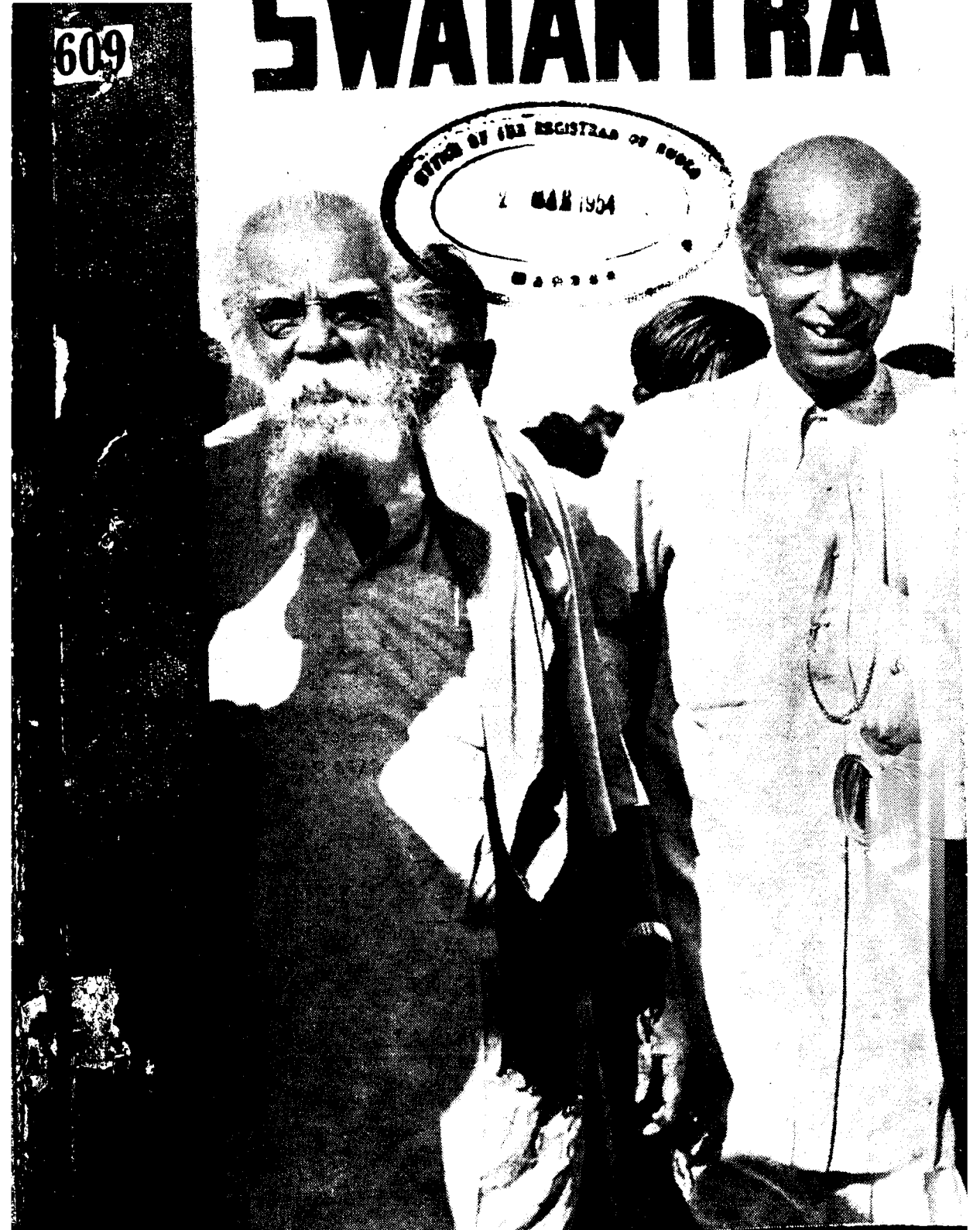


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On the Cover:

E. V. Ramaswami Naicker and G. D. Naidu at the Park Fair Exhibition

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# SWATANTRA

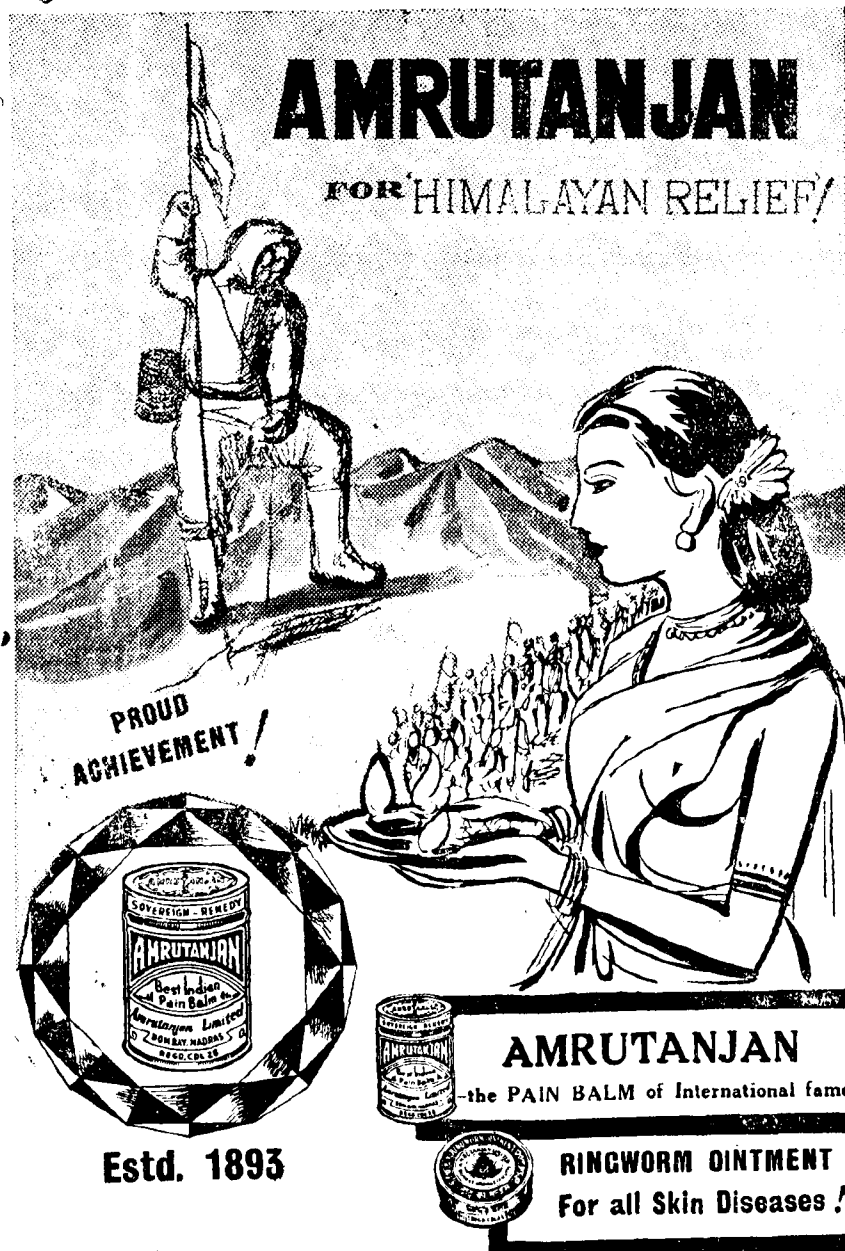
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## EDUCATION, OR ENTERTAINMENT?

SRI S. S. VASAN devoted considerable space in his address before the annual meeting of the Film Federation to a discussion of the question whether a film-producer is an educator or an entertainer. He took the stand that the purpose of the cinema is to provide entertainment to the people, and ridiculed the idea of expecting a cinema man "to turn into a teacher or preacher." Yet this very idea, so derisively scoffed at by Sri Vasan, is precisely the one that has found effective expression in the most outstanding of his productions, *Avvaiyar*. At the celebration of Avvaiyar Day on Tuesday, February 2, the entertainment value of the picture received precious little notice. It was hailed as a monumental achievement in using the cinema as an instrument to inspire the people into living the good life. The emphasis was all on the didactic virtues of the film. Sri Vasan himself said that his joy knew no bounds when Sri Rajagopalachari who had been decrying the cinema and urging people to abstain from it, graced the Gemini Studios with his presence not once, but twice, to see the picture. Sri Rajagopalachari is the master-didactician of our time, and his double visit indicates not that he had abandoned his faith and recognised in the cinema a permissible medium of entertainment, but that in *Avvaiyar* he had found a picture where the seductive lure of mere entertainment as such had been reduced to safe limits by its predominating moral,

hence educative drive. One of the speakers at the Avvaiyar Day described Avvaiyar as a feminine Mahatma Gandhi, and another said that Avvaiyar in the picture accomplished actually what C. R. has been labouring for years to achieve in life.

It is not very profitable perhaps to distinguish between the educative and entertainment functions of a film. There is no entertainment so wholly devoid of social purpose as to be completely free from the slightest vestige of educative taint. Art is the meeting ground for education and entertainment, for pleasure and benefit, but the mingling of the two varies in accordance with the bias of the artist. When pleasure synchronises with ethics, the perfection of artistic achievement is reached. As the cinema is not shut out of the field of art, it must, like other forms of art, combine purpose with its gifts of joy, though the purpose may be veiled in appetising forms that will command popularity. For years Sri Vasan had been a stickler for purism in his conception of himself as a purveyor of popular entertainment through the cinema. But in *Avvaiyar* his creed of a life-time somehow came to be supplanted by its very opposite, with stupefying results in the matter of box-office appeal. *Avvaiyar* is an educative picture if ever there is one, with an amount of teaching and preaching in it that not all the acharyas and matadhipathis put together can boast of, and instead



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of adjusting himself to the phenomenon that has occurred, Sri Vasam persists in maintaining in theory a fiction of the cinema's unsuitability for educational ends, which nobody has done so much to destroy in practice as he has done. He fortifies his troubled conscience by falling back on the Constitution itself, and he tells us that "the Constitution itself has specifically classed the cinema as a branch of entertainment, and not as a subsidiary university." If the celebration of Avvaiyar Day had preceded the annual meeting of the Film Federation, Sri Vasam might have been helped in time into a more balanced perspective of the position of the cinema in the world of today. For the encomiums that decorated the proceedings of the Avvaiyar Day were certainly, in their spirit and substance, such as might have filled any major university with pride.

**SRI VASAM** should boldly profit by the unintended educative fulfilment realised in spite of himself in his latest pictures *Avvaiyar* and *Rajee, My Darling*, and reinforce on public grounds his claim for relief of the cinema industry from over-burdensome taxation. He is quite right in his estimate of popular distaste for the normal methods of the official educative process. It is no exaggeration that "even the prospect of an elementary dose of education will scare away many people," and resort to compulsion is necessary to make the blessing of free primary education a reality. But in these very facts lies embedded a vast scope for the expansion of the cinema into hitherto unaccustomed spheres. The teaching in the schools is but a small fraction of the wider life of the world with which the film-producer has to do, and there is no doubt, if he puts his hand to it seriously, he can turn out educational films of far greater power and beauty than the dull anaemic specimens at present pro-

duced with such little regard to cost, departmentally. It is outrageous that officially-produced films which the Government are unable to market with their own resources through accepted trade methods, should be thrust down the throats of unwilling film-exhibitors with an autocratic abuse of executive State power. When the cinema industry is released from the restrictions on its functions sought to be put on it by Sri Vasam in his analysis, the case he has made out for relief from the burdens being endured by it at present will become more forceful and not less.

### U. S. Budget

**THE** objective aimed at in the new federal budget is described by President Eisenhower thus: "The objective will be to return to the people, to spend for themselves and in their own way, the largest possible share of the money that the Government has been spending for them." This return has taken the form of substantial tax remissions including remission of taxation on accumulated earnings and double taxation on dividends. These remissions come to about 3 billions, which is roughly the total of the budgetary deficit. It is noteworthy that in spite of the liberal tax remissions, it is not proposed to curtail either the social security benefits or the health and housing programmes. These will be maintained at the existing expanded levels. The President notes that in the budget submitted by him the expenditure on atomic energy projects and mutual military programmes will be the highest on record. It is also claimed that the allotment under air power will be the largest since the war. Mr. Eisenhower's budget proposals partially redeem the election promise made by him that he will put an end to the glaring iniquities in the tax laws and "reduce the more serious restraints on production and economic growth."

## Sotto Voce

★

WHERE DOES THE CASH  
COME FROM?



**C**ONGRESS electioneering in T. C. is to be an all-star performance. It has begun with a flourish of trumpets by two redoubtable Chief Ministers. Whether the walls of Jericho have been shaken to the foundations I do not know. But the world has been told in small type that the expenses incurred by the T. C. Government on "accommodation, food and transport" provided for the eminent trumpeters will be reimbursed to the Government by the local Pradesh Congress Committee. As Mr. Nehru is to be the climactic attraction the T. C. Government have taken care to tell us in advance that in his case too it is the Congress that will ultimately foot the bill.

The assurance was hardly necessary. But now that this small matter has been mentioned people will wonder, "Why all this circumlocution?" If the Congress pays, as it is right and proper that it should, there was no need for the Government to have come in at all. If the answer is that it would have been hardly befitting the dignity of such distinguished guests to have left them to be entertained by private hosts the obvious rejoinder would be that they were visiting the State not as public guests but as party leaders engaged on propaganda. In such matters prestige is far more important than money. The other parties might justifiably feel aggrieved that because of the accident of a particular party being in office all the paraphernalia of the Raj was being pressed into the service of its propaganda.

It may be remembered that at the time of the last general elections,

when somebody objected to Mr. Nehru's using a service plane for visiting the different States, the public interest was pleaded in extenuation. He had to do State work even while flying and he could not very well dispose of files in a commercial plane. But he paid for his passage as he would have had to do on a scheduled plane. When the Chief Minister of one State goes to another to put heart into the faltering following of his opposite number no such imperious necessity of State arises as would excuse the flouting of sound audit conventions.

The T. C. Government should have remembered that it had placed itself in a peculiarly vulnerable position by choosing to remain in office for months after it had decided on an election following parliamentary defeat. It was not responsible for the delay in holding the elections. But it was bound to be charged with the intention of unfairly exploiting its position as the administration in charge for party ends. In fact every other party promptly made this charge. And it was hardly the way of rebutting such accusations to import prize speakers from outside the State and to utilise State agency for organising mammoth receptions in their honour by the side of which a Presidential progress would pale into insignificance.

To say that "food, transport and accommodation" for one or two elderly and abstemious individuals is all that is involved in these "high-powered" jaunts is to practise an economy of truth. Electioneering is at the best of times an expensive

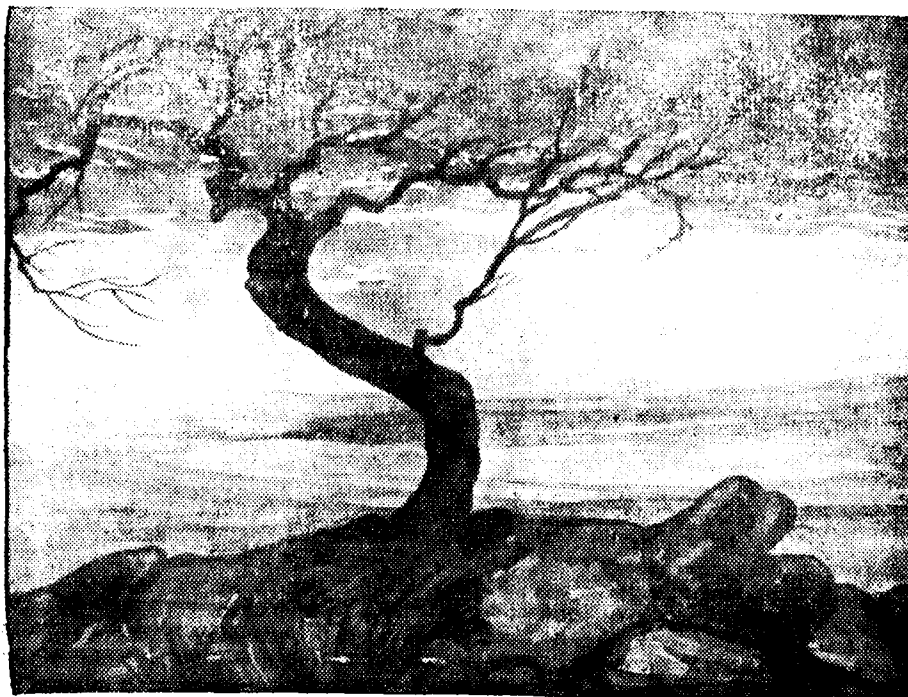
business. The law recognises in the case of individual aspirants to electoral honours that electioneering might in fact be so expensive as to degenerate into a demoralising force. Hence the statutory limits of expenditure, transgression of which is punishable. But to expenditure by political parties there are no limits. And yet we are naively aghast that corruption is rampant.

One of the most odious things that we have taken over from Britain along with her cast off cultural outfit is the party chest. "If there must be parties—and there can be no democratic government without a party system—there must be party chests. And the wise leader does not enquire too closely how it is being replenished as he puts his hand deep into it to sustain and rally friends and to confound the enemy"—that is the theory. But that is the kind of cynical realism which is the very antithesis of the costly idealism our

Indian parties affect. All talk of idealism apart, if the politician expects the Government servant to declare his private gains, should he not disclose the sources of his party's wealth?

Surely nobody pretends that the millions that go down the drain at election time all come out of the four-anna or eight-anna or one rupee subscription of the humble party member. It would be interesting to know what part the *kisan* and *mazdoor* have contributed of the sinews of war of the parties that go forth to do battle in their names. If the bulk of the cash is in fact provided by others why do they so carefully keep out of the limelight? "To do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" was the failing of an old-fashioned elite which has no place in our publicity-crazy world. The supporters of political parties are not inhibited by modesty. What then?

VIGNESWARA



"SANDHYA"

—H. V. Ram Gopal

## SIDELIGHTS ::

SRI Kodali Damodarayya, M.A., LL.B., Advocate, Tenali, writes:

"You are the editor of both the English *Swatantra* and Telugu *Swatantra*. You are not under another's employment. You are your own master. Such being the case, why does your editorial policy take one trend in English and another in Telugu? For example, the U. S.—Pakistan pact was not commended in *Telugu Swatantra* of 22nd January. It stated that it will give rise to evil consequences. But in English *Swatantra* of 23rd January, you approved of it cent per cent and even went so far as to hold it forth as an example for India to follow. What is the cause of these conflicting viewpoints? Is it that you want to exploit the hatred of America among readers of *Telugu Swatantra*, and yet you wish to be nice to Americans in English *Swatantra* which the Americans are wont to read? Do you want me to put credence in the wide rumours here that for the view you expressed in English *Swatantra* you would have been paid by the Americans? The Andhras had hopes of you as a progressive idealist that will not hide the truth. Are those hopes to be abandoned now? Will you hereafter at least give up these contradictory attitudes? People will know your real nature if you stand by one point of view. If you pursue contradictory policies, they will give you credit only for the worse of them, the one inimical to the public interest. If you do not reply to this letter in your journal, we will be compelled to seek satisfaction in the columns of other papers. Goodwill for you is responsible for my writing it."

I have translated Sri Damodarayya's letter, which was in Telugu, into English, preserving its spirit as far as possible. His complaint is quite just. When two journals are conducted by the same editor or under common management, their viewpoints should cohere and not conflict if they are to be given credit for honesty of purpose. I recollect how when opposite views were upheld by the *Indian Express* and *Andhra Prabha* over the Krishna Pennar Project, I drew the attention of the public in these columns to the dis-

crepancy, (though the two papers were under common management only and the editors were different) and cited it as an example of bad journalism. Next morning Sri Narla broke out into an angry telephone outburst, saying, "What is this nonsense you have written? I am as good a journalist as you." I agreed promptly on the question of competence posed, and saved our usually cordial personal relations, and he for his part stated that the difference I had noted was just proof of the freedom of opinion he enjoyed at the hands of the proprietor.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the very worst conclusions should be drawn when, in two journals like *SWATANTRA* (English) and *TELUGU SWATANTRA* run and edited by the same person, a grave disparity of opinion is revealed on an important issue agitating the public mind. Sri Damodarayya's letter is in fact mild, measured by the provocation. There is no defence I can make except to state that 90 per cent of editorial responsibility is a fiction maintained for the sake of fixing the legal liability of the editor, and the production of a paper is a complicated business to which many contribute with their labour and judgments, and sometimes matter gets in which the editor and the reader happen to see simultaneously. Apart from maladjustments due to defective organisation, there is the problem of safeguarding the initiative of the staff. Often the effect of interference on the capacity of writers is deadly. Supervision has to be exercised through the influence of association and the give and take of discussion, and not crudely through any impositions of authority. Prevention of blundering is the effect of years of striving. It is through post-mortem comprehension of absurdities that error is avoided for the future and traditions of harmony and team-

work are developed in journalistic practice. Many years of close association are needed for the establishment of a comprehensive, discord-proof unity of outlook among the various members of the staff at work in an office in this too individualistic profession, and even then it will be established only if the direction from the top chances to command respect for its quality and good faith, and not otherwise.

**E**VER since the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese, I have felt that South Asia might be at the mercy of the Chinese Communists any day. The new Russo-Chinese military agreement, now that the Chinese armies are no longer pinned in Korea, will place an enormous striking power at Peking's disposal, and the whole of South Asia is threatened by it. It is the existence of the tremendous armed might of the USA that is the saving factor. In the light of this situation the entire basis of our

foreign policy seems to be fallacious. We cannot stick fanatically to an impossible neutrality, deluding ourselves that it is dynamic, confronted as we are by the menace of Russo-Chinese expansion southward, held in check only by fear of American intervention. America's return to isolationism will mean the doom of India no less than of Pakistan. The article in English SWATANTRA expounding these "military aid realities" was written on the spur of the moment at the last minute without any knowledge that quite a contradictory viewpoint had almost simultaneously found its way into the week's TELUGU SWATANTRA. Since then, as the result of a discussion the writer of the leader in TELUGU SWATANTRA feels that the logic of the editorial in English SWATANTRA is unassailable and the policy advocated by it is the only right and correct one.

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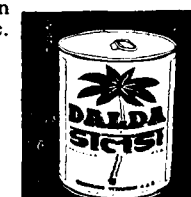
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## U. S. AID TO PAKISTAN: Plea for Realistic Approach

### Nehru's Policy Inconsistent

Sri D. V. Rama Rao, M.A., LL.B., Berhampore, writes:

While the Indian apprehensions regarding the reported U. S. military aid to Pakistan in view of the unsolved Kashmir problem, made knotty by Pakistan's initial aggression and reluctance to enter into a no-war pact with India, require to be duly appreciated, India too should take a rational view rather than carry on an emotional campaign which may lead to needless misunderstandings.

For instance, it is difficult to understand how military aid, as distinct from a pact, is fundamentally wrong, or different from economic aid since a nation receiving it can save to that extent on civilian needs and utilise it for defense needs. Nor is it clear as to how it can be interpreted as a step towards world war when several nations too have been receiving similar aid, or as an anti-Asiatic step when, as yet, there is no definite Asiatic policy among Asian nations. As regards instances of nations losing freedom by inviting foreign military aid, history provides ample evidence of nations losing freedom also by not being alert and making wise alliances in time.

While the sincerity and altruistic motives of Prime Minister Nehru are apparent, it may be pointed out that he was reported to have said as early as 1949 during his last American tour that the two ideologies of Capitalism and Communism could not continue indefinitely side by side; referring to that this writer pointed out in *Thought* (15th November 1949) that apart from the question whether Capitalism which is a changing condition without a fixed dogma, could be called an ideology in the sense Communism could be, it was inconsistent to seek to play a strictly neutral role in a world context where the conflict between the democratic and the totalitarian concepts is a reality.

So, it is the background of Indo-Pakistan relations that adds poig-

SWATANTRA'S comment on U. S. military aid to Pakistan under the caption "Military Aid Realities" has received qualified appreciation in some quarters. Here are the views of two correspondents of this category:

nancy to the situation and needs to be emphasised; and in view of it the desirability of an integrated regional aid programme in preference to bilateral alliances needs to be duly considered by all concerned nations including preferably the British Commonwealth.

The recent Congress resolution on the issue is realistic and restrained, but the tendency, as evidenced by some speeches on the resolution, to needlessly rub America on the wrong side is neither fair nor wise and requires to be checked. An impartial survey would show that the world owes much to America for the role it played in recent times even if it be held that it occasionally erred in judgement. While India may continue to be respected abroad, let us also see that we are correctly understood and trusted too by those that are likely to prove our friendly and powerful allies in times of need.

Sri A. K. Srinivasamurthy, research scholar, Madras University, appreciates the editorial in *SWATANTRA* and appreciates the force of the argument in it, but disagrees with it wholeheartedly. He says:

You deserve all congratulations for your excellent editorial "Military Aid Realities" in which you have struck a new and bold note on this much-discussed topic of the day. While I readily concede that there is much force behind your argument in support of the stand you have taken, let me hasten to tell you that I wholeheartedly disagree with you in this matter. This difference, however, does not stand in the way of my appreciating your editorial which is at once as original as it is daring.

2

## The Pact is Hidden Aggression

A larger number of correspondents see hidden aggression in the U. S.-Pakistan pact and take strong exception to the editorial in *SWATANTRA*.

