists on the extreme right of the two parliamentary assemblies, but also the traditional hostility of the radicals, Socialists and Communists to any revival of clericalism in France. Bidault's party, the Christian Socialist (MRP) has the support of the Vatican, and for half a century the Elysee and the Vatican have been only on warily polite terms.

There remains, among the official candidates, the powerful but still enigmatic figure of Joseph Laniel, the present Premier. Laniel has the merit of not being a professional politician. This is his first Government, and hitherto he has faced his problems boldly and not unsuccessfully. A stalwart, impressive figure with grimly humorous features, he is little known in the country.

NOT one of the men I have so far mentioned has a clear majority that can as yet be calculated. The probability is, therefore, that the election will go through several successive ballots, each one lasting two hours, since the votes are cast by each member in turn, in alphabetical order, under the watchful eye of aged Edouard Herriot, President of the Assembly. If the first ballot is inconclusive, as is only too likely, the name of the retiring President will inevitably be raised in the lobbies in which senators and deputies congregate once their vote has been cast. Vincent Auriol, like others, has repeatedly denied that he is a candidate. But at the last moment he may change his mind.—Copyright—NMF.

HOME COMING

He looked around when he reached the top of the hillock. The scene that met his eyes filled him with dismay.

KUTTAN lay on the deck of the small ship that was bearing him homeward. He had finished his daily routine work in the ship and had just stretched his weary limbs. It was wonderful to lie there and slowly relax his tired and aching muscles and gaze at the countless stars smiling down upon him in all their brilliance. It was a clear night. There was a pleasant breeze. The sea was calm. It was a night that would have made the romantic more romantic and the philosopher more philosophic. The gentle breeze and the dim light of the stars were such as to send a tingling sensation through any human being with a zest for life and the dark deep sea stretching to meet the endless heavens emphasised the fact of how insignificant man is, coming into this world—no one knows from where—and living in it for what is an infinitely short time out of the millions of years that had preceded him and the millions yet to come!

But Kuttan was no philosopher. To him it was delicious to just lie there and think about his home—his home to which he was returning after seven years. Every day, every hour and every minute was bringing him nearer to his beloved ones. He could see them in his mind's eye—his mother who was forever busy at home, his brother and sister-in-law who were always quarrelling, and his darling wife Kutty. Would they have all changed? Of course Kutty would have grown into a young woman. She was only fifteen when he married her, a slight wisp of a girl. How she had clung to him at the last moment, just before his leaving! He could still remember her sweet tear-stained face as she promised to be a good girl and help

her mother-in-law while waiting for his return.

He could see his native hamlet on the seashore where mostly fishermen lived. The town T—was only six miles away and one had to take a boat to go there, for, the canal was the only connection. That hamlet was a delightful place with the sea on one side and the canal winding its way on the other. Kuttan had spent twenty-two happy years there. His father was a fisherman and Kuttan too had learnt that trade, though his father wanted him to go to school and study and get a job in T—. Kuttan was not interested in studies and after getting through the alpha-

bet he gave up school and joined his parent in fishing. Oh, wasn't it fun going on the catamaran! Then came the catastrophe—his father returned in the evening and complained of a severe

headache and slept off without taking any food. He never woke up again. His death brought Kuttan's brother from T—, where he was working in a coir-making concern.

KUTTAN and his brother carried on their ancestral trade. Kuttan could still feel the waves lashing on his catamaran. Then he thought of his brother's marriage: what a quarrelsome creature that sister-in-law was! A year later he had got married and a few months after had had a tiff with his brother and had enlisted. The dreadful scenes of the war flashed across his eyes—the moments of imminent peril which had made him feel he should never have entered the army leaving his dear home. And yet he had even in those moments felt that he was doing something for his country. He heaved a sigh and rolled on his side and muttered: "At last the danger

Short Story

By

Prabha Telikicharla

is passed and I am going home." He went on musing about the incidents of his childhood. He thought of the river, the small boats and the boatmen singing such wonderful songs. There was that Kandan who used to sing so well! Kutty and he loved going to him after all their work was over and ask him to sing songs from ancient folk-lore. It was thrilling to listen to Kandan's full-throated resonant voice—sitting on a stone-bench under the palmyrah trees, with the digit moon shining overhead.

HE lay wide awake thinking of his little home. He had left it as a poor fisherman and was now returning to it as a rich sailor, yes, quite rich with three thousand rupees in his pocket. The small thatched hut where he had lived was leaking when he left it. Would his brother have put a new roof? Kuttan planned to buy a bit of land in Cochin and build a tiny house for his Kutty and his mother. He had already planned their future. He was going to join the docks and would make home comfortable.

The ship sighted land and Kuttan along with the others got into the boat and was soon ashore. His heart was beating furiously as he went through the custom-house catechism and hastened to the bus stand. There were still eighteen miles between his home and himself. His heart sank when he was told that he would have to wait for another half-hour for his bus to start. But to his great surprise the half-hour flew by as he mused about his home. When his bus actually started Kuttan felt so happy that he could not refrain from whistling and when the rickety thing after a tortuous journey, finally lumbered into the bus stand at T—, he could scarcely wait for the other passengers to get down. Tugging at some, elbowing a few, and treading on the toes of others, he hurried off to the ferry and asked for Kandan. He was told that Kandan had died. Kuttan was shocked, annoyed. This was a bad omen he felt, portending calamity. Looking round the place he found that it had changed beyond recognition; the little teashop where he was wont to sit and chat with the

workers in the nearby coir industry was gone. The coir industry itself had closed down. He could not, in these quiet surroundings, recognize the busy centre of trade and commerce it had once been. A small boy who was watching him with curiosity and interest now came near and asked Kuttan if he wanted a boat. Kuttan nodded. Whereupon the lad called out to his father who presently crawled out of a hut close by. This man was big-made, a muscular giant with bloodshot eyes and an evil expression. Without a word he got into a shabby old boat that was lying on the shore and waited for Kuttan to get in. The look of the old boat and the sight of the boatman only increased Kuttan's uneasiness. As he glided along he thought of the last time he had got into a boat. How strong, big and beautiful the boats had been then! How their owners vied with each other to keep them so! How different this boat was! Of course it was in keeping with the surroundings. A vague fear began to creep into Kuttan's heart.

HE could not get any information about his people from the boatman who did not seem to have even heard of them though he had been in T—, for six months. This only increased the foreboding fear in Kuttan's heart. He tried to fight it down by trying to make conversation with the man, but obviously the latter was not inclined towards any. He tried to forget his uneasiness by thinking again of the many years he had spent in those surroundings. He could recognize the twisted and bent palmyrahs which fringed the canal on either shore; the cashewnut and the mango trees which he used to climb were still there. He could also see the distant *gopuram* of the temple in the adjacent village. He thought it was grand to glide smoothly on the sparkling waters and watch the flaming sunset between the trees once again. It was a lovely evening and Kuttan found his vague fears melting away.

At last, after two hours of rowing, they reached his hamlet. Having paid the boatman handsomely Kut-

tan jumped onto the shore and looked around, hoping to see some sign of his people. He felt a trifle disappointed at not seeing any for he had written to them to say that he was coming home. He climbed the small hill which hid the village and as he walked Kuttan took out the little gilded jewelbox which contained the pearl ear-rings for Kutty. They were his love offerings to his heart's goddess! He also had the paper-wrapped bundle which contained the lovely shawl for his mother. As he trudged up the slope he wondered what Kutty would do on seeing him: would she be waiting at the doorstep, or would she run up to him? Would she be very busy with her work? He remembered that in her last letter which he had received six months ago she had written that she too was mending nets. Of course it was not her fault if she did not write again later, because he had informed her that he was starting on a tour and that her letters would not reach him. What would his mother say to him? Would she be strong enough to come to the foot of the hill? He remembered how in the olden days his mother was in the habit of waiting for him there on his return in the evening and would relieve him of the heavy basket he carried. And Kutty invariably was at the doorstep to welcome him home with a smile. Would it be the same now? he wondered.

HE looked around when he reached the top of the hillock. The scene that met his eyes filled him with dismay. In the place of the former fifty nets there were only three or four spread out on the sands to dry. Kuttan slowly dragged his feet down the slope and turned into the cashewnut grove in the corner of which was his house. After a few steps he suddenly stopped, for he could not believe his eyes. In the place where his hut had been there now were scattered only crude and weatherbeaten mudwalls. He was dazed. He could not for the life of him believe that only these remained of the home that had been his; the happy home where he had spent twenty-two years of his life. A lump rose in his throat and almost choked

him. He stood rooted to the spot stunned into inactivity. He was roused suddenly by a shaky voice. An old woman approached him and asked him who he was. He could not answer her. Words failed him and he could only look at her and at the mudwalls—both ruins of his old familiar world.

"You are Kungi's son?" she asked him.

He could only nod.

Then she told him the tragic story of his beloved ones . . .

Eight months ago Kuttan's brother had gone out fishing as usual, but he never returned. Their mother with her two daughters-in-law managed to eke out a living by mending nets. And then the famine came. Not a morsel of food was available in their village and Kuttan's mother went away along with the young women to T—, where she hoped to find employment in the coir industry. Many of the fishermen of the village had left for the town but even there only misery awaited them, for the industry was closed and no work was to be found. The old woman who was already half-dead with grief died after several days' starvation. After her death her daughters-in-law had left T—, and were not heard of any more . . .

The narrator stopped for breath and finding Kuttan still silent, continued:

She and Kungi had been living together in T—, and were both trying for work. When her end came Kungi had asked her to promise to tell her son Kuttan, were he to return, that his mother died blessing him. She had now come back to the village and was living with her son who earned a paltry sum by fishing . . .

KUTTAN was speechless with grief. The tragic shock was more than he could bear. Then, involuntarily, slowly, he opened the tiny jewelbox. His hands trembled violently, one ear-ring fell onto the sand, and as he looked vacantly at it, a heavy hot tear from his eye dropped over it and buried it in the warm sand.

The Changing English Novel: A View Point

AT the turn of the century, what estimate may be made of the progress of the modern English novel? How might the achievement of contemporary practitioners in the English novel as an art-form be assessed against that of their illustrious predecessors? And would a comparison be favourable to the moderns? The non-English critic who undertakes an evaluation of recent work in the English novel is really up against a difficult task. He might conceivably bring to his work an approach free of bias and partiality but he would have to contend with writing that is individual and isolated in the extreme, devoid of all links with tradition and having little or no connection with the past. There are no yardsticks or canons of construction against which one can reckon success or failure, simply because the moderns have thrown overboard every precept handed to them by the Victorians and the early Georgians; they have increasingly tended, as it were, to cultivate their own gardens. Consequently there are no clear-cut paths along which modern English fiction has developed. The more distinguished practitioners might be so many scattered luminaries in a rather bleak literary firmament. They blaze on their own and leave little trails of glory when they spurt across the skies occasionally, but they remain always isolated in their sublimity. English novelists today pursue private myths and would unanimously disclaim any affinity with the past or with each other.

And these twin considerations of diversity (or individuality) and restlessness must furnish the starting point of any evaluation of English creative writing in our times, for they are the distinguishing characteristics of contemporary work. The diversity, bordering on chaos, and the restlessness both stem from the deliberate revolt against the Victorian traditions in English fiction, which consisted of certain well-defined principles and precepts.

In the pioneering work of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Trollope, for instance, there are discernible certain common loyalties to what was considered the credo of all practising writers. The Victorians always built their narrative against a carefully worked-in plot; the hero's conduct maintained a uniform excellence and was nearly always made to conform to the highest orthodox Christian standards. Virtue was always rewarded and the villain, clearly recognisable from the outset, was always punished. A clearly defined moral usually emanated from the novel and sermonizing of every kind was not excluded from the story's framework. It is no exaggeration to say that those who inherited this tradition in the novel have totally rejected its salient principles.

The reasons for the rejection, however, are not far to seek. Roughly they comprise all that happened between 1850 and 1950 and certainly a lot of water flowed under the bridges during this period. There was the widespread repudiation of traditional Christian teaching in the dissemination of allegedly scientific doctrines, which stipulated that man was not essentially a spiritual being but a thoroughly material creature, whose growth and development could be explained by purely material criteria. The Great War left in its wake an atmosphere of moral crisis and intellectual disillusionment and the general feeling of unrest and intense dissatisfaction was accentuated by the Great Depression which followed soon after. The English writer was more driven in on himself than ever before; his isolation developed within him a missionary and apostolic sense, charging him with the tasks of reporting the ferment around him, analysing the social malaise and, if possible, suggesting a private solution to the public dilemma. The ground was thus prepared for the individual groping in the dark; the present demanded that the panaceas and opiates offered by the smug and complacent optimism of the Victorians be refused. A path through the labyrinth could best be traced when one worked according to one's

private lights. Freud's plumbing of the subconscious and the revolutionary effect of his major findings on traditional concepts of behaviour and morality, particularly in the realm of sex, further fortified the individualists.

It was now more than ever necessary to hesitate before passing judgment on the doings of one's fellowman; the hero could never be a paragon of virtue because man was a bundle of contradictions, a mixture of good and evil, and unmoved sanctity might even be a symptom of neuroses. The traditional hero of Victorian literature was dead and the hero-villain was born. The latter might be a gangster or an outcaste without losing all claims to the reader's sympathy. It became the novelist's task to enlist sympathy for all his characters, good and evil. The supreme virtue of the writer was now the truthful depiction of men and matters as he saw them; the passing of judgment, moral or otherwise, was deemed beyond the scope of his work. The fostering of loyalties to particular creeds was anathema; it was absolutely necessary to rebel against all traditionally accepted codes of behaviour if one was to gain human insight into the minds of outcasts, hangers-on and destitutes of every kind.

But where, one may well ask has the rebellion led, and what, after all these years (one does not say the end of the revolution) have the rebels got to show for themselves? The delicate fashioning of the stream-of-consciousness technique, the most important weapon in the armoury of the subjective novelists, did, no doubt, produce noteworthy results in the work of such accomplished technicians as Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson. When used extensively however, and with deliberate abandon, by so gifted an exponent as James Joyce, (in his novel, *Ulysses*), the same technique only produced obscurity and confusion and showed the way to total and perverse incomprehensibility.

There have, of course, been brilliant pyrotechnical displays by individual practitioners, private oases in

the desert of contemporary English fiction. Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, Evelyn Waugh, Henry Green, L. P. Hartley, Rosamond Lehmann, and I. Compton-Burnett, to take but a few of the older names at random, have produced work which is excellent by any standard. Their careful, honest, down-to-earth reporting of the contemporary scene combined with their skilled usage of new techniques has certainly brought fresh ground within the scope of the novel as an art-form and to this extent at least, they must be considered an enterprising and pioneering group. But, in well-nigh all their cases, the lack of a coherent philosophy of existence through which one might see life steadily and see it whole, has militated against their efforts to produce dramatic unity in their work individually and to form any substantial tradition of their own collectively. Their novels are mostly frantic, futile efforts to come to terms with an increasingly chaotic universe and too often their own emptiness is betrayed in the upshot; they write of cardboard characters in a world that is paper-thin. It is almost as if in their restlessness and isolation, they have written themselves out.

There have however been compensations of various kinds and the cautious critic should certainly forbear before finally writing down the achievement of the moderns. New voices in the English novel have spoken with measured, distilled brilliance. P. H. Newby, William Sansom, and Nigel Balchin have, in very recent times, written extremely well of contemporary dilemmas, the last-named specialising in a surgical dissection of harassed professional life that has probably had no parallel anywhere. Ornate, and extremely skilled writing has come from Emma Smith, and Thomas Hinde. The former's *The Far Cry* should be of particular interest to Indian readers while Hinde's *Mr. Christopher* is an exercise in satire and barbed sarcasm that comes off superbly. Alexander Baron, too, has recorded movingly the disillusionment and dissatisfaction that follows on combat. His war novel, *From the City, From the*

Plough is particularly commendable. All this is indicative of progress in the future and the omens are definitely not all adverse. It would per-

haps be best to await with guarded optimism what the next decade might bring.

J. A. RODRIGUES

Celebrated American Playwright Dead



Eugene O'Neill

EUGENE GLADSTONE O'NEILL, the American playwright who was the recipient of the 1936 Nobel Prize for Literature, died of bronchial pneumonia in Boston on November 27, 1953. He was born in New York City on October 16, 1888, and did not begin to write until a serious illness affected his health. He had led a violent early life and was for a time in a sanatorium with a touch of tuberculosis. There he began "thinking things" over and the urge to write plays caught him with the inevitability of destiny. The period was 1912-1913. He had an intimate knowledge of stage life, his father being an actor, and his early years were a round of exciting tours. Then he went to the Princeton and Harvard Universities, failed to pass examinations, and embarked on a career—like a rolling-

stone, but unlike it gathering the moss of a wealthy experience. (Later he was a D.Litt of the Yale University). His ambition, he has said, "was to be a two-fisted Jack London he-man sailor." Tall, strongly-built and wiry, his face, it has been remarked, "looked grim enough to frighten huskies." He was a great experimenter with dramatic form but quite traditional in his ideas. Among his famous plays are: *Beyond the Horizon*, *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Days without End*, *Emperor Jones*, *Anne Christie*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *A Touch of The Poet*, *The Hairy Ape*, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. His family epic—the sequence of plays he planned early in 1936 was something in the nature of *Back to Methuselah*. Barrie and Pirandello were among the renowned dramatists whose flavour he liked and assimilated with his own. His plays had the twin qualities that made for success: for reading as well as staging. He was a father with a strong thumb; he was against his daughter Una marrying Charlie Chaplin, but the girl had a will of her own. Eugene O'Neill registered his protest in the press. That, like one of his plays, was frontpage news.

MITRA

Travel Broadens The Mind

"I wonder who the man was who originally said that 'travel broadens the mind'? I wonder what sort of a traveller he was, and if he was a tourist or really had something to do when he was abroad? He sounds like someone who considered that the mere procedure of covering miles was worth while, that great wisdom could be acquired by looking at the face of a peasant in another country, and that as many sights and curios as possible should be inspected for his mind to be made as broad as his limited holiday time or savings allowed him to make it. He is, therefore, according to the picture I have of him, a human Baedeker, a man who has no small objectives but only the large one of increasing his wisdom."—Anthony Smith (BBC Talk)

NEW BOOKS

THE HILL OF DEVI
being

Letters From Dewas State Senior
By E. M. Forster
Edward Arnold & Co., London
15s net

THERE are creeds and creeds: social, religious, political, economic; creeds both pacific and militant, of individuals, class or community; creeds in concord or in conflict with

"Where do I start?" he asked. "With personal relationships," he answered. "Here is something comparatively solid in a world full of violence and cruelty." Love and loyalty between

"Nothing is so fascinating as the Indian mind and the Indian intelligence once you are admitted to it, and there are quite extraordinary people to be met, absolutely remarkable. We know nothing about them, and we've never made (except for E. M. Forster) the real effort to understand."—Somerset Maugham in a talk with Cyril Connolly



"I like, and even more than what he says, what he suggests and insinuates, as if incidentally and without committing himself, in apparently inoffensive sentences that force the reader to a sort of complicity."—Andre Gide in his Journal IV, in a comment after reading 'A Passage to India'



the age and time in which they express themselves. A creative artist and a moralist—he didn't realize the being in the latter role—his honesty as great as his intelligence, he came of the generation previous to World War I; he was also an individualist and a liberal "who found liberalism crumbling beneath him and at first felt ashamed. Then, looking around, he decided there was no special reason for shame, since other people, whatever they felt, were equally insecure." So, in self-defence, self-discipline, and uprightness of purpose he formulated a creed of his own.

two persons—these constituted the highest good for him; he believed in an "aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky" whose "members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet". . . "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country," he said. "Such a choice may scandalise the modern reader, and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once and ring up the police."

... Still, there lies at the back of every creed something terrible and hard for which the worshipper may one day be required to suffer, and there is even a terror and a hardness in this creed of personal relationships, urbane and mild though it sounds. Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the state. When they do—down with the state, say I. which means that the state would down with me."

The man who made this memorable statement fourteen years ago, in a sixpenny pamphlet of a score of pages entitled *What I Believe* is seventy-four today: his name is Edward Morgan Forster. And it is this belief which informs his work, both creative and critical, with an inevitable moral strength and splendour, this gem-like inner life which embraces "the various upliftings of the spirit, such as affection, friendship, patriotism, mysticism," that has made his own contribution one of the greatest to English secular literature, as it always has and ever will make through persons of similar faith to the literatures of their countries. A work of art, to be really so, cannot stay content as the fulfilment of a personal creative impulse, its intent as well as intimation should be universal. By his love of the exotic—Italy, Egypt, and India provided him with it—Forster has enlarged his intent and achieved the widest possible intimation. He is one of the very few writers whose reputation for forty-eight years now, has remained undiminished on the basis of five novels, a collection of short stories, two of articles, essays, occasional pamphlets, reviews and broadcasts, a wise and pleasing book on the art and craft of fiction—as famous as Percy Lubbock's in the same field,—and a biography of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, the Cambridge don, political scientist and critic whom he knew for many years, becoming his close friend and later his literary executor. Beginning with his first novel, *Where Angels Fear to Tread* in 1905, when he was twenty-six, Forster followed this up with other novels in quick succession: *The Longest Journey* in

1907, *A Room With A View*, in 1908, and *Howards End* in 1910. Then, after a hiatus of fourteen years, appeared *A Passage to India*, in 1924, on which Dickinson made this observation to the author: 'Whereas in your other books your kind of double vision squints—this world, and a world or worlds behind—here it all comes together. One doesn't know the fate of books. But one would think this should be a classic on the strange and tragic fact of history and life called India.' It is nothing wrong to surmise that Dickinson must have had a partiality for his friend, and hesitant though he was in his judgement of books in general, he was hundredpercent correct in his forecast of the renown that the novel was to attain. *A Passage to India* remains the Everest in the mountain range of English fiction and no writer since has conquered its starcrowned peak. The climbing has been going on, *longo intervallo*, to the sound of falling rubble which has but intensified the magnificent hush of this masterpiece, which was planned.—Miss Rose Macaulay discloses in her admirable study, *The Writings of E. M. Forster* (Hogarth Press, 1938)—in 1912 but finished and given to the world only twelve years after. The short stories—fantasies he calls them—most of which were written before the first world-war were issued under the title, *The Celestial Omnibus and Other Stories* in 1914; another collection, *The Eternal Moment and Other Stories* including 'The Story of the Siren' published in 1920, appeared in 1928; and all the stories were brought together into a single cover in 1948, bearing the name *Collected Short Stories of E. M. Forster*. The miscellanies are *Abinger Harvest* (1936) which friends in a younger generation, particularly William Plomer, J. R. Ackerley (author of *Hindu Holiday*), and Christopher Isherwood helped to compile; and *Two Cheers for Democracy* (1951), the title being suggested by one of his younger friends again, "as a joke," says Forster, but which occurs in *What I Believe*. *Abinger Harvest*, from its nomenclature, is in the line of Hazlitt's *Winterslow* and Thoreau's

Walden, Abinger being the name of the Surrey village he has known all his life.

Forster was born in London on January 1, 1879, the son of an architect who "through his mother was descended from a family which for some generations had been notable members of the intellectual middle class—originally, indeed, of the Clapham sect of wealthy Evangelicals." He gives a picturesque account of his great-grandfather Henry Thornton's London home, "a small Queen Anne building, standing at the edge of that very wild tract, Clapham Common," in his essay 'Battersea Rise,' included in *Abinger Harvest*. He describes the house:

Riches, evangelical piety, genuine goodness, narrowness, complacency, integrity, censoriousness, clannishness, and a noble public spirit managed to flourish together in its ample bosom without mutual discomfort.

His culture is that of the middle class whom he sums up with such charming candour in 'Notes on the English Character'—mark, as it strikes a novelist:

I had better let the cat out of the bag at once and record my opinion that the character of the English is essentially middle class. There is a sound historical reason for this. For since the end of the eighteenth century, the middle classes have been the dominant force in our community. They gained wealth by the Industrial Revolution, political power by the Reform Bill of 1832, they are connected with the rise and organisation of the British Empire; they are responsible for the literature of the nineteenth century. Solidity, caution, integrity, efficiency. Lack of imagination, hypocrisy.

A brief ten-line biography of him in the Everyman edition of *A Passage to India* runs: Educated at Tonbridge (day boy) and King's College, Cambridge of which he became a Fellow. Clark Lecturer, Cambridge, 1927; LL.D. (Aberdeen), 1931. Benson Medal, Royal Society of Literature, (1937); Member of Committee appointed by Lord Chancellor to examine Law of Defamatory Libel, 1939; Rede Lecturer, Cambridge, 1941. The Clark lectures were assembled into *Aspects of the Novel*—already mentioned—and published in 1927; the subject for the Rede

lecture was the work of Virginia Woolf which finds its place in *Two Cheers for Democracy*. Other details of his Cambridge career (as gleaned from a footnote in Lionel Trilling's excellent study of Forster) include his being an Exhibitioner, a Prize-man, his taking a Second Class both in the Classical Tripos, Part I in 1900, and in the Historical Tripos, Part II, in 1901, and his M.A. in 1910. Forster is proud of his Alma Mater but his pride has no snobbery in it; no intellectual exhibitionism; his is the poise, the serenity and fearless integrity of a man to whom Cambridge is the complete antithesis to the public school portrayed as Sawston in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *The Longest Journey*. Here, he came under the influence of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson of whom he wrote: "He was a very rare being . . . He did not merely increase our experience: he left us more alert for what has not yet been experienced and more hopeful about humanity because he had lived." It is the philosophy—of toleration, of good will, of unselfishness, of the free mind, of the open heart—that was Dickinson's that is Forster's too; it is the endeavour to unify and perfect the warm inner world of personal relationships as opposed to the cold outer world of telegrams and anger that signifies all Forster's work. W. H. Auden states this fact briefly, beautifully in his sonnet addressed to the author:

Here, though the bombs are real and dangerous,
And Italy and King's are far away,
And we're afraid that you will speak to us,
You promise still the inner life shall pay.
As we run down the slope of Hate with gladness,
You trip us up like an unnoticed stone,
And just as we are closeted with Madness,
You interrupt us like the telephone.
For we are Lucy, Turton, Philip, we
Wish international evil, are excited
To join the jolly ranks of the benighted
Where Reason is denied and Love ignored,
But, as we swear our lie, Miss Avery
Comes out into the garden with the sword.

In 1912 Forster made his first visit to India in the company of Lowes Dickinson—the kindred spirit. It was this vast subcontinent with its racial and political complexities causing many a repercussion on the social life that he set as a touchstone for himself to test his creed of personal relationships. But his stay was short. His mind, however, stored vivid impressions of the Indian scene and on his return to England he wrote a series of essays—character vignettes and topographical mezzotints—like ‘The Nine Gems of Ujjain,’ ‘Advance India!,’ ‘Jodhpur,’ ‘The Suppliant,’ ‘Hymn Before Action,’ (a pithy, lively examination of the Gita idea of action and renunciation from the Krishna-Arjuna *samvada* which contrasts him sharply with the imperialistic Kipling)—which revealed his gentle irony, humour, and natural liberal eye for the highest possibilities of mankind the glimpses of which he perceived under the surface and in the too numerous topical cacophonies and incongruities. Then the war took him to Alexandria but not before the germ of his Indian novel had been laid in his mind. Two books, *Alexandria: A History and A Guide* (1922), and *Pharos and Pharillon* (1923) came from this new geographical adventure, and one essay in the latter volume deals with the Alexandrian poet C. P. Cavafy whose *Complete Poems* received from Forster a charming tribute in 1951: “To be understood in Alexandria and tolerated in Athens was the extent of his (Cavafy’s) ambition,” wrote Forster . . . Half-humourously, half-seriously, he once compared the Greeks and the English. The two peoples are almost exactly alike, he argued: quick-witted, resourceful, adventurous. ‘But there is one unfortunate difference. We Greeks have lost our capital—and the results are what you see. Pray, my dear Forster, oh pray, that you never lose your capital.’ That was in 1918. British insolvency seemed impossible then. In 1951 when all things are possible, his words make one think—words of a very wise, very civilized man, words of a poet who has caught hold of something that cannot be taken

away from him by bankruptcy, or even by death.”

Forster’s second visit to India was in April 1921 and till November of the same year he was here, he stayed in the capacity of Private Secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas State Senior, His Highness Sir Tukoji Rao Puar III, whom he knew as Bapu Sahib, he says, in his dedicatory note to the Everyman edition of *A Passage to India*, first published in 1942. To the name of Syed Ross Masood, his greatest Indian friend to whom the novel was originally inscribed, Forster added that of the Maharajah. “Both these friends are now dead,” reads the dedication. “Masood lies near his grandfather, the founder of the University of Aligarh. The ashes of Bapu Sahib are scattered in southern India, far from his kingdom and beloved home.” It is about Bapu Sahib, “certainly a genius and possibly a saint, and he had to be a king,” that Forster’s new book *The Hill of Devi* tells us.—this “record of a vanished civilization” in which the author had to play his part, having been constructed from the letters he wrote home to his mother and some relatives during his two stays in the State which along with its twin is merged in Madhya Bharat now. “Much as I sympathise with the present government at New Delhi,” writes Forster, “I wish it had not chosen ‘India’ to describe its territory. Politicians are too prone to plunder the past.” It would be a mercy if they stopped with names.

It was at Christmas 1912 that Forster first made the acquaintance of the Maharajah, who was nine years younger than himself, “though sometimes he seemed much younger and at other times far older and infinitely wiser.” Between the two it was a case of mutual attraction which, however, does not obscure the author’s sense of discrimination: praise of the Ruler’s fine qualities and censure of his wasted talents:

Quite often I did not understand him—he was too incalculable—but it was possible with him to reach a platform where calculations were unnecessary. It would not be possible with an Englishman.

He had an interesting time of it, —in a world where in the diurnal

round of work and play the fantastic kept breaking in on reality. Look at this patch of Maratha earth in Central India:

‘The curious twin state of Dewas,’ as an old Gazetteer well calls them, lie in the middle of India on a plateau 2000 feet above the sea. At the time I knew them their territories were inextricably mixed with each other and with the territories of surrounding states. The administrative confusion must have been even greater than normal, the Government of India got periodically puzzled, and the two rulers made half-hearted attempts to escape each other’s embraces. It was too difficult. They never succeeded. A map of their possession lies before me. The Senior Branch (tinted green) owned 446 square miles, and had a population of 80,000, the Junior Branch (pink) was a little smaller. The district of Sarangpur (yellow) was administered jointly—I know not how, though on one occasion I took away a car-full of rupees from it. The whole area was divided between the two states not by towns or sections, but by fields and streets: In Dewas City, S. B. would own one side of a street and J. B. the other. The arrangement must have been unique, and an authoritative English lady, who knew India inside out, once told me that it did not and could not exist, and left me with the feeling that I had never been there.

Only Forster could write like that, he alone on whom Dickinson’s *The Greek Way of Life* had made a deep impression,—a mixer of symbolism and realism (as certain episodes in his novels and his short stories testify), for the creation of fantasy, which today, he avers, “tends to retreat or to dig herself in or to become apocalyptic out of deference to the atom bomb.”

Forster was introduced to Dewas by Malcolm Darling I.C.S. (now Sir M. L. Darling, K.C.I.E.), who had been appointed by the Government of India in May 1907, tutor and guardian to young Tukoji who, on the death of his childless uncle in 1899 had succeeded him as the ruler of Dewas Senior. Darling got on well with his princely charge, who was invested with full powers in 1908, the K.C.I.E. in 1911, and the rank of Maharajah a few years after, and when the

period of tutelage and guardianship came to an end, he was requested to continue as Private Secretary. Darling declined and recommended a Colonel Wilson, an old stager in India experienced in administrative work, and with a knowledge of Indian languages. He was a success. But a failure in health due to an accident intervened; Wilson had to go to England on sick leave for a few months, and thus it was that Forster chanced to come as a ‘stop-gap’ in the Colonel’s absence, to “the oddest corner of the world outside ‘Alice in Wonderland,’” as his friend Malcolm Darling had written to him:

I was delighted (he says). My fare both ways was to be paid. I was to get three hundred rupees per month. I was not clear what I was to do, nor when I came away was I clear what I had done. But off I went in the highest spirits . . .

And he maintained his spirits, doing duties which by temperament and qualification he was not fitted to do; keeping office hours (7.0-11.0 and 4.0-5.0), wading through the royal post (what a variety of correspondence!), pottering in gardens, inspecting tennis courts, tinkering with motor-cars, fiddling with electricity, wallowing in irrigation! Exciting things happened: a baby was born, turning everything upside down; there was the visit of Scindhia, Maharajah of Gwalior, “vigorous and vulgar prince”; the rains came; then an Official Insult from the English mighty; followed the eight-day festival of *Gokul Ashtami*—this makes one nostalgic for *A Passage to India*; then *Dassera*; unsavoury letters rocked the court; Wilson for whom Forster was a substitute had become a problem, a nightmare; then the storm cloud burst; and Forster, already scheduled to leave, left shaken and sad. The outer world of telegrams and anger had manifested itself fully. But Forster was never once afraid of his intimacy with the Maharajah for whom he had a profound esteem:

Affection, all through his chequered life, was the only force to which Babu Sahib responded. It did not always work but without it nothing worked. Affection and its attendants of human warmth and instinctive courtesy—when they were present his heart woke and dictated his actions. In their absence he could be shifty and cunning although he was never cruel.

"It is his tragedy not to know how to employ people," Forster wrote of the Maharajah, with a finality that is gracious, sad and wise. And the curtain came down on Dewas, a decade and a half after he left, catastrophically—in the wake of domestic scandal (it was an unhappy marriage the Maharajah's with the daughter of the Ruler of Kolhapur), woodenness of the Paramount Government, economic bankruptcy of the State, loss of prestige, and the Maharajah's flight to Pondicherry and his death in destitution here. A sad story whose sadness wraps it like a starry mantle wrought by the man who tells it, moist with the dews of his sympathy, affection and tender understanding. The book derives its title from the sacred mountain (alas, even this was divided between S. B. and J. B.), that rises over the City—Devi or Devivasini, the Residence of the Goddess—probably giving Dewas its name. She must have watched, in the way of divinities, the tragic drama enacted below, but could she have averted the ruin that seized the Ruler?

"His religion was the deepest thing in him," remarks Forster about Babu Sahib. "It ought to be studied—neither by the psychologist nor by the mythologist but by the individual who has experienced similar promptings. He penetrated into rare regions and he was always hoping that others would follow him there. He was never exclusive despite his endless pujahs." He surely would evoke himself, concludes Forster, and assigns him a tune. *The Hill of Devi* is that tune, poignant yet soft, playing through all the moil and muddle, its grace-notes lilting gaily, lilting

sadly,—for where there is pure music there is melancholy—like a dream broken abruptly but forever remembered, "and music is the deepest of the arts and deep beneath the arts," and this is Forster's faith as Peter Burra has said of him.

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For Esme—With Love and Squalor

By J. D. Salinger

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LIKE Truman Capote, the young American writer who has a distinct personality for the rich, orchidaceous beauty of his writings, J. D. Salinger (his novel *The Catcher in the Rye* was reviewed in SWATANTRA for July 11, 1953) is another whose juicy vernacularism which exploits his imaginative sympathy and intuitive perception is of the kind that is exciting without being vulgar. A short story can be a fable or parable, fancy or fantasy, prediction or parody, sob-stuff or satire; it can be the whole caboodle of tricks and tantrums, but to be memorable it has to catch the eternal in the casual, invest a moment with the immensity of time. The masters have done it, each creating his own art-form: in America, today, like Ernest Hemingway, William Saroyan, Carson McCullers, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Parker, William Faulkner, John O'Hara, recalling some of the older great—Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James. But the smartest among the writers on this side of the Atlantic tend to achieve their effects by omission which makes prestidigitation mere child's play. The understatement, often to the point of utter effacement, of sentimentality has become the existing fashion. J. D. Salinger is no exception to this manner. But he hits it off with his excellence of dialogue and, as has been remarked already, with his luscious, colourful vernacular. 'For Esme—With Love and Squalor,' the title-story, originally appeared in *The New Yorker* and is the pride of the present collection. "In April of 1944, I was among some sixty American enlisted men who took a rather specialized pre-Invasion training course, directed by British intelligence, in Devon, England. And as I look back, it seems to me that we were fairly unique, the 'sixty of us, in that there wasn't one good mixer in the bunch." This quote is indicative of the fact of Salinger's service in the U. S. Army, and off goes everything like a rifle

shot—this story of a lonely American soldier and a little English girl. HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO LOVE AND KISSES CHALES—so ends the story. What a bang! Esme has the capacity to take a really sleepy man "with all his faculties intact," and Salinger the sleepy reader with all his fibres vibrating. But stop, he's a trifle overfond of wine and—women. Must he for writing so good as his?

I. S. M.

★

ORACLE

LIKE my maidservant Philomena at her cottage steps, after the day's sweat and toilet, there stands Eve whom Einstein the great identified as the fourth dimensional phenomenon of his universe, finite yet unbounded.

Dividing the cemetery, and GH's mortuary, flows the river Cooum full of bloated bandages and broken bones of unidentified Adams—the Vaitharani betwixt Yama's torture chamber and Death's dark slumber rushing onto eternity.

On this viaduct (baptized by a lesser fry in anglo-Indian mythology)—linking three worlds: jail railway-station zoo stands AHAM—note, not AHAM-mad—the petit-bourgeois scum amongst big bourgeoisie and lumpen proletariat, facing death detention disease declassification when Ripon's oracular old towerclock yells like Babylonian templebells: Ding Dong Do or Die Ding Dong Damn Fool!

M. GOVINDAN

The Art of Dasrath Patel

DASRATH PATEL is undoubtedly one of the most promising artists of our country. A young lad of twenty-four he has already a few real achievements in painting to his credit. He started his career at a very early age under the able guidance of Shri Rashiklal Parikh and Shri Ravi Shankar Raval and then came under the master-influence of Shri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury who showed his brush a way to maturity. Dasrath experiments in several styles and works like a true workman which is characteristic of all true artists. He woos nature with all the love in his heart and is loyal to her every mood; he knows the nature of her moods because he has learned the moods of nature. He is undoubtedly at his best in seascapes and landscapes which he essays to portray in large bold sweeps as well as with an economy of such restraint as gives one the impression almost of deep mysticism. Noteworthy is his officiating at the marriage of hues which seem to "live happily ever afterwards." Night, dawn, sun-set, noon-glare, rain-clouds and clouds that blush are asleep in his box of paints waiting to fulfil their destiny on canvas, cardboard, cartridge paper and even newspaper. Dasrath's keen interest in the sphere of human life and activity is seen in his treatment of human homes, mainly the homes of the poor and human customs. He has a fine eye for selection of spots, angles and perspective. If he is careless of details it is not because he cannot work them into a picture but because he prefers in mass to capture the spirit of his subject.

It was hardly a year ago when Delhi had the opportunity of witnessing the exhibition of his paintings organised under the auspices of the All India Fine Arts and Crafts Society. I was an eye-witness to the variegated crowds which consisted of art lovers from all over India who had come for the All India Conference of the artists in Delhi—artists of fame and the principals of art



Village studies in the South

schools from both North and South. Among them was Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury himself—Dasrath's Guru—who was proud of the triumph won by his disciple. Many Europeans and Americans visited the exhibition as well and the sale of pictures was phenomenal. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sri Radhakrishnan remarked that the variety of styles and treatment of paintings as well as of the themes was remarkable. Dasrath received encomiums from the Delhi papers which hailed him as an outstanding artist.

Recently he has been working more at human studies than he has ever done before. There is a growing

strength in his drawing and in his technique. The exhibition Madras will be seeing will have several of his new works, some of which far surpass anything Delhi saw sometime ago.

I am of the opinion that Dasrath has a brilliant future as an artist and is destined to win laurels for his country. He has a long way in life yet to travel and it is certain that he travels with plenty of provision in his wallet.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

★

ART FESTIVAL AT KALAKSHETRA

KALAKSHETRA will be conducting an Art Festival in December coinciding with the International Theosophical Convention. The Festival will be inaugurated on Thursday, December 24, with a Nagaswaram performance by Sri P. S. Veeruswamy Pillai. The chief attractions of the

Festival will be "Meerabai," "Rukmini Swayamvaram," "Kumarasambhavam," and "Kuravanji" to be presented by Shrimati Rukmini Devi Arundale. "Kumarasambhavam" and "Kuravanji" have already been staged on several occasions at several places and they have been tremendously popular everywhere. "Meerabai," which is to be enacted for the first time, depicts the story of the great devotee and queen of Rajasthan. The play has been written in English by Dr. James Cousins, the well-known poet, specially for Shrimati Rukmini Devi and the title part is taken by Shrimati Rukmini Devi herself. "Rukmini Swayamvaram" is a Kathakali play on the Puranic story of the marriage of Sri Krishna and Rukmini. It is done in the orthodox Kathakali way with the traditional costumes and music.

Another attraction of the Festival will be a North Indian classical music concert by the Dagar Brothers (Aminudin and Mohinudin), the sons of the famous Nazirudin Khan.



Prime Minister Nehru views an exhibition of the work of Dasrath Patel at New Delhi

“... OVER A. I. R.”

By M. KRISHNAN

ALL INDIA RADIO rose early to the occasion on Dipavali day and was up till quite late. Dipavali this year was certainly the pleasanter for the musical broadcasts provided by them, in spite of 'atomic' explosions in my neighbourhood.

G. N. Balasubramaniam has rarely sung into the mike with such elan as he did on November 6, from Madras. His recital was marred, however, by a fault that should not have been there. He ended his recital with a piece from the immortal *Thiru-p-pukhazh*, unluckily for me one of my favourites, and mangled it in the rendering.

Most of the *Thiru-p-pukhazh* songs are in two parts—an invocation to the god Subramanya by the poet, often to save him from the temptations of the flesh (detailed with superb virtuosity) and grant him eternal salvation, and an allusive, panegyric account of Subramanya that sometimes refers to him as Vishnu's nephew.

G. N. B. was in too great a hurry to sing the first part of the piece he chose, a remarkably graphic and cynical depiction of old age and a prayer for salvation before the end, and began straightaway with the descriptive second half. This alludes to Subramanya as the nephew of Rama (an incarnation of Vishnu)—this sort of far-fetched reference is perfectly sound in Tamil literary traditions. The half sung by G. N. B. begins with Kousalya calling the infant Rama to her, in diction that caresses. The address is sharply commuted to Subramanya with the words "O nephew of that Rama, that delights his heart," and the sentiment hardens at once to one of martial valour. G. N. B. sang the first few lines picturing Kousalya and Rama, skipped the next three lines and went on to the last three, with the result that we had the curious position of Rama, son of the god with the moon, the serpent, and the river in his crest (Siva), gracing the shoreline of Thiruchendur!

As one who comes not far from that favoured shore I protest against this grotesque distortion. Nor will I be alone or local in the protest. Thousands from all over the Tamil country will find the mutilation insufferable.

After dinner, the same night, V. G. Jog treated listeners to a delightful recital on the violin. He has technical brilliance, but it is his infectious enjoyment of the music that appeals most to one. Jog is a fiddler that likes his own playing. So does the listener.

A Talavadhya recital led by Palghat Mani Aiyar with the Mridangam was the climax to a day of good music.

Bismillah Khan kept listeners awake till midnight the next night (in a special Dipavali programme from Rashtrapathi Bhavan) with his persuasive Shehnai.

THE brief 'one act' radio-play, *Thoorathu-p-Pachchai*, broadcast from Madras on November 10, was surprisingly good. The title sums up the play, and could be fairly rendered in the words of Campbell "This distance lends enchantment to the view." The plot was heavily loaded with a moral and was somewhat familiar—in fact one could call it a humanised version of the Country Rat and the Town Rat fable. There is a *Theru-k-koothu* actor named Nallaan in a village. He hears of a similar rustic play-actor who has metamorphosed into a cinema star in the city and is filled with the desire to emulate. His sojourn in the city, his experience of the trashy, flashy metropolitan life, and his return to his native haunts and the rustic stage constitute the story. Not a very original plot, but the dialogues were refreshing, spoken as Tamil should be spoken, and there were no musical interludes. Particularly did I like the rural accents of the artist

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who played Nallaan, though they seemed fetched from much farther south than the purlieus of Mayavaram, to which he belongs in the play.

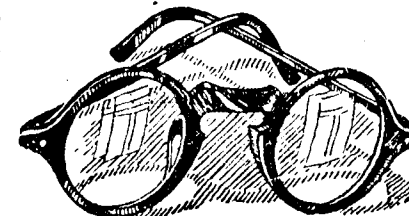
Being interested in all sorts of nomads (shared affinities?) I rather looked forward to Dr. C. V. Sitapati's talk on the Kuravas and their way of life—and I was not disappointed. I had a little difficulty in following Dr. Sitapati at first, but this went after the first minute or two and I must say I enjoyed his discourse. When he spoke of the corruption of present-day 'civilisation' and how readily Kurava belles exchanged their time-honoured modes of decoration for modern fashions in dress and make-up, there was such an edge to his voice that I could not help conjuring up a vision of a Kurava girl turned modern overnight!

I WISH Dr. Sitapati had told us more of the ways of life of the Kuravas, and less about the distinction between Kuravas and Koravas, important as this is, no doubt. In particular, I wish he had gone into greater detail when speaking of tribal laws and customs regarding marriage and property, and had told us what the Kurava likes to eat. Is he as fond of roast monitor as the nomads of the Deccan, and was he ever given to hunting with a pack of dogs as the Banjaras were? One fears that in a few generations the

lives of our 'tribes' will have changed so radically that they themselves will have little authentic to tell about past ways.

One other bit of criticism. My respect for the pundits who compiled the Tamil Lexicon is sincere, but the work is not, by any means, final or authoritative and should not have been cited at all by Dr. Sitapati.

And I wish he had not relied, even to the extent he did, on the conventions of the literary composition known as the *Kuravanji*. The *Kuravanji* has set, formalised conventions and follows a strongly defined literary pattern, it is artificial and stylised and does not really follow the life and habits of the Kuravas. The *Kutralak-Kuravanji*, referred to by him, will prove for all time that those who cannot differentiate between nature and the 'natural' conventions of Tamil cannot escape being sadly misled.



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FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

THE craze for neo-realism which began with the Film Festival held a couple of years ago is on the wane now; once again the musical romance rules supreme. A veteran producer told me the other day that the Film Festival did great harm to the producers of India. For, inspired by some of the continental films, they started making non-romantic, human and realistic films and had to pay for their folly with disastrous results. Those producers who were not taken in by the new fangled ideas and continued to make old fashioned movies like *Anarkali* reaped a rich harvest.

The veteran producer quoted above is rather cynical about public taste. According to him the Indian picturegoer is neither a votary of realism nor a lover of subtle, psychological human dramas. Not only that, the average Indian picturegoer, he says, does not even appreciate a slick, mordant satire. He went further and said that the critics who were saying that the masses want realistic and polished films have been misleading the producers; the masses, as proved by the box-office, want crude and elementary entertaining and emotionally moving films like *Anarkali* and not *Yukiwarisoo* and *Bicycle Thief*.

He is so convinced of this that when a veteran director went to him to discuss his story inspired from a foreign novel the producer was blunt enough to tell the director that he should not bother about such a novel but make *Gulbakavali* again.

This lack of faith in the masses and cynicism may appear to be bitter to many people. Especially his comment that but for the Film Festival which 'inspired' wrongly several producers to emulate pictures like *Bicycle Thief* and *Yuki-*

warisoo, the producers would have been in a better economic position may sound rather exaggerated. But there is no gainsaying that there is great sense in all this cynicism.

Indeed, with all the enthusiasm for progressive and realistic pictures, one has to admit that they have no popular demand. This is most aptly illustrated by the box-office reaction not only to Indian pictures like *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Rahi* but De Sica's own pictures *Bicycle Thief*, *Miracle of Milan* and *Shoe Shine*. In New York and London, these three pictures have been hailed as masterpieces; what is more, they have had a long run. In India, the distributors who secured these films in the wake of the Film Festival would thank their stars if they recover their investment. Especially they have found that the Hindi versions of these pictures have no pulling power at all; even the English versions have not proved popular in big cities. Leaving aside Bombay City, both *Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle Of Milan* have fared very poorly at the box office, especially the latter. And their failure has damped all the enthusiasts about Italian films and their adaptation in Indian films. So for the present one has to admit that the realistic film has received a great set-back and that the "escapist" film still rules supreme.

Picture Of The Week

DE SICA'S *Shoe Shine* has at last been released in India. Though it was made earlier than both *Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle of Milan*, in India it has been shown only now and that too thanks to the enterprising spirit of a young distributor, Borkar.

It is worth noting that when *Shoe Shine* was released first in New York, it created a great sensation. *Life* magazine devoted several pages to it and De Sica, like Rossellini, became world-famous. In India, at least in Bombay, the picture has not been received with equal enthusiasm. The reason for it is that the people here have already seen De Sica's other two masterpieces and the subject matter of *Shoe Shine* has not got the universal human appeal of the other two films.

As an eminent student of the problem of juvenile delinquency pointed out, the conditions depicted in *Shoe Shine* do not exist in India. Probably, they do not exist even in Italy today. But any one who is aware of the conditions in Italy immediately after the cessation of war, would realize the true greatness and social impact of *Shoe Shine*. Personally, I felt that in sheer realism it is even more vivid and brutal than De Sica's subsequent creations; what is more, *Shoe Shine* is devoid of any sentimentalism or wishful thinking which characterized his later creations. Consequently *Shoe Shine* is more grim in its realism and more bitter in its irony than any other Italian film. That is why perhaps the foreign critics have labelled it as a shocking picture.

It recounts the tale of two children who work as boot blacks; an elder brother of one of them is involved in black-market and black-

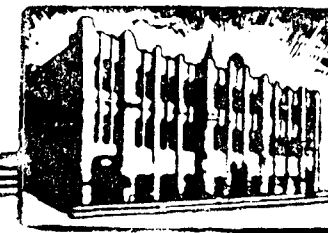
mailing operations. He uses the kids for his nefarious activities, and the two kids are ultimately arrested and sent to jail. The inhuman treatment meted out to them in jail, the one-sided court proceedings, the punishment meted out to the kids, their last bid to escape and the death of one of the kids provide not only vivid drama but most powerful social comment.

WITHOUT indulging in any declamations, through vivid realism De Sica throws considerable light on the delinquent children and points out a moral that by merely punishing them one cannot reform them. The famous De Sica touch illumines the entire proceedings: through bitter irony and contrast, he succeeds in creating sympathy for the two unfortunate kids. The acting is excellent and throughout the picture one feels as if it is a true story just happening before one's eyes.

A word of praise is due to Sada-

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nand Desai who has done an excellent job of dubbing. When a picture like *Shoe Shine* does not run, one is tempted to use Saroyan's retort: "The picture is good, the audience has flopped."

Personality Of The Week

MR. MUNIR HAYN EAGELI, the Turkish film producer-director who has come to India for outdoor shooting of his picture *Nilgund* is very much in the news these days. Turkey, apparently, has a well-groomed film industry, though in India we have never had an opportunity to see any film made in Turkey. Like Egypt its films are apparently influenced by European films. While in the case of Egypt, the French influence is marked, in the case of Turkey, the German influence appears to be equally evident. In the proposed film which is being produced in Turkish, English and German, a German actress, Erika Ramberg is playing the stellar role.

In Bombay, he said, he has come to study the development made by our vast film industry. He had also some criticism to offer. He said the Indian film industry is committing the same mistake as Hollywood—of paying the artists fabulously. He is amazed that an Indian picture takes as many as eight months and more to complete. In Turkey a film is made in two months at a cost of only one lakh (perhaps he does not know that in Poona, a Marathi film is also made in three months at a cost of a lakh of rupees). He is opposed to long films and suggested that the double-attraction of two compact films would have more mass appeal than a long drawn out picture. He averred that Indian film should tackle the problems confronting the country.

His criticism is nothing new. We have been facing it for so many years; but the producers are not likely to heed it as long as they find that *Anarkali* and not *Do Bigha Zamin* sets box office records.

About the Turkish film industry, he revealed that they have given up

the old Romeo Juliet, style of films, and influenced by Italian and other continental films, they have started making realistic films which portray the stories of the man in the street. There are five studios in Turkey and they produce sixty pictures a year.

Mr. Egeli had been to India seventeen years ago on a private mission at the request of the late Mustafa Kamal Ataturk, with whom he was very closely associated. He joined films after a glorious record as a freedom fighter and collaborator of the great Turkish leader. He was the first director-general of the Turkish National Theatre and Opera.

One of his ambitions during his stay in India is to conclude a pact with an Indian producer to make a joint Indo-Turkish production. Another of his great ambitions is to produce the film biography of Kamal Ataturk. The reason for shooting part of the picture *Nilgund* (Blue Skies) in India is that part of the story takes place in this country.

Whatever the outcome of his other ambitions, if Mr. Egeli succeeds in creating a market for Indian films in Turkey (already some of the Indian films like *Burra* and *Awara* are being shown in Turkey) and also in creating a market for Turkish films in India, he would have done a great service to both the countries.

News Of The Week

A PRINT of Naya Sansar's *Rahi* has been flown to Russia.

C. Ramchandra is reported to be giving music for Shantaram's forthcoming picture tentatively entitled *Suba Ka Sitara* starring Nirupa Roy, Sajjan and others. In addition, Vishram Bedekar has been signed by Shantaram to make one picture for Rajkamal.

Kishore Kumar has been signed by Bimal Roy to play the lead in *Naukri*.

Marmohan Sabir's latest *Sheeshe Ki Diwaar* is expected to be finished in December and he is starting his next picture tentatively titled *Do Kinare* on 11th December 1953.

THE UNKINDEST MYTH OF ALL

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

"It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration in the ruins of an old church and see none in the ruins of a man."—G. K. Chesterton

THE man on the cover page is Perry Burgess. Probably you wouldn't have heard of him. Very few have. For he works in and for a world of human despair and endeavour and aspiration of even the existence of which most of us are unaware. He is not unique. There are thousands who work in the same cause, equally tirelessly. We hear very little of them. Theirs is not a spectacular struggle. They make no headlines in newspapers. But all over the world in hundreds of laboratories from Japan to Mexico and Australia to Iceland a secret enemy is being challenged with all the ingenuity that man can salvage from his head and all the fervour that burns in his heart.

The world that Perry Burgess works in is the world of people suffering from leprosy. It is a different world altogether, part of this world of well people and yet curiously, pitifully out of it. Its inhabitants live on the outskirts of human understanding. Even the educated, the enlightened among us who talk so glibly of worlds in outer Space play the ostrich and refuse to take into account or realise this other world, not in Space but in Time which co-exists with ours and in which the people suffering from leprosy live in a closed, ingrowing, spiritual hell of our making.

We know deep down that there is such a world. How can we not know it when we meet its citizens at every street corner, bus stand and temple gate and hear their cries coming out of the darkness of the night? There are thousands of people who bury themselves in the hidden corners and crevices of towns and villages during the day and creep out like hunted animals to beg for their food in the all-concealing blackness of night.

What is leprosy? It is a disease of

the skin and tissue and nerve, the medical books will tell you. How the little germ, the *mycobacterium leprae*, is picked up, God knows. Yes, God. There are no atheists in leprosy asylums. But it is also in a manner of speaking, a disease of the mind. How that has happened, we should know. You and I and the thousands of well people should know. We are, almost wholly, responsible.

Ask yourselves frankly what you know and have heard about this ancient scourge which has mocked man from the beginning of recorded time. Note down on a piece of paper the facts allied in your consciousness with leprosy. You will only stare at a blank page for a long time. For you will recall no fact or proof but only an echo of the undertones of fear in a whispered secret or the picture of a mutilation from which you had turned away in fear and loathing, or a simile or two in literature. You perhaps have read of Ben Hur from whom his mother and sister had run away calling to him not to come near and crying, "Unclean! Unclean!". What more do you or any of us know? And yet the thread of leprosy has run unbroken through the history of the whole human race through many milleniums. It was in Greece and Rome centuries before Christ was born. Ancient Indian Medical treatises two thousand and five hundred years old mention and describe it.