### Ulterior Motives

Sri P. Umapati, Bhimavaram, is shocked. "The opinions you have been voicing," he writes, "have been so convincing, so impartial and rational that one could not but approve them, and approving, admire them. But in your recent editorial, you erred—erred unmistakably." He goes on:

Instead of condemning U. S. military aid to Pakistan as aggression, an imperialistic policy, *SWATANTRA* in its editorial, oversimplifies the whole problem. It contends that the characteristic feature of imperialism is exploitation and that the Americans have not been exploiting Pakistan or any country but they have been pouring out their wealth in millions of dollars for the promotion of Asian and African welfare. This is absurd on the very face of it. If one closely follows the foreign policy of the U. S. Government with a discerning eye, one is bound to come to the conclusion that it is consistently one of aggression. Pakistan as a democratic country has every right to follow her own policy, and certainly we have no right, nor have we any intention, to interfere in her domestic affairs. We are showing only our strong disapproval of the U. S.—Pakistan pact, for its consequences are far reaching, and it not only endangers the freedom of Pakistan but also that of the other countries. Mr. Nehru is justified in saying that it threatens the freedom of Asian countries, and Pakistan, by entering into the pact, has become potentially a war area. Also the fact that Pakistan may use this military assistance given to her by the Americans against India cannot be ignored. Ever since the partition, our endeavour has been to maintain cordial relations with our neighbour, and the U. S., by granting this aid,

has undermined the relations between Pakistan and India.

Let us have a bird's eye view of world politics and the part of the U. S. in it. The U. S. has established air bases in Spain, it is equipping N. A. T. O. forces with atomic weapons, it insists that France should ratify the E. D. C. The M. E. D. O. is soon to be created though the U. S. has abandoned it in the original form. It has refused persistently to admit New China to the U. N. It is granting economic aid with ulterior motives, the chief of which is to bring the countries which are not well advanced industrially into its fold against Communism. India undertook a thankless job in Korea because of her zeal in promoting world peace and won tributes from all countries. But what has been done by India with so much trouble is undone by the U. S. What more proof is needed to show that the U. S. policies are aggressive in nature? The purpose of the U. S., it seems, is to corner the Soviet Government. Viewed in this perspective the aid to Pakistan is certainly a step forward in that direction.

If a world war is inevitable, it will be a war between the power blocs, one trying to wipe out the other from the earth by unhesitatingly using atomic weapons India with her policy of peace and non-violence—what is called dynamic neutrality—is the only country that can hammer out an agreement between the two irreconcilable views and thereby prevent a collision between the two forces.

### Big Power Mentality

Sri K. G. Acharya, Vijayawada, writes:

The editorial under the caption "Military Aid Realities" in *SWATANTRA* noted for its balanced leading articles is, to say the least, confusing and disappointing.

The editorial summed up the situation like this: In the present world situation, Pakistan has wisely preferred to accept military aid from the

Americans who have the ambition neither of extending "political hegemony outside their own territory" nor "exploiting any country economically." Therefore "instead of relying on the impossible creed of non-violence that has no relation to the inexorable realities of the world politics, we will be well advised to supplement our defence resources in the most advantageous manner possible. We are assured that U. S. A. will not be less ready to aid India than it has shown to be in the case of Pakistan."

The present situation in the world is only due to the two rival powers, the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., creating and piling up destructive weapons in their 'defence' and trying to gain the allegiance of the people of the world splitting them also into two warring camps. With this mentality of the big powers, war and destruction may appear inevitable. Only history can record as to which of the theories preached by these warring powers will ultimately survive. The way these countries boast about the destructive capacities of the weapons in their possession, is only an indication of their mental slavery to the machine. Looking at the world as a whole at present, it appears for once as though the 'leaders' who physically control much of the universe have lost touch with the real currents of humanism itself.

The U. S. A. could have gained universal goodwill had it tried to help the under-developed Asiatic countries economically and not militarily to combat Communism. The Americans have not learned this even after 'losing' China. Since Pakistan has accepted the military aid from U. S. and thus aligned herself with the power seeking to combat Communism militarily, the perils of war are right at our door-step in case the fight breaks up. To accept military aid likewise for our defence purposes, since we do not intend aggression, is in itself a weakness.

Our complaint against Pakistan is that by accepting military aid from U. S., she aligned herself with one of the powers wanting to settle things

militarily though it may not intend to occupy and rule any country directly as is done by Britain France or Holland. The recent utterances of the Pak. Premier indicate that he relies more on arms than on fair understanding for the settlement of the Kashmir issue. For the present it may seem that Pakistan is wise in accepting military aid from U. S. to gain an upper hand in matters that profit her, but the reality of her wisdom can only be known when a war breaks out. And only then can the value of Nehru's dynamic neutralism which SWATANTRA has ridiculed be better understood. Of course, neutrality has its own pitfalls. We cannot but risk them if we want to remain a nation with self-respect.

### "A Danger to India"

Sri K. Chengalvaraya Ayya. Advocate, Chingleput, writes:

In the article "Military Aid Realities," you have in effect correctly pointed out that the military aid proposed to be given by the U. S. A. to Pakistan is a competitive effort for capturing the allegiance of Pakistan for combating Communism. You stated that "We are assured that the U. S. A. will not be less ready to aid India than it has shown to be in the case of Pakistan." But that aid will not obviously come without India yielding allegiance to the U. S. A. Allegiance is obnoxious, and military alliance is not in issue. It is true that the military strength of both India and Pakistan will be taxed to the full in the years to come to overcome other dangers, but from what we read from the Pakistan Press and their leaders' statements it is clear that Pakistan is not seeking military aid from the U. S. A. to co-operate with India to overcome 'other dangers' but only to become a danger to India, Pakhtoonistan and Afghanistan. Having been disappointed in her efforts to mobilise Muslim countries against India, she seeks the present step of coercion. If there is no self-imposed restriction upon the freedom of action of a sovereign State, it pays the price.

## LIFE . . .

### VIRGIN CURIOSITY

"WHERE are you going?"

"To Royapettah."

"Who is in Royapettah?"

"Somebody I know."

"Relatives?"

"No, friends."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Patti."

"How many children?"

"Two."

"Only two? How old are they?"

"The girls are nearly nine and the boy is nearly three."

"Six years! Why? Any abortions in between?"

"No . . . One ticket to Gowdiya Mutt, please."

"I don't know how you educated women manage it. They say there are all kinds of things you use."

"I believe there are."

"Why are you not wearing your sari in the orthodox way?"

"This is more convenient."

"My nephew says this is easier to take off! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Yes. There is that to consider."

"My nephew also married an educated girl."

"Did he?"

"The girl had studied right up to third form."

"Oh!"

"But, poor fellow, she nearly drove him mad."

"Did she?"

"She refused to go to him when he called her."

"Conductor, please let me know when we get to Gowdiya Mutt."

"Her mother-in-law reasoned with her, spoke to her as if she were a child, taught her these things as if she were her own daughter."

"Really?"

"She was not too young to know these things. She was quite seven-

teen. You should have seen her hips and her body. She looked like a girl of twenty. But whatever anybody said, she would not go to her husband. It was not as if the boy was not a nice-looking boy. He was rather short, of course, but what is there if a man is short? He was quite good-looking, with a tuft and everything. But he was not the kind of man who walks behind his wife to the cinema. He never missed his prayers and devotions for a single day."

"Not many like that nowadays."

"She left him and went away to her father's house."

"Really?"

"He followed her and never returned home. Overnight he changed into somebody quite different. He settled down in his father-in-law's house."

"I see . . . Conductor, you haven't given me my change."

"His mother says the girl must have put something in his food because he behaves towards her like a servant now. It is the same with every man who marries an educated girl."

"Hm."

"Are you the first wife?"

"Yes, Yes, of course."

"Why haven't you got a nose-ring?"

"I don't like it."

"We have to do so many things we don't like. All married women should have nose-rings. A red stone nose-ring would be very nice on you. A married woman should never be without a nose-ring."

"That is an old superstition."

"My sister used to say that in the early years of her married life her husband wouldn't speak to her if she didn't wear her nose-ring."

"Why?"

"They were a very loving couple."

Now, of course, they are old. But he bought her a 17-carat diamond nose-ring even last year."

"Expensive, isn't it?"

"Money is nothing to them. But it's a pity God gave her only one son."

"Why was God so unkind?"

"But she had seven or eight abortions."

"Oh!"

"She would be two or three months pregnant and then she would have an abortion. Even before she recovered from the abortion she would be pregnant again."

"What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor tested her blood and everything and gave her some injections. She said her husband also must take some injections."

"Oh! Did he take them?"

"No. My brother-in-law is not the kind of man to do everything that a doctor says. He said he was alright

and there was nothing wrong with him."

"Sometimes, you know . . ."

"She had two or three abortions even after the injections. My brother-in-law was right. Most of these doctors are really no use."

"Well!"

"Then the son was married. I don't know at what inauspicious moment the daughter-in-law first stepped into the house but my sister never became pregnant again."

"Really?"

"It is like that everywhere. Some women bring nothing but bad luck."

What a life, I thought, her own daughter-in-law must lead!

"And how many children have you got, Patti?"

"None. The good God took away my husband when I was nine."

## THE BATTLE OF BRITISH SUCCESSION

By ANDREW ROTH

THE return of Parliament after its winter recess has given London an additional attraction, but not a very striking one at the moment.

Eyes are centered on "the old man"—always said with affection—to see how slow is his step, how mumbled his speech. In short everyone wants to know how long Sir Winston will last before he retires. Rumour has it that he will retire next summer after the Queen returns. But last year's rumour was that he would retire after the Coronation.

The fact is that Sir Winston, like an old fire-horse, is irresistibly tempted by the smell of political smoke. There are, of course, reports that, like William Pitt, the Great Commoner, who stayed on as the Earl of Chatham to exercise influence, Sir Winston will move over to the House of Lords. But the House of Lords is another place today from that in Pitt's day. Even at its most exciting it is a dull place for a gay spirit like Churchill's.

Sir Winston might yield to his tired heart and aging muscles if there were some historic event to cap his career. But this is an era of indecision, particularly for Britain, and it has not been within his power to precipitate the sort of events on whose crest he could retire in a blaze of glory. The one glory which he clearly covets, some international settlement, is one which can be achieved only between the two giants. And Britain's postwar political and economic policy has tied her too closely to the U. S. to be considered an independent mediator. In fact, his attempt at this role last May brought down on his head the disapproval of his own party and the Foreign Office.

Sir Winston might be more willing to hand over if he could hand over the party intact to Anthony

Eden, his "crown prince". The difficulty is that while Anthony Eden is liked by most Conservatives, and his conscientious study of foreign affairs is respected, he has no knowledge of internal affairs. Furthermore, he lacks the essential spark of life or brilliance. The fact is that in his own field, the Middle East, he was unable to carry the Conservatives with him on a settlement with Egypt until he had gotten the wholehearted support of Sir Winston, and even then over 30 Tory M. Ps. insisted on a genteel but public rebellion against a policy of "scuttle" in Egypt.

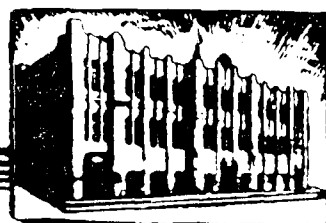
My own money would be on R. A. Butler, particularly if Sir Winston is not around to influence the succession. The fact is that "Rab" Butler is quite a different person from Eden. He is a "cold fish" and, instead of being not quite bright enough, is too clever by half. He has won the admiration of very many in the Board rooms of City corporations by the deft way in which he has deflated the Welfare State almost painlessly and increased the incentives to business without making the Conservative Party seem too much like the party of big business, which it undoubtedly is.

There are many who believe that Mr. Butler is behind the stubborn attitude taken by many of the employers to the present series of wage claims. Despite the spate of publicity the actual demands have been rather limited—particularly in view of the increases in the cost of living—and the actual strikes also few. But the employers make it clear that they intend to stop the ascending scale of wages.

There is no doubt that Britain is vulnerable to being priced out of a number of its markets. But whether the prime problem is swollen wages, profits or inefficiency is a matter of

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controversy. But one large airplane factory near my home—Handley-Page to be specific—has been fighting six weeks a wage dispute concerning a few apprentice draughtsmen which would cost them £12 a week if they accepted the demands. But they are precipitating a showdown with the whole working staff of some 1800 men over this, although the plant could save tens of thousands annually by organizing a proper flow of work through the plant.

If there is an American recession of some magnitude, there is little doubt that business will feel more secure with Butler at the helm. But he will not get it if Sir Winston has anything to say about it. Short of that there may well be dual leadership, such as existed during Patel's life in the first years of India's independence. Mr. Eden may become Prime Minister for Foreign Affairs while Mr. Butler may become Deputy Prime Minister for Internal Affairs.

#### Labour in Stagnation

**S**UPERFICIALLY one would say that the struggle within the Labour Party has reached a plateau, with the Bevanite left supported by the constituency parties blocked by the peakinite rightwing leaders of the big trade unions which control almost a third of the Labour M. Ps. The right wing are now pushing Hugh Gaitskell to succeed Clement Attlee, having lost their enthusiasm for Herbert Morrison.

If Clement Attlee, sometimes described as "the weather-vane of the Labour Party" is any indication, however, the future lies with the Bevanites. The Bevanites were infuriated by this correspondent's suggestion last October that there is an Attlee-Bevan understanding that Bevan will be Foreign Minister if Mr. Attlee forms the next Labour Cabinet. But it has been noticeable that since reassembling Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan have had at least one long political discussion on Egypt in which Mr. Attlee was found to be in agreement with Bevan.

Bevan is still the only man in the House to rival Churchill as a personality. He is a surly, lonely person who arouses tremendous personal

antagonisms. But he is always listened to with interest, even when he infuriates.

Last week however he held the House enthralled as he recounted—for the first time, I believe—some of his experiences in the pit when he entered the mines in South Wales at the age of 13.

He was speaking on the new "Mines and Quarries Bill".

"When I was 13 years of age, electric lamps were not used in the pits; oil lamps were used, and many honourable Members who have no experience of mining will not be able to appreciate the experience of a boy aged 13 when stumbling back in the dark to get his lamp relit.

"In our mine we had what was called a mane and tail, that is to say a steel rope attached to the journey of tubs or trams. This journey, usually of 16 trams, had to be let down a steep incline very quickly indeed in order to carry over the swamps down below, and the steel rope at the end used to flog the roof and sides like a monster in the darkness. If it hit one, one was either mutilated or killed, and to hear the thuds of that rope in a narrow dark roadway was a very frightening experience.

"Also there was never any room between the rail and the sides. I remember one occasion, when I listened anxiously to the approach of a journey of trams, finding that my foot had got caught in a roller in the centre of the roadway, and I could not free until eventually I wrenched my foot away, tearing the skin from my foot, and managed to get into a manhole. The manholes were not always free of impediment; they were not always at the intervals they should have been. So when the right hon. gentleman spoke about roadways and the necessity for sufficient distance between the rail and the sides of the roadsides I could recall many vivid experiences which still sometimes give me nightmares."

It certainly is not wise to underestimate the possibilities of a man who has made the journey Aneurin Bevan has already made along a road with virtually no leeway.

## ON THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

*This article by Ridgely Cummings deals with the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and was printed in the JEWISH RECORD (San Francisco) for December 1953. In sending it for publication in SWATANTRA the author says: "It argues against capital punishment, which is one reason I thought you would like it."*

**A**T Hiroshima the atom bomb took a large number of human lives. At Nagasaki it took more.

After that it was quiescent for a time, being satisfied with minor sacrifices of goats, chickens, pigs, rats, during the tests at Eniwotok and elsewhere in the Pacific.

The tests moved to Nevada but the sacrifices remained restricted to the animal kingdom, plus a few clothing store dummies which served their purpose by making gruesome photographic studies in disintegration.

Then on a Friday night in June of 1953 the A-bomb took two more lives. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg died in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison but it was fear psychology engineered by the bomb which killed them.

According to eye-witness accounts of the three press association men, they died stoically, bravely, still protesting their innocence. Their hold on life was tenacious—it took three shocks of 2,000 volts each to kill the machinist—engineer and five similar shocks to reduce his wife to an insensate corpse.

The death of the Rosenbergs brings into fresh focus the entire question of capital punishment, particularly as applied in cases involving public hysteria and political overtones.

Whether or not the Rosenbergs were guilty of espionage is a question for history to decide, if indeed the sweep of events will allow time and patience for students to dissect the tangled web of accusations. They were convicted on circumstantial evidence. Their sentence to death in April of 1951 was pronounced by Federal Judge Irving Kaufman. This coincidence that judge and victims were co-religionists was considered proof by some that anti-Semitism was not involved;

though others have wondered if the Rosenbergs might not have fared better under some other judge, one who felt under no pressure to prove that his patriotism was stronger than the bonds of a common culture. The highly emotional nature of Judge Kaufman's peroration, in which he called attention to the "atrocious" nature of the crime before passing sentence, would indicate to some observers that he departed from the aloof judicial attitude one expects in court and allowed his personal feelings of solidarity with his nation and its defenders to color his decision. It was as if he were saying: "I am a Jew and the Rosenbergs are Jewish but I will show the world that Jews are first of all good citizens of the nation in which they happen to be living."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that through two years of appeal and judicial review, and up until the night of their death, the Rosenbergs insisted on their innocence. There was enough doubt about their guilt to divide world public opinion, down the middle. The night the State took their lives, men and women who barely knew how to pronounce their names rioted in the streets of Paris and Buenos Aires. Tears of bitterness, pity, frustration, and perhaps some of merely anti-American envy of our high standard of living were shed for the Rosenbergs in obscure European villages and North African bazaars.

A variety of reasons, ranging from morality to expediency, have been advanced by those who feel the execution of the Rosenbergs was a tragic mistake. One of the most cogent arguments runs as follows:

Police powers of the State should be held to a minimum and the only excuse for their use is to protect the citizenry, not for purposes of venge-

ance, as Judge Kaufman's statement might seem to indicate was the State's motive in this instance. Violent men and women are removed from circulation so that peaceable men and women may pursue their ways in tranquillity. Removal by police power for a stated period of time may not be the best method of rehabilitating the law-breakers but it is the method currently in operation. The fact it breeds criminals more often than it teaches violators to become useful members of society is regrettable, but at least our penologists are aware of the weaknesses of the system and are trying to remedy them. But when the State steps in to remove an offender permanently, by legalized murder, then the State is transcending the principle of protecting society and is mixing in the principle of vengeance.

Even granted that capital punishment is justifiable (which I do not believe) it should not be used in cases involving no other proof of guilt than circumstantial evidence.

When a person has been found guilty only on the testimony of others, there remains always the possibility of a margin of error. By executing the person on trial, all possibility of remedying a mistake (if one was made), is removed. Just recently in England such a case provoked national discussion and resulted in the submission to Parliament of a bill to eliminate capital punishment. Unfortunately the bill was defeated, but that does not invalidate the premise that capital punishment should never be used in cases resting only on circumstantial evidence.

Should one go so far as to say that capital punishment is justifiable, and then grant furthermore that it is justifiable in cases where the only proof of guilt is circumstantial, capital punishment should never be used in cases where the offense is of a political nature.

One of the things that differentiates this country (USA) from Fas-

cist and Communist dictatorships is our greater degree of political freedom. In the monolithic terror States, a political crime is the greatest of all offenses. Here, where we still retain some degree of liberty we reserve our deepest moral repugnance for emotional crimes, deeds involving lust and passion, and those violating family loyalties.

Cases arising out of emergency situations, fraught with fear and anxiety, judged in an atmosphere of mass hysteria, such as the Sacco-Vanzetti and Mooney-Billings trials, ought always to be judged tentatively and remain subject to review at a later time, when the heat of the passions has subsided.

When they are decided hastily and fatally, they weigh heavily forever after on the public conscience.

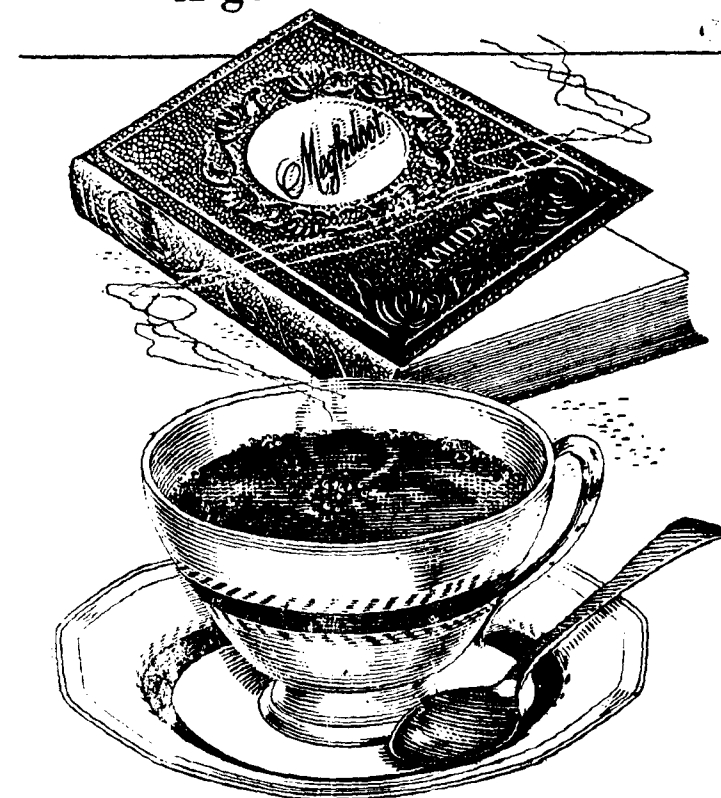
**T**HE courts should ideally protect the public, not only against the dangers threatening from without, but also from the dangers residing in its own lust for revenge, justified or otherwise.

Mooney and Billings escaped death and in later years public sentiment reversed itself. The Rosenberg case now has been added to the Sacco-Vanzetti case and whatever new evidence may be uncovered in time to bear on the guilt or innocence of the Rosenbergs, the American public is forever excluded from considering in disinterested fashion. Now there will always be factions which, for their own purposes, will persist in proclaiming their innocence and bewailing their martyrdom on the one hand, and on the other hand equally biased factions insisting on their guilt and the justice of their punishment.

The Rosenbergs are dead and all this discussion is cold comfort to them, but perhaps a little thought on the ethical implications of capital punishment will prevent the psychology of fear from claiming new victims.

The spirituality of the soul is a positive fact as clearly bright as sunlight. Search has been and search will be always made probably into the subject of Matter; but we know what Mind is, from having in us the example, the sentient pulsating ego within us.—SAISSET

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# INDIAN UNITY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ON this the 7th year of our independence, no problem is more baffling than the issue of Indian unity, to which pointed attention has recently been drawn by Mr. S. K. Patil. He has alluded to certain quieting trends in the country which render the commingling of the Indian peoples more an illusion than a reality—and this at a time when our neighbouring State is striving towards a pan-Isamic federation and arming itself to that end. Fissiparous tendencies are now a part of our public life, and our language imperialists are out-heroding even those of the Anglo-Saxon variety. Congressmen, in particular, have in this respect yet to learn their lessons from the Indian Communists, who are not hampered by lingual or territorial barriers. The bye-products of these tendencies are even more terrifying. Patriotism is becoming a lost virtue, and there is progressive deterioration of the Swadeshi spirit. Foreign news and foreign businessmen obtain enormous weightage in our daily press; and foreign magnates find the soil extremely congenial to start nascent industries. Everywhere the scramble for office and separate States continues unabated; and the only circumstances making for the cohesion of the warring elements are the personality of the Prime Minister, the English language and the legal profession.

India had ever been a nation of diverse races, creeds, faiths, and dialects. Yet from the earliest times, long before even the dawn of history, there had always been an underlying core of unity, and except for brief intervals in her chequered history, the whole country had functioned as a single entity; and that, paradoxically speaking, was when the modern means of communication and contact could not even have been thought of. It is worth mentioning in this connection that our early law-givers, poets and philosophers aided the politician and did not allow the seeds of frag-

mentation to flourish under their feet. How they achieved it might appear crude by modern standards: nevertheless, they did attain a certain measure of success. There was a unifying religion, culture, and language; and speaking both geographically and historically, there was nothing which took place in North India which did not have its repercussions in the South and vice versa. Take the epics, the Puranas, the plays and the ballads. The main incidents, themes of both the Ramayana and Mahabharata, took place in Oudh or Delhi. Yet the unlettered artisan or sculptor in the South could portray them to the letter in stone and marble and capture their inner and even esoteric meanings. That, at any rate, indicated that either there was a universal dialect which could be none other than Sanskrit or that there had been intimate personal contact amongst the various classes in the country. The Tamil isolationist of our times who is conspicuous only for his hatred of Sanskrit, must remember that the thousands of temples which are scattered throughout his territory would not have come into being, were not the chief planners, the artists and the artisans, imbued with the spirit of the age and with the faith that moved mountains and made monuments out of them. Consider especially the figures of Nataraja and Dakshinamurti. This was not all. In the words of the poet, great men had been amongst us, hands that penned and uttered wisdom and taught us how gloriously the nation stood in splendour, Kalidasa made the Himalayas and the clouds part of the country; his cloud messenger literally makes an aerial survey from the Deccan to the Himalayas. Both Vyasa and Valmiki describe the southern end of the peninsula with surprising accuracy. Tulasidas's Ramayana was evolved out of Kamban's classic. Gita Govinda was composed in Orissa, but set to music and sung in the South Indian villages. Above

all, there was the religious tie all through. The up-country Hindu was enjoined to visit Rameswaram; and the South Indian had to visit Banaras, Allahabad, Kedarnath and Badrinath with a trip back to Rameswaram. The Siva-agama cult which had its roots in Tamil Nad had had its setting in Nepal and Mount Kailas. The Hindu sages went much further. There is no religious exercise in which a Hindu engages himself, that does not start with a mental conception of the unity of the country, which is described as "Jambudvipe-Bharata Khande, south of Mount Meru."

IN the periods before the Moslem and British penetration into the country, there were occasions when national unity was forged in a manner which cannot even be thought of in these days. It is a historical fact that in the 3rd, 4th and 5th centuries B. C. the Hindu kingdom had extended its dominion from Kabul to Kandy. Buddhism did the trick. Curiously enough, some centuries later, when that religion became too individualistic and atheistic, there arose a young anchorite from Malabar who walked on foot right from Kaladi up to Kashmir, and established his monasteries throughout the country, and saved Hinduism from its own weakness and the inroads of Buddhism.

British rule succeeded in building up Indian unity but the main contributory cause had been the compulsory medium of English and the universal type of education which was

enforced throughout the country. Certain political, social and religious movements had also contributed a great deal. Dr. Annie Besant and her band of Theosophists revived interest in Indian culture and forged a sort of cohesion among Indians. Swami Vivekananda and his mission, Sri Aurobindo and in recent times Ramana Maharshi, have also bridged the gulf between the North and the South. The soil had been made propitious for the Indian National Congress which under the aegis of the Mahatma had been the greatest single factor for the promotion of Indian unity, even as the Khilafat agitation and that for Pakistan had unified the Muslims in our country.

Linguistic States are a novelty in Indian history. Even Orissa and Oudh could not be dubbed linguistic States, pure and simple: they are rather a collection of people living together and grouped on account of antiquity and common culture. So far as the Andhra State is concerned, over which Mr. S. K. Patil is rightly vexed, this much could be said, that if it had been carved out 30 or 40 years ago it would have been an unqualified success. But now things have taken a different turn. Joint living of the Telugus and the non-Telugus in certain places like Hyderabad, Madras and Chittoor, had effected a synthesis of Telugu-Tamil culture which has to be snapped simply because of the pressure of power politics. It is now felt doubtful if the new State will satisfy all the legitimate aspirations of the com-

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mon man in Andhra Desa. But it is reasonably clear that the division which is based solely on dialect is bound to cause friction. Take, for example, the policy of Prohibition, which the Andhra State seems in no mood to continue. If it is to be scrapped, then the residuary State which however is in no mood to discontinue it, will have necessarily to follow suit, because the border districts (Vellore and Chittoor for example) are within a few miles of each other.

The residuary State has to reckon with the Dravidastan movement, the potentialities of which seem to be either over-emphasised or under-rated. Those outside the State who conjure up a state of affairs as in pre-partition India, are giving it an exaggerated importance because not one Dravidastani has won a seat in the legislature, although by the logic of events many returned on a Communist or Congress ticket, may be amongst its ardent votaries. Likewise, when the State Government regards it only as a frustrated politician's move, it would be under-rating its potentialities for evil and mischief. But anyone who analyses its trends

carefully will be able to discover that it is not a separate movement but one like the European fascism, which concerns itself with the Brahmins alone. The Brahmins have now become successful business rivals, and the authors of the movement cannot reconcile themselves to it with equanimity.

IT would however be carrying scepticism a little too far to say that national unity can never be re-established in this country. The German philosopher Eucken has said that man has both a higher self and a lower self. The higher self responds to the call of a Buddha or a Gandhi, and considers no sacrifice too great to achieve national solidarity, as indeed the Congressmen of old felt. The lower self predominates when the love of power and pomp make cowards of us all and blinds us to the ultimate destiny of our country. That is the sum and substance of the separatist tendencies in our country; but it is time that good and wise men took stock of the situation and devised remedies, with the cooperation of the major political organisations in the country if possible, and without it, if necessary.

## Tribute to M. N. Roy

By S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

IN the death of Mr. M. N. Roy, on the eve of the fourth anniversary of the Republic of India, our country has lost a great thinker and a practical politician.

In the struggle for freedom, Mr. Roy appealed to the people of India, including the workers and peasants, to rally under the banner of the National Congress. He joined the ranks of the people, and moving in their midst, thinking their thoughts, and giving expression to their feelings and aspirations, undertook the unostentatious, but essential work of organising them. With remarkable courage, he preached the message of revolt—revolt against the intolerable conditions of life. The central point he always tried to drive home was that spiritual and intellectual revolt was the condition for the success of a political and social revolt.

By doing that, he laboriously built up a solid platform for the growing radical forces.

Fighting single-handed on two fronts, Mr. Roy proved himself to be a man of action, with a clear vision, a revolutionary philosophy and the determination to practise what he preached. In the pursuit of his plan of action for the political independence and social emancipation of the people of India, he was not deflected from his path either by the hostility of the right wing, or by the mischievous misrepresentation of the so-called leftists. Mr. Roy's philosophical writings and speeches, besides revealing him as a great thinker, have contributed a good deal to the clarification of the intellectual atmosphere clouded with the mist of glorification of old traditions, the talk of the spiritual genius of our people, and the special mission of India.

# PERILS OF ART AS LIVELIHOOD

By DEVI PRASAD ROY CHOWDHURY

EVERY earned livelihood is the reward of a struggle which ends in the pursuit of self-preservation. The artist cannot escape from this necessity if he were to live by his own earnings. Therefore he has to sell his pictures for a return to keep going.

The paymaster pats the artist with a patronizing spirit. His sympathy broadly hints at lowering the price to suit his convenience. The artist readily yields by presenting a very happy appearance. But one who is in the know of things will say that what is observed on the surface is not true. The expression worn is a mask. It is used to hide a stream of tears drawn out by the current of many a disappointment.

Despite these depressing factors the artist has one consolation to his credit, and that is that he does not feel the pangs of hunger as much as an average man with good appetite does. In his case, the pain of hunger has become quite bearable due to habit.

Business in general is created by the needs of interested parties, the buyer and the seller. But in matters of art, the need is confined to one side. It is the need of the artist, who has to keep himself occupied without having a prospective buyer in view. He cannot help painting, because he is haunted by an irresistible force and compelled by it to give vent to an expression which demands an immediate release. He is subject to fits of inspiration, which some wise men think to be a disorder of the mental faculty.

Placed as he is, the artist cannot afford to look for security or for any provision of an appropriate return for his work, such as any businessman does, to safeguard his interests. The assessment of the monetary value of his work is left to the mercy of those who evade proper payment

but yet are recognised as connoisseurs, patrons, and so on. The connoisseur endowed with the gift of supporting the cause of art is a rare being in our country. Those we are familiar with, are in most cases made to order by force of circumstances. The motivating element behind their patronage is vanity, and not appreciation, as it should be. Eventually, the acquisition of an object of art serves as a symbol of status rather than as evidence of the owner's taste.

Has not the artist sense of honour enough to rise against this sort of treatment which he receives for no fault of his own? Of course, he has. In fact he is no less sensitive to hurt than any other honourable being. But how is he to drive the fact home and claim a recognition in society where everybody seems to be wiser than himself? Can the artist dare to reveal his heart bleeding for justice, and even if he were bold enough to take a risk, would anyone care to listen to him, rated as he is, as the most formidable enemy of simple life? Is he not regarded as an accomplished seducer of innocent victims who succumb to the glamour of his art that produces nothing else but accessories to luxury? Does he not freely use these objects to excite sensuous inclinations? His success in this direction is so wide that even holy places apparently have not been spared his unabashed assaults. Quite a number of our temple sculptures in stone bear witness to this awful propensity of the artist, and the serene atmosphere of the holy places has been subjected to pollution by the erotic message of the artist. The creations which convey the message, though old in age, are yet uncomfortably fresh and virile.

The pious naturally get perturbed when they come in direct contact with hard stone transformed by the artist so as to look like soft human

flesh, and that too of the full-fledged youth of the fair sex. The attraction of the enchanting contours of those shapely figures is so great that even the pious find it difficult to resist it. They are made to realise that they are no less prone to sensuous impulses than common men. So the holy men get themselves entrapped into confessing that a sincere message of the artist tells nothing else but truth, which must be acknowledged. With this passport from the saintly, the artist proceeds to cherish the hope that the response evoked by his art is neither a sin nor a crime but just compliance with the law of nature.

This is one aspect of human emotion. Similarly, there are other emotions, and the devotional is one of them. We shall do well to note that all emotions function under certain provocations and the effect in each case is conditioned by environmental influences in keeping with the temperament and sensitive quality of the individual. However powerful a man-made religion or code of morals might be, it would be powerless against a greater force to which the individual is apt to surrender on account of his susceptible temperament. The values of all emotions are just the same in the realm of art, because they only serve to be the means and not the end. The end is the consolidation of the total effect, that is to say, the achievement of a form of beauty.

**H**OW does the artist fare in his profession to meet the demands of modern times and solve his problem of a steady income? The only place that offers a prospect of doing this is a commercial firm which utilises the services of the artist for a lucrative return. Here the artist has to go through a rigid course of discipline which ultimately makes him a mere machine. As a result, the employer is placed in a position of vantage to secure a calculated profit, because a machine does not feel but works obediently without exhaustion or protest. Thus volumes of popular art are reproduced in no time and at a very low cost. It is manipulated by the skill of the artist in co-operation with the brain of a

businessman who knows how to exploit. There could have been no exploitation of profit if the artist had been allowed freedom of thought. So art is made to cater to popular taste at the cost of the artist's soul. All tastes are created and then they are acquired either by close association or by the pressure of fashion or exploitation. One can see what this popular taste means and where it may lead to.

This is not the full story of the artist's plight. There are the ill-informed critics gifted with strong likes and dislikes. These use as weapons their own convictions based on fancies stimulated by some prevailing fashion. The convictions are driven home to make the innocent believe that the critic can do no wrong. Once his verdict is recorded in print, it stands for ever, though his assertions might verge on profound ignorance. This little drawback however does not undermine his authority, since his articles are in demand to fill up special columns, strictly reserved for cultural issues. The editors do not as a rule interfere with the contents so long as they have the quality of abstruseness and are veiled in becoming obscurity of language. Indiscriminate comment is invented either to boost an artist to dizzy heights or hurl another down to perdition for not surrendering to the views of the critic.

We can conclude from all this, that the life of an artist is not always that of a dreamer as is assumed. On the contrary, he is as much under the crushing wheels of stern realities as any common man is. The only difference between the common man and the creative artist is that no amount of persuasive lessons can impel the latter to give up the struggle in pursuit of art and take up some other profession as a common man would.

If the situation is to be saved from further deterioration, it is necessary that our minds should be liberated from the *don'ts* of rigid conventions that seem very nearly to have frozen them. These conventions might have served some good purpose in the remote past, but they have ceased to have any value today since there is

a world of difference between life then and life in our present environment. The process of evolution or the warmth of life that seeks harmony through toleration and adjustments means nothing to the followers of the conventions, for the simple reason that their blood has become cold, as cold as fossils buried for ages under masses of ice. Therefore they can be classed as mobile carcasses who exist only for negation by preaching ideals like self-denial, simplicity and so on, of course without knowing the full implications of their preachings.

Self-denial might have a lofty ideal as its basis but in practice it betrays its own cause, since every deed has an objective to fulfil, and the fulfilment awards a satisfaction which is like the return of a dividend. As an act of negation must be devoid of any return, self-denial is a contradiction in terms, and conveys no meaning to the intelligent.

Similarly, the idea of simplicity is enwrapped in illusion. It must have been intended to save people from indulgence in extravagance; but to our misfortune, it has been misinterpreted, and it has gradually become perverted into a dogma for the discouragement of physical comforts. Comfort as such is relative, and the standard of comfort differs in different stations of life. If it did not, a beggar in rags would have been acclaimed as the simplest man living on earth. But we do not make a hero of a beggar because he wears a minimum of clothes and is unmindful of their rotten condition. The fact is, the poor man had no choice in the matter of better clothes though he had no lack of desire to wear them if that were possible. It is a case of poverty and not simplicity.

Simplicity in its true form involves the overcoming of complexities. It entails an adjustment eliminating a discord created by a jumble of jarring elements. This cannot be achieved unless the heart echoes to the call of a higher existence which does not necessarily mean the discarding of physical comforts.

It would not be folly, in the circumstances, to live a full life, enjoy-

ing the benefit of the best that the good earth can give and that man can achieve with his intelligence, while helping to interpret the human emotions that vitally concern you and me.

**T**HIS is of course wishful thinking. If it does not come to pass, it is because misused ideals have developed into a mental disease that has become contagious. But the disease can be checked before it assumes an alarming stage. The only thing that can check it is the right type of education, particularly at home.

The Government and a few lovers of art are doing their best to help the artist in every way they can. But it is not possible for any Government or a few lovers of art to pay all their attention to one particular faculty only, or to relieve each and every individual artist in his struggle by means of a regular supply of commissions. It is the duty of the public to see that the contributions to art which add to the national cultural wealth do not fade away for the reasons mentioned here.—*Condensed from two talks broadcast from A. I. R., Vijayawada.*

★

#### HORRIFIED HEROES

"... I was told the story of two Dutch sailors who had been caught in the air-raid. They had been actively celebrating their shore leave and were in the merriest of moods when the sirens went. When the worst was over they heard that a nearby shelter had been blocked by a fall of rubble in the middle of which lay an unexploded time-bomb. Full of strong drink and fellow-feeling, the two Dutchmen made for the rubble, routed around and dragged out the time-bomb. Then they staggered around until they met someone who lent them the screw-driver they were asking for, and back to the bomb they went, unscrewed the time-fuse and threw it away. They were horrified the next morning when they learned what their Dutch courage had led them to do. Why, it might have been dangerous, one of them declared, and both wisely nodded their heads. No one was more surprised than they to hear they had been sent medals for bravery by the King..."

*From Inside North Pole*

by

Pieter Dourlein

## SHORT STORY

## A Pair of Blue Chappals

BY GORA SASTRI

IF at the end of this narration you search for the point of it, it would be in vain, for it is utterly pointless. I am temperamentally sort of a thoroughly pointless man and therefore it is inconceivable that anything connected with me could ever have a point.

It is a tale of yesterday. It happened in a place that was far off—lonesome and sad and estranged in a way from other places of the world. To be precise, it was a railroad colony near a junction station and in those days I was a young railwayman. The colony itself was dreary. Not much was there except rows and rows of clean little two-room cottages that housed much middle-class shiftlessness, avenues of *sal* trees, a market and a main road. It was the only road in the colony but we exalted it to a main road. It ran alongside the railway line, flanked by barbed-wire fencing and the majestic *sal* trees, their branches meeting overhead to form into a thick canopy of green from which reverberated at all odd hours the choir of strange birds.

If you walked along the main road of a December evening at sun-set time, in the thick smoke-like fog settled already, there was nothing whatsoever to do. That particular evening we were doing exactly that—I mean walking—myself and my friend Murti. Silently, unhurriedly, puffing relishingly at our cigarettes. The road was lonely, almost dark and deserted. The chirruping and the hooting of birds only heightened the prevailing stillness and I was afraid for no apparent reason. I was carrying in my hand an empty hand-bag and its weight seemed to pull down my hand from its joint. Was Murti also feeling like that? I wondered for he was also carrying a bag in his hand and it was not empty either. It contained something—light in weight but heavy with the richness of memories. I looked at him but in the hazy twilight dimmed by fog I could not make out anything from his vague face that looked strangely unfamiliar

and not unlike one of those terrible cim faces we encounter with in dreams, sexless and pale, with dark eyes that turned inward so sharply that made you realise with a shudder that they were exchanging with each other some secret gaze of grief.

We just walked along, goaded by our own thoughts, which were wretched and exasperatingly confused. It was like that since that afternoon. After tea, we sat in the room, the three of us, myself Murti and Lalitha, his wife. Not a word was exchanged between us. Murti spread before himself a pack of cards and furiously played solitaire, occasionally deceiving himself in the game. I tried to read a book but understanding failed and my mind got bogged up in a page and like an old broken gramophone record repeating the same sound, making it mad and meaningless, I was reading the same paragraph over and over again. It was no use. The boredom was unimaginably oppressive. Lalitha sat before us on a cot, trying to mend an old torn saree. A dark-haired young woman, Lalitha was, with lips that smiled without provocation and dark eyes that were gentle but as mysterious as the night and as impersonal as the stars. Lalitha was the wife of a middle-class wage-earner, living in a remote upcountry railway colony where life went on at an even pace, in a dull routine-like way, where today was just the echo of yesterday and tomorrow, of today. But here was a personality that in a different set-up would have inspired creative artists to portray her in pigment and words. But such a description would only be an idle projection of an imaginative tangent into the realm of day-dreaming. It is neither here nor there. That particular afternoon, we sat in the room each silently hating the other and wanting to be alone. "Shall we go out and buy some sweets at the refreshment stall?" I suggested to Murti, unable to bear the tension. Lalitha smiled. "We have no money. All that is left in the house is some small change—less than a rupee." I looked at Murti. He stared back at me. Did my careless suggestion remind him of the letter he received that morning from his aged, rich and

miserly father asking for money? I did not know. It might be. Or he might be thinking of his young unmarried sister condemned to spinsterhood only because the father simply did not have the heart to part with a little of his money as dowry. Or he might be thinking of Lalitha, proud aristocratic Lalitha who got under his skin and disturbed his peace of mind when all that he wanted in life was a quiet even tenor of work, rest and a cosy home. He found to his dismay the pressure of life and the personality of Lalitha larger than his inclinations and he trembled inwardly.

HE stared aimlessly around the room and saw in a corner a pair of old blue *chappals*.

"Lalitha!" he said, "Your *chappals* need mending."

Without lifting her eyes from her work, she replied: "They are too old to stand any mending. We bought them on our first wedding anniversary and that was three years ago. There is no more life in them."

"No" he protested. "They are old no doubt but the cobbler can make something out of them. We shouldn't throw away good things like that. With a little repair and a patch up here and there, we can use them again!"

That was just like Murti, I thought. He got up, wrapped those pair of *chappals* in a piece of paper, and shoved them in a bag. I too got up and putting on my shirt, said, "Come, let us go to the cobbler who sits there by the main road. He styles himself the 'shoe doctor.' Let us see if he can help us." Lalitha stared at me with infinite pity in her eyes and smiled. When we left, she closed the door on us, without a word.

That was why we were walking along the road on that winter evening, silent, side by side, but each of us lonely within our inmost selves.

We saw him, the 'shoe doctor' squatting by the roadside, with his 'shop' and 'factory' spread before him. He was puffing at a cigar, safely hammering a piece of leather on the anvil. Somehow that dark evening, foggy and frightening as if some invisible ghosts were floating in the air, this cobbler on the open road

made me feel small before him and humble.

We stood in front of him.

"Yes, Sir!" he said, enquiringly. It sounded to me like the voice of God.

"We have a pair of *chappals* to be repaired," said my friend timidly, handing them over to him. The vile cobbler, I thought, why should we be afraid of him? To us—the white collared *babus* of society, what was a cobbler to us?

"H'm," said the cobbler, "Let me see them, Sir." He felt them for a second in his hands and said, "Sir! you are probably playing a joke on me!" "What do you mean!" protested my friend.

"These *chappals* are fit only for the scrapheap, Sir, throw them away to some needy, hungry dog! They are much too worn out and beyond repair. They will crumble into bits if I put my needle to them." That was the cheeky remark made by the cobbler.

My friend said in a feeble voice, "But how can we throw them away? They were so nice, and attractive when we bought them, with gold coloured lace and all that. Besides, we have a sentimental affection for them."

"—Even *chappals* have their youth and old age, Sir!" intervened the cobbler, "like the humans. And when the time comes, we must throw them away, sentiment or no sentiment."

I shuddered at the cobbler's cold logic. "Cobbler!" I intervened, "do not talk like a character that walked out of one of Tolstoy's stories. We want those *chappals* to be repaired. Therefore, be a sport and go ahead."

"Tolstoy? Never heard of him, Sir. Did he live in these parts?" He coughed a little and said, "All right sir, you *babus* are all like that, Cannot throw away things lazily. Let me see. It is already dark now and my vision is blurred."

"Feel them with your hands," I helpfully suggested, "and wherever your fingers touch decay, mend it there."

He became silent and quickly worked on them, putting on a stitch here and a fresh patch of leather there. After a few minutes he gave them back to us saying, "Here you

are, sir. I have done my best. But I may tell you once again, they are dead. They will only be a drag on the lady's pretty feet. Better throw them away, Sir, and go in for something new, fresh."

"Enough," I said, trying to put some dignity into my voice, "what is your charge?"

"Charge?" he said, "no charge. No decent cobbler worth his trade will condescend to mend such old junk. Please don't tell anyone I have mended them."

"Good," muttered my friend, "that means some annas saved."

We walked back home silently, like two defeated soldiers. Phantoms of doubts created a hullabaloo in my mind. Yes, I surrendered to my inner voice, you are right, cobbler. The past is too much with us and inside is a storehouse of infinite pairs of those blue *chappals*. Only, they take the shape of broken affections, forgotten natures, thrice-dead and utterly unwanted beliefs, carcasses of joys long since vanished, moments of happiness once bejewelled but now turned into tinsel illusions petrified

halfway and many things more, weird and bizarre, oppressing our emotions and twisting our personalities. There is no escape from this and we carry on, bewildered, lost.

We reached home. Lalitha took the pair of *chappals* into her hands, looked at them tenderly for a while and went out. She came back in a minute.

"What have you done with them?" exclaimed my friend.

She replied with a cool determined voice, "I threw them away. I would rather walk without *chappals* than carry those old dead ones on my feet."

I heard a distinct groan in the heart of my friend. He understood. Such an understanding could be cruel in its impact, it could be pitiless. At that naked moment he was aware of how exactly the remainder of his life was going to be and that awareness made him tremble. But what is the point in a man trembling before himself? That is why I said in the very beginning that this is an utterly pointless incident.

—(Courtesy A. I. R., Madras)

### One Moment in Annihilation's Waste . . .

**A** DARK room, and a lighted candle. Enter a moth. As it flew from window to window, its gay course uncharted, it knew no evil. Then it saw the light, and alas, its heart was transfixed. Curious, it reached forwards; the candle gave it heat and light. In the warmth of its love the moth basked and fluttered. Never a love more strange and passionate! The creature darted about, not daring to close in. Its cautious circles gave place to recklessness at times. The light heeded it not. Intrigued, it drew closer. The light burned on. Yet closer. Desperate, it approached, carried away by the tempest in its heart. The unseen urge and the passion which drew it inexorably onward, as one could see the finger of Doom point and say "This for your love!" stayed not for the arresting hand of an agonized observer. Onward, insensate, amorous creature! Too late now, and obsessed with a love destined to be tragic, it approached the flame. Its eyes

glowed, and its wings shimmered. It lost judgment, and all the passion in its heart was seen in the thrill of its body and the eager excitement of its wings, and the breathless spell of its eyes . . .

One tender moment of suspense—joyous anticipation of the end of a quest—and it stretched its body to the flame in a voluptuous movement and yet one as holy as a flower-offering to a Deity! All the happiness the moth craved was its; its chosen lover was its; its destiny fulfilled in a consummation of sacrifice.

For a moment, the absorbing, tremulous, soul-consuming kiss, and the tumultuous passion and abandonment rising as a sea-wave, and dashing itself over the rock of reason, over and over! Just a moment—or eternity?—when the moth was in a dream of Heaven—and Hell. Its scorched body tumbled over the candle . . .

The light burned on.

By M. Sivaramakrishna Rao

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**F**AMED Edith Sitwell of the Sitwell tree,  
sister to Osbert and Sacheverell,  
long is the public's memory,  
it sure can tell  
a tale so well  
of *Wheels*—to your resounding credit,  
that you with your brothers did edit  
eight and thirty years ago  
(what tides have been since—high and low!),  
to blast,  
lambaste  
the land and lights of Georgian Poetry!

"Morbid," sniffed one,  
"Gloomy," cried another,  
but you didn't bother,  
you had your fun,  
your ferocious japes  
struck at your rival's napes.

*Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!*  
Oh!—how you listen'd to the squeals  
of asses in the lion's skin  
who added to the vulgar din,  
the female of the species too,  
with their frisks and frizzles and frou-frou.