BUT there are people who to this day believe that leprosy is not a disease so much as a punishment visited on man by a wrathful God for the expiation of his sin, and that its victims can do nothing but bow their heads in shame and endure it. When God decides to cancel the humanity of men, he draws the mark of leprosy on them. Even eighty

years ago, before Gerhard Armauer Hansen blew up this the first and unkindest myth about leprosy, there was among people this fatalistic attitude which helped the cloud of prejudice and ignorance to linger round the disease long after fallacy about other diseases like tuberculosis and syphilis had been dispelled.

And it is this ignorance and this prejudice which has now precipitated a leprosy problem in the world.

ON every side today knowledge is being thrust upon us. We cannot deny science, we cannot silence politics, we cannot escape from war. We must move with the world, if we are to survive. We must keep pace with discovery, we must countenance changing values. And yet there stalks among us an age-old, evil superstition about a skin disease which strikes terror into normal, healthy, reasonable people, about which less is known than about the jet plane or the atom-bomb. There is a conspiracy of silence about it even among the people who have sought enlightenment about other subjects less affecting to their lives. Like sex, like insanity, it is one of the subjects not discussed in polite company.

There are about three million people suffering from leprosy all over the world though the endemic areas are mostly in the tropical or sub-tropical zones—South America, South Africa, India, South China. There are about two thousand sufferers in the four southern states of North America. And in peaceful Essex in England is a home for leprosy patients. The disease is everywhere. It is our heritage from the first neglected sewer in the Garden of Eden. It is generally believed there are a million leprosy victims in India. Since this is an official estimate based on treated or notified cases, it can safely be assumed that there are a million more who are either too afraid or too apathetic to admit to having the disease. They are, most of them, in Bengal, Orissa, Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Madras and Andhra provinces.

Leprosy relief work has been going on in India for the last three decades or so but the pace has been slow and

laborious not only because of the very nature of the disease but because it has proved more than a question of tackling a mere public health problem. Workers have to bulldoze their way through a thick maze of pre-notion and misconception, and cut down the weeds of fear from minds to which leprosy is not a disease so much as a word to be shunned and avoided. A cure for leprosy has not yet been discovered but the drug has been found by which the disease can be arrested and the patient rendered bacteriologically 'negative.' While newer and newer facts are being discovered about leprosy in research laboratories its spread is sought to be reduced to a minimum by doctors, social workers and leprosy relief organisations.

Even that is not proving enough. The facts must be known to *everybody*. It must be known that it is not sin or evil or divine wrath that causes leprosy but a little germ which is rather like the tuberculosis germ. It must be known that its infectivity when compared with cholera or diphtheria or smallpox is almost nil. It is unsightly in its advanced phases but that can be prevented by arresting it in its early stage by treatment. Syphilis in its advanced stage is a frightening sight and at that stage may be said to be almost incurable. Leprosy is not congenital like venereal disease and is almost painless unlike most other bodily afflictions. It has its contradictions like other diseases; it is chronic like cancer and so far has proved ineradicable like diabetes.

It is a disease affecting the skin and the tissues and nerves of man.

THE end of the crusade is not reached yet though it sometimes seems almost within sight. The fighters have acquired the tools and learnt their use, and are now closing in on the enemy. The one thing left for the final victory is to drive him out into the open, away from his environment and annihilate him.

For this last phase of the battle, there is one overwhelming obstacle—the people. You and I.

We help even by merely *knowing* the facts.

Flow Of News Into India

THERE are over 300 daily newspapers in India. Their total circulation is nearly 3,000,000. Only one daily, *The Times of India*, has a circulation of as much as 100,000, and this is the total of three editions published in three cities. *The largest Indian-language circulation is that of *Ananda Bazaar Patrika* (Calcutta) published in Bengli, which has about 80,000 subscribers. The vast majority of newspapers in India have circulations below 10,000.

Thirty-six of the 300 dailies are English-language newspapers. Twenty-four have circulations large enough to make them advertising media and a few of these are eight to twelve pages in size.

The Indian-language newspapers vary greatly in resources, make-up and circulation, and range from foolscap sheets to 8-page dailies. At least 150 of the Indian-language papers cannot afford news agency services.

India has a population of about 360,000,000, of whom roughly 22 per cent are literate. Nearly 40 per cent of the daily newspaper sales are made in Delhi, Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, and in these cities perhaps one family in two buys a newspaper. In the large towns of over 50,000 people, the proportion is perhaps one in four; in smaller towns, perhaps one in the village may buy a newspaper.

The influence of the daily press in India, is however far greater than these figures would suggest. In the smallest villages, each copy of a newspaper has a wide circulation among the friends of the man who possesses it, and it is a common occurrence for the school teacher or the village accountant to read aloud to a large audience the contents of his newspaper.

The English-language press in India is still very influential, but the Indian-language papers are steadily gaining ground, and the long term outlook is in their favour. Perhaps one per cent of the population of

*The *Times of India* has since closed down its Calcutta edition and is now published only in two cities, Bombay and Delhi.

India now reads English, and the Indian-language papers are reaching levels of readership untouched by their English rivals. The Government of India is now seeking to reverse the century old concentration of economic life around the cities, and there is already noted a perceptible shift in the allocation of advertising funds between English-language and Indian-language newspapers in the country.

The press of India depends heavily upon the news agencies as a source of foreign news. Only the largest newspapers have foreign correspondents. Many of these are stationed in London, a few in Cairo, most of the others in countries adjacent to India. Only one paper, *The Hindu* (Madras), has an Indian correspondent permanently stationed in the United States. A few others have stringers there.

Several of the major papers have syndicate rights to material from foreign newspapers, chiefly those in London. *The Times of India* subscribes to the foreign service of *The New York Times*, and one or two papers print American columnists.

The four principal news agencies supplying the Indian press are the Press Trust of India, the National Agency which distributes Agence France-Presse; United Press Associations, the American service now sold exclusively in India to *The Times of India* group; and Near and Far East News, a British service.

BY far the most important is PTI, which sells three services in India to suit the newspapers' varying budgets. The bulk of all foreign news used in the Indian press is Reuters in source. Many of the papers that do not subscribe to an agency source often pick up day old items from the papers that do.

A distinguishing characteristic of Indian press coverage of Western countries, therefore, is that relatively little of it is coverage by Indian journalists. This is particularly true of coverage of the United States. PTI had only one Indian correspondent in America.

The four agencies named supplied together about 32,000 words a day of

foreign news to the Indian press, over four weeks between October, 1952, and January, 1953. In the same period, the average English-language newspaper among the 12 papers studied printed about 200 inches a day of foreign news, news pictures, editorials and columns dealing with foreign events. The average Indian-language newspaper among the 12 studied printed about 80 inches a day.

The most striking feature of the Indian press, in short, is the very high proportion of foreign material it contains—an average of 12.5 per cent of all non-advertising space for Indian-language papers and 22 per cent for English language papers.

This prominence of foreign news in

the Indian press is not merely a product of the editor's choice or of India's interest in the outside world. The instruments for gathering foreign news from the Western world existed when India gained her independence. The instruments for gathering Indian national and local news were few. Until these are developed, the Indian press will continue to use proportionately large quantities of foreign news.

The press of India, then, is in a unique position. Probably in no other country is foreign news given such importance in relation to national and local coverage.—Excerpts from a study by the International Press Institute.

Ideologies are not controlled by the facts, even though they may incorporate some scientific elements and are ordinarily considered scientific by those who hold them. The primary purpose of ideologies, whether moral or religious or metaphysical or social, is to express human interests, needs, desires, hopes, fears, not to cover the facts.—JAMES BURNHAM in *The Managerial Revolution*

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STRANGEST LAND IN THE WORLD

By MATTHEW HALTON.

ONE day in January, 1946, two young Austrians dressed in ragged, greasy, yakskin coats arrived at a great gate giving entrance to an ancient city on the roof of the world. The city was Lhasa, the still forbidden capital of Tibet, the strangest land in the world, and the Austrian visitors were among the few foreigners who have even gone there. Their entry into Lhasa in their rags was the end of a fantastic story of escape and adventure; and it was the beginning of five years of life in the city itself. Their story, just published, is a breath from another world.

The two young Austrians were mountaineers named Heinrich Harrer and Peter Aufschnaiter. They went to India in 1939 as members of the German expedition which climbed Nanga Parbat. When the war broke out the two were still in India, and they were interned. They escaped twice from the British prison camp at Dehra Dun, at the foot of the high Himalayas, and twice were recaptured. They escaped a third time—and success took them to the most inaccessible city in the world!

Harrer and Aufschnaiter set out on their third escape in 1942 to cut across southern Tibet to Burma, where they hoped to join their country's Japanese allies; but to avoid capture by the Indian or Nepalese they had to strike farther and farther north, off the beaten track. They spent two years crossing and recrossing the Himalayan watershed; living sometimes at heights of 15,000 feet, with only bits of barley meal and raw yak meat to eat. Other men have got to Lhasa, it is true. The great English soldier-explorer, Sir Francis Younghusband, went there in 1904, and a few others have been since—but always with fully equipped expeditions. These two brave and hardy escapes started with nothing but the rough clothes they stood in;

and to avoid capture they went to the forbidden city over some of the highest mountains the world knows.

Heinrich Harrer has now written a book, "My Seven Years in Tibet" (published in London by Rupert Hart-Davis and in Canada by Clarke, Irwin). It is one of the finest adventure stories of the century.

Two world wars have given us hundreds of exciting escape stories, mostly by Britons, a race of great escapers and adventurers. But these have been stories of tunnels and barbed wire. "My Seven Years in Tibet" is a story of incredible adventures in the Himalayas, ending in intimate friendship with the Dalai Lama, the god-king of Tibet. No other writer has ever taken me so absorbingly into the secrets of Lhasa; and no other writer has ever written such a picture of that far, enchanting and mysterious land: the land of Everest and the Sherpas, the land of strange religions and 500,000 monks and some of the strangest customs ever known. Harrer is almost a Marco Polo of our own day.

Butter in the Tea

AND what an escape story he tells! So many are his adventures that he often has to dismiss in a line episodes almost worth a book in themselves. Once during the escape from India, following a path through the highest Himalayas, Harrer had to change his route to avoid some Indian villages, and he writes casually: "I had to make a painful detour. I had to climb Nag Tibba, a mountain over 10,000 feet high."

He comes to the village of Kyirong, where there is a monastery 900 years old. Kyirong means "village of happiness," and there is no evil there. The scenery is breath-taking even for Tibet. "If I can choose where to spend the evening of my life," Harrer writes, "it will be in Kyirong. There I would build myself a house.

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of red cedar-wood and have one of the rushing mountain streams running through my garden, in which every kind of fruit would grow—though the village is over 9,000 feet high.

The vegetation is sub-tropical—yet you can ski the year round. It is paradise—yet he has an unceasing struggle against rats and lice and bugs. Kyirong is a holy place—so no animals are killed for meat. But as everywhere else in Tibet, there is plenty of buttered tea—a vile concoction of strong tea filled with rancid butter. The natives drink as many as 60 cups of this stuff in a day.

In Kyirong, as in many Tibetan communities, a woman belongs not only to the man she marries, but to all his brothers as well. The village doctor is a monk, and his favourite remedy is to brand his patients with a hot iron. When a person dies the body is hacked to pieces and thrown to the vultures.

Strange adventures; hunger and cold almost to death; a visit to Drebung, the greatest monastery in the world, which houses 10,000 monks—and at last the two Austrians come to the gates of Lhasa.

And then fantasy. They are foreigners in a land where foreigners are forbidden. They expect to go to jail at once. Harrer and Aufschneider, looking like scarecrows, with swollen and blistered feet, knock at a door and ask for food. The house is owned by a rich Tibetan. He gives them a splendid Chinese supper. After months of maggoty yak meat they feast on epicurean delights. A Moslem barber is brought in to cut their hair. They are given fine clothes. They sleep in soft silken beds. Servants wake them in the morning with tea and sweet cakes.

The Boy King

THAT is only the beginning. The two escapes soon become popular in high circles. They are taken into the Government's service. They map the city, they regild the idols in the temples, they build drains and dykes. And then Harrer becomes the intimate friend and tutor of the young god-king, the Dalai Lama himself.

The Potala palace, where the Dalai Lama lives, is described by Harrer as one of the most imposing buildings in the world, and it is unlike any other palace ever built. It was built by the fifth Dalai Lama some 300 years ago. He and his successors are buried in shrines on the palace roof.

The god-king lives in a number of buildings on the roof of the palace itself. There Harrer saw him for the first time.

"With monks leading the way," he writes, "a long sinuous line of believers moved slowly towards a door. When we came into the hall of audience we craned our necks to get a sight of the Living Buddha over a forest of heads. And he, too, momentarily forgetful of his dignity, looked up eagerly to get a glimpse of the two strangers of whom he had heard so much . . . When we found ourselves standing with bowed heads before the Presence I could not resist the temptation to look up. An eager, boyish smile lit up the charming face of the Dalai Lama and his right hand raised in blessing was laid for an instant on my head." Then he watched the devout file past with their gifts of gold and silver, which "flow into the gold and silver rooms of the Potala, in which immense treasures have been accumulated for many centuries and inherited by one Incarnation after another."

The present Dalai Lama, only 14 years of age when the Austrians met him, is the 14th incarnation of the God of Grace. When a god-king dies the chief priests go through the land looking for his reincarnation. They carry objects which had belonged to the deceased Dalai Lama, knowing that somewhere they will find a child who will recognize these things as his own.

When the 13th Dalai Lama died in 1933 his body was placed upright on a throne, in state, looking toward the south. One morning it was seen that his face had turned toward a sacred lake in the east. The regent went to the lake, and after long vigils he had a vision of a three-storeyed monastery with a golden roof near a little peasant hut with

carved gables. After searching for two years the high priests found the house.

God-king With a Jackknife

"AS soon as they entered," writes Harrer, "they felt sure they would find the Holy Child, and they waited tensely to see what would happen. And, sure enough, a two-year-old boy came running to meet them and seized the skirts of the lama, who wore around his neck the rosary of the 13th Dalai Lama"—and the boy recognized the rosary as his own. He was then shown four other rosaries, one of which had belonged to the 13th Dalai Lama: "the boy chose the right one without hesitation and danced around the room with it." Then he was given his choice of walking sticks—and selected not one with a handle of ivory and silver, but the old one which had belonged to the 13th Dalai Lama. "When they examined his body they found all the marks which an Incarnation ought to bear: large outstanding ears and moles on the trunk." And the 14th Incarnation had been found.

In "My Seven Years in Tibet," Harrer tells a fascinating story of his friendship with this Living Buddha.

The two Austrians would have liked to stay in Lhasa for another seven years, but in 1950 one of the great tides of history swept down on Tibet.

There had already been omens. A camel had been seen in the sky, gleaming like a demon. Then there was an earthquake, with five days of shocks. There was a great landslide which buried hundreds of nuns and monks. A statue fell to the ground. Water began to flow from gargoyls on the cathedral. Monsters were born . . . In 1950 a Chinese army took over Tibet. The Dalai Lama fled to India, taking the two Austrians with him. The Dalai Lama soon returned to Lhasa, where he is now a puppet priest. The Austrians do not expect ever to return.

But Harrer has written the best book ever written about the forbidden city and the extraordinary theocracy called Tibet.—Copyright (NNF)

CORRESPONDENCE

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

The Beggar Nuisance

Sir,—Several articles have appeared in the Press regarding the beggar nuisance in Madras City. It is extremely deplorable that this class is increasing steadily and threatens to form a separate entity by itself. Street corners, bus stops, temple yards and railways are not their only haunts. During the nights we can see streams of them coming one after another with bowls in hand and making piteous cries for morsels of food. People living in isolated bungalows may not be aware of their presence. But those living in street houses can easily bear testimony to their sufferings and sad plight. The beggars after all form part of our society and deserve our full sympathy and consideration and no society can consider itself decent or civilised so long as this blot continues. It is true the Corporation and Government are primarily responsible for tackling this question, but sympathy and cooperation must come from every member of the general public also. Concerted measures are necessary to solve this problem efficiently.

Beggars are of two kinds: (1) disabled persons who cannot look after themselves and have none to look after them, and (2) the easy-going able-bodied ones who had migrated to the city in times of drought and find begging an easy profession. The former should be looked after by being provided with suitable habitation and other comforts while the latter should be collected and employed under strict supervision and control as in jails. This class of men, it is expected, would automatically dwindle in course of time as they would naturally like to go back to their original occupations in their village under a freer atmosphere.

Money for looking after the beggars suitably may be raised in the following ways:

Public donations may be called for from charitably disposed people. Beggar weeks may also be arranged.

A sur-charge of 1 anna per ticket for the last two classes of cinema tickets and 1 anna for the higher classes may be levied. This may be tried for a period of 2 years and continued later if necessary.

An appeal may be made to the employees in Government offices and firms in Madras for a voluntary contribution of eight annas each a month through their employers. It is hoped this appeal will not go in vain.

Another suggestion worth trying is to collect a small sum of one anna from each car or lorry passing through Central Station or Mount Road or Marina. The car owners who are spending large amounts daily on their own comforts, may not grudge this small charity for alleviating the sufferings of their own brethren.

All these collections should be sent to the Government who should open a separate fund entitled "Beggar Relief Fund" and utilise it carefully without any misuse. If this is done, we could be deemed to have done our duty by the beggars.

T. N. NATESAN

Privileges of Legislature

Sir,—In his second and final lecture in the series on "The Concept of Legislative Independence," Sri R. V. Krishna Ayyar, Secretary of the Madras Legislature, said that "In the absence of a provision in the Constitution making it obligatory on authorities in another State to help in the execution of processes issued by the Speaker of any one State, the exercise of jurisdiction might not be easy and might even give rise to conflicts." It looks as if he thinks that the authorities of the Speaker's State are under such obligation and that the exercise of jurisdiction in his own State would be easy and without giving rise to conflicts.

The authorities in each State of the Union are there to help in the execution of all processes issued lawfully, without any distinction on the score of the State of their origin. May be, some administrative directions have to be complied with, governing inter-State execution. But there could be no constitutional difficulty as envisaged by Sri Krishna Ayyar.

If the Speaker's writ could run in his own State, it would and should as well run in the other States also.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR
Madurai.

Amrutanjan

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

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

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

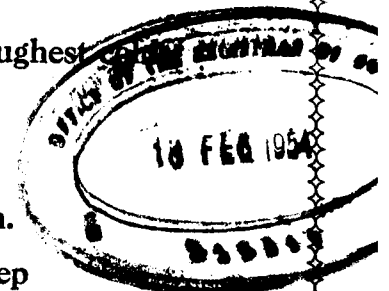
On every ache it puts a brake,
Over every pain it lays its rein,
Respite and rest follow its wake,
Comfort and cure thereafter rain.

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.



LOOKING BACK

What is culture?

In the rich and varied phenomena of life, do you think that culture resembles most a garden, well-fenced and well-cultivated and well-fed with a perennial flow of water, and well-planned with trees and plants selected with care, based on wide discrimination and knowledge of botanical life?

Is culture a fruit luscious to the taste or a flower with fragrance that fills the sky? Or is it simply very useful timber or fuel tree? Or is culture a mere leaf like the Tulsi with a divine quality and perfume of its own?

If culture be a flower, is it the God-revealing lotus from the slushy mire or the beautiful rose amidst beaked thorns?

If a fruit, is it the choice graft mango delicious to the tongue or the amla or vilva fruit that sublimates the body, mind and soul? Or is it the cocoanut that sacrifices and surrenders every fibre of its being for the welfare of man and the service of God?

If culture be a mere timber tree, is it then the stately and refined teak that pleads for polished eternity? Or is it the mere commercial, quick-growing casuarina catering as firewood to the daily body-comforts of man?

From SWATANTRA

for October 7, 1950

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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SWATANTRA

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RELIEF TO DEBTORS

IN the case of the elementary education scheme, the Madras Government acted inexpertly in failing to consult public opinion in advance. They have repeated the blunder in the enactment of the Agriculturists' Debt Ordinance. It is of course true that a moratorium of the sort conceived in the Ordinance has to be enforced without notice to be effective. But the assumption that legislation cannot achieve what the Ordinance has, by way of sudden imposition of the moratorium, is fallacious. As in the Ordinance, in a Bill also, provision can be made for a date on which the moratorium is to come into force, and the date could well synchronise with the day of introduction of the Bill. In any event the sanction of the legislature will have to be obtained, and by choosing the method of Ordinance the Government have not divested themselves of the supervisory authority of the legislature. The significant difference between the two methods, that of ordinance and of legislation, lies in the matter of approach. The method of legislation indicates an attitude of respect for parliamentary procedure in the formulation of Government's policies. The method of ordinance reveals a desire for the evasion of parliamentary procedure at least for a temporary period. On occasions of urgency, when the legislature is not in session and immediate action is called for, the propriety of resorting to the method of ordinance is indisputable. In the case of the present Ordinance, the plea of urgency cannot hold good as the legislature is due to meet very shortly. The issue of the Ordinance can only be attributed to the perversity of the Chief Minister which has solidified into a preference for the abnormal, and a consistent neglect of psychological factors in the gusto of self-assertion. He seems almost to delight in provoking conflict and controversies, eschewing every resource to avoid them and win public support to his side.

IN the case of the elementary education scheme the objective of the Government was well defined, it was to multiply swiftly the number of pupils admitted to elementary education. It is an objective nobody can quarrel with. In the case of the Ordinance the only object of the Government, as stated by the Agriculture Minister in a talk with Pressmen, was "to save the agriculturist from being pressed to repay debts incurred over successive years of drought, and to enable him to rehabilitate himself." Without such relief, the Minister said, "there was the risk of the indebted agriculturist not being merely unable to meet his debts but of being utterly ruined." The term, *indebted agriculturist*, is a measure of the unreality of these relief operations of the Government. It suggests that agriculturists are solely and entirely a community of debtors and there are no creditors among them. The reality is quite the reverse.

Some of the richest men in the State are agriculturists. Lower down in the economic scale, they lend quite as much as they borrow, and if the bottom-most levels are excluded, the agriculturists have to be reckoned as a mixed class of both debtors and creditors, not a few falling simultaneously into both the categories.

IF it is the aim of the Government to help indebted people who would be ruined otherwise, they must extend their vision over humanity at large and not limit it to any one occupation. All indebtedness is not worthy of relief. The rich, profligate man who sinks into insolvency through extravagant pursuit of lascivious pleasures is also to be classified as a debtor, but even if he is an agriculturist, it is not just or reasonable that the State should squander its benevolent concern over him. Not all indebtedness is deserving of relief, but only that part of it which is traceable to poverty or adverse circumstances beyond the pale of individual responsibility. The poor who are indebted through insufficiency of income are everywhere, they belong to professions like teaching, weaving and trade, and they are not limited by any means to the occupation of agriculture. Relief for debt has to be first rationalised if it is to be applied in the form of a moratorium without causing an economic disequilibrium more disastrous than the condition sought to be relieved.

MODERN life cannot go on without cash or credit, and the need of credit for just getting on is greater for those who do not possess enough cash. A vast bulk of poor people exist on credit. The basis of credit is confidence, the confidence that loans would be returned. The moratorium of the Ordinance, by cutting at the root of that confidence, is apt to make the lives of the poorer agriculturists harder than it is by stifling their sources of credit. This is what happened when the Agricultural Debt Relief Act was passed. It will happen again now in the wake of the Ordinance.

Sotto Voce

JOY THROUGH MUDDLE



THE Chief Minister of Madras seems to share one at least of the traits of great poets: like Keats he can get intoxicated on plain water. He recently visited his home district Salem and saw a rare sight—every tank or little depression in the hills full of water, every little pocket of earth sown and smiling and every man, woman and child he met looking to his excited vision like a cherub revisiting the haunts of the moon. He

has treasured up this enchanting picture in his heart. And he has launched an ordinance to protect this 'Heaven on earth' from the sinful creditor, as St. Michael held his flaming sword over Eden against fallen Adam.

"Did the agriculturist ask for the Ordinance?" the prosaic publicist might enquire. But "those who consider themselves as trustees of public

affairs"—which is C. R.'s modest description of himself—are not in the habit of asking themselves that kind of disabling question. The new bride, in Grimm's *Tales*, on entering her husband's house, wept aloud and was with difficulty persuaded to explain. She said that she had seen a mason's implement imbedded in the roof, left there by oversight; and thinking of the possibility of its falling on the head of her child—yet in the womb of time—she could not bear the agony and cried. Likewise C. R.'s heart has been wrung by the theoretical possibility of hard-hearted creditors suing his beloved ward—the 'agriculturist.'

The 'agriculturists' who people the Chief Minister's dream-world are, in the drab reality of waking life, a pretty mixed lot. There are some whose annual incomes in these days of inflated prices equal the revenues of a kingdom: there are others who cannot get a single square meal out of their meagre plot of earth. And C. R.'s bounty, like the sun, shines on the just and the unjust alike. No doubt he could say in justification, "Am I not being equally impartial in dealing with all classes of creditor?" So is the epidemic.

But epidemics cannot be harnessed to the service of man. C. R. in his first avatar signalled his advent by propounding a new ethic—"Ye shall not pay your debts." The Debt Relief Act ruined many, brought others an illusory relief which tempted them to launch on a vicious career of extravagance, destroyed rural credit, poisoned human relations and in the net result left rural indebtedness very much where it was. You may scale down debts but you cannot scale down improvidence or the ingenious dishonesty of law-evaders. The ryot hard up for cash and the ryot who had a little cash to lend colluded to deceive the law by putting down 5½% as interest and adding the balance of 9½% to the principal in advance.

The village money-lender, that Aunt Sally, was never more than an abstraction: he is now a thrice

exploded myth. Two major depressions in thirty years have had the effect of transferring land to every creditor whether he wanted it or not. There may be a few men here and there whose major business is still money-lending. But even these would probably be in a position to claim, by virtue of possession of a bit of land, protection under the new Ordinance against their creditors. For the village money-lender, of course, borrows in order to lend. The Ordinance may throw quite a handful of sand into the works.

We are now on the eve of gathering in the long-term crop of rice. Such ryots as have stocks of *kuruvai*, the short-term crop, are finding it difficult to dispose of them. Prices have started sliding at an alarming rate. Meanwhile, there is the kist to pay. Those who have no *kuruvai* to sell—and they are the vast majority—usually borrow for paying land revenue so as not to have to sell the long-term crop at distress prices. They may also have other urgent needs in this season, such as wedding expenses. Today they have the mortifying consciousness that by its officious bungling the Government has stopped the only source of credit that has always been open to them.

The Government's charity does not extend to giving the agriculturist protection against its own claims or those of co-operative credit societies. But the latter, finding that the Ordinance retrospectively immobilises assignments of claims against agriculturists which they had accepted in good faith, will be even more chary than in the past of lending to this unfortunate class. Politicians avid for power may claim that "patriotism and self-interest can go together." But the self-interest of the leader without a following desperately casting about for a *simulacrum* of support is not so easily reconciled with the interests of those who are pawns in the political game. Joy by Ordinance?—yes, for the Communist!

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

ON his return from Delhi Sri Rajagopalachari said: "Politics in office is difficult for one of my sort when annoyance comes not from front of you but from behind where you have a right to expect assistance and not annoyance." An excellent dictum, this. But it was violated most glaringly when Sri Prakasam was Chief Minister of Madras State, and amongst those who contributed to such violation then, engineered it, nursed it, and blessed it after success, the most prominent was Sri Rajagopalachari himself. He was part-promoter of just the tradition which he now condemns as treachery.

In Sri Prakasam's time there was an alliance between some of his followers in the Congress Party who wished to oust him, and certain influential personages with power in the Centre. It was this alliance that made the move against him so objectionable. In C. R.'s case all the influence of the Centre is enlisted in his favour. It is curious that Pandit Nehru who found nothing improper in the campaign to unseat Sri Prakasam should be enraged with Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu for attempting the identical thing in the present Madras regime. Does he not know that there can be no fixity of tenure for any leader in an electoral system? All leadership is contingent on the faith and confidence of followers. No loyalty can be mortgaged to a leader indefinitely irrespective of what he does or fails to do. It is the constitutional right of a follower when he loses faith in a leader to seek to dislodge him with the aid of his fellow-men in the same party. There is a difference however between the exercise of this right and treachery. It is treachery when power from outside is enlisted against a leader by party-men who pretend to be loyal to him. But it is perfectly legitimate for the members of a party who have lost confidence in a leader to seek to displace him by every constitutional means open to them.

It may be objected against Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu that he rushed

to a public forum instead of confining himself to efforts within the party to gain his objective. It is a requisite of party discipline that internal discords within it should not be thrashed under the public eye. But it was Sri Rajagopalachari himself who offended first in this direction. The moment he sensed the stir of discontent within the party, he started expatiating in public meetings on how necessary his leadership is for the good of the State. That is not a thing which one can say of oneself without loss of dignity. One's judgement gets distorted when the ego is made the source and centre of State welfare, and it is not surprising, with such an unalterable conviction of his own indispensability, that Sri Rajagopalachari should come to regard those challenging his leadership as traitors indulging in "knavish tricks." It is the inner significance of human mortality that nobody is indispensable, and anyone who fails to grasp and adjust himself to this truth flies really in the face of Providence even if he never fails to do prodigious lip-service, in the most exalted Gandhi pattern, to Truth, God, and the like.

On account of his tenacious clinging to power Sri Rajagopalachari's prestige is not now what it was. Great reputations are ruined more than ordinary ones by indulgence in possessive instincts, and it is no different when the possessiveness is for power and not pelf. Intensity of concentration on ego-centred politics detracts from reliability of judgement and blurs the sense of proportion. When Sri Rajagopalachari was at the Centre he was for more power to the Centre. As Chief Minister of Madras State he wants more and more of power to be taken out of the Centre and given to the States. Public affairs cannot be monkeyed with in this fashion with changes in individual fortunes. Sri Rajagopalachari is hard to beat in ability and experience. But his wisdom is tarnished at times, because he lacks discipline of the finer sort which

consists in self-conquest and controlling the aggressions of conceit in conformity with democratic patterns of administration. He needs the self-correction of regarding himself as a partner with others in all matters of social and public concern instead of an omniscient being to command and dictate. Then he will cease to inflict cruel blows on the self-respect of colleagues and become truly lovable socially and formidable politically. I am all for C. R.'s continuance as Chief Minister. None can replace him adequately. But he should pay the price for power and realise that power is democracy's trust for considered employment after discussion and consultation, and not any individual ruler's monopoly to be greedily self-appropriated.

I read a remarkable story in a magazine of which I have forgotten the name. A king was pleased with a favourite and offered to give him

anything he wished. The favourite was shrewd and cunning. "Oh king," he said, "the only favour I seek is that once a fortnight you pay a visit to this humble subject's home." The wish was granted, and before long the fame of the favourite as a companion of the king spread to all corners of the kingdom. Suppliants for intercession with his majesty on commissions of all kinds poured into the favourite's house, and along with them, cash and rich presents in plenty. No officer dared cross his path. He exercised a power parallel with that of the sovereign, and most of it was exercised unscrupulously. He grew in wealth and influence and all quailed before him. I make a present of the story to Central and State Ministers as a warning to them of the dangerous consequences of their thoughtlessly accepting the hospitality of enterprising hosts with axes to grind.

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SRI SWAMINATHA PILLAI

By

"MUSICLOVER"

THIRUPPAMBURAM N. SWAMINATHA PILLAI who has been chosen to preside over the Music Academy Conference this year is an eminent flute Vidwan in South India. Music is in his blood, for his grandfather who enjoyed the patronage of the Tiruvavaduthurai Mutt was a student of Sathanoor Panju Aiyar, a disciple of Tiruvarur Suddha Matthalam Thambiyappa Pillai, who was one of the *prathama sishyas* of Sri Muthuswami Dikshithar. His father Sri N. Natarajasundaram Pillai was a leading Nagaswara Vidwan, a scholar in music who assiduously laboured to collect some of the rare compositions of Sri Thyagaraja and Dikshithar. Natarajasundaram's book "Dikshita Keerthana Prakasika" in Tamil containing 50 compositions in *swara notation* published under the guidance of Mr. T. L. Venkatrama Aiyar, is a pioneer publication.

Natarajasundaram Pillai was an *asthana* Vidwan of Ramnad during the time of Muthu Ramalinga Sethupathi and imparted the rudiments of Carnatic music to his son. Young Swaminathan who showed much aptitude and promise as a vocalist had to abandon it when his voice broke in his 18th year. Soon after, he came under the tutelage of Palani Ramaswami Aiyar, a disciple of Tiruchi Govindaswami Pillai who taught him violin. On the advice of the great violinist, Swaminatha Pillai had to take to the flute much against his inclinations.

From 1916 Swaminatha Pillai diligently practised on the flute and was able to master the instrument in a few years. His concerts were much appreciated by the leading Vidwans of the time, notably Konerirajapuram Vaidyanatha Aiyar and the Karaikudi Brothers (Veena) who were responsible for arranging several concerts. He soon made a mark in the musical world and was able to acquire some reputation as a flute vidwan.

At Kotthamangalam in Chettinad

Swaminatha Pillai gave his first concert in 1920, accompanied by Violinist Govindaswami Pillai. It was followed by another at Karaikudi arranged by Veena Subbarama Aiyar and Sambasiva Aiyar (Karaikudi Brothers) in 1921. He was accompanied by Iluppur Ponnuswami Pillai on the violin, Venu Chettiar on the Mridangam and Dakshinamurthi Pillai on the Kanjeera. He was awarded a gold medal and chain. His concert in 1936 in Mysore before the late Sri Krishnarajendra Wadiyar was very warmly appreciated by the ruler. Swaminatha Pillai has been honoured with gifts and presents by the rulers of Pudukottah and Ramnad and the Zamindars of Seithur, Sivagiri, Kannivadi and Andipatti.

From 1942 to 1945 Swaminatha Pillai was the chief lecturer in vocal music at the Annamalai University. He has published with *swara notation* in new *varna mettu* 85 pieces of Muthu Thandavar and Marimutha Pillai besides setting to tune 75 compositions of Balakavi Ramanathan Chettiar. He has also composed a few geethams and varnas. The Saraswathi Stores have taken four records of his songs. For the past five years, from October 1949 he is a professor of vocal music, at the Central College of Karnataka Music, and has trained several students, among whom is Sirkazhi Govindarajan. His *sishtyas* for the flute are T. Viswanatham, a grandson of the late Veena Dhanammal, who shows good promise and Tiruvarur Namasivayan.

Swaminatha Pillai has a rich and varied repertoire which includes several pieces of the Musical Trinity, Tamil Composers like Gopalakrishna Barathi, Muthuthandavar, Arunachalakavi, Marimutha Pillai and some select padas, javalis and tillanas. A staunch adherent of tradition, his renderings on the flute are extremely sweet and melodious. Capable of handling rare ragas and intricate pallavis, Swaminatha Pillai can

satisfy the ordinary listener and the learned critic alike. There may be divided opinion about the advisability of taking uncommon ragas for elaboration, but Mr. Pillai's view is that these ragas will be lost or forgotten if no attempt is made to sing them. But one has to distinguish between ragas that now exist only in rare compositions and those that will lend themselves to elaboration. It is interesting to recall that in the early days of his career Mr. Pillai was much attracted towards intricacies of tala. Those were days of the tala giants like Mamundia Pillai and

Dakshinamoorthy Pillai. Gradually he came under the influence of Veena Dhanammal's music (Veena Dhanam was a disciple of Sathanoor Panju Aiyar too) and began to realise the higher values of Sangita. One cannot now witness Mr. Pillai pitched in a tala duel with an accompanist. On the contrary, his concerts offer satisfying fare to the connoisseur.

Short, swarthy, rotund and silver-haired, Mr. Swaminatha Pillai is 53. A man of simple habits and unassuming by nature, he is very much liked by his students and colleagues.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

By

LEONARD ENGEL

MERCER Street in Princeton is a quiet one of modest frame houses. Passers-by rarely give it a second glance. At No. 112, however, lives a gentle, retiring old man who has done more than any other single individual to make modern science what it is and whom many consider the greatest man alive. His name is Albert Einstein.

Einstein, now in his 75th year, has recently been in the news again. Not long ago the architect of relativity announced what could be his most far-reaching achievement—a new unified field theory combining into a single grand edifice the basic natural laws of the universe. More recently, he has been in the newspapers with his advice to intellectuals to refuse to testify before committees of the U. S. Congress investigating suspected subversive activities.

His controversial stand on the legislative inquiries has brought Einstein widespread criticism in the U. S., the unified field theory a new burst of tributes to the soaring flight of his imagination. Einstein pays little heed to either, but goes serenely on his way.

At 10.30 every morning, he sets out from his house and walks the mile and a half to the Institute for Advanced Study, in which he has held a professorship since 1933. His

usual attire is a shapeless black coat, comfortable slacks and, in cold weather, a black knit cap.

At the Institute, he has an office overlooking a pleasant little patch of woods. Here he continues to work on the abstruse mathematics involved in his new theory. His tools are a pencil and an ordinary writing tablet; electronic calculators cannot solve the kind of problem he deals with. He walks home at 1 for lunch, a nap and an hour of answering letters. Evenings are spent with friends who drop in for talk or music (Einstein plays the piano, as well as the violin), or at work in an old-fashioned, overstuffed chair in his study. A solitary latenight stroll across the nearby Princeton University campus is his favourite prescription for problems that keep him up.

Occasionally, Einstein lectures at the Institute. On such occasions, notice of the lecture is passed around among Institute members by word of mouth. Once the Institute posted a small typewritten announcement on a bulletin board in an inside hall. The Institute was swamped with hundreds of curiosity seekers, who came from as far away as New York.

Einstein continues to receive extraordinary honours. He was among the first awarded a Nobel prize. Only a short time ago he became the only American (he became a citizen of the U. S. before the last war) ever offered the presidency of a foreign nation: Israel wished to elect him to the place of the late Chaim Weiz-

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mann, a post he declined with his invariable modesty. He remains simple and unaffected. His colleagues describe him as "saintly" and "lovable."

Einstein's position on Congressional investigations of suspected subversion springs from the habit of mind that helped make him the world's foremost physicist—his unorthodoxy. He has one of the most unorthodox minds of our age. It led him not only to relativity, but made him a pacifist in Germany during World War I, a time and place where there were few pacifists. It led him to espouse humanitarian causes that have brought him simultaneous denunciation as a "bolshevik" and a "tool of Wall Street." In the case of the Congressional inquiries, he feels they threaten "all intellectual efforts" and freedom of teaching. He is no Communist or Communist sympathizer. "He has too independent a mind, is too much of an individualist," remarks a colleague, "to fit himself to any kind of dictated thinking."

Einstein's dislike for dictated thinking has been manifest since his childhood, which was spent in the Bavarian city of Munich. He was an indifferent student in school because he couldn't tolerate the rote learning and rigid discipline then the rule in German schools. He lost two teaching jobs in Switzerland (where he completed his education), largely because he couldn't adjust himself even to the lesser restrictions of Swiss schools.

But he could look at things in a way no one else could and he presented man with a new view of the universe. In the "special theory of relativity," published in 1905 while he was an obscure clerk in the Swiss patent office, he showed that the familiar physical dimensions of length, mass and time are not invariable absolutes, as we ordinarily think. A rapidly moving body is heavier and shorter and time within it is slower than when the same body is standing still. The special theory also contained the famous deduction that matter can be converted into

energy—a deduction that bore fruit four decades later in the atom bomb. Then in 1915, in the general theory of relativity, he showed that the "force" of gravitation is not a force at all, but a property of the curved shape of space.

In all this, Einstein had to go it alone. Scientists found his ideas as strange as the man in the street. Scores devoted years to futile efforts to refute them. In the end, Einstein was proved right.

Curiously, Einstein has also had to go it virtually alone on the unified field theory, on which he has laboured for nearly 35 years. In this theory, Einstein has sought to bring together his theory of gravitation and the laws of light and matter into a single master law for the universe; from this, the separate natural laws governing the whirling of the stars, the journeyings of light across forgotten seas of time, and events within the atom would follow inevitably, as the night follows the day.

When he began work on a unified field theory, a great many other physicists were also interested in such theories. All the earlier theories proved wrong, however, and as the years went by the other scientists dropped out of the race, convinced that man could not now find such a master law and that looking for it was a waste of time. Only Einstein, who is deeply religious though not a formal adherent of any religious community, continued, sustained by his faith that God had fashioned an orderly universe and that a master law could be found. "God is subtle," he says, "but never mischievous."

Most of Einstein's fellow physicists have yet to accept his new theory. For one thing, because of the difficult mathematical computations involved, Einstein has thus far not been able to devise an experiment to test it. But his colleagues retain open minds. They cannot forget that it was his unorthodox genius that opened up a new age in science, and that he will be remembered with Archimedes and Newton when most of the other luminaries of our time are forgotten. —NNF.

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SWATANTRA

11

REBIRTH OF GERMANY'S ARMY

By MATTHEW HALTON

LET us visit the German war office, or ministry of defence, in Bonn, where they are making ready for the new German army of 600,000 men. Six hundred thousand to start with. Our new allies, Chancellor Adenauer's victory in Germany has brought us to a time of decision on the worst problem in the world. Let us therefore visit his generals and hear something of their plans.

The German War Office, or Ministry of Defence, is not yet called by that name. That would evoke unhappy thoughts. The name is presently as innocuous as can be. In print it is about a yard long. It is: *der Beauftragte des Bundeskanzlers fuer die mit der Vermehrung der allierten Truppen zusammenhangenden Fragen*—which innocently means the Chancellor's Commission for Questions Connected with the Enlargement of the Allied Forces. For short, it is called the *Dienststelle Blank*—the Blank Office—after Theodor Blank, the Minister in charge. But Ministry of Defence it is in fact.

It is not much to look at. It is just an old red-brick building in the once quiet but now bustling university town of Bonn, capital of the West German republic, on the west bank of the wide, magnificent Rhine. Its rooms and corridors are cramped and dingy. I found General Adolf Heusinger, the chief general, in a little office. But new buildings are rising around the nucleus for the day when more room is needed.

That day is at hand. The *Dienststelle Blank* is booming with hope and activity and enthusiasm. No one there has any doubt that the German army will soon be reborn—within the European army, or in straight alliance with NATO, or in some other form.

And when the word is given the new German army will spring into being. The cadres and the frame-

work are already prepared. They are already selecting the 40 generals, the 250 colonels, the 900 lieutenant-colonels, the 2,000 majors, the 6,300 captains and the 12,300 lieutenants of the officer corps.

It is not hard to find them. After World War I there were 40,000 ex-officers circulating in Germany. After World War II there were 450,000. There are 1,280 generals—and hundreds of them are now working and scheming for a place in the new army.

And there will be no trouble getting other ranks.

When rearmament was first mooted the German people weren't enthusiastic. They had a bellyful of soldiering and they were down and out. Their divided country was still prostrate. And they were defeatists—they thought nothing could stop the Russian legions from rolling up the map of Europe. The comment of most ex-soldiers and young men when you mentioned rearmament was the now-famous phrase, "*Ohne mich*." (Count me out). But now, both physically and mentally, the situation is utterly transformed. Germany is booming and building; it is the most prosperous and dynamic country in Europe. And the national ambitions and confidence have revived. Dr. Adenauer and company preach that if Germany rearms in alliance with the West the combination will be so strong that Russia will be forced to allow reunification with East Germany. Adenauer's impressive victory shows that most of the Germans want his policy.

ADENAUER'S victory meant that Germany will ratify the European army treaty. When and if France ratifies, the first 12 German divisions will come into being.

"What a marvellous prospect!" said a rising young man in the German Foreign Ministry. "What a

wonderful prospect that Britain and Germany will be allies at last! Twice we have bled each other half to death in unnecessary suicidal wars. We are the two best peoples in the world—and if history says we were criminals for fighting each other we will deserve the indictment. That is what history will say if the Russians become masters of the world. But perhaps we have one more chance. We are now allies. Britain, Germany and the United States together can save civilization. And we can do it without war."

AMONG Germans from Dr. Adenauer down, and among U. S. diplomats and soldiers in Germany, I found immense optimism about the possibility of a general settlement with Russia. They believe that when Germany is rearmed in integration with the West the combination will be so strong that Russia will be forced to allow German reunification. Dr. Adenauer and his advisers are even preparing a plan which they think will set at rest Russia's fears of a crusade against her.

Here are the arguments and the plan—which Gen. Heusinger discussed with me:

First: Western Germany is going to rearm within the Allied system. Nothing Russia can do will stop it now—unless she goes to war, and all the experts are certain she will not go to war.

Secondly: As German rearmament is inevitable, surely Russia would prefer it within the framework of a European army, which offers some hope of restraining German militarism.

Thirdly: Russia's great fear is that a rearmed Germany will lead the West into a crusade against her for the recovery of the lost provinces and for the liberation of Eastern Europe. If Russia could somehow be guaranteed that there would be no such crusade she might allow German reunification and withdraw her forces to the east.

Sir Winston Churchill propounded this idea in general terms last spring and since then it has been fermenting in many minds. Paper guarantees are worthless. What treaties

are honoured these days, even by the most honourable nations, unless they have the sanction of vital self-interest? But something more concrete has now come of Bonn. It is a scheme for a demilitarized area between the two camps.

Germany would be reunited and rearmed in alliance with the West. But a demilitarized area would be set up between the two camps. The British, Canadian and U. S. forces would withdraw to the west bank of the Rhine. The European army, including German, French and other European forces, would occupy Western Germany between the Rhine and the Elbe. All Eastern Germany (that is, the present Russian zone) plus an area of Poland equal in size to Eastern Germany, would be demilitarized. And the Russians would withdraw to the eastern frontier of this buffer zone.

Is there any chance of the Russians accepting such a plan?

"Perhaps not," said General Heusinger when I discussed it with him. "But it is the first constructive proposal that has come along. It has advantages for Russia, yes—but for the West also. It leaves Russian forces in Czechoslovakia, only a few hours from the Rhine.

"In the atomic age, of course, there can be no such thing as an effective buffer zone unless there is the will to peace. Both sides have to convince each other that they do not mean aggression. Something like this plan might give birth to the beginning of confidence."

"Russia's fears, I know," Gen. Heusinger went on, "are very real. And they're suspicious people anyway. It will be hard to convince them that the West, with a rearmed Germany, has no thought of ever attacking them.

THEY have other reasons for opposing a settlement. The East Germans are restive today because they look across the frontier and see the West Germans prosperous and happy. If East Germany were allowed into the Western fold it would be the turn of Poland to cross a frontier and see prosperity and freedom in contrast to their own

hardships and repression. There would be increasing danger for Russia of Poland and then other satellites breaking away."

"What happens if no agreement can be reached with Russia on the German problem?"

"I just can't guess," said Gen. Heusinger. "Things cannot go on like this. But we must find a way! And there must never be another war!"

IF only there were more German soldiers who talked and thought like this!

Heusinger neither talks nor acts nor looks like the German general of tradition. He is no man of blood and iron. He seems as civilized and liberal a man as you would like to meet. At 55 he looks more like a friendly and vigorous professor than a German general. In 1944 he took part in the July plot on Hitler's life and was sentenced to death. A chain of lucky accidents delayed his execution time after time—and then suddenly the war was over and he was liberated by Allied troops.

Gen. Heusinger believes ardently in the conception of a united Europe and a European army. He seems sincerely to want to erase the old-time militarism from the German soul. (If I have been taken in—well, I have been taken in). He and Theodor Blank, the Defence Minister, are working for something new in German history; an army of citizen soldiers somewhat on the British model.

Theodor Blank is hardly one's idea of a German army minister. He is only 45. He was once a trade union official, representing the miners. A miner's lamp and a picture of a Ruhr miner hang in his bare, simple office.

"We will show the world," says Herr Blank. "that Germany can create a democratic army. We are trying to weed out all that foreigners understand by German militarism. I believe the incorporation of German soldiers into a European army will help us to achieve our aim."

I should like to end on that hopeful note. But it would be too opti-

mistic to expect that soldiers like Gen. Heusinger and anti-militarists like Theodor Blank will long remain in charge of the new German army.

Some observers believe that the dark horse of the coming German army will be a young general named Siegfried Westfall, a name unknown to most people in the West. Westfall was the real commander of the German army during the Ardennes offensive at Christmas, 1944, when Field Marshal von Rundstedt had shot his bolt and was drinking himself into oblivion every night. Westfall was a Hitler man. Westfall, they say, is the man to watch.

Many talk of General Hasso von Manteuffel, who commanded the famous Panzerkorps Gross-Deutschland in Russia in the war. Now the export manager of a big Ruhr firm manufacturing nuts and bolts. Manteuffel is still young, very ambitious and very nationalist. "The West must be saved from Russian barbarism," he says—and he thinks Manteuffel is the man to save it. "I don't understand," he says, "why the West should fear German military revival." There are many like him who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

Even General Ludwig Cruewell of the Afrika Korps can say: "The world must realize that the German soldier was the most honourable and chivalrous in the world."

All over Western Germany the soldiers' associations are springing to life. The Panzerkorps: The Afrika Korps. The Stalhelm, led by Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, sentenced to death of war crimes but now the head of the same Stalhelm which helped Hitler to power. The Heimkehrerverband of former prisoners of war. The League of the Knight's Cross. The Waffen S. S. of evil memory. And many others.

AT the same time, the majority of Germans are ashamed of Hitlerism. And I believe that if Germany can be integrated with the West there will be no revival of Hitlerism.

Whatever the truth proves to be, the German army is coming back to life at the Allies' bidding.—NMF.

PROHIBITION SHOULD BE RATIONALISED

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

WITH the Congress Prohibition is a matter of faith and it is committed to it as an administrative policy. But still, after six years now of its being in power, in most states Prohibition is only a desirable programme to be taken up at some indefinite future. Even in States where it is being implemented it is still a subject of controversy amongst the people as well as politicians. It is obvious that the greater number of State Governments as well as politicians and the public are not convinced that the benefits of Prohibition are worth the loss of revenue, expense of implementation and extra taxation that Prohibition involves.

This want of conviction amongst the people about Prohibition is the chief obstacle in the way of its success. Public opinion all the world over is against drink. Even so drink is universal and as old as Man himself. Every religion preaches against drink. But people of all religions drink. It would be wrong to assert that Man through the ages has been ignorantly and wantonly injuring himself by drink. Even as a dog will not eat grass Man will not drink if it is harmful to his well-being and existence. It shows that 'per se' drink is not inimical to Man. It may have potentialities of being harmful if abused. Public opinion and religion recognise these potentialities and preach against them. So far they did not succeed in eradicating it though they are largely successful in limiting its use within useful bounds. It is in the background of this experience through ages that public opinion is sceptical of the success of Prohibition. It would be wiser to understand the essential relationship between drink and Man and rationalise it than try to achieve by legislation that which could not be achieved by public opinion and religions through ages.

Drink is objected to because of its alcoholic content. Alcohol is a carbohydrate in the same series as starch. Starch, whether it be rice, wheat, potato or any other edible tubour or root, is the source of energy we require for our life and work. Starch when eaten is digested into glucose. It is absorbed into the body as glucose to be used as fuel for the production of the energy we require. Unused glucose is stored to be used as and when the body requires energy. Alcohol is a step further down glucose in the digestion of starch. When taken it requires no digestion. It is more easily and readily absorbed than glucose. It is available to the body as fuel for energy within five minutes of its being taken. The conversion of alcohol into energy is much simpler and quicker than that of glucose. It is completely used up, only about 10% of it being excreted.

THIS being the action of alcohol on man it is evident that there is a wide range of its usefulness to man in his every day life without any injury to his health and well being. Living as we are in crowded communities organised into complicated and imperfect social systems in a keenly competitive world most men in all walks of life are often obliged to work far beyond their physiological limits for their existence and progress. It is because of this necessity to work beyond his physiological capacity that man seeks the aid of drink whether he be a physical labourer or a highly intellectual professional or an ambitious careerist. Drink is also sought for the mental relief and relaxation it gives without prejudice to the routine of our daily life from the cares, anxieties, worries and sorrows incidental to our hectic activities of life. Herein lies the basic attraction to man of drink which he refuses to give up so

long as he is capable of using it without harm to himself.

Many essential services for the defence of the nation, security of the Government and the people, administration of law and order, justice, and health and hygiene of the community involve their servants in acts repugnant to human conscience, sentiments, sense of honour, decency and chivalry. Men cannot do these deliberately and wantonly and yet remain human. These public duties can be discharged only under the exciting influence of drink strong enough to duller finer feelings and judgment. The Government recognises this and permits, openly or surreptitiously, their servants engaged in doing these duties to drink. The common man will not accept the moral authority of a Government which denies drink to its subjects for its harmless uses for them.

Indulgence in drink till it brings about loss of co-ordination and restraint and an irresponsible erratic behaviour is drunkenness. Drunkenness is harmful to the individual as well as to the community. Public opinion does not condone drunkenness and in as much as it effects the community at large common law takes cognisance of it and punishes it. However, the incidence of drunkenness is surprisingly low in comparison to the incidence of drinking. It goes to show that the average drinker drinks only for necessity and to the limit harmless to him. Not to differentiate between drinking and drunkenness is unfair and unrealistic.

DRINKS are prepared by fermenting starches and sugars. The agent used for fermentation is most commonly yeast which is the richest natural source of Vitamin B. complex so essential for our health. Yeast is active till a concentration of 10% of alcohol is reached. Beyond a concentration of 15% it ceases to be active. Thus most drinks contain less than 15% of alcohol. Higher percentages require distillation. The health giving properties of fermented beverages are well known for a long time now all over the world. Fer-

mented milk is a popular beverage among many races in the world. In Andhra 'Taravani'—cooked rice allowed to ferment for a few days in water—is a popular beverage well known for its sustaining and health giving properties. Beer is a drink rich in carbohydrate and Vitamin

B. complex with about 5% alcohol. Indigenous toddy is a similar drink rich in carbohydrate and B. complex with a low alcoholic content. These when taken give ready energy without tissue waste and relieve fatigue besides contributing to general health. The well-known fat formation among beer drinkers is due to these properties. As such these are helpful to the poor, chronically ill and underfed worker to get on with his daily work. It is not possible for the average drinker to drink quantities of them large enough to bring about alcoholic intoxication. The alcoholic content of most wines varies from 5 to 15% though a few of them contain more. Their usefulness in improving digestion and health is well recognised. Most tonics contain this much of alcohol and owe their tonic action mostly to it. Distilled drinks with 60% or more of alcohol are harmful intoxicants though in sufficient dilution and moderation they too can be used with advantage. The drink on which the common man in our country gets drunk is 'arrack' which is comparable to foreign whisky for its intoxicating effect. Thus there is a wide range of alcoholic drinks which need not necessarily be harmful to humanity and which can positively be useful to it. It will not be possible to get the backing of public opinion to a policy of total Prohibition irrespective of the harmful or beneficial nature of the drinks prohibited.

With the vast majority of mankind in this world drink forms an integral part of their food and social life. Strangely enough, countries in which drink is freely used do not seem to suffer from economic distress or physical and moral degradation. On the other hand, most of these countries are economically strong with a high standard of living, physically fit with a high expectancy of life and low mor-

talities rate, industrially progressive and morally leading. Americans are said to be the worst drinkers in the world. Even so America is leading the world in every respect and the American worker is the happiest worker in the world. Even the Communist dictatorship in Russia whose chief concern is the lot of the working classes does not think that Prohibition is essential for the economic and moral betterment of the working classes. With the prosperity of the drinking world staring us in our eyes it is difficult to persuade public opinion to accept the necessity of Prohibition for our economic and moral improvement.

PUBLIC opinion in our country is stronger against drink than in the rest of the world. It has succeeded so far in preventing drink from forming an integral part of our food and social life. It has kept drunkenness at its lowest. But,

human nature being the same all the world over, it has failed so far to eradicate drink because of its essential usefulness to man. It cannot now help to make a success of Prohibition, more so when it is associated with disastrous economic consequences to the people at large. It will be wiser to rationalise Prohibition so as to make it acceptable to public opinion and serve the essential alcoholic needs of the people than stick to an unimaginative, irrational and economically disastrous policy of total Prohibition in blind and credulous faith. Indiscriminate and irrational legislation will only provoke indifference and disregard for law in the public and corruption amongst the services in discharging a duty made impossible for want of public co-operation. It is most important to avoid these reactions which would be disastrous to good government.