A long, long way you now have come  
to your own cymbal-clash tra-ra of drum  
to the rattle of bangles

and the scatter of spangles,  
 from that distant day  
 (when you heard the light creaking down the stairway) —  
 of *The Mother*  
 and other  
 glowing poems, more glowing prose  
 blown through diamond bellows;  
 aubade,  
 facade,  
 harlequinade;  
 comedies bucolic  
 in transcendental technique,  
 and from among these  
 and trees like green geese,  
 post  
 to the Gold Coast,  
 most musical to describe  
 the curious Ashantee tribe;  
 then a gazelle's lope  
 to Alexander Pope,  
 to William Shakespeare  
 and his fools so dear,  
 and for a while to *Live Under*  
*a Black Sun* with the wonder-  
 creator of Gulliver—  
 and then off to trim the wicks  
 of the English eccentrics,  
 then back again to poetic pleasures  
 garnering a fine motley of treasures  
 for the glories  
 of anthologies—  
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 and from the Atlantic's thither side,  
 the Muse's ancient and nascent pride,—  
 and asudden in a rapturous hour,  
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 of stars and stripes,  
 pagan and Christian,  
 velvet and fustian,  
 full of snakes and ladders  
 and balloons and bladders,  
 of blossoms and dust  
 and rime and rust,  
 of breezes, butterflies,  
 and love's strangled cries,  
 "in this age of the Furies  
 and the hues of false victories;"  
 Oh!—the sun wears a mask,  
 and the wine bursts the cask,  
 as a stream from the heart  
 and the earth cracks apart,  
 the moon is aswoon,  
 the roar turns a croon,  
 a rune in a plenilune  
 weird; and the bright blood  
 is blackened with mud.

"And in the gardens the airs sing of growth:  
 The orange-tree still sighs,  
 'I am the Dark that changed to water and to air,

The water and the air that changed to gold—  
 The gold that turned into a plant. From the cool wave  
 of the air grows a smooth  
 Stem, and from this the gold, cold orange-tree.

And happy as the Sun, the gardeners  
 See all miasmas from the human filth as the dung  
 In which to sow great flowers,  
 Tall moons and mornings, seeds, and sires, and suns."

Edith, your stately, sibylline notes  
 swell and sweep  
 from the deep  
 of a hundred kaleidoscopic throats;  
 and the heart leans and listens  
 dim as the dew that glistens  
 in a sapphire sun, drawing its breath  
 and to itself whispereth:  
 Life is no scare,  
 there's nought to despair,  
 the sire becomes the seed in death . . .

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

### Ramayana

#### Parts I & II

By Shudha Mazumdar

*Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan, Bombay*

Re. 1-12 as. Each Part

**C**ULTURED, well-read and versatile Shudha Mazumdar took nearly four years to study the various versions of the *Ramayana*, and by one of those rare coincidences that delight the world of letters, her enthusiasm for the epic attained its crown when Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan decided on its publication.

Following the version of Krithivasa Thiruthulu, Shudha Mazumdar has kept complete fidelity to the various episodes, life and teachings of Rama. The prose rendering is simple and sustains the reader interest throughout this long story of love, renunciation, adventure, war, and the homcoming of Rama, Rama's defeat at the hands of his sons Lava and Kusa, Sita's return to her mother, Earth, and finally the ascension of Rama to Vikuntha, finishing the work allotted to him by the Gods on this earth.

To bring Valmiki's *Ramayana* home to the English-speaking world in all its glory, from the homely and human to the terrible and sublime is perhaps no easy task. It is very difficult for any translator to preserve the spirit of the original, with its subtle varieties of metre and rhyme, and a literal translation would sound harsh. A translation has to aban-

don something of the rhythm in an effort to make the lofty characters speak in modern English. The *Ramayana* needs no introduction to the Indians for whom it is a part of their rich heritage. And it is evident that the present author's is an attempt to make it comprehensible in an interesting form, to the Western reader.

The qualities that one looks forward to in a translation are lucidity, restraint and vitality. The prose of Shudha Mazumdar has all these. In putting subtle *slokas* into simple prose, one is forced to give up something of their poetry. The *Ramayana* of course, has its own philosophic appeal but no one can deny the value of charming descriptions, edifying dialogues and luminous excursions into character through dramatic situations. For expressing the spontaneous overflow of that most fundamental of sentiments, *Karuna*, Valmiki's words set themselves to the natural cadence called by the occasion and we have as a result the most beautiful, soul-stirring and artistic poem ever conceived and executed by man. One may miss the exciting experience in a prose version of the epic but in the measure in which Shudha Mazumdar achieves it and passes it on to the readers, the task which she set for herself and its completion should be said to be creditable.

K. RAMALAKSHMI



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MODERN Assam, known as Prag-  
jyotisha and Kamrupa in the  
Bharatvarsha of old, is a land beauti-  
ful. It is rich in mineral resources  
and other bounties of nature. Its  
people have a fine cultural tradition  
and as they are formed from the  
admixture of the austric, alpo-dina-  
ric races of Braty Aryans, Tibeto-  
Burmese, and at a later period Vedic  
Aryans Assam's language (and liter-  
ature) has derived the colour and  
characteristics of all these races. The  
present pamphlet compiled neatly  
and briefly by Mr. Kesav Narayan  
Dutt introduces the Asom Sahitya  
Sabha which is the foremost Literary  
Association in Assam, giving details  
of its foundation, constitution, aims,  
and objects. Mr. Dutt is General  
Secretary of the Sabha and holds too  
a high responsible position as Deputy  
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Chandra Goswami, Padmanath  
Gohain Barua, Satyanath Bora,  
Lakshminath Bezbaroa have shed  
their lustre on this association.

The Asom Sahitya Sabha, as pre-  
sented by Mr. Dutt, can be read pro-  
fitably along with Assamese Litera-  
ture: Ancient and Modern by  
Dr. S. K. Bhuyan. Such cultural  
pamphlets would help a good deal in  
the integration of states, linguisti-  
cally divided. Politics can go to the  
devil and have its deep sea chopping;  
let it leave literature to grow in its  
beauty and nobility.

MITRA

#### THE BIG SLEEP

"MAKE me a cosy cot  
And fetch it tomorrow"—  
Home went the carpenter  
His face downcast  
Forgotten the order.  
At dawn he arrived  
Carrying a curio—  
A cross between  
Cot and coffin  
And found the master  
Awaiting the latter.

M. GOVINDAN

## WHERE THE COLOUR LINE HITS EVERYBODY

By DOUGLAS BLANCHARD

*South Africa is a marvellous place to visit, says this writer  
but every year fear is making it a bigger nightmare to live in.*

"NOW you're going to realize how  
lucky you are to be a Cana-  
dian," a group of businessmen told  
me as I landed at South Africa's big  
airport a few miles from Johannes-  
burg.

"How come?" I asked.

"You're going to be hit by a colour  
line," they said.

"But I'm not coloured," I said.

And it didn't take many hours to  
find out they were right. I got hit  
hard.

The 2,000,000 whites in South Africa  
are scared. They want to keep down  
9,000,000 black natives—and they  
don't know how to do it. They rea-  
lize they're prodding those natives  
into a blind fury. They know the  
murder rate is soaring. They read  
defiance in every black face. They  
see growing black self-education on  
every side. They admit it's logical  
to assume that 9,000,000 enlightened  
human beings aren't going to submit  
to serfdom forever. But they honestly  
believe in white supremacy and they  
want to preserve white civilization in  
Africa.

#### Whites Are Split

IF the whites were united they might  
be able to work out something  
sensible. But they're split wide open  
between 60 per cent Afrikaners, who  
are descendants of the old Boers, and  
40 per cent English settlers and busi-  
ness people. Now the Nationalist  
Party of Premier Malan has been  
returned to power. Its solution to  
the native problem is suppression  
and still more suppression ruthlessly  
enforced with no regard for humanity  
or compromise or world opinion.  
There's nothing more stubborn than  
a Boer. That explains the fantastic  
lengths to which racial segregation  
is being pushed. It explains the  
strange doctrine of "apartheid" or  
racial separateness.

By completely separating blacks  
and whites the Nationalists think  
they can solve the native problem.  
Eventually they would like to have  
all blacks confined to special reserves  
off by themselves. But they realize  
the main source of labour for the  
growing industrial revolution here is  
black labour. So they have set up  
the most fantastic colour line in exis-  
tence. It hits you at every place you  
go.

#### The Password

"EUROPEANS only" is the pass-  
word. No matter what you  
do or where you go or what you say,  
you make sure you keep on that side  
of the fence. If you want to sit in  
a waiting room at an airport you look  
for that sign first or you're, maybe,  
breaking the law—because the colour  
line works both ways. If you want to  
go to a washroom, you make sure  
that sign is over the door. The same  
for ticket counters, stamp vendors,  
wickets in every sort of public build-  
ing everywhere.

The Nationalists have ousted Eng-  
lish as a South African language.  
Right now the dominant language  
in everything connected with public  
service is Afrikaans—a curious Dutch  
dialect that developed from the  
speech of the Boers on their lonely  
farms. A foreigner just can't make  
head or tail of Afrikaans. But you  
soon learn the one word for European  
and the three words for native that  
hit you in the face everywhere you  
look. Even the elevators in most  
hotels have these signs on them.

#### Looks Like Joke

WHEN you go into the post office  
in Johannesburg you can't just  
walk in. You have to find the door-  
way for Europeans only. When you  
ride a train you not only have to stay  
in the white man's car, you wait on  
a white platform, buy your ticket



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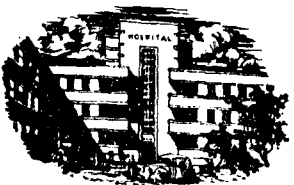
**THE CEMENT MARKETING COMPANY OF INDIA LTD.**



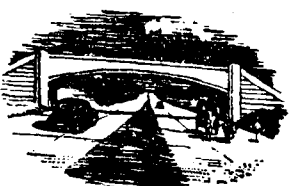
HOUSES



FARMS



HOSPITALS



BRIDGES

from a white sealer, go out by a white door and try to get a taxi at a white stand.

Theoretically the government is succeeding in keeping black and white apart. Actually it hasn't got to first base. Go into any store and chances are you'll be jostled aside by a group of black customers. Business puts profits before colour or race. It will have no part in any policy that chases the biggest market away from its doors. So far Malan hasn't been able to do anything about it.

Drive your car a block and you'll feel chills go down your spine as black drivers do everything they can to unnerve you, short of scraping your fenders. Walk the streets and the chances are you're pushed aside by black pedestrians. Go to the suburbs and you find white babies and children of the well-to-do completely in the hands of black nursemaids. Go to the factories and you'll find black and white working together. At first sight it looks like one big joke; this apartheid. Actually it's murder.

### Life in Slums

THOUSANDS of natives are flocking to the cities every day to get jobs in the new industrial revolution. But they can't be absorbed into city life because of apartheid. The result is that most of them have to live in vast suburban slums called locations where they are deliberately kept at the level of dumb animals. The death rate in these places is soaring.

Big business is alarmed. It has to tap the black labour supply or close up shop. So, vast new housing projects for natives have got as far as the blueprint stage only to run head-on against apartheid in government priorities. Why build new houses for natives who aren't supposed to be near the cities anyway? Just the same, progressive bodies like the Johannesburg City Council are going ahead with projects costing millions.

They're just using sound common sense. If the blacks are going to do the work they have to live. Meanwhile they're getting angrier every day. They're perfect material for

Communist propaganda, and the Reds are taking full advantage of it—laws or no laws. Look around a native location and you'll see some of the most lurid posters in the world. Even in the main streets you see them. And they're being acted on. Whites are now afraid to go near the locations. In Kenya there are Mau Mau murders. In Johannesburg there are just murders. South Africa is a strategic target in world power politics and the Reds are trying to bore from within. But most of these blacks are not Communists—yet.

### Taxi Driver's Story

"I SERVED with the King's African Rifles during the last war," said a black taxi driver in Cape Town. "Until this apartheid started, things looked bright for me. I have a home in Cape Town because the colour line hasn't been bad here, since Cape Town is largely English and cosmopolitan. But Malan is putting the clamps on us now. I have to give up my house and go out and live in a native quarter. I have to give up my cab and work for a European at a commission. Can you wonder if I feel sore? Even our veterans' club is being put behind the new colour line. And things will get worse. I know Afrikaners. They hate us."

There's no colour line against disease. It spreads fast under South African conditions. It's spreading from the locations right into the heart of town. Even in the best hotels the work is done and the food is handled by commuters from the suburban slums. Mental disease is worse. Hate hurts clear thinking.

How else can you explain the growing discrimination against the large community of Indian origin—highly educated, cultured and commercial? Or the spread of apartheid to the Cape Coloured, a large group of half-breeds formerly looked on with favour and given the full franchise? They voted against the Nationalists last election. So the Nationalists passed a law depriving them of the vote. Now they're on the wrong side of apartheid, along with the colourful Malay colony in Cape Town—a major element in the population, with temples, schools and clubs of

their own. The Nationalists have decreed they have to leave—move to new segregated areas.

#### The Nationalist Case

**M**AYBE you think the English are safe. But the Boers have already passed language laws which, in some cases, compel parents who have always spoken English to send their children to Afrikaans language schools. English in government service are feeling the pressure. Many English civil servants have already left for distant parts. Maybe you can't call this particular hate a part of the colour line—but it's Nationalist hate which means apartheid. The Boers have never forgiven the English for defeating them in the Boer War. They can't kick the English out because of their connections abroad and their money—but they can do some next best things.

Most Boers are frankly republican. During the early years of the war they were openly pro-Nazi. They are still largely dominated by a semi-secret society called the Broederbond which has often told the politicians what to do. But Prime Minister Malan knows the country can't stand alone. So he tells the back bench boys to keep quiet and keeps the Commonwealth commercial links after kicking British sentiment overboard.

If you're a newspaperman here you feel the new government restrictions on free speech and a free press. You can't write what you like—not while you're living in the Union of South Africa. In Cape Town I had to spend a lot of time telling newsmen what the prospects were in Canada for this line of work. Some figured they'd better pull out before the set-up got too impossible. Even the Minister of Posts has threatened in Parliament to turn back the cables and letters of foreign correspondents who "misrepresent."

#### Can It Succeed?

**C**AN apartheid succeed? Let's be fair. Let's listen to what an official of the Native Affairs Department has to say for it. Boiling it down to its essence, his contention runs like this: In a mixed community the

Bantu would eventually be in a position to gain the franchise and then where would white civilization be? He would gain social and economic equality and then you'd have a half-breed nation. The only possible alternative is partition of the nation into two racial groups—strictly quarantined. Maybe the industrial revolution makes it possible to send the black men back to his native reserves.

All right, we'll put him in separate residential communities where he can run his own affairs and mind his own business. Nothing unfair about that, is there? Maybe there are black suburban slums now. But we can't do everything overnight. Give us time. Nobody knew there was going to be such a big industrial boom. Nobody could foresee this tremendous rush of black labour to urban areas.

But all this is beside the point. We have a beautiful country worth living in. Do you want to turn the whole thing over to the blacks? What would they do to us? We have children. Our forefathers settled here and made South Africa what it is. We're going to hand it on to our children intact. Would you Canadians think for a moment of turning your Dominion back to the natives? The only reason that question looks silly to you is that there are so few natives. The idea is the same when you say we should make one black equal one white throughout Africa. Maybe we are fighting a losing battle. But we're going to fight, and there's no other way we can fight. If there is, tell us about it.

#### The Answer

**A**LL right. Let's try to answer this official (who certainly has a tough job). Experts estimate that 50 years from now there will be 20,000,000 blacks in South Africa and 6,000,000 whites. The blacks will no longer be savages. They will be white men in everything but the colour of their skin. To talk about keeping them on their present reserves is just silly. The reserves find it hard to support even the present residents.

Even today the blacks read the papers, listen to the radio, see our movies, shop in our stores, are sway-

ed by our advertisements, read our books, argue with our trade union leaders, drive our cars, buy our gadgets, join separate branches of our churches. Suppose you do keep them in separate areas of every city and town; they are still going to gain eventual equality and, with the ballot, control of the country. Which brings us out of the realm of theory to reality.

Travel around South and you'll see that this official and the Nationalists in general are just kidding themselves. There's racial war here, and it's war to the death. It's suppression and more suppression.

In actual practice, the average Nationalist in South Africa regards a

black as an animal whose function is to minister to white comfort and convenience with no feelings or rights or thinking capacity of his own whatsoever. This might work out all right if the black actually were savage. But he has advanced so far in a few years that, in most cases, he's just a white man with a black skin. That's what the Afrikaner has failed to understand.

Yes, those businessmen were right when they told me at Johannesburg airport: "Now you're going to realize how lucky you are to be a Canadian." South Africa is a marvelous country to visit. Every year it's becoming a bigger nightmare to live in.—*Copy-right—NNF.*

## Art and Ahimsa

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

**I**T is possible that the sponsoring of a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by Srimathi Rukmini Devi, who was nominated to the Council of States as representative of art, may have been looked upon by some as a "paradox." But paradox is not a mere contradiction in terms. A standard dictionary defines paradox as "apparently absurd—but really true."

The truth of a paradox in word or action will depend on an ideal greater than itself. The ideal that makes Srimathi Rukmini Devi's apparent paradox "really true" comes out through the ancient Indian term ahimsa (harmlessness), which she declared to be the ideal that she sought to uphold in her Bill.

As an artist, she instinctively lifts the matter of harmlessness in human relationships with the animal kingdom from sentiment to being an art. Not something to talk approvingly about while digesting fragments of deceased animals; but something to do to relieve the animal world from the cruelties inflicted on it in religious observance, for scientific enquiry, for sport, fashion, food or amusement. Srimathi Rukmini Devi, as in John Stuart Mill's definition of

art, proposes to herself an end, and sets about finding means to effect it.

In a large sense, her aim is to free animals to live their own lives under the limitations that are natural to them; and to express themselves in the distinctive manner of their species—perky birds chirping, sad-faced buffaloes grunting.

Now this is the central principle of art—freedom of the artist to expression according to his and her own temperament through the accepted limitations of the individual art.

In the relative universe nothing can be absolute; and Srimathi Rukmini Devi, with the vision of the practical idealist, sees that the freedom which she has sought for the animals has to have its exceptions; rabid dogs to be destroyed by electrocution; and animals confined in public places for the edification of humanity are to be surrounded by essential but harmless conditions.

Ahimsa as an ideal means harmlessness; in application to life it means the elimination of unnecessary harmfulness, such as vivisection and cruelty to animals in pursuit of knowledge.

Now if ahimsa is an art, and in its fulfilment is subject to restrictions in activities that are in contradiction

to the ideal of harmlessness, should not the arts, of which it is seen to be one—painting, music, drama, dance and the rest—consistently be subject to similar restrictions?

All her life, Srimathi Rukmini Devi has been a practitioner of the art of ahimsa, as a vegetarian, and as a lover, saviour and protector of animals. As an artist she has instinctively carried over her ahimsa into the art of dance in its classical South Indian form (Bharata Natya); of which she was a pioneer and is one of the finest exponents; and this ahimsa in art she has organised and expanded in the famous Kalakshetra (place sacred to art) at Adyar, Madras, of which she is the Founder and Director. In the exposition of her ideals both as a performer and a teacher, Srimathi Rukmini Devi has naturally come up against the departures from her ideals in others. In speech and writing she has for years condemned sensation in the cinema, stark realism in painting, lasciviousness in music, lewd suggestiveness in poetry and drama, ugliness and incongruity in architecture.

These, some say, are phases of human life, and should have their representation in the arts. But physical poisoning is prohibited. Poisoning of the physical body is a

simple and final matter; but poisoning of the minds and emotions of an audience may lead to incalculable evil results, and calls for condemnation.

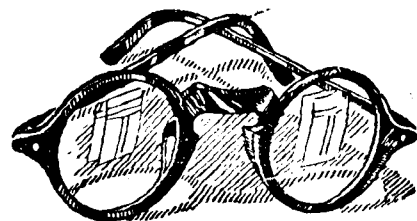
Freedom of expression is a plausible claim; but its plausibility may disguise a multitude of individual and social dangers to the aspiring spirit in mankind. Art has a duty not only to life, but to the higher life.

Whatever may be Srimathi Rukmini Devi's charges against offensive arts, they all come down to the simple inclusive test of harmlessness or otherwise. To the art of ahimsa she has added the ahimsa of art.

HER own art of dance not only passes the test of harmlessness: it goes a stage further, from what may be only a negative virtue, to the positive awakening of reverence for the various aspects of divinity, and delight in "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram" (Truth, Goodness, Beauty).

"Through spirit-love and through all loveliness, calling the earthly towards the heavenly will."

This is the ultimate ideal for art, and Srimathi Rukmini Devi's practice is not only a notable contribution to the art of ahimsa, but to the whole art of life.



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## NEED FOR A BICAMERAL LEGISLATURE

By R. CHELLAPPA

THE subject of bicameral vs. unicameral legislature has been a much debated issue among constitutional lawyers and political pundits. That the contemporary trend is away from bicameralism is borne out by the fact that even in a model democracy of the Commonwealth, New Zealand, the upper House of Parliament has been done away with, recently. In England, too, the Mother of Parliaments and the classic home of bicameralism, the problem of the reform of the House of Lords is yet to be solved and the parties and leaders of thought differ widely on many subtle points of this important issue. Such being the case, the question of the upper chamber of the legislature has acquired a renewed importance today.

The recent verdict of the Bombay Legislative Assembly in favour of the abolition of the upper House may well be regarded as an event of great significance to our infant Republic. The fact that Bombay, being a Part A State, has taken such a step, strikes a note of warning to the other States. The decision, as such, is not out of keeping with the Constitution since Article 169 allows the States to decide the question of second chambers for themselves by providing that it does not involve an amendment of the Constitution. Moreover, last year, the Congress Working Committee, which is the initiator of policies to the States, decided to leave the vexed question of the upper chamber entirely to the discretion of the State Assemblies.

Various reasons have been given in defence of a bicameral legislature. The need of a counterpoise to popular fervour, the safety which lies in sober second thoughts, the desirability of a check on hasty and ill-considered legislation and the liability of a single chamber to gusts of passion and autocratic self-regard, are all the popular arguments

advanced in support of a second chamber which are quite familiar to students of constitutional history.

Professor J. A. R. Marriott, in his learned treatise "Second Chamber" has observed conclusively: "The world by a sober, considered and unanimous verdict has affirmed its belief in the necessity of a second chamber. Unicameral experiments have been tried and failed." In a similar vein, Lucky, another notable authority, has pointed out: "The necessity of a second chamber has acquired almost the position of an axiom." A little reflection will show that these opinions, though expressed decades ago, possess some weight even today. History and experience have amply justified the existence of two coordinate chambers of the legislature.

But the advocates of unicameralism are still obsessed with the false dilemma—"If a second chamber dissents from the first, it is mischievous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous"—propounded long ago by Abbe Sieyes, the arch-constitution-monger of the French Revolution. They contend that a second chamber has outlived its usefulness and hence is a burden on the State's exchequer. They consequently regard it as a stumbling block to progress and change.

SUCH misgivings of unicameral enthusiasts might well hold good in the case of countries which have had a long history of bicameralism. They are untenable with reference to India, where conditions present peculiar features calling for special consideration.

That there is a *prima facie* case for a bicameral legislature in India cannot be over-emphasised. The plea for a second chamber is by no means doctrinaire. A realistic appraisal of the political situation in our country reveals the following stark facts. It was only very recently that the new

Constitution was put into operation and the process of political education has just begun in our nascent democracy. The introduction of adult franchise is undoubtedly a significant experiment. The world's largest electorate went to the polls during the last general elections in the first Union Republic. But, speaking candidly, it must be pointed out that the exercise of adult suffrage in the recent elections did not, in all places, result in the return of educated and enlightened candidates. Several extraneous factors played no inconsiderable part during the elections. Hence, the question of a second chamber has to be pondered over against the background of real conditions and the political factors which have a great bearing on our national life. As Sri Mavlankar, Speaker of the House of the People has on more than one occasion emphasised, the greatest need in our country is to evolve political conventions consistent with indigenous needs, create parliamentary traditions suited to our national genius and establish sound constitutional precedents which may well constitute the edifice on which the superstructure of democratic India could be built. These are all questions on which no *ex cathedra* opinion is possible. But one thing is certain. Taking the vastness and the stage of political development of the country into consideration, it is apparent that we require many years of schooling in democratic life before our electorate can compare favourably with the electorates in the other experienced democracies of the world.

Moreover, in spite of the integration of the former native States, the problem of the creation of viable administrative units yet remains to be solved. Thus, legislative problems require careful consideration from the point of view of the reshuffle of States which is contemplated by the Union Government. In the context of the reorganisation of the States with due regard to linguistic and other considerations, it seems that a second chamber is not only a desirable thing, but a vital necessity; for, it commends itself as a valuable instrument for the preservation of

minority rights, which will pose a serious problem in the wake of the creation of new States.

Notwithstanding the fact that the lower House of the legislature, being a representative body, has the "power of the purse" and possesses an overwhelming voice in the affairs of the State, the upper House is not merely a body to 'nod its head' to what the lower House has done, but something more than that. It has got a function to perform in our country, especially in the States. It is quite obvious that the lures and viles of politics that characterise the atmosphere in the lower House, are conspicuous by their absence in the upper House. The amateur legislator of the lower House has much to learn from the expert parliamentarian of the upper House. Our country lacks experienced and trained men in all spheres of national life. So, let us hasten slow in our moves towards the abolition of the upper chamber, which contains in good number men of worth, sobriety, and a good record of national service.

THE recent proposal of the Prime Minister to invite suitable amendments to the Constitution in the light of its working since 1950 has been received by the public with much satisfaction. It is up to the legal minds of our country to suggest, *inter alia*, amendments to Article 169 so as to provide for the existence of the Upper House at least in the States in which it already functions, until the time is ripe and opportune to do away with it. It is gratifying to note that elder statesmen of our country are seriously in favour of a second chamber of the legislature. At this juncture of our history, it is essential that public opinion should be directed along right channels without being vitiated by political propaganda. It is too early to forget the famous aphorism: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is incumbent on the Supreme Court and the Parliament to give a specific directive to the States on the question of bicameral legislature. Let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail among the young legislators and politicians of our country until things become clear.

## CONFLICT OF PARTIES IN T-C STATE

By K. JACOB KUNNENKERIL

ON February 15, the State of Travancore-Cochin will go to the polls, in a general election precipitated by the defeat of the Ministry last September. From March 1952, when the Ministry was formed on the basis of a coalition between the Congress and the Travancore Tamil Nad Congress, something of the sort had been expected; the Congress, though the largest party in the legislature, did not command anything like a working majority, even with the help of the TTNC, and when in September 1953 the TTNC withdrew its support to the Ministry because it felt that not enough consideration was given to its plea for the amalgamation of the Tamil taluks of the State with Madras, the feeble, tottering structure collapsed. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the defeated Chief Minister: he could either advise the Rajpramukh to entrust the government into the hands of the Opposition, or he could advise a dissolution of the Assembly, and a general election. The Opposition, however, was weak and divided against itself, especially since that 'boneless wonder', the Praja Socialist Party, was at that time committed to the policy of 'No co-operation with the Communists.' Further, the recent local elections had shown a considerable strengthening in the position of the Congress since January 1952. And when to this was added the knowledge that the Opposition parties were sadly lacking the funds needed to fight another general elections, the scales were tipped in favour of dissolution.

The attention of the whole of India seems to be concentrated on this little State, and rightly so. Firstly, it is the State that has the highest percentage of literacy in the country (Rajaji put it at 98%, but that is a bit of an exaggeration, perhaps motivated by a desire to flatter the electorate). And with this high

percentage of literacy, there goes a greater degree of political consciousness than is to be found in any other part of the country. Secondly, at the last general elections, the State gained considerable notoriety owing to the large number of Leftist candidates returned—31 to the Congress's 44. And, whereas in other parts of the country, the Communists were returned because of the division of the non-Communist vote among a large number of candidates, the Travancore-Cochin Leftists were, in quite a few cases, returned *in spite* of three-cornered fights; in my home constituency of Kottayam, the Communist candidate got more votes than his Socialist, Congress, and Praja Party rivals put together. And finally, this general election may foreshadow the shape of things to come: electoral alliances by Opposition parties to reduce the number of three-and-four-cornered fights, dominated by the Communist Party rapidly becoming the only Opposition party with any definite policy of its own; and the possibility of antagonistic governments at the Centre and in the States. If, therefore, the Congress sustains a defeat under these circumstances, and especially at the hands of the most educated, most politically conscious people in the Union, it amounts to a vitiation of the policies that they have been following; the moral defeat would be far worse.

SHREWD, experienced as they are, Congress politicians have long since realised this, and started their campaign long before any of the Opposition parties. What is more, all the top-ranking leaders of the party hierarchy are being brought down to address the electorate—Chief Ministers of Madras and Bombay, C. R. and Moraji, and finally, in February, Prime Minister Nehru.

Chief Minister John has given a long record of all that the Congress



Main entrance to the Indian Consulate at Pondicherry decorated and illuminated on the Republic Day

government has achieved, and points out in particular, the Indo-Norwegian scheme at Quilon, the extension of the railway link from Ernakulam to Quilon, and the steps taken to improve the coir industry. Chief Minister C. R. points out that the Communists are a dangerous threat, that Nehru's prestige is at stake, and that it would be a disgrace to the people of the State if they did not return a stable Congress Ministry, and President's rule was enforced. That the Communists are a dangerous threat to our present democratic way of life is true; but C. R. and the Congress seem to be giving them a lot of unnecessary propaganda by making the electorate believe that they are the

only Opposition party. In a way they are right: for history has shown that a Communist-inspired coalition inevitably ends as a Communist-dominated coalition; but the people of Travancore-Cochin, politically conscious though they may be, are not so well acquainted with the history of Communism and Communist tactics. A wiser policy would have been to tell them this, instead of hopping one step farther, to the ultimate conclusion.

It has been said that the Congress won the last elections through its liberal use of Nehru's name and picture, and it seems as if they plan to do the same this time also, by referring to his loss of prestige in the international arena, should these elections go against his party. One finds it difficult to believe that these elections have such a vast international significance. The use of Nehru's name, therefore, cannot be considered as anything but an attempt to win votes for the Congress by making the fullest use of the common man's affection, respect, and admiration for Nehru. Bringing in personalities will only serve to confuse the real issues, and is most deplorable.

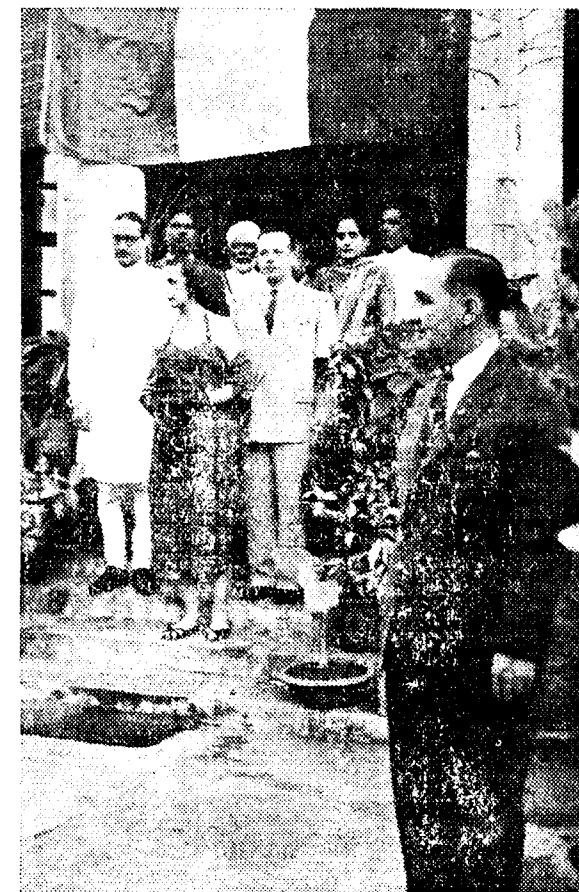
**B**UT perhaps the most deplorable and certainly the most undemocratic argument in all that has been said is the constant reference to the possibility of President's rule being enforced, should the elections result in no party getting a working majority. For what it amounts to is this: "Either you vote Congress into power, or the Congress Government at the Centre will enforce President's rule," i.e. Congress rule. The Congress, it would seem, is determined not to allow any non-Congress Government to function: the only one that has as yet been formed, in Pepsu, was unceremoniously bundled out of office at the earliest opportunity. Now there is no need for this sort of propaganda; the record of the Congress Government in the State has been quite good, and the use of the threat of President's rule, like some sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of the electorate serves at the most to obtain the half-hearted support of any intelligent voter to whom

Congress rule is not unpleasant, but to whom President's rule is loathsome and intolerable, being in effect a subversion of that very democratic process which the Congress professes to uphold.

**T**HE Opposition seems to have no policy but opposition. For the purposes of fighting the elections, they have so organised themselves, by means of Communist-inspired electoral alliances, as to effect a straight fight in as many as 73 of the 117 constituencies. And, of course, they have levelled the usual charges of corruption, political dishonesty, and inefficiency, but without much effect. The fact is that they have not much to oppose; for though there remains much to be done, the Congress Government, knowing that at any time it might be defeated, put into effect policies that conciliated the angry electorate of 1952, policies which the Opposition parties themselves could not object to. (This is rather a sweeping generalisation but to a large extent it holds good).

As for corruption and political dishonesty, there does not seem to have been as much as in other parts of the country. The Opposition say that the Ministers have taken bribes running into lakhs; the Congress point to Home Minister. T. M. Varghese who is said to have been compelled to sell two of his estates, and mortgage a third, since he took office. Only two instances of alleged political dishonesty have come to my notice, but it is unlikely that they will in any way influence the elections as far as the great majority of voters are concerned.

The Communist Party is much weaker now than it was two years ago. I have, to date, seen three communist processions, two of which consisted of not more than 20 ardent Communists, making the noise of a 100 Congress supporters, and perhaps 200 PSP stalwarts; the third had a good number of participants, but was not a patch on the massive processions that were to be seen last time. Hardly anybody bothers about the PSP here, although, next to the Congress, it has set up the largest number of candidates; its political acro-



Mr. Kewal Singh, Consul-General for India, seen at a gathering of the French and Indian Nationals on the Republic Day when the National Anthems of the two countries were played

batics have not in any way enhanced its prestige since 1952, nor has its recent *volte face* in agreeing to the Communist plan for an electoral alliance. This is a great pity, for what this State, and this country, need is a strong third party, which will capture the anti-Congress and anti-Communist voters, who at present either stay away from the elections, or cast their votes in favour of whichever party they consider the lesser evil.

If only political factors are taken into consideration, one may be justified in drawing the conclusion that the Congress will win the elections. But it appears as though religious

and communal factors are going to affect the elections considerably. The Christian vote is split wide apart by the controversy in the Jacobite Church—the President and Vice-President of the Kottayam Congress Committee refuse to sit together in the same room! They have, it is believed, agreed to forget their differences while the elections are being fought, but nobody seriously thinks they will. Then there is the communal question—Christians and Nairs both say that the other will vote for their co-religionists, irrespective of which party the candidate belongs to. (I cannot say how much truth there is in all this, because I have been here for such short periods and so I am not fully qualified to draw any conclusions on this matter.) All I can say is that it is to be hoped that the people of Travancore-Cochin will keep religion out of this election; but religion being what it is, it does not look as if anybody but the Communists will be able to do that, and that only because they do not have any.

Taking everything into consideration, it seems quite certain that the

Congress will win, and this is the viewpoint of both sides (privately); the Congress is confident of winning 70 out of the 117 seats, they say; the Opposition hope to win enough seats to prevent the Congress from having more than a bare majority. Since the only alternative seems to be President's rule, it will perhaps be the best thing, under the circumstances, if the Congress is returned to power, with, for obvious reasons, just a bare, working majority. But at the same time it will be a pity; for the Congress, having tasted nothing but the sweet fruits of victory elsewhere, needs a taste of the bitterness of defeat if ever it is to reform itself. Reform it must, for in the absence of any coherent, firm policy on the part of the PSP, there will be no other party capable of withstanding the onslaught of the single-minded, united front that the Communists always present; but the Congress leaders have so far shown no signs of, nor any desire to effect, any radical reformation, and only a defeat in Travancore-Cochin will shake them from the lethargic sleep into which they have fallen.



GAUTAMA, THE BUDDHA

—Srimathi Vijayalakshmi

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## Acharya Narendra Dev's Advice to Andhra Students

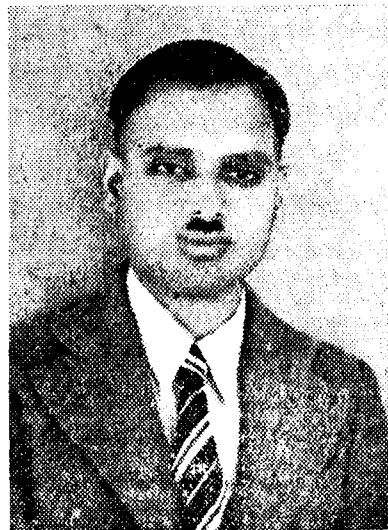
THE Andhra Association of the Banaras Hindu University celebrated its silver jubilee on Sunday, the 24th January 1954 under the presidency of Mrs. K. Venkateswaran, Principal, Women's College, Banaras Hindu University, in the Central Hindu College hall. It was a great privilege for the Association to have Acharya Narendra Deva as the guest of honour on the auspicious occasion. The proceedings began at 9-30 a.m. with chanting of Vedic hymns by the Telugu pandits of Banaras. Prof. Y. S. R. K. Sarma, Chairman, Silver Jubilee Committee, welcomed the guests. In a short speech he paid tributes to Acharyaji, whom he described as one who embodied in himself the ideals of "simple living and high thinking." Messages from Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Srimati Durgabai Deshmukh, Sri B. Jagannatha Das, Sri K. Iswara Dutt, Dr. Lanka Sundaram, Sri K. Rama Rao and also from a number of old members, were read by the Chairman.

Mr. P. Rama Rao, Secretary, characterised the Association as a purely cultural one without any political bias. It was founded in the year 1926 by the late Prof. P. Seshadri. The Association had the good fortune of having, as one of its Presidents, the late Prof. Vangala Siva Ram, who for a good number of years held the chair of politics of Lucknow University with distinction.

In the report, particular mention was made about the cultural, histrionic and academic activities of several of the past and present members of the Association. The social work done by the Association in connection with the Bihar earthquake and the contributions it made to the Andhra cyclone relief fund, the Assam cyclone relief fund and the recent Godavari flood relief fund, was also featured prominently in the report.

Acharya Narendra Deva, in his scholarly address, while advocating the reorganisation of States on a linguistic basis, said that he was one of those who felt extremely happy at

the creation of the Andhra State. He congratulated the organisers of the function for holding the silver jubilee in the very first year of the Andhra State formation. He said that he was sorry for the manner in which the capital issue of the new born State was being handled by the Andhra leaders and felt that the controversy must finally be closed. He complimented the Andhras for their keen interest in Hindi amongst all the South Indians and further referred to a few notable translations of Telugu literary works into Hindi. Acharyaji suggested that this line of work should progress at a more rapid pace and Andhras interested in Hindi

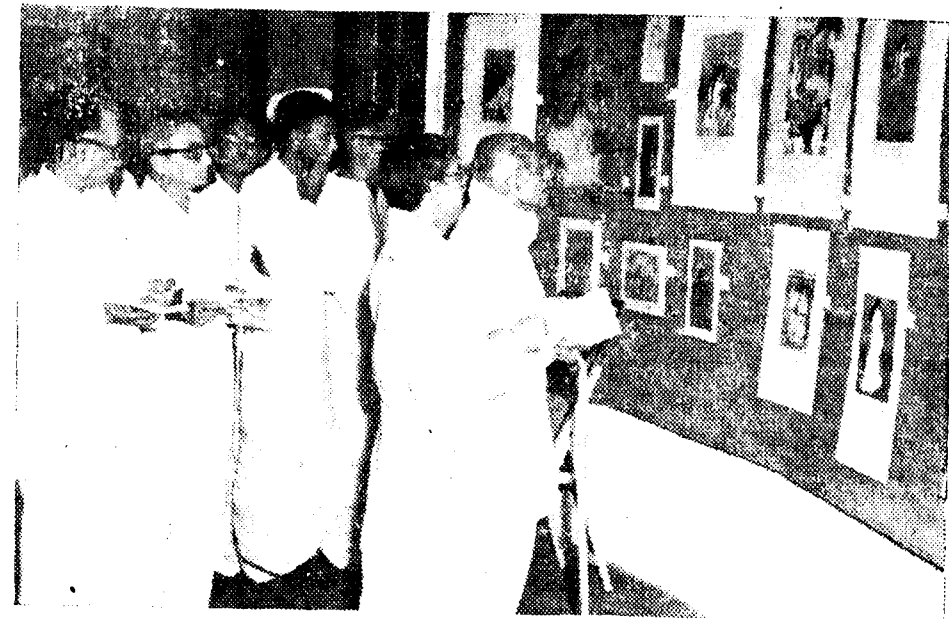


Sri Y. Sivaramakrishna Sarma

should come forward to do this job. He paid tributes to the Dakshina Bharata Hindi Prachara Sabha and a few other organisations for the splendid work they did in the past and are still doing. At the same time, he added that the North Indians also should learn at least one South Indian language proficiently. Acharyaji was of the opinion that this would contribute in a great measure to bridge the gulf between the North and the South and he appealed to the Governments of the Southern and Northern States to take an active lead in this direction. He advised the Andhra students to acquaint themselves



At the exhibition of paintings organized by the South Indian Society of Painters at the Madras Museum Centenary Hall, Rajaji and Sri Tenneti Viswanadham, Finance Minister, Andhra Government (seen against the garland) who opened the Exhibition on Monday, January 1, 1954



creditably in future life. While euologising the part played by the Andhras in the freedom struggle. Acharyaji exhorted the young Andhra members to follow the path of sacrifice and discipline.

Following the president's remarks, an open university debating contest in English was held, the subject debated being *The idea of one world Government though high sounding in theory is not feasible in practice.* Principal Mrs. K. Venkateswaran, Dr. Miss M. Sakuntala and Dr. M. V. Ramana Murty acted as judges. The debate was throughout lively and a number of university students outside the Association also took part. Mr. R. Chandrasekhara Rao of M.A. (final) stood first.

The house adjourned at 12 noon to reassemble again at 2.30 p.m. when a symposium on the "Future of Andhra State" was held under the chairmanship of Sri Y. S. R. K. Sarma. Some ten members read highly interesting and informative papers. The chair-

man, summing up the discussion, drew the attention of the Central Government to the absence of any single national research laboratory in the Andhra State and urged that a suitable place within the Andhra State should be considered for the location of such a laboratory.

In the evening prizes were given away by Mrs. K. Venkateswaran to winners who took part in the various sports competitions arranged in connection with the silver jubilee celebrations. To commemorate the silver jubilee celebrations, a rolling cup was instituted this year to be awarded for the best writer in the 'Telugu essay writing competition.' Miss U. Vijayalakshmi, a post-graduate student in botany, was awarded the cup. Miss Lalita Kumari and Mr. Varadachari shared the first prize in the light music competition. Mr. B. V. R. Reddy was awarded the first prize in the Telugu debating contest while Sri Chandrasekhara Rao was the recipient of the first prize in the English debating contest.

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### On the Cover:

On the celebration of the Avvaiyar Day Srimathi K. B. Sundarambal being presented with a shield by Sri C. Subramaniam.

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ple's rights, of glory, ambition, duty, security, and the like are the main contributing factors entering into the character of the government. The main problem of democracy is to relate millions of individuals to the whole of society, traversing the particular group and class into which they tend to form themselves, and beyond them into the nation through integrating principles of unity. Reconciliation of the conflicts and discords that constitute the social phenomenon at any time cannot be done in an orderly way at the level of group representation, because at that level contentious dispositions tend to get chronically hardened. We are all held in a network of mutually determined fate in every social aggregation from the village upward, and it is only by recognising and acting on the inexorable elements that bind men together, that disasters like poverty, famine, unemployment, plague, pestilence and war can be effectively overcome. "Back to the individual" becomes thus a vital principle in

democratic evolution. Though, in a democracy, the tasks of government are discharged by leaders, questions like which leaders to elect and which to reject have to be answered by ordinary persons; and they are answered aright, not in the perverted mental confusion of group loyalties, but in the light of the individual's own consciousness of right and wrong.

WHEN the perversities of group mentality invade politics, excuses are found for corrupt and bad leaders, and often pathetic effigies adorn the legislature, making it barren for the public good. This is one of the evils comprised in "communalism." Because of it, the services of the most competent are lost to the community. The difference in the British and Indian records of democracy is due to the fact that they have overcome the mischief of communalism in the running of their government, whereas we are right in the thick of it yet.

## Sotto Voce

★

### MENTAL QUAKER OATS



THE Government of India, no less mindful of the soul than of the body, are busy planning the "Literature for New India." This, like the Second Five Year Plan, is to be built up from the bottom. If you have the wit to contrive a modest book of thirty-two to forty-eight pages and enough stationery to make three copies of it and can beg or borrow Rs. 3 on such credit as you may still possess, you have as good a chance as the next man of winning immor-

tal. The deposit is, of course, not returnable.

The thousands of chronic applicants for jobs, who have lost many such deposits, might perhaps find their enthusiasm for literary laurels momentarily checked by the sad recollection. But did you ever know a gambler resign himself to common sense? So I expect these schemes will leave a tidy bit of money at the disposal of the Government for

financing the Plan. The Maulana will thus be heaping coals of fire on the head of his colleague the Finance Minister. Our Tamil writers in conference snort at the idea of Literature being cribbed and cabined within a forty-eight page limit. But perhaps the Government of India hope for the emergence of a new race of Paninis and Jaiminis.

More likely, like proprietors of liver pills, they mean by 'literature' advertising material to boost their achievement such as it is. Naturally you don't expect them to put it in that clumsy way. They want 'wholesome' mental pabulum for the masses emerging into literacy, especially in Hindi. In other words the New Literature must steer clear of the Scylla of 'Communalism' and the Charybdis of 'Communism.' It must in the process unroll the shining way of Secularism. But it must also "retain the spiritual values and traditions of India."

Our Government, over whose cultural activities the Maulana magnificently presides, prefer, however, to keep Indian spirituality mainly for export: note the sublime faith with which they are propagating the good poet Butani's translations from the Sanskrit classics into Arabic. If anybody is disposed to grumble that the niggardly allotment of a few thousand rupees for prizes in the Government's new scheme for tabloid 'literature' contrasts oddly with the expenditure of lakhs of rupees on the Butani venture, let him ponder the Government's statement that they plan to "enshrine the values of Indian civilisation" in the New Literature. They have no doubt this can be done within the modest amplitude of 48 pages. Their 'values' are apparently as bodiless and devoid of cash value as the smells with which the cook in the story regaled the penniless beggar.

The Government are anxious to encourage the translation of 'good' books from regional languages into Hindi and from one regional language into another. But here too the forty-eight page upper limit will operate. That might disqualify most worthwhile books to be found in the

modern Indian languages—not to speak of Sanskrit, since no one in these progressive times goes to Sanskrit to improve himself socially or economically or make himself a better citizen of free India. But perhaps it will not matter very much: for the Government expect the New Literature to be all-sufficient. It will be done into a score or more of languages as it issues hot from the press. Why bother about old moth-eaten books when you have wholesome literature on tap?

The new Literature has a paramount obligation, we are told, to "arouse the intelligence of the people and create in them a scientific outlook while retaining the spiritual values and traditions of India." The Committee which will be the wet-nurse of this latest offspring of the Maulana's teeming brain is admirably constituted for these ends. There are three departmental representatives on it, and between them they may be supposed to exhaust all the intelligence and the science available in the country. Then there are three non-officials; one of whom indubitably, the representative of the Jamia Millia, will look after the spiritual values and traditions of India. The indefatigable Prof Humayun Kabir as Chairman will shed on it the aura of his learning and wit.

From his watch-tower in the North Block the Maulana spies the cultural terrain and finds that "the old media of education of the masses like kathaks, jatras, Puranas, etc., are giving place to the modern media of mass communication." The Delhi Ramlila which attracts its tens of thousands and the tragic Kumbha Mela which has just ended the travail of millions do not seem to countenance this confident assertion. That apart, is there not some confusion here? If books are replacing visual and oral teaching, you cannot hope to counteract the attraction of evil and clever propaganda by offering the masses machine-made synthetic stuff. Literature is the business of the writer. When will the manufacturers of mental Quaker oats learn this simple truth?

VIGNESWARA

# SIDELIGHTS ::

HERMAN FINER, in his book *The Future of Government*, says that "democratic government, like every human contrivance, has its costs of production and maintenance, direct costs in taxation, indirect ones in forbearance, some self-abnegation, in personal duties in foregone material opportunities." He concedes that democracy ought not to be equated with perfection—it is not an exercise in perfectionism, it is a painful attempt by imperfect mankind labouring to govern itself. But, he insists, if democracy is to survive in any region, it is important that it must win the race over every other competing value. It does not matter by what distance it wins the race. But win it should, by howsoever narrow a margin. Our political future depends on whether democracy occupies the first place in our loyalties.

\*

Sri Gopala Reddi, President of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee, observed in a recent speech that it would be a disgrace if, in the Andhra State, achieved after so much trouble and travail, the Ministry should get defeated, paving the way for Governor's rule. The establishment of Governor's rule would mean the break-down of democracy, but not for ever, as the purpose of Governor's rule under our Constitution is to serve as a device to provide a temporary respite while renewed efforts are made for the restoration of ministerial government once again. But the second Ministry would fare no better than the first, and would lead no less surely to a repetition of Governor's rule, unless the circumstances that caused the doom of the first Ministry have ceased to be operative in its case. All democratic parties should combine to see to it that democracy occupies the first place in their loyalties, if ministerial government as an emblem of democracy is to prevail and get established, without the possibility of being supplanted by Governor's rule.

The difficulty of democracy arises from the fact that the easy recourse of earlier times to the bludgeon and the revolver is no longer open to it, "as it is based on the accommodation of both similar and different tastes making diverse claims on a limited amount of goods." The similarity and the difference both contribute to the strain of democracy, and tend to create group formations which become centres of discord and contradictory wishes, imperilling the unity in the midst of diversity which is the primary quest of democracy. The first thing that democracy has somehow to secure if it is to last, is to see to it that the individual's tendency to indulge in the self-satisfaction of disruptive egoism ceases to be politically fashionable. John Stuart Mill said:

"The voter is under an absolute moral obligation to consider the interest of the public, not his private advantage, and give his vote, to the best of his judgement, exactly as he would be bound to do if he were the sole voter, and the election depended upon him alone. . . . His vote is not a thing in which he has an option; it has no more to do with his personal wishes than the verdict of a jurymen. It is strictly a matter of duty; he is bound to give it according to his best and most conscientious opinion of the public good. Whoever has any other idea of it is unfit to have the suffrage. . . . Instead of opening his heart to exalted patriotism and the obligation of public duty, it awakens and nourishes in him the disposition to use a public function for his own interest, pleasure or caprice: the same feelings and purposes, on a humbler scale, which actuate a despot and oppressor."