THE REAL KASHMIR

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

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IT is some weeks ago now since I left Srinagar—and it will be some weeks more before this appears in print. I remember everything there exactly as if I were still in Kashmir. But I remember the autumn, and is winter the same? ... This will be an autumn report appearing in winter. Kashmir in winter is probably different from Kashmir in autumn—except in just those aspects which I describe below! Since I left Srinagar in early October, I caught at least some glimpses of winter, and therefore I can proclaim this with authority.

One of these glimpses was the last day. The weather was not good, and we were not sure that we would take off. (I was flying to Amritsar). But the plane which had left for Pathankot a bit earlier did not have to come back. Off we went.

And when we got up there, up in the air above, below, the mountains, there were sights to take one's breath away. We were flying through the Banihal pass. Now the weather was good. We were at 11,500 feet and the clouds appeared to be at 11,490 feet. In other words the wheels of the plane were riding on the clouds.

What a view! A solid, but billowy, cloud-bed beneath us. And mountain ranges peering out to the right, to the left, in front of us, and behind. White clouds below. Snow-capped mountains surrounding us.

What a view, I say again. Though I am not theologically-minded, "mine eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

And then we had left the clouds behind us. We were a bare few feet above the mountains themselves. To our right were mountains flying even higher than we were. And below us, mountains again, and trees on these, and houses, and probably animals and people (though I couldn't make these out). And moving

along with us, the big shadow of the big plane!

Kashmir! Where can I start? Kashmir is paradise. It is not easy to describe any paradise in a few words. And Kashmir is not one paradise but many.

Kashmir is a botanist's paradise and a zoologist's, an astronomer's paradise as well as a trekker's holiday paradise, a tourist's paradise and a vacationist's. But why spend time detailing the number of paradises! To the specific:

I was living on a Houseboat. That's the place to stay in Srinagar. There were houseboats to the right of mine, and houseboats to the left, so I had company. Among my neighbours were the 26 members of Parliament who were at that time on a visit to Kashmir. I breathed the same air they breathed, and knew them without their knowing me.

As a matter of fact, four of them dispossessed me. It was to my benefit, though. For I was living on that Houseboat. The owner had asked me if I had any objections to "sharing." I had replied that they could be overcome. The very next day, coming back to Dalgate and crossing from road to Houseboat in a shikara, I was met half-way by my "host", who said "I'm going to give you a big concession. I have shifted you to another boat." And so the Indian Parliament, without passing any legislation, gave me a "big concession."

IHAD other neighbours too. But I could move away from all neighbours if I wanted to. That was the advantage of living on a Houseboat. I just moved the whole boat (house) whenever I got tired of a place or of neighbours! My neighbours did the same whenever they got tired of my presence.

It was indeed a common practice. There was much moving hither and thither. And since there were nearly

twice as many visitors to Srinagar this year than last, we all had more company to move away from!

IF one wanted to go to the City he took a shikara, a water taxi. Every day I took a shikara to the Dal Lake and went swimming. Finally I took the trip to the Shalimar Gardens; from the Shalimar Gardens I shikaraed to Negin Lake, and then back to my houseboat home. These Gardens and these Lakes were paradise.

My botanist's paradise, however, is not the Shalimar Gardens, or Nishat, or the mountain flower-beds. My botanist's paradise is the under-water kingdom of plants, with animals in the plants, which one can see so clearly for miles on end during such shikara trips. What went on in those under-water provinces of plants and animals is a story that I wish I knew. I am not a botanist, however, though I lived in that botanist's paradise and though I could see so deeply into the deep, clear water. The story of life in aquatic Kashmir I must therefore leave for someone else to tell.

But I didn't live only in paradise. I had contacts with reality also. Hawkers used to come to my Houseboat and try and sell me things—knives, earrings, clothes . . . anything. A daily "flowerman" used to impress me with his advertising competence: "Sahib, not twenty rupees, as in Delhi; not ten rupees, not five rupees; *one* rupee"—thrusting the bunch into my hands. After thrusting the bunch back to him for ten days, I now wonder (specialistwise) what I did to his personality! I was discouraged at the discouragement I caused a tailor, a good tailor; incidentally, from his "letters of recommendation" I knew just who had visited Kashmir this summer! And I showed, I think, too much literal belief in the man who told me he represented "The Worst." He was completely unsuccessful in trying to convince me that the "worst" was the best.

I had more meaningful contacts with reality too. Being an educationist I wanted to see schools as well as

stars and real institutions as well as visions.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Kashmir is an educationist's paradise. But when I went to the schools—they didn't follow the general rule of coming to me—some of them *sold* themselves. I was unprepared for what I saw. The problems and difficulties of Indian schools I knew. The spirit that I found in some of these Kashmir schools I have not found too frequently elsewhere.

I say *some* of the schools. For the *average* Kashmir school, as in other states and other countries, is a dull, lifeless thing. The damage done by the average, untrained, dry-as-dust traditional teacher in Kashmir is, I am sure, no less than the damage done by teachers-who-are-not-teachers elsewhere. "Education" is hardly a "joy forever" anywhere.

BUT I found that spirit in some of these schools. And I think it is spreading. It comes from above, and it comes from below. It comes from *the* above, and it comes from *the* below. I mean that the Director of Education is an admirable man—and admirable men can do much for education, either because of their presence, or because of their absence. In this case, his own contagious enthusiasm is penetrating the whole system.

I mean also that the "material" (what a dull, technical word!) with which the Education Department staff has to work is excellent; to be specific, the Kashmiri is a lovable, competent person. And he is prone to enthusiasms and is not irreversibly discouraged by the plight of his land.

I have seen analyses which try to make out that "the common man—Hindu or Muslim—is today a sick man in a sick state." After meeting the common man—the peasant, the trader, the boatman, the labourer—I just cannot accept this analysis. Economically there are sections of India worse off than Kashmir. And Kashmir is not unique in having troubles or in individuals being frustrated. That common man is *not* sick, and if he is helped he can easily become the essence of health.

BUT back to Education. The Education "services" are good. I was impressed by Mr. A. Kazmi, the Director of Education. And though he *did* take me on a boat trip, as well as on school trips, that doesn't make me completely unobjective! What is going on in educational Kashmir is in a real sense imaginative; and though the problems of finances and numbers loom as large here as elsewhere in India (in the world!) that spirit coming from above and below (simultaneously) is getting the people somewhere.

Now to give details, this is some of what I actually saw. Some ten miles from Srinagar I saw my first village school. To be sure, there was calculation perhaps in choosing this particular school for my first; though I doubt it. Regardless, it is heartening to find such a school even in a financially well-off city, let alone a village.

Here in this small school, with two teachers and 90 boys (girls were still excluded from education, I am sorry to have to report) I saw some really good teaching. The classes were held outside. (I saw the inside rooms later). First, a science class. Several boys explained to me, in Kashmiri of course, so that I had to use my imagination, how they prepared oxygen. The lads were seven or eight years old and here in this village school they were handling chemicals as confidently as boys with their "chemistry sets" in New York or London or Amsterdam.

Teaching was organised around units, around "our basic needs." (That is education jargon, but no matter). They had charts to show needs as regards food, clothing, health, and so on. And children worked on "projects"—and kept records of the projects on which they worked.

Before I go further I want to say a word about the Mobile Training Squad which was operating here and which impressed me greatly. They are (or it is) made up of experienced, devoted teachers who go to spend time in village schools and who try to invigorate not only the teachers in these schools but the schools

themselves. They are a force to be reckoned with and with the contagious enthusiasm which literally *possesses* the members of these squads, there cannot but be progress. I was impressed by the itinerary of the group I went with. I was more impressed by the tangible results already apparent.

But bear in mind that this was a *good* school, and not very far from Srinagar. In Kashmir many primary school teachers have never been to a city. The primary school master is depressed class culturally, intellectually, and economically. (The words are the Director's). There has been no miracle yet transforming all of education Kashmir.

In this school, however, with which the Mobile Training Squad had been concerning itself, there was a life that gave me hope, and which should give other people hope too . . . I saw the sundials made by the students; the school had no watch or clock, and many of the students had only read about these instruments. I saw the soap the youngsters made themselves—9 annas per pound (about 11 cents per pound). I saw the "expression drawings"; these apparently-better-than-usual-teachers let the students take a great deal of initiative. I saw the dispensary attacks on health (in this case scabies).

The Mobile Training Squad (the mobility is jeep-caused) was started in the teeth of opposition—from teachers and parents who wanted "concentration on books." When I heard that story, I thought back to my own experience with Parent-Teacher Associations in Western countries, and how Western parents and teachers also don't always support progressive changes in education! The tragedy of the Kashmiri parents' desire for "concentration on books" (solely) is that at least hitherto most children never concentrated for a long enough time and lapsed right back into illiteracy.

LET me be chronological. In my next school, further from Srinagar, we were in a more traditional atmosphere. "Stand up," barked the teacher as the visiting "delegation" entered. "Sit down," a second bark.

(The MTS had been working on them for only seven or eight days). There was no "permissive atmosphere."

I SAW the Director of Education tackle one of the village "top men"—and try to get a new school building "out of him." (In the previous school, the rental was five rupees per month, about one dollar. Here the building was rent-free—but not suitable).

I saw the Government High School in Mattan, a village some 40 miles from Srinagar. The Principal here is most efficient and his unconventionality makes him "quite a character." He needed more land and so he just "took it," then the Education Department had to worry about the details of this *fait accompli*. The students, who ranged all the way from three, four years up, had built an "observatory," an agricultural building, a vocational guidance and testing center, and they had built all these buildings by themselves. There was space marked out for an art section; it is coming.

While these buildings were just small one-room affairs, the size gave no indication of the spirit to be found in them. The buildings were small, but the activity that went on in them was most worthwhile and encouraging.

Then the "infant school." The infant school is something new in India. Three years ago there was started a single experimental kindergarten class in a slum district Srinagar school. Now there are 200 infant schools in Kashmir villages. That is real growth. (Incidentally, I have not seen such elsewhere in India).

In Mattan the infant school classes again especially impressed me. And when I think of the jolly, intelligent youngsters playing in this school, or sliding down the "fire escape" at top speed after class was dismissed, I cannot be discouraged and think that the common man in Kashmir is sick.

I repeat again, in summary, that he is not. The "human material," on the contrary, is truly healthy.

This shows up in the adult citizens, most of them poor but intelligent and alert. It is already apparent in the children in these infant schools.

I want to stress again the good leadership in the field of education. This shows up in the increases in teacher salaries, and in the new programme of free education. 3000 additional primary schools are to be opened—and the plan is not only to increase the number of schools but seriously to try to prevent the present 70 or 75% of wastage, of relapse into illiteracy. It can also be mentioned here that this good leadership is not a casual thing; before Mr. A. Kazmi there was K. G. Sayidain, who is now Joint Secretary to the Ministry of Education, Government of India. A real educationist!

The Mobile Training Squad, which most excellent institution again I haven't seen elsewhere in India, I mention once more as being between the above and the below. It deserves the commendation I have given it.

Finally, I cannot close without saying that I met with students and teachers also at the University. I visited several of the Colleges and am not unimpressed by the vigorous plans for the future. Here too the human material is good. The Vice-Chancellor told me of his hopes of making the University a teaching university, of his hopes of getting new buildings, and so on . . . When I think that the University of Jammu and Kashmir was founded only five years ago as an affiliating and degree-granting institution, the plans for improvement and expansion that are "in the air" surely indicate a forthcoming victory "over great odds."

THERE is a proverb in many parts of the world, "Where there is life there is hope." There is much life, and much hope, in Kashmir. If more tourists would leave their "European" headquarters, houseboats or hotels, and mix with the people, they could not but see this. For the message is written plainly, in the hearts and on the faces of the people.

SACRIFICE

Outside the temple he began to cry the weary whimper of a tired child. She picked him up. His brow was hot and moist and he had started shivering . . . Had the Goddess not heard her prayer?

WHEN Gouri woke, her husband was still sleeping on the mat spread on the mud floor. By his side lay a six-year-old child, his pinched face twisted in a scowl, his body thin and emaciated except for the belly which protruded like a semi-inflated balloon out of which two thin legs stuck out like knotted sticks.

In a small mud-plastered room the retiring shades of the night still lay crouching in the corners, under a rickety unpolished table, around the pots and pans and behind the two battered tin trunks which rested one upon the other. The darkness seemed to leap and curl round her husband's overalls which hung on the wall stiffly, a little puffed out, looking like the dangling body of a lifeless man. Gouri's eyes lingered on a clay image of the Goddess Durga, resting on a wooden bracket, its form hazily outlined against the bare wall, with the head bowed down in meditative repose. She got up from the mat, her eyes still drowsy with sleep. For an instant she stood watching her husband. On Sundays he slept long into the morning and barked like an angry dog at the slightest disturbance. She wondered if he would get up in time and tiptoed out of the room.

To her relief, the rain which had fallen all night in a steady drizzle had now stopped and her thatched hut, small and squat like other huts dotted in the vicinity stood mutely apologetic at its wetness and smallness. She scanned the sky. In the east a thin mist was rising, whispering and winnowing, opening out the great gray sky, and in the dissolving darkness the broad leaves of the banana trees rustled and bent forward in serried flanks like hounds

★ SHORT STORY ★

By

JAI RATAN

★ stretched out in flight, the big palm trees swaying over them awkwardly as if trying to hold them back on leash.

Gouri hurried to the pond. The pond riddled with rain all night now lay quiet and sprawling like a stricken creature. There was nobody about except Sundari's-ma who lived at the other end of the village. With her up-combed hair tied in a loose knot on top of her head and an apron cloth round her waist she was scooping up water from the pond and spitting out noisily with a gurgling sound.

On seeing Gouri she said, "Why so early, Gouri?"

"I am going to the city, ma. That is why—" Gouri replied getting into the pond. She shuddered a little at the first impact of chill water. Her young body was straight and firm rippling away into gentle curves. By her side, Sundari's-ma was fat, her body sagging like flour-dough which has overflowed its mould.

Sundari's-ma holding her nose took a dip, another and then another.

"Going to the city, eh? For sight-seeing?" she asked coming up.

"No. I am going to the temple there. With Gopal," Gouri replied, splashing water over her body.

THESE young women were always going to the city on one pretext or another, thought Sundari's-ma, whereas she did not get an opportunity even to cross the limits of the village. It was donkey's years since she had paid a visit to the city. A surge of jealousy swept into her eyes.

"I hope your husband is going with you," she said, "women shouldn't go to the big city alone."

"Yes, he is going with me," Gouri replied.

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"It is indeed nice of him to accompany you," Sunadri's-ma said, shaking her head in approval. "Because if I remember, there was a time when he was most thoughtless. By the way, now he does not drink as he used to?" There was a tinge of malice in her tone which she tried to gloss over with a smile, baring her pan-stained teeth.

She paused to notice the effect of this venomous dart and then continued sagely: "Women must learn to handle their men-folk firmly. Now look at me . . ."

BUT Gouri did not seem to hear her. She was thinking instead of the ups and downs she had seen in the brief span of her life. Now Nripen, her husband, had reformed a great deal. But there was a time when he used to drink so hard. Suddenly she thought of her first meeting with him. It was during the famine-stricken days of 1943. She had started for the big city from her distant village in search of a handful of rice. Her husband had already died on the way, but she had trudged on hopefully with her infant son clinging to her shrunken breasts. With her body gone limp and her parched tongue almost sucked into the throat she had fallen down by the path near this village to let life ebb out of the body with torturing slowness. Nripen, passing by, had taken them to his house. He drew his rations from the factory where he worked. There was enough and to spare and within a month Gouri's shrivelled body filled out imparting a seductive firmness to her limbs. Colour returned to her cheeks and her crinkled lips became round and smooth. Nripen was entranced by her nascent beauty. He began to love her in his rough way and after some time married her. But, he regarded her son Gopal as an appendage to his chance possession. He was not flesh of his flesh and Nripen did not take kindly to him. Often at night when Nripen returned home drunk and bawled at Gopal, fearing violence, Gouri would slink away with the terrified child and spend hours sitting under a tree. When she bore Nripen a son, he relented a little. But the child did not live long

and on his death Nripen became still more callous towards Gopal.

A few days ago when Gopal also fell ill Gouri was scared and begged Nripen to do something about the child. When his condition became worse Nripen at last took him to a self-styled doctor. After much suffering the fever had left him but he had become so thin—almost a skeleton. Gouri had secretly vowed that if her son was restored to health she would go to the city to thank the Goddess. Nripen was furious at first but after much persuasion he had half-heartedly agreed to take her to the city.

When Gouri returned Nripen was sitting hunched up on the mat, smoking a cigarette. Gouri looked at him. "You know we have to go to the city," she said timidly.

"How many times will you remind me of that?" Nripen said, taking an angry pull at the cigarette.

Soon Gopal opened his eyes. He looked about him listlessly, his lower lip drooped, and he gave a low moan.

Gouri hurried towards him. "My darling is up. Why do you cry, my pet? Are you in pain?" she said, in a velvety voice. She bent over him and ran her hand over his body as if animating a mummy into life. She helped him to get up. He walked with uncertain steps and sat down in the doorway. Gouri got busy preparing the morning meal in the narrow verandah of the hut, all the while keeping an anxious eye on Gopal.

MEANWHILE Nripen showed no sign of stirring out. He kept smoking till the cigarette was reduced to a stub, flicked it out of the window and stretched his body in a yawn. Then he looked at Gopal.

"Gopal, will you run up to Robin Babu's house and ask him for the newspaper?"

"Must you read the paper just now?" Gouri said, a little warmly. "You will waste so much time over it and we shall be late."

"I shall read only the headlines," Nripen said, and then he turned to Gopal. "Now run along. There is a good boy."

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SWATANTRA

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"Why can't you go yourself if you are so keen on reading it?" Gouri said, defiantly. "Don't you see how weak the child is?"

"Really, you shouldn't spoil the boy like this," Nripen said, with an edge of roughness in his voice. "Walking a short distance will do him no harm."

Gopal looked at Nripen from the corner of his eye and then at his mother appealingly.

"I don't mind going," he said at last, helplessly. "But I am afraid of Robin Babu's dog—his big dog."

"Never mind the dog!" Nripen said sharply. "Now get along!"

Gopal rose to his feet. For a while Gouri kept looking apprehensively as he walked slowly down the lane and then she lowered her head.

WHEN the paper came Nripen kept reading for what seemed a long time to Gouri. Its rustling pages frayed her temper but she was afraid of annoying him. After finishing the paper in a leisurely manner he flung an apron cloth over his shoulder and left without a word.

The meal cooked, Gouri groomed her hair in a glistening knot at the back of the head. She put *sindoor* in the parting high at the brow, dyed the edges and soles of her feet red with *alta* and changed into a cotton sari with a broad peacock border.

Nripen had been away for a long time. Why so late? For aught she knew he might be gossiping at the village pond or getting involved in unending controversies. How trying he could be!

Gouri was feeding Gopal on boiled rice-water when Nripen came. "Is the meal ready?" he asked, spreading the wet apron cloth on a beam of the narrow verandah.

When the meal was served he looked at it disinterestedly. "What, no fish—even on a Sunday?" he said, curtly.

"But you did not bring any, last evening," Gouri replied, quietly.

Nripen glared at her as though he thoroughly disapproved of her fling-back, and then started eating, belching every now and then.

His meal over, he slipped on a none

too clean shirt, put on shiny imitation leather pumps, counted the money carefully which he carried in a worn-out purse and then lit a cigarette.

"Let us go," he said, edging out of the narrow door.

They had to walk two miles to reach the main road where they could take a bus to the city. The narrow path from the village to the road ran through green and lush vegetation exuding a damp smell. As the wind tore pettily, hoarsely away at the leaves above, green and yellow and the colour of copper, they could feel the warm sun beating down on them. Outside the village Nripen met a friend who was going their way and they walked together talking and cracking jokes while Gouri walked behind silently, Gopal astride her waist, carefully avoiding the puddles which the night's rain had made.

After walking for more than a mile Nripen's companion parted company with him and Nripen lit a cigarette to beguile the tedium of the journey. Gouri had now flung the child over her shoulder, she walked behind in a trance of fatigue. Big drops of perspiration glistened on her brow, trickling down her neck.

They had covered some more distance when Gopal saw a pond by the side of the footpath and complained of thirst.

"Will you please stop for a minute?" Gouri called out to her husband, faintly. "Gopal is thirsty."

SHE sat down by the edge of the pond, thrust aside the hyacinth weeds from the surface, and scooped out muddy water in her cupped hands to which Gopal put his parched lips. Nripen had sat down under the shade of a tree and was fanning himself briskly with the end of his dhoti. "Hurry up!" he said, impatiently. "It is getting hot."

As Gouri adjusted her sari and bent to lift the child, Nripen saw with a renewed thrill that her body was still plump and solid and her complexion the colour of molten gold.

"Why, she can still bear me a son, many sons—my own!" he thought.

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"We have not far to go now," he said, kindly. "Let the child walk. You seem to be tired."

But Gouri said that it was all right and she did not mind carrying Gopal.

Presently they reached the road.

A GRAY ramshackle bus appeared in the distance looking like a straddling bull-dog as it lurched forward on its wobbly wheels, its horn coughing every now and then. The brakes of the vehicle screeched in protest as it came to a stop. They got in.

"We are going to the city, child," Gouri said to Gopal tenderly. "You will pray to the Mother Goddess for your health and long life. Won't you?"

But Gopal, wide-eyed, kept staring out of the window.

Passing through the sprawling suburbs whose drab buildings looked leprous in the morning haze they entered the outlying parts of the city. The bus which had threatened to go to pieces on the uneven country road now raced with greater confidence. Ivied towers loomed in the distance, passing by sun-washed stone and red-brick buildings and white and green and cream coloured villas the bus route terminated by the bridge of a sluggish river whose water flowed between muddy banks.

Nripen hailed a rickshaw. "To the temple," he ordered, with an exaggerated sense of importance.

After crossing the bridge the rickshaw went some distance and then turned into a narrow street. A thin screen of dust hung over the street veined by gray columns of smoke rising from soft-coke ovens which made the eyes smart.

Past sweetmeat shops where sweets were sizzling in rancid ghee, and souvenir shops cluttered with toys, brassware and jewellery, tinsel and cheap; past hawkers with their merchandise spread on the street, and quacks lustily purveying their elixirs and potions, as the rickshaw turned the corner, the hoary dome of the temple greeted their eyes. Nripen paid off the rickshawalla outside the precincts of the temple.

"Now let us buy a goat," Gouri said

eagerly, as she sighted a few miserable looking goats herded together at the blind end of an alley. A pot-bellied man whose bald head and fat oily cheeks were glistening in the sun was sitting on a weatherbeaten cot by the side of the animals.

"How much for this goat?" Nripen asked, pointing towards a faded brown goat whose bones seemed constantly threatening to break through its thin hide.

"Ten rupees," replied the man in a brisk businesslike manner, staring at Gouri.

"Ten rupees!" exclaimed Nripen, "it is too big a price to pay for mere bones."

The man guffawed.

"Do you hear, brother?" he said, turning to a wizened little fellow who was sitting by his side. "This good man thinks I am demanding too much."

Then he turned to Nripen. "Take it, friend, take it," he said confidently. "It is the right price. You know how costly animals are these days."

Nripen was undecided.

GOURI had spotted another goat, which had still a few traces of flesh left over its scraggy body. "Let us buy that one," she said to her husband pointing toward the animal.

The goat-seller stared at Gouri more furiously and then scratched his fat thigh in a gesture of lewd suggestion.

"All right, for your sake I will accept fourteen rupees for this goat," he said meaningfully, "but for the other, nothing less than ten."

Nripen snorted his disapproval. But at last at the adamant attitude of the goat-seller he decided to buy the smaller of the two.

"Let us buy the other one," Gouri entreated, almost in a whisper. "What do four rupees matter when it is a question of pleasing the Goddess?"

"Money does not grow on trees," Nripen said testily. "One goat is as good as the other for the Goddess."

The money changed hands. The

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goat-seller caught hold of the privileged animal by the ear, violently twisted its stump of a tail, gave it a push, and it fell forward making a streak on the damp ground where its lower jaw had grazed, and bleated piteously.

"Where are we taking the goat, mother?" Gopal asked, puzzled.

She did not reply.

DRAGGING the goat they came to a courtyard awfully slimy, its brick floor stained by the mud carried by thousands of feet. Low-roofed, small rooms ran all round the courtyard in which sat aged worshippers, swaying from side to side as they told their rosaries.

On seeing Nripen, a middle-aged thick-set man wearing a dirt-brown silk dhoti suddenly appeared from somewhere. His collyrium-dark eyes were streaked with veins of red and his graying hair fell in thick locks over his shoulders.

"I am afraid you are late. But let us hurry. Give me the *Dakshina*—one rupee." And he stretched out his palm on which Nripen placed a crumpled note.

He tied the goat to a wooden post, smeared its head with turmeric paste, sprinkled some water over its body and then reciting some *mantras* rapidly like a school boy reading a multiplication table took out a long knife from the fold of his dhoti.

Little Gopal who was looking with fascination at what was going on was alarmed at the sight of the knife.

"Let us go," he said, with a note of urgency. But his mother paid no heed to him.

The man raised the knife. His flabby arm became taut and a fire gleamed in his eyes. A flash of quicksilver. A spurt of blood. The head fell clear at a distance, the glazed eyes of the animal still bulging out in terror from their sockets. The decapitated body sagged and fell on its side.

Horried, Gopal hid his head behind his mother's sari, his thin body trembling. But Gouri shoved the child aside and running forward

she dipped her finger in the pool of blood and put a blood-mark on her forehead.

"The Goddess be thanked for granting my prayers," she said, in ecstasy.

"Let us go. Let us go," Gopal cried, tugging at his mother's sari.

"But child, we are doing all this for your sake. How can we go without worshipping the Goddess?"

They proceeded towards a narrow passage which led to the temple, Gopal still holding the edge of his mother's sari for assurance.

Bewildered and shaken at the scene which still danced before his eyes, Gopal would not bow before the image of the Goddess, all the while urging upon his mother to get away from the place.

"What a fool! To come all the way and now not to bow before the Goddess!" Nripen said harshly and he forcibly made Gopal to bow before the image.

Gopal began to whine.

"The fool!" Nripen muttered as he led him out.

Gouri who had lingered behind had just started mumbling her prayer when someone shouted, "Hey, woman, make way for the sahibs!"

A guide was leading a group of foreign tourists and on seeing them, Gouri, her prayer incomplete, retreated by the other end.

OUTSIDE the temple Gopal began to cry the weary whimper of a tired child. Gouri picked him up. His brow was hot and moist and he had started shivering.

"Do look at the child," she said to Nripen, "perhaps he is again ill."

Had the Goddess not heard her prayer? Suddenly a vague fear clutched her heart.

"We should have sacrificed the other goat—the bigger one," she said, looking reproachfully at Nripen.

"Don't be silly!" Nripen snapped back and walked on unconcerned.

As Gouri trudged behind him she felt as if her feet had suddenly become heavy as lead and there was a taste of dust in her mouth.

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SEVENTY-SIX year old Theodore Francis

Powys, British novelist, died at his home in Dorset on Friday, November 27, 1953. He was one of the eleven children born to the Rev. Charles Francis Powys and Mary Cowper, daughter of the Rev. William Cowper Johnson of Yaxham in Norfolk. On the paternal side his great-grandfather was a brother of the first Lord Lilford whose ancestors belonged to the thrifty landowning class; on the maternal, his mother's great-grandmother was the first cousin of William Cowper, the poet. In the fourteenth century his forbears migrated to Shropshire from their native Wales. "Spiritual kinship with the poet," says a critic, "appears obvious in the melancholy habit of thought and deep religious contemplation in the work and character of T. F. Powys, but to John Cowper Powys (his distinguished literary brother—eldest—author of *A Glastonbury Romance*, *Owen Glendower*, *Jobber Skald*, and many other books) descended in full measure the tendency to what his brother—youngest—Llewelyn (a fine essayist who achieved fame with his book about Africa, *Ebony and Ivory*) called Cowper's 'sombre, spiritual pre-occupations.'"

Theodore Powys wrote for a period of about twenty years before he published anything. Then David Garnett (son of Edward Garnett, that discoverer and generous encourager of talent) who was Literary Editor of the weekly *The New Statesman* happened to see one of his manuscripts and the upshot of it was the publication of his first book, *The Left Leg*, in 1923. Of his novels *Mr. Meston's Good Wine* is probably the best-known. His other works include *Soliloquies of A Hermit*, *Unclay*, *Mark Only*—all wrought with great imaginative power. There are many fine short stories too in his output.

T. F. POWYS

★
A Necrology
&
An Appreciation



T. F. Powys

About this difficult literary medium he said: "One has to have complete leisure to write short stories. There must not be interference for if once one is put aside from the task there is no finishing it. . . . Then, too, I never felt any sense of achievement. I would finish a short story, and as soon as I was moderately satisfied with it, my mind was immediately invaded with thoughts of the next. There was always the next story waiting. And the next, and the next. . . . A writer should know when to stop, when he has said enough."

In 1931 his son Theodore "was a victim of a ritual murder in Kenya." This tragedy must have gone deep to his heart, for five years later—towards the middle of 1936—he announced to the world that he had given up writing, the reason for which was that he had decided to devote the next eight years of his life to the education of his adopted daughter, Susan Theodore, then aged four. To Claude F. Luke who interviewed him at his Dorset home close upon this decision, T. F. Powys said:

"I have abandoned writing—temporarily at least—because I felt spiritually urged to do so. There is no other reason. I am by no means a disappointed writer; it is simply that I have reached a stage of doubt and an inclination to other things—for instance, the education of our little girl. And I am finding greater tranquillity and happiness today in teaching this child Watt's hymns, and reading Sterne and Fielding, and Jane Austen for my own pleasure than ever I found in writing. I have come to mistrust the place of writing in human affairs. You have heard the theory that all art is a refined decay that appears only when a race has lost its first vigour? It is curious that most writers do their best work when they are in indifferent health."

Then when their talk was ending, he disclosed to the interviewer that Thomas Hardy had told his brother—

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(John Cowper or Llewelyn—he didn't say which) not to write if he wished to find happiness and that he (Hardy) himself would have been far happier as an architect. To Theodore Francis Powys the written word had lost its magic; his life, according to the upanishadic spirit, lay beyond the flight of words. Yet he was no hermit, no cloistered recluse. He dug in his garden, tied up the falling fence, and strolled the downs near his home in East Chaldon, "tilling his mind with great books, and tending a young enchanting life (his adopted daughter) watching it take form and colour day by day." Not for him the fort against an unknown future—the fort of prestige, adulation, and money. Thought, to many a terror, was sublime tranquillity to him. By doing mechanical, non-creative work Man kept God at bay. Contemplation was the highest form of creativity. Here are some of his

reflections: gems of the purest ray:—

"As you get older, you know, your fears die down, as well as your hopes."

"Some people are not born to pleasure, and genuinely avoid it."

"Action leads nowhere."

"Complete materialism is almost impossible; that is what maddens the materialist, and makes him afraid."

"True humility comes when you learn to despise humanity (though loving men) and recognize the laws of the universe."

Men like Theodore Powys are becoming rarer and rarer in the world where there can be no lessening of the darkness and ignorance without their beneficent lights.

MITRA

(For the material of this article and the relevant quotations the writer is indebted to the excellent account of the author by Claude F. Luke and to John Cowper Powys's Autobiography.)

Ways Of Writers

A GREAT English journalist has confessed that after more than fifty years, writing is still to him, as it always was, "sweating blood." But because the strain of it is not visible to external observers, it is underrated, and the profession of writing tends to become an overburdened one when dominated by unimaginative masters. It is said of Flaubert that he thought he had done extremely well if, as the result of a day's labour, he produced three satisfactory sentences. There are two kinds of writers, those who put down on paper what is already in their heads as something thought out in advance, and those who do not know what they are going to write until they have actually written it. A famous example of the former class is Bernard Shaw who, explaining his own practice of writing, said: "I think my stuff out as fully as I can before I put it on paper, I write it in shorthand, and I revise the typed transcript carefully before sending it to the printer, I correct the proof with equal ease, and then read

or revise to check my corrections."

Bernard Shaw wrote as easily as he talked, and clever sentences came tumbling out of him. The continual cleverness of Shaw gets to be a little tiring after a while, and one likes to have a nibble at his works at intervals, rather than a prolonged pull. Just as a plain is needed to enhance the impressiveness of mountains, a little unevenness of quality in writing adds to the reader's enjoyment of it, whereas uniformity, even if it be a uniformity of excellence, satiates the appetite as sweets do. Neither spices nor sweet juiciness, but pepper and salt are required to invest written words with unfailling palatableness to all tastes.

The majority of writers are different from Shaw, and writing is generally a grinding labour to them. It has of course its compensations, and few delights are comparable to the joy of literary composition in a congenial mood, which has much in common with the exhilaration that artists feel in giving form in clay or colour to the conceptions of beauty that thrill their souls. But rarely does the work of writing go swim-

mingly with its practitioners. It is reported of Guedalla that a census of his waste-paper basket, taken some years ago, revealed an average of "nine shots at each page." Thackeray confessed that he had written a particular chapter not less than eleven times!

The craftsmanship of writing is given to eternal polishing of words, but what saves a profession like journalism from unceasing incubation is the peremptory intervention of the clock. A master of the craft prescribes as an elementary test for every journalist, "that he must not do to-day what he can put off till to-morrow, for, if he does his word will be out of date before it gets into print." The reason given for the prescription is not altogether convincing, since, with all its topicality, there is much in good journalism that is of more than momentary value, and the distinction that pertains to good writing is an attribute that cannot be taken away from it by any efflux of time. The contents of old journals, provided they are of right extraction, are like good wine, the more enjoyable the longer they are preserved. What marks off the ephemeral from the enduring, in journalism as in literature, is the writer's gift of reaching a hand across time to pass off work of perennial human interest in settings, maybe of short-loved importance.

It is a fact, nevertheless, that most writers need a conspiracy of circumstances to set them going. Everything that a man thinks, feels, acquires by way of knowledge, indeed what he is and the force of personality he develops, is so much grist for the mill of journalistic production, but the urge of a time-limit that cannot be exceeded without incurring dreadful, unthinkable consequences, plays its part in extracting the eleventh hour masterpieces that fill so large a space in the editorial and feature columns of newspapers. The actual time taken for writing is generally negligible compared to the formative stress pre-

ceding it, and so good writing is a thing to be cultivated with wise and generous aids for strengthening the contributory sources from which it draws the vigour and charm that win popular respect. No good writing can come from cheap mentalities, nor can it yield choice results under too much drilling. For a day at least in a week, writers must lie fallow, to rest, recuperate and gather momentum for the next week's toil, and nothing is so fatal to the mission and dignity of journalism as attempting to convert it, with dictatorial harassment, into a labour without respite for daily delivery of words measured in column space (small type preferred) in the spirit of commercial transactions in which a stern capacity to extract the proverbial pound of flesh is taken to be a mark of genius and exalted as such.



I'LL NEVER CURSE

THE string to which my thoughts are tied I pull,

For often do I wish for talents thine,
At least a half of what is yours: I am dull

And all my songs are stale, they are not fine

Like yours, they are but silly tunes I sing,
Compared to your rich flowing words, all new

With thoughts, and full of love and hope,
you bring

The listener onto heavens of varied hue.

Oft in your songs you have a word for me,

You say quite clear that I should not sigh

For gifts, that one for reasons forbid me,

O, sweet, seraphic, so soulfully high

With music: adding lines for me, your words

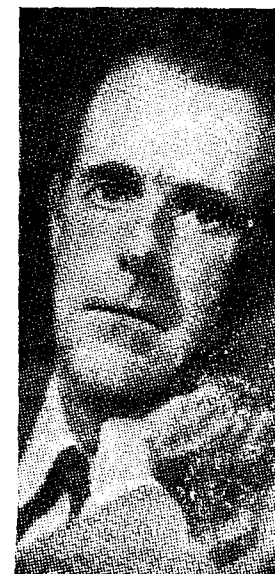
Pierce me with inner bliss: I'll never curse.

MAYA

NEW BOOKS

THE WRITER'S TRADE

By L. A. G. Strong
Methuen & Co. Ltd., London
7s 6d net



L. A. G. Strong

I DON'T want to be a lawyer and live upon men's quarrels; I don't want to be a physician and live upon men's diseases; I don't want to be a priest and live upon men's sins; said Nathaniel Hawthorne as a young man, and when his father asked him what in the name of heaven (or hell?) did he want to be to make a living, he answered promptly: A Writer. And he became a famous one. Of a later generation, Ezra Pound, the poet and critic, breaks out in one of his poems:

... this damned profession of writing,
where one needs one's brains all the time.

Many distinguished authors have written fascinatingly about the methods they adopted to get through with their work; they have also illuminated for us the experiences bearing on the imaginative activity of other reputed writers. Dostoevsky, Andre Gide, Jules Renard, Franz Kafka, Julian Green, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, Virginia Woolf are among the great creative artists who kept *Journals* and *Diaries*—wonderful records of material gathered or 'dreamed-up' and manner employed. E. M. Forster has written as authoritatively and charmingly as Henry James on the art and craft of fiction; also the critic Percy Lubbock. Elizabeth Bowen, Phyllis Bentley, Graham Greene, John Hampson, Walter Allen have spoken from their own angles on the writer's profession. In *A Writer's Notes on His Trade*, C. R. Montague who was on the staff of

The Manchester Guardian for thirty-five years and achieved fame as a journalist, novelist, literary and dramatic critic has examined the mechanics of good writing and the discipline the writer has to acquire to reach the "level of impassioned constructiveness" which can only be through "an ascending scale of inter-action between the technical exercise of his craft—the act of word-assorting . . . and the imaginative effort of penetrating to the essence, the inmost and uttermost significance of the 'subject' before him." Virginia Woolf,

in her delightful essay "The Patron and the Crocus" (*The Common Reader: First Series*), says that for every writer there is a patron "who is not merely the paymaster, but also in a very subtle and insidious way the instigator and inspirer of what is written." The choice of the patron is what matters most, but this is just the thing that is kept out of the advice given to those young men and women who set out to earn their living by the pen. Who, then, is he, she asks, this "desirable" person—"who will cajole the best out of the writer's brain and bring to birth the most varied and vigorous progeny of which he is capable?" Every age, according to its temperament, has answered this question and enjoyed its fare, but in modern times, Virginia Woolf observes, "the supply of patrons is of unexampled and bewildering variety," which she draws up gaily:

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There is the daily Press, the weekly Press, the monthly Press; the English public and the American public; the best-seller public and the worst-seller public; the highbrow public and the red-blood public; all now organised self-conscious entities capable through their various mouthpieces of making their needs known and their approval or displeasure felt.

What a wide audience for the youthful beginner but how trying is his situation! Before learning to write he has to choose his public rightly. Who is to give him sound, practical advice?

There is a lighter side to this serious question. Four years or so ago I read a book, *Prodwit's Guide to Writing*, by C. R. Vulliamy published by Michael Joseph. It was full of pep and ginger, its talking-through-the-hat manner hiding an impressive seriousness. Giles Bendigo Prod-wit (or the author himself?) was represented as a cynical, satirical old gentleman who believed that "writing is a job which you and I may learn, if we please, just as we may learn to lay bricks or cobble shoes or drive an engine—all of them forms of activity which are more deserving of human gratitude." To be a successful writer, according to Prod-wit, you had only to equip yourself with a typewriter, a dictionary, and the *Complete Works of Standard Authors*—"By these I mean the writings of authors whose date of death places them and their publishers outside the protection of the Copyright laws." And all you had to do was to crib, borrow, quote and rehash from these and walk away with it, and no fear of consequences. "What about grammar?" you ask. "Don't bother about grammar," says Prod-wit. "The examples provided by many of the most eminent of modern English authors abundantly prove that we need not waste any time in the study of grammar and syntax." It seems so easy and you are tempted to try a course of Prod-wit; do, but in the process beware of your leg being pulled. There is a grain or two of truth among an intolerable deal of the old cynic's chaff.

It is so disheartening to the young author to have his manuscripts successively returned to him by Edi-

tors—with their regrets. The late George Orwell once exclaimed: "Why is he (the editor) so mealy-mouthed? Who wants his regrets? Why can't he plainly say that he doesn't like my stuff?" There have been similar outbursts of indignation from others, but the editors have continued to regret—perhaps genuinely sometimes—for in a commercial world in which they find themselves placed they have to cater to the need of their particular public and not stand silent at the amazing peaks in creative Darien.

L. A. G. Strong had thirty-nine of his manuscripts returned before the fortieth was finally accepted for publication. Most of the well-known authors today could tell likewise of the time when they were on the threshold of their writing career. 'Lags,' as he is affectionately called by his friends, has been a teacher, lecturer, broadcaster, film, radio, and television playwright, publisher; he has written books for children; he has to his credit, to-date, fifteen novels, seven volumes of short stories, six of verse, and five of *belles lettres*. He is at present literary adviser to Methuen's from whom his latest book, *The Writer's Trade*, comes. Of writers and books about writing we have already given examples; it must also be mentioned that there are schools and schools of Journalism which advertise: "Make Writing Pay," "Win Financial Independence in Your Spare Time," "Here is the Subject Chart," "Peruse the Sample Lesson,"—making an assertion of teaching the art through correspondence courses. But these come mostly from hodmen and not masters of the craft.

Mr. Strong is a talented writer and having been a schoolmaster for a good many years in his early life, he is fully qualified to teach about writing, with his virtues of precision and clarity. (In India there was the instance of the late Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C., C. H., who though not a writer was a famous schoolmaster in his time who used the English language with great care and whose passion for correctness led him to find mistakes in Mahatma Gandhi's English). The road to

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literary success is hard to traverse; Mr. Strong has been down that road you, young man or woman, are intending to take, and as he knows all the pitfalls and mirages along the route you may reach out for his experienced hand with confidence and trust. And it is but proper that I refer you now to an earlier brochure of his called *Authorship* which was published by Ross & Co., Ltd., eight years ago. For much of what he has said in it is included in his present volume, written, we are told, at the suggestion of the Society of Authors. The book contains fifteen interesting chapters into which directions for use in the various literary media such as the novel, the short story, the play, are worked—more in the nature of an insight into an individual writer's manifold experiences than as a "mere manual of Do's and Don'ts" to be followed. The first chapter is entitled 'What is Writing?' Is there anyone amongst us who has not felt at one time or another the *scribendi cacoethes*? Only the trouble is that putting words in a certain order on paper doesn't constitute writing; the task is exhausting, the craft has to be learnt in arduous apprenticeship, patiently, with the grit to take whatsoever pains that are demanded in the process. Yet there are persons who don't want to believe that good writing is born of years of perseverance. Anything reeled off is considered as their best when its proper place should be the W. P. B.

"Every writer and every publisher," says Mr. Strong, "can bear witness to this, for he receives each week dozens of MSS. which, for proficiency, do not get beyond the standard of a child's water-colour daub. Every week I am sent short stories, essays, poems, and what not, of such crudity that even the least instructed person, if he were shown a drawing of the same quality, could at once see it to be wrong. Yet the authors do not realise how bad their work is, and are often offended or discouraged when, as gently as I can, I tell them that they will be wasting time and stamps if they send it to an editor."

You may be one of the miraculous exceptions who find a welcome public, straightforward. You may begin with luck at the very beginning, to

make others believe in the luck—not perhaps in the writing! And good writing by itself, mind you, is not enough. You have to produce by the ton to be a professional, else you will starve.

The Writer's Trade moves brisk and business-like; its abiding charm is that it gives a touch of the impersonal to the personal; the egoism of the author wins us with its exquisite contrariness of assertion and diffidence—of the man who after years of experiment and experience gave up his bread-and-butter job for full-time authorship and to be a success. It combines both writer and reader interest; one wishes, however, that Mr. Strong had said something about America where book production is a colossal industry and some Universities here have professors to teach the art of writing fiction and drama.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

From Here to Eternity

By James Jones

A Signet Triple Volume

The New American Library, N. Y.

75 cents

WHEN an author takes a theme as large as life and exhausts all his emotions, all his passions, raw as well as civilized in the depiction of it, he does one of two things: either he is controlled in his vehemence or he is long-drawn-out as to be a bore or a fake. One cannot, in all conscience, call James Jones a fake, but he is something of a bore. His *From Here to Eternity*, first published in 1951, and boosted in his country now appears as a Signet Triple Volume, and its title derived from one of Kipling's Barrack-room Ballads, *Gentlemen Rankers*, although it has no reference to its longitude might well have, for the book runs to 817-1/3 closely-printed pages in this, its inexpensive incarnation, about 50 more than in the original. It has been made into a motion picture by Columbia Pictures; it received the 1952 National Book Award for Fiction and the Citation of the Judges about this Book that Swept America read: "*From Here to Eternity* is a stuly not of the American Army but of individuals in search of stable values in an unstable world." Maybe. Maybe, too, that Mr. Jones

charmed himself into thinking that he was doing for the U. S. soldier what Kipling had done for Tommy Atkins in the hey-day of British imperialism. The dedication of the book—which also serves as its epigraph—is to the United States Army, and is again taken from Kipling:

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The dead as ye died I have watched
beside,

And the lives ye led were mine.

Magnificent! But the honest critic is embarrassed at all this kudos to the novel; without applying standards he has to remain amused, careful of his equipoise. *From Here to Eternity* is one of America's gargantuan obscenities; in recent years we had examples of such in *Forever Amber* and *The Naked and the Dead*. The latter book, however, had literary merits, but Mr. Jones, unfortunately for a fiction writer, possesses little. His novel cannot be called a war-book either; it is only an account, in elaborate details, of the life of an American G. I. at the Schofield Barracks, in Hawaii, just before the fateful Pearl Harbour: lust, whoredom, murder, pederasty go the whole hog here—the prison scenes described in the section, 'The Stockade,' are hideous in the extreme—till one is dazed with the brutality of it all and led to doubt in the Greek *Katharsis* of the purification of the emotions by terror. Says a whore after sleeping with a bigtime pimp to the funny one, little Prew boy: "He didn't know that every night after he left my place I'd get up and go and puke my guts out." One who reads this book comes doing it, but stops suddenly for one hears the sound of bombs bursting upon Pearl Harbour—which happens when the story is ending—and thinks this is something for *From Here to Eternity* to be called a war-book. America certainly has much better things to offer to the Indian reader.

I. S. M.

Our Greatest Need, and Other Addresses
By K. M. Munshi
Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay
Re. 1-12 as

MR. K. M. MUNSHI is the President of the *Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan* and directs the ambitious

project of the Publication of the *History and Culture of the Indian People* in ten volumes of which two have been brought out and been widely acclaimed. He is an administrator, *litterateur*, historian, and patriot of eminence, and whatever be the problem to which he applies his mind he brings to bear on it a cultured outlook, a wide knowledge, and profound wisdom.

Into this volume have been gathered the addresses he delivered on various occasions: Convocations of Universities, Music conferences, and at forest colleges during the last decade. The address which forms the title of the book was delivered at the Convocation of the Allahabad University on December 15, 1951. Here he talks of the crisis in Indian Universities, of the problems of the students, and offers his own suggestions. To a certain extent his diagnosis is true. That the modern student's life is characterised by a purposeless drift, that he does not devote his entire time to the disinterested pursuit of his studies, that he frequently participates in strikes one has heard before. But what Mr. Munshi fails to note is that these are the results not so much of the student's perversity, or laziness as a reflection of the general crisis of society which is spreading like a miasma all around us paralysing our will and capacity to act. Faced as he is with the gloomy spectre of unemployment, the moment he leaves the portals of the university it is no wonder that the student is seized with a fear complex of which the author makes so much. But to suggest to him that he strive 'to be' or that he should aspire towards the 'fundamental,' or that he find solace in the Gita reminds one of the offer of cakes to the starving multitude of Paris by Marie Antoinette on the eve of the Revolution. Unless the student is shown the way, and something concrete and real is offered to him it is impertinent and unkind to blame him for what he is likely to become.

Mr. Munshi feels that the Universities are devoting too much of their time to a study of the physical sciences to the exclusion of the humanities. As a matter of fact they are

neglecting both with an absolute impartiality. And the student cannot be censured for taking up a study of technological subjects because among the very meagre avenues to employment, these afford a little more scope than the others.

Mr. Munshi makes a similar attack against the workers of neglecting their duties. But having been deprived of their rights by all the might of the state and the powers that be, they cannot be blamed if they neglect their duties, and in spite of Mr. Munshi, trade unions are the only weapons with which they can arm and protect themselves.

Soil erosion is one of the most menacing prospects facing us and he deals with this problem in a number

of addresses. The author while he was a minister in the Central Cabinet inaugurated the *Vana Mahotsava* and other measures to meet this danger. He stresses the necessity for the protection of existing forests, of the need for an organic view of the basic unity of all life and the importance of a transformation of the values of life.

The author's acquaintance with Indian history, his erudition, and knowledge of Sanskrit and of classics both modern and ancient, are too well-known to be stressed. On all the subjects he has dealt with he brings his thoroughness which lends a unity to the book, which in lesser hands might have become a patchy affair.

V. V. S.

The Problem Child

BASIL HENRIQUES is one of the best-known men in London, particularly its East End, which was where Stephen Black went to interview him for "Personal Call," the series of programmes broadcast in the BBC's "London Calling Asia" programme. Henriques, a magistrate who has been working in the East London Juvenile Court since 1926, is a Jew who was brought up in great luxury in the West End. He went to a public school and University and all his friends had the same happy and wealthy background. And then he met Alec Patterson at Oxford and was persuaded to go down to Bermondsey, then one of London's worst slums, to see the club where Patterson was working. Henriques felt ill at ease for he had nothing at all in common with any of the boys there and could not even understand their speech. And then Patterson sent him running with them, panting in their company through the London streets. When they came back, all equally tired, they drank the same drinks and discussed their shared experience and he felt at home with them. After that he visited Bermondsey pretty often, and saw that Christianity really lived in that wonderful community of Cockneys and University men who were like brothers, living together in their leisure time . . . He began to spend

more time in the East End, to work there seriously with Jewish clubs and settlements and was eventually appointed a Magistrate. He has always been greatly interested in the difficult child which is a misfit and has made it his business to study child psychology and juvenile delinquency, maintaining that the vast majority of both juvenile and adult crime springs from the fact that the "criminals," for want of a better word, have something wrong with their background. From his revealing conversation with Black, listeners could assess the merit of this devout, elderly man who has devoted his life to the children of London's East End and has fought there fiercely and successfully for a more enlightened attitude towards juvenile crime. (*BBC Weekly Miscellany*)

Here, in South India, it will interest the reader to know that Lieut-Col. Ford Thomson of the I.M.S., who was Psychological Adviser to the Government of Madras six years ago, made a detailed survey of the anti-social child with regard to the forging of the Madras Children's Act and afterwards incorporated his work in his book, *Ask the Children*. In this task he had the collaboration of John Hampson, the British novelist, who later handled the theme with great realistic force in his novel *A Bag of Stones* an extensive review of which was printed in *SWATANTRA* for December 6, 1952.

THE AMERICAN MARKET AND WORLD PRODUCTION

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

THE United States, with about 7 per cent of the World's population, has 40 per cent of the total world income and is the modern economic giant, capable of bringing advancement to every part of the globe, a 20th Century Fund survey announced.

In 1938 the United States had about one quarter of the world income, with distribution of the income within the country—less equal than it is now, according to the survey. When income is computed on a per capita basis in various countries, the United States tops all others with an estimated income a person of \$1,525 in 1948 the year for which most inclusive information is available. Total world income in 1943 was \$548,000,000,000. The Fund, established in 1919 by the late Edward A. Filene, of Boston, and devoted to research and public education on economic and social problems, listed the estimated income a person in the Soviet Union at \$181.

The announcement yesterday did not tabulate the total income of the Soviet Union, which has 9 per cent of the world's population, but the \$181 per capita figure tabulated indicated that the Russians would have about 7 per cent of the world income.

Per capita standing for other countries in 1948 are Switzerland, \$950, Australia, \$812, Sweden, \$805, Denmark, \$781, Great Britain \$777, Norway, \$550, France \$418, Germany \$336 and Italy, \$225. Toward the bottom of the list are Bolivia, \$55, Philippines, \$41, Ecuador, \$40 and many countries of Asia and Africa.

When the distribution of world income is plotted on a map, with the nation distorted in scale to indicate their share of income, the United States is twice the size of Asia and one one-half times the size of Europe, while the Soviet Union is smaller than Great Britain.

The survey's findings will be issued today in a five-year study "World Population and Production," written by the economists, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Woytinsky, and financed by the 20th Century Fund and the Rockefeller Foundation, with the cooperation of Johns Hopkins University. The survey notes considerable differences in per capita income within each nation. The United States leads all nations in income per person, but "Mississippi, with a per capita income of less than \$75—trailed such countries as Canada, Great Britain, Sweden, Switzerland and Australia." Louisiana, Virginia and New Mexico have a per capita income slightly above Switzerland and New Zealand.

In the past two decades, the contrasts between states per capita incomes have lessened, the authors report. "In brief, the depression widened the gap between rich and poor areas in the nation and prosperity has narrowed it," according to the survey. A similar trend toward equality of income has developed among low, middle and high income groups. Half the world's industrial production came from the United States and Canada in 1947; 20 per cent came from northwestern Europe; while Russia claimed 10 per cent. The remaining 20 per cent was widely dispersed, the authors said.

From 1938 to 1948, Canada's share of world income rose from 1.8 per cent to 2.2 per cent. The relative shares of most European countries declined, with the exception of Great Britain, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, according to the survey.

About 90 per cent of industrial output in 1950 originated in the Northern Hemisphere. North America and Europe accounted for 75 per cent. This concentration of manufacturing "in the hands of a minority" will cease as soon as handicraft industries in Asia, Africa and South Ame-

rica are replaced by modern methods of production, the authors reported.

The United States, through the Marshall Plan and other means of economic cooperation, has opened its technological secrets to potential competitors. "This policy is without precedent," the Woytinskys said, "just as is the present concentration of economic power in the hands of a single nation."

Peace, stability, and economic revival of underdeveloped areas are vital to the U. S. which cannot "survive as an isolated island of abundance in an ocean of poverty," the study stated.

What Kind of Economy are Americans Seeking?

IT would be nice if Americans would make up their minds about the kind of economic system they want. There is nothing like a little slackening off in business to propagate a multitude of statements and declarations among businessmen and their economic soothsayers. If a garden variety citizen reads them with any consistency these days, he finds the ruggedest Republican advocating Socialistic measures and the more prominent free enterprisers reminiscently fostering a Keynesian kind of Federal fundumery.

It's the sort of thing that has puzzled politicians for years. It's the very thing that leads Ohio farmers to vote Republican, complain about low tariffs and then troop off to the polls to vote for government subsidies on the crops they grow. The inconsistency of American economic thinking is far more perplexing than any vagueness in American foreign policy.

If the editorials calling for a forthright foreign policy were to be laid end to end they would paper a highway with newsprint from Bangor to Sacramento. Yet reasonable reflection should persuade any one who is disturbed about our standards that the formation of basic, documented economic policy would provide the fundamentals for any other policies that the nation might need, including a foreign political policy.

Disturbing indeed are the state-

ments of some business leaders, that when defense spending is cut back the government can be expected to take up the "lag" with domestic spending on such things as roads, schools and hospitals. In an emergency, yes. But should this be an American economic policy? Disturbing, indeed are the statements of the biggest and richest industrialists that they'll welcome a "little recession" for it will sharpen competition. This is the old "dog eat dog" attitude and can be indulged with pleasure only by those who know they'll win. Many Americans believe there's no such thing as a "little" recession—either you've got it or you haven't.

The fact is, nobody seems to know just what we want.

A business man wants free enterprise and a free market and a free economy until it looks as though it may be tougher making a profit in the next year. Then he wants the pump primed. He wants free trade between nations, unless he's making something which competes with a foreign product, in which case he wants tariff protection for himself.

He wants us to stop spending money in the rehabilitation of foreign nations, unless a particular country provides a particularly good market for his product.

Farmers—who are no less business men than the manufacturers of automobiles—abhor a welfare state but want subsidies and guarantees for their crops.

Labour wants even higher wages without necessarily increasing productivity. It wants freedom to strike without obligation to an employer or those he serves or services. It wants security without the responsibility or worry of providing it.

Perhaps we had better stop calling it "capitalism" and "free enterprise," for it begins to look as though a great many Americans want to enjoy these privileges only when they're on the upside, only when prosperity seems to stretch endlessly ahead, like a feeling on the first day of a summer vacation.

It would be clarifying if there could be a vote of all Americans on an economic policy. Perhaps then it would be demonstrated that the ideals on which this republic was founded have become patriotic platitudes without genuine meaning or universal subscription.

Understandably, many Americans have deep fears of hard times. Too vivid is the memory of depression, an economic occulwion as rare as an eclipse of the sun, but unlike the solar phenomenon, not irrevocably scheduled on a heavenly timetable. And Americans, like the people of lesser nations, are capable of poor decisions when they act in fear.

What every American wants is reasonable security in exchange for reasonable responsibility and reasonable work. The question is, does the majority of Americans believe the capitalistic system will provide it?

Is our prosperity dependent on war or defense spending? Or can we have prosperity in just a peacetime economy? Are Americans willing to undergo a period of transition from war-time to peace time economy without stampeding into regrettable political decisions?

Must we have government spending to keep us prosperous? If so, let's not call it by the old fashioned good-sounding names. For if we must rely on centralized spending, that's not free-enterprise, not capitalism. It's socialism, of the kind Keynes failed in England.

Foreign Goods and the American Market
FOREIGN Producers Fail to Sell in U. S., Not Because of Tariffs, But Failure to Study Market and American Sales Tactics, TIME Says.

Many Europeans are convinced that, if U. S. tariffs were eliminated, they could earn the dollars they need in trade, not aid. Many Americans are just as convinced that, without tariffs, cheap foreign goods would flood the U. S. and wreck many U. S. industries. But if all tariffs were removed, would cheap foreign goods would flood the U. S. and wreck many U. S. industries. But if all tariffs were removed, would cheap foreign goods flood into the U. S.? The answer

is probably no, unless foreign business men drastically change their selling tactics.

One reason is that cheap foreign labour is usually offset by low productivity and lack of capital needed for investment in efficient plants and machines. Removing tariffs would certainly help foreign producers. But the main obstacle to big volume sales of foreign goods in the U. S. is the nature of the American market place itself.

A basic condition of selling in America is that goods must be sold in larger quantities than most foreign manufacturers are prepared to produce. The backbone of foreign industry is small and medium sized plants, whose entire output would not warrant the large investment in promotion needed to sell in the U. S.

Foreign producers get another shock when they discover that the cost of distributing goods in the U. S. is considerably higher than in Europe. And because the American market is so big and active, the seller must make more noise with ads to be heard at all. Many foreign producers are reluctant even to whisper.

The U. S. market also holds another terror; it is the most fiercely competitive market in the world. It is almost an axiom abroad that any mass-produced article that could be sent to the U. S. is being efficiently produced by American competitors. While U. S. producers thrive on competition, most foreign businessmen shun it. Thus they tend to concentrate on basic commodities, semi-finished goods for special industrial use, or national specialties unlike any produced in the U. S.—Scotch whisky, British woolens, French wines or Belgian lace.

The American market is also the most demanding in the world. American consumers have high standards for the products they buy, and many foreign products must be completely redesigned to conform to their wants. British textile weavers, accustomed to making cloth 36 inches wide, found that American patterns required it to be at least 39 inches wide. Some other sellers have made the necessary changes. But most foreign producers still see no reason why

they should adapt their products to American wants, even if they could afford the expense. It is hard for them to accept the rule that in the American market place the buyer is king.

Foreign businessmen also feel that the American market is unpredictable and fickle. At home, customers are faithful to their traditional suppliers; the European producer is aghast at the casualness with which the American consumer is ready to leave one supplier for another who comes along with something brighter, cheaper or better.

Thus, the American market seems treacherously unstable to foreigners. What is in demand one day may not be the next. Therefore, many foreign producers are reluctant to expand their sales in the U. S., even when there is a strong demand for their products. One Dutch manufacturer of tea sieves, whose products made a big hit with U. S. housewives, nevertheless refused to enlarge his production for fear the market might

dry up. Many fail to expand because their sights are set lower than U. S. manufacturers, and the small market they already have seems big to them. Others, not without reason, believe that if they build up too sizable a market for their products, bigger American companies will start competing and squeeze them out or pressure Congress to raise tariffs.

Actually, the fundamental reason why most foreign goods cannot compete successfully in the U. S. is that selling in the U. S. involves big stakes, and big stakes mean big risks. The big lesson producers abroad must learn is that the main cause for failure to sell in the U. S. is not just high tariffs. It is the fact that foreign producers fail to study the market and use American methods to give the American consumer what he wants. Those who have recognized this are selling in the U. S. market despite tariffs; those unwilling to do this will find it hard to sell in the U. S. even if all tariffs are eliminated.



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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

LAST week a delegation of "three Musketeers" of IMPPA (Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association) viz., Jaimani Dewan, Bakshi Jung Bahadoor and Wali went to Pakistan to resolve the deadlock between India and Pakistan over the release of Indian films in Pakistan. According to reports from Lahore, the Indian delegations has been given a warm reception not only by the distributors and exhibitors but by the Pakistani Producers as well. That is not at all surprising; hospitality of Punjabis is proverbial and as the three Indian producers hail from Punjab, they must have felt more at home in Lahore than they do in Bombay.

But this display of hospitality can hardly help to solve the problem. Last time when the Pakistani delegation came to Bombay it was given an equally rousing and warm reception. Not only that, an agreement was signed between India and Pakistan film industries; but so far that agreement has not materialized. The "historic" paper on which it was signed later turned out to be a mere scrap of paper. With that experience fresh in mind, one is rather sceptical about the outcome of this mission.

Moreover, the Government of Pakistan is in no mood of conciliation as is evident from the fact that even the closing down of theatres in Karachi had no effect on the Government policy which seems to be determined by the Pakistani producers. These producers led by such "evacuees (or rather refugees from India)" as W. Z. Ahmed have been mainly responsible for the ban of Indian films in Pakistan. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that as long as they have to compete with Indian producers, they cannot capture the

Pakistan market. And impressed by this narrowminded nationalism the Government of Pakistan anxious to tide over exchange difficulties was only too glad to ban the Indian films.

The ban has continued for over a year now; and during this period, the Indian producers and the Pakistani distributors have suffered a loss of several lakhs of rupees. The Government of Pakistan also has suffered a loss of several lakhs of rupees by way of custom duty and entertainment tax. All these losses would have been justified had the Pakistani producers availed of this opportunity and entrenched their position in Pakistan. Unfortunately, however, the Pakistani producers have utterly failed to take advantage of this unique opportunity. The pictures they have made during all this time have been very few and that too of very poor quality. As a result, barring a couple of pictures, most of the pictures produced by Pakistani producers have failed to capture the public imagination. Indeed, it is only the foreign distributors who have taken full advantage of the situation and Hollywood pictures dubbed in Urdu like *Chirag-E-Alladin* have done roaring business in Pakistan during the last year.

If only the Pakistani producers are made to realize that the ban on Indian films will not be helpful and that both Indian and Pakistani producers stand to benefit by free import and export of Indian and Pakistani films, they may change their attitude and the deadlock may be resolved. Let us hope that the Indian delegation will succeed in impressing upon the Pakistani producers and Government these facts.

Picture Of The Week

THE premiere of Kardar's *Chacha Chowdhury* was eventful in some ways. Unlike the other premieres when film people indulge in sarcastic remarks, at this premiere they were warmly congratulating Raja Paranjpe, the star-director of the picture and Dhumal who plays the role of a South Indian singer at the end of the show.

And any dispassionate critic would not grudge them these plaudits; for, both of them have done a magnificent work. Raja Paranjpe, the actor, of course, overshadows Raja Paranjpe the director. As a mad surgeon who escapes from a mental asylum and seeks refuge in a crazy, modern household and sets it in order, he is really superb. To an extent, his role is modelled on Mr. Belevedere of "Sitting Pretty"; but with his make-up which reminds one of Paul Muni in "Emile Zola," he succeeds in giving it an individuality, investing it with human ardour and sympathy so much that when in the last sequence his identity is revealed and he volunteers to go back to the asylum, he succeeds in moving us to tears. As a wealthy uncle who comes from Zanzibar and bears a remarkable resemblance to the mad surgeon for whom he is mistaken, he creates an altogether different character. Seldom has an artist succeeded in imparting two different personalities so vividly as has Raja Paranjpe in this double-role.

He also reveals a remarkable flair for satire and comedy in his handling of the story which as hinted above, mainly revolves round Chacha Chowdhury's effort to bring to senses the members of a crazy modern family which comprises of a mother who spends all her time learning music, a daughter who is fond of dancing and the dance-teacher who lands her in a precarious position, a son who wastes his father's money on gambling and another son, who is a mechanic. All of them have their different food and independent ways of living while the poor master of the house does not get even a cup of tea for breakfast. The manner in which Chacha Chowdhury cures their craze and solves their problems provides the core of the drama and satire in the picture.

The satire is biting; the treatment is human, only perhaps the scenes of lunatic asylum are rather ridiculous. The picture generally moves at a brisk pace; but the sequences in which Chacha Chowdhury does not appear tend to be dull. The caricature of South Indian musician though it may not appeal to the South Indian

is done in good spirit and reveal the attitude of the North Indians to South Indian music, food and attire. Dhumal is brilliant in his role, though a Tamilian found fault with his accent. Shashikala, Durga Khote, Kamal Mehra, Dwarakanath acquit themselves creditably. S. N. Bannerji could have done better. Music has no place in such a picture and yet Madan Mohan has tried to give catchy popular tunes. The classical rendering of 'Chandrakas' by Vasant Deshpande who sings for Raja Paranjpe and Raja Paranjpe's expression form the highlight of the picture.

All said, in spite of some of its failings *Chacha Chowdhury* is an excellent picture. It is perhaps the most sensible comedy to grace our screen in recent years.

Personality Of The Week

AMERICANIZED Ambalal J. Patel celebrated his silver jubilee year of joining the film industry on Friday, 4th December, when he invited a group of journalists to visit his colour laboratory, see *Pamposh* and dine at his famous white-house. The story of his last twenty-five years reads like the success story of any American. From a mere doorkeeper he has risen to international fame and amassed quite a fortune in all these days. He started as a still photographer, went to Africa, came back after three years and joined Krishna Film Co., as an assistant cameraman in 1928. After cranking the movie camera for a number of years he reverted to still photography, started Central Camera Co., and later started producing newsreels and documentaries and his own laboratory which he has now converted into colour laboratory.

He is not the only person in the film industry who has risen from obscurity to fame; he is not the only person who has worked for 25 years. Shantaram, Mehboob, Chandulal Shah, Kardar, Prithviraj, Bhavnani, the chief of Films Division and several other film luminaries have worked for over 25 years for the film industry; moreover, men like Shantaram and Mehboob have risen from obscurity to their present enviable positions

by their own magnificent and courageous effort and skill. But while none of the aforementioned producers and stars—not being Americanized—ever thought of celebrating their own “silver jubilee,” A. J. Patel has stolen a march over them by celebrating the event in true American style in this publicity-conscious age.

A. J. as he is known in the film world, is a well-known institution. He has tried his hand at many things. Today, he is known mostly for his colour laboratory and as a salesman of Gaevent Film stock. But his greatest contribution in the last twenty-five years to the film industry is *Pamposh* which for sheer colour and beauty is unparalleled amongst Indian films. The making of this picture was a really courageous experiment; though one is surprised how A. J. did not give his attention to the commercial success of this venture. For, as it is, the picture with all its brilliance has little chance of succeeding in India, thanks mainly to the documentary treatment and lack of dramatic build-up in the scenario. The commentary and faulty dubbing have further ruined its box-office chances in India; and yet who knows, these shortcomings might prove assets in foreign exploitation of the picture which A. J. tells us has been selected as a “British Quota” film.

Whatever its outcome at the box-office, *Pamposh* is a remarkable film and thus a crowning artistic achievement (rather un-American in a sense) of Americanized A. J.’s successful career of twenty-five years.

On this happy occasion, I join his friends and well-wishers in wishing him a happy and prosperous future.

News Of The Week

SHASHIKALA is cast opposite Sabu in Kishore Sahu’s *Sauda* expected to go before the cameras very soon.

Apart from feature length films Rajkamal will be producing documentary and advertisement shorts.

Shantaram has opened a special department for the same. Chandrashekhar, his erstwhile assistant has been engaged by Shantaram to work for the new department.

The muhurat of J. J. Films’ *Pari-chaya* starring Nalini Jaywant and Abhi Bhattacharya and directed by Satyen Bose was performed last week at Shree Sound Studios.

Mr. Silverstone of 20th Century Fox declared that negotiations were afoot with a major Indian producer to make cinemascope 3 D films in India. During his stay in Bombay he also saw the rushes of the English version of Mehboob’s *Amar*.

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TWO MORALITIES

DURING the past decade, there has been a noticeable revival of interest in private morality. There are many causes, doubtless, for this change in temper, but the most obvious one lies in the experience of the Soviet experiment with Communism—the attempt to establish a society in which social morality is held to be all-important, and private morality negligible or completely illusory as a human problem.

In broad terms, what we learn from social experiments in totalitarianism is that when private morality is held to be non-existent, the individual himself is soon declared non-existent, or without “value.” This, at any rate, is the only criticism worth repeating against such social systems, since the value placed upon *Man*—not man as an abstraction, who has reality only if identified with some scheme of social organization, but man as a living, human being, *an end in himself*—is the only value which deserves consideration.

So, it is fair to say that the new interest in private morality stems at least in part from this recognition of the importance of man. It is confused, however, by the so-called “return to religion,” which comes about on the theory that “religion” has always honoured the individual, and is the source of the principles of private morality. The confusion arises from the fact that the conventional religions do not really support the value of Man, but attach value to him only if he is a believer in “God.” So far as we can see, there is little to choose between these rival systems. In both cases the individual man has only a derived value—he is valuable as a believer-in-God, or as a faithful servant-of-the-State. Separate him from these system-based sources of value and he becomes a nothing, to be liquidated here or damned hereafter—or both.

We are back, then, at a major crossroads of history—or, if you prefer, of moral decision. We have once again to choose our basic principles. Two of the alternatives are

clearly defined, but what are the others? Is there a system in which Man is the principle value, instead of either God or the State? Or is it necessary to have a “system” at all?

We started out by suggesting that private and social morality must be united; the self-understanding of the individual must now include social understanding, and the old “personal virtues” are not enough to provide the basis for even private morality, any more. This means that we cannot take the social system we have inherited and live under for granted any more—that the requirements for *survival* of the modern State are such that they reach into the private life of the individual and impose upon him conditions which may be morally repugnant, and even degrading.

This is the problem set by Reinhold Niebuhr in his title, “Moral Man and Immoral Society.” It represents the potential or actual conflict between the individual and almost *any* modern form of social organization.

BUT why should we say that “now” this problem has become important? There are various ways to justify this insistence. We might argue, for example, that progress in technology and invention has intensified the effects of what men may do to their fellow men, simply through ignorance. To illustrate: a man accounted kind, good, and honest might take the money he has accumulated through hard work and build a factory to manufacture cosmetics. We have no special phobia against cosmetics, but this seems a fairly useless enterprise in contrast, say, to a low-cost housing development which, let us postulate, is greatly needed in the area where our kind-good-honest man lives. We are suggesting that this man’s morality is defective. The closely-knit organization of the modern community requires that men who wield economic power think in terms of the general welfare. Yet for many good-kind-honest men, this

would be an entirely new idea. Their notion of the general welfare is defined by a number of familiar institutions which are totally inadequate as means to broad social betterment—the churches, relief and charitable agencies, etc. It is now a question of the *primary* direction of a man's life and energies that determines social morality. It is the long-term ends of good-kind-honest men which have to be examined—ends which are inherited from their fathers and have come to be taken for granted, along with the natural environment.

A number of observers in the social sciences have been pointing out for a generation or more that, under the Free Enterprise system of the West, the accumulation of wealth has achieved the status of a *virtue*, because the practice of certain familiar virtues—industry, sobriety, etc.—often leads to the accumulation of wealth. Moreover, possession of wealth is frequently taken as a mark of this-world salvation, promising, perhaps, similar rewards in the next world.

WE have no quarrel with industry, sobriety, etc., nor even with the accumulation of wealth—but we have a most energetic quarrel with the notion that by accumulating wealth a man may gain peace and blessedness. He won't. Not only will he fail to obtain peace and blessedness, but he will succeed in imposing upon his children and the children

of other men a set of delusions which is likely to make them waste their lives in imitation of his. For this, as much as for anything else, the good-kind-honest men who ignore the problems of social morality will have to answer.

Another reason for maintaining that social morality has become an essential ingredient of private morality arises from the heightened awareness of the sufferings of exploited and underprivileged people all over the world. The virtues which were sufficient for a frontiersman, bending all his energies to coping with the wilderness, are not sufficient for dealing with the larger and more intangible wilderness of mental and emotional attitudes affecting the relationships of millions of people, taken as groups, in the modern world.

There were no slums in the wilderness, and even long after slums came into being, it was still possible for people to pull up stakes and make a new beginning. But today, people are caught in *man-made* situations. New beginnings have become exceedingly difficult. There is no longer a "West" for either young or old men to go to.

We have no particular theory of the "good society," and certainly no theory of the "best" type of social organization. Our proposition is really very simple—it is that "good men" can no longer ignore the problems of social morality.—*Manas*.

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THE VICE-PRESIDENT

By H. RANGACHAR

MR. RICHARD NIXON, the Vice-President of the U. S. A., has just concluded his visit to India in the course of his mission to Asian countries. There has been a good deal of speculation as to the exact nature of his mission, though he has sought to give a quietus to it by stating that he has come on a goodwill visit to see things for himself, to meet leaders and statesmen and learn their views first hand and to report these and his impressions to the President on his return. He has tried to make it clear that he is not out to make any "diplomatic deals" and that as Vice-President he has no power in making policies or entering into any negotiations on behalf of his country. Be this as it may, the assignment of the Vice-President on missions abroad is not without some interest to students of Constitutions and some consideration may therefore be given to this aspect of the matter.

As is well-known, the Vice-President has no duties or responsibilities attached to his office apart from being the Chairman of the Senate where he has no power or vote, excepting a casting vote. He may suddenly find himself a President, should that office fall vacant due to the disability or death of the elected President during his term of office. In the words of Bryce, the office is more "ornamental than useful."

The office has thus been a butt of attack almost from its inception. In the very first Senate, there was a debate as to how the President was to be addressed. Washington is said to have had leanings to the Dutch style of "His Mightiness" while some suggested "Highness" and a fairly large number, "Excellency." The connected question of how the Vice-President was to be addressed also arose and some democratic members suggested in ridicule that he may be styled "His Superfluous Excellency."

Even the holders of the office itself have sometimes joined in disparaging it. "My country has in its wis-

dom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived" wrote the first holder of the office to his wife. About a century and a quarter later, Vice-President Marshall compared his official condition to that of "a man in a cataleptic fit. He is conscious of all that goes on, but has no part in it." In the working of the Constitution and its subsequent development, the office has become "even more insignificant than the Constitution seemed to make it."

The tour of the Vice-President as an "ambassador at large" may therefore be regarded as somewhat of an innovation. With the abandonment of the policy of isolation and the "global responsibilities" which have devolved upon the U. S. A., her foreign affairs have assumed great importance and a bye-product of this may be a frequent utilization of the services of the Vice-President in such foreign assignments. This of course depends to a large extent on the President and his relations with the Vice-President. By the way, India can claim to have been somewhat of a fore-runner in this matter as her Vice-President visited a few months ago the U. S. A. and countries in Europe on a good-will mission. India has also the office of the Vice-President. The President of India is different from his opposite number in the U. S. A. in being a constitutional head acting on the advice of his Ministers responsible to Parliament. The framers of the Constitution have explained that the office is based on the Irish model. There is no Vice-President in Eire and the Vice-President in India is to a large extent based on the office in the U. S. A.

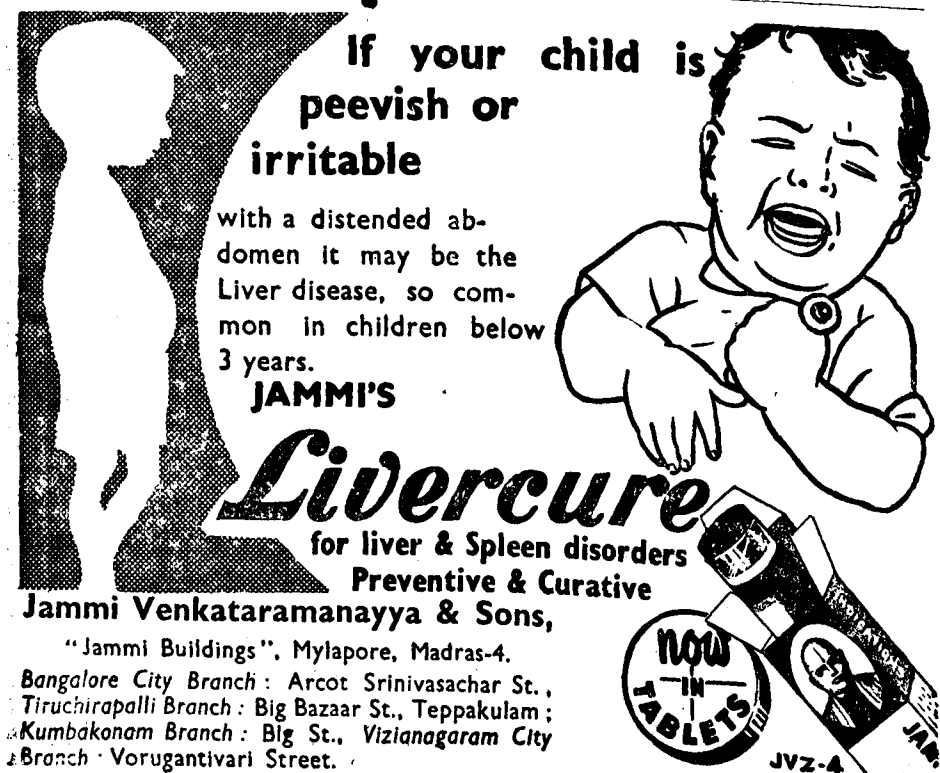
THE Vice-President in the U. S. A. is elected by the people along with the President while in India he is elected by members of both Houses at a joint meeting. In U. S. A., the Vice-President is the ex-officio Chairman of the Senate and in India his

counterpart is the ex-officio President of the Council of States. The Senate is a very powerful body with exceptional powers and influence. Though the Council of States has been claiming equality with the House of the People and missing no opportunity to assert it, it is an upper House with less powers in such important matters as finance, ministerial responsibility, etc. His being the peoples' representative elected by them and his being the Chairman of the more powerful Senate, are factors which should have made the Vice-President in U. S. A. more powerful and influential than he is and the Indian Vice-President may be expected to be.

IT is too early to predict what the position of the Vice-President in

the development of the Indian Constitution will be. The office has some prestige on account of its first incumbent who is a distinguished savant and philosopher whose attitude to the office is perhaps akin to that of Jefferson who regarded it "as tranquil and unoffending" assuring "philosophical evenings in winter and rural days in summer." Whether in the exigencies of party politics, the office will continue to be filled by elder statesmen or scholars commanding personal prestige remains to be seen. If so, it may continue to be a useful office capable of rendering service to the country in diverse fields. If not, it may become even more innocuous and ornamental than the Vice-Presidency of the U. S. A.

The tendency of the modern state is to wipe out the freedom of the intellect, and yet at the same time every state, especially under the pressure of war, finds itself more and more in need of an intelligentsia to do its publicity for it. The modern state needs, for example pamphlet-writers, poster-artists, illustrators, broadcasters, lecturers, film producers, actors, song-composers . . . George Orwell, in "Poetry and the Microphone."



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now IN TABLETS

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Political Parties in British Guiana

AN integral step in development towards democratic self-government is the formation of political parties. In the territories of the British Caribbean, and particularly Jamaica and Trinidad, there have for some years been a number of political parties, and differences of opinion about general constitutional and economic policies, as opposed to differences about minor local issues, are now evident both in their manifestos and in legislative debates.

In British Guiana too, political parties have recently been formed. The aims of five of these parties have been published in the local press and are summarized below:

The British Guiana Farmers' and Workers' Political Party

This party, which published its charter late in 1951, seeks to 'promote a prosperous peasantry' with emphasis upon increased production and ownership of land by farmers and labourers. It also stands for selecting representatives particularly interested in the prosperity of the Colony's rural inhabitants; for eradicating illiteracy by pressing for a mass literacy campaign for adults; for welding the various races in British Guiana into 'one powerful political party in order to promote common interests'; for promoting free libraries, medical and dental facilities for rural districts, and for promoting conferences of farmers and workers among the Caribbean colonies.

The People's Progressive Party

This party's aims include winning 'a free and independent Guiana' and building 'a just socialist society in which the industries of the country shall be socially and democratically owned and managed for the common good.' It intends to strive for unity of the people and the co-operation of all racial groups, and to 'fight against imperialism and colonial oppression and to support the international working class . . .' Its programme includes acceptance of federation of the West Indies on conditions of dominion status and internal self-government; planned deve-

lopment of industries; and expansion of social services and labour legislation.

National Democratic Party

This party was launched 'in the conviction that British Guiana needs political parties for the solution of its problems and in the hope that it will be possible for political parties to function effectively, as instruments of government. It states that it owes no allegiance to any international body. It aims at the ultimate government of Guianese by themselves in a democratic manner, and is opposed to all forms of dictatorship, including the dictatorship imposed by the Colonial Office.' Its main object is to 'raise the standard of living of the masses and to promote the welfare of all Guianese without reference to racial origin or religious allegiance.' It also stands for increased production, with the power to import and export without external interference, and effective control of local currency.

United Farmers' and Workers' Party

This party came into being in June 1952. It intends to pursue a policy of anti-Communism and anti-racism. Its aims include building a prosperous peasantry; securing the establishment of an agricultural bank; establishing freehold land settlements and government acquisition of fertile unused land for allotment and resale to peasant farmers; a government housing scheme for farmers and workers; introduction of the principle of a minimum wage; social insurance schemes; the development of co-operatives and expanded social services. Politically, the party aims at eventual self-government and political independence. It is against political federation with the West Indies.

The United Guianese Party

This party, which held its first meeting in October 1952, seeks 'homes for the homeless, land for the landless, and work with living wages for unemployed.' It stands for unity of all races and all classes in order that production may be increased, thus providing a better living for everyone. Its programme includes a practical educational policy, improved

medical and dental facilities for country folk, and calls for self-government in three years, which it considers will bring nearer the possibility of federation with the Caribbean colonies.

Other political parties are in the course of formation.

The Legislature consists of the State Council and the House of Assembly.

THE LEGISLATURE

The State Council: 6 members nominated by the Governor; 2 members appointed on the recommendation of the six elected members of the Executive Council (i.e. Ministers); 1 member appointed by the Governor after consultation with the minority groups and independent members of the House of Assembly.

The House of Assembly: 3 ex-officio members; 24 elected members, one representing each of the 24 constituencies into which the three countries are divided. A Speaker appointed from outside the Legislature.

A bicameral legislature is to take the place of the present Legislative Council. This will consist of a lower chamber, the House of Assembly, with a greatly increased elected majority, and a revisionary upper chamber, the State Council, with members nominated by the Governor. The composition of the two chambers is given above.

Members of the House of Assembly must be literate in English, but do not require to possess any property or income qualification. They will appoint their own Deputy Speaker, but will be presided over by a Speaker appointed by the Governor from outside the Legislature. The Speaker will have no casting vote and any motion on which the chamber is equally divided will fail. Six members of the House of Assembly will be appointed as Ministers and provision will be made for the appointment of junior ministers to be designated Under Secretaries. Ministers and members of both chambers will be paid a salary.

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The Parulekar Report

Sir,—Many may not know that Sri Parulekar, the chairman of the committee on the modified scheme of education was already an advocate of a scheme for part-time instruction and an author of a booklet "Half-a-day Off". Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, the then Minister of Education, in his radio broadcast in June last referred to the doctrine of part-time instruction propounded by Mr. R. V. Parulekar as a concrete proposal to reduce the cost of the universal education programme. The D. P. I. was part-sponsor of the modified scheme. The tributes to the scheme by the committee were only expected.

The judgement on the desirability of the modified scheme should be based on the objectives defined by the Government in the notes circulated to the members of the legislature in July last on the salient features of the scheme. The primary objective was to prevent children from becoming physically and mentally incapable of productive activity and to provide them with opportunities for usefully engaging themselves in village activities. The Report does not make any pronouncement on the first part of the objective. The idea of giving education to more children was incidental and came later. The Chief Minister had definitely indicated that he had not introduced the new scheme with a view to fulfilling the provision in the Constitution in the matter of literacy! The absence of universal literacy, to use his words, was not going to ruin the country. Yet the Committee thought that the objective was to fulfil the constitutional obligation of the State. They state that even critics of the scheme would welcome it if increased enrolment would result in a year or two. They suggest the creation of a proper atmosphere for increased enrolment and a machinery for launching a big sustained drive on the part of teachers, inspectors, paid officers and appeal to the Government to bring into operation all their resources immediately.

As regards the second objective, the

State which cannot find the necessary finance for imparting rudiments of education to all children cannot be expected to provide funds for educating the craftsmen, much less paying them. The Committee also emphasise the need for continuing modern educational aids, such as scouting, Junior Red Cross, and play activities which have to be given up in the modified scheme. They have suggested palliatives for disturbing the entire school functioning as a single indivisible unit by prescribing two days in a month when all pupils and teachers should meet at the same time. The Report read as a whole leaves the impression that the modified scheme of education does not fulfil the objectives of hastening universal elementary education and of making children efficient in craft-training. The Government should implement the suggestions recommended as necessary for the success of the scheme or withdraw the scheme at least for relieving the tension in the State. The Committee has, in polite diplomatic language, condemned the scheme, and not blessed the scheme with approval, as some critics try to interpret. There is no question of victory at all for the authors of this scheme.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Coimbatore.

Urdu Education In Andhra

Sir,—As Swatantra is widely read by the intelligentsia and rightthinking people in the Andhra State for its independent and impartial views, I would wish to take this opportunity to bring to the notice of the citizens and Government of the Andhra State through your columns, the fact that Urdu primary education in the Andhra State has been passing from bad to worse. In addition to winding up the Urdu primary schools and converting them into Telugu schools, the concerned managing authorities have started a fresh scheme of bringing about an unnecessary change in the existing Urdu schools. The purpose of starting the primary Urdu schools was to impart education to Urdu-speaking children through the medium of their mother-tongue, Urdu.

It is the practice in primary Urdu schools to impart to the children a working knowledge of Telugu language also, for which purpose a regular Urdu trained teacher who also knows the Telugu language (he need not necessarily be a Telugu trained teacher) has to be employed. This practice has been in vogue for a long time. But recently the authorities appointing teachers, have begun to appoint Telugu trained teachers generally not acquainted with the

Urdu language. As a result, the children are greatly handicapped. They are not able to understand the lessons in Telugu, their mother tongue being Urdu. This practice is undoubtedly quite contrary to the article in the Constitution which lays down that the children in the primary schools should be taught through the medium of their mother tongue only.

The new Andhra Government should make a point of looking into the grievances of the Urdu speaking children and redressing them if it genuinely desires to protect and improve Urdu education in Andhra. It is necessary at this critical juncture that the Ministry of Education in Andhra should send circulars to all the authorities concerned in this regard.

KHAZI MOHAMMAD YAKUB
Vizianagram.

The Tin-Plate Industry

Sir,—The Indian tinplate industry is sixty years old. Tin cans for preservation of food and other kinds of articles made of tin are manufactured by nearly 170 factories all over India. But unfortunately this indigenous industry which was satisfying our needs quite satisfactorily for such a long time is facing for the past seven or eight years a keen competition from a foreign giant in the shape of the Metal Box Company of India, a British firm. This firm is trying to swallow the whole industry, and it is being constantly nourished by our Government which calls itself national. Tinplate is not a commodity which can be bought from the open market. It is a controlled article for which the Central Government is supposed to issue permits to different concerns according to their production capacities. But it is strange that the Metal Box Company is being allotted 50 to 60 per cent of the total quota of tinplate, leaving only 40 to 50 per cent to the rest of the Indian concerns. The story of how this British firm ingratiated itself into the favour of the Central Government is a long one. As a result of this discriminatory policy of our Government, the Indian industry is facing a crisis. Take the case of the Metal Press Works which is the biggest Indian tin can manufacturing concern having five factories all over India. Very recently it had to close two of its factories, one in Calcutta and the other in Bihar. Either the Government should assess the production capacity of all the concerns and allocate tinplate in an equitable way, or they should decontrol tinplate altogether so that Indian companies can buy it from the open market.

BIMAL KUMAR GHOSH

Calcutta.

Dog In The Manger Policy

Sir,—What is wrong with our education? Everything. If secondary and higher education has not spread among the masses as it should have, the stupid educational policy of the Government is entirely to blame. It is pursuing a dog in the manger policy. It has neither the finances to open fresh educational institutions to keep pace with the ever-growing demand for education among the masses, nor will it allow our youths to appear privately for high school and college examinations. Why should not the Government initiate a graded system of examinations till the Intermediate stage, similar to the Cambridge Junior and Senior examinations? Why should the Government insist upon school attendance when it cannot provide for more schools. Again why are most of our universities unwilling to conduct external examinations and allow candidates to appear privately for them? Are our universities greater than the London University which conducts external examinations in Ceylon and other places?

The familiar charge against Indian youths is that they are overfond of degrees. But here again the Government is to blame. The degrees have a glamour even for the Government. Why should they insist that only graduates could appear for I. A. S., and other competitive examinations? Are not Matrics eligible to sit for civil service examinations in England? Again, the deterioration in the standard of education is due to the fact that the educational authorities have been monkeying with the syllabus for the past two decades. The energy that ought to be utilised in imparting essential education is being frittered away in imparting a motley kind of knowledge. The result is, education has become very shallow.

Lastly, the present day teachers have no ideals before them. They are worse than labourers. They do nothing substantial, excepting marking time. They are lazy and communal-ridden, with the result that the student acquires these features of his teacher. The want of discipline in schools is not a little due to the low moral calibre of the present teacher.

Phillip could be given to education by halving the school and the college fees to enable more boys to take to education at all levels.

Much could be done even now. But we have to cut across the barrier of the stupidity of our Government's educational policy. That is not so easy as it appears on paper.

M. S. V. CHARI.

Tindivanam.

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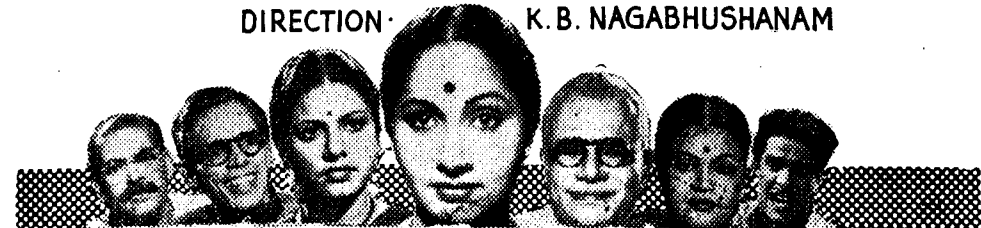
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LOOKING BACK

Newspapers and journals are made or marred by their editors, though in the conditions of our day when the Press is fast becoming a branch of commerce, their owners find it pleasant to nurse the illusion that money can buy everything. The commercial success that merchants taking to journalism as trade achieve, is quite different from journalistic success of which the true test is ability to shape events with formative contributions to the moulding of public opinion. Often there is no correspondence between the circulation of newspapers or the profit made by them and the regard in which they are held by the public. . . . Scandals, crime stories and captivating pictures of celebrated beauties of the stage and screen and glamorous pinup girls in varying styles of undress are some of the deliberate devices with which fortunes are made in the name of journalism. The invasion of profiteers into the Fourth Estate has meant the elevation of commercial magnates as leaders of the Press and their unquenchable thirst for power and money has led to the creation of chain newspapers, with the same owner or group of owners controlling a large number of newspapers duplicating much the same matter from different centres.

From SWATANTRA

for October 26, 1946

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SWATANTRA

THE NEW IMPERIALISM

OUR national consciousness and pride of place in the political scheme of things in the world has been quickened somewhat by the presence in the city this week of the latest flotsam and jetsam—and very handsome flotsam and jetsam it is too—thrown up by the convulsions of panic and fear into which the western nations go whenever their definition of Democracy and the Brotherhood of Man has been challenged. Of course every man who is not a democrat according to western prescription is a Communist and the only language he understands is the language that guns and bullets speak. And so whole chunks of the British Army and Navy have had to stand by in British Guiana—just in case those 'coloured' people try any monkey tricks—while a Royal Commission investigates the matter of the fitness of the Guianese to exercise what has been universally accepted as one of the fundamental privileges of living men—the vote.

AS soon as it became known that Mr. Cheddi Jagan, Premier, and Mr. L. F. S. Burnham, Minister in the deposed cabinet of Guiana, were setting out to make a bid to influence world opinion, it was guessed in the newspapers of Britain that they would find their most spell-bound audiences in India.

MR. JAGAN and his colleagues have all our sympathies of course. But the stage on which their debacle has been brought about is too vast for us to contemplate offering any assistance except our moral support, for what it is worth. It is more than what it seems at first sight, trouble in one of Britain's colonies. It is more than an expose of the colonial policy of Britain. It goes deeper than the flag of Empire having to be kept flying in the uncharted back of the beyond or the White Man's Burden being borne in the far-flung out-posts of the Realm. It is far more significant an event. It marks the end of nationalism in the world. It is one of the first victims of a new imperialism which is raising its head. When the last war was over Freedom was recognised the prime privilege of man and the heart of the United States went out in sympathy to all nations aspiring to be free. But with the realisation that the peace that had been acquired was slowly proving to be another war in masquerade, it was felt by America and Britain that by granting independence to the Philippines and to India they had gone far enough to establish their bonafides as lovers of freedom. According to new political computation the freedom of small nations is no longer the important factor. Narrow local and national aspirations have no place in the scheme of things. It is global strategy that matters. It is the new hemispherical imperialism. Now all is sacrificed to a goal of power and position which seems to exist not in any one country but over and above and beyond in an invisible extension of the combined strength and resources of whole continents. This new imperialism which goes about cloaked sometimes as world unity is more than a negation of isolationism, it is more than the welded will of various people to hang together. It is more than the Big countries being protective towards underdeveloped peoples. It is a matter of whole nations being beaten into their square or round holes to make up a pattern of world power built on world armaments. There is no question of agreeing or not agreeing to be beaten to it. They are beaten to it whether they like it or no. Even France, one of the Big Powers, is not big enough not to be bamboozled into signing things. And the reason Britain seems slightly put out with America from time to time is that America sometimes mistakes Britain for a pawn instead of a player in this global sport.

December 19 1953.

COMPARED to these British Guiana is merely small fry. There is no harm in frightening it a little and forcing it to keep its place in the interests of the larger peace. In small measure, at the edges, the democracy of western nations is wearing thin. Where is this larger peace to be found? Even Britain and America cannot answer this question. It is a concept which seems to exist only in their logic. They say it is in Europe. They say it is in Asia. They say it is right there in Washington D. C. Wherever it is, it draws into its Machiavellian strategy nations, big and small, in a welding together in the process of which small nations get a little bruised and battered.

OF course anybody who does not possess this great feeling for this new world pattern is either a crank or a Communist. That is one of the complaints against India, that we are not prepared to arm ourselves to the teeth and fight to show our peace-loving nature. Every kind of pressure is being brought to bear on us, the latest being an effort, kept successfully half revealed, to wean our neighbour and arch-friend away from us and involve him in pacts and commitments the repercussions of which would not fail to be felt by us in this country. We are too big to be effectually bruised like British Guiana. We are too weak to be accepted on an equal footing with the nations which are arranging the pawns in this international game. If we were as powerful as we are big, it would be a matter for alarm when the Cheddi Jagans come seeking the shade under our wing.

IT only proves what we have long suspected, that we have entrenched ourselves on the map of the world in two different capacities. We have a strategic importance quite out of all proportion to our strength as a nation. We can just by sitting back on our haunches, tip balances held in trembling hands half a world away. Secondly, we are acquiring the reputation of a half-way house, an accommodating refuge to all cranks, trouble-makers, and underdogs. We are considered a half-way house in the sense that we are neither a house nor a way; we have not the safety and security of a well-built house nor are we prepared to be trodden on, and generally made use of like a way. It is a delicious position. Next to God Almighty, we have the best ring-side seat to view the pageant of life and death and war and power that is now being enacted, and listen to peace raging in the world.

Sotto Voce

MEMOIRS OF A MIS-SPENT LIFE



NEW YORK, starved of newspapers for ten whole days, is gorging itself to repletion. *The Times* Sunday edition issued after the strike weighed five pounds: lethal, you will agree, if dropped from the air by mischance on an unfortunate noodle. The tabloid *Daily News* went one better, with its four million copies of 532 pages each. The mind

blanches from the task of calculating the ravage that could do inside the noodles aforesaid. Thousands of acres of forest were pulped for this Yankee holiday. We seem to see here in reverse the process of creation in which life struggled forth painfully from the primordial slime.

The thought can bring no comfort.

December 19 1953

SWATANTRA

to any one who has spent the best part of his life, as this scribbler has, wallowing in the inky ooze. By an odd coincidence these lines will appear in print on a day which has some significance for him, warranting a little introspection. The reader must therefore put up with a little prosing on the trade of journalism. "There, but for a whim of whichever impish Providence there be ruling these things, goes poor R." —I can imagine sympathetic and slightly self-satisfied friends saying that, as they look at my ink-dyed hands which not all the seas can bleach. They have been good enough to tell me that I might have been a fairly prosperous lawyer, a fairly successful teacher, or even a fairly good administrator.

That last was a destiny which I escaped by malice prepense. As for lawyering or teaching, I wonder whether I could have stood the hungry back-chat of the bar room or the bland superciliousness of the common room for a day. Indeed the more I think of it the more I doubt whether I could have secured and kept any other respectable employment. By a strange quirk of fate I seem to have slid, almost without knowing it, into that one odd-shaped hole in a million which seemed to have been made for this oddly constructed individual. That I have stuck there connotes, therefore, no special virtue. I could not have got out if I had tried.

So I sit and shiver in my bunk, with not a shred of clothing to cover my spiritual nakedness. I cannot lay the flattering unction to my soul, as can those joyous extraverts who have in their time claimed such championship titles as "the greatest journalist in Asia", "the man whom millions read," "the editor who thinks today what the world says tomorrow," and so on and so forth. I do not know whether the millions of words I have written ever influenced a single soul. It would be a relief to know that even if they did no good they did no evil. No man is good enough to tell another what to think. Aesop's fly on the wheel might

have done far more harm if he could have put a spoke in it.

Your average man is a myth. The writer for the press who directs his daily fusillade of advice, remonstrance or exhortation at this phantom is really shooting his bolt in the dark. He has not the time, even if he had the capacity, for that candid self-questioning by which he may hope to understand something of our common human condition. Meanwhile the "people" are hot on his heels gobbling up, like the ostrich, whatever they see in print. The balance is not redressed by the handful of cynics who refuse to believe anything they see in print.

The fusillades are so many, so furious and so contrary, the reader clings so desperately to his spar of private hopes and fears in a chopping sea of universal uncertainty, and there is such an unintermittent squall of irrelevant news blowing that the confused din of opinion seems to matter no more than the crackling of thorns. In the multitude of counsel there is an alibi for the muddled reader. But a newspaperless world is not necessarily a better world. And the shipwrecked must still be taught to swim to shore and safety without getting in each other's way or developing collective insanity. The journalist who is humble and contrite of heart can help them mind the rule of the road and throw them from time to time a word of cheer.

Long before I had any chance of treading on the toes of the Grand Panjandrums a shrewd astrologer told an elderly relation that I was inclined to be opinionative and to pose unfamiliar points of view. And on the strength of that prophecy my relation was fond (as are many others whose smooth assurance I have disturbed) of dubbing me a perverse fellow. I tell this tale against myself with much pleasure; for it is this 'perversity' that keeps me going and even helps me to extract a little enjoyment out of our human predicament. That, and a quite primitive objection to coercing or being coerced.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

BHARAT DEVI is a Tamil daily newspaper published in Madras. It was bought from Sri S. V. Swami by Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam in the period when he was without an occupation on account of his defeat in the Assembly elections, prior to his capture of a seat in the Legislative Council. Other nominal buyers and not Sri Bhaktavatsalam figured in the transaction. Sri Swami parted with the press and the paper, which were taken over by Sri Bhaktavatsalam, but the promises of payment for transfer of the property, were not kept. I understand that Sri Swami looks to Sri Bhaktavatsalam for implementation of the unfulfilled terms of the contract. It is to be presumed therefore that after becoming Minister of Agriculture Sri Bhaktavatsalam continues to have an interest in *Bharat Devi* though it is of course to be expected that a man of his astuteness will not have failed to observe the customary proprieties of ministerial status by formal severance of association with a newspaper.

Now *Bharat Devi* wants SWATANTRA to quit Madras and go away to Kurnool. This advice was tendered not on account of any special interest in Madras, or Kurnool or SWATANTRA. It was provoked by certain comments printed in SWATANTRA on Sri Rajagopalachari's leadership. Every day we have public meetings in which beneficiaries of the Chief Minister expatiate on the indispensability of his leadership. It does not seem to have occurred to them that what is indispensable will get established by its own force, and in reducing the issue of leadership into a matter of gratitude or expediency for the exhibition of faith in return for favour, they are cheapening the sanctity of leadership and vulgarising the politics of the State. The repeated propaganda of Ministers owing their office entirely to the grace of the Chief Minister does not

contribute much to the stability of the prevailing leadership. It merely narrows a public question to the dimensions of a personal problem. Whereas the parties ranged on opposite sides in the leadership controversy are showing a disposition to compromise, the prospects of settlement now are spoiled by the chatter of the sycophants. The sycophants should cease their cheap chatter if the genuine voice of public opinion is to assert itself.

The dictum propounded by Sri Bhaktavatsalam's *Bharat Devi* that there is no room in Madras City for a journal edited by a citizen whose mother-tongue is Telugu, unless it is pledged to the support of Sri Rajagopalachari in all matters, is worthy neither of an editor nor a Minister. Editors of newspapers should at least read the provisions of the Constitution. It is an elementary qualification. Under the Constitution language does not impose any bar on citizenship and any citizen of the country is free to establish himself in any part or State of it in perfect equality with other residents. Papers that flout the essential spirit of this provision do immense disservice to the objective of national integration, placed in the very forefront of the constructive tasks of freedom by the framers of our Constitution. They are a menace to democracy.

IN India where party formations are nebulous and erratic, the mission of fostering democracy is thrown largely on the press. What is the essential test of democracy? I had the privilege to discuss the subject with Mr. Attlee three years ago when he was Prime Minister of England. He took my breath away by saying that majority rule was only a superficial manifestation of democracy and did not indicate its essential spirit. He said that democracy was a sort of civilization and it was not fulfilled unless an individual standing quite alone without political support of any

sort received perfect equality of treatment in all exercises of power by the State with the most influential member of the most powerful party dominating the Government. He said that majority rule in democracy was a device for carrying on the administration, but it conferred on supporters of the ruling party no privileges from which members of the minorities that opposed it politically were excluded. The absolute withdrawal of political influence in the interest of individuals from the operations of the administrative machinery of the State is a characteristic feature of British democracy, and it illustrates the integrating principles conferring on it strength and stability.

If the press is to be a watch dog of democracy, it should not let itself in for fissiparous tendencies, nor should it canvass illwill with acrimo-

nious passions based on linguistic and other sorts of discrimination. It is stupid of a newspaper to object to criticism with which it does not agree and seek to penalise disagreement with ostracism. Criticism is the way of cooperation for the press in its dealings with leaders in authority. It is an inverted form of respect. Extinction of criticism synchronises either with loss of hope for any kind of betterment or the courtesan's trick of making profit and flattery coalesce. It is more profitable to placate authority but it is the journalist's duty to be outspoken in the public interest even at the cost of offending the mighty. *Bharat Devi* is evidently not well versed in these principles of journalism, otherwise it would not have set out on a mission of curbing press freedom so frantastically and unprofessionally.

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BRITAIN'S CONSCIENCE IS SHOCKED

By FENNER BROCKWAY M.P.

THE moral conscience of a large section of the British people has been outraged by the evidence given in the trial of Captain Griffiths at Nairobi.

I must not comment upon the verdict, because there may be further legal proceedings; but it is possible to draw attention to unchallenged statements. Members of the forces were offered 5s. for each Mau Mau suspect whom they killed, and military units competed with each other in registering highest number of "kills".

This conduct is so contrary to the traditional discipline of British forces that the first question one is led to ask is how it could possibly have come about.

The answer is the psychology which exists among some of the European population in Kenya. They do not think of Africans as human beings in the European sense. They take lightly the reports of the deaths of Africans.

I have always said that this view was held by only a small minority of whites in Kenya. But it has evidently spread from the bars of hotels in Nairobi to some army and police officers. How otherwise could monetary payments be offered for the deaths of "suspects"?—not known terrorists, but those suspected of being terrorists.

The second question one is led to ask is: Under what authority are Africans killed in this way?

The answer is the "shoot to kill" Emergency Regulation which permits "authorised officers" to use force to the extent of "voluntarily causing death." The Regulation reads:

"Any person who attempts to enter, or who is, at the time, in a prohibited area, and who fails to stop after being challenged by an authorised officer, may be arrested by force, which force may, if necessary to affect the arrest, extend to *voluntarily causing death*." The Prohibited Areas are limited to

the Aberdare Mountains and Kenya Mountain and their slopes, but, in effect, the same Regulation applies to the Special Areas, which now cover most of the districts where members of the Kikuyu tribe are to be found, including the City of Nairobi itself.

In the Special Areas an "authorised officer" has the right to stop and search any person, and if he fails to stop when challenged, to arrest him. The Regulation then says:

"It shall be lawful for any authorised officer in order (a) to effect such arrest, or (b) to overcome forcible resistance offered by any person to such arrest or (c) to prevent the escape from arrest or the rescue of any person arrested as aforesaid, to use such force as in the circumstances of the case may be reasonably necessary, *which force may extend to the use of lethal weapons*."

WHO are the "authorised officers" who are given these wide and dangerous powers? Not officers as generally understood. An "authorised officer" is defined as any member of the armed or the police forces, any administrative officer, any forest officer, and even "any game officer or subordinate officer within the meaning of the Wild Animals Protection Ordinance".

In fact, this definition covers the greater part of the White male population in Kenya above 18 years of age, as well as the African members of the police and of the Home Guard.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Lyttelton has acknowledged that between twice and three times as many Mau Mau suspects have been killed as wounded in Kenya.

It is difficult to reject the view that the "shoot to kill" Ordinance has been interpreted very literally.

Members of Parliament who have shown any interest in events in Kenya have continuously received letters telling of the most appalling incidents. We have had two difficul-

ties in raising these issues with Mr. Lyttelton. The first is that dead men tell no tales, and the witnesses available have been very limited.

The second is that we have frankly been loathe to give Mr. Lyttelton the names of our correspondents lest they would become the victims of his subordinates in Kenya.

But I think the time has now come to make public some of the evidence which has come to us.

The stories have been of two kinds. First, we have had reports of armed police moving into the African reserves and suddenly coming across a group of Africans. At the sight of them the Africans have run away, for the general mood is one of fear. The officer in charge has ordered them to stop and when they have gone on running has ordered his men to fire. The Press next morning has reported that so many more terrorists have been killed.

That might happen, by fear on both sides, under present conditions. But more disturbing are the reports which we receive of Africans rooted out of their huts, by night or day, ordered to march forward—and then shot in the back.

It is not often that we get enough evidence to submit with confidence to the Colonial Secretary. As I have remarked, dead men tell no tales. But here is the personal story of an African who says that he was taken out to be shot and was saved only by the refusal of the ranker in the police to obey the order to fire.

I have no hesitation in believing this story. Both Leslie Hale and I know the writer well and trust him. I refrain from giving his name only because I don't want him to suffer. He wrote to me on April 10th, this year:

"I was met at my home by a band of Police Constables headed by Policy and Kenya African Regiment Officers. Some of these officers entered my house and made a thorough search. I was awake at about 6.30 a.m. when this incident took place on Friday. One of the officers picked my watch about, but on producing my receipt, they left it. They also decided to leave me behind.

"No sooner had I dressed up than other Police and K. A. R. Officers and men appeared and ordered me to join the crowd of the villagers they had already detained. I informed them that I had just been freed by a similar police party, but they didn't listen or take notice.

"Together with the other detainees, we were ordered to queue, and then walked in a long procession through the fields and low bushes. When we walked for some distance eastwards through the fields to Mlarii ya Kiaril, some two men were seen at a distance from us, and one K. A. R. Officer took a fire arm which he aimed at them, firing twice. I do not know whether either was fatally wounded. We proceeded on and each time they fired on either side, but mostly to our left till we came to near Mlarii ya Waitahaka, where we found an old man and a woman carrying a tin full of honey. This tin was snatched from her by the police and handed to my brother's workman to be carried for the police.

"We came to the village of Headman Njuguna wa Tharuba, where we were ordered to squat in the courtyard. Then the Headman was ordered to produce his *simi* and its sheath; he was unstripped on the upper half, examined and then photographed. We were also photoed.

"Then we left, heading East again, and there a K. A. R. constable and a sergeant pulled me by the clothes, leading me into the bush. We passed some terraces down a hill till we were out of sight of the others and I was ordered to halt. I halted and looked back and saw guns pointed at me—one was a sten gun and the other a rifle.

"The sergeant ordered: 'Piga yeye risasi!' The constable answered 'Hapana' (No). Then the sergeant told the constable again to fire, but he retorted and said 'Piga yeye ya Kwanaza na mimi pi—mpige ya pizi' (Fire the first shot and I the second). The constable told the sergeant that if he failed to shoot me, he would be put in jail for having disobeyed the order of the officer.

"Immediately, the officer came. He asked me where my weapons were. I

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told him that I had none. He asked me when I might have been initiated into an oath and I told him that I had no idea of that sort of thing. I further showed him my Government contract papers and the Emergency Regulation Pass.

"Then he struck me with a heavy stick on my neck and then a kick followed on my left leg, concurrently ordering me to go on. He said this two times, but each time I remained still. Lastly I said 'Do you want me to go so that you may shoot me from the back? No, I will not go unless we go together, or else you go leaving me behind.'

"They walked off. I walked backwards in reverse, but after some thirty paces the constable turned and fired three shots at me—all mysteriously missing me. Then the European and his two Askaris walked away, and I went panting for breath, subsequently telling of my narrow escape and adventure to many persons. My other detained companions Mr. . . . and Mr. . . . and . . . were amongst the crowds who thought me dead."

I forwarded this report to Mr. Lyttelton on April 30th. Except for an acknowledgment saying that he had sent it to the Governor, I had no reply from him until August, when he informed me that the Governor had not yet commented and that he would write to me again when he had.

I have quoted this letter at length because it is the exceptional case of an African who escaped. Let me give some of the other allegations received.

I. At Lari on 27-3-1953 Eighteen Africans killed while driven into the forest by the troops. Each person was called from his hut. The troops had a list of names. (Eight names given).

II. In the Chura division, between 28th and 29th March 1953, Killed after being awakened in their beds. (Twelve names given).