\*

After the formation of the Andhra State, the location of the capital and the High Court became a matter of unending controversy but neither the Ministry nor the legislature has acted democratically by giving primacy of attention to the public interest. From the standpoint of public interest

there is no room for difference of opinion at all as to where the capital and the High Court are to be established. *Public interest demands that both the capital and the High Court should be established in one and the same place, located centrally, so as to be within easy reach of all.* Sometimes writs have to be obtained from the High Court against the executive acts of the Government, and if in the procedure for the writs, time happens to be the essence of the matter, there is bound to be injustice in the very dispensation forcing the parties concerned to lose valuable time in a long journey from Kurnool to Vizag covering the whole length of the State. It is civilized practice the world over, to locate the supreme judiciary in the metropolitan centre and to concentrate instead of dispersing the secretariat and judicial institutions with which the whole population is concerned, so that economy, convenience of access, and the increased governmental efficiency of consultations on the spot and not through dilatory correspondence, may all be combined to give tone and character to the administration. The Sri Bagh Pact was a deplorable aberration of short-sighted politicians wholly incapable of thinking on other than regional lines. Its unintelligent arrangements should not bind the discretion of present leaders confronted with the totally altered needs that a lapse of thirty years has made.

Judged by Mill's dictum, the Ministers and legislators of Andhra have failed to act as democrats and given a depressing exhibition of the spirit of the despot and the oppressor. Of how many of them can it be said that they have not elevated their own personal interests and those of their families, relatives and clan above the public interest when power devolved on them? The Andhra State has become reduced into an experiment in democratic government steeped in all-round undemocratic practice on the part of its leading figures. That is why so frequently even the simplest

matters that can be settled in no time by the exercise of honest judgement, are by its Government and legislature, converted into provocations for interminable fights and squabbles. Temporariness has become their one refuge against straight-forward judgement. It is a pity they have not the wit to realise to what extent their feats in the patching up of their responsibilities with temporary make-shifts will impose burdensome dislocation on thousands of helpless people driven from pillar to post, and how much of waste and extravagance they entail, and what additional and avoidable toll on the already over-harassed taxpayer.

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## The Speaker of the House of Commons

STANLEY HYLAND, talking in the BBC's European Service on "How Parliament Works," said that no Member of Parliament can take part in a debate in the House of Commons unless the Speaker calls upon him by name to do so. The Speaker was elected by the House and had to be a Member of it. "He must be there in person," said Hyland, "present in the House as a Member when the debate takes place in which he will be named, proposed and seconded." Very occasionally more than one member was proposed for the office, but once a Speaker had been elected he was re-elected without opposition at the beginning of every Parliament until he decided that he must retire.

Traditional ceremonial expected the Speaker to seem reluctant to take office. "The Members who have proposed and seconded him lead him to the chair as soon as he has been elected and his show of reluctance is historically interesting," said Hyland. "It's not always been pleasant to be Speaker of the House of Commons. The office was once in the direct gift of the Crown, the Speaker was a King's man and his unpopularity in the House of Commons was justified for centuries until he broke away from the royal direction." The Speaker was no longer the sovereign's man but a servant of the House of Commons. His official residence was within a few yards of the Chamber and he could not leave it so long as the House was sitting except to take his place in the Speaker's chair. His full-time job of enormous responsibility had become a symbol of the House's sovereign supremacy. "The Speaker of the House has a lonely and elevated dignity which all the symbolism and ancient ceremonial helps to maintain," said Hyland. "He starts as a member of a political party but as soon as he becomes Speaker he severs himself from every political connection; he resigns from his political clubs, he expresses no political views, he separates himself in actuality as well as in implication

from his fellow-members." He avoids the rooms which Members use and has a separate part of the Library, the grounds of the House and part of the Terrace facing the River Thames reserved for him. His salary is high, he has a large pension when he retires and he is elevated to the peerage as soon as he leaves the Speakership. He ranks high in the list of precedences in the state, higher even than dukes who are not of the blood royal and only two commoners, the Prime Minister and the Lord President of the Council, can ever precede him in status. But he is a lonely figure for all his advantages in precedence, wealth and authority.

The personality of the Speaker, aided by the impressive dignity and ceremonial of his office and assisted by rigid rules of order, makes the House of Commons an efficient legislative and investigating chamber. The Speaker has many important functions. He calls Members into debates, decides what amendments should be put, when debates should come to an end and what supplementary questions can be put to Ministers at question time. When the House divides on a question he holds the casting vote. It is he who deals with offenders brought before the House and those judged to have been guilty of contempt are solemnly admonished by him in public before being dismissed or committed to prison by order of the House. His power is very great but he is also the servant of the House which he controls in accordance with a meticulous and complicated body of standing orders and conventions. "No one has the Speaker's authority in the Chamber or outside it," said Hyland. "No one but the Speaker himself can suspend the House, or deal with offenders. These are the functions of the highest responsibility and authority; these are for the Speaker alone, the Speaker to whom all Members, from the Prime Minister down to the latest back bencher to take his seat, bow with humility and respect."

—BBC Weekly Talks Summary

## BACKDROP TO BERLIN

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

NINE years after the defeat of Germany and the death of Hitler and for the seventh time during that period, the Foreign Ministers of Britain, the United States, Russia and France have met in Berlin to try to agree about a few questions of outstanding political importance. A great many things have happened in these eight years. Gandhiji once said: *In the midst of untruth, truth persists; in the midst of darkness light persists; in the midst of life, death . . .* There has been in the midst of a resounding peace a quiet war going on unceasingly all the time. Fear has begotten fear. Four continents are in a state of war. The world in an agonising anxiety to avoid war has hurtled itself into a state of war, which it calls peace. It is worse than war, really. Death releases the passions of war. The dying soldier on the battlefield is the supreme symbol of waste, but he is also the symbol of expiation. There have been no dead soldiers in this peaceful war that has gone on now for nearly eight years. There has been no such expiation. But there has been established, fortunately and happily, another mode of release. In words. The venom of nations has gushed forth from their throats. Into microphones. Onto paper. Across tables in still, quiet rooms in Paris, London, Berlin . . . It has found release and gone with the wind.

The conference now in Berlin has agreed on hardly anything at all. But it seems to me looking back across the years to V-Day the danger of a third world war seems most reassuringly dimmest today.

The conference has so far discussed a great many things. The most important, Germany. Indo-China bothers France, British Guiana bothers Britain, India bothers America, and Yugoslavia bothers Russia. But Germany bothers everybody. Germans do not like a divided Germany. France does not like a strong

Germany. America does not like a weak Germany. And Russia doesn't much like Germany at all. At Potsdam soon after the war the Big Powers decided how exactly they should treat Germany. But during successive conferences a tendency seemed apparent in everybody to interpret the Potsdam decisions in his own way. Soon by tacit consent they dropped references to Potsdam altogether and forged ahead with their own compromise formulas. They again met in Paris in 1946. After twenty-nine days of futile wrangling they gave it up as hopeless. It suited everybody. They had their own plans. They stalled for seven years.

And now in February in the year of grace 1954, the picture is entirely different. America is stronger, Britain more bedevilled with problems internal and external, France is weaker and growing weaker still government by government, Russia is—well, nobody knows exactly. It is a dark country of white people. The face of Europe is changed. Marshall Aid has pulled that continent out of the first dreadful economic desolation after the war. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has combined the military weakness of Belgium, Denmark, France, Iceland, Italy, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland and Britain, into a defensive chain. America has discovered the Hydrogen bomb. So has Russia. America has changed personnel. So indeed has Russia. And Britain.

The Allies—France, Britain and the United States—are stronger because there are three of them. They are weaker because they have between them what seem like irreconcilable differences. France has not signed on the dotted line of the European defence treaty. France's signature is very necessary because she controls the Mediterranean and if she fell out the European Defence Community would collapse at its key-stone. America has sunk a fortune in Europe in men and materials and money.

Konrad Adenauer has staked his entire future on the European Defence programme. Britain is apathetic towards the programme herself and resentful of America's interference with her trade. Europe cannot unite without Britain and unless Europe unites America will not back it up in an emergency. The European Defence plan obviously was the most vulnerable point in the attitude of the Allies. It was the point at which it was expected the Russians would strike at the Berlin conference. The Russians were even cleverer. Over the Moscow Radio two weeks ago came a message to France nostalgically recalling the war-time French-Soviet Treaty. That, said Moscow, was "no mere empty courtesy. It was dictated by reason, by geography and history, by tradition and good sense." It invited France in "her hour of duress to take strength in this argument." Over the Moscow Radio hummed a warning to Germany: "The rulers of the United States," it said, "are above all interested in German soldiers, who are cheaper than American boys."

As feared, the present Berlin conference came up against the old stone wall. Elections first or Government first? Germany, all were agreed, must never again be given the chance to grow aggressively strong. The way to that, according to Russia, is to disarm and neutralise her. The occupying powers should pull out of the country. It is doubtful which terrifies France more—a neutralised, unoccupied Germany or an armed, resurgent Germany. Whichever way it is cooked, France finds that dish unpalatable. The way, according to Britain and America, is to involve Germany in a security system which "threatening

none, defends all," and in which she will by herself cannot have any initiative. In other words, the E. D. C.

Mr. Eden suggested free elections, the convening of a National Assembly, the drafting of the constitution, the formation of an all-German government, and the drawing up of a peace treaty, all in that order. Mr. Molotov wants a provisional government withdrawal of occupation forces free elections, an all-German Government free of past obligations and then a peace treaty. The Allies believe the East German Government is not a representative government, the Russians are convinced the Allies would ram the E. D. C. down the throat of the German Government however and whenever formed. Each party believes the other will foul up the 'free' elections. The parties at the conference made conciliatory gestures. Mr. Dulles said they would leave it to the all-German government to decide whether or not it would join the E. D. C. Mr. Eden offered to extend, on behalf of his country, the Anglo-Soviet treaty beyond its present 20-year life. From Moscow came a trade offer to Britain. The Foreign Ministers dined together and M. Molotov was exceedingly charming to Mrs. Dulles. But it was no use. Each of them lost something. Mr. Dulles lost his temper, Mr. Eden lost his patience, Monsieur Bidault lost hope. Mr. Molotov lost nothing, not even his *savoir-faire*. The world gained another lease of life.

And so the *status-quo*, which hurts nothing but the German pride, continues. The Berlin conference would be considered what is called a short-term diplomatic fiasco. As the Russian proverb goes, *even with four legs a horse can stumble*.

signs of even the distant prospect of agreement. On the other hand, the discussions have only emphasised the irreconcilable differences of opinion between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union over the methods and procedure to be adopted. Both sides are anxious that a reunified Germany would not join the other side and their plans for reunification are

directed towards securing that end. But here the Soviet Union is at a disadvantage because her satellite, Eastern Germany, has only a population of a million compared to West Germany's fifty millions. In any free election, the people of the West will outvote the people in the East four to one, and even in the East, after the worker's revolt of June last, the Soviet Union is not sure of her supporters. Hence, while the Western Powers can agree to a free all-German election and confidently await the result, any such attitude on the part of the U. S. S. R. will mean that she will lose even the half of Germany which she has now securely under control.

Realising this, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov proposed to the Western Foreign Ministers a plan for the unification of Germany which would at least secure that the new Germany did not join the European Army, but which would at the same time leave open very good chances for the Communist rulers of the East to take over entire control of the whole of Germany by a coup on the model of Czechoslovakia. With these aims in view Mr. Molotov proposed as the first step that an all-German Government should be favoured as a preliminary to organising free elections throughout Germany. The difficulties in implementing this suggestion are obvious. What is to be the composition of this Government? Who is to be the President and who the Prime Minister? Should a representative of the East or the West have control of the Police force of both parts? These are insoluble questions, apart from the impropriety and undemocratic nature of the East German rulers, who are not sure of their own positions in any free election in their own part trying to represent the East German people on an all-German Government. The formation of an all-German Government should follow free elections and the convening of an all-German Assembly, as suggested by Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign

Secretary and not precede the elections.

Now, the second step in Mr. Molotov's plan to annex Germany is that, following the formation of an all-German Government, the occupation armies of the four Powers should be withdrawn. The Western Powers have opposed this, pointing out that the outcome of implementing this suggestion would be that the only armed forces which would be left on German soil would be those of East Germany. This would leave a vacuum in West Germany, giving a fine opportunity for the Communists to stage another "Korea." Consider what the position would be if such an invasion should take place following the withdrawal of all occupation forces. The Russian armies would have withdrawn a few hundred miles, a week's march, whereas the American forces would have crossed the seas, and be thousands of miles away. It would be impossible to rush aid to West Germany before she was completely swamped by the forces of the East. No wonder the Western Powers have refused to accept this suggestion. Even if no second "Korea" were staged, the elections could not be free and impartial, since the people in both East and West would be overawed by the presence of the East German Communist armed forces.

The third point in Mr. Molotov's plan is that the all-German Government should be prohibited from entering into any army treaty arrangements with the West, whereas the Western Powers want the future German Government to be free to choose which side it will join. Mr. Molotov's condition is more or less a safeguarding clause—to ensure that a united Germany would at least be neutral if the Communists do not succeed in taking over the reins of Government by any means. Finally, he wants that the elections should be held after "fascist and military elements" had been suppressed (in West Germany). But who are the 'fascists'? To the West the answer is obvious.

## Soviet Tentacles Reach Out Again

By M. S. P.

FOR nearly ten days now, the Big Four Foreign Ministers at Berlin have been wrangling over how the re-unification of Germany is to be achieved, but there are as yet no

higher studies or even for high school studies. And when the tuition or examination fee is raised, and that too when there is an all-round demand for reduction, the student is hard put to continue his studies. Of course, it is never the intention of the school authorities to create difficulties for the students in pursuing their studies. But they have no other course, if the institution itself is not to be closed, except to enhance fees in the absence of necessary aid from the State.

If this vicious circle is to be broken the solution is to be found elsewhere outside the educational institution. Thus larger problems of life which are not academical in their nature have entered the scene, whether one likes it or not.

Did not Vice-President Radhakrishnan warn us on more than one occasion "that university education could not be improved in any effective sense if financial provision for more and better teachers and better equipment was not made. But unfortunately the provision that was made even in the Five Year Plan for social services of which education and health were the chief, was very meagre. Education got perhaps 8 per cent of the total expenditure." (*Indian Express*, May 3). Here is a clear indictment of the Government's policy of disregard and negligence towards education.

Alfred S. Schenkman (Acting Deputy Director, International Institute of Educational Science, University of Utrecht) writing of his experiences in India, compares the Indian situation with that in France and makes some brilliant observations: "In my meetings with students and professors in different parts of India I am often asked whether 'western' countries have strikes in universities and tensions between students and teachers. (The questioner, usually a professor, generally implies that he is convinced they don't). I have to disillusion the person thus seeking for foreign evidence to bolster his convictions (whatever they may be) about local scenes . . . I say that the students suffer from the same frus-

trations, in France as in this country. And that if students in England or America are less politically-minded than their fellows here or in France, it is not because of the inborn perverseness or evil character of the students. (In these two latter cases) but rather because of the material and financial conditions of India, and of France. (If anyone here says, 'You ignore the corruptness of the political leaders of the students,' I answer (in the words of an Indian professor) 'The truth of the matter is that the bogey of politics has been raised beyond all reasonable proportion'.") (SWATANTRA, October 24, 1953)

The Congress as the party in power has been responsible for what the Government both at the Centre and in the States committed or omitted, in the sphere of education. Was it not the unwarranted insistence of Governor Munshi on the replacement of compulsory university union membership by voluntary membership that culminated in the U. P. varsities' student action and in solidarity campaigns in the other parts of the country? And again, what democratic policy was it when the T. C. Government sent its police to use repression on students agitating against abolition of college unions? It transpires from all this that the Government not only do not solve the existing problems, they on the contrary create new ones! Yet they trot out the same old argument that it is the students that have been behaving in a disgraceful manner!

#### Transcend This Propaganda Barrage!

IT is high time our educationists made independent inquiry into the causes of the troubles and turmoils in the student world. What with the unemployment menace on the one hand, and the multiplying financial hardships threatening the very possibility of further continuance of studies on the other, is it surprising that the student should take the initiative into his own hands to stop this deterioration? The present estrangement between the teachers and students will be removed only when these factors are recognised and taken into consideration.

## LIFE . . .

### 31 MILLION HAPPY PEOPLE

WE have just been told that there are exactly 31 million happy people in the whole, wide world.

The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation has now released some significant statistics about the inroads of news agencies into the lives of people everywhere. It has given the percentage of population which is served by the various news agencies like Reuters, the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service and Tass. But there are 31 million people, it says in mathematical conclusion, who fail to get world news from any news agency.

Thirty-one million happy people. Thirty-one million blissfully ignorant people. A pristine chunk of human consciousness yet uncorrupted.

A great many of that million, I think, must reside in our own country. I can without thinking hard tell you the names of three dozen people who have never read a newspaper in all their lives and have not the remotest intention of ever reading one. I, alas, belong to the type which does read a newspaper, having been brought up under the illusion that it is one of the necessary activities of a sensible, educated mind. I risk myopia, round shoulders, crow's feet and grey hair in the interests of self-enlightenment. I have no time to wonder if I am more happy or healthy or rich because I am aware that the seventh meeting of the Big Four has just ended in a fiasco in Berlin or that the Fundamental Rights are going to be observed in Kashmir or that Mr. Munshi has just advised youth about Basic Moral Values. I only know that I have no more peace of mind left me and my faith in human nature is so low that if I get the correct measure from the grocer I swoon with surprise and come home and write to the papers about it in awed delight. My cook on the other hand, not weighted with the information and knowledge that I so painfully

absorb every morning, keeps fresh-eyed, happy and healthy from dawn to dusk. She hasn't lost a single illusion in the last ten years she has been with me.

I am what is called the conscientious reader which means I plod through about eighty columns of small type twenty-one inches long right from the appeal for Agents "on commission basis" to the Drainage Scheme for Kumbakonam in 12 point caps. And it doesn't do me a bit of good. But there are two other types of news-readers who profit infinitely more than I do. There is the type which concentrates solely and exclusively on 'human' material like suicides, murders, accidents, desertions, freaks and film-stars and can tell you the exact place in Arizona where the two-headed calf was born. And then there is the other type which is passionately addicted to one topic over and above all else in heaven or earth. It may be cricket or the Bhoodan Movement or it may be Indo-China. He drinks in this special information with flushed cheeks and open mouth and tosses the sheet aside. Nothing to him are the exhortations of Nehru in Kottayam about meeting the challenges that come to us in different ways from the world and the words of original wisdom dropping like pearls from the lips of the gentle Messiah of the South about the dangers of careful writing and the harmlessness of bad and angry writing. He does not even take note of the subtle simile about dirty flood water being better than carefully doctored pipe water. Oh no, what is a matter of life and death to him is that Hutton is leading England, the X-ray having showed no stone in the kidneys as had been feared. And the third wicket in the Bridgetown Test fell in 35 mts. at 25, Holt flashing at a short ball outside of the off-stump from Bailey and being easily caught at first slip.

Imagine on the other hand the lives of the 31 million happy people—God bless them—who have just

been discovered. Their prices wouldn't go up because they would be blithely unaware that since America was spending so many billions on armaments she was skimping her supplies of steel to Britain, a move which was affecting adversely the trade balances of Iran and Egypt and widening the dollar gap in the Honduras. Their day stays twenty-four whole hours long and they are as dead certain of tomorrow as they are of a normal death. They wouldn't be watching the clock all the time for the simple reason they have nowhere

to go and anyway they could always go the next day. They would have no expensive wives because there would be no fashions. They wouldn't know about a third world-war till it is upon them and then it wouldn't matter because the mushroom cloud will leave little time for them to think and die a thousand deaths.

But alas, the pity, the sad, sad pity is that they wouldn't read this column and know they are the happy people of the earth.

SANTHA

## "AN ASSET TO INDIA AND THE WORLD"

### TRIBUTE TO SIR C. V. RAMAN

Sir Philip Manson-Bahr writes:

**T**HE highlight of my Indian tour has been the opportunity of visiting the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore. I had no real previous idea of the magnitude of the enterprise, nor of the importance it has now assumed in the scientific world.

Even more wonderful still was to meet Sir C. V. Raman himself in his own Institute. It has been my privilege to have met several of the greater leaders in science during my life, but seldom I have been impressed so much as with the self-evident and innate genius shining from the face and eyes of this great man. As a naturalist what impressed me most was his method of displaying the wonders of nature to the best advantage: for instance, the illumination of the wings of gorgeous butterflies from India and Brazil. Never have I seen the sheen shine more luminously from the wings of the Morpho group than in this museum. The same may be said for the conus shells and gaily coloured and iridescent Haliotis from the Pacific. But in the realm of mineralogy, Dr. Raman is supreme. I have read much about dull rocks and studied them, but never before did I realise that the most wonderful colour patterns could be elicited by exposure to ultra-violet rays.

There seems to be no limit to this far reaching mind. It is interesting, too, that he has contributed so

fundamentally in the realm of physics—and to the study of crystals, and if I read the portents aright, it was this subject that first fascinated the great Pasteur and set him in the path of his fundamental medical discoveries. There are many similarities between him and Sir Raman. The keynote to all his discoveries is his simplicity.

The library in itself is a thing of wonder, for here the student can find easily at his command the range of authoritative works on all branches of mathematics, nuclear fission, and the whole of technological science. It bears out what Sir Raman himself flashed out that the library is indeed a substitute for omniscience. It almost seems as if in this institution all the great endeavours of mankind are brought together, and sifted, so that out of them comes, time and time again, a discovery of untold benefit to mankind. It makes one proud to learn that most of the books in this Institute are in the English language.

The situation of the Institute and the beautiful views it presents are in themselves an inspiration to the contemplative mind. The personality of the presiding genius, his vivacity, simplicity and real affectionate charm have stamped themselves on my mind, so that the image engraved on the brain will last for ever. I would end by declaring that not only is this great institute which Raman founded an asset to India and an augury for the future, but it is a model for the whole world. I could not have left India without seeing it.

## MODERN SPAIN

By THOMAS BALLARD

*No longer a political leper because of her new accord with the U. S., Spain—a country where poverty swamps luxury—sees in her latest ally perhaps an antidote for her economic maladies.*

*To obtain this report, the writer made an extensive tour of Spain. This took him from Bilbao in the north to Malaga and Cadiz (now earmarked for a U. S. naval base) in the south; and from Algeciras northward along the southern and eastern coasts, including Valencia and Barcelona. There was not a town of any size in which he did not spend some time; in addition, he spent more than a month in Madrid.*

**I**N the cafes on Gran Via, which is Madrid's Fifth Avenue, with a touch of Spanish fiesta, there is no talk but of the new accord with the United States. The Madrilenos are happy. After 15 years of chilly isolation, Spain now finds herself allied with the strongest power on earth, and in a year of drought and poor crops there is suddenly a promise of outside aid.

There is a new bounce at the War Ministry, at the foot of Gran Via; at the headquarters of the Falange, Spain's only legal party, with the immense five red arrows across its front, and at the vast new Air Ministry, where a foreign reporter was told not so long ago, "Though it's true that we have no air force, we have a lot of air." The controlled press reflects this new spirit, in its proud editorials on Spain's high moral principles, her unequalled political system, and her role as a bastion of the free world.

The Spaniards have good reason to feel good. The new accord assures their country of some economic aid, and of a boost in armed power. It also returns it to the European scene as an equal, and no longer as a political leper. Yet many thoughtful observers here also feel that the new agreement detours around some of Spain's basic maladies. It promises to cut down the agony; it will not heal the ailments.

What these maladies are is plain to the naked eye, as soon as the voyager crosses the Pyrenees. One leaves behind San Sebastian, with its luxury and swarms of tourists; stops over at the aged port of Bilbao, and

then suddenly finds oneself in a country of poverty and desolation. But the odour of history is faint in the mud-brick villages that merge with the parched and treeless countryside. One travels for hundreds of miles and sees only dry soil, thirsting for water and fertilizer; wornout women pulling ancient ploughs, for lack of animals, and sickly children gathering manure in village streets for the precious fertilizer.

### A Sick Countryside

**N**OT all of Spain is like this. Southward, toward Seville, there are great estates of the landed grantees, with tractors, modern methods and thousands of seasonal workers. On a narrow coastal strip along the Mediterranean one finds a Garden of Eden, with bamboo, oranges and date palms, with peanut and sugar cane plantations, with persimmons and pomegranates, and acres of drying pepper that turns mountainsides blood-red. This is a country of small farmers, and one look at the water gurgling in irrigation ditches explains why this strip has been well-off for many decades.

But these are the exceptions. Out of Spain's 125,000,000 acres, some 50,000,000 are cultivated. Of these, only 2,500,000 are irrigated. A Westerner cannot even imagine the country's thirst, until he discovers that village life centres on the lone public well, or until he hears a peasant's apathetic: "Oh, it's not as bad this year. Four years ago we had to buy drinking water by the glass, and it cost almost as much as wine!"