III. At Mbari ya Karura, March 28th, 1953. Two men shot after being pointed out by the headman. A third beaten to death when he told other Africans that the Kenya Police

K. A. R. and Kenya Police Reserve were the murderers.

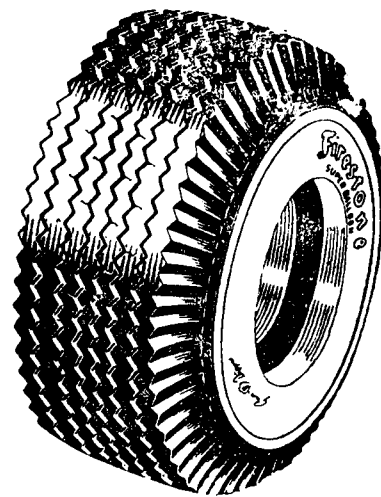
IV. At Gathunguri, April 1st, 1953. Names of two men shot after having been called from their beds.

These were among charges which I forwarded to the Colonial Secretary in April. I received a reply four months later saying that one of the eight men mentioned in the first report had died from pneumonia and that nothing was known of the other seven, except that they might have been members of a gang, 24 of whom were killed in the forest.

Mr. Lyttelton could give me no information about the persons names in Reports 2 and 4. In the cases of the two names in Report 3 he said that they were shot when resisting arrest on a charge of murdering three Kikuyu Guards.

BUT I do say that the overall picture in Kenya—two dead Africans for each one wounded—demands searching examination by a dependable Commission of Enquiry and that the evidence in the Griffiths trial, apart from everything else, demands that the "Shoot to kill" Ordinance be immediately withdrawn.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

December 19 1953

SWATANTRA

WILL BRITISH SOCIALISTS RECAPTURE POWER

By MATTHEW HALTON

GREAT BRITAIN is beginning to prepare for another general election—perhaps the last election in which Sir Winston Churchill will ever take part.

Strategists of the Labour Party believe Churchill intends to go to the country after the budget next spring, and that after the election, win or lose, he will resign the leadership and hand it over to his successor—probably Anthony Eden, perhaps "Rab" Butler, possibly someone else. I cannot see Churchill leaving the arena of national and world affairs if his health stands up. But in any case a general election is almost certain. And the Socialists are closing their ranks.

They needed to. A year ago the movement was seething with dissension, so much so that many wondered what could stop it from splitting apart into factions and schisms. There was the left wing, the fiery-cross Socialists led by Aneurin Bevan, burning for all-out nationalization at home and for a foreign policy independent of Washington's. And there was the right wing, led by Attlee and Morrison and the gnarled old trade union leaders, insisting on a policy of caution and go-slow.

The Labour Party certainly did not sink these differences at its annual policy-making conference this autumn. But it plastered them over with a handsome facade of unity and concord and sent its battalions marching off in step to the next battle for power.

I have studied British politics for many years, and I have never seen a more interesting political meeting than the great conference at Margate where Labour rediscovered unity of action, if not of spirit.

I love going to the annual conference of the two great political parties in Britain. At the daily sessions, and in the hotel lounges and restau-

rants at lunch time and at night, you meet the delegates on easy terms—famous statesmen, ambitious or putatious politicians, backbencher M. P.'s, rank and file workers—the remotest constituencies—and you can feel the political pulse of the country in a few days almost as well as, if you spent weeks travelling around the kingdom.

And like other correspondents here, and like the British journalists themselves, I find the Labour Party conferences far more vivid and interesting than the Conservative meetings.

This indicates no political partiality. The Conservatives do not hammer out policy at their conferences. Sir Winston Churchill does not even go to them, except to orate on the final day. Almost as important, to the observer, is the fact that the Tories are more sedate and discreet people than the Socialists. The Tories, too, have disagreements and feuds and leadership problems—they have a big leadership problem coming up!—but they don't quarrel much when outsiders are listening. And they are a more uniform crowd than Labour. In more ways than one they speak with the same accent.

WHAT a difference with the Labour people! What a colourful, diverse and turbulent party they are! Less sophisticated on the whole than the Conservatives; more passionate and earnest. Conservative delegates, almost without exception, are from the middle and upper classes; the Socialists are a cross-section of the whole nation. In their speech there is a wide, rich range of accent—everything from the most precious Oxford to the most broad and rugged speech in this small but infinitely varied island. There is the precise, clipped, educated speech of a Clement Attlee; the pleasant, slurring tones of the men from Devon and Somerset—"Zummerzet," as they call

it; the harsh, eloquent cockney of enormous London; the broad, lazy vowels of Lancashire and Yorkshire; the musical Welsh and the rough, pleasant Scottish. At a Labour conference you meet the other Britain, the Britain you don't see on Hollywood films.

At one moment you are talking to a St. Pancras and Lady Shawcross, a couple as strikingly handsome and eloquent as any in the Conservative Party—and then you are having tea with a fiery Welshman who refuses to wear a tie. Here is a Yorkshire mill girl in black cotton stockings, talking passionately—and expertly—on the problems of the African peasant. And there is a drawling intellectual don from Oxford—it is Hugh Gaitskell, one of the ablest chancellors of the exchequer the country has ever had. On your left is a trade union leader who has had too many double Gins-and-Tonic; on your right is a Glasgow delegate who gives all his spare time to temperance work. That Labour M.P. over there believes in Buchman's Moral Rearmament; the one across the aisle believes Buchmanism is a slick and especially nauseating form of fascism.

Highbrows and lowbrows and all kinds of eccentrics and conformists, heretics and fanatics. They represent every religion and un-religion. One day I met a Tyneside dockworker, who said: "There's only one Communist slogan I agree with: Religion is the opium of the people." The same day I met pretty little Lady Pakenham, a young mother with eight children and a zealous convert to Roman Catholicism, and she said: "There are three things I am deeply proud of—my children, my Catholicism and my Socialism."

It takes all sorts—so we are told—to make a world. The British Labour Party has most of the sorts. They are united in the devoted belief that a better world can be built. But there is much disunity within the general unity.

The Labour Party came to power in 1945. For the first time in history they had a clear majority in Parliament, and they set out at once to "build the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." In

six years they wrought a social revolution. They built the welfare state. They nationalized some of the great industries, including coal, transport and steel.

And they learned that nationalization alone is not enough to build the New Jerusalem. The right wing of Labour decided they had rushed into nationalization without enough advance planning. They resolved that when Socialism came to power again they would proceed more cautiously—still bent on the same goal, still believing that unplanned free enterprise cannot solve the production problems of our times, but ready to judge by results.

The argument of the right wing goes like this: "Don't let anyone tell you we are backing away from Socialism. We are as different from the Tories as we ever were. Our whole philosophy is different. We believe we did wonders in our six years in power; and we believe that only Socialism will save Britain—and perhaps the world—in the future. We still believe, moreover, in nationalization. The Tories have denationalized iron and steel—and we will re-nationalize it as soon as we are back in power. But we must plan better, and concentrate on efficiency first. We must proceed pragmatically; on the theory that if a plan works it is good, and if it doesn't work it is no good. Britain must produce more to survive, and therefore we should not nationalize industries which are working efficiently."

TO the Bevanites in the Labour movement this new policy is wrong-headed, defeatist and even treacherous. Listen to Nye Bevan, speaking at Margate only an hour after the right-wing policy had been accepted: "It is treachery to the very spirit of Socialism to say that an industry should not be taken into public ownership unless it is doing badly. There is something fundamentally wrong with a society in which it is possible to attract capital into industries which are not necessary for civilized living, when industries which are necessary are unable to get the capital required."

An important thing about this brilliant, colourful and provocative

map, Aneurin Bevan, is that he means what he says. His enemies say he is drunk with ambition and would do anything for power. But this is patently untrue. If it were true he would drop his all-out Socialism; and if he were more moderate he would without any doubt become the leader of the party. But the man has thought out what he expounds, and he believes it.

"The religion of Socialism," said Aneurin Bevan in a famous phrase, "is the language of priorities." This is his argument: it is no doubt true that private enterprise can produce luxurious cars and millionaire's apartments as efficiently as the State could do it—but here is the point: no one should be allowed to produce unnecessary things as long as necessary goods are not being made.

Secondly, he continues, private enterprise is efficient in its own interests, but not always in the nation's. Take steel. Britain simply must produce more steel in order to build the great new factories and machines on which her very future depends. If a depression came along, she should produce more steel, not less; but private enterprise, says Bevan, produces only what it can make a profit on.

"The future of Britain is precarious," he says. "Only Socialist planning will save us."

BUT in the councils of the Labour Party the deep-rooted British instinct of trial and error has won the day. At the recent conference the Bevanite amendments demanding a policy of full-speed nationalization were overwhelmingly defeated.

Mark this, however: Bevanism is growing in strength, not declining. among the rank and file of the Socialist movement. The governing body of the party, the national executive committee, is made up of 24 members elected annually—12 from the trade unions, five from the women's section of the party and seven from the constituency Labour parties. These seven are elected by the most active and politically minded party members. Last year six of the seven were Bevanites. This year the same six

are in again, with increased votes; Bevan himself; Barbara Castle, an attractive M.P., from Lancashire; Harold Wilson, who resigned from the Labour Cabinet when Bevan resigned; Tom Driberg, a journalist-intellectual; Richard Crossman, another intellectual; and Ian Mikardo, M.P., and industrial consultant. Only one anti-Bevanite, James Griffiths, was elected.

IT was only the need for unity in the coming election, and the steam-roller tactics of the trade union leaders, that prevented the Labour Party from voting for more Socialism, not less. The decisive word came from Arthur Deakin, head of the great Transport and General Workers Union. If the conference accepted a programme of all-out nationalization, he said, his union might be driven out of the Socialist Party.

The polls of public opinion indicate that in an election today 47.5 per cent of the people would vote Labour and 44.5 per cent Conservative. But three per cent plurality is not enough to give Labour a working majority in Parliament. At the last election Labour got more votes than the Conservatives, but fewer seats. To win more seats the Socialists must capture the floating vote. To get the floating vote they must reject leftwing policies. There are several million people in Britain, most of them Liberals, who would accept moderate Socialism but who would take off for the tall Tory timber if the Bevanites were in control of the Labour Party.

The middle-of-the-road Briton feels that the world and its problems are too complicated and compelling to be solved by dogma. He believes his Government should proceed by trial and error. He will accept what is seen to work well.

This middle-of-the-road man, this floating voter, will he vote for Attlee and moderate Socialism in the next election, or for Churchill and the Conservatives?

My guess is what within a year from now Labour will be in power again.—NNF.

LAND REFORM IN EGYPT

By M. P. R. REDDY

BEHIND the facade of palace revolutions and constitutional crises in the Middle East, the two most important factors influencing politics are nationalism and agrarian unrest. The countries of this region present all the contradictions of backward semi-feudal Asia. The latest technological processes have found their place side by side with the wooden plough and animal traction. Modern forms of government camouflage oriental despotism, ruling through individual assassinations and military terror; theocratic obscurantists masquerade as statesmen; cabinets are overthrown and dispersed according to the personal whims of medieval monarchs. These political phenomena are the product of economic stagnation in these countries and of the political immaturity of the masses. "Unevenness, the most general law of the historic process, reveals itself most sharply and complexly in the destiny of backward countries. Under the whip of external necessity, their backward culture is compelled to make leaps."

The spectacular upheaval in Egypt culminating in the military dictatorship of General Neguib and his military junta, revealed a rare coincidence of dictatorship and land reform. A movement of military officers would be generally expected to demand reform of the army and to assert chauvinistic nationalism, but in Egypt what was surprising was the crystallisation of internal discontent round the issue of land reform. And the main plank of this platform was the breaking up of large estates for distribution among landless peasants. The members of the military junta mainly represented the middle class bourgeoisie whose object was the modernisation of their country and expropriation of feudal elements.

On the 23rd of July Egypt's twenty million people inhabiting an area of 383,000 square miles awoke to find that their centuries-old feudal

monarchy had collapsed like a house of cards and that its obnoxious entourage propped up by a corrupt political leadership, was discredited and disgraced. The pent-up political emotions of the people erupted like a volcano, giving imperialism a violent jolt and the feudal system a shake-up throughout the Middle East. But the social character of the dictatorship may be gauged from the reformist programme it had announced to the country, namely, (1) weeding out of corruption and reform of the constitution, (2) general election on the basis of universal adult franchise, (3) a programme of industrialisation to improve living standards, (4) a welfare budget with no taxes to burden the poor, (5) a plan to transform three million desert acres into pasture and (6) land reform.

Before the agrarian reform, a survey of land ownership in Egypt revealed that 94 percent of the landowners owned 35 percent of the land, and 6 percent of them owned 65 percent; 500 rich pashas held four million acres of Egypt's cultivable land.

The following table shows the distribution of ownership:

Size of holding	Number of land owners	Total area held in '000s feddan
Under one feddan	1,981,339	770
1 to 5 feddan	617,860	1,324
5 to 200 feddan	159,347	2,660
200 to 800 feddan	1,835	626
800 to 1000 feddan	92	87
1000 to 2000 feddan	127	220
Over 2000 feddan	61	277
Total	2,760,661	5,964

(One feddan is approximately equal to one acre).

IT is clear from this table that nearly two millions of the 2800,000 landowners in Egypt have less than one feddan of land. And there are nearly one and half million landless

labourers who live by casual labour in the estates earning on an average 12 Egyptian pounds per year.

Against this background of grinding poverty, General Neguib's land reform decree will buy out the surplus over 200 acres, of 2000 landlords possessing 1,200,000 acres in all. Over the next five years about 600,000 to 700,000 (about one-tenth of Egypt's cultivated land) will thus be made available for redistribution and it is estimated that about 150,000 families will benefit by this. Landowners possessing a maximum of 200 acres may sell 50 acres to each of their children provided no family possesses more than 300 acres in all. The upper limit would thus still leave the bulk of the land in the possession of the feudal magnates. As an acre of land in the Nile valley produces 6 times as much as an acre in Britain, for instance, 200 acres land in Egypt are the equivalent of 1,000 acres in Britain. The proposed land reform will therefore still leave the upper landlords in control of the agricultural sector of the economy.

BESIDES, Article 4 of the Decree permits landowners to sell land liable to expropriation to farmers whose total holding does not exceed ten acres, provided the latter are not relatives and the lot sold to each individual does not exceed five acres. Thus big landlords

will sell their land to peasants to escape the special land tax (five times the amount of the ordinary land tax) that is to be levied on the land awaiting Government appropriation, thereby defeating in a large measure the purpose of the land reform.

Commensurate with the mild character of the reform, compensation for the land bought has been fixed at ten times the rental value of land or seven times the land value, as assessed for taxation. This will cost the State 150 million Egyptian pounds, over 30 years, while landowners will receive 3 per cent interest-bearing bonds redeemable in 30 years.

It is clear from the provisions of the land decree General Neguib and his followers are not imbued with any advanced political philosophy. Their aim is to destroy the stinking corruption that has been eating into the vitals of the body politic and to create those property relations which would stimulate greater investment in industry by breaking down the tendency to hold land which absorbs so great a part of the country's savings. By sweeping away the remnants of feudal institutions and the monarchical paraphernalia a bourgeois democratic republic has been established, and the way cleared for the inevitable industrial revolution.

RENOVATION OF RAYALASEEMA

By

P. V. C. RAO

THE problem in Rayalaseema is symbolic of the larger problem facing the country as a whole. It is the problem of tackling the barren slopes, cut up lands, retaining moisture in the sun-scorched crop lands, and draining the flooded zones. It is the problem of arresting the blinding dust storms, the scorching sun, the water thirst of rural and urban habitations, the swelling floods and above all, the scathing hunger and the mad hunt for food. Go whither

you like—to the denuded Malabar and Nilgiri valleys, to the sea belt region of the Konkan with its bountiful rainfall, to the wind-swept and sun-scorched undulating countryside of the Deccan, or the coastal dry districts of the Circars, or to the smouldering furnace of the Central Indian plains with the Rajasthan desert at its crown, or to the flood-swept and enundated low lands of the Mahanandi, Damodar and Assam valleys—the same truth and the same problem faces us in all its nakedness.

It is the paradox of famine amidst plenty. The climate and topography of Malabar are such as should render it a smiling land with tropical gardens; but still it is a deficit area,

clamouring for food imports. The inhabitants are chronically poor and under-nourished. The Konkan gets hundred inches of rain; still the peasants there grow only maize and corn. The Deccan has the best black cotton soil; nevertheless they get odd assortment of meagre dry crops. The dry districts of the Circars have, on an average, forty inches of rain; but still they are deficit. The Narbada and Tapti valleys with the Vindhya-fied rivers and with the vast expanse of plain land were once the granary of the North, but today they are hardly self-supporting. The Orissa coast, the Damodar valley and the Assam valley are gifted with plenty of rainfall nevertheless the water that should nourish the crops is in reality killing it by engulfing the rich lands, the villages and the towns. It is the paradox of pitiable misery amidst plenty.

WE know that six inches of timely rainfall will do to grow crops on average lands, and we get this much of rain even in the heart of the Rajasthan desert. Then what is the basis of the wild cry of draughts and floods devastating crops and why should there be any problem of hunger and thirst? The average Indian land is always reasonably fertile and the rainfall is always sufficient for the crop growth, but unfortunately we are not resourceful enough to harness these basic elements to our advantage. The soil beaten by the downpour cracks and swims with the whirlpool, and the rain and the soil travel in perfect harmony to ruin the man in innumerable ways. With a little bit of brains, we should be able to arrest these elements in their ruinous journeys and direct them to the purpose they are meant to serve. In short, the soil is to be held where it grows and the rain water is to be made either to soak in or to creep.

When we devise means whereby the soil and the water are conserved where they are, or the excess water is slowly led out to flow on a vegetative bed, the water feeds the crops that grow in the soil and collects down on the substrata as the subsoil water table. The flow of water in the underchannels enriches productivity of the land and also swells up springs

and maintains tank and well water levels. It serves like an undercurrent irrigation bringing about unobtrusive results of an incalculable value. We get a plentiful supply of water for our crops which grow bountiful on the swelling soils, and the water that is conserved on the subsoil strata solves our problem of water supply in the rural and urban areas.

How else can Rayalaseema be renovated than by the conservation of these two vital elements of soil and water which alone should restore its past agricultural glory and ensure perennial water supply for all the land and for all the time? Good food and good water, bracing climate and exportable surplus of indigenous crops are the achievements of effective land utilization planning. And the success of such planning depends upon the harmonious blending of the various resources which are by nature interdependent in their application and reactions.

Flow irrigation, whether major or minor, utilizes only a minor part of the rain water that collects in the river and rivulets. The major part of the rain that falls in the innumerable catchments throughout the country-side is left to ruin the land as well as the irrigation works. Therefore the conservation of the rain and soil on the field should be coordinated with flow irrigation so as to ensure positive results. In the absence of such a conservation programme and unified resource development, not only will the areas unserved by flow irrigation remain undeveloped, but also the lives of these projects will be seriously curtailed by the wind and water erosional sedimentation, and the rural and urban water supply problem will remain unsolved.

DECCAN can regain its past glory only if it rebuilds its lost soil and retains its meagre rainfall. Conservation of soil and water is the only permanent remedy for the ills of Rayalaseema. Let us open our eyes to what America has achieved, Russia had done, and Australia could gain by means of effective soil and water conservation, in the realm of building up modern civilization and high standard of living.

INDIANS IN UGANDA

By ANDREW ROTH

INDIANS will again be "in the middle" as African nationalists and the British battle it out in Uganda. Not only do Indians outnumber the British in Uganda 10 to 1 but their interest goes back a century. The discoverer of Uganda, Speke, apparently first heard of this rich land from Arab and Indian traders in Zanzibar and was accompanied by Indian traders when he first established contact with the Kabaka (King) of Buganda in 1862. Indian Labour helped build the Uganda railway and Indians became the backbone of Uganda's middle class. As the cotton crop expanded—with much of it for export to Bombay—Indians pioneered and then monopolized the local ginneries. Many of these were ramshackle and ill-equipped and undoubtedly some owners did not resist the temptation to cheat the illiterate African peasant producers. Many British did not mind that Africans should dislike Indians. But now the boot is on another foot!

The House of Commons reacted with spontaneous indignation and widespread puzzlement when Colonial Secretary Lyttelton first sprang the news that he had deposed and banished the Kabaka (King) of Buganda, key province of Uganda. Angry shouts of "Resign!" rose from those Labour M.P.s. who have come to feel that much of the mounting African and colonial crisis is due to Mr. Lyttelton's ham-handedness. But most faces on the floor of the House and in the galleries looked puzzled. Many M. Ps.—like most of their countrymen—learn their colonial geography only under the compulsion of crisis. And Uganda had not had a crisis worthy of notice here since 1949.

Uganda has been, in fact, the show-piece of British administration in colonial Africa. Patrick O'Donovan, *The Observer's* perceptive and sensitive foreign correspondent, wrote as long ago as June 4, 1950: "In Uganda, which has probably the most admirable colonial record in

Africa, we have the greatest chance of all. If we fail here we have no chance anywhere."

As recently as last February another *Observer* correspondent was able to write about Uganda as "Kenya's Happy Neighbour." "Throughout Africa, from Casablanca to Cape Town," he wrote, "it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a trouble-free territory. Uganda is an exception, and it is a relief to leave the mounting tension of Kenya and cross the border into the present contentment" of Uganda.

Uganda's past contentment is ascribed to a number of factors. Although as large as Western Germany and blessed with good soil and an excellent rainfall, it has only five million inhabitants. There is as yet no serious land shortage. There is also no colour bar, because the European community of 3,500 does not include 'white settlers' such as those who have in Kenya and South and Central Africa, grabbed the best lands and then made Africans third class citizens in their own countries. There has been some friction between Uganda's Africans and the Indian community of 40,000 which has dominated trade and, until recently, monopolized the ginning of cotton, Uganda's chief crop. But this has diminished with the emergence of African ginning co-operatives, supported by the Government. Although the peasant farmer has not gotten as large a share as he would like, Uganda has had a long and steady wave of prosperity. Its foreign trade has increased tenfold in the last fifteen years, with a consistent favourable balance of trade, largely due to exports of cotton and coffee. It is the repository of a wealth of mineral resources, partly undeveloped: tin, wolfram, copper and many others including iron ore. Next April the Queen is scheduled to open the great new power station at Jinja, where the Nile emerges from Lake Victoria—the largest reservoir enjoyed by any

power station in the world (about the size of Scotland).

On top of this Uganda enjoys the distinction of having in Sir Andrew Cohen undoubtedly the most able and progressive colonial governor in Africa. It is indicative of his abilities that he enjoys the "personal friendship" and admiration of left-wing anti-imperialist Labour M. P. Fennery Brockway and the praise of the rightwing Empire-minded Conservative Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, for his "ingenious and liberal mind." Even more indicative, he retains the praise of the deposed Kabaka, Mutesa II.

A few months ago there seemed little reason to doubt that Sir Andrew, understanding the mistakes made elsewhere in Africa, was pushing forward with utmost energy and dispatch to avoid them in Uganda. He encouraged African producer co-operatives to enable them to meet the challenge—and frequently the unscrupulous practices—of Indian ginners. He has sped the development

of Uganda's mineral resources to diminish its dependence on cotton and coffee exports. He has attempted to befriend the semi-political Uganda Farmers Cooperatives which is allied to the Uganda National Congress; both are led by ambitious Igantius Musazi, who was exiled from Uganda by the Labour Government.

Certainly one would never have picked out as the leader of a Uganda revolt the charming 29-year-old ex-Kabaka who exercised his rule from the traditional *Lubiri* (Palace enclosure) of his fathers clad in grey flannels and a regimental tie. As the Colonial Secretary explained on December 2, his dethronement and banishment "was the more painful to me because he was a member of my university (Cambridge) and of my regiment (the Grenadier Guards), and a friend of my son's at Cambridge." It is probably no exaggeration to say that the ex-Kabaka was not only groomed but also selected by the British: the Kabaka is chosen by the *Lukiko* (Parliament) from

among the sons of the royal house. The deposed monarch had a half-brother who was the favourite son of their father and friendly with the Uganda nationalists.

In short, the ex-Kabaka is just the sort of well-mannered exotic about whom the British can grow really enthusiastic. He narrowly avoided becoming a national figure when he was here for the Coronation last June. It will be recalled that the Queen of Tonga became a heroine—and has had a popular song written about her largely because she kept smiling and kept the hood of her open carriage down despite the cold rain that whipped the Coronation procession. The Kabaka was saved from this ordeal by the ruling of the powers that be that he did not rank as enough of a potentate to ride with the Malayan Sultans, the Sultan of Zanzibar—and the Queen of Tonga. This 'slight,' incidentally, may have made the Kabaka and his people most sensitive to the threat of more important wrongs.

Mr. Lyttelton's Foot

COLONIAL Secretary Lyttelton assured me recently that he forgets his after-dinner speeches as soon as he makes them. Certainly when he faces a friendly audience after a good meal, words seem to come easily and without inhibition—unlike the testy defensiveness which he frequently shows in Commons where he faces Labour opposition.

Mr. Lyttelton is unlikely to be allowed to forget a phrase in an after-dinner speech he made to the East African Club on June 30. After speaking of Central African federation he added: "Nor should we exclude from our minds the evolution, as time goes on, of still larger measures of federation of the whole East African territories." Few London papers even noticed the speech. But in Kenya the leading English-language newspaper published it under the heading "Great New Dominion Foreseen." This aroused the appetites of many of Kenya's white settlers who covet Tanganyika and especially rich Uganda as additional *lebensraum*.

It just as quickly inflamed the deep-set fears of the people of

Uganda—and particularly the politically alert Baganda (people of Buganda province)—that they would be handed over to the white settlers of Kenya much as Nyasaland had been handed over to the white settlers of Southern Rhodesia in the Central African federation. With the white settlers would come third class citizenship—second-class citizenship is for Indians—the hated colour bar. So determined are the politically conscious elements of Uganda to retain an *African* state—as against a multi-racial state—that they have even reacted suspiciously against the great hydro-electric, chemical and railroad schemes. In other parts of Africa whites and Indians have accompanied economic development—why not in Uganda? This is no new fear: three-and-a-half years ago Patrick O'Donovan reported: "The Baganda fear the loss of their identity in a larger East African economic unit. They can contribute little themselves to the new schemes but unskilled and unreliable labour. Wages are low: 33s a month being the urban minimum. They still have to be convinced that these developments mean anything but more White control and more interference with their own way of life."

IN August the Kabaka sought reassurance from Governor Sir Andrew Cohen that Uganda would not, against its wishes, be included in an East African federation. Sir Andrew flew back to London and then was able to give the Colonial Secretary's assurance: "Her Majesty's Government has no intention whatsoever of raising the issue of East African federation either at the present time or while local public opinion on this issue remains as it is at the present time . . . As regards the more distant future, Her Majesty's Government clearly cannot state now that the issue of East African federation will never be raised, since public opinion . . . might change . . ."

Although the Kabaka was at first willing to accept these assurances, second thoughts among his advisors, particularly in the *Lukiko* (Parliament) reduced their validity. Had not the same assurance been given about Central African federation—as

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recently as 1951? And then *when African opinion had solidified against it* had it not been rammed through by the same Mr. Lyttelton? And what about all these great economic developments—did they make sense, for the British, if they served land-locked Uganda alone? Would not the hydroelectric schemes make more sense serving both Uganda and Kenya? Was not Kenya the obvious market for the superphosphate fertilizers which would be the by-products of Uganda's apatite and copper industries? These suspicions carried all before them.

The *Lukiko* acted somewhat more aggressively than it might otherwise have done because the Governor had persuaded the Kabaka to agree to the democratization of the *Lukiko* in Buganda and the strengthening of the central Legislative Council of Uganda. Taken with other things, these changes aroused suspicions among the Baganda, who feared the encroachment of the Legislative Council's power in their province-kingdom as representing an outside influence of White inspiration. The aristocrats of Buganda thus had a double complaint: their own power in Buganda was being weakened while Buganda's influence in the unitary state of Uganda was also being sapped.

It was at this point that the Kabaka, under pressure from the *Lukiko* and public opinion, made a provocative counter move. He asked that Buganda, which had been transferred to the Colonial Office from the Foreign Office in 1905, be transferred back to the foreign Office. He also asked for a date to be fixed at which time Buganda could be independent.

The Governor replied that this would split Buganda from the rest of Uganda, destroying the progress of this unitary state. The Kabaka then refused to nominate Buganda's representatives on the unitary Uganda Legislative Council. This

was not only a tactical reply but also a way of saying that the Buganda did not want to see the unitary state strengthened—at Buganda's expense if there were no firm guarantees that Uganda would not eventually be pulled into an East African federation.

This act of defiance, which the Kabaka insisted he would maintain resulted in his dethronement and banishment. "The Governor advised," Mr. Lyttelton reported to the House of Commons, "that . . . it was out of the question for the Kabaka, having openly set himself in opposition to Her Majesty's Government, to return to the territory without the gravest fears of civil disturbance." Happy Uganda had seen political disturbances in 1945 and 1949.

Since his arrival here the ex-Kabaka has been very restrained, making two short statements and giving no press conferences. "A king does not give press conferences," an adviser informs us. His supporters in the Labour and Liberal parties are somewhat reluctant to press too actively on his behalf, for fear that the door which Mr. Lyttelton has already insisted is shut, will remain shut against his return to his country. At the moment a delegation from Uganda is expected.

The Colonial Secretary has already been stung into agreeing that "we regard the future of Uganda primarily as an African State with the proper safeguards for the minorities." This is essentially what the people of Uganda want. But their educated leaders know that Britain is facing a continuing economic crisis. Uganda can, in many ways, alleviate the Commonwealth's dollar shortage and make up for the loss of Empire elsewhere. If it is a choice between economic development—with federation as a corollary—and the fears of five million "under-developed" Africans, can there be any doubt which Mr. Lyttelton will choose?

Every generation looks upon the generation that preceded it as more vigorous and more virtuous than itself. You will find the same wail that men are not what they were in the histories of Herodotus, in the writers of the late Roman republic, in Montaigne, and in the authors of our own day. The reason for this is that men hate change and are terrified of it. Habits change not men.

—SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in *A Writer's Notebook*

WOMEN'S EDUCATION AND CO-EDUCATION

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

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IN meeting with groups of students recently in the Indian Institute of Technology at Kharagpur, I was asked more than a few questions which came up again and again, at different meetings. "Are there women engineers in the USA?" "Do you believe in co-education?" "What is the 'status of women' in Western countries," and so on. Since these are questions which are asked with great regularity by students at Indian universities too, I come to the conclusion that these are some of the problems which bother the much-maligned Indian student today. Invariably they, or other questions very similar, come up, as one student put it, as "burning questions."

Now, I am afraid that my answers were less burning. I said, for instance, that I knew personally no women engineers in the United States, but that I had no doubt that there were some. (I pointed out, as an aside, that women were carrying the bricks which were making the new buildings at the great Indian Institute of Technology, and that this would be some evidence of the physical strength necessary in an engineer, though not necessarily of mental prowess). I said also that there were still prejudices against women doctors in the United States, though (surprisingly, to me) little such prejudice exists against women doctors here. And I said that each country had its traditions and customs which had to be taken into account, a statement platitudinous enough but true.

As regards co-education, I explained that I was not an expert. But I did try to paint the picture as best I knew. I said that 75 years ago (I had seen the statistics somewhere) there were fewer than 75 girl students in colleges in this country. Today, again I know the statistics, there are 25,000. This is 12% of the total

roll of Indian university students and a figure two and a half times the number of girl students in the British universities. (Though in Britain women constitute 28% of the total university population).

Actually this is not so surprising. What I do feel is surprising is that India began developing women's education almost at the same time as Western countries did. There is a delay of hardly two or three decades. In England Queen Mary's College was founded in 1848 and Vassar and Wellesley Colleges for Women were founded in America ten or fifteen years later.

But the movement for "equal rights for women" in education had to gain ground before there could be a movement for co-education, such as we see today. The equal rights movement begins, in Western countries (in Britain and the United States at least) about 1850, and it starts with the founding of these women's colleges. But it is realized almost immediately that before there can be college education for women there must be secondary education for girls. And so, again about 100 years ago, there are in Britain and America ever growing movements to give secondary education to girls as well as to boys.

These are modern developments. Actually in the Middle Ages, in the 15th and 16th centuries, there were women doctors and women medical professors, in Germany and Spain for instance. And 100 years ago, when this movement for "equal rights for women" was getting under way, women were being prevented in the enlightened 19th century (by enlightened males!) from being doctors!

THE story here is that the Industrial Revolution affected the status of (Western) women in two ways.

On the one hand, tens of thousands of them were brought into the textile factories to work under appalling conditions and for appallingly low wages. On the other hand, in the middle classes during this same period, a growing group of young women were having less and less to do. For these (second group) women, to learn a profession and to look for work was considered disgraceful!

THE "women's movement" developed, then, to ameliorate the lot of both classes. It arose in the first place out of the struggle of thousands for an existence which would be more tolerable and would be free from excessive overwork, and free also from degrading exploitation. It arose, secondly, out of the fight by hundreds for a life that would give freedom to work, that would liberate women from a condition of degrading dependence and demoralizing idleness. Only later did the next inevitable demand come—for a voice for women in public life.

We concern ourselves here with the second of these phases of the women's movement. The movements to give secondary education to girls as well as to boys took different forms in England and America. In general it is fair to say that England developed the pattern of establishing girls' schools (and India was of course influenced by that pattern); and America made the high-schools co-educational. Then in the United States, in the 1860s and 1870s the new State universities which were springing up were opened to women from the very start. I am thinking, for instance, of the University of Michigan, or of the Universities of Wisconsin, Illinois, and California.

But the colleges that I have named—Vassar, Wellesley, and also Smith, Bryn Mawr, etc.—were started as women's colleges and continued as women's colleges. All of these are in Eastern States—in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania. There are more women's colleges in the eastern part of the United States than in the Western and middle-Western States, because the old American colleges and universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams, Amherst—were

all in the east, the part of the country first settled; and these colleges and universities had already had a long established tradition, when the women's education movement gathered momentum.

And yet there are changes taking place even in the Eastern colleges and universities. For instance, girls at Radcliffe College, the sister college to Harvard, can now attend classes at Harvard and if they take advanced degrees they get them from Harvard. Similarly, women students can take the Ph. D. degree from Yale, or Princeton though the "undergraduate course" is open only to men.

The situation is not much different in Britain. Though at the school level separate schools for girls and boys are the rule, the newer universities, the so-called "Red-Brick" universities—at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, etc.—were open equally to women and men from the beginning. Even Oxford and Cambridge have succumbed to the women's rights movement and, largely, to co-education.

Women could attend classes at Oxford and Cambridge even in the last century. There were colleges for women founded at both these old universities in the last century. But it is only in the more recent past that women could take degrees from Oxford or Cambridge. Cambridge, indeed, capitulated only in 1947—though women were attending classes and taking examinations at least as early as 1870. About that year a girl student beat the Senior Wrangler in the final examination in mathematics at Cambridge. The jubilation in the women's ranks may be easily imagined; for even at that late date women were accused of being intellectually inferior to men!

I NOTE, incidentally, the comment of even later date, in the Mootham Committee Report, the Report of the Allahabad University Enquiry Committee 1953, that parents here object "to their daughters attending mixed classes and associating generally with men students." The Report goes on to say that "This objection is voiced by male witnesses; and we are not sure whether in some cases it is more than an attempted rationalization of

a sub-conscious objection to the principle of the equality of the sexes. In any case it is, we think, the expression of a point of view which is increasingly out of place in the modern world."

THE movement for equal education for women began in India a few decades later than in the West. What is surprising is not that it began later than in Britain or in the United States but that it began so soon after these Western movements started. What is surprising is that today all the Indian universities are open equally to women as to men—except the Women's University in Bombay. It would appear, too, that co-education is gaining ground in India, as in other countries. It is certainly becoming increasingly popular at the college level.

Yet all of this may not be so surprising after all. The women's movement in India has been inevitably influenced by the developments of the last 100 years in Western countries. Then, during the Independence movement women were united under Mahatma Gandhi, as never before in this country; this "nationalized" the women's movement, and moulded the foreign influences to the local needs. And today society is getting rid of its antiquated ideas as to the "place of women."

The social climate, however, much as it has changed, has not changed completely. It does not yet look with complete favour on co-education. Nor, indeed, could it be expected that it would!

And so at the primary and secondary education level, separate institutions for girls are still the rule. Also there are still too few schools for girls. I have been to a number of village schools here, and often I am not unimpressed by what goes on—in the way of teaching, and experimenting, and so on. But in more than a few cases I see little girls completely eliminated from education.

It is interesting to note that 75% of the girls at secondary schools are in girls' schools. This means, apparently, that parents are still not too much inclined to send grown-up children to co-educational schools, unless they have to.

But again, as the excellent Mootham Committee Report states, referring to the Allahabad University but the quotation is applicable to all universities, "We think the University will fail in one of its important aims if it is unable to produce those conditions which will enable men and women students at the end of their university career to meet and associate with members of the other sex without embarrassment or arrogance. It appears to us that a man's university education is incomplete if at the end of it he is unable to meet a woman on equal terms with politeness, courtesy, and friendliness; and we do not see how he can be expected to do this unless the present barriers in the University to a freer association between the two sexes are removed." The Committee also goes out of its way to say that "the suggestion that mixed classes will be beyond the control of the lecturer or that a class with both men and women students will be attended only by the former does not appear to be borne out by the evidence."

And now briefly to the question of just what higher education (whether co-educational or not) does for women. In some respects, I suppose, different things in different countries. (That would be true of higher education for men too!) And I suppose that in no country of the world is college education completely effective in educating either men or women for "living". There are still many improvements necessary.

In India, of course, the whole question is complicated by the vexing language problem. It is probably true to say, of both men and women, that a higher education removes the "educated individuals" in this country to a great extent from the common people. The educating in *English* almost inevitably effects this gulf.

BUT in England, and especially in America (where colleges often lay less stress on the purely academic) there is less of a separation between "educated" and "uneducated." It makes a big difference that the language of instruction is the "national language." Then, too, there is compulsory education for everyone up

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to the age of 14 or 15. And even though in practice not everyone remains in school until these ages, certainly *most* people do. Again, the fact that *everyone*, those not trained in colleges as well as those so educated, the fact that everyone automatically has English as a sort of "lowest common denominator", makes a big difference.

But higher education, if it is to be truly successful, must make women

(as well as men) better, richer persons and personalities. It may also give skills and technical proficiencies; that, in my opinion, is relatively less important. Higher education, whether in the West or in the East, is only successful if it has an impact on the whole personality. In this sense the total environment is more important for higher education than are the details of curriculum or of courses of study.

THE RIFT IN ANDHRA P. S. P.

By

T. V. GOPAL RAO

THE Praja-Socialist Party in Andhra is in the doldrums. The rift, caused in the ranks of the party in the wake of Sri Prakasam's secession from it, has assumed considerable dimensions, and all indications are that a definite break is in the offing. The two splinter groups—one under the leadership of Sri T. Viswanatham, and the other under the leadership of the Raja of Vizianagaram—conducted rival meetings, and got aligned on opposite sides during the divisions of the first session of the Andhra Assembly. The All-India Praja Socialist leaders, instead of trying to set right the situation, have been waxing eloquent over the position in Andhra, adding fuel to the flames. Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, a top ranking leader of the party, inaugurating the Hyderabad P. S. P. Conference at Wana-parti recently, said that with the exit of Sri Prakasam from the party, and the choice before Sri T. Viswanatham either to leave the Andhra Ministry or the P. S. P., the "epoch of political piracy" had come to an end as far as his party was concerned. Sri Acharya J. B. Kripalani, the chairman of the party went a step further at the Press Conference during his recent visit to Madras, and stated that the events in Andhra leading to the formation of the Prakasam Cabinet "have shaken the people's confidence in public men."

These are, indeed, harsh words which will not be relished by men

with a correct sense of values. In the field of politics one's actions should always be judged in relation to the relevant situations, and against the background of the totality of one's character, and conduct. Sri Prakasam's life has been a "song of suffering and sacrifice," and political shifts and turns in his case were always dictated by, and subservient to, the paramount consideration of service to the people, especially to the Andhras who have always nursed a feeling of veneration and respect for him. This is the real secret of his strange and striking public life, and the source of his moral courage to do things which could have overwhelmed any lesser man.

Viewed from this angle, the insinuation of the P. S. P. leaders, that Sri Prakasam committed an act of political piracy in a moment of aberration carries with it its own condemnation. Driven from pillar to post while in the Congress because of the machinations of a coterie coupled with the harshness of the bosses, he had to leave the organisation in the service of which he had spent the best part of his life, and having left it he threw himself into the fold of the P. S. P. and made it a force to reckon with in Andhra politics. The Praja Party was for a long time after its inception known in Andhra as Prakasam's party, and while it met with serious reverses in the general election in almost all the other States, it came off with flying colours in Andhra. Consequent on the formation of the Andhra State, and in view of the precarious party position obtaining there, co-forces became inevitable, and in the operation between the democratic

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talks for a coalition that ensued between Sri Sanjeeva Reddy, Provincial Congress President, and Sri Prakasam, the latter strained every nerve to reconcile the interests of the party with the interests of the new State. Accordingly a minimum programme, of land reform, development of co-operation, of water resources, drive against corruption, economy in administration, and such other things was arrived at, but trouble arose with regard to the post of Chief Minister.

A COALITION, in political parlance, generally means the formation of a Government consisting of more than one party under the leadership of the head of the majority group. The rare exceptions like the MacDonald Government in Britain in 1931 (when there was a split in the ranks of the Labour Party, and the leader of the seceding Labourites formed a coalition dominated by the Conservatives) only prove the rule. Even then in view of the unique position of Sri Prakasam and the multiplicity of parties in Andhra, the Congress staged a climb-down and requested Sri Prakasam to form the Government as a non-party man. One cannot do better to describe that situation than to quote Sri Nehru's own words. He said at a meeting at Kurnool that in the matter of persuading Sri Prakasam to head the first Andhra Government his approach was one seeking the co-operation of other parties and not of harming them. Sri Nehru also stated that he

had told Sri Prakasam: "I do not want you to involve yourself in details, but to help us, as Chief Minister, in the task of forming the Andhra State not in the capacity of a party man, but as a non-party independent man." It would have been very gracious on the part of the P. S. P. leaders to release him from party loyalties in order to enable him to meet the exigencies of the situation. But parochial considerations weighed with them, and they were reluctant to release him, with the result that Sri Prakasam had to take the inevitable step in the interest of Andhra. To dub it an act of political piracy is to add insult to injury.

Sri Kripalani had stated that in politics one had not only to do the right thing, but also appear to be doing the right thing. A sound maxim! But one is apt to think that the realisation has dawned on him rather too late. The formation of the Prakasam Cabinet in Andhra did not give a greater jolt to public confidence than the merger of the Praja and Socialist parties a year ago. The two wings of the party were originally part and parcel of the Congress, and while the Socialists broke from the parent organisation on certain ideological divergences, the quarrel of the K. M. P. men with Congressmen was largely personal. Despite their declarations that the alliance was the result of a common vision and common will, one cannot help feeling that it was an

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act dictated by considerations of political expediency. Sri Kripalani is too astute a statesman not to know that politics is not mathematics where rigid formulas can be applied.

"Good Government" as Mr. Gishborne rightly remarks, "is the greatest blessing any society can enjoy, and provided it is secured, the method of appointment is a matter of secondary importance." During the past two or three years, Andhra was practically in a state of political turmoil due to the bickerings between Andhra leaders, and what is wanted is a sort of political truce for some time under the leadership of an outstanding personality in order to lead the ship of State to a safe harbour. It is indeed praiseworthy that Sri Prakasam listened to the voice of reason and rose above party loyalties as a true national leader to serve Andhra. In the welter of confusion that is prevailing at Kurnool, if there is unanimity on one point among all parties, including the Communists, it is with regard to the position of Sri Prakasam as Chief Minister. His presence in the Cabinet, as Sri Nehru rightly put it, "has given an Andhra prestige to the Cabinet."

Sri Kripalani is again wrong when he says that the Andhra Cabinet is not a coalition. Evidently he has chosen to ignore facts. It might be of interest in this connection to recall the formation of the C. R. Cabinet in the composite Madras State and compare it with the formation of the first Andhra Government. There might be some justification to call the C. R. Cabinet a Congress Cabinet as no one who did not sign the Congress associate member's pledge was included in it.

Protracted negotiations between the K. L. P. group and Rajaji ended in smoke as the former refused to sign the associate member's pledge. In Andhra, the K. L. P. members, withdrew their membership later, and Sri Latchanna is in the Cabinet as the accredited representative of

the K. L. P. Similarly the P. S. P. members also have not become associate members of the Congress and Sri Viswanatham (unless he is to be disowned by the party) continues to be the representative of the party in the Cabinet.

Obviously, stung to the quick by the departure of Sri Prakasam from the party, the P. S. P. authorities have taken a subjective approach to the whole issue, and not an objective approach. The special circumstances in which a coalition was envisaged in Andhra while Sri Prakasam was in the P. S. P. have not ceased to exist with his departure, and what is wanted is constructive thinking and co-operative effort on the part of all the democratic parties to keep the Communists at bay. The National Executive of the P. S. P. has done less than justice to Andhra, and if its decision is to be implemented, the stability of the Andhra Government will be imperilled to a certain extent, and the party will consequently forfeit the sympathies of the enlightened public in Andhra.

The point at issue is the position of Sri T. Viswanatham who is on the horns of a dilemma. Sri Viswanatham is one of the very few Andhra statesmen with an unblemished political record, and a true democratic outlook. The minute he quit the Congress, he also resigned his membership of the composite Madras Assembly, and sought a fresh mandate from the people. With an immense loyalty to Sri Prakasam, and openness of disposition he is distinguished by clarity of mind, the spirit of service and parliamentary decorum. His services are greatly needed by the infant State. He is at pains to reconcile his personal loyalty to Sri Prakasam with his party loyalty, and it will be in the fitness of things if he is allowed to continue in the cabinet as the P. S. P. representative. It will not only help the cause of Andhra, but promote the interests of the party itself.

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AN AFFAIRE DE COEUR

The shutters of the window of a small, murky room were thrown open like the gates of paradise, revealing a celestial apparition . . .

ONLY a fortnight had passed since Mr. Anand settled in our town having taken up the post of a teacher in the local high school. One could understand from his threadbare coat, his turban decomposed with the passage of years, and his gaunt, decrepit frame stooping under the burden of four decades of domestic turmoils, into what a slough of poverty he had sunk. But that could not rob him of his innate *joi de vivre*. He used to observe humorously, "I am a poor man, and poverty is the badge of genius," thereby hinting that he was a genius whose light was hidden under a bushel.

No doubt he had drunk deep at the fountain of English literature. He was the author of two or three books which were complete frost. Nevertheless, his profound erudition had instilled in him a sense of egotism that had lulled him into the opinion that he was one of the greatest literary figures of the twentieth century. His only grievance was that he could find out none to admire him. He, therefore, made up this shortcoming by indulging in profuse self-admiration. This was all hearsay.

Though I had seen him frequently I never intended to make friends with him since I feared his friendship would make inroads upon my pocket as he had become notorious within the brief period he was in our town as an importunate and tactful borrower. But suddenly I found myself liking him intensely. It was from the moment I saw a charming girl of about seventeen, blithe and debonair, peering into the street through the windowbars of the room adjoining the verandah of his house. Quite a ravishing beauty! Was it his daughter that had set my hearstrings quivering?

SHORT STORY

By

S. RENGACHARY

I was consumed with the desire to worm myself into his favour as early as possible. Fortunately, fate did not keep me long in suspense. Next day afternoon

Mr. Anand was going to school. I intruded upon his progress with a polite greeting and blurted out without self-introduction or any sort of preface:—

"It is my honest opinion, sir, that Tagore or Wilde, Shaw or Eliot can't hold a candle to you."

Immediately he sprang in an ecstasy of joy and embracing me, said:—

"Are you sincere in your laudatory remark?"

"By the gods, I swear. The pity is your genius is rotting in this slum of a high school. Whatever comes from your pen is impregnated with ideas beyond the comprehension of this anaemic age."

"Thank heaven. At last I have discovered an ardent Boswell for me. Have you ever read or heard of my works?"

"Really no, sir. Reading or hearing of a thing has nothing to do with admiration for it. My conviction is a man can study without appreciating and appreciate without studying. Do you agree?"

"Very good maxim indeed, young man. But as for my works, your appreciation is bound to increase in proportion to the number of times you go through them. I would like you even to digest my stuff. Will you, please, come to my house at about 10 a.m. tomorrow?"

"I am prepared to come even earlier, sir," said I.

This insinuates how I yearned to feast my eyes on the angel that was adorning his house.

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IT was no doubt an auspicious beginning for my epochal future. No lovers in legend or in day-to-day life could have cemented so instantaneously a camaraderie as we. Next day when I went to his house, he took me to the same room from where his daughter had given me her *darshan* the other day. Having applauded my literary taste which, in fact, I woefully lacked, he unfolded a sheet of his manuscripts. The sight of it made me jittery, because from my infancy I had been allergic to books or works that smacked of serious themes. But the schoolmaster, utterly callous to my sentiment, began to read in a stentorian voice, his essay opening with a fustian sentence erupting with thundering words and lengthening like nightmare corridors. I was puzzled how to extricate myself from the imbroglio. Just then the shutters of the window of a small, murky room a few feet away, were thrown open like the gates of paradise, revealing before me that celestial apparition—his alluring daughter and my adorable idol. Lo! she was standing there inside by the window. My blood tingled and my nerves grew taut. Now I entirely forgot all about the pedagogue. He too seemed to have forgotten all about me; for once he plunged into reading, so steeped did he become in it that no power on earth could distract or stop him. The more zealously he read page after page, the more assiduously was I making silent overtures of love to his daughter.

If twin souls that were originally one in the previous life, but somehow lost to each other in the present, come upon each other, they are attracted mutually by sentimental ties. This should have been the case between us. Otherwise, the mystic telegraph of love would not have worked so instinctively. Ah, what a bewitching smile had blossomed on her delicious lips promising eternal bliss! What hypnotic glances! She sent eloquent messages through her serene, sparkling eyes that reflected the depth of her love-starved heart and laid bare the agony of a forlorn soul longing for a safe refuge under the canopy of a kind, loving youth. If the father could pride on his

learning, the daughter had stronger claims to plume on her arts of coquetry. A most lovable creature, sunny and sophisticated, vivacious and tomboyish! Alas, the shutters of the window were closed suddenly, blighting our romantic rhapsody like the inexorable hand of Fate cutting off a glorious life in its prime, like a dark cumulus cloud jealous of the radiance of the moon shrouding it. I felt glum, as one pushed away violently from an enchanted fairyland to the dismal, miserable earth.

I TURNED my eyes lugubriously to see if the teacher still continued his peroration with his essay. I found him just finish it. He looked at me with the triumphant air of a military general who had routed his enemy, and grinned to elicit compliments from me. As a matter of fact, I had not listened to a single syllable of his article. Yet, in order to cajole him, I showered encomiums on his work with the comments, "Superb! Inimitable! Sweet as ambrosia! This piece deserves something more than a Nobel Prize." Being afraid my praise would spur him to continue the boring, I snatched the manuscript from his hand, put it into the wall-almirah and locked it. He tried twice or thrice to take it back and I made as many attempts to prevent, remarking that the nectar of his literary output, if administered in excess, was likely to surfeit me. I chuckled within myself that he had to switch on now to some other topic or discussion. But I was outwitted. To my horror, he reeled off quotations from several authors, poets, and above all from his own works,—the least palatable thing in the world. Absorbed in his recitation, he didn't notice me slipping away. I was sure he would have gone on without being aware of my absence even long after my exit.

Next day when I visited Mr. Anand, he did not make any reference to the previous lay's conduct of mine. He delivered a harangue on the worthlessness of money which he called dross and concluded his oration with a touching appeal to lend him fifty rupees. It was not quite unexpected for me. His preamble on the worth-

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lessness of money foreboded this calamity. However, it provided me an opportunity I had been looking for, to help him and thus boost myself in the estimation of his daughter. I offered to give him a hundred rupees not as a loan but as a gift. Quite astonished, he grinned at me, rather scepticably, and said: "Are you sincere or are you merely joking? Never before have I met a man lending double the amount I applied for."

"Know that there is at least one man who can do it, sir," replied I.

"I am grateful to you."

"I do not require your verbal thanks. You can repay my help in a more concrete form."

"I am prepared to do anything for you if it is in my power."

"Certainly, it's a simple thing. I will tell you tomorrow what recompense I am expecting from you for my monetary aid. But bear in mind, it is a very important thing on which my whole life hangs." I harped on the last sentence. Having got myself repeatedly assured of his promise, I took leave of him. On the way homeward, I jubilantly conjured up the panoramic vision of my happy marriage with a maiden after my own heart and of our blissful idyll.

THE next morning, dressed immaculately, I sailed forth to Mr. Anand's house, whistling cheerfully like a skylark. At the sight of me, his face beamed with joy. As I gave him the currency note, he looked the happiest creature alive in an unkindly world. Hugging me, he rained praises on me for my generosity. I was not in a frame of mind to listen to them since my thoughts revolved round my 'lover' and my only concern at the moment was how to make her my own. I asked him impatiently, "Sir, do you remember the promise you made yesterday?"

"Of course," answered he.

"I hope you will keep it."

"Undoubtedly," he asserted.

I fidgeted.

He encouraged, "Why are you hesitating? Out with it."

I flashed, "Will you marry me to your daughter?"

"My daughter? Whom do you mean?" he asked, surprised.

"Why, that charming girl—who was standing inside that room (pointing to the room with my finger) yesterday. It seems you are not willing to fulfil my wish."

"Ho! Ho!" cried he, guffawing loudly. "She is not my daughter—why, she is not even a being of flesh and blood, but only a mannequin of terracotta—a lifelike figure belonging to my brother who is to set up a Silk Emporium here in this town in a week or two."

THIS startling revelation bereft me of volition for a few minutes. A slight giddiness swirled round my brain. Beads of perspiration stood out on my face as if advertising my bitter disappointment. Recovering myself slowly, I stammered in an inaudible voice, "Not a creature of flesh and blood! Only a dressed-up dummy! Was I all along courting and wooing an inanimate object... A hundred rupees, my God! Was it the price I paid for this pantomimic affair de coeur? Woe unto me!" I was ashamed to look the pedagogue in his face. Smarting under the mingled emotions of shame and indignation, I trudged out with a good-bye to the good-for-nothing braggart as well as to my insentient innamorata who had bamboozled me,—a chap noted for his parsimony and prudence.

★

FURY

WHEN the ashes of the scamps are scattered beneath the burning sun, I pray for the rains of mercy to purify the polluted dust.

When bigoted brains in verborrhea paraphrase the parables of mighty minds, I pray for the Lord's thunderbolt to deaden, deafen my modest years.

When trollops in the name of God infect the blood of the young and chaste, to destroy my sex in sanctity, I mortify my flesh.

When preachers in the name of church and shrine plunder the treasure of our souls, I plumb many a world within the world, and find: There's neither Essence nor Existence.

MUKUNDA

The Gods are Just

IN springtime when the jasmine was in bloom, a man and a woman lived on the banks of the river Bharatha in Malabar, land of waving palms and blue skies, misty hills and valleys of emerald green. They were simple people; her being was his life and he in his mind had no room for the army to which he had pledged himself and which would one day claim him. And on this, the eleventh day of their marriage, their hearts were full of that joy and happiness which only children of the soil can know and share.

In the midst of pleasure came sorrow.

In places far beyond the seas, war had broken out. The inevitable call to arms was made and he found himself being torn away from his beloved by the cruel hand of fate. The moments of parting were short and bitter sweet. Her heart was heavy with the weight of dread and sorrow and he, as he bade her farewell, perhaps for ever, carried in his mind the image of her beauty, her purity, her love.

For many a weary year the tide of battle rolled. Death stalked his victims by day and by night. His mind far away in lands where war was unknown, he walked among the dying and the dead and his mind knew no fear. Until one fateful day the hand of carnage reached out and sought to crush him within its horrid grip, but the will to live was invincible in him.

While Man driven by hate and lust ravaged lands of peace and bounty, Nature as if in retaliation visited her wrath on the children of destruction. Disease, loathsome and malignant, struck ruthlessly and at random. In acres where the earth was moist with the wetness of sweet water and the sun looked down from cloudless skies upon the waving fields of rice, smallpox laid its fearful paw. It gathered the young bride who eagerly awaited her husband to its revolting embrace, and for many days she tossed upon

her agonising bed in the twilight of the living dead. The malady mounted to a climax and just as suddenly, left her weak and trembling.