Spain is a country of peasants. Out

of every 20 Spaniards, 11 work on land. Therefore, the decay and poverty in the villages are cancers that eat away the nation's spirit and economy. When the crops are poor, as they often are, the cities go on a meagre diet and the productivity of factory workers slumps. Exports drop, too (for some 60 per cent. of Spain's exports are agricultural), and then Spain cannot buy the essentials she needs for her industries.

What is the cure? General Francisco Franco and his advisers believe it lies in industrialization. Once Spain produces her own steel, tractors and fertilizer, she will be able to cut down her imports. What is equally important, industry can help to absorb some of the millions who, in apathy or despair, remain in the overcrowded villages. The main trouble with the Spanish rural landscape is that too many hands produce too little at too high a cost.

Some of the foreign experts—and they include at least one recent U. S. economic mission—disagree with Franco. No sound industry, they insist, can be erected on a sick countryside. And the best cure for agriculture, in their opinion, lies not in over-ambitious industrial plans, but in extensive rural reforms. Some of the Western experts I met here have, in fact, been quite caustic about the showy industrial projects.

"The country," one economist told me, "needs 1,000,000 modern ploughs. Instead, they have built a typewriter factory. The country needs tractors. Instead, you'll find that Spain produces the most luxurious automobile in Europe, and even the new Fiats made here will sell for around \$3,500. There are thousands of villages without adequate drinking water. Yet Spain builds shiny penicillin plants, with an output far bigger than she will ever consume. And it took the State a dozen years to build the first fertilizer plant, though this should have had the highest priority."

There is apparently a measure of agreement in Washington with this view. If, in the more hopeful days of 1951, there was talk here of U. S. billions to create heavy industry in

Spain, now this talk has died down. The initial U. S. appropriation for economic purposes here is only \$84,000,000, and most of it will be spent on highways, railroads and the purchase of raw materials.

The Falange's programme, it is true, spells out a wide range of rural reforms. One of them provides for the distribution of land to the landless peasants, thousands of whom roam the country roads in search of employment. Out of every 10 peasants in Spain, five are estimated to belong to this miserable group.

But there is powerful opposition to the land reform, and it progresses slowly. In fact, in the first 10 years of this government, the national land settlement institute resettled just 23,000 people—a tiny drop in a country of 28,000,000, most of whom are peasants. About as much progress has been achieved in the development of irrigation and in reforestation. And it is significant that less than one per cent of the total budget is given annually to the Ministry of Agriculture.

#### Falange Controls All

**I**N contrast to the villages, the cities look prosperous, and none of them as much as Madrid. Outwardly, at least, this is one of Europe's great capitals, with broad avenues, heavy traffic, luxurious shops and hotels, countless outdoor cafes, modern cinemas, and even "girlie" shows. The upper bracket residential areas here are the match of any in Europe, and there is even a brand new skyscraper, from whose 28th floor one can clearly see the barren farm country in the distance. Nearly all Spain's 145 banks are concentrated here, and many of them are now building magnificent headquarters.

Between 6 and 9 o'clock in the evening, every seat in the outdoor cafes on Gran Via and the Alcala is taken, and a solid phalanx of promenaders marches slowly up and down. And on the days when General Franco drives to the airport to greet some official visitor, the procession is marked by wild splendour unequalled in the West. El Caudillo's Moorish bodyguards, on their Arab mounts, must be seen to be believed.

But the picture is deceptive. Along with great wealth there is stark poverty. Spanish labour and white-collar employees are caught in what one of General Franco's aides calls "a fearful vicious circle." Labour productivity is so low that wages are the lowest in the West; but the wages are so inadequate that the workers cannot produce well. The national institute of statistics estimates that real wages today are not much more than half of what they were before the civil war of 1936-39. A semi-skilled worker or an office secretary now earns around 75 cents a day, a veteran civil servant \$1.25. At the same time, a pair of shoes costs around \$5, and a man's shoddy suit \$18-20.

Like practically everything else, labour is controlled through the Falange. Its "syndicates" prescribe who is to work how long and for how much. Strikes are forbidden, demands for higher pay are frowned on, and the elaborate system of social security provides for no unemployment insurance. Labour, thus, is extremely restive, as it showed in the wave of demonstrations some of them bloody, in the spring of 1951. Thousands were arrested, and one still hears of a new amnesty for this or that class of worker who had quietly been fired on or arrested that year.

If one is to judge by the provincial press, political arrests and trials go on, as they have since 1949. The secret police is large and fairly efficient, and it is complemented by the rural civil guards and the 700,000 members of the Falange, who form a network of surveillance. One of the most striking features of the rural landscape today is the two-man patrols of the civil guards, in their picturesque uniforms, who watch approaches to every village.

Figures on the number of political prisoners can, at best, be only guesses. Western officials here place the number at anywhere between 15,000 and 25,000.

It is easy to make wrong deductions from these facts. This is a totalitarian and police State, in many ways similar to those found on the other side of the Iron Curtain. But

it would be wrong to think that the police are the sole support of General Franco. The fact is that the civil war left behind scars no Spaniard can forget. A million people perished in the holocaust, and no family escaped its terrible touch. Today the Spaniards may grumble, demonstrate, and even hope for a palace coup, but none will want another civil war, and very few would follow the Communists.

#### Marriage of Convenience

**I**T would be equally wrong to blame General Franco for all the economic maladies. One look at the graphs of production—in mines and factories as well as the farms—will show that the decline had begun long before General Franco took over, and even before the Spanish Republican Government. Franco has thus had to cope not only with chronic and ingrown problems, but also with the enormous losses of the civil war and the world-wide boycott of his regime that followed.

One of General Franco's pets all along has been the army, and it is a favourite pastime among Western observers here to speculate on how his troops would perform should the Soviet wave ever roll to the Pyrenees. Some feel that the Spanish soldier, filled as he is with the bitterness of village life, might be susceptible to Communist propaganda. I personally doubt it. Having watched the Spanish soldiers, and talked to many of them, I find myself impressed by their morale and fighting potential.

Yet, in its present shape, the army is undoubtedly unfit for modern war. Its generals, in the opinion of Western military experts, are largely incompetent. Its officers have to be retrained for modern warfare, and they are oppressed by financial troubles as the white-collar class from which many of them come. (I know several field-grade officers who work as clerks and bookkeepers at night to keep their families alive). The soldiers, finally, are ignorant of modern tactics and weapons, ill-equipped and literally ragged. I remember watching a group of soldiers walk past me on Gran Via. As each foot rose, its sole betrayed a hole.

It is an open secret here that General Franco's heart was set on having the U. S. train, rearm and feed his army of some 350,000. It is an equally open secret that the U. S. military mission here had decided this would cost billions, and turned its thumbs down. The new treaty carries no provision for the general re-equipment of the Spanish army.

In the Western colony here, the feelings about the new U. S.—Spanish accord are mixed. Some are distressed by General Franco's continued sallies against the British and the French. Others, who cannot forget that Franco gained power with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, feel that Washington has now removed whatever chance there might have been of his overthrow.

Whatever the feelings here, one thing is clear. Washington's decision to come to terms with Franco was based on military, rather than political, considerations. And, as a military accord, this one has its justifications. The U. S. air force, which already has a system of strategic air bases in French Morocco, now acquires a valuable alternate network. If there is ever a new world war, Spain will become an "un-

sinkable aircraft carrier" that Britain already is. And, finally, the great U. S. naval force in the Mediterranean, which today lacks major bases, now acquires at least two important ones, at Cadiz and Cantagena. All these, of course, are valuable gains for the West.

The liabilities of the new accord are all political. And for many observers the greatest of them is the danger that, under the flood of propaganda that is sure to come, it may be forgotten that the marriage with General Franco is one of convenience and not of love. Spain today is no friend of democracy: its ideals or its methods, and in fact, the word "democracy" itself is a constant target of Falangist scorn. Many Westerners here thus are inclined to agree with the *New York Times* that "surely the highest purpose of American policies is to defend and propagate democracy against all totalitarian ideologies—Fascist as well as Communist. If this be forgotten or overlooked in the process of making agreements with General Franco, the cause of liberty will suffer great damage." In Western Europe, at least, there will be a firm "Amen" to this sentiment.—Copyright NNF.



After an AIR children's programme, Madras, Tensing Norkay with his family.

## THE CULT OF STALINISM

By M. P. R. REDDY

THIRTY-SIX years after the October revolution, progressive sections of mankind recoiled in horror at the outbreak of the most farcical frameup trials and purges culminating in the liquidation and execution of Beria who ranked as one of the triumvirate after the death of Stalin. The architect of the ten security divisions of the GPU, which were characterised as Beria's butchers, was also well-known as the author of the most widely circulated biography of Stalin in which the Stalin mythology was built up with meticulous care. This pitiless killer whose tentacles stretched to every nook and corner of the Soviet Union, fell a victim to the Frankenstein which had already swallowed up his formidable predecessors Yezhov and Yagoda who headed the NKVD. Many a top-ranking leader of the people's democracies met with a like fate after making the most puzzling confessions. The imposing galaxy of the leaders include Laszlo Rajk in Hungary, Kochi Dsodse in Albania, Traicho Kostov in Bulgaria, Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland, Vlado Clementis and Slansky in Czechoslovakia, Vasile Luce and Ana Pauker in Rumania.

During the later twenties of this century, every critic was called a Trotskyite; during the heyday of the popular fronts and the Second World War, all opponents of the regime were denounced as fascists in the pay of Hitler; after the rupture with Tito, every sceptic in the Communist ranks was condemned as a Titoist; in the present phase, even such an internationalist as Koni Zilliacus, was mentioned as an American spy in one of the Prague trials (for speaking the truth about Yugoslavia). It is a thousand pities that the local Communists periodically join this chorus; if, for instance, the Beria clique had won in the succession wrangle, Malenkov would have been denounced with bell, book and candle; and they would have expressed their "deep respect and affection" for Beria. Despite the overwhelming indications of frame-

up, the gullible fellow-traveller would still ask the question: but did they not confess? In a statement made by Prof. Nejedly the Czech Minister of Education to answer the critics and sceptics on the question of the veracity of the confessions, the stereotyped explanation is given.

"People in Czechoslovakia are posing two questions: Why were not the conspirators exposed sooner and why did they confess? The first question betrays a bourgeois mentality unworthy of the Communists who pose it. The second indicates that it is believed either that the conspirators attempted to save their lives by confessing or that coercion or drugs were employed to extort their confessions. None of these explanations is valid.

*"The securing of the confessions took a long time. Some have said that they were the result of a psychological evolution. This point of view is close enough to the truth, for the defendants were broken by crushing and irrefutable proofs which were gradually accumulated against them."* (This was published in the neutralist French newspaper *Le Monde*).

Reading between the lines the discerning critic cannot but conclude that the defendants were broken by methods of psychological torture and by "crushing and irrefutable proofs" accumulated gradually against them.

WHAT with the ugly overtones of anti-Semitism, chauvinistic nationalism and hysterical invective these Thermidorian methods of extermination political opponents and suppression of criticism have baffled not a few fellow-travellers and Communists, and amused the Churchillian pyromaniacs. The weird case of the nine Jewish doctors, their condemnation for alleged medical murder (eight years after the death of General Scherbakov from an incurable disease, and five years after the death of General Zhdanov from an acute case of angina of the lungs), their conviction after the confessions and

ultimate exoneration and acquittal reads like a mystery and detective story with all the daring flights of imagination. While Communist statesmen whose lives have been a saga of sacrifice and self-effacement for ushering in the era of classless society, could be demoted and disgraced, under the pretext of left or right deviation, one can imagine the treatment meted out to the millions of lesser fry who are sent to forced labour camps set up for 'political reformation.' In the face of such monstrous distortion of justice, even the courageous movement in defence of the Rosenbergs seemed to lose its moral justification. And what is worse, the McCarthys and McCarrans could now cover up their fascist philosophy by the strident cries that Nazism and Socialism are fundamentally of the same stock; the Ku Klux Klan, the masked vigilantes who flogged and lynched Negroes, the Jim Crow methods and the lawless laws of the un-American Activities Committee would receive a new fillip with impunity. No one who has dispassionately watched the notorious Moscow trials and the decapitation of the old Bolshevik leadership in the true Robespierrean fashion, would accept such happenings as the birth pangs of a new civilization. It is the venal fellow-travellers who are worried that their intellectual house of cards would collapse if they began to be sceptical about the infallibility of the oracles in the Kremlin. But we can truthfully say with Spinoza, "Neither to laugh nor to weep but to understand."

The legacy of the October Revolution, in the shape of nationalisation of the principal means of production and the State monopoly of foreign trade, still remain as the most fundamental features of Soviet society. As Lenin anticipated and feared on his death bed, there developed a bureaucratic caste, the upper crust of the party hierarchy, which, taking advantage of the backwardness of the people and the low level of their culture, set about the task of consolidating its new privileges under the leadership of Joseph Stalin. Instead of transferring power to the workers' councils (as

has been recently done in Tito's Yugoslavia) they appropriated it in the interests of the narrow caste. It is to this new phenomenon that we must attribute some of the later happenings that disfigured the workers' State, namely, monolithic regimentation within the party, persecution and suppression of the Left Opposition led by Leon Trotsky and the Right Opposition of Bukharin, frame-ups, assassinations and falsification of history. It is one of the ironies of modern history that the Eldorado of peace, freedom and happiness seems to be receding with every leap forward of society.

Obviously a bureaucratic caste cannot resolve its ideological crises without base intrigues and crude machinations. It cannot come into the arena of public discussions nor can it encourage scepticism or criticism which is the very life breath of progress and civilization as also of democracy. In the words of Richard Lowenthal: "In the Soviet sphere, show trials are the continuation of top level discussions by more effective means. They are not the procedure by which an opposition within the inner councils of the Communist party is defeated but the recognised form in which the prevailing faction announces its final victory to the rank and file; they constitute an act of political ex post legislation, establishing which forms of political heresy must be considered criminal in future."

**W**HY was it necessary to distort historical facts and to rewrite the events of the October Revolution so as to blacken the role of Leon Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamanev, and Bukharin who were all staunch supporters of Lenin and were known to the contemporary world as the most popular Bolshevik leaders? Trotsky, for instance, occupied such high places as President of the Petrograd Soviet, Foreign Minister, War Minister, and built up the Red Army. Why do they hide these facts from the Russian masses? Stalin tried to slander Tito in this fashion and met with the most resounding rebuff of invited his own relatives and those

In this connection the words of

Harold Laski in his "Dilemma Of Our Times" are worth remembering: "There is of course a probability against the circulation of all that Trotsky ever wrote so that his remarkable pamphlet, "Literature And Revolution," his illuminating 'Autobiography' and above all his superb "History Of The Russian Revolution" remain unknown to and undiscussed by Russian critics and historians. Any one, moreover, who compares the first collected edition of Lenin's works with the last edition will see not only significant changes in the text, but fantastic alterations in the attached explanatory notes which can only

have been made to eulogise the part played by Generalissimo Stalin at the expense of his defeated rival by a sycophant unfit to be trusted with the annotation of important documents. And any one who compares the successive histories of the Russian Communist Party written by Zinoviev, Yaroslavsky, Popov and the party historical section, under, we are told, the watchful eye of Generalissimo Stalin himself, who is also part author, will feel tempted to feel that Mr. Justice Holmes was right when he criticized those authors to whom all facts are born free and equal."

## Rohini:

### Old Jaina Tale

**I**T was in those days and those times . . .

In Rajagriha (Rajgir) there was a prosperous and intelligent merchant named Dhanya. He had a wife named Bhadra, four sons named Dhana-pala, Dhanadeva, Dhanagopa and Dhanarakshita and four daughters-in-law named Ujjhika, Bhogavati, Rakshika and Rohini.

Once it occurred to the merchant Dhanya that, since all the work in his house was being done only under his orders and instructions, it was essential to make some arrangements so that it might be properly conducted even when he was absent from home or went to some place on business or fell ill or died. With this thought in his mind, he one day invited his own relatives and those of his daughters-in-law and treated them to various sumptuous dishes. When the feast was over and all had sat together, Dhanya called his daughters-in-law, one by one, to him and, in the presence of all, gave to each of them five ripe grains of paddy, asking them to keep them with care and return them to him whenever he would ask for them.

The eldest daughter-in-law, Ujjhika, took the five grains of paddy and thought, "We have many barns full of paddy in our house; when my father-in-law asks, I shall take five

grains from the stores and return them to him." So thinking, she secretly threw away the five grains of paddy given her by the merchant.

The second daughter-in-law, Bhogavati, thought, "There is a lot of paddy stored in my father-in-law's ganary; so, when he asks for his grains, I shall fetch five of them and give him; but of course it is not proper to throw away the paddy given by him." So thinking, she went to her own room, removed the husk from the paddy and ate the five grains of rice.

The third daughter-in-law, Rakshika, thought, "Since my father-in-law has asked me to keep the grains with care, I should do it." So thinking, she wrapped the paddy in a piece of clean cloth, put it in her casket of jewels and began to keep watch over it.

The fourth, Rohini, thought, "My father-in-law is a wise and intelligent man. It must be to test us that he has given each one of us five grains of paddy; for, otherwise, with so much paddy stored in the house, why should he give us only five grains each? So thinking, she sent for an officer from her father's house and entrusted to him the five grains with instructions that they should be sown with care during the rains, harvested when ripe and then brought back to her.

In a new earthen vessel whose mouth she carefully secured with a

lid, she kept what paddy she received as harvest, and in the next rainy season got it sown again. When the new harvest arrived, she preserved it as before. In the third season all the accumulated stock of paddy was sown again, and it yielded a plentiful crop. Thus year after year the increasing stock of paddy was sown and grown to many times its original quantity, till a big granary brimmed over with paddy.

Five years passed in this way, at the end of which the merchant Dhanya again invited his own relatives and those of his daughters-in-law and treated them to various delicacies. When all were seated after the feast, he called his daughters-in-law, one by one, before the gathering.

When his first daughter-in-law, Ujjhika, came, the merchant asked her to return the paddy she had received. She fetched five grains from the household stock and gave them to him. On being questioned by the merchant whether the grains were the very ones given by him, she confessed that she had brought them from the granary of the house and that she had thrown away the grains given by him.

THE second daughter-in-law, Bhogavati, brought five grains from the stores of the house and said that she had eaten those given by him. The third, Rakshika, brought her casket of jewels and, taking out the grains of paddy carefully preserved in it, gave them to him. Rohini came last and said that so much paddy had

been produced from the five grains that several carts would be needed to bring it. When she was asked to explain what she meant, she described in detail how she had grown so much paddy from those five grains.

The merchant was extremely pleased to hear Rohini's words and made her the head mistress of the whole household. Henceforth all work would be done only under her orders and instructions. Rakshika was made the stewardess of the estate, Bhogavati was given charge of the kitchen and Ujjhika that of the sanitation of the house.

Citing the above example, the Guru (spiritual teacher and guide) said to his disciple, "My son, he who takes the five great vows of non-violence, truth, non-stealing, continence and non-attachment and then gives them up like Ujjhika, reaps obloquy in this world and degradation in the next. He who like Bhogavati having taken the great vows, observes them only in a formal way as a means of his livelihood and becomes attached to food and other objects of desire, never gets fame in this world and suffers in the next. He who, like Rakshika, observes with care the great vows he has taken, reaps fame in this world and spiritual well-being in the next. But he who, having once taken the great vows, develops and fulfils them more and more in his life, like Rohini, attains peace, renown and joy in this world and liberation at the end of this life."

PURANCHAND SAMSOOKHA

## PERSPECTIVE OF INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

IN her global strategy against Communism America is faced with a big gap between Turkey and Indo-China. The prospects of a Middle East Defence Organisation coming into being are not promising. In her search for an effective alternative to the M. E. D. O. America is tempting some countries in the Middle East with liberal military and economic help in return for their cooperation with her in her global strategy. She is annoyed with India's efforts to form a neutral peace bloc which, if achieved, would frustrate her efforts in the Middle East. India is not afraid of Communism and she does not believe in military strength as a solution to Communism. As such she does not understand American fear of Communism and her dangerously provocative global strategy against it. A consideration of the recent history and the forces now influencing the Indian and Eastern peoples will be helpful for better understanding by America of the Indian foreign policy.

A people are subjugated only when their morale is broken. Military history bears out this fact amply. The retreat of Napoleon from Moscow is a classical example of the supremacy of morale over military strength. The people of Russia determined not to be subjugated, drove back Napoleon by denying his army the means of existence by their 'scorched earth' policy. In the last war again the classical resistance put up by the Russian people at Stalingrad gave the lie to Hitler's invincibility. The Russian army which failed to stop Hitler through two-thirds of European Russia could not have stopped him at Stalingrad either. It was the people of Russia, men, women and children, determined to save their liberty, that fought for every inch and every brick in Stalingrad and frustrated Hitler from taking it. Stalingrad goes to prove once again the supremacy of the will of the people over military strength. So was the parti-

san resistance in Yugoslavia. America herself won her independence by the strength of her will and determination over the better equipped superior British forces. Their great Lincoln's strength in their civil war again lay in the righteousness of his cause and the morale it gave his forces.

The appearance of Mahatma Gandhi in India was the answer to the most cherished wishes of the Indians and his political philosophy of passive resistance was one which the Indian mind could appreciate and respond to with enthusiasm.

What morale could achieve in war, Gandhiji achieved by passive resistance against a mighty imperial power in India without war. Passive resistance derives its strength from conviction of the righteousness of its cause and the impersonal resistance, without hatred and retaliation, to a principle or system. Many great people brought about great changes in humanity from time to time through this moral force. Indeed the strength of Christ lay in his love for his oppressors. Gandhiji could practise this moral principle on a mass scale and raise the whole Indian nation to the moral strength necessary to resist the British power in India because of the centuries-old spiritual tradition of the Indian people. Atomic weapons and greater military potential for destruction may annihilate the enemy forces but they cannot break the morale of a people conscious of the righteousness of their cause. Gandhiji's mission in India did not end with the attainment of independence. More important than that is the morale and fearlessness he developed in the Indian people. India believes more in human morale than in destructive power.

If Gandhiji was the personification of the Indian mind, Indian aspiration and Indian genius, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru is no less. Sri Nehru is not a credulous follower of Gandhiji. Through relentless criticism he

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understood the rationale of Gandhism and through this understanding grew his conviction in Gandhiji. As such it will be wrong to look upon him as a mere elected head of the State. He is as much the personification of the Indian mind as Gandhiji was. In short, he is India. His foreign policy is based on our Gandhian principles. We do not believe in violence. We believe in truth and justice and the moral strength that goes with them. In our strength we are fearless. We are not aggressive and we have no enemies. As a corollary to these principles our foreign policy is one of neutrality, friendship with all and peace with justice.

**T**HE most significant post-war event in the rest of the East is the emergence of intense nationalism, and as a result thereof, the independence of a number of nations from their pre-war colonial status. For centuries now the nations in Africa and to the east of the Suez including China formed the bulk of the world markets for the industrial nations of the West. As such these nations have been through all these years under the political and economic domination, to a greater or lesser extent, of the industrial powers. Two world wars were fought by these industrial powers in one generation for the possession or equitable sharing of these world markets. Despite the moral platitudes put forth as the objectives of these wars, these nations forming the markets have no illusions about the objectives of these wars. It may be remembered that President Roosevelt had to tell the American people plainly that if Germany gets control of the world markets, American industry will have no place in them, before he could persuade them to renounce their isolationism and join the last war against Germany. In the confusion of liberation, first by Japan from the Western imperialists, and then by the Allies from the Japanese imperialists, the latent but intense nationalism of the people, asserted itself and Burma, Phillipines and Indonesia achieved independence. China had to go Communist to get rid of the economic domination by the West. Malaya and Indo-China are still struggling for their

independence. The countries in the Middle East are wriggling themselves out of their economic domination by the Western powers. Everywhere in Africa and South America there is a nationalistic upsurge and struggle for independence.

The problems to all the free nations in the East including India are the consolidation and stabilisation of their freedom and the economic emancipation of their peoples. Underdeveloped and poor as they are, their newly found resurgent nationalism will not tolerate any extraneous help which would involve the least infringement of their political or economic freedom. They value the legacy of democracy left to them by the West. They have no sympathy for dictatorship, Communist or otherwise. Danger for their democracy lies more in the economic discontent of their peoples than in Communist aggression from outside. They are anxious for economic and industrial help without entanglements to their freedom. Above all, they are anxious for a long period of peace for the solution of their problems with or without extraneous help. India is the biggest, strongest and the most stable nation amongst these, with a unique moral philosophy against violent power. Naturally these nations look to India for a lead to the solution of their common problems and the maintenance of peace in this region. To that extent Sri Nehru is the voice of the East and to that end he aims at the formation of a neutral peace bloc here.

Political and economic exigencies or ambitious but ill-conceived adventures by political cliques in some of these countries may afford America opportunities to exploit them for her global strategy against Communist aggression. But lacking popular support as they would be, such advantages will be of no avail to them in the event of a war even as the vast empires had been of no avail to their masters in the last war.

**A**MERICA should view India's foreign policy and her resistance to American intentions in the Middle East adjoining her borders in this context to appreciate it in its proper perspective.