But the disease had left its mark. Her skin was no longer smooth and clear but pitted and scarred, and her beauty which was her pride and her husband's dearest possession was no more. And in her mind there came a haunting doubt—her husband's love more precious to her than life she now thought lost for ever—and in her heart there was a great emptiness, the emptiness of despair. And in the isolation of her unhappiness, she longed for his return when she might find love in his pity and comfort in his sympathy.

The contagion passed and life around the river Bharatha resumed its normal course. The rains came and the winds blew; the land was tilled and the sowing done; months flew and the harvest was in.

She waited.

One day all waiting ends.

Battered battalions from a hundred nations were going back to their homes to learn again the ways of peace, broken and weary and sick at heart.

As the shadows of the evening deepened into night, she saw her beloved standing hesitant at the gate.

In half-choked words she sobbed out the story of her disfigurement, and with tearful eyes told him she would for ever hide her face from him if only he would let her live with him and be his wife. She tried to tell him of her love but that was beyond words. At last she grew silent with the calmness of resignation and felt the tenderness in the strong arms about her. He folded her in his embrace and while the tears flowed fast and free from his eyes he said: "In my sight, dear love, you are beautiful with the beauty of your bridal night. Nothing, man or malady can do, to change you in my mind. The gods indeed are just; for I am blind."

R. PALAT

THEY SPEAK FOR AMERICANS

A WRITER is not a special kind of man. He is a representative kind of man. When he speaks for himself, he is inevitably speaking also for millions of other people who have known the same hopes and disappointments, who have walked in the same sun and rain, who have laughed, worried, starved, feasted, triumphed and stumbled as he has. A writer sings the music all of us hear, but with better words.

WALT WHITMAN

WALT WHITMAN set out more deliberately than most writers to be a spokesman. "I celebrate myself," he writes; but "I" in Walt's great, rough poems always means "you, Too." His subject is American democracy and the uncommonness of the common man; he was the Abe Lincoln of our literature. If you go back to Walt today you will find, among much that is crude and not easy to understand, the glow of an enormous love and tolerance for all people, and a deep faith in the ability of free men and women to manage their own lives and to find happiness.

MARK TWAIN

HUMOUR among Americans is not a recreation reserved for lighter moments. It is a characteristic reaction to the heavy moments as well. Some nations sing while they work; Americans laugh. They kid each other in factories, in offices, at home, and on battlefields. Perhaps humour and freedom go together, for a joke is a quick way of seeing the other side of the stodgy, a cure for rigidity of mind and heart.

No man ever expressed this side of the American character better than the ex-gold miner, ex-river pilot and ex-reporter who called himself Mark Twain. There is a good deal in him of the humour of high spirits; he liked horseplay, comic exaggeration and verbal mischief for their own sake. But at the bottom of his funniest things there is a serious concern with the values he and his countrymen cared about. In *A Con-*

necticut Yankee in King Arthur's court, he expressed the American mistrust of pomp and stuffiness, and our belief in equality. In *the adventures of Tom Sawyer* and in *Huckleberry Finn*, his masterpiece, he established the barefooted, unruly image of boyhood that lives in our minds as the perfect symbol of independence; no shoes, no school, and a raft floating serenely down the big river.

The works of his later life show a vein of bitterness and disillusionment which has puzzled some readers. They are not the work of a "new" Mark Twain, but the twilight mood of an idealist who, though he had lost hope of seeing in his lifetime people live up to the high standards he set for them, still continued to honour those standards. Mark never stopped believing in honesty, simplicity and friendliness; he liked people who don't bother other people, and heartily disliked people who do. If you laugh with him, it is because you believe in these things, too.

DANIEL WEBSTER

SPEECH-MAKING is not what it used to be. The Microphone and the loudspeaker have made a difference. They give us a man's voice in its conversational size, scaled down to the living room. They have taken oratory out of its frock coat and put it into a business suit. The "talk" and the "chat" have taken the place of the speech.

Daniel Webster belonged to the day of the great hall without public-address system, the day of the enlarged human voice and the enlarged manner, of the Shakespearean gesture and the massive, slow-rolling sentence. And Americans, who still have a sneaking fondness for speech-making in the grand style, have taken Daniel Webster to their hearts. Though none of us has heard him speak, we can all hear him in our mind's ear—a folklore orator, the Paul Bunyan of the American Gift of Gab.

Unless we are fresh from the history books, we may not remember

that Webster's voice was raised in causes we admire; that his eloquence contributed to the sentiment of unity which kept the nation together during the Civil War; that his wisdom and dignity gave a luster to the deliberations of Congress for many years. What Webster said influenced opinion and action, and has become a part of our history. But the way he said it remains a part of our character. We like things done up handsomely. We like Boulder Dam, and Cadillacs, and giant redwoods, and Texas. And we like the man who, with a straight face, pointed to unfinished Bunker Hill monument and addressed it with a voice like the sea; "Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." Webster said it big. And he speaks for us.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WE have all read Longfellow under a schoolteacher's eye, and have recited *The Wreck of the Hesperus* in a galloping singsong, and many of us can remember, at the age of ten, declaiming to a classroom full of our contemporaries:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

It is not Longfellow's fault, however, that we are asked to read him too early, and there is a good deal that is still to be admired in his work. Longfellow was one of the first American writers to look in his backyard for literary materials. Most educated men of his time had read Homer; but it remained for Longfellow to realize that there might be material for a local epic in the stories of the American Indian. In *The Song of Hiawatha*, he created a romantic legend of America before the arrival of the white men; no one who reads it can forget the booming, drumming rhythm, the building of canoes and shaping of bows, the sound of rivers and the green smell of the woods. In *The Courtship of Miles Standish* he revived a memory of life in the Colonies; read it again and note how clearly you see the old

rooms and hear the sounds and taste the flavours of an earlier day. Longfellow's work gave to American readers a sense of their own past and to younger writers, a confidence in the worthiness of native materials as subjects for literature. His was not one of our strongest voices, but it set up echoes that we hear.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ONE hundred and twenty-three years ago, when the Navy was about to scrap the frigate *Constitution*, an angry poem entitled "Old Ironsides" appeared in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, protesting against the destruction of the historic ship. The indignation of the poem was contagious. It was copied in newspapers throughout the country, reprinted on broadsides, and shouted on street corners. The ship was saved, and the literary career of Oliver W. Holmes had begun in characteristic fashion, with a loud crackle. Holmes, who was only 21 at the time, belonged to the so-called Brahmin caste of New England, composed of those whose ancestors have practiced one of the learned professions. He became a successful physician in Boston and continued to write verses. At the age of 48, he began to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of brisk essays upon which his reputation is largely based. They were called *The Autocrat at the Breakfast table*, and they began: "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted . . ."

From then on through four volumes, nobody has wanted to interrupt Dr. Holmes in his table-talk, which deals with rowing on the Charles, boxing matches, trotting horses, good and bad manners, the making of violins, the behaviour of people in love, and almost anything else you can name. In these opinionated little essays we recognize a familiar American character; the man who has firm views on everything, and who expresses them with saltiness and a crusty dogmatism relieved by a twinkle in the eye. The Autocrat is a cracker-barrel philosopher with a Harvard education. We like him even when we disagree. Why? Listen to Dr. Holmes: "The

very aim and end of our institutions is just this—that we may think what we like and say what we like."

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THERE are a few writers who have treated a subject with such originality and vividness that their images dominate our minds. Robert L. Stevenson invented pirates as we think of them. Mark Twain invented boyhood as we "remember" it. And Poe invented darkness.

Edgar Allan Poe was the father of a mood. He created a world in which the sun never shines and the noon is often veiled; a landscape of ruined buildings and deep shadows, of creaking hinges and gaunt nocturnal birds where no face is seen clearly, and hooded men prowl about to avenge unmentionable grievances, and the girl with the haunting, musical name is always dead. In Poe, there is terror without violence; the dreadful thing is always about to happen. The silence and the waiting are so oppressive that the clattering of a trowel on the floor makes the mind scream. He creates a land of no particular time and place, and yet we have all been there, and we recognise it.

Poe was an important writer to other writers. His tales of crime detection inspired the modern detective story, and his observations on how short fiction should be written have had a wide influence upon the form of the American short story. But he is above all a reader's writer, and you will find a quality in him that is not in the work of those he influenced—the quality of genius. Poe releases more surely than any other writer a buried side of our nature—the part of us that is afraid of the dark, and jumps at sudden noises, and looks suspiciously at a walker in a lonely street at night. He is the poet of the nameless dread. Reread him, and you will discover the inexplicable fact that to be frightened by a genius is an experience filled with pleasure.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WHEN Ralph Waldo Emerson was 25 years old, he picked up a volume of the essays of Montaigne,

that genial 16th century Frenchman who was one of the first writers to admit in print that he didn't know all the answers. The effect on young Emerson was electrifying. "It seemed to me" he wrote in his journal, "as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. Readers have had the same feeling upon discovering the essays of Emerson, so heartily do they express some fundamental American attitudes towards life."

Emerson is the philosopher of self-confidence and individualism. Trust yourself, he urges; think for yourself; don't buy your convictions ready-made. He knows the tendency of most of us to reject our own inspiration simply because they are our own, and he warns us against it: "Else tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion

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from another." He believed that there is a touch of greatness, even of the Divine, in all of us, and that we begin to live fully only when we hit our own stride.

"There comes a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse as his portion . . . The power that resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Emerson was no enemy of tradition, but he reminds us that traditions were made by men who thought for themselves; thus, we honour tradition most when we stand on our own feet. There is fresh air and muscle in Emerson; he is a bracing writer. Reading him again as an adult, you will understand why his work has been called an intellectual Declaration of Independence.

HORACE GREELY

BECAUSE nobody reads old newspapers, Horace Greeley goes unread today. In his time, millions of people read him as faithfully and respectfully as they read the Bible. He was one of the most influential opinion-makers of his day, and he survives as a symbol of the fighting, public-spirited editor.

Greeley was 20 when he arrived in New York, then hardly more than a small town. With the savings from his first job, he started in 1834 a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*. He was the first American editor to publish Dickens, and among the earliest to publish Poe. ("A brilliant writer when neither too drunk nor too sober," remarked Greeley.) During the depression of 1837, he addressed a series of editorials to the jobless men of New York, and from these comes the one fragment of Greeley's bristling prose which any schoolboy can quote: "Go West, young man . . ."

Greeley achieved his greatest influence as editor of the *New York Tribune*. In the big issues of his day, he was usually on the side which

most contemporary Americans would call the right one, and which was nearly always the kindly one. He fought against the inhumane 72-hour work week. He supported the women's rights crusade. He was a strong voice against slavery and a spokesman for the principle of Union; yet after the war, he was one of the stoutest defenders of the rights of the defeated South, urging both sides to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm."

As any outspoken man must, Greeley made many enemies, and sometimes exasperated his friends, but he stood for a quality which even his adversaries agreed they admired. "Mr. Greeley is the most representative man in America," said a rival editor. "The source of his ascendancy is not in his opinions but in his attachment to them." Right or wrong, "Old Horace" was never any man's man but his own.

EDWIN C. HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE wrote much on many subjects, but he is remembered for one story—and that one is a masterpiece. *The Man Without A Country* was published in 1863, when the Civil War was making people think deeply about the meaning and importance of a nation. It tells the story of Philip Nolan, an Army lieutenant, who renounces his country, and is sentenced to spend the rest of his life on shipboard, where he may not hear or read of the United States again. Hale shows the increasing desolation that takes place in the life of a man who has cut himself off from his national roots, from all knowledge of his native land. Improbable though the circumstances are, the story has a haunting psychological reality. Once we have read it, we are not likely to forget how much our sense of security depends upon having a homeland to which we belong, and which belongs to us.—P. G. Krishnappa's Service.

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SWATANTRA

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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE star-shows and star cricket matches for charity are steadily losing their popularity. In Bombay, there have been so many star-shows and matches that they now fail to attract big crowds. Though they are a big draw at other places, more often than not the crowds behave in such a manner that the entire affair becomes a national disgrace. The Calcutta incident for which the crowd is as much to be blamed as the organisers who failed to present the stars they had advertised is a pointer which deserves serious consideration.

The craze for star-shows and matches first started in Bombay. As a novelty they proved to be an excellent draw; but as time went on, the shows became repetitious and the cricket matches a big hoax. Moreover, any organisation which could muster star-names lost no opportunity in organizing such shows and taking benefit out of it. Some of them became professional organisers and made business out of charity. The top-notch stars who did not stand to gain anything by such personal appearances soon realized that their names were being exploited by different people for different reasons. To put an end to it, they formed a film functions committee and laid down rules which were never observed. This committee has failed to restrict the star shows or exercise any control over the returns of such charity shows.

Indeed, it is worth enquiring to what extent the charities are really benefitted through such shows which entail considerable expenses. I have a hunch that if the true accounts of all the shows were published, it will be found that the charity shows have helped no charity in any appreciable manner. It has helped only, perhaps, in giving stars

a lot of publicity and actually given some minor stars a new lease of life. It is doubtful whether all these star-shows combined together have contributed as much to charity as have M. S. Subbulakshmi's musical concerts.

That apart, such charity shows, especially those held outside Bombay, upset many shooting schedules and are a liability to the producers concerned. Hence to avoid all unpleasantness, it would be advisable if the charity shows are abandoned altogether for some time. That is not only my opinion, but the opinion of some of the renowned stars as well.

Picture Of The Week

THERE was a time when Prabhat, New Theatres and Prakash presented artistic and sublime biographies of popular saints and savants. But since they withdrew from the field, we had a plethora of cheap, almost vulgar and nauseating mythologicals and devotionals devoid of any aesthetic beauty and human appeal, with camera tricks as their main selling point.

Hence it was a great relief to see Prakash Pictures' *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* which brings back the old glory of devotionals and raises them to their artistic status. The first thing that strikes one in the picture is that Vijay Bhatt has never stooped to cheapness and vulgarity of miracles to win the box office. On the contrary, he has presented the biography of one of the founders of the cult of Bhakti in Bengal with dignity, integrity and lofty spirit seldom witnessed recently in our mythologicals.

Indeed, right from the beginning Vijay Bhatt has been able to capture the spirit of the story; and though at times he has been crude and even dull, he has kept up the atmosphere of the subject and risen to sublime heights at the required moments. He has been ably assisted by art director Kanu Desai, music director R. C. Boral, cameraman Reddi and the artistes themselves in this task. The ras-leela piece in Geva-colour is excellent and colourful.

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The main weakness of the picture is its plot which is rather uneven and lacks dramatic unity. By its very nature, the screenplay is rather episodic; and the pity is that the writers have failed to integrate different episodes with the result after every climax the story gets a new start. Even the beginning is rather prosaic and the first dramatic moment comes only when Nimai finds his father dead. Then considerable footage is wasted in establishing the animosity of Kalipada Basu, the money-lender who presses for his dues and gets his first rebuff when he fails to drive him and his mother out of their ancestral house.

Nimai starts the school and is married. The story proceeds again placidly for some time and gathers momentum when Nimai leaves for Gaya. In Gaya, while hearing the Krishna-leela, Nimai faints. The learned pundit becomes a devotee of Krishna and comes back a changed man. All the time he is lost in the devotion and starts preaching the gospel of Bhakti.

Kalipada Basu who believes in a Tantrik is his main opponent. He puts different obstacles in his way; but he triumphs over them and in due course even Kalipada is converted. This conversion by itself is a big climax and it appears as if the story has ended here; in fact the dramatic part of the story does end here.

The remaining part, which is almost as long, is devoted to Nimai's going away from the house, becoming a sanyasi and spreading the message of Bhakti to the world. The climax is reached when as Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu he goes back to his home town and cures the Tantrik and meets his mother. A considerable portion of the second half is documentary and is enlivened mainly by songs; but the best portion of the picture is the depiction of the night on which Nimai leaves his home. His last meeting with wife and mother is the most beautiful piece in the picture; it is tender, poignant, poetic. It is beautifully written, directed, photographed and enacted; it is in this sequence that

the three principal artistes, Bharat Bhushan, Durga Khote and Amita, excel themselves. Durga Khote rises to even greater heights of acting when the mother meets her "Sanyasi" son and gives him alms.

Indeed, in this picture Durga Khote has given one of her memorable performances. Bharat Bhushan and Amita are equally good, while Kanhyalal as the money-lender contributes an excellent cameo. In a picture like this music always plays an important part. The lyrics by Bharat Vyas are just adequate; only a few of them are truly poetic. And while the music is in consonance with the theme, the songs do seem to lack in both the intensity and feeling which marked Boral's own pre-war compositions for devotional pictures. The three voices of Hemant, Talat and Rafi also create a discordant note; and none of them is able to sing with half as much depth and feeling as Lata does her songs in the same picture. One is reminded again and again of the music of *Vidyapati* and one cannot help feeling that had the maestro Boral succeeded in giving equally effective music the picture would have been enriched considerably. As it is, the music is just apt.

With all its shortcomings of script and music, *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* is a dignified devotional for which Vijay Bhatt, who has directed it with imagination and understanding, deserves all the boquets.

Personality Of The Week

WHETHER *Chacha Chowdhary* proves a big box office hit or not, one thing is certain. Both Raja Paranjpe who plays the title role and Dhumal who plays the role of a black South Indian musician will be getting offers to appear in Hindi pictures. In fact, by now, both of them have received tentative offers; and no wonder. For both Raja Paranjpe and Dhumal are excellent artistes; and they have an individuality which is unmatched at least on the Hindi screen.

Though both the artistes have a long standing reputation on the Marathi screen and stage, their talent has

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been recognised on the Hindi screen after their experience of two decades. Indeed, but for Kardar's decision not only to adopt Marathi comedy but assign the task to the original director, the names of Raja Paranjpe and Dhumal would never have been known to the Hindi film world.

On the premiere of *Chacha Chowdhary* in Bombay, it was therefore heartening to watch both these stalwarts of the Marathi stage and screen receiving recognition in the form of congratulations from the 'big guns' of the Hindi film world like Chandulal Shah, Mehboob and Raj Kapoor.

Of the two Raja Paranjpe is of course better known and I have myself written about him in these columns. The language barrier has kept him away so far from the Hindi screen. Even while acting his part in *Chacha Chowdhary* Raja's main worry was to pronounce *kha ja* correctly. He was so conscious of his pronunciation that he could not concentrate on anything else. As a result those who have seen his acting in the Marathi version feel that he is not half as much at home in the Hindi version; but this defect is hardly noticed by others. And it is this anxiety for mastering the diction that had kept Raja away from the Hindi film world. Now, of course, that fear is conquered and he will be more confident in his next picture.

But Raja Paranjpe is not only interested in acting, he is more interested in direction and it is as a director that he has made a name in the Marathi film world. The Marathi critics rate him far higher than even Datta Dharmadhikari; it is because they prefer Raja's sense of humour and flair for satire to Datta's sob stuff sentimentalism. As a director also, he would be an asset to the Hindi film world.

Dhumal is primarily an artist. He comes from a middle-class family. He joined the stage and used to play all kinds of roles written by Acharya Atre in his plays. Only about six years ago he joined the films; and in the films also he has played all kinds of roles with equal success. He is a very versatile artiste who can be depended upon to give lively and

convincing performances. His performance of a South Indian in *Chacha Chowdhary* is itself proof of his versatility; and if as a result of this he gets an opportunity to appear in Hindi pictures he will get a well deserved break after a strenuous struggle for two decades. He must have been the happiest man at the premiere of *Chacha Chowdhary*. For, he received the maximum compliments—far more than he received for the same performance in the Marathi version and he was actually mobbed by the picturegoers at the end of the show.

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Raghunandan Saran

By

S. NARAYANASWAMY

THE Nagpur air crash is symbolic of the sacrifices the Time Spirit is prepared to offer at the Altar of Speed. Among others to be enveloped in the cruel conflagration was Saran—the soul of goodness unobtrusive. We talk of people hiding their light under a bushel—Saran seemed to practise it as a fine art. Behind the immaculate white khadi *achkhan* which the citizens of Madras learnt to associate with him lay a kindly heart in search of distress to relieve and a craving to meet kindred spirits to clasp in a brotherly embrace. The unfailing smile that adorned his lips accorded a sincere welcome to all who visited him.

Mrs. Raksha Saran, whose great grief her numerous friends all over India share in this moment of her tribulation, was no doubt better known because of her position in women's organisations and of the unbounded energy which she always brings to social work. Mr. Saran's business preoccupations prevented his participating actively in the good causes which he was morally and financially supporting. He was an example of an enlightened industrialist—devoid of the rapacity which Shanker's cartoons have taught us to associate with captains of industry in India.

A Master of Arts of Cambridge, he brought to his conversation a subdued tone of voice, a quiet wit and the cultured man's capacity to play the listener. In that radiant small-built person, as he demurely welcomed guests to the numerous parties for which "The Palms" at Haddow's Road with its elegant garden had become justly reputed, one hardly recognised the munificent 8 lakhs donor to a Delhi hospital, or a jail-mate and affectionate colleague of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. We have been suffering lat-

terly from the painful plethora of boisterous public men, who talk thirteen to the dozen in the process of wearing their brains on their sleeves or who throw their weight about with an amazing disregard of environment. In such a context the loss of a person of the soft-spoken and gentle deportment of Mr. Saran is bound to be keenly felt. Mr. Saran was an important member of the early revolutionary ring of patriots who suffered untold privations without hope of personal reward.

Mr. Saran has been described in the press notices as the managing director of Ashok Motors and of Motor Industries. Latterly doctors had peremptorily ordered him to stay in bed and to cut out frequent travel. But he would not compromise the interests of industry, in which the savings of investors were involved. Almost in disregard of doctor's orders he flew to the United Kingdom to conclude negotiations with a well known automobile group for putting through a manufacturing programme and returned just a few weeks back and proceeded to Delhi to conclude his arrangements with the Central Government in that regard. He was a true friend of labour and when the slow-down technique which the operatives at Ennore were misguided enough to adopt, compelled the management to declare a lock-out with the concurrence of the Labour adjudicator, nobody was more pained than he, that labour should adopt so suicidal a course. An enlightened industrialist, a genuine philanthropist and a publicity-shy friend of all good causes has departed from the scene of his labours. Not being a politician, publicist or labour leader, it is just possible that all do not know that in Mr. Saran's passing we have lost a genuine patriot, a discriminating industrialist and a gentleman. Everybody's sympathies go to Mrs. Raksha Saran and her children in their hour of grief.

JUNIOR PRESS CONFERENCE

American Television Innovation

IS man the weaker sex? Are college fraternities a good thing? Are we headed toward World War III or can peace be continued indefinitely? Questions like these and the answers to them, given by prominent people, are the substance of which "Junior Press Conference" is made.

Junior Press Conference is a weekly television programme of the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) in which student editors of college newspapers ask questions of qualified experts. To make the questions and the guest speaker's answers as spontaneous as possible, the programme is not rehearsed. Research on the subject is permitted, but questioners and the guest do not discuss the matter until the programme is under way and do not meet socially until the programme is over.

Junior Press Conference is the product of the imagination and energies of Mrs. Ruth Geri Hagy, who acts as mistress of ceremonies in addition to planning each week's presentation. The programme, which originates at a television station in Philadelphia, is carried on the ABC nation-wide hook-up.

Persuading important and busy people to submit themselves to her student editors' questioning isn't a major problem with Mrs. Hagy. Because she is well-known to students and the public in her capacity as senior advisor to the U. S. National Student Association, few refuse her invitation. During the year that her programme has been televised, she has had as her guests General of the Army Omar Bradley; Dr. Ahmed Hussein, Egyptian Ambassador to the United States; V. K. Krishna Menon, Indian Ambassador to the United Nations; Harold E. Stassen, Administrator of the U. S. Foreign Operations Administration; Sir Percy Spender, Australia



College Editors from Harvard and Yale universities join in a private rehearsal before the popular television programme is recast

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lian Ambassador to the United States; Paul G. Hoffman, head of the Ford Foundation; James Carey, secretary-treasurer of the Congress of Industrial Organisations (CIO); and such prominent U. S. legislators as Senators Estes Kefauver, Wayne Morse and Frank Carlson.

The young editors who question the guests are selected through two U. S. college students' organisations—The National Student Association and the Associated Student Press—on the basis of their interest in a particular subject and their articulateness. Last year, representatives from more than 100 different colleges in 32 States were on the programme.

Once the subject has been determined, the students selected and the specialist invited, Mrs. Hagy leaves the preparation of material up to the individuals.

On Monday, the day of the television programme, the students meet in her Philadelphia apartment and spend the afternoon "tearing the place apart for books, magazines, newspaper clippings and work space." She provides soft drinks and then "everybody gets strewn around on the floor, hot under the collar and furious arguments rage—frequently getting off on tangents that have nothing to do with the show." For pure human interest, Mrs. Hagy says "this is the programme that should be televised instead of the one that is." From the afternoon discussion come the main points to be brought out in the half hour show that begins at 9 p.m.

After dinner, Mrs. Hagy and the students go to the American Broadcasting studios, have television

make-up applied and go through a camera rehearsal. The guest to be interviewed arrives about half past eight, but does not meet the students until the show begins. Mrs. Hagy says:

"Everything seems to happen differently than in the rehearsal. Sometimes the most argumentative students never open their mouths—they seem to get camera shy. Whatever they say, however, is natural and provoked only by their reactions to what the guest says."

Although the subjects vary from civil liberties to national defense and politics, the issues of greatest interest to the college reporters are love and peace.

Two of the most popular programmes, Mrs. Hagy says, were "Are We Educating for Modern Marriage?" discussed by Dr. Marynia Farnham and Professor Leo Gurko and "Is Man the Weaker Sex?" with guest speaker Professor Ashley Montagu, author of *The Natural Superiority of Women*.

THE subject of world peace is close to the students' hearts, the television programme director says, because so many of them are war veterans. She says that student leaders, afforded the opportunity of knowing students from other lands, find that they too have the same strong interest in love and peace.

Described as a college news forum where "the citizens of tomorrow meet the leaders of today," Junior Press Conference is proving mutually beneficial to both the students who ask searching questions and the leaders who answer them.

The greatest tribute that a writer earns from us is not that we keep our eyes fast upon his page, forgetting all else; but that sometimes, without knowing that we have ceased to read, we allow his book to rest, and look out over and beyond it with newly opened eyes, discovering all else. Then lies open to earthbound man the firmament of the spirit; he takes wing and travels in it, liberated from the chains of partial judgment and from the blindness of close appearances. Like a bird released from a cage, he soars, and sees truth in new aspects. And though the spell of arts breaks at last and he returns to earth, it is not to the cage of his former prejudice that he returns... he has been a liberated spirit, and thereafter, in all life's embittered divisions, in all his faults and follies, and self-imprisonments and hardnesses of heart, he never altogether ceases to be aware of the unity of the living with the dead, and in all his temptations to hatred or fear he cannot be without compassion.

—Charles Morgan in, *LIBERTIES OF THE MIND*

NEW BOOKS

PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED!

The Astonishing Story of the Daily Mirror

By Hugh Cudlipp

Andrew Dakers Limited, London

12s. 6d net

SUFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof: this can serve as a workable motto to journalism—otherwise diurnalism—but oftentimes the evil lives beyond the day, beyond the week, beyond the month beyond the year, and in certain cases it has not been interred with the bones of a journalist, particularly if he happens to belong to the yellow variety which like jaundice carries its colour into whatsoever it sees, hears, and imagines. To the intelligent and responsible in life no



Cecil Harmsworth King

Chairman of the 'Daily Mirror'—"scion of a family which has enjoyed genius, wealth and power..."

profession is more dignified; to the perverse and irresponsible, there is no greater sphere for mental as well as intellectual debauch; drawing freely from and building with gusto upon the statements and opinions of half-wits on A to Z in human affairs or on how the quarter-wits reacted to and rehashed the half-wits. Journalism is a power for both good and evil; it bears within it the potent seed of discipline as well as abandonment. It registers the superb heights and the lowest depths of self and collective expression; its quality is a nation's cultural index. "Were it left to me," said Thomas Jefferson, "to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every

man should receive those papers and be capable of reading them." This capability of reading and understanding presupposes a free and fluent society and its demand—which in its freedom it does—upon the government is for the fundamental democratic principles with which the system of governance has to protect itself and protect the people under its care. "A journalist," in the opinion of Charles A. Dana, "must be an all-round man. He must know whether the law of the lawyer is

good or not. His education, accordingly, should be exceedingly excessive... He must know a great many things and the better he knows them the better he will be in his profession. There is no chance for an ignoramus."

Hugh Cudlipp, author of *Publish and Be Damned!*, knows a great many things; that he rose in his profession because of his better knowledge is evidenced by the fact that joining the staff of the *Daily Mirror*—London's newspaper with the largest world circulation—in 1935, he became its Features Editor occupying the post until 1937, and then Editor of its companion journal the *Sunday Pictorial*. His eighteen years of intimate association with the paper and the personalities involved in its conduct and fortune entitles

him to speak out, and his is an exciting story, he tells us,—“the story as one man has seen it, told so far as he is aware without prejudice or rancour, and above all he hopes without humbug.”

The chief difficulty under which the present reviewer, in judging the merits and faults of *Publish and Be Damned!*, labours is this: beyond glancing through a few odd copies of the *Daily Mirror* in between long intervals of years he has no pretension to have read it, consistently, attentively. And, too, he has the disadvantage of knowing what some of the critics in the English press have said about Mr. Cudlipp and his book which, certainly, will not damn him or the paper he serves. In his “London Diary” in *The New Statesman and Nation* for October 17, 1953 Critic referred to the row between Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. Cudlipp at the Foyle’s Literary Luncheon got up to acclaim the latter on the event of the publication of his book. Critic writes:

“... Mr. Randolph Churchill spent twenty-five minutes virulently abusing the popular press as a whole. Lord Rothermere was his most battered target but Hugh Cudlipp and the ‘Daily Mirror’ had their share of trouncing. When he had finished, Cudlipp, white with passion, threw the notes of his prepared speech aside and began by telling us of undignified incidents in Mr. Churchill’s past.”

Reading *Publish and Be Damned!* one can realize in what style and accents Mr. Cudlipp must have lambasted Mr. Churchill; and Critic who watched the fracas, winds up with the comforting observation that the “Fleet Street rule still holds that ‘dog does not eat dog’ and neither Churchill nor Cudlipp called the other a son-of-a-bitch.”

The book glitters with its two-edged title. In the writing of it Mr. Cudlipp seems to have had always before him the emery-paper to sharpen his pen. Here is his manner:

It is now necessary to select a fine fretwork saw, stand on a chair, cut around the craniums of two men, lift up the lid and peer into their brains.

It becomes tiresome after some-time. He writes with his tongue in both his cheeks, the smartness shows,

and shows blatantly a wrong type of snobbery. However, he is incisive in his charactersketches of the key-men in the story—of Lord Northcliffe, the colossus who ever strode down Fleet Street; the first Lord Rothermere, a titan in finance; Harry Guy Bartholomew, “brilliant, truculent, mercurial,” who brought for the *Mirror*, completing the revolution of the tabloid, a circulation of more than 4,500,000 and 11,000,000 readers every day; Lord Beaverbrook who played a prominent part in the Abdication of Edward VIII; Winston Churchill who had a passage-at-arms with the *Mirror* during the war years; in the matter of home and international politics; the Duke of Windsor who, “due to a defective memory or to a curious sense of ingratitude to the few British newspapers which did demand a fair hearing for a king in torment,” thought ill of the *Mirror* that battled for his cause (the incident was the publication in its front page of a portrait of Wallis Simpson which the King thought to be grossly magnified); Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, who in 1942 accused the paper of scurrilous misrepresentations, and praised it in 1945 for its fine work; and Cecil Harmsworth King, nephew of Lord Northcliffe and the present Chairman of the *Mirror*, Oxford-educated, soft-spoken, laconic, candid, with a scientific approach and talent for organization, abhorring alike untidiness and unpunctuality, of whom Churchill is said to have remarked during the war: “Well, you look innocent enough.”

Mr. Cudlipp has told the “astonishing” story of the *Daily Mirror*’s half-a-century, “as one man has seen it,”—that was his purpose—but if he disavows humbug and cant in the process, he is only kidding himself into the belief, for exploitation of the gross and sensational, as he seems to think, is not synonymous with the pursuit of truth. He has, here and there, deviated into the ethics of journalism, according to his own lights; he is revealing in his assessments of Godfrey Winn, who did a daily page for the paper; of Cassandra, (William Neil Connor) the columnist, of Richard Jennings:

leader writer, “the man who made Britain sit up” by attacking Churchill’s cabinet and jeering at the Army traditions and War Office methods. *Publish and Be Damned!* has all the excitement of a Hollywood movie, heightened by color by technicolor at crucial moments and places, complete with special and montage effects, and if one can put up a little with slickness, and artificial celerity in writing, and Mr. Cudlipp’s wrong sort of snobbery one will get some good entertainment out of the book and an inkling into why even amongst the highly educated there are those who feel that to reach the heart of the common man writing has to be lowered down to his level of understandability.

MITRA

New World Writing

Fourth Mentor Selection

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THE success of *New World Writing* the fourth selection of which (published in October) has just now reached us, attests to the A1 organising capacity of the New American Library to use international talent in such a way as to provide our critics and creative artists opportunities to exercise their particular gifts and appear together in a common plain. Authors the world over can’t visit in each other’s homes; nor can they read each other in their different mother-tongues in which they express themselves. English is the universal *lingua franca*, and the printed word is king. No plenipotentiary of culture could render such effective service as this book-cum-magazine—“this group endeavour” as it has been called—has done.

William Sansom, one among the best of the younger generation of short-story writers now in England, leads in this number with ‘Woman in A Cupboard,’ the first chapter of his novel-in-progress to be called *A Bed of Roses*. Mr. Sansom is a writer in whose earlier work one could discern the mannerisms of many writers, notably Franz Kafka—but with the publication of *The Passionate North*, in 1950,—a combination of travelogue

and fiction (which however failed to integrate), he showed himself as having outgrown influences and striking out on a line all his own. He has not always carried me with him in his novels such as *The Body*, *The Face of Innocence*, *A Touch of the Sun* as he has in his short stories (*Fireman Flower*; *Something Terrible*, *Something Lovely*—Collections), which are intense visual pictures. His writing is akin to painting; every little detail in character or environment is a significant flash of colour to the general kaleidoscopic effect. Here is an instance from the present excerpt:

Through the window the early April sun shone brightly. Outside all over the city spring warmed each stone and brick with an air once more of new life rising, trees spread the essence of their rising sap, the scent of blossom surprised the petrol air with sudden fragrance—and both old and young, to the measure of their pleasure or bitterness in each personal memory, praised or cursed this advent of new life, feeling it to be either the birth of a new year or the death of all hope forever.

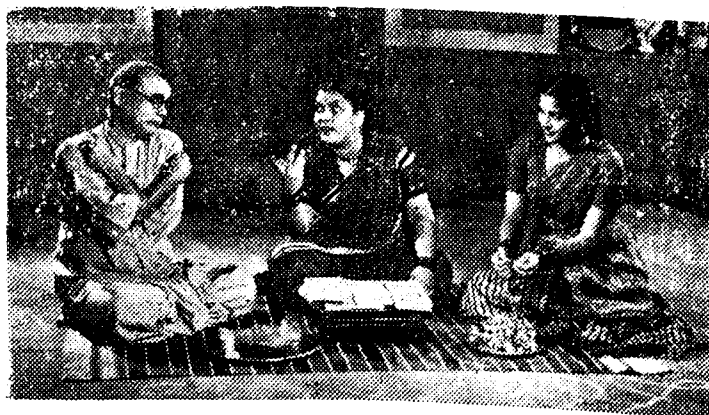
London-born Aileen Pippett, now an American citizen living in New York City, comes out with an early chapter from her forthcoming full-length biographical study of Virginia Woolf; its heading ‘The Birth of Bloomsbury’ is fascinating at first sight, calling for fervour as one begins to read—Bloomsbury, “one of the first examples of town-planning and one of the last to indicate a state of mind,”—Bloomsbury, which winked in amusement at the magisterial fatuity of a critic who called it the “embodiment of an assumption—snobbery of culture—ill-mannered and pretentious dilettanti”—one of the leading lights of which was this remarkable woman, daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and wife of Leonard Woolf who has given to the world two volumes of her essays posthumously, and recently her most revealing work, *A Writer’s Diary*. “Virginia Woolf, and her friends,” writes Aileen Pippett, “will be shown not as members of an exclusive London coterie but as men and women whose influence on modern attitudes extends far beyond the

technical innovations with which their names are connected in literature, painting, and economics." This earnest-of-what-is-to-come shows a style in writing which is born of the virtues of straightness, severity, and simplicity—three things that make a biography attractive and preserve it in their amber for posterity. Tatsuzo Ishikawa, one of the front-rank writers of modern Japan offers an excellent short story entitled 'Thoughts in the Dark'—of a man going blind but unlike Samson who cried, "O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon..." Along with technical mastery the story achieves a philosophy of life—rather heavy for short fiction—but bearing the weight lightly, thanks to the author's ability to turn a phrase so briefly, so deftly as to illuminate a whole track of thoughts and emotions. James T. Farrell, outstanding American writer of his generation contributes a sketch called 'On A Train to Rome' which raises mere reportage to the level of a profound personal commentary—so midriff-warming in its essential humanity. On the critical side Libra's (the pseudonym hides the name of a reputed young American novelist) 'Ladders to Heaven' is a pungent and witty analysis of current fiction and criticism. The poets' corner is widened this time; Theodore Roethke (pronounced Retky), poet and now Professor of English at the University of Washington introduces five American poets, not hesitating to include him-

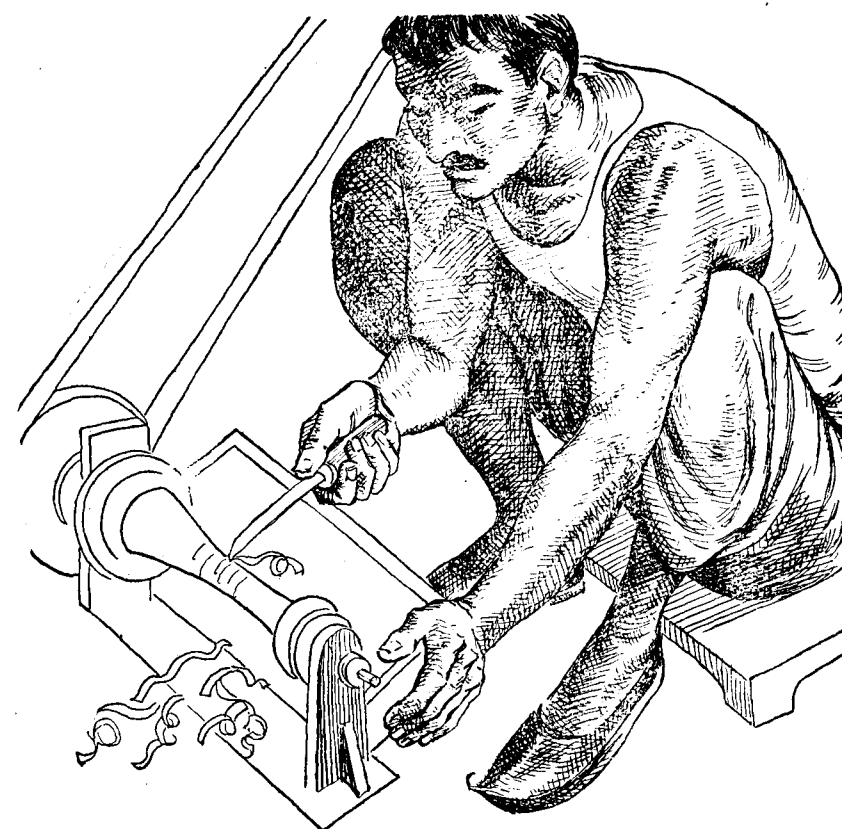
self; and Denis Devlin, poet as well as diplomat, at present holding the position of Minister at Rome, introduces ten Irish poets—he too doesn't hesitate to include himself; but these verses, accomplished though they are, do not at the moment possess rousing cadences such as to touch the muse's ear at a future Westminster Abbey.

It is an error to speak periodically of a crisis in literary production and achievement. It is simply that the works that should really be spoken about, read, and enjoyed are not. Criticism, today, deviating from the literary, either takes on a belligerent attitude or concerns itself with all kinds of pseudo implications, mainly political or metaphysical, missing a book's aesthetic value and validity. Writing after the outbreak of World War II, Virginia Woolf called this crisis metaphorically as the Leaning Tower. Leaning, maybe, but almost all or most of the writers of the 1920-1950 generation have not inhabited the Ivory Tower and they have stoically witnessed stones from their habitation dislodging in the shape of fine literary periodicals such as *The Bookman*, *The London Mercury*, *Life and Letters*, *The Criterion*, *Horizon* *Penguin New Writing*. It should be said to the credit of *New World Writing* that in its endeavour to straighten a little the literary leaning tower, it has put a steady stone, welcoming new writers to ascend to its top and watch with courage the panorama of a changing world.

I. S. M.



VanaJa, P. K. Saraswathi and Narayana Rao in "Lakshmi" (Tamil)



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TN 1912

Islam And Communism

By

V. SUBRAMANIAN

SOME sponsors of the Middle East Defence Organisation probably postulate a simple pattern of antagonism between the Islamic countries and Godless Russia. Such naive assumptions are often evident in the writings of western journalists and even authors. Again it is also believed that the Central Asian Republics are itching to cast off the Russian yoke mainly for religious reasons. No serious student of modern Islam can swallow such simplifications.

At least readers and admirers of the famous Muslim poet Iqbal ought to know that nascent Islam in India and the Middle East rather looked up to Russia than askance at it. His attitude to Communism can be called one of qualified admiration. In his political and social testament *Javid Na Ma* he describes Russia as having climbed all the steps to a higher civilization but one. Russia which says there is no God has but to add the words "but Allah" to it to climb the next higher step. There as well as elsewhere Iqbal would seem to imply that in essence the political and social structure of Russia conforms to the best in Islam. Another author from Hyderabad after evaluating the achievements of modern Islam concluded on the note that it was given to an ex-Christian Godless country to fulfil the best ideals of Prophet Muhammad. Some other Muslim writers have not failed to notice the close alliance between Islam and Communism. The Turkish lady journalist, Halide Edib pointed out that to understand the whirlwind success of Islam in its heyday one must bear in mind that it achieved in the religious sphere what the Russian revolution did in the economic sphere. There is one great western writer who has not missed the significance of all this. Bertrand Russell said in a recent essay that the Russian Revolution was more comparable to the spread of Islam than to the French revolution. In his *Freedom and Organisation* he has pointed out

that the Communist faith in dialectical materialism leading them to victory inevitably was like the Mujahid's faith in a sure place in heaven.

It is again a fact that as soon as the Soviet revolution broke out there was intense sympathy for it in all the surrounding Muslim countries. Kemal's Turkey, the historic enemy of Russia, had a brief honeymoon with Russia when both were held at arm's length by the victorious Allies. The later cooling off of this strange love was due to the fear of endless revolution in Turkey rather than due to any religious differences. Reza Shah of Persia definitely looked up to Russia as the liberator of oppressed Asia. Lenin's stirring declaration to the Muslims of Central Asia at that time is a classic of propaganda second only to the Communist Manifesto.

MORE than this, there exists an almost exact parallel between the early history of Islam and the recent history of Soviet Russia. Islam like Communism was a revolutionary as well as an iconoclastic ideology while it also gave rise to the most fruitful scientific inquiries of the time though it had an inverted fanaticism. The same cry of liberation from Christian slavery or priestcraft or economic exploitation was heard in both cases in the beginning. The same sweeping territorial as well as ideological victories followed in a short time. The same imposing material achievements in science, nation-building and planning followed in quick succession. Later Islamic iconoclasm exhibited the weak points in its armour. When coupled with scientific enquiry it produced a Gobar and Alberuni. But when it became an insane passion it became the very enemy of progress in the Middle East. Academic stratification and medieval decadence followed. One can detect similar tendencies towards stratification in Communism though it would be early to make much of it. Bertrand Russell would have it that the present tendency to dogmatism might be one of the causes of the future decay of Russian Communism. The liberating fury of Islam itself stirred up local nationalisms into schismatic resistance like the Shia schism in Persia

and Iraq. Trotskyism and Titoism can be given a similar role. In both cases the seceders claim to be more orthodox than the conformists.

It is strange that all this similarity has not captured the imagination of western intellectuals. As a result they assume conflict where it does not exist in any noticeable form. It is clear from the writings of Christian as well as Muslim visitors to Soviet Russia that Islam has not met with the same firm hand of suppression as the orthodox Christian Church. This might probably be due to the fact that Islam was till the October Revolution a suppressed religion unlike the orthodox Christian faith and also because its freedom from priestcraft made it less of an opium. Even in other lands Communists get on extremely well with Muslim fanatics, as was made clear by the recent history of East Bengal and Indonesia. Probably they narrow down the difference like Iqbal to the two words "but Allah."

There are conflicts alright. Muslims in Central Asia are deported. The Middle East countries shiver at the sight of the northern giant and hug each other close as they did when they concluded the Saadabad Pact. But the former is evidently due to the rise of regional nationalism and

the latter to fear of a powerful neighbour, Godless or Godfearing, and neither has much to do with Islamic revivalism. Pan Islamism as a counterblast to universal Communism is a threat not so much on a religious as on a geographical plane.

EVEN the ideological conflicts that exist are based upon the essential similarity. People having nearly the same ideology quarrel most violently over the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Muslim scholars claim that a true Islamic State would be the Soviet ideal plus God, which to them makes an important difference. Equality of opportunity on earth in Islam is based upon equality in the eyes of God. In Russia the classless society visualised is based upon a certain logic of inevitability as shown by the dialectic. Each claims to be a panacea for all ills, Islam for ills on earth and in after-life, and Communism for ills on earth while denying the after-life. If Islam is a revolutionary religion, Communism is a religion of revolution.

No simple reason can be given to explain the Middle East's conflicts with Soviet Russia and any organisation built upon naive assumptions is likely to meet with the fate of the Kuomintang.

Music: Blind Men and The Elephant

By

P. S. SRINIVASA IYER

THE jovial season of the annual music conferences and festivities is fast approaching. The lovers of music all over the south and especially in the City of Madras, are very expectant and eager to have a share in these celebrations. It is wise to assess the benefits of these conferences and to think of the future in terms of the past and present.

Almost all the conferences and of the Music Academy particularly were started with the idea of creating public interest in Carnatic Music and preserving its pristine purity. The first Music Conference of its kind in South India was held in 1912 in

Tanjore and had only a brief career of seven years there. Later, Madras had taken up the cause and it was only here that the conference assumed its proper shape. It was in the year 1920, that the Music Academy was established. The year, 1929 had seen the opening of a Music College in Annamalai Nagar. At present there are a number of recognised schools and colleges all over South India, all of them having been started with the very same idea of preserving the purity of Carnatic Music and spreading it among the people. Again, it was in Madras that the first Music Sabha was started, as early as about the turn of the century and from it sprang a number of other Music Sabhas all over the south which have really been a source of entertainment and education in Music; and for the pro-

December 19 1953:



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tection and preservation of the art.

THE very word 'protection' implies some kind of danger in itself. Now and then we see in the Press the slogan that the system or the method of Gurukula is fast disappearing, that Carnatic Music has been on the decline and the giants of the old times only dwell in our memories with no followers of promise among the present day artists. In this connection, I remember my friend, the late Tiger Varadachariar, now and then remarking that our Carnatic Music is only known and understood by its followers like the famous elephant in the fable. All these conferences, academies, schools, colleges and sabhas have been started with the idea of preserving and spreading our Music, but none of them seem to realise the importance of Veena in such a course. Veena is to our Music what writing and reading are to our language. Every great musical treatise has a chapter in the beginning usually devoted to Veena and called 'the veena Prakaranam'. We also know that Veena is placed in the hands of the Goddess Saraswati to show us its importance as the representative of the art of Sangita. This has been realised to an extent by the founders of the Music College of Annamalai University. Veena was introduced in the course as 'Podu Veena' or 'General Veena' to be learnt by every vocal student. After coming out of the University some of the vocal students of that college have taken to Veena and made a successful profession of it. It is time that some of the prosperous thought of doing something for the spread of this 'podu' or General Veena both for protecting and preserving our music.

It is one thing for the young people to decide to do something by themselves; it is quite another, if they could join hands with some of the established, prosperous local bodies and co-ordinate the work they are doing. Having this in mind, I suggested that they should attend and cooperate with the Music Academy and other bodies of local standing. They are willing to do as I suggested. I hope this will fructify in future.

December 26 1953

SWATANTRA

2

Amrutanjan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

SWATANTRA

(Issued Weekly)

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with Rukmini Devi &
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SWATANTRA

200 YEARS AND AFTER

THE celebration of the bi-centenary of the Madras General Hospital last week-end has acted as a spur to nostalgic memories of a time when the medical service in this part of the country was dominated by giants of the stature of Dr. S. Rangachari and Dr. Tirumurthi. A few of the brilliant Old Guard are fortunately still with us, like Dr. Pandalai and Dr. Guruswami. But this galaxy of the illustrious which trails a cloud of legends in its wake was only a tiny part in the life of the sprawling mobilization of brick and stone in the heart of the most congested part of the city with which they were associated for some years. The history of the Government General Hospital itself is as picturesque and inspiring a tale as the story of London Bridge. Beginning as a 'house' for sick English soldiers and sailors at a rent of two *pagodas* a month, it was later shifted to the vestry of St. Mary's Church, a transfer which was the preface to a whole series of uprooting, rebuilding and migration all over what is now known as the Esplanade. The Garrison Hospital which was the fountainhead from which the present General Hospital and the attached Madras Medical College have sprung, was constructed on the present site about two hundred years ago by a 23 year old writer named John Sullivan. Since then it has been enlarged, transformed and remodelled extensively, the latest structural addition to it being the Cancer Pavilion which was thrown open last week.

FOR a century after its inception the hospital was completely manned, directed and administered by Englishmen or Europeans. The General Hospital may be said to be the monument to the Englishmen's conviction that the uncivilised, barbarous, ignorant people into whose dark country they have let in light, have to be slowly and carefully trained, taught and prepared to assume responsibility and power. It was not until it became impossible to work the hospital without additional help and white men prepared to dedicate their lives to the service of the barbarians in the remote out-posts of the Empire were not available, that a concession was made to exigency and 'natives' recruited to serve as 'dressers'. And when response to the call for personnel increased, Indians were trained as 'native surgeons'. The first batch of native surgeons passed out in 1852. Almost exactly fifty years later Dr. S. Rangachari took his Medical College degree. From a native surgeon bubbling over with gratitude at being permitted to assist a military Burra Sahib doctor, to Dr. Rangachari with an intuitive vision keener than that of any Englishman, judgement sounder, hands more delicate and capable, courage more deeply based in confidence, is a long step from which no Englishman drew any conclusion. To the English to this day the spurts of genius and greatness among the 'coloured' people of the world are never a revelation but merely a constant irritation. It is entirely because the British never learnt to face squarely without self-deceit or accept with grace the Rangacharis and the Gandhis that they have left a residue of resentment in the hearts of Indians which colours their appreciation of the most selfless and enduring achievements of the British in this country. Patronage, however considerate and gentle, is far removed from friendship, and gratitude under such circumstances the hardest response to make. But we must nevertheless admit with thankfulness that the foundations of the General Hospital, one of the best-run institutions of its kind in India, were laid by Englishmen who worked with great devotion for very poor pay under conditions which must often have tried sorely their meticulous and neat minds. Some great discoveries were made here. Some

of the best doctors of the East have worked here. And it has the best equipment available anywhere in India.

BUT now is the time not only to lick the chops of memory in reverent admiration but to get a correct perspective of the state of the medical profession and public health. Human nature is such that it takes its good things for granted. We think of doctors as part-gods who have the divine power of alleviating pain and curing sickness, who are always there when needed, who indeed must be there to answer our call for help. Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar in his broadcast spoke of the need for doctors to put service before self. The most grandiloquent notions are constantly put forward of the attitude of doctors towards their patients. But doctors are, after all, men and women with tendencies to fatigue and boredom like the rest of us and with trouble on their minds, domestic, economic, personal. And idealism becomes a strain under inordinate pressure of work. Our doctors and our nurses even in the best organised of our hospitals are overworked. If we had thrice as many doctors as we now have they would still be overworked.

WITH eight huge Government hospitals in the city, the average of public health is pretty low. Epidemics break out and rage like American oil fires with regularity more unvarying than the seasons. And every hospital, including the General Hospital, caters to about 25% more in-patients than are provided for with beds in the records. And yet one constantly hears complaints about the inattention, indifference and inconsiderateness of the medical staff of hospitals.

THE General Hospital is becoming increasingly a specialists' hospital. The equipment it has carefully and painstakingly got together is what is necessary for the most modern and complicated treatment of serious diseases. And yet there flock to this hospital hundreds of patients sick with nothing worse than colds and coughs or minor digestive ailments. The energy of the staff is thus constantly frittered away on cases which can be adequately dealt with by general practitioners and out-patients clinics.

Sotto Voce

A RIBBON IN THEIR COAT



SO we are to have titles once again. The old Adam is hard to suppress. The vast majority of men are as like as pods in a pea; hence the extraordinary fervour with which we cling to the idea of an achievement, external and visible, which would serve to distinguish us from the common crowd. This lack of inner certitude has always been manipulated by the empire builders, ecclesiastical and secular. Time was when the institution of a new order of chivalry was

worth as much as a hundred battalions. Napoleon impressed the imagination of Europe more by the slickness with which he created kings than by the genius which won him Austerlitz.

By the same token every new regime likes to set up its own symbols. And as a necessary preliminary it erases the memorials of former glory. The Congress's repudiation of titles of British invention was

an act of will, the result, not of instinctive dislike but of conscious cerebration. Even the harmless and not inappropriate recognition of merit implied in the award of the Mahamahopadhyaya title had to go, though the recipients had been relatively fit and few. This iconoclastic zeal reminded me of the revulsion of feeling against meat-eating which made the members of a family of Christian converts of my acquaintance sick at the very sight of the humble onion: it reminded them of the kabobs which they had relished so much before their re-conversion to vegetarianism.

But you can sooner decree the extinction of a shibboleth than execute sentence on it. There were a few who in their calculated zeal for the new order went so far as to change their name-plates and get a new supply of visiting cards with the plain but serviceable 'Sri' substituted for the exotic blooms. There were others who practised masterly inactivity. If some boor chose to ignore their knighthood (or it might be a mere Rao Sahebship) in the superscription to a letter addressed to them they went on as if they did not notice it; but you may be sure they never forgave the insult. And there were lastly a brave handful who still stuck the de-moded ribbon in their buttonhole with a defiant gesture.

The public has a sneaking sympathy for these diehards. And it will take some time for the new aristocracy—the Bharat Ratnas and the Padma Vibhushans—to dislodge them from their coign of vantage. Titles like wine need vintage virtues to commend them to popular favour. And the new peerage may suffer from the handicap of being continued with the Desabandhus and the Desodharakas, the Tyaga Ratnas and the Rashtra Pitamahs which the Congress liberally lavished on its leading lights in the days of its wandering in the wilderness. The Congress titles, having no more cash value than the Bachelor of Arts degrees of our 'national' universities wilted in the presence of a brash Rao Bahadur

who could exercise statutory privileges.

Hardly less significant than the revival of titles is the wholesale adoption by the new regime of the old regime's scale of values. The 'Bharat Ratna' will be the highest distinction in free India; it will be something like the old G. C. S. I., one supposes. The 'Padma Vibhushana'—a hierarchy in three tiers—comes next. The B. R. is to be awarded for outstanding merit in the field of "public service, politics or diplomacy." And there will be only four awards every year. In this respect it will resemble the O. M., but not quite; for the latter is a select company which never exceeds twelve.