## SRI VENKATESWARA UNIVERSITY

By

DR. N. VENKATRAMANAYYA

**T**HE Andhra Cabinet, it is stated, has decided to entrust the work of evolving a suitable scheme for the starting of the Sri Venkateswara University at Tirupati to Dr. S. Govindarajulu, the Director of Public Instruction in Andhra and Prof. Ranga-dhama Rao, the Principal of the Andhra University College. They are said to have been given almost a carte blanche to go into all aspects of the question, such as whether it should be a residential university or an affiliating university, ways and means of financing the scheme, and the course of studies in the proposed university. The university is intended, according to one of the Ministers of the Andhra Cabinet, to serve the educational needs of Rayalaseema and Nellore; and according to another, it will be devoted to the study of the humanities, so that it may become a complement to and not a rival of the Andhra University. Now this small committee of two persons to whom the task of formulating the scheme is entrusted cannot be expected to do full justice to it; for it is doubtful whether they have the requisite knowledge of the real educational needs of the area which the university is intended to serve. The task of formulating the scheme ought to have been entrusted to a larger committee consisting of educationists of ripe experience who devoted their lives to the cause of education particularly belonging to the area under consideration. In addition to the two distinguished educationists constituting the committee, Sri D. Sadasiva Reddi and Professors M. Venkatarangaiya, D. S. Sarma and Vissa Appa Rao ought to have been included in the committee. Their deep knowledge of educational problems and intimate acquaintance with the prevailing conditions of education in Andhra, specially entitle them to be consulted in this matter.

A university devoted mainly to the pursuit of the humanities, as the

proposed university at Tirupati is intended to be, must make provision for the study of history, philosophy, religion, language and belles-lettres. As general history is taught in all our universities, and as one of the objects of the originators of the present university is to avoid duplication, it is desirable to lay emphasis on those aspects of history neglected in other universities. No provision is made in any of our universities for the investigation and study of the history of the Deccan and South India, particularly of the Andhra country. The important part played by the Andhras in the political and cultural history of India needs no special mention. Therefore emphasis may be placed in the curriculum of historical studies in the Tirupati University on the history of the Deccan and South India with special reference to Andhra. The proposed university is unique in certain respects. The name 'Sri Venkateswara University' adopted by the sponsors of the present scheme is indeed very significant. It implies special association of the university with the holy shrine of the Lord of the Seven Hills. Although the members of the committee are required to suggest ways and means of financing the scheme, the main burden of maintaining the university will fall, as is generally believed, upon the Sribhandara of Lord Sri Venkateswara. It is therefore reasonable to expect that arrangements will be made for the study of the shad-darsanas consisting of nyaya, vaiseshika, sankhya, yoga and the two mimamsas, specially the last which exercised profound influence on the religious thought of India. Philosophy and religion have always been inseparable since the beginning of history in our country. The propounders of our philosophical systems were, as a matter of fact, heads of religious sects who expounded the systems associated with their names in order to provide a philosophical basis for their respective creeds. The college of theology which the Devasthanam authorities are intending to establish may serve as a nucleus around which a large institute for the study of different creeds may be built up. This has one great advantage.

tage; funds for the maintenance of the institute may be collected not only from the Tirumala shrine but also from the revenues of the religious foundations of the other creeds in the State. Facilities for linguistic and literary studies already exist to some extent in the Sri Venkateswara Institute at Tirupati; which together with the Veda Patasala should be incorporated with the university and steps should be taken to widen the scope of the linguistic and literary studies by the inclusion of Kannada, for the omission of which there is hardly any justification. It must be remembered that Rayalaseema is situated at the meeting place not only of three languages but also three cultures, viz., Telugu, Tamil and Kannada, a fact which

must not be overlooked in framing the scheme for the new university.

Provision must also be made for the development of fine arts, specially music and dance. The temple of Sri Venkateswara nurtured the growth of music and dance during the age of the Rayas. The gifted Tallapakam family served the Lord for generations by their famous sankirtanas. The tradition established by the Tallapakam musicians, though in a languishing state, still survives; and the framers of the new university scheme must take steps to revive the tradition: the establishment of a college of arts for imparting instruction in music, dancing, painting etc., is bound to produce fruitful results; and the proposed university will then become not only an educational but also a cultural centre.

## DEFENCE V. DEVELOPMENT

By

P. KODANDA RAO

REFERRING to possible American military aid to Pakistan, the Prime Minister of India said that India would not enter on an armaments race, but would rely on the development of the material and moral resources of her people, that her armed forces were needed only for defence but not for aggression, that, while she would accept foreign economic aid, she would not accept military aid from any quarter, and that she would gladly enter into no-war pacts with her neighbours.

In which case, does India need her present armed strength, which, in terms of expenditure for easy understanding, costs about Rs. 200 crores per annum? Defence expenditure must be related to the needs as well as the resources of a country. If, for instance, Ceylon fears Indian aggression, she has not the resources to out-distance Indian military strength; she must go under or seek external aid.

In the most unlikely contingency of UK, USA, USSR or China invading India the present armed strength

of India is inadequate for successful defence, beyond playing a vital delaying action. In the equally unlikely aggression from USSR and China, it is likely that UK and USA will, in their own interest, rush to the rescue of India, even without a prior pact. The USSR and China are likely to do the same if UK and USA invaded India.

Against a possible aggression of Pakistan, which spends about Rs. 70 crores on her military might, need India spend about Rs. 200 crores? Granting that other factors, like morale and equipment, are equal and allowing for the exchange differential, India may need a smaller armed force for defence than Pakistan for offence, particularly as Pakistan would find it more difficult to deploy her troops from Karachi to Dacca across hostile territory than India to transport her troops from Delhi to Calcutta within her own territory. Without dogmatising, it may be said that India would have enough safety margin if she halved her defence force and expenditure. It is possible that with adequate American military aid, the balance may be tilted in favour of Pakistan. But Mr. Nehru declined to enter on an armaments race with Pakistan.

Foreign economic aid may well mean indirect military aid, for, the local economic resources released by foreign economic aid will be diverted to augment the local defence forces, as is happening with American economic aid to England. If India and Pakistan were denied foreign economic aid, they might be obliged to cut down their military expenditure or starve development.

If India must be prepared for Pakistan aggression in spite of assurances of Pakistan's innocent intentions, Pakistan also feels it necessary to be prepared for defence against possible Indian aggression, and supplement her military might with American aid. *Perhaps the best solution seems to be that the military strength and expenditure of both India and Pakistan should be reduced approximately to the same level. Just enough for defence but not for offence by either, and divert the released personnel and finance for development purposes, which will incidentally minimise, if not obviate,*

*the need for foreign economic aid also.*

It seems odd that both India and Pakistan should spend so much of their limited resources on defence forces which are too small against the aggression of the larger powers, and too large against that of the smaller ones, and at the same time accept foreign economic aid! *Diversions from defence to development will build up both the nations, without either being a military danger to the other.*

Whether Pakistan reciprocates or not, or until she does so, India may well reduce her military expenditure to about Rs. 100 crores with adequate safety, and minimise her dependence on foreign economic aid. The retrenched military personnel may well be employed as far as possible for development work, where their training in discipline and national spirit will be a great asset. *Let India, with faith, courage and safety, lead in disarmament and development.*

## ART FESTIVAL AT KAVALI

IN a world divided against itself, in an atmosphere that breathes war and violence, there still are cries, some shrill and some faint, for a better understanding and a better living. One such cry, though for the present a faint one, is Visvodaya, a recently-founded society at Kavali (Andhra), which in its own humble way, is trying to contribute what little it can for the ideals of peace and culture.

From 16th of January till 24th, Visvodaya celebrated its cultural festival. Distinguished scholars, eminent poets and illustrious artists from Andhra were invited to participate in these celebrations. The high-light of the celebrations was the exhibition of paintings organised by Visvodaya. There were about 120 exhibits of some of our best contemporary artists, including Nandalat Bose and Adivi Bapiraju.

The Week was inaugurated by Sri K. V. Gopalaswami, Registrar, Andhra University. Sri B. Gopala Reddi presided. Speaking on the occasion Sri Gopalaswami expressed his anxiety for the fine arts, which owing to lack of proper appreciation and patronage, are threatened with total extinction. The shift of accent from arts to sciences even in the schools and colleges, would, he feared, only serve to accelerate the pace of the decline of the fine arts. Sri Gopala Reddi, while endorsing the views expressed by Sri Gopalaswami, said that Visvodaya's endeavours for the realisation of its ideals would meet with success only when they could cultivate the cult of tolerance and understanding.

The Telugu poets that graced the celebrations were Sris D. Krishna Sastri, Viswanatha Satyanarayana, Katuri Venkateswara Rao and Vedula Satyanarayana, while Emani Sankara Sastri, Daliparti Pichahari and Rajanikanta Rao delighted the thousands with their concerts. Sri

Nataraja Ramakrishna, the celebrated dancer, gave a demonstrative lecture on Oriental dances and Kshetraya's songs. Sri Vissa Appa Rao, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Sri Peddada Ramaswami and Dr. Sripada Gopalakrishnamurthy addressed the gatherings on select subjects.

The Visvodaya conducted an inter-school and—college competition in the staging of one-act plays, for which the high schools and colleges in the vicinity contested. The Kavali College, which is a unit in the scheme of things of Visvodaya, had to its credit six dramas, one of which was in English (Othello) and was enacted by the staff and students of the college. The presentation of this drama, in a small town like Kavali, with all its severe limitations like lack of electricity and the required stage facilities, was an unqualified success.

Another item that deserves mention was 'Nirasa Productions', a Telugu one-act play, enacted by the students of the V. R. College, Nellore, for which they were awarded the first prize. The play is a satire on the vagaries of producers, directors, poets and music organisers, and was very well acted by the students.

One other notable item of the programme was the unveiling of the portrait of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore by Sri D. Krishna Sastri. Sri Peddada Ramaswami, who occupied the chair on the occasion, said that Tagore and Gandhiji are the two unique men that the 20th century India could legitimately boast of. He added that Tagore laid emphasis on the individual and on the need for a 'synthesis' of the two cultures of East and West, while Gandhiji by precept and example, improved the lot of the common man, and spiritualised politics. Sri Krishna Sastri, unveiling the portrait, dwelt on the rich heritage that Gurudev had bequeathed to us through Viswa Bharati and through several of his writings, and exhorted the students to read all the books

written by him. The portrait was drawn by the well-known Andhra artist, Sri Chemakur.

The crowning event of the Cultural Week was the special honour done to Sri D. Krishna Sastri and Sri B. N. Reddi. Sri Khasa Subba Rau of SWATANTRA presided. Speaking about artists, Sri Subba Rau said that while Sri Krishna Sastri had brought the richest treasures of poetry right into the Telugu cinema with his immortal songs and unforgettable dialogues, as was witnessed in that film classic *Malleswari*, Sri B. N. Reddi had made the best use of these treasures and had raised cine production from the commercial level to one of cultural excellence. He congratulated the organisers for the fitting way in which they had honoured these two. The "sanmanam" itself was reminiscent of the poetry and colour of old, under the patronage of the great Indian kings. The dais was beautifully decorated and the guests of honour were profusely garlanded. "Karpuraharati" was given, when the poets, pandits, women and men all showered their choicest blessings on the two artists. Addresses were presented to them in recognition of the services they had rendered in their respective fields of work and they were admitted to the honorary life-membership of Visvodaya. It was a colourful ceremony, the fitting climax to a glorious week filled with dance, drama, music and speeches by the celebrities in the field.

**T**HE organising ability and the drive of Sri M. Ramanuja Rao Naidu, the Principal of the Kavali College, who was ably assisted by his staff and students and of Sri D. R. Reddi made the function a resplendent success. The young and the old of the town and the vicinity attended this cultural festival in their thousands with women and children, and for nine days Art came down from her ivory tower and rubbed shoulders with ordinary men.

O. M. GOPAL RAO

## DEFEAT

**T**HERE was dew on the grass and the morning was still cold. Varadan rubbed his hands for warmth and looked contemplatively at the pool. It would be unpleasant to get into the cold water and work—remove the scum, dirt and the rotting weeds and leaves; but it was decidedly pleasant to clean the pool for Thulasi, his master's daughter. Varadan enjoyed doing little things that would make Thulasi happy. Thulasi bathed in the pool and spent much of her time on the shady lawn around.

Varadan took off his headgear—a thick towel he used for a turban and his fancy zipped-sportshirt which he wore at all times and in all weathers. Then with an open basket in his hands he got into the cold water. Pity he had had to do a physically un-

pleasant job like carrying food for the workers in the fields. A servantmaid did it for her.

"I had to cook it myself, too!" Thulasi replied. "What could I do? Mother is ill and the servantmaid is absent!"

"That accounts for it!" Varadan said and as he watched her spread the meal on a banana leaf before him, he exclaimed: "Fine, Thulasi! You have brought me just the meal I like best!" Looking vacantly into space he added reminiscently: "My mother used to serve me with such food!"

"Oh!" Thulasi said, "is your mother still living. Varadan." She spoke for want of saying something.

"Fortunately!" Varadan replied. "Today I am hearing from her. Didn't you know that my elder brother is coming to see me today?"

"Indeed?" Thulasi asked.

### Short Story

By

K. Sreenivasaiah

*The village Don Juan was in love at last. But what was the reaction of the object of his love?*

pleasant job in the early hours of the morning. But then it was either at early dawn or in the night that he had the time to do it. Otherwise Varadan was busy working in the paddy fields throughout the day.

He walked round the pool in the waist-deep water collecting the rubbish in the basket. He came up and emptied the basket into a pit. Again he got into the pool, this time pushing the basket on the water and swimming behind it. He gathered whatever floating matter he could lay his hand upon and dumped it into the pit. Varadan worked on the waters until he had the pool look tolerably clean. Then he rubbed his body briskly and had a bath.

As he put on dry clothes he saw Thulasi bring him his morning meal. It was already time for it.

"How is it Thulasi," he asked, "You are bringing me the food yourself?" He had never seen her do an odd

"It is true! He has sent word with a man I know. You see, they have somehow found out that I am in your household, my relatives!"

"He looked rather sad and disappointed. Throughout those two years of his wild, vagrant wily life none of his kinsfolk had been able to tell anything about his whereabouts. Only his mother had somehow learnt that he was in jail for assaulting a girl and making an armed attack on a decrepit moneybags and had gone to see him there. But that was one year ago, when he had stayed in the city for a brief period.

"Have you many relatives, Varadan?" Thulasi asked. She was interested. She hadn't known or learnt much about him though it was three months that he had been a servant in their household.

"Yes, quite a good number of them—mother, father, brothers and the

rest of them. Father has disinherited me, my brothers disown me!"

"What else could they do if you were a thoroughbred rogue?" said Thulasi.

Varadan did not speak. He sat for his meal.

"Very nice meal, Thulasi! Just as I thought it would be!" he exclaimed, tasting a morsel of food. "Very nice meal! I wish I had the time to enjoy it leisurely!"

"You have it I think! It can't be early before you will start work today?"

"Why do you think it is like that?"

"Well, it is just a problem of finding workers." Father is out for collecting women workers. They are excellent for planting paddy. But no young woman comes to work on our fields when they learn that you are to work with them and supervise over them! They know what a wicked, immoral man you are!" Her voice was rebuking.

"Young women are only very glad at heart to work with me, Thulasi!" Varadan said with the suggestive smile of a man who knew that he was the sort a girl would run after. "They only pretend—"

Thulasi hastily turned away from him. Who would listen to a profligate like that and encourage his talk? She left him to finish his meal in silence. But as she turned towards the pool and saw the glimmering tiny waves and the dance of the sunbeams on the water she forgot herself and shouted for joy. "How well it looks! Varadan, who cleaned the pool?"

"I did it for you, Thulasi! Tomorrow I will trim the lawn and the rose bushes and decorate this tiny cottage for you, Thulasi!"

She cast a troubled, apprehensive glance at him.

"Don't trouble yourself!" she said, in a low voice.

"No trouble at all, Thulasi!" Varadan replied.

Thulasi left the place in disgust, and in great contempt and hatred for Varadan. After all an immoral man was an immoral man. The whole village knew of it and had whispered:

"Don't you know that Appaji has taken Varadan for work on the fields and in his house! Of all the people this fellow! Such a notorious profligate! He is not one to be admitted to any respectable household! And when there is in the house a married daughter like Thulasi whose husband does not live with her for a week in a year. Old Appaji does not seem to know what he is doing."

Thulasi's husband had virtually abandoned her. He stayed in the city. He did not take her to live with him; nor did he come to live with her in her father's house.

**T**HULASI went into the small tiled cottage and did not come out until she heard her father's voice.

"Bring me some water, child, Thulasi!" Appaji shouted from within. When Thulasi brought him the water she heard him say: "You can stay out of work, if you like Varadan! Your brother has come to see you! He was looking for you in the village! I thought I could bring him here to you direct!"

Varadan did not speak. He was grinning.

Appaji drank the water and sat with Venkatan.

"Very happy to see you at last Varadan!" Venkatan said. "Come, sit near. And tell me what you've been doing with yourself all these days."

Varadan did not answer. He merely moved near Venkatan.

"Mother sent me to you!" Venkatan said, looking his brother steadily in the face. "She is very unhappy! She grieves over you day and night!"

Varadan burst into tears. "Mother is dear to me! She loves me!" Then he pulled himself together and asked:

"What did mother say?"

"What could she say?" cried Venkatan. "She says she can't be happy unless she sees you marry and settle down like her other sons and daughters! She has even selected a bride for you—Girija! Don't you know Girija?"

Varadan nodded.

"But what use is it to me?" he said. "I am not going to marry! I am unfortunate! I cannot make mother happy!"

"You can, Varadan!" Venkatan affirmed, "if you make up your mind! Marry—"

"Don't tell me that! I can't really do it!"

"Why? Is Girija not good enough for you?"

"She could have been! But I am not getting married—" Venkatan turned to Appaji with a desperate look.

"You see, Appaji! He won't heed to what we say."

"Leave me to manage him!" Appaji said, and turned to Varadan.

"Look here, Varadan! This is not proper. This is not the attitude we ought to expect from you! Why don't you want to get married?"

"I cannot say! I don't know why! It is something that makes me feel like that! It is all because, you see, I can't marry a girl I would have!"

Venkatan nodded.

"Well! What is the trouble?" he asked. Is it that the girl does not like you or her parents won't give her—"

"I don't know!" Varadan replied. "I am not to know all that! I am never to go so far as to know all that! She is married!"

Venkatan drew his breath hard.

"Why do you be wanting to marry a girl who is already married?"

"That is how I feel. Could I help it?"

Venkatan thought for a moment and then suggested: "Then get that girl off her husband's hands. Do it! It can't be difficult for you. You are made for such things."

"I can't do what you tell me! No! I can never think of doing it in the place she is! No! I would be playing foul, I can never do what you tell me. I never thought of doing any such thing. I only thought of doing her little things that any man may do for any woman without objection! I can only do such little things. That's all—" He almost screamed his last words.

"Tell us the girl, Varadan! Let us see what we can do." Appaji said in an almost tender voice. "Tell us the girl—"

Varadan stared at him.

Come out with it."

Varadan continued to stare at him.

"Why? What is the matter? Can't you tell us that, at least?"

Still Varadan kept silent.

"This is maddening!" Appaji cried. "I am impatient to know it. I must know." He began shaking him. "Who is the girl?"

Varadan stood, his face lowered to the ground.

Appaji could not take his gaze off, Varadan.

The two men, father and servant did not notice that Thulasi had left the spot, quietly, suddenly.

#### DEV'S LAND

**M**OVING through the floor of heaven, scattering rays of silver and gold, the White Land moves, where my Mother makes songs that are sung by the Maiden whom mortal eyes cannot see,— sung by the Maiden of the Moon.

For whom does she sing and why?

Her songs that fill the ether are not to paint a wandering cloud, nor to balance the stars and planets that in their orbits brightly turn, nor to fuse the earth and sky, nor to cure the human ills. Never are they sung in response to prayers,

the Maiden of the Moon walks adown the winding steps of the wavering winds, bathed in the scents of flowers is she, she talks with skulls in the secret caves, she teaches a musical note, most sweet, most melancholy, not for man, but he must learn it from those who listen to her and understand.

She sings for the birds and beasts, she sings for the sun who fertilizes the earth, she sings for the earth, the womb of her Mother; in that White Land she sings, through the aeons rolling.

#### MUKUNDA

(Note: On the full-moon day the Goddess whom the Hindu considers as the Creative Will Supreme has Her abode in the Moon. This is a sacred day for Mother-worship. The Moon signifies the White Land.)

# New BOOKS

## THE DWARF

By Par Lagerkvist

Translated from the Swedish by Alexandra Dick

Chatto & Windus, London

8s 6d net

**PAR LAGERKVIST**, the Swedish novelist who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1951, has already appeared in the columns of *SWATANTRA* (September 26, 1953) with his book *Barabbas* which was acclaimed by critics all over the world as a work of great beauty and distinction. *The Dwarf* is not so simple in conception and construction as *Barabbas*. *Barabbas* pierced with a miraculous gentleness the "very root of Christianity," and the gentleness bubbled from an absolute spontaneity, making a historical crisis appear natural in a modern setting. In *The Dwarf* there is no such simplicity although the prose is simple—lean as austerity.

"I am twenty-six inches tall, shapely and well-proportioned, my head perhaps a trifle too large. My hair is not black like the others, but reddish, very stiff and thick, drawn back from the temples and the broad but not especially lofty brow. My face is beardless but otherwise just like that of other men. My eyebrows meet. My bodily strength is considerable, particularly if I am annoyed. When the wrestling match was arranged between Jehoshaphat and myself I forced him on his back after twenty minutes and strangled him."

That is the dwarf who tells his story against the background of the court of an Italian Renaissance prince, the only dwarf at the court since the strangling of Jehoshaphat,—"his master's favourite, mascot, plaything, and evil genius." His perception (almost inspired) of evil in others gives him his strength—an inheritance of the freaks and the malformed—which takes him to the crest of power and ultimately topples him down. The enmity between him and Bernardo, a painter and inventor (who is derived from Leonardo da Vinci) presents thrilling facets, and



Par Lagerkvist

the story reaches its climax at a banquet in which treachery and murder sit to feast. The prince who had made peace with his enemies finds them brutally killed; and the princess after having supped to surfeit of sins, seeks the consolations of religion. The sinister figure of the dwarf moves behind the scenes and the gloom is unrelieved.

Like *Barabbas* (the comparison is inevitable), *The Dwarf* touches the acme of the storyteller's art; however it differs from the former in one respect: it carries a heavy load of symbolism and "this drama of the conflict in man's soul between good and evil, idealism and expediency"—to quote from the blurb—doesn't quite come off as an integrated whole for all the brilliance of narration and

the brevity of phrasing. The evil predominates. There are not even rumours of the good. The historical responsibility seems at times to be a drag and Par Lagerkvist, one feels, has laid on the paint of gloom rather too thickly in this quaint autobiography of a quaint creature.

MITRA

## Magic Pearls

★

### The Bud and Blossoms

By Krishna Srinivas

Kesri Publications, Madras 14

Rs 5 Each

**HAD** Mr. Krishna Srinivas not assured us that he had "un-awares slipped into that strange world of Eliot and Sitwell" it would have been rather difficult to notice any similarities between his poetry and theirs, as some reviewers of his earlier verse seem to have done. That Mr. Krishna Srinivas has burnt the midnight oil (or electric current) in an effort to adopt modern forms to his content is clear from his failure to grasp English verse-forms. Such of those Indians who have chosen English to express their poetic ideas have not taken the trouble to study English prosody. Hence they splutter and sprawl in a welter of words which quite smother their ideas, even when by the most generous stretch of imagination these could be called poetic.

The monosyllables Oh! Ah! and Lo! are used by Mr. Srinivas like the joker in a game of cards, to supply the needs of an extra long or short syllable, the nature and meaning of which are entirely in the womb of the unknown. There are words like "astrayed," "arounding" etc., which are quite camels even for invertebrate prose.

With the Indo-anglian (horrid word!) poets the flesh is quite willing to enjoy the sensuous, impassioned part of English poetry but the spirit is so weak that whether it would catch up at all with the technique which establishes the harmony between form and content is a matter for perpetual doubt. For the present reviewer at least Mr. Srinivas has added a full dose to the doubt.

V. V. S.

## With Gun and Rod in India

(The Government of India Tourist Branch)

Ministry of Transport, New Delhi

Rs. 3

**FIFTEEN** months ago the national government realised the need to save our rapidly dwindling fauna, and for the first time in history a wild life preservation board on an all-India basis was constituted. And now the government have issued their first public invitation to tourists to come out to India and slay the wild life.

That is not a fair or considered criticism—only an over-all impression of the book. For one thing the invitation was already there, in a rather inaccurate chapter on our game animals in the Ministry of Transport's *Handbook of India*, but I believe this is the first governmental publication solely devoted to shikar and angling. Furthermore, our wild life preservation effort is not wholly ignored in this book, where the reader is advised not to shoot Musk Deer as it is in danger of extermination and, moreover, offers no trophy; not to shoot tigresses with cubs as they are specially dangerous then and "in any case, in these days of diminishing wild life such animals should be left alone." The reader is similarly advised to hold his trigger finger when he meets a she-bear with cubs, and the notes on game animals specify the fact that some of them are protected.

The introduction says the book "should be regarded as what it is, a guide for the sportsman, not a treatise for the naturalist," and in passages the mention of protection accorded to a particular species is almost regretful. There is little sincerity apparent in the remark that the Hunting Leopard "has become practically extinct and is not to be shot," considering the likelihood of the tourist coming across a specimen. The reader is actively encouraged to go for the rare Clouded Leopard