No administration can hope to satisfy the hunger for recognition of specialists in 'public service' if it is going to be so narrowly exclusive as all that. So our party governments will find themselves in course of time insensibly increasing the number of new admissions to quite as many as those on whom 'political' honours are conferred in Britain. Public service in the context would mean making handsome contributions to the party chest. And these worthies would be securely flanked by the party bosses and the agile diplomats of which Swaraj India has been such a fertile breeding ground.

Meanwhile the writers and artists will be expected to take a modest back seat and to be grateful for not being forgotten. There will be three classes of them—ranged no doubt according to some measure of value laid up in the bureaucratic heaven. By well-timed flattery and an occasional lampoon the enterprising may hope to levitate to the top floor. The literature they produce may not be exactly for all time, nor may they perhaps confidently count upon the approval of the handful of curmudgeons who will always refuse to accept propaganda as art. But with luck, they may hope to graduate as Bharat Ratnas. And then they can afford to forget the humiliations of the literary life.

VIGNESWARA *

SIDELIGHTS : :

THE demand that working journalists should be entitled to the benefits of the Industrial Disputes Act has received encouragement from the Union Labour Minister. Sri V. V. Giri is a confirmed trade unionist, and in the days when he was a non-official, he enjoyed a wide reputation as an intrepid bargainer on behalf of workers with the toughest of employers. Many of the rights that working people now enjoy are traceable to his efforts. All employers are not equitably disposed, and there is no doubt that, from some of them, their employees stand in need of statutory protection against wrongs like victimisation and underpayment. Unfortunately in the process of fighting for fair rights, far too many employees have become wage-minded, lost pride and interest in their work, and developed a spirit of indifference to the welfare of the institutions from which they derive their living. They have advanced in the power of combination for common aims and in capacity for self-protective devices and organisation. But I doubt whether in the actual experience of happiness, they are better off than their compeers of years ago, before trade unionism began to spread its beneficent wings on the lot of labour.

The pursuit of happiness is often confounded with the acquisition of money. One reason for it might be that money is the universal means for the supply of all needs, and without money nobody can exist in the world. Poverty, which means non-possession of money, entails hardship and want, and inflicts suffering. But it is not equally true that with the acquisition of money, happiness is ensured. Happiness is an elusive thing that cannot be grasped by direct approach with the attainment of any coveted object. It is a by-product of the endeavour comprised in life itself, and in such endeavour lucrativeness is not as important as congeniality and the joy of self-expression. Interest in work that appeals to one's heart and gifts is the

greatest of human satisfactions. And it is unconnected with income.

In the early days of my experience of journalism, the rewards of labour were such as would be deemed wretched according to modern standards, and the compositors were the worst hit of the whole lot. Their wages were miserably meagre. But they gave themselves to the daily drudgery of their occupation with the sublime devotion of worshippers at a sacred shrine. Their identification with the institutions they served was complete. It made up to them for all the distresses of their ill-paid existence and they gloried in their tasks with a feeling of exhilaration. The modern habit of relating work to wage was unknown to them. Income was incidental to them and the prestige of the institution everything. I recollect in particular the foreman to whom the work he did was joy and who seemed to tear himself away from it every day at closing time with extreme reluctance.

How very different is the present-day working man! The Communists have taught him the doctrine of class war. It has knocked satisfaction out of work, and installed in its place, discontent, sullen resentment, and a certain collective fury of passion for getting even with employers, regarding them *en bloc* as a hostile force to be fought to submission and taught lessons. In the righteous battle with employers, slowing down, evasion, scamping, doing as little as possible to extract the maximum overtime wage, have become legitimate weapons. The gains of the battle while they last may be great in economic terms, but they do not last always, since under its strain the institutions concerned are forced towards a break-down and the sources of employment are themselves destroyed. The temporary gains of the repacious technique of the saboteurs of good enterprises certainly do not make up to the beneficiaries for their embittered souls and loss of zest in work.

The economic rewards of trade unionism have been won at too heavy a price. No material benefit can adequately repay any employee for dilution of delight in craftsmanship for its own sake, and in future adjustments of relations between employers and employees, the limitations of trade unionism should be overcome and a method should be found to combine the advantages of collective bargaining with the thrill of fulfilment that comes from creative work and conscientious industry. It used to be common form for trade unionists to cavil at private enterprise on the ground that the profiteering sustained by it could not inspire the workers to put forth their best efforts. They spoke of nationalisation as a panacea for all the country's economic ills. But now even the Communists have ceased to swear by nationalisation. They have realised how powerless labour is to resist the levies and exactions of State-

controlled industry. They seem to wish private control of industry to continue so that their mission of emancipating labour from thralldom to capitalist exploiters may not be lost.

There is no evenly distributed affluence in the Press, nor is there any relation between the prosperity and the social value of newspapers. Journalism is still a precarious profession in the country, and it cannot dispense for many years to come with the services of devotees imbued with an uncommercial spirit. Can it dispense with them ever? The horizons of the wage-earner cannot be the same as those of dedicated workers in cherished causes whose labours of love are beyond purchase. What is priceless in journalism is its unpurchasable quality, and it is an ill service to the dignity of the profession to seek to confine it within the work-wage schedules of clock-watching creeds.

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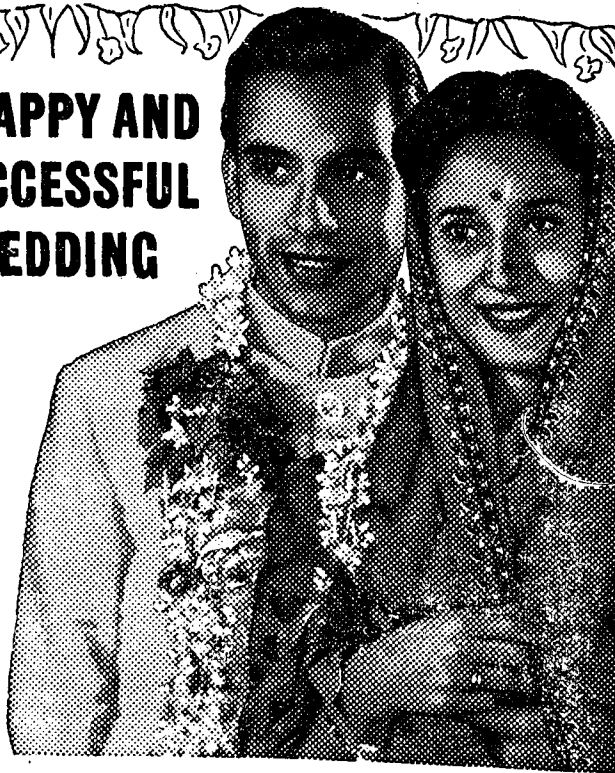
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RULE OF LAW AND SOCIAL WELFARE

By GOPAL RAO EKBOTE

DICEY gave to the rule of law three meanings:

"It means, in the first place, the absolute supremacy or predominance of regular law as opposed to the influence of the arbitrary power and excludes the existence of arbitrariness of prerogative or even of wide discretionary authority on the part of the Government. A man may be punished for a breach of law but he can be punished for nothing else."

The rule of law "means, again, equality before the law or the equal subjection of all classes to the ordinary law of the land administered by the ordinary law courts."

Finally, the rule of law as expressed by Dicey means "that with us the rules which in foreign countries naturally form a part of the constitutional code are not the source but the consequence of the rights of the individual as defined and enforced by the courts, that, in short, the principles of private law have with us been by the action of the courts and Parliament so extended as to determine the position of the Crown and of its servants; thus the constitution is the result of the ordinary law of the land."

When Dicey expounded this theory of Rule of Law the primary functions of the State were the preservation of law and order, defence and foreign relations. The exercise of discretionary authority in these spheres did not touch directly upon the citizen's daily life nor did it frequently give rise to cases in the courts. Today the State regulates the national life in multifarious ways. Discretionary authority in every sphere therefore has become essential. In England the rule of law even today remains a principle of the constitution. It involves the absence of arbitrary power; effective control by Parliament and proper publicity for delegated legislation, particularly

when it imposes penalties. It is further required that when discretionary powers are granted, the manner in which it is to be exercised should as far as is practicable be defined; that every man should be responsible to the ordinary law whether he be a private citizen or public officer; that private right should be determined by impartial and independent tribunals and that fundamental private rights are safeguarded by the ordinary law of the land. If this be accepted as the rule of law then it is revealing to contrast it with the state of affairs in the totalitarian States with their apparatus of secret police and peoples' courts administering not law but the orders of dictators.

AS far as the first two meanings attributed to the rule of law by Dicey are concerned, they are still existing in England. It can safely be said without any contradiction that in Britain today no man is punishable or can be lawfully made to suffer in body or goods except for a distinct breach of law established in the ordinary legal manner before the ordinary courts of the land. In short, the regular law is supreme and predominant and the influence of arbitrary power is practically nil. It is further evident that the next attribute of the rule of law is also prevalent; that is, there is one law for all, which will naturally mean that the rule of law excludes the idea of any exemption of officials or others from the duty of obedience to law. This is in contrast to the system of administrative law prevailing in France. The idea there is that disputes involving the Government or its servants are beyond the sphere of the ordinary courts and must be dealt with by special and more or less official bodies. The second meaning which Dicey gave to the rule of law has been found defective today; this particular aspect in

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recent years has undergone a considerable change. With the extension of governmental activities into new fields such as education, public health, town planning, etc., it has become common to entrust executive authorities with the judicial duties which, if the rule of law prevails, will be entrusted to the ordinary courts of law. The primary reason for the growth of such administrative law is the extension of social legislation in the interest of the community as a whole. This necessitates a technique of adjudication better fitted to respond to the social requirements of the time than the elaborate and costly system of enforcement provided by legislation in the courts of law.

Regarding the third attribute, the principal rights which an ordinary citizen in England has, are the right to personal liberty, the right of public meetings and freedom from trespass. These rights in England are the result of judicial decisions determining the rights of private persons in particular cases brought before the courts, whereas in other countries they are laid down and seemed to have their source in a written constitution. The English people have wonderfully reacted to the rule of law. They realised the importance of the rule of law and have moulded themselves in such a manner that to respect the law has become practically their second nature.

It will be interesting to know as to how far the rule of law is attained in the American constitution. In the U. S. A. the 5th amendment to the constitution which came in 1791 declares that "No person shall be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law." The constitution there does not define "due process of law" and the courts have given it such a liberal interpretation as to invalidate laws which may be supposed to offend "the spirit of the constitution." Due process is the process of law which hears before it condemns, which proceeds upon an enquiry and renders judgment only after trial. It can be deduced from the American constitution that life, liberty and property

are placed under the protection of known and established principles which cannot be dispensed with either generally or specially, either by courts or executive officers or by the legislators themselves. In every case the American judiciary is entitled to examine the validity of law from the broader angle of the inherent goodness of law. Though achieving the same result the apparent difference between the English and American viewpoints about the scope of the rule of law is due to the sovereignty remaining in the constitutional monarchy in England and the same remaining in the people in the U. S. A. The guarantee that no person should be deprived of his property except by due process of law was a principle of the Anglican system of jurisprudence brought to America as a part of the common law. In England this requirement, in cases where life, liberty and property were affected, was originally designed to secure the subject against the arbitrary action of the Crown and to place him under the protection of law. In America the requirement is intended to have a similar effect against the legislative powers, that is, to secure the citizen against any arbitrary deprivation of the rights whether relating to his life, liberty or property and to secure him from the arbitrary exercise of the powers of government unrestrained by the principles of distributive justice.

THE constitution of India is a mixture of ideas of the constitutions of several countries. As far as the powers of the President are concerned, they are borrowed from the constitution of the U. S. A. partly, and partly from that of the French Republic. As far as the powers of the Prime Minister of the Indian Union are concerned, they appear to have been borrowed from the *Weimar Constitution of the German Reich* and as far as the Parliament of the Indian Union is concerned, it is copied from the Parliament of Great Britain and many of the provisions are based on the Government of India Act 1935. It is argued by those who hold the view that rule of law has no place in the Indian constitu-

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SWATANTRA

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tion that under the garb of reasonable restrictions fundamental rights like freedom of speech and expression and freedom to move freely throughout the territory of India, to reside and settle in any part of the territory of India, to acquire, hold and dispose of property and to practice any profession or to carry on any occupation, trade or business have been practically taken away. The constitutional safeguards are allowed to be suspended under the colour of emergency. Comparing the American and Indian constitutions they say that there is no scope in India for judicial review on the lines of the American judiciary's powers. Quoting the decisions of our Supreme Court they further allege that our courts are not at liberty to declare an Act void because in the opinion of the court it is opposed to the spirit supposed to pervade the constitution but not expressed in words. In conclusion they say that as far as the rule of law is concerned the absence of judicial check on the administrative bodies has further made our constitution open to criticism.

It may be said in answer to this sort of criticism that absolute or unrestricted individual rights do not and cannot exist in modern States. The liberty of the individual to do as he pleases even in innocent matters is not absolute. It must frequently yield to the common good; in other words, the police power is founded on the theory that "the whole is greater than the sum-total of all the parts," and that when the individual's health, safety and welfare are sacrificed or neglected the State shall suffer. In an organised society—without which there cannot be any safeguards of individual rights—

there cannot be any right which is injurious to the community as a whole. The police power is thus an authority to establish those rules of good conduct and neighbourliness which are calculated to prevent a conflict of rights and to ensure to each the uninterrupted enjoyment of his own right so far as that is reasonably consistent with a corresponding enjoyment by others. There is an obligation which binds all individuals in consolidating the strength of the State. One clear factor which is obviously missed in this connection is that the strength of the law is no greater than the strength of the society. Law and society are not inherently opposed forces but are interdependent and complimentary institutions. Society creates and receives law not for its own disadvantage but to carry out what it conceives to be beneficial for its purposes in any particular age and social environment. Modern society governed by law is one of free, responsible and equal men living together. It is only by this process of thinking that we arrive at a noble conception of man, and a noble conception of law; of man as a reasonable being and law as a reasonable rule of conduct. The classic observation that "we are slaves of law in order that we may be free" summarises an eternal paradox in the legal organisation of free societies; and it furnishes the justification for governmental authority and control for beneficial purposes. The conclusion at which we logically arrive is that if we appreciate the relation between the fundamental rights of an individual and the total welfare of the society we cannot say that there is no rule of law in India.

BBC Anniversary Competition

IN December, 1953, the BBC celebrates twenty-one years of broadcasting to countries overseas. To mark this anniversary the BBC's overseas programme journal, "London Calling," invited listeners to the General Overseas Service to write about their experiences of listening

to the BBC and offered prizes for the best contributions. Letters poured in from all parts of the world, and the judges found it difficult to award the prizes. The first, of twenty-five pounds, went to Miss C. Williams of Johannesburg, and the five second prizes, of twelve pounds each, to listeners in Ceylon, the British Cameroons, Gibraltar, the United States of America, and Brazil. Twelve third

prizes of three pounds each went to listeners in equally scattered places.

Reasons for listening to the BBC varied. Its great virtue, in Miss Williams's view, was the sense of companionship it brought her. "I have come to rely on you not only for news but for entertainment, information and guidance," she wrote, "for the satisfaction of my present interests and the creation of new ones. You have given me, too, a width of knowledge and experience which I could never otherwise have gained. In this respect the Coronation broadcast, of course, comes first and I am most grateful to you for that unforgettable day." Dr. Balendra, one of the second prize winners, had been listening since the BBC's earliest days when, as a student in

London, he bought a crystal set to receive the programmes broadcast from Savoy Hill. He still listens now, but at his home in Ceylon. In his letter he cited a question from a recent "London Forum" discussion, "What is the definition of a Great Power in the world?" and the chairman's acceptance of the statement "To be a Great Power one must possess money and ships." Dr. Balendra disagreed with this and wrote "I think a Great Power is a race or nation which not only has money and ships but also one which exercises a great influence materially, culturally and spiritually over other people. The overseas broadcasting service of the BBC, though not a nation, is an organization which carries out such a task."

Fullbright Travel Grants

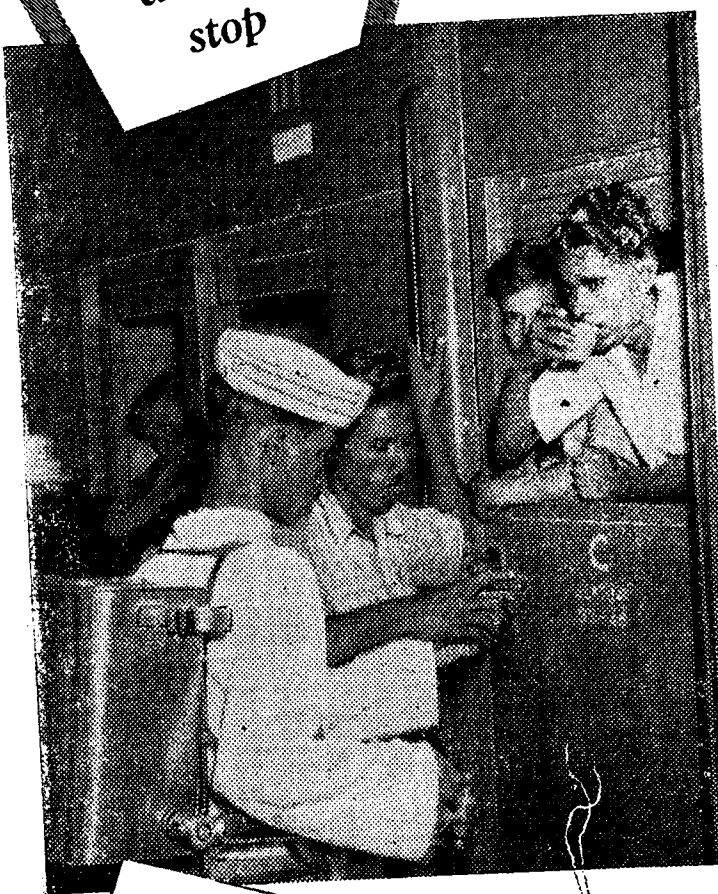
THE United States Educational Foundation in India announces a competition for the award of Fulbright travel grants to Indian students who have secured admission to institutions of higher learning in the United States for the beginning of the 1954-55 academic year. A travel grant will cover the cost of transportation from the grantee's home in India to his destination in the United States and return, by the most direct route. Applications for travel grants will be received in all fields of study but preference will be given to the arts, humanities, social sciences, and pure sciences. Every applicant must present to the Foundation 1) an official letter of admission to an American university or other institution of higher learning for September 1954, and 2) assurance of adequate financial support in the form of an official letter from the university granting a scholarship, a bank statement, or a certificate from a first class magistrate guaranteeing the availability of adequate support.

This is estimated at Rs. 8000 to Rs. 10,000 for each year of study, depending upon the university, and covers expenses for room and board, tuition, and other fees as well as funds for vacations and incidentals.

Applicants must be Indian nationals, who are in India at the time of application and selection, and who have not studied previously at the college level in the United States. In the selection, preference will be given to those who: (a) possess a post-graduate degree or diploma with a first class either in this or the Bachelor's degree; (b) are between 24 and 35 years of age; (c) have not studied abroad recently.

Application blanks will be sent to candidates only when they fulfil the above requirements and have submitted the documents as requested in (1) and (2) above. Completed application forms should reach the Executive Secretary, U. S. Educational Foundation in India, 17 Curzon Road, New Delhi, not later than April 15, 1954. Applications received after this date will not be considered.—USEFI

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DISTRIBUTION OF POWERS: CENTRE AND STATES

By T. PRASANNA KUMARI

DISTRIBUTION of legislative powers between the Union and the States has been resorted to for achieving harmonious relationship between the two and making the Centre strong. The Indian Constitution provides for a federal distribution and it is the duty of the courts to see that Union legislation shall not encroach upon the State sphere at normal times except in cases provided for in the Constitution. Subject to the provisions of the Constitution, Parliament can make laws for the whole or any part of India and likewise a State for its territories. Parliament has exclusive power to make laws with respect to the matters enumerated in List I of the Seventh Schedule. The State legislature of any State specified in part A or B of the First Schedule has exclusive powers of legislation over matters enumerated in List II. List I consists of 97 subjects and List II of 68. There is yet another list called the "Concurrent List"; over the items listed in it the State legislatures as well as the Union Parliament can make laws. Articles 245 to 255 deal with distribution of powers. The main object of these provisions is to prevent repugnancy or over-lapping between the legislation of the Union and the States. It may be generally stated that a subject included in List II is essentially a local or provincial matter liable to be regulated by local conditions and exigencies peculiar to a constituent State. The Concurrent List consists of matters in which both the States and the Centre are interested, but whenever there is repugnancy the Union legislation should prevail as under the Government of India Act 1935. The State List is made subject to the power of the Parliament in respect of matters enumerated in the other two lists. A State legislation is void to the extent of repugnancy but it may however prevail in

respect of the matters in the Concurrent List if it is reserved for the President's assent and has received it.

There is close parallelism between the three lists in the Constitution of India and those of the Government of India Act of 1935 except that the Concurrent List is longer under the Constitution and includes seven items previously included in List II. However, the scheme of distribution differs in respect of residual powers. Whereas in the Act of 1935 they were vested in the Governor-General under Section 104, the power is conferred by Article 248 of the Constitution on the Union Parliament with regard to matters not enumerated in the Concurrent List or State List. The Canadian example has been followed. Secondly, the Union Parliament under Article 249 legislates with reference to a State subject whenever the Council of States by a special majority declares that such legislation is necessary or expedient in the national interest. A similar power is available to Parliament under Article 250 if a Proclamation of emergency is in operation. Repugnancy between Union and State laws is sought to be avoided by making a provision which lays down that if a State legislates with the consent of the Parliament, then it will prevail even over an existing Union legislation.

THE scheme of distribution of powers under the Indian Constitution differs from that found in other constitutions. For a proper construction of the provisions, the applicability of various theories and doctrines postulated by the courts in construing other constitutions have been taken into account.

The U. S. Constitution, for instance, originally provided for enumerated powers with 17 entries. It was later thought that there should be 'dynamic' powers conferred to enlarge the

enumerated powers and to keep pace with social and economic changes. The eighteenth clause of Art. 1 S8 gives power to Congress to make laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers contained in the 17 entries. It was from this clause that the doctrine of 'implied powers' was evolved by Marshall C. J., in *McCulloch v. Maryland*. The Supreme Court formulated the doctrine as follows: "The sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national legislators that discretion with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it in a manner most beneficial to the people. The nation must have the control of any activity of national importance or whose incidents have become national." The scope of this principle was narrowed down in Canada where there is a double enumeration of powers and where the dominion as well as the provincial legislatures have plenary powers of legislation. Under the Government of India Act 1935 the Federal Court refused to apply this doctrine so as to give a broad and extensive interpretation to the federal power at the expense of the provincial power, when a matter relating to the Madras Sales Tax Act of 1939 came up for consideration in *Governor-General in Council v. Province of Madras*. In *Charanjit Lal v. Union of India* Mukherjee J. held against the applicability of the doctrine in regard to the interpretation of the Constitution.

IT should not be understood that since the doctrine of implied powers in its strict sense may not be applicable under the Indian Constitution the courts cannot interpret the legislative powers liberally. Every legislature must have certain incidental and ancillary powers so that the enumerated powers may be effective. In Australia the Constitution itself empowers Parliament to enact incidental legislation and the question of interpretation arises only in respect of Commonwealth powers. This doctrine of incidental powers is not confined to a particular legisla-

ture, because the English courts had applied it even to the execution of statutory powers. The doctrine was applied by the Federal Court in *U. P. v. Atida Begum* under the Government of India Act; though strictly speaking what was considered there was the grant of a power and not whether a particular power was incidental to a specified power.

Where two separate Governments with limited jurisdiction are established, it is implied that the one shall not impair the functions allotted to the other Government. This doctrine was first formulated by the Supreme Court of the U. S. in *McCulloch v. Maryland*. The Australian Constitution followed the U. S. but in *Webb v. Outrim* the Privy Council was disinclined to accept it. Lord Halsbury rejected the doctrine on the grounds (1) that in Australia there is no court corresponding to the U. S. Supreme Court which can declare an Act ultra vires on the ground that it is repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution though not to its letter, (2) that S 114 of the Commonwealth Act, 1900 embodies an implied prohibition and had the framers intended to incorporate the doctrine, they could have fully embodied it, and (3) that similarity of institutions cannot imply similar results. In a later case, *Barter v. The Commissioner of Taxation* the High Court of Australia refused to follow the Privy Council as it was an inter se state question. In the *Engineers case* it was ultimately laid down that the doctrine was not applicable to Australia. In Canada, the doctrine is wholly rejected in *Bank of Toronto v. Lembe* as being alien to the English rules of interpretation.

In India, subject to the other provisions in the Constitution, any matter falling within the lists can be fully acted upon. Over and above this the doctrine is not adopted in India.

The doctrine of colourable legislation was recognised with reference to the Government of India Act of 1935. This principle is applied also under the Constitution. "Where there is a division of legislative powers, a

legislature cannot under the guise or pretence or in the form of exercise of its own powers carry out an object which is beyond its powers and trespass on the exclusive powers of the other." Colourable legislation would be void as trenching upon a forbidden field.

THE Union Parliament under Article 245 (clause 1) has power to legislate for the whole or any part of the territory of India. But the territorial jurisdiction is subject to the provisions of the Constitution. Where any of the limitations imposed on the legislatures has been transgressed the court will declare such law to be invalid. In regard to fundamental rights this has been considered in *Gopalan v State of Madras*. The legislature of a State is empowered to make laws for the whole or any part of a State and its power is confined to the State territory only. No rights accruing outside its territory can be performed by it. Non-sovereign legislatures have no extra territorial jurisdiction unless it is conferred on them by necessary implication or expressly. Sovereign legislatures have such powers at least in so far as they are recognised by their own courts. There is no absolute rule that a sovereign legislature cannot pass laws with extra-territorial effect. The power to make laws under Article 245 (clause 1) included the power to repeal or amend any laws made by the legislature itself and Clause 2 confers unlimited extra-territorial jurisdiction upon the Union Parliament and removes the limitation set upon the federal legislature by the Act of 1935. The position of the State legislatures in India is akin to that of the provincial legislatures of Canada, Australia, and the State legislatures of the U. S. A. in so far as Cl. 1 and 2 are intended to confer extra-territorial jurisdiction. A State legislation is presumed to be territorial and *intra vires* and the general rule of construction regarding a legislature with limited powers is that it was legislating for those who were actually within its jurisdiction. The territorial limitations imposed on a State take away the power of the State to make laws

imposing penalty or creating civil liability in respect of an act committed outside its territory, imposing taxes on persons not residing within the State, and in respect of property which has no proximate territorial connection with that State; but taxation is valid if either the asset or the person taxed has some territorial connection. The power of taxation of a State in the U. S. is limited to subjects within the territorial jurisdiction of the State and these subjects are persons, property and business. Whatever form the taxation may assume, it must relate to these.

Article 246 secures predominance of the Union legislature in case of overlapping of Lists I, II and III, but the predominance cannot defeat the legitimate powers of the State and an enactment of the State is valid though incidentally it trespasses over the Union sphere. The Privy Council pointed out in *Profulla v Bank of Commerce, Khulna*, that "no doubt when they come in conflict List I has priority over List III and List II, and List III has priority over List II but the priority of the federal legislature does not prevent the provincial legislature from dealing with any matter which may incidentally affect any item in its list..." The Joint Parliamentary Committee on Indian Constitutional Reforms made the following observation: "Experience has shown, both in India and elsewhere, that there are certain matters which cannot be allocated exclusively either to a Central or to a provincial legislature." It would in one view be disastrous if the uniformity of law provided in the codes of India was destroyed by unco-ordinated action of the provincial legislatures but the local conditions necessarily vary and they should have the power to adapt general legislation to suit the circumstances. The scheme of the Indian Constitution is similar to that of Canada, in that the judicial organisation subordinate to the Supreme Court and the High Courts will be State subjects and they will administer the Union laws also. Parliament has only got the power to constitute and organise the Supreme Court and the High Courts under List I and they deal exclusively with

Union laws, and the States can do it in the case of any other courts under List II.

Article 249 deals with residuary powers of legislation. The lists now are more elaborate than under the Act of 1935. Chief Justice Gwyer observed in *C. P. Motor Spirit Taxation Act* as follows: "The attempt to avoid a final assignment of residuary powers by an exhaustive enumeration of legislative subjects has made the Indian Constitution Act unique among federal constitutions in the length and details of its legislative Lists." The vesting of the residuary powers in the Union follows the Canadian model. The American model in leaving the residuary powers to the States was first thought of, but India having been partitioned, the problem of defence was considered by the Constituent Assembly as needing a strong Centre and this could be effected only by giving it more powers and also the residue. In U. S. A. the residuary power is left to the States. There as Tocqwavilla observed, "Government by the Centre was the exception, while Government by the States was the rule." But by judicial interpretation the federal power has been expanded at the expense of the residual State power. In Australia the residue is left to the States and the Congress has only enumerated powers. In Canada, the American method was taken as weakening the Federal Government and it was thought fit to vest the residual power in the Dominion Parliament.

IN U. S. A. the Congress cannot transfer to itself any power assigned to the States and can do so only by an amendment with the consent of the States and it is the same in Australia. In Canada, the Dominion

Parliament can legislate for the peace, order and good government of Canada and the courts will have to decide and lay down the lines of necessity in each case. The underlying doctrine is that emergency may furnish the reason for the exercise of a legitimate power which may not be called for in times of peace but even then the federal legislature cannot supersede the federal structure and the limitations set by the Constitution still remain there.

IT may be said that the Union Parliament and the State legislatures in India have got plenary powers within the constitutional limits. They have the power to legislate absolutely or conditionally, or authorise subordinate bodies to make bylaws or regulations under the statute for its detailed administration, and they can make either a permanent or a temporary Act, enact a validating Act or make law in respect of a particular subject or legislate prospectively or retrospectively. Thus the distribution of powers is a uniform and harmonious relationship and with a tendency to make the federal power supreme in the interest of the nation. To reduce the disadvantages arising from rigidity and legalism the Indian Constitution has, like the Australian, made a number of provisions which are to remain in force only until Parliament by law otherwise provides and greater facility is provided for the amendment of the Constitution. In normal times the Constitution is designed to work as a federal system but in times of war and other national emergencies the whole country becomes converted into a single unitary State, when the distribution of powers is thereby practically nullified.

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love: but in jealousy there is more of self-love than of love to another. If it is not suppressed, it will begin to oppress. It claims a monopoly of passion and seeks a merging of identities prepared to live and die for one another. The intensity of companionship that jealousy insists on has to reckon with the fundamental imperfection of life as such. All life is imperfect; and any expectations that is based on suppositions of its perfection, cannot but give rise to immense, bitter disillusionments. To make imperfections tolerable must be the gentle mission of genuine affection.—S

ATOMIC MEDICINE

NEW YORK CITY: Every Tuesday morning, Ralph Nuelle, a young St. Louis research engineer, tucks a handful of little bottles into the watertight plastic compartment of a lead-lined toolbox, bearing the red three leaved clover insignia that means: "Danger! Radioactivity!" He locks the box, wedges it into the back of an otherwise empty truck, and drives off to make his rounds of the hospitals.

Nuelle's driving is a safety-expert's dream. He turns corners slowly and smoothly, never making a sudden stop. He gives everybody the right of way. When he unloads his box at a hospital, he holds it firmly and steps gingerly, making sure that he will not drop his load.

The young engineer's bottles contain odorless, colourless, and tasteless liquids, but to spill them could mean trouble. For the bottles hold radioactive isotopes, and Nuelle is delivery man for the world's first atomic drugstore. Called Nuclear Consultants, Inc., or Nucon, with headquarters in St. Louis and Long Island City, the company is pioneering a service to make atomic medicines available in medium-sized and small hospitals and, most recently, even in doctor's offices.

Nucon was started three years ago with \$2,000 by two veterans just out of college, Drs. Kennard Morganstern and Wilfred Konnecker. Today it is the source of friendly, but also highly temperamental, isotopes for some 40 hospitals from Kansas City to New York.

Its operation includes building and installing the delicate equipment for a hospital isotopes laboratory, training technicians to run it, supplying it with "hot" materials and maintaining it, from the prepackaging of doses (so no one need touch them again) to the disposal of radioactive refuse.

This service is proving a godsend because atomic medicine, increasingly important in the diagnosis and treatment of cancer and other diseases, had been largely restricted to big

university-connected medical centres until Drs. Morganstern and Konnecker reduced the dangers and expense of isotopes so ingeniously that hospitals in anybody's hometown can now afford them.

"It was only through their programme that we secured an isotope laboratory," says Dr. Harold Rapp, resident radiologist at St. Louis City Hospital. To St. Louis patients, this means that promising new techniques will be available.

For instance, City Hospital receives some 30 severe heart cases monthly. Many of these sufferers return again and again, if they live. In some cases, the work load on the heart can be relieved by surgical removal of the thyroid glands. But many patients are poor surgical risks. Dr. Rapp already has knocked out thyroid activity in a few patients by powerful but painless radiation from these isotopes.

Selling the atoms that perform such miracles has little in common with selling aspirin. The merchandise still is new and widely feared. The partners' first landlord had to be assured that his building positively would not be blown up. And when they needed more capital for their rapidly expanding business, bankers offered to invest their own money but not their banks'.

The Company's chances sounded promising and the firm had a fine inventory, the bankers admitted, but who would want to take over radioactive collateral in case of foreclosure? A \$30,000 loan was finally granted by the RFC.

NOT long ago, the proprietors made one of their periodic shopping trips to the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tenn. They purchased a dose of radioactive cobalt weighing a fraction of an ounce, but to transport it safely they installed an 800-pound safe there in their truck and posted foot-high warnings on the vehicle. "It was a lonely trip," Dr. Morganstern recalls. "People shunned us like the plague. But at least we didn't have trouble with traffic anywhere.

Normally, an atom does not require two nuclear physicists as chauffeurs to start it on its way from Oak Ridge's nuclear piles to a hospital patient's atomic cocktail. Most Nucon supplies come by Air Express, marked "Class D Poison-Radioactive Material-Immediate Delivery, Saturday and Sunday included. No person shall remain within three feet of this container unnecessarily."

When a "source" reached headquarters, either the former cabinet-maker's shop in suburban St. Louis or the New York laboratory, it is uncrated and the wrappings are surveyed with a Geiger counter to make sure they are not radioactive. The sources come in a five-pound concrete and lead container which is completely sealed in a steel container of about the same size and shape as a large fruit-juice can.

The can is opened in the "hot lab," a secluded area of stainless steel tables, walls of non-porous material and floors of asphalt tiling that can be ripped up and easily replaced if a drop of radioactive material should be spilled.

The concrete container goes behind a wall of four inch thick lead blocks, stacked a foot high. The sources in a normal shipment swim invisibly in a tiny bottle of nondescript liquid. A thimbleful is usually enough to supply half a dozen hospitals for a week. The physicists' ticklish job is to dilute, standardize and package it, very much like a pharmacist can guarantee in his prescription proportion.

TO do this from a safe distance, the organization dreamed up a remote pipette control gadget. It lets men work from the safe side of the lead wall while they see what they are doing by means of mirrors. The pipette control holds a narrow glass tube on a curved steel arm. The radioactive substances are sucked into the tube by a syringe operated by the technician behind his wall.

Three years ago, merchandising of atoms would have been unthinkable. It still seemed improbable when Nuclear Consultants, Inc. was born in a Washington University physics class. It was 1950, close to graduation

time for Morganstern, now 28, and Konnecker, 31.

ISOTOPES were just making their hospital debut, and the young ex-G. I.s began to figure how they might sell them. Their physics professor encouraged the idea. So did Washington University's Chancellor Arthur H. Compton, one of the chief scientists of the A-bomb project. In July they visited Oak Ridge and outlined their plans. The physicists at Oak Ridge were delighted. But despite AEC blessing, sales resistance to atomic medicine encountered in some hospitals was stubborn, especially among laymen on administrative boards. Won't \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of equipment be needed? Would a physicist have to be hired at a fancy salary? These are notions the organization had to dispel before signing up customers.

When Drs. Morganstern and Konnecker went into business, there was no equipment tailored for hospitals. So they built it. They are still building it in their own electronic shop, staffed by expert scientists, of whom the oldest is 32.

The key machine is a waist-high cabinet christened "Scanograph." A typical patient faces it 24 hours after swallowing an atomic cocktail, a tracer dose of radioactive iodine, to measure his thyroid activity. The Scanograph measures how much radioactivity the patient has absorbed and the doctor draws his diagnosis from the figure.

Since some cancerous tissue reacts to radioactivity in characteristic ways, the Scanograph also helps locate certain cancers and indicate how they respond to atomic treatments. The patient usually feels nothing, sees nothing (except seven little lights flickering on the machine) and hears nothing but the calculating machine—like clicking. Besides the Scanograph, which can be rolled to a patient's bedside, the company's service furnished: a directional scintillation-counter permitting scrutiny of small areas to pinpoint such targets as tumours or small cancers of the kind that pick up radioactivity; a Geiger counter that may be necessary to survey a

patient, his bedding and utensils if he perspires after taking large amounts of radioactivity; and a lead safe to store the sources.

Nucon also makes regular pickups of radioactive waste-contaminated paper napkins, cups, glassware, gloves, steel trays and linen from client hospitals and stores it in vaults. Some articles cool off enough in two weeks to be thrown out with non-atomic trash. Others must be held as long as several months.

Atomic medicine is expanding rapidly, with new drugs being tested all the time, and Nucon can furnish a veritable atomic pharmacopeia on 24 hour service.

Iodine 131 is the best seller. Besides the tracer doses to study thyroid activity, it comes in stronger therapeutic loads that treat hyperthyroidism, often with dramatic effect. In a recent case, a woman's hyperthyroid condition was turned virtually normal, although she had been so jittery and incoherent that she seemed ready for confinement.

In refined form, iodine can also locate some brain tumours: the activity wanders surefootedly to these tumours and stays there. The scintillation-counter spots it.

Phosphorus 32 is used to treat leukemia and other blood cancers as well as skin cancers. It also helps diagnose some circulatory ailments. Another atomic tool for these vascular studies is Sodium 24. Sodium or

phosphorus is injected into a patient's arm. The radioactivity travels through the arterial system and concentrates in spots where the blood supply is constricted, which cannot be accurately located otherwise and may cause gangrene if they are not spotted.

THE cost of atomic medicines, like that of other drugs, varies greatly. Hospitals buying atoms by the dose are billed from \$6 for a tracer load of iodine to \$75 for a therapeutic dose given for severe heart cases. By far the largest share of the cost is not for the atoms themselves but for the skill and time required to prepare them.

Keeping track of inventory is difficult for Nuclear Consultants, Inc. because all of the stock decays, but at vastly varying rates. It takes cobalt six years to decay to half value, in 14 hours sodium withers to half value, gold in about three days, iodine in about eight days.

"It's not a matter of the atoms spoiling," explains Dr. Konnecker. "They're just gone, literally into thin air."

Despite such vagaries Drs. Morgans and Konnecker know they have hit on a good thing for themselves and the patients who drink their cocktails. "Atomic medicine isn't going to cure everything," they say, "but at least we can try to see that everybody who might benefit gets a crack at it."—P. G. Krishnappa's Service.

No Customs Duties On Books In France

THE French Government has put into effect the Unesco-sponsored international agreement which abolishes import duties on a wide range of educational, scientific and cultural materials. A bill for formal ratification of the Convention has already been presented to the French National Assembly.

France is the sixteenth nation to operate the agreement, which eliminates duties on books, newspapers, magazines, works of art, music scores

and articles for the blind. Also exempt are newsreels, educational films, sound recordings and scientific equipment if consigned to approved institutions. In addition, governments undertake to grant import licences and foreign exchange for publications required by public libraries.

The fifteen countries already applying the agreement are Cambodia, Ceylon, Cuba, Egypt, Israel, Laos, Monaco, Pakistan, Philippines, El Salvador, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Viet-Nam and Yugoslavia. Sixteen additional countries have signed but not yet ratified.—UNESCO News

Technique More Valuable Than Patents

THE day of the patent as the basis of industrial processes and a source of income to the inventor is passing. As the lone inventor has given way to large organized research teams, so the patent itself is being replaced by a complex of intimate knowledge, experience and organization. This is happening partly because the techniques of modern industrial processes are so complex in operation that they are very difficult to convey in writing and require close co-operation at all levels. But it is also because the public has grown intolerant of monopolies legally established. So says the French chemical engineer, Jacques Bergier, in the autumn issue of *Impact*, a quarterly publication of Unesco.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth, the patent system was considered one of the firmest bases of technical and industrial civilization. It gave world monopoly to major inventions such as the loom, the harvester and the electric light.

In those days, says Jacques Bergier, our present ideas on patents would have seemed inconceivable. The decline of the patent in the past 30 years has a number of causes. Modern methods of inspection and the diversity of modern technology usually provide a way of circumventing a patent no matter how well written. More important is the fact that it is now virtually impossible to describe in written specifications the exact method of carrying out a new process, so that when a process is installed a team of technicians is required who may need to work for a period of several years with a firm that purchases the process in order to operate it properly. Thus the patent alone gives the purchaser very little that is of value. Finally, it has become so difficult and expensive to defend complex technical patents before the courts that a large number of patents are actually not followed up and are allowed to lapse. In England, Germany and the United

States of America three out of four patent applications have recently been thus abandoned. The ball-pen, for instance, was not manufactured and placed on sale in the United States of America until the patents had become public property.

Social factors, however, are even more important in the decline of patents because courts the world over, and especially in America, are increasingly inclined to rule that an invention, which has required many years of study and the collaboration of many scientists in a large research laboratory, is not patentable because it is the natural result of such teamwork and is not "a flash of genius" on the part of the inventor. Social concepts of ownership have in the past few decades evolved into a growing hostility toward monopolies so that the interests of the inventor are subordinated to those of society.

The agitation against monopoly and against industrial cartels has made even the cherishing of know-how by the inventing firm rather unpopular. Public opinion today is as much opposed to secrets in industry as to secret diplomacy. So many patents and processes have been forced into the public domain by legal action that enlightened industrialists and business men find that it is often more profitable, from the purely material standpoint, to reveal their secrets of manufacture rather than to keep them. Thus, Mr. Bergier sees a trend toward "economic humanism" in the desire of larger industrial firms to raise their social prestige by sharing their know-how even with competitors.

BUT the patent system is not dead.

In the United States of America about 75,000 patent applications are filed each year and about 37,000 letters patent are issued. Of the 2,600,000 patents issued in the United States of America since 1790, almost 500,000 are still in effect. The peak year for patents was 1939, with a sharp drop during the war and an increase since then which did not reach to the 1939 level. In the past two years the number of patents issued has again declined.

A NATION OF FOUR LANGUAGES

By H. WEILENMANN

WHAT is a nation? What is a people? Since the French Revolution when subjects invested themselves with sovereign power and the State became its own ruler, Europe has been asking itself these questions.

For the French the answer presented no difficulty, for the French people simply consisted of the inhabitants of France. But at the commencement of the 19th century Italy did not exist, Germany was no longer a unit, the Eastern States were torn asunder. Yet there, too, the masses called for liberty, for large spaces on which to build up their growing industries, for unrestricted trade. So the medley of small States had to disappear, for the princes and nobles who ruled them barred the way to the future. Instead, only one symbol was recognised, something common to all, something strong enough to form a bond of union. And this symbol was the language of the people: all speaking the same language belonged to the same people; in Italy, those who spoke Italian were no longer subjects of the Vatican State, of Naples or Tuscany; while those whose mother-tongue was German now became Germans. It was the same with the Poles, the Finns, the Czechs—they erected their States on the foundation of their language: where the mother-tongue was spoken, there was the motherland. Thus it was that the consciousness of such an easily recognisable bond, the symbol of common identity not only in speaking but also in thinking and feeling, took but little more than a century to transform the numerous reactionary principalities into the mighty, modern, national States that we know today. The rise of national consciousness, of cultural development, of *irredenta*, the suppression of minorities speaking other languages, nationalism—all these testify to the mighty force to which this one thought has given birth.

But it is not for the Swiss. They had erected their State long before

the French Revolution and did not need persuasion to achieve unity among the people. For it was already a unit—a unit that was separated from all neighbouring peoples. It was, in fact, already emancipated. Thus the Swiss had no need to look about for a symbol; there was no need to use theoretical arguments to prove the necessity of a common will to create a common State or the consciousness of a common bond. Nor was it necessary to prove to the Swiss that they were "different." They themselves knew that they were a people—that was enough. The national movement that altered the whole face of Europe only created in Switzerland a stronger desire for democracy and for the adjustment of the State to the economic requirements of the period.

It would, indeed, have been difficult to prove that either nature or God had intended the Swiss people to live together as one. For there is only one thing that is common to this people, namely, that it wishes to continue in its diversity. Nowhere else are such contrasts to be observed in such a small territory. Just as the Swiss climate and vegetation range from subtropical to arctic, encompassing everything scattered by Nature between the Mediterranean and the Arctic Circle, so too are the inhabitants of Switzerland—infinitely diverse in origin and descent, in language, creed, profession, culture and mentality. A man who calls himself a Swiss may mean that he comes from Berne, from Vaud or from the Grisons; if the latter, he may mean the Oberland, Coire, Bergell or the Engadine; while if he says he is from the Engadine, he most certainly has in mind the village from which his family comes.

BUT Switzerland does not exist merely that the people may call themselves Swiss; it is there for the preservation of each and every little part of it. But for Switzerland Geneva would be a French provincial town, Zurich and the Ticino would

not be what they are. As members of the Confederation they have perfect liberty to retain their separate characters amid a world whose recent history has taken another turning. The Swiss nation, in which a people destined by nature to live in its own way as a separate unit, is not Switzerland; it is the smaller, once sovereign Canton—the home of the individual. Just as the Hungarians and the Dutch foster and cherish their language in their national State, so do the German, the French and Italian and Rhaeto-Romansh speaking Swiss in their respective Cantons. The Cantons are not too small to perform this feat; in the past thousand years there has been but little change in the language frontiers of Switzerland. In itself, the State is tri-lingual; and as the Swiss nation is not based on unity of language, there is no incentive for any one of its language groups to suppress or even look down upon the others; there are no nationality conflicts for that would be an absurdity. The bond that holds the Swiss people together is not that of language, for the motherland is not a uni-lingual territory. Thus we find that as regards allegiance to the State there is the same fidelity in each of the language districts.

Thus it became possible for peace to prevail—peace in the heart of Europe, and between races which are in a state of incessant conflict elsewhere. It became possible, thanks to

the manner in which the Swiss looks upon the Swiss nation; thanks, too, to the Swiss legislation, which on the one hand recognises autonomous territories, separate units each with its own language (the Cantons; and in bi-lingual Cantons the districts and communities); and on the other hand permits every Swiss, wherever he may be, to use his own language when addressing the Confederation. There is another factor, however—mutual respect and consideration, given and taken as a matter of course. It is here that education comes in, for a large percentage of the population has at least a working knowledge of a second national language. This fact makes for better understanding in every sense of the word.

THIS complexity of language in people and State is not regarded as a disadvantage or a restriction by anyone; it is taken for granted as an essential element of the Swiss nation. For all of us it is a message and a promise of hope. For it tells us that man-made organizations need not destroy what nature has planted; that it is possible to have a form of State that can preserve the language, the culture and the particular character of the people, their beliefs and personality and community life—preserve them in all their aspects, with their good qualities and bad, and yet infuse them with a living spirit of real and harmonious unity. —NNF.

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GONE WITH THE FIRE

Slowly he turned and faced the fire . . . And then trying in vain to steady his trembling hands, he threw the pen-case with its contents right into the centre of the blaze . . .

VINOD woke up from the perfect slumber of boyhood. He glanced at the time-piece on the table. It was just 5-30. "I've done it again," he thought

★ SHORT STORY ★

By

E. DAS ERNEST

with satisfaction. Last year he had woken up at the same time on his birthday. Not bad at all, he decided. He could easily make it a yearly habit—waking up in the morning as early as 5-30. And what better day to do the unusual than one's birthday? Today he had particularly wanted to be up early. Today aunt Leela would be coming to see him. That had been her promise when he saw her last, six months ago. It had been a long wait.

As he lay in bed in dreamy semi-somnolence, memories of his last birthday came back to him—the greetings, the presents, the picnic, the long drive in uncle Rahim's sleek black limousine. Though his parents called him Mr. Rahim (rather stiffly, Vinod thought) it seemed the most natural thing for him to address him as uncle. On his birthday uncle Rahim had taken them out on a picnic some twenty miles away to a place that made one envy the animals and birds living there. It had been a holiday of fun. Vinod sighed. All this had happened before mention of aunt Leela had become taboo in the house. When she married uncle Rahim she was assigned a place among the skeletons in the family cupboard. As far as his mother was concerned, aunt Leela had never existed.

These last six months more than ever, Vinod cherished his early memories of aunt Leela—the memorable weekends she used to spend with them during her years at college. He remembered how every Friday evening he used to wait impatiently at the gate and charge up the road when he spotted her

getting out of the bus in the distance; then the walk to the beach and there he and aunt Leela sitting a long while in the languor of the sea-breeze, chatting and watching the movement of the sea. And on Saturday a matinee at the theatre showing the most adventure-packed movie in town, and afterwards chocolate ice-cream, as much as he could take of it, at the milk-bar nearby.

Aunt Leela loved him like a son. He sometimes wondered whom he loved better—his mother or his aunt Leela. And each time he decided he loved them both equally well. But when aunt Leela was at home he was always with her. She could listen to him in rapt attention for hours on end and was never too tired to tell him a story or help him with his homework. He remembered the sudden sense of guilt that would assail him when he devoted all his time to aunt Leela and neglected his mother and how he would run up to her and make it up to her with impulsive kisses. His mother would then tease him and call him a rogue and ask aunt Leela to take him, that she didn't want him any more. He had enjoyed it all. He remembered aunt Leela's mildly quizzical expression when in the middle of a story or a lesson he interrupted her to assure her solemnly that he would completely do away with anyone who wished her harm. Then she would kiss him. Aunt Leela was always warm and soft and nice and there was a fragrance about her that was uniquely hers.

AND then the very foundation of his enchanted world was set rocking. Uncle Rahim had stepped into the picture. With instinctive awareness he knew that here was one he would have to yield first place to. But he had

reckoned without uncle Rahim's charm. Before he knew how it had all happened they were an intimate cosy threesome. He could not remain aloof. He forgot even to try. Everything seemed fine when uncle Rahim was around. It was only when he saw through half-closed doors his mother speaking to aunt Leela in soft compelling tones that he knew everything wasn't going on as well as he thought. Aunt Leela looked disconcertingly serious when this happened. One day, they quarrelled. It was all behind closed doors but Vinod could make out raised voices, particularly his mother's.

"Aunt Leela, you look unhappy. What was mother saying to you?" he had asked her bluntly when it was over.

"Nothing dear. Nothing at all."

He was hurt by the typically adult evasion. And the far-away look in her eyes seemed to bode ill. That evening when uncle Rahim dropped him home after the usual drive, aunt Leela had kissed him and said briefly, "Be a good son." He had stood long at the gate trying to figure out why aunt Leela had said that. It sounded too much like goodbye.

And it was goodbye. Aunt Leela did not come the next day or the next. His perplexed thoughts sought to find an explanation to the air of mystery that surrounded him. Why didn't mother say something to cheer him up? Did she know why aunt Leela hadn't come? He had his answer when a week passed and aunt Leela didn't turn up. His mother was supremely indifferent. At the school where aunt Leela taught, they told him that she had left the place. Then the storm burst. Suddenly he was in a hostile world, bereaved, cheated, deserted. He was in a world of unreasonable, unsympathetic beings. Through the scolding, coaxing, and cajoling of his mother, father, and sister, that was all he saw. It was the next morning that, lying in bed, he tried to recollect his mother's words.

"You won't see her again," his mother had said, with sinister calmness. "She's going away. She won't be back." And then, when her fury was spent, she had coaxed him. He

had his mother and father and sister. He had his school and all his friends. Why should he worry about aunt Leela?

HE never again referred to aunt Leela or betrayed any emotion. But one thing he steadfastly refused to accept—that she was lost to him for ever. His mother was worried. She couldn't deal with the sense of expectancy that surrounded his every action. He went about like a host giving the final touches just before the expected guests arrived. He seemed to have grown up overnight into a man perfectly capable of containing his hopes, his disappointments, his secrets. And then one afternoon shortly after, she saw him rush outside. Before she could see what it was about, he was in aunt Leela's arms. Outside the gate was parked Mr. Rahim's car. He was at the wheel, handsome in an impeccably tailored *sherwani*. He was smiling tolerantly at the aunt and the nephew.

"This is goodbye for the present dear," aunt Leela said. "But I'll be seeing you soon. Maybe on your birthday."

"My birthday? But that's a long way off!"

"Only six months, dear, and the days are flying."

He saw his mother coming towards them.

"Is that a promise?" he asked quickly.

"Of course, you little sceptic," aunt Leela said, pinching his cheek.

He ran inside. He did not turn round once. He sensed the reception in store for aunt Leela.

That was the last time he saw her. Would she come today? Now that the promised day had dawned he could scarcely conceal his eager impatience. He rose and changed quickly. He heard a stir in his parents' bedroom. They must be getting the presents ready. His sister Sheila rushed across the hall into their room trying to conceal something against her breast. He smiled with an almost avuncular tolerance . . .

It was noon. The hurlyburly of the morning over, he sat upstairs in his

room looking out of the window. There was no sign of aunt Leela. Twice his mother called out to him to go down. "I'm reading the book you gave me, Ma," he called back. He turned over the leaves desultorily. Lunch was announced. The high spirits of the morning slowly evaporated from him. The lively atmosphere of the luncheon table was almost jarring. It was a great relief when the household temporarily retired for the customary siesta. Vinod resumed his vigil by the window. And then like a spectre gathering substance, a black car loomed against the distant horizon. Vinod's heart beat a hundred to the minute. There were many black cars but there was no mistaking this one. He never once took his eyes off it lest by some evil enchantment it should disappear. He devoured its increasing nearness, his whole frame throbbing with the joy of a hope fulfilled. A strange choking happiness filled him. It was like pursuing something elusive, tantalising, for a long time and then finding it coming towards you to be accepted. He was at the gate as the car pulled up in a cloud of dust. Aunt Leela was at the wheel. She was alone.

FOR a while he stood speechless, unable to move.

She got out and went up to him. "Happy birthday, Vinod." She kissed him.

"Oh, aunt Leela, aunt Leela, I... I..."

"You thought aunt Leela wouldn't come, you naughty boy."

"I... I... but where's uncle Rahim?"

He was surprised at his own thoughts. He found himself vaguely hoping that uncle Rahim had gone, gone somewhere for good and wouldn't be returning. But he immediately put the thought out of his mind as blasphemy.

"He meant to come, dear," aunt Leela said, "but at the last moment there was some trouble about the passport and—"

"Passport? What for?"

"We are going away."

"To Persia?"

"How did you know?"

"I heard mother talk about it."

"We are leaving tomorrow for Bombay."

"I wish I could go with you, aunt Leela. I'm sure I'll hate it here without you."

"Hush dear, you mustn't say things like that. Your place is right here with your mother. And you've got your school, your studies—and this and that and the other."

"Oh I know all about what I have. Mother has told me enough about that."

"Vinod!"

"Oh aunt Leela, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you, really I didn't. It's... it's just that—"

"Never mind, dear, now see what I've brought you. Isn't it nice?"

"Aunt Leela!"

"It's for you. You know, I was buying only the pen but uncle Rahim insisted on the complete set, the pen and the pencil and—"

"Give that back to her and get in."

Vinod whipped round to see his mother glaring at aunt Leela, red with suppressed fury. Aunt Leela spoke first. "Come now, Pramila, there's no harm in my giving him a small present. After all, I may not be seeing him again I don't know for how long a time and—"

"We have given him what he needs and more. He doesn't need those."

She turned to Vinod. "Give that to me," she ordered. Vinod backed towards his aunt and, throwing a goodbye over his shoulder, ran triumphantly into the house. He looked out of his room. His mother hadn't even invited aunt Leela into the house. Tears of impotent rage and pity smarted his eyes. Exhausted, he sobbed himself to sleep, his hands still clutching aunt Leela's present.

SUDDENLY he woke up. His mother stood by his bed. In her hand was the pen-case. He quickly glanced out of the window. Aunt Leela had

gone. "I shall keep this with me," his mother was saying. "You are too young to use these anyway." Vinod choked. All his pent-up turbulent emotions threatened to burst within him. To part with this, this last symbol of aunt Leela's affection! No, that was too much to ask. Quick as lightning he flicked the case from his mother's hands and fled. She followed him, now into this room, now into another. She soon tired. She called out to one of the boys to catch him. The boy came rushing up the stairs. Vinod waited for him at the top. When he was near enough, he started down and neatly tripped the fellow down the flight. His mother was now after him with a stout ruler. Quickly he stopped dodging her and headed straight for the kitchen. He had made up his mind. Luck was with him. There was no one inside. A large vigorous fire burned in the hearth. He rushed in and bolted the door. Slowly he turned and faced the fire. The wood was rattling lugubriously as it yielded to the devouring flames. He gazed intently at their devilish vigour. And then, trying in vain to steady his trembling hands, he threw the case with its contents right into the centre of the blaze. For a trifling second the flames slackened and then flared up again with renewed strength drawn from the rare nourishment...

There was a loud pounding on the door. Above the din he could hear his mother's voice imperious, demanding. He stood calm and immovable. The noise and the shouts failed to impress him. In the fire the last bit curled up in writhing surrender. Two drops started from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks into his mouth. He heard his mother's voice again. She sounded scared. Somewhere at the back of his benumbed mind, he was surprised at his own immobility and supreme apathy. His gaze remained fixed on the fire. He had changed. The voice outside the door did not impress him at all. On the other hand he was experiencing a strange new feeling. He recognized

it. It was a strange unfamiliar hatred that was filling him now, slowly and surely. It was alarming. He broke down into sobs.

★

DISINHERITED

AN exile unto Death,
an alien in my own country,
racked by the soul's inquisition,
bullied by immensity!

What songs can escape me
though there be sages in the spine?
Thunder splintered in heaven,
whirlpools in a bowl of wine!

Prodigal, orphan of the storm,
O Dead, Disinherited One!
Angels going up and down
the hollows of a skeleton!

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

IN THE BEGINNING

HERE where the sand and shingle
in a perfect pattern mingle,
the world is as it began,
unstain'd, unscarr'd by man.

The fishes lie hummocks,
gasping on silver stomachs,
while crabs crawl in, crawl out
of holes in a crimson rout.

Seawind the sanddune dwindles,
sunset the shellshine swindles,
and twilight after sunset
falls like the fisherman's net.

Yes, it was in this twilight
that the gods met in their might,
and to thunder's awful sound
the deluging waters bound.

Lonely by the strand I sit,
the loneliness by stars is lit,
tumultuous in their hush,
and moveless in unwing'd rush.

I know no time to reckon,
I see no horizons beckon,
where the world is as it began,
unstain'd, unscarr'd by man.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Culture and Man

MAN has an endless capacity to talk. He attaches little importance to his acts. There is a deathless desire in him to honour culture and tradition. The growth of civilization is rooted in him. Modern civilization is not the evolution of emotions in him. He has learnt to stifle his feelings with that strength of intellect registering the facts of science. Science wants him to analyse Nature. With tolerable and intolerable ambitions he starts dissecting Nature to find his Creator's face. As he looks at Nature with a mind different from that of the scientist man betrays his ignorance of life's purpose.

Life is culture normal and simple. We have not the patience to conceive life in the right manner. We approach it in suspicion. We take it as an evil necessity. We think we belong to the State and not to ourselves or humanity. We become political beasts knowing no quiet abode or solace in the soul.

Our ancestors worshipped Nature. They too knew the secrets of Nature which had a spiritual meaning for them. We are concerned with earning and spending; with little love for work we labour for hours like automatons. Most of us pretend to possess a highly developed sensitive mechanism which in fact is weak. Even with the growth of refined thoughts man is seen still in possession of primitive instincts.

Where is culture? What has happened to our minds?

Our minds have nothing of their own in them. The mind of each person carries the thoughts and emotions of another.

Human mind is a storehouse of vicious thoughts. It needs purification at every hour of the day, at each stage of life. Culture turns to ashes all the unwanted ideals. It has an ideal—the aim of pure emotions—to reach the perfect self in man. His imperfect self, his ego distorts and dims his otherwise good vision and he looks at the universe in a suffocating smoke.

As a product of Nature, possessing the attributes of Nature, the mind of man must be essentially a spotless mirror. But the environments and circumstances in which it develops impart a very good deal of non-essential ideas, which in turn develop the ego in him. This imbibing of a number of meaningless ideas—words—lead even the greatest of men to the stinking pit of egoism where he rots helpless, devoid of integrity, sincerity, and faith.

The natural way of living is no more seen and the simplicity of existence is dead. As he has disfigured the world around him, man dwells in his own thoughts. He sees his own corpse but has not the strength for contempt. He laments and shudders. If one ventures to show his moral courage he is suspected as an anarchist, an enemy of Society, a traitor to the State, or a devil against God. The morals of State and Society are preached while this planet is crumbling to ruins. Still the fight for life is fought by the crawling worm and the superman.

The soul of humanity is culture which aims at finding "the perfect expression of beauty" which we call Reality. Clean thoughts arise in the hearts of those whose sympathy embraces humanity. Enchanting beauty is moulded by eminent personalities whose love expanded beyond the limits of flesh and its urgencies. It is *that* beauty found in works of art and science which we call culture. It inspires us to calm the agitations of the heart; it attempts to clean its own birth-spot, the human mind. Man and the living world around him subsist in a unifying culture.

The world we live in has many masters to decide its destiny. Destiny is decided not by man but by natural law. Man gasps in pain, for the masters of men are a prey to their vilest desires. They have insulted Adam and disobeyed Eve. Have our minds no potency to struggle for the establishment of justice, the language of the Gods? Have we lost identity with our own companions on earth? Faith of man in man is not seen. All know that they do not see the quiet,

pellucid eyes of culture; but no one has a wish to profess it. Man says that he fights for peace, democracy, and civilization. When he has stabled at the divine personality in himself, the most intense and glowing atom in him cannot but extinguish itself in calamity. Many sages proclaim that they have known the meaning of culture. Have they comprehended the purpose of life? Silent dreamers talking symbolic words and interpreting the dust-ridden pages of ancient tomes can never save a decaying civilization. We think we advance; really we have shattered the steps we trod to reach the spot where no lamp is lit to guide us further. When we gaze on the world around us with that emotional intensity essential to lift the veil of ignorance, our afflicted minds see the lands of mortals with bloodspots and boneheaps.

Man reads, but does he feel? Man thinks he thinks, but of what and how? Man acts, but with what motive? Is he cultured in the truest sense? Is his mind normal, simple, pure, and magnificent?

Innumerable philosophic, metaphysical, and scientific doctrines and conventional and customary practices and rituals have broken the delicate walls of human consciousness. Out of chaos man emerged with a conscience, the presence of which is to show him his own errors. He takes to that way of life which is not the cultural way and so ignores his own sense of values. He finds weight in the words of X and Y who appear to him favoured by fate and sent by the angels. In the happiness he sought in his works he found a bitter pill. That is the position an average man finds when left to himself.

In a moment of inexpressible tranquillity, the seeker after truth, in blissful meditation done with utter detachment, assimilates the meaning of culture. He becomes normal and simple. His simplicity is not a pose and he finds a purpose for every struggle waged in earnestness. He never speaks. He thinks to that moment when thoughts desert him; senses succumb to his will and Nature stands radiant and unadorned before

him. Profound is his silence and the brilliance of his eyes reveal that the law of nature is the law of human conscience. That is culture,—life finding its own fulfilment in its own beginnings. Learn to become innocent as the children in the cradle, with the wisdom of Einstein and Tolstoy. Then you understand the value of emotions which severs your kinship with the Chimpanzee and the Orang-utan.

It is now the day for man to think no more of his frustrations which cloud his naturally pure mind. True culture is not a lesson to be learnt but a state to be experienced. To experience this state is not a difficult task provided we decide to laugh at death and dictators. We need not believe in supermen as they are only a few miles away from us, ahead of us to reach the goal.

Our destiny is not to convert the globe into a purgatory, but to introspect. An introspection that makes us see the world not as a ball of chaos, but as the source of our actions and happiness. If we do not question the nature of things and swallow others' views as they were or as they are, how can we be certain that the sayings of the famous dead and living personalities which we treasure in our memories could make us men of learning, men of culture?

Of all the days one has to live, that day, that moment when death completes life, when man separates himself from man and dissolves into the elements which composed the corpse he carried is the most cruel and the most painful. Though unaware of the purpose of life, he becomes conscious of the futility of existence. It is this last moment which needs pure consciousness and satisfaction in him coupled with the truest affection of others for him.

If we remain true to our own individual ideals and be conscious of that mysterious power, the ruling force of the universe animating the creative mechanism, we stand on divine ground with all simplicity and chastity in our beings. In life we gain the peace prevailing in the Himalayan tops and in death the Kingdom of the Father who is in Heaven.

Culture flows like a meandering brook adjusting its course to its own harmony. Culture crosses unfathomable oceans, climbs huge peaks of snow and forests, and cuts new tracks through the scattered turbulent nations of the world. Nations become flooded by this swelling beauty of culture. Their convulsive diseases are cured, their distorted shapes change. Man begins to think that he

is a citizen of the world, the object of the earth below his feet. He realises that he never more belongs to one particular state or society or to one square plot of ground where his mother lay to deliver him to his father whose responsibility it was to see to the proper growth of that individual and his apprehension of Truth in himself.

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

Small Companies: The Backbone of Commerce

IMPROVING India's economy and raising the living standards of her people by building up small-scale industries are envisaged in the Five Year Plan. Among other advantages, small-scale industries will help areas to provide for their daily needs, lead to healthy competition and give employment to thousands of skilled and unskilled hands.

That is the way it works in America, where 40,00,000 businesses are small private companies located in cities and towns throughout the nation.

These companies—manufacturers, hardware dealers, grocers, construction firms, automotive equipment suppliers, and many other types of businesses—are the backbone of the American free enterprise system. Although a few fail most are successful. Their number increases constantly because they are able to serve the American people most efficiently and economically.

Small business provides many kinds of jobs for the people of every community. They hire mechanics, office workers, clerks, machine operators, truck drivers, bakers, salesmen, construction workers and just about every

other type of skilled and unskilled labour. The salaries they pay also give the community most of its purchasing power.

By specialising in the production of one type of equipment or service these small companies are able to develop a high degree of skill, efficiency, and economy of operations.

For this reason, large manufacturers call on them for certain services that they are not equipped to perform for themselves.

Many large companies which contribute to the nation's economic growth and well-being do much of their business with small firms which try their products for use in manufacturing processes or for distribution to consumers.

For example, rayon is used in the manufacture of clothing. Textile weavers may buy rayon from any one of a dozen large suppliers. Naturally they deal with the company that offers them the best terms as to price and quality, whether it be du Pont, the American Viscose Company, the American Bemberg Corporation, or another producer.

In order to keep old customers and win new ones these rayon producers strive for production efficiency that will permit them to sell a high-quality product at the lowest possible prices.

The Conquest of Space

It is a peculiarity of space-flight that practically the entire trip consists of free coasting without power, therefore the far longer journeys to Mars and Venus will take little more fuel than the relatively short trip to the Moon, though they will last for many months and will require considerably larger vessels. So perhaps within a decade of the landing on the Moon, human feet may also have trodden upon our sister worlds. It is an astonishing and a challenging thought that there are a great many people alive today who will witness man's expansion into space—just as the last generation witnessed his conquest of the air.—*Arthur C. Clarke*

The Governor and the Prelate

AS a real or synthetic threat, Stalinism is non-existent in Mexico. This may seem anomalous in a situation where the disparity of income between the lower and upper classes is so conspicuous.

The Mexican enjoys a generous measure of civil liberties—except in an election year. He can say his piece about the Church or the President and he will not be harassed nor imprisoned. But, paradoxically, it is in an election year that the totalitarian power principle is enthroned in its crudest splendor, particularly in suppression of free assembly. This fear of applying the crucial and valid test to the vitality of the democratic processes is justified on grounds that the population is not prepared to exercise the ballot. The anomaly is intensified when it is seen that the ballot is mandatory. Every six years the franchised Mexican must vote or suffer penalties.

The greatest threat to the established regime is not the infiltration—annexation or united front shenanigans of Stalinism; it is embodied in retired General Miguel Henriquet Guzman. Just how many votes the dark-spectacled politician garnered in the last presidential election is not statistically verifiable—statistics have no meaning in an election—but if repression and press vilification are criteria his strength was potent enough to worry the Administration—and the State Department. An assembly planned last November by Guzman partisans was thwarted by police who blocked the tree-lined Paseo de la Reforma hours before the announced meeting was to take place.

Apparently Kremlin fellow-travelers and apologists are less troublesome to the established regime than road contractor Guzman. When the celebrated painter and erratic fellow-traveller Diego Rivera, repenting of recent deviations, sought reinstatement in the Party, his authority as an eminent artist was not consequently diminished. Despite unorthodoxy, the colorful artist is held in high esteem by all shades of

Mexican opinion, including the most respectable elements of society.

This state of mind may be due in part to a lusty neutrality sentiment manifest in all Ibero-America. Notable exponent of the Third Force concept, Mexico cautiously avoids entangling alliances with either power bloc. The distinguished Mexican philosopher, diplomat and poet, Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, former General Director of UNESCO, was ousted from his post for not exhibiting enough partiality to the Washington Axis, according to reliable sources.

This outlook was voiced fervently last winter in Chicago at a meeting of the Inter-American Press Association, attended by more than 100 Ibero-American journalists. A motion by *New York Times* correspondent H. L. Matthews to "bar fascists and communists" from the organization was challenged by Lic. Rodrigo de Liano, publisher of the powerful conservative daily, *Excelsior*, who declared: "Suppose even that such journalists were genuinely communists or fascists, is it right that they be denied freedom of expression?" "The government of Guatemala," he continued, "is conceived as communist in the United States solely because it has had differences with an important Northamerican fruit export company [United Fruit Company, whose holdings have been expropriated]. Nevertheless, I am sure than President Jacobo Arbenz is not sympathetic to Soviet policies. The only thing he has done is to defend the rights of his country. According to Matthews's criteria, Guatemalan journalists who justifiably honour Arbenz must be eliminated from our society as so-called communists. This in itself would constitute a crime against the free expression of ideas." And the conservative magazine, *Manas*, indignantly, if not proudly, editorialised: "Matthews's proposal, inspired more by an affection for imperialistic practices of his country than in love of liberty, was rejected. Mexico clarified the situation. In recognition, journalists of two continents voted for justice."

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Although Stalinism exploits discontent and hunger—and there are many empty stomachs in Mexico, however rich in calorie content tortillas, chile, frijoles and pulque, the peon's diet, may be—the lack of Kremlin ideological glamour is obvious. The Mexican has no stomach for Stalinist nonsense and less for insanities of McCarthyism.

While Stalinists liberally exercise the human rights of free speech, press and assembly, hysteria is conspicuous by its absence. Billboards announcing a meeting to honour "Stalin, Builder of a New World," sponsored by the Russian-Mexican Cultural Institute, attract little public attention—there are also cultural institutes devoted to furthering the interests of France, England and the United States, among others. Russian films, including works by Eisenstein, as well as more modern dramas, do not incur frenzied investigations nor intimidating pressure campaigns. The Commissar's death elicited a friendly "Carta a Jose Stalin" by

an established columnist in *El Nacional*, official government organ—this not implying federal endorsement of the Kremlin. The deeper meaning lies in the liberal democratic political and cultural tradition of a nation nurtured in the travail of oppression. This libertarian outlook was characterized in a recent news item listing among callers on the President at the National Palace one general who heads the Zapata Front in the state of Morelos where the famous agrarian leader inaugurated the peasant movement. Complaining that the state governor was on too intimate social terms with the Bishop of Cuernavaca, the patriot protested that were the friendship on a strictly private basis no complaint could be voiced but when the governor and the prelate are also chummy on state occasions it constitutes a flagrant abuse of the federal constitution. Be assured that the governor was tactfully reminded to observe the letter and spirit of the statutory provision separating Church and State.

GEORGE YAMADA

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For further particulars address the Secretary.

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NEW BOOKS

LORD NORTHCLEFFE

(Brief Lives Series)

By A. P. Ryan

Collins, St. James's Place, London

7s 6d net

ESTIMATES of Lord Northcliffe differ. Here are some:

Lloyd George: "He hopped about and you never knew where to catch him. I would as soon trust a grasshopper."

Churchill: "He wielded power without official responsibility, enjoyed secret knowledge without the general view, and disturbed the fortunes of national leaders without being willing to bear their burdens."

A. G. Gardiner: "A frenzied office boy."

J. A. Spender: "He was enormously important, however much solemn people might blink or evade the fact. He and his imitators influenced the common man more than all the education ministers put together."

St. Leo Strachey: "I hate his methods, but there is something very big about him."

Lord Beaverbrook: "He was the greatest figure who ever strode down Fleet Street. He had created the character, type and temper of every newspaper which he owned. He established his conceptions of journalism, not only by the direct influence which he brought to bear on that part of the Press which he controlled, but, indirectly, by the example which he set to his competitors."

This highly controversial figure, who provoked such a diversity of judgment about his achievements in different minds, is brilliantly portrayed by A. P. Ryan in this brief biography of 158 pages. In spite of his spectacular successes in journalism, Lord Northcliffe failed in his most coveted objective, the attainment of political power. He had converted the Press which had been an instrument of restricted appeal in an earlier society of privileged classes and limited literacy, into a powerful, economically independent means of entertainment and propa-



Lord Northcliffe

ganda with access to millions of people in a democracy of adult suffrage and universal literacy. But how the Press which he had influenced so powerfully and transformed so radically, was to win the confidence and respect of its readers, instead of merely holding their attention in spare moments, he failed to discover, and the weightiest issue that he had raised, he left unsolved. This was the great disappointment of a life packed with achievement, and it coloured its close with misery.

Alfred Harmsworth (as Northcliffe was known before he became famous and titled) laid the foundation of his later sensational enterprises as a newspaper magnate when he founded a weekly journal *Answers*. Some years earlier Newnes had won phenomenal success with *Tit-Bits*. While reading a newspaper one day he came across an unusually interesting item, and calling his wife's attention to it, he said: "Now, this is what I call a tit-bit. Why doesn't somebody bring out a paper containing nothing but tit-bits like that?" Very soon he himself became that somebody. Study of *Tit-Bits* convinced Harmsworth that he would go one better than Newnes and bring out a more successful journal. A retired naval officer in the fur trade was persuaded to advance the sum required, and *Answers* was launched.

Answers was a twelve page penny paper and 12,000 copies were sold of the first issue. Within twelve months the circulation had soared to 48,000 but Harmsworth was not content. He realised that the first step to make the sales multiply was to get the paper talked everywhere. In the second year he offered a prize of one pound a week for life to the reader who submitted the nearest calculation of the total of gold and silver in the Bank of England on December 4, 1889, and added the shrewd condition that every person who entered the competition must get five others to witness his signature. 700,000 people sent in entries, and the paper was advertised to five times that number. The circulation rose to 352,000 in the second year. After this, success rushed like a flood and other members of the family joined in. Before long the Harmsworth brothers were publishing a number of periodicals that brought them a profit of £100,000 a year. Harmsworth stepped into daily journalism by founding the *Daily Mail*.

Northcliffe put into the *Daily Mail* all the ideas he had thought out on the problem of mass circulation. He had expected to sell 100,000 copies of the *Daily Mail* but the sales on the first day were 397,215. They rose to half a million in three years, and in the Boer War touched the million mark, then the largest circulation in the world. The *Daily Mail* was started with a total initial capital of £15,000, and in the next fifty years, it made a gross trading profit of over 18 millions.

The *Daily Mail* was planned as a newspaper for everyone, including women and the working class that had been previously ignored by newspapers. It was an eight-page paper which claimed to be "a penny newspaper for a half-penny." Its advent brought on a revolution in English journalism. The full extent of it was summed up by Lord Northcliffe himself in a reminiscential paragraph years later:

"Before the *Daily Mail* was published, journalism dealt with only a few aspects of life. What we did was to extend its purview to life as a whole. This was difficult. It involved the training of a new type of journalist.

The old type was convinced that anything which would be a subject of conversation ought to be kept out of the papers . . . The only thing that will sell a newspaper in large numbers is news, and news is anything out of the ordinary."

Lord Northcliffe made the *Daily Mail* a synonym for enterprise and he sent correspondents of genius to all parts of the world to supply the paper with first hand accounts of important events. He elevated the salaries of journalists to princely levels. As he flourished, he nursed the ambition to control *The Times*, and the ambition was fulfilled after some waiting as a result of the adverse circumstances into which that paper fell. Lord Northcliffe saved *The Times* when it was practically in a derelict condition and his services in resuscitating it are gratefully acknowledged in the official history of *The Times*:

"To him, *The Times* owes its transformation from a bankrupt nineteenth century relic into a flourishing twentieth century property. The *Times* would have foundered without him. Northcliffe alone had the genius. It was he, his work, his inventions and his changes that alone re-established the property."

Yet the same official history records a certain unpleasant disharmony between the old traditions of *The Times* and Lord Northcliffe's methods of management:

"That he should wish to preside over the paper's fortunes was natural and also just. But he wished also to dominate and not merely to direct its policy; he would make it his personal organ; and this the old family, the Editor, the Manager and leading members of the editorial staff felt bound to prevent."

Lord Northcliffe was absolutely undaunted in the pursuit of what he conceived to be his journalistic duty. He was defiant of authority in maintaining the independence of the Press, he was a brilliant technician of his craft, he was an extremely generous employer, an organiser of genius, and a planner of great innovations endowed with dynamic energy, dash, resource, adventurousness. Nobody has changed the face of the newspaper world so much as he. But the loyalty of the greatest

masters of the profession he adorned seems somehow to have eluded him. They suspected him even on the occasions when he rendered invaluable public service with unparalleled intrepidity, as for example when he pierced the Kitchener legend by drawing attention in the first world war to shortage of shells at the front and supply of wrong kind of ammunition responsible for the avoidable death of thousands of soldiers. For this signal service which he alone could have rendered and which merited the erection of a statue in his honour, he was denounced and vilified, his papers were burnt and boycotted, and A. G. Gardiner wrote violently in the *Daily News*:

"The most serious problem at this moment is not who is going to form the new government, but what that government is going to do with Lord Northcliffe. For this thing is clear, either that frenzied office boy must be suppressed or no government can live. We have to choose, in fact, between responsible government and a Press dictator."

There was a certain joke against Northcliffe which recurred frequently and people asked, "Have you heard? The Prime Minister has resigned and Northcliffe has sent for the King." The dictatorial vein in him blocked his path to the highest pinnacle of influence and checked his advance one rung short. He was given to ruthless dismissal of staff and Fleet Street was filled with ex-employees of his that were radiating centres of hostility. The supreme masters of the profession shied away from his dominating authority. The bullying streak in him invested him with a reputation for heartlessness of which the repercussions impaired his manifest virtues, spoiled his temper, strained his brains, and embittered his soul.

Within a very brief compass, the author of this biography of Northcliffe has brought out a very vivid and lifelike portrait of an extremely vigorous, complicated and tempestuous personality, with its merits and shortcomings, lovable foibles and repellent traits, with the comprehension of knowledge and sympathy and the insight of complete detachment.

KHASA SUBBA RAU

The Living U. S. Constitution

By Saul K. Padover

A Mentor Book

The New American Library N. Y.

35 cents

SAUL K. PADOVER is already known for his biography of *Thomas Jefferson*, and *Thomas Jefferson on Democracy*. In *The Living U. S. Constitution*, as the title itself indicates, he has undertaken an exposition, for the benefit of the layman, of the historical background of the Constitution of the United States of America.

If the United States of America has not been torn asunder by conflicts among its constituent states, it is entirely due to the Constitution being drafted by men like Jefferson and Madison among others. The nice balance of powers between the Centre and the States, the efficient principle of the separation of powers which the Constitution envisages, the relationship between the executive, the judiciary, and the legislature have all been set down once and for all by the framers of this "depository of happiness" as George Washington called it. The strength of the Constitution of the U. S. lies in its brevity, simplicity, and flexibility. Provision has been made so that it is not a rigid structure, unalterable, but one which shapes history and is modified by the advance of times. It has been attacked for its ambiguity. But in the hands of strong Presidents this very ambiguity has proved to be a source of strength.

Padover in this book has given the story and background of the Constitution, the text of the Constitution, certain decisions of the Supreme Court affecting the provisions of the Constitution, and an indexed guide to it. The most interesting part is the one on the decisions of the Supreme Court. The subtle way in which the spirit of the Constitution has been changed is brought out by excellent summaries of the judgements made from time to time. For every student of Constitutional Government, a study of this Constitution is an essential.

V. V. S.



FILMS

By
V. P. SATHE

THE delegation has returned from Pakistan. When I met Jaimani Dewan at Famous Cine Laboratory and Studio, Mahaluxmi, (Bombay), I found him in a cheerful mood. Though he was non-committal, from his talk it appeared that he was confident that his visit will bear fruit and that the deadlock would soon come to an end. Already, the authorities, he said, are releasing the prints lying in the docks at Karachi. In East Pakistan, over thirty prints have been already released and in all 57 prints are expected to be released.

This in itself augurs well for the future relationship between the two countries. But, apart from the gesture of goodwill and co-operation shown by the members of the film-trade, the attitude adopted by the spokesmen of the Government of Pakistan seems to have inspired confidence in Jaimani Dewan. For it seems that these spokesmen have given certain specific proposals which Jaimani Dewan thinks would help to resolve the deadlock.

These proposals will be placed before the executive committee of IMPPA (Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association) and the reaction of the Indian film industry will be made known to Pakistan authorities. All this may take time; but Jaimani Dewan is optimistic.

While we are not fully aware of the reasons for this optimism, every well-wisher of the Indian film industry will hope that this optimism is justified. For, it is no use denying that Pakistan is a very important market for the Indian films and had it not been closed, most of the problems of the producers who are unable to cover their cost because of the loss of the Pakistan market today, would have been solved and

the industry would not have been in the financial mess in which it finds itself today.

That apart, films, more than anything else, would play a vital role in cementing the bond of goodwill and friendship between these two nations at a crucial time in their history.

Picture Of The Week

AS far as I can remember P. N. Arora's *Laila Majnu* is the fourth talkie picture on this famous love legend. The first two versions were produced almost simultaneously in 1932—one in Calcutta by Madan Theatres starring Nissar and Kajjan and one in Bombay by Krishna Movietone starring Rampyari as the 'black' Laila. The third version was produced by Hindi Pictures about ten years ago with Swarnalata and Nasir; and personally I was so much enamoured of it that I could not resist the temptation of seeing it thrice. It was most noteworthy as one of the best screenplays which succeeded in sustaining the interest throughout, and a memorable performance by Swarnalata, who made even the high flown pedantic Urdu dialogue ring true and simple. There were many other features in it as well; the technique was first rate, the music apt, the songs beautifully worded; Gope's comedy was really hilarious and Cuckoo's dance a treat by itself.

In comparison Arora's *Laila Majnu* fails to impress. Munshi Dil, in trying to improve on his previous perfect screenplay, has ruined it; every change has been detrimental to the main story with the result that but for the basically common situation, the picture never grips. And though Nutan and Shammi have tried to enact their roles best to their ability, both have failed to put full life into it. Swarnalata lived her role; Nutan just acts it with the result that the original weakness of pedantic dialogue is manifested in a glaring manner. Had Munshi Dil simplified his dialogue, Nutan and Shammi Kapoor would have succeeded in imparting more warmth and intensity to their roles.

Then neither the lyrics nor the tunes rise to the heights of the previous film; even the quavali of beggars, which was such a sure-fire hit in the old film, has failed to click this time. Perhaps an excellent tuneful musical score could have made *Laila Majnu* a great film; but alas, the music, apparently taken in too much hurry, lacks that inspirational touch.

Indeed the entire picture made at amazing speed in less than three months has workmanlike competency without any touch of artistry to distinguish it. Everyone has done a competent job and nothing more. That is all that one can say about this production on which Arora seems to have lavished excellent production values, and as such it comes up to the usual Arora standard. It is only when the picture is compared with Nazir's classic that it falls far short of one's expectations.

Personality Of The Week

WHAT'S in a name? And yet one often comes across stars who change their names more than once. Take, for instance, the heroine of *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu*. Her real name is Indira. When she first joined films, she was called Jaijai-wanti; it was under this name that she appeared in Lekhraj Bhakri's *Thokar*. Then when Vijay Bhatt signed her to play the lead in *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* he decided to give her another name—Amita. And now after seeing her in the picture, it appears that Amita is a more suitable name than Jaijaiwanti just as the role in *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* suits her more than the role she was assigned in *Thokar*.

Indeed while seeing *Thokar* it was hard to believe that a girl looking so innocent and babyish could be such a cold-hearted gold-digger. And yet there was every danger that like Kuldip who came as a heroine and stayed to be the screen's favourite vamp, this newcomer may also get typed as a vamp. In such an eventuality, her career would have been doomed. But with the change in her name she has begun a new career in *Shree Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* in

which she seems to be more at home as the coy devoted wife.

Her performance itself is not very great; but at least she looks her part and tries to do justice to it. Moreover, she is not as self-conscious as she was in *Thokar* and with experience and proper grooming there is every possibility that she would make the grade and shine in the starry skies.

For, after all, acting is in her blood. Her mother was once a famous stage actress and even now she plays supporting roles in films; her father was also a showman. So in Hollywood parlance, she is a born troupier. She has been acting on the stage since she was a kid—and she is still a kid; for, according to the birthdate published in the press she is just fourteen years and eight months old now though in the pictures she looks at least eighteen, if not twenty. She has toured all over India in her childhood with her parents and later settled down in Bombay for the last six years.

And with this correct background she has all the makings of a star. This promising starlet of today has thus every opportunity to become the full-fledged star of tomorrow.

News Of The Week

PRITHVIRAJ and his troupe left for Lucknow on Friday 18th on a two months' tour.

Manmohan Sabir is completing the shooting of *Sheeshe Ki Diwar* starring Veena and Pran this week. He is starting the shooting of his picture *Do Kinare*, a musical romance written by K. A. Abbas, on Friday the 25th December, 1953.

Shaikh Mukhtar is producing and directing a picture entitled *Daku Ki Larki* with Nalini Jaywant in the title role. M. Rajan and Mukhtar will also appear in the cast.

Majnu will be Roshanlal Malhotra's next directorial vehicle for Roopnagar Ltd., with Geeta Ball, M. Rajan, Pran and Gope in the stellar roles. The picture will be a comedy of situation.

SEISMIC MEASURE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE rumoured pact of military assistance between Pakistan and the U. S. A. has rightly created world-wide attention and misgivings, and one is not carrying pessimism too far when one feels that it has almost succeeded in extending the cold war between America and Russia into the Asian hemisphere. Those in India who have ever regarded the creation of a hostile dominion near her own borders as a threat to her very independence as well as those who saw in the solving or rather shelving of the Kashmir issue by the Western powers but one step in that direction, have had their apprehensions abundantly fulfilled. For pacts are not innocuous things; wars lay their icy hands on them: in 1939 it was the Russo-German pact that started the conflagration. The argument that the proffered aid would not be used indiscriminately does not carry conviction, because as Sita cautioned Sri Rama, the very presence of deadly implements in the hands of the war-like would, as fuel before fire, help promote devastation. In regard to this matter, India cannot certainly be accused of over-stating the implications. Supposing either Russia or China were to conclude a military alliance with Canada or the Philippines, would it be regarded as anything short of aggression against U. S. A.? No doubt, normally speaking, a nation of the dimensions of our country has little to fear from the armed might of Pakistan, but in the present undeveloped condition of her defences following a virtual disarmament for 150 years, it would be suicidal not to feel concerned, although the Congress Working Committee has very properly counselled moderation.

Before the Government of India 1935 Constitution came into operation, the parliamentary programme leading up to participation in the provincial ministries had always been regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by Gandhiji on account

of its corrupting influence on the body politic. Any doubts which one might have entertained on that score have now been completely falsified. Office-acceptance has become a veritable forbidden fruit whose mortal taste has brought dismay into the organisation and all our woes. It is easy to see the cumulative effect of it all in these days, since 1947. Only after the Congressmen had taken up the reins of administration in South India, have the differences between the Tamil and the Telugu and the Brahmin and the non-Brahmin in Tamil Nad, become accentuated, eventually leading up to the dismemberment of this mighty State. Politically the Congress has been cut up into P. S. P., K. L. P., etc., and the Communists have stood to gain enormously. And from Chicacole to Cape Comorin political instability has become the rule. This is the more lamentable when one remembers that in the pre-independence era, all was quiet in Hyderabad, and Mysore, Travancore and Cochin were model States. In the Andhra State the Cabinet is divided on the capital issue and drastic salary cuts for the Ministry have been affected. In Madras the differences amongst the Congress legislators *vis a vis* Rajaji have become acute; and if past experience is any guide, the present calm is but a prelude to a storm. The Congress itself has lost its moorings. Into the causes which have led to the present impasse, it is perhaps profitless to enquire. What, however, is worth wondering is how an able incorruptible leader who is daily winning laurels both at home and abroad, holding the masses and the ministries under his grip, could be dubbed by his own partymen as a dictator. Why is it that measures devised for stable administration come into conflict with the legitimate rights and privileges of the legislators? Rajaji has adverted to the "spoils system" and his adversaries to communal domination. The gulf between these two concepts, to

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put it mildly, seems unbridgeable at the present moment. But it behoves all enlightened people to ponder over the happenings and devise remedies. There is no organisation now like the Indian Liberal Party of old, and lawyers who had moulded public opinion in the past, are definitely out of the picture.

THE Congress organisation should be kept aloof as far as possible from the governmental administration. Nearly all the essentials of the 18 point programme have been incorporated as the directive principles of the Indian Constitution; and there is need, so far as parliamentary activities are concerned, for only one party in India, which may be styled as the Indian Constitution Party which draws inspiration from the ideals enshrined therein. The Congress should be transformed into a Sarvodaya organisation. Alternatively, the leader of the Government should also be the leader of the organisation and vice versa, care being taken to select as the latter one who can function as Chief Minister. Differences on the question of leadership should be resolved by a vote of confidence; but if it is intended to throw him out of office, it should be by a vote of no-confidence not in the party conclave but in the open legislature. If it is carried through, a fresh election should be ordered and the people's verdict must be obtained.

Second chambers as constituted at present are a misfit in democracy. When adult suffrage has worked well, it is odd that an individual should get into the legislature and into the ministry by wooing a few legislators. Candidates defeated at the polls have invariably staged a comeback and this is but paying lip service to democratic principles. Furthermore, the system of voting in certain constituencies violates the secrecy of the ballot. If the ideal be to set up an expert body of the country's elect and the intelligentsia, then the best method is to revert to the old electoral system for the Central Legislative Assembly and the Council of State.

There has been a disposition to multiply ministers and even for

small States the number is much too large. Fewer ministerships with higher pay would eliminate the needless craze and race for the posts. In regard to the services, healthy conventions should be enforced. In England no M. P. thinks it worth his while to interfere with the routine administration, but the itch to tamper with it appears to persist in some States. The remedy lies in the control being assigned to the Centre or to the State Governor as in the previous British regime.

Both the cabinet and the legislature must ever be alert and mutually communicative; and no channel of public opinion should be shut out. In the past the Congress Government carried a high prestige, its word was taken as gospel and its various legislative measures, even though expiatory, were welcomed by one and all. But now things are not what they seem, and new forces are arrayed against the Congress in attractive garb with a greater pull with the electorate.

ONE of the weakest spots in Congress ideology has been its approach to land laws and rights. The agricultural economy of the country is centuries old, and it would have been the path of wisdom to leave it alone, as indeed the British did. No doubt agricultural indebtedness had attained enormous dimensions, and if the Congress Government in 1937 had not stepped in with the debt laws, the whole countryside would have been wiped out of existence. But since the war, and the failure of recognised avenues of supply abroad, high prices had prevailed and the prudent agriculturist had been able to build up prosperity. Now the only problem which stares him in the face, and which indeed accounts for the fall in production, is the question of ownership of the land. Talks of ceilings on the land and of making the tiller the owner have really added to his sense of insecurity. These have to be liquidated if production is to make leeway. But curiously enough, the Government have promulgated an Agricultural Moratorium on the very ground on which it should not have been issued. For agricultural economy to expand, cre-

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dit is necessary and if it dries up as it naturally must under the Ordinance, then the problem of the countryside will become more and more baffling.

For so drastic a measure as the Moratorium Ordinance, there should have been at least a preliminary enquiry or an agitation on behalf of the aggrieved. In these matters the Government should come out to help those who help themselves. If A borrows from B, and is able and willing to pay him back, why should the State come in and insist that A shall not pay? Even Communist countries have not gone that length and subverted legal process. If it is put on the ground of impetus to production, the situation has clearly been misconceived. The needy require loans; the others need no fillip, since there has been no complaint that production has sagged on that account. The Ordinance does not distinguish between the rich and the poor and those able to pay and those who are not. Nor has it taken into account the years of prosperity due to high prices. At any rate, the conditions propitious for the previous enactment in 1937 do not at all exist since the prices have increased ten-fold. Even the exemptions prescribed have

been curiously designed. Ordinary creditors can always be put off; in fact the court itself can postpone payment under Order 20, Rule 11 C. P. C. But both the Government and the Cooperative department are inexorable in their demands, and seldom allow considerations of the debtor's difficulties to stand in the way. Yet they have been exempted.

The chief evil of the Ordinance is that, while seeking to protect a special class, it has left out a very large category of the middle class people who have been the hardest hit all these years, the urban dwellers who are still at the mercy of the Pathan money-lender and the pawnbroker, not to mention the mortgagees under "equitable" mortgages in the city, in regard to which even the right of redemption is not available.

IT is no doubt true that opposition to this measure has emanated for the most part from the lawyers who are daily brought into contact with the masses, and are in fact, in a much better position than politicians, to appraise the evil effects of seismic measures of this type. But the Government would be making a very great mistake if the voice of reason is ignored simply because it is the lawyer's voice.

KALAKSHETRA ART FESTIVAL

By
"ESKEYE"

IN this machine age when men are immersed in mundane matters a woman has the courage to go against the current and tell and teach people that man does not live by bread alone. Rukmini Devi's contribution to the creation of an aesthetic atmosphere, especially in the English-speaking world, is considerable and conspicuous and, if today Bharata Natya, the classical dance of South India, enjoys a reputation undreamt of in the recent past, it is in no small measure due to the creative imagination of this great Artist. Kalakshetra—the sacred abode of Arts—, nestling amidst farflung banyan trees and embowering foliage on the bank

of the Adyar river, is a living reality of Rukmini Devi's dream. The annual art programmes arranged by her under the auspices of Kalakshetra are looked forward to by connoisseurs of the fine arts.

This year's programme offers a varied fare. There is classical North Indian music by the young Dagar Brothers—Mohinuddin Dagar and Aminuddin Dagar—sons of the late Naziruddin Khan of Indore and famous in the Dhrupad style of singing. Then there are three dance-dramas—"Kumarasambhavam," "Kutirala Kuravanji," and "Rukmini Swayamvaram,"—each important in its own way.

The essential features of Kalidasa's poem, "Kumarasambhavam," have been adapted to stage presentation by Rukmini Devi who has not only created the multitude of appropriate postures, gestures and movements in

conformity with the traditional dance-drama of South India, the Bharata Natya, and reproducing the spirit of Kalidasa's era, but has directed and produced the dance in which she herself takes a leading part. Taking directly from Kalidasa's Sanskrit poem, this is the first full presentation in Bharata Natya of the ancient poet's immortal rendering of the puranic story. The music of the version has been created by that master of classical Indian music, Sangitha Sastra Visarada Sangitha Kalanidhi, Tiger K. Varadachariar. The presentation of stories such as "Kumarasambhavam" out of the traditional imagination of India, given with the reverence and beauty due to them, as is done by the Kalakshetra, lifts them out of the frequently debased level of mere entertainment to the height of sacred ritual, and makes the place of performance a temple of art.

The tone of the "Thirukutrala Kuravanji," composed by Thirukuda Rajappa Kavirayar, has been established by Rukmini Devi on a classical basis. Though she had little foundation of a living art on which to base her presentation, yet through conversing with those who have witnessed Kuravanjis in their youth and through her own instinctive feeling for artistic reality and truth, she has been able to revive the ancient and spiritual presentation of the Kuravanji. Even the very costumes and style of hair-dressing have been subjects of research and carry with them the stamp and atmosphere of authenticity, based as they are, on the essential characteristics of the ancient Tamil dress.

"Rukmini Swayamvaram," which tells us of the puranic story of Sri Krishna's marriage with Rukmini, is a full length Kathakali programme in traditional setting. Extraneous embellishment has been used only where it helps to emphasize the individuality of the art. An orthodox

Kathakali generally lasts an entire night, and it is so particularly indigenous to Malabar that only an audience well versed in all the technicalities of the art is really able to sit through and enjoy such a long performance. But to suit the conditions obtaining at present it has been adapted so as to be enacted within two hours. In the last scene where the marriage festivities in Dwaraka are portrayed, Rukmini Devi has introduced a Bharata Natya group dance. This is entirely an original composition of hers. It is in the nature of a *Tillana* which is so composed that the different people who take part in it go through different dance movements, yet within the same *Tala* scheme. The effect is that of perfect dance harmony. Rukmini Devi's entry into the realm of the Kathakali art opens out great possibilities for the true understanding of this contribution of Kerala to India's cultural life and seeks to give it its true and unspoiled place in our traditional heritage.

But the chief attraction of the present series is a solo Bharata Natya performance by Rukmini Devi herself. If Rukmini Devi hates anything, it is the cheap, the shoddy and the vulgar in art. She is a purist to the core. She derives her inspiration from that music which rises in adoration to the Gods and *Bhakti Rasa* is the key-note of her dance. Rejecting the degraded feelings expressed in most of the songs associated in these days with the dance, Rukmini Devi seeks to reflect the emotions in their purity and to evoke in the audience a sense of upliftment. She is giving a solo performance after a lapse of many years and her charm seems to have grown with her age. At forty-nine her movements are as easy, elegant and supple as those of a girl of seventeen and her performance may be expected to prove to be a first-rate treat to the initiated and the interested.

Popular Journalism, as he (Lord Northcliffe) understood it, was vastly different from what it has become since his death. But had he never lived, it would never have been what it is today. That is why he is significant as a social force. The theory that people are shaped by impersonal circumstances and not by the will of individuals must admit of many exceptions and the career of Northcliffe is not the least of them.—A. P. RYAN in *Lord Northcliffe*

BEVAN AND LYTTTELTON

By ANDREW ROTH

INDIA cannot stay out of any colonial controversy raging anywhere, it seems. The articles over which Bevan fell into the fire on Egypt were syndications of articles written for an Indian chain. And the question of giving the "Indian treatment" to colonies much less sophisticated in leadership than India has become a key point in the African controversy. But, strangely enough, this controversy does not emerge as a direct conflict between, say, Attlee and Churchill.

At the beginning of December Britain's colonial crisis was suddenly transmuted into bitter attacks on two of Britain's most contentious personalities: Oliver Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, and Aneurin Bevan. It is a strange campaign in which these two are serving, in a sense, as whipping boys. Conservative back-benchers are screaming for Bevan's blood over articles on Egypt when they really would like publicly to protest against the compromises of their own party leader, Sir Winston Churchill, over maintaining the Suez bases. Labour back-benchers shrill the louder for Oliver Lyttelton's resignation because they want their shouts to be heard by their own Front Bench which tolerated many of the same things in Malaya about which they now complain in Kenya. In short, a crisis within each party on colonial questions has been transformed into an attack on the party opposite.

The Labour attack on Oliver Lyttelton reached a crescendo over the Uganda crisis. Fenner Brockway, the leftwing Labour M.P., who has become the 'colonial conscience' of the Parliamentary Labour Party wound up his December 2 attack on the Government's deposing and banishing of the Kabaka of Buganda with a demand for the resignation of Mr. Lyttelton, alleging that "his personal attitude and his mishandling of one colonial question after another have now become a disaster to this country." He then repeated

what "Cromwell said to the Long Parliament when he thought that it was no longer fit to conduct the affairs of the nation:

"You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go."

Mr. Lyttelton almost invites violent antagonism in Parliament, where he looks and acts like the captain of industry which he was. However charming and attractive when he is among people of like background and similar ideas, he bristles in an offensive-defensive manner when being criticized in the House. He arouses not only Labourites. Deryck Abel, a leading young Liberal parliamentary candidate, warned an Edinburgh audience recently that the Commonwealth and Empire were in as parlous a predicament as the first British Empire before the American war of independence. He added:

Lord North, who lost us America, was unequalled in pigheadedness and obstinacy until the advent of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, a Colonial Secretary utterly devoid of human understanding—at least of those who do not share his environment. His very personality makes not for integration but for disintegration . . . the King of Buganda, the friendly king of a friendly democratic people, is thoroughly alienated by the sorry story of federation by force in Central Africa—a story distinguished by the Minister's unpardonably hectoring conduct towards the chiefs of the Nyasaland Protectorate.

Hesitant Censure

UNDER pressure from Labour back-benchers and an increasingly aroused public opinion, Labour's leadership in Parliament moved to censure the Conservative Government for its whole African policy. It hesitated for a week before doing so, allegedly to prevent Mr. Lyttelton from hardening his insistence on keeping the ex-Kabaka of Buganda from returning to his country.

Mr. Lyttelton, of course, makes every effort to demonstrate the identity of Conservative and Labour

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Party colonial policies. When Fenner Brockway complained on December 7 that five members of the British Guiana Parliament had been arrested by Britain, despite a tradition of respecting parliamentary privilege which dates back to Charles I, Mr. Lyttelton interjected:

May I suggest to (Mr. Brockway) that he should look less far back than Charles I, that he should look back to the days of the Labour Party, when 7,900 people were detained in Malaya without trial, over 5,300 being on personal order.

Brockway was able to reply for himself—if not for his party:

The (Colonial Secretary) should address that interruption to someone other than myself. He knows perfectly well that in 1929, when we had a Labour Government in office, I was suspended from this House for protesting against the arrest of Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru and Mr. Gandhi and 60,000 Indians . . . I am concerned with personal liberties and the rights of colonial peoples, and, equally, when Labour were in office on that side and these points were raised, my voice was raised in this House in support of those rights.

Lyttelton returned time and again to this line of argument on December 9, when he was under repeated fire for atrocities alleged against British forces in Kenya. He was under attack, for example, by Labourites Maurice Edelman and Stephen Swinger for the aerial bombing of Mau Mau suspects in prohibited areas in Kenya. Then a Conservative M.P., N. R. Gower, asked the rescuing question: "Is the principle upon which this bombing was carried out the same or different from that of the bombing carried out in Malaya when the previous (Labour) Government were in power?" Mr. Lyttelton was able to say that "It is exactly the same . . ."

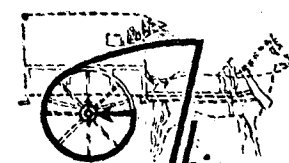
THE same counter-attack was launched when Labourite Stephen Swinger asked the Conservative Colonial Secretary somewhat rhetorically: "in how many Colonies has a state of emergency been declared; and in how many Colonies have additional British troops been required in the period since he took office." Lyttelton replied: "Since October 1951 states of emergency have been

declared in Kenya, British Guiana, the Buganda province of Uganda, the Northern region of Nigeria and in the First Division of Sarawak. Additional British troops have been sent to Kenya and British Guiana . . ." Conservative M.P., C. J. M. Alport again rescued him with the leading question: "Will (the Colonial Secretary) say on how many occasions states of emergency in defence of Colonial Territories were declared during the administration of the previous (Labour) Administration?"

WITH a broad smile, Mr. Lyttelton who 'happened' to have the answer ready answered: "Between 1946 and 1951, states of emergency—in addition to the Federation of Malaya and Singapore—were declared in Aden in 1947 and 1948, in the Gold Coast in 1948 and 1950, in Grenada in 1951, in Jamaica in 1946, in Nigeria in 1949, in Trinidad in 1947, and in Uganda in 1949."

The fact, of course, is that Labour and Conservative colonial policies are neither so identical as Mr. Lyttelton would like to demonstrate, nor as divergent as some Labour leaders would like to pretend. The groove within which both parties move is established for them by Britain's traditional policies, its economic investments, its strategic position, its alliances and—above all—by the advice of the senior colonial civil servants who, in actual fact, run the decentralized colonial empire under the general supervision of Whitehall. Within this groove, Labour tends to lean left, responding to the pull of the Labour Party's rank-and-file, which is generally anti-colonial and sympathetic to native nationalism. Similarly the Conservatives tend to lean to the right, pulled by the overseas investors and spokesmen for the White settlers, who are well represented in the Conservative Party.

Central African federation was a classic example of this "groove policy." The senior civil servants recommended that Central African federation would be of considerable economic benefit both to the territories and Britain and that it would be a counter-poise against Malan in



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South Africa. Labour accepted these arguments but hesitated to go ahead because of sympathy for the Africans who were overwhelmingly opposed. The Conservatives went ahead because their sympathy was for the White settlers.

The crisis of the Labour Party's colonial policies can be seen in the hesitations of Labourite M. P., James Griffiths, who rose with fellow Welsh man Aneurin Bevan from the coal-pit to the Cabinet, where he last held the post of Colonial Secretary. Mr. Griffiths is an ambitious politician with a great desire to be loved by everyone: the rank-and-file of the Labour Party, the right-wing TUC leaders, and the officials of the Colonial Office which, as he puts it in his favourite cliché, he "was privileged" to head. Griffiths is anxious to criticize Lyttelton because he himself is more sympathetic to African aspirations and because his reported hope to be Prime Minister requires the support of Labour's

militant rank-and-file. But Griffiths also wants to retain the respect of the top Colonial Office officials. And Lyttelton presumably acted in Uganda on the advice of its Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen. Radically-inclined Sir Andrew was not only a Griffiths appointee but also Griffiths' chief advisor in the Colonial Office when he was Under-Secretary there.

The end result is that Griffiths, trying to be friendly with all, ends up as all things to all men, susceptible to the play of forces around him. Thus, when Labour backbenchers get up to attack Conservative policy they are trying in the party to pull Griffiths out of the Colonial Office groove toward a more militant policy.

The Favourite Ogre

IN a very similar way, the Empire-minded Tories started attacking Aneurin Bevan early in December when their explosions were meant to influence Sir Winston Churchill. The argument in this case was how far to

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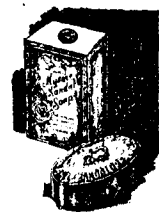
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retreat from Britain's colonial past in Egypt. Negotiations over the withdrawal of Britain from its Suez base had reached a deadlock over two things. Britain insisted on retaining there some 4,000 British technicians in British uniform to maintain the mountains of warlike and on a very strict delimitation of the war-like conditions under which it could return to Egypt in force—an attack on Turkey was one of the specific conditions Britain wanted to include.

When John Foster Dulles attempted at Bermuda to get Sir Winston to yield more to the Egyptians, Sir Winston was able to point out that he was already facing a revolt of 30 or more Conservative M.Ps. These were waiting for him when he returned, to insist that there also be at least 6,000 fighting troops retained in Egypt, under full British control.

This rightwing Conservative irritation with "too liberal" Sir Winston Churchill exploded against Aneurin Bevan on December 10 when the *Daily Express* carried the six-column headline: BEVAN ARTICLES SHOCK. Bevan's articles, which are being syndicated in India, were prominently displayed in General Neguib's new newspaper, *Al Goumhouria* (The Republic). Included in the first articles were some provocative statements:

Churchill once remarked he had not been appointed Her Majesty's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. This characteristic piece of romantic bombast is now beginning to haunt its author . . .

The Tory mind is obsessed by Imperial tradition. A world without the British Empire is not one they care to face . . .

(The Conservatives) should admit that Britain is too weak to hold the legacy that they inherited from their ancestors and therefore they should give up old-fashioned ways and readjust themselves to new conditions.

Conservative M.Ps and newspapers attacked this as little short of treason, coming as it did in the midst of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. But the strength of their speeches was as much for Sir Winston's ears as for those of his opponent, Aneurin Bevan.

So far as Bevan himself is concerned, he insists that the articles complained of are simply overseas syndication of material of the sort he writes for *Tribune*, his unofficial organ. Indeed, the first article printed in Egypt has been printed since in *Tribune*. Furthermore, Bevan is not particularly expert in foreign colonial problems and does not pretend to be. What he is trying to do is to lay down an approach to the problem which he wants first the Labour Party, and then the country, to adopt.

★

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MESSRS. F. Perkins Limited of Peterborough, England, the biggest manufacturers of high speed light weight diesel engines in the world, are now going ahead with plans in conjunction with their associates, Messrs. Simpson & Co. Ltd., Madras, for the establishment of a manufacturing unit to produce the famous P. V engines in India. The manufacturing programme has been for sometime in progress and quite a few components are being now manufactured by Simpsons. There remains however a wide range of ancillary components which have not been made here due to very many reasons, one of which is lack of basic materials correct to the specifications necessary for the manufacture.

With a view to finding out from spot study how best Messrs. Simpson & Co. Ltd. could be assisted in making their factory a full-fledged diesel engine manufacturing unit, Mr. Frank Perkins of Peterborough is now en-route to India and is arriving in Madras on the 10th January 1954. He has programmed an extensive tour of the country. His personal assistant, Mr. M. I. Prichard has already arrived here in advance and is making all the preliminary arrangements for the tour and a satisfactory completion of the mission. Mr. Perkins has had considerable experience in the manufacture of diesel engines and is well acquainted with conditions in India.



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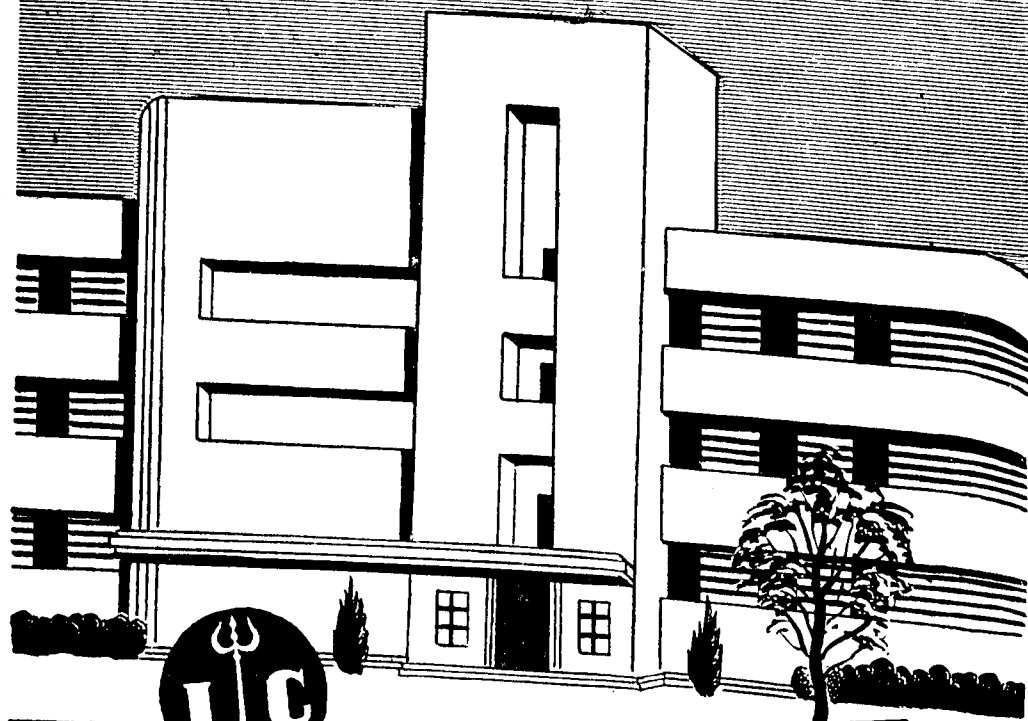
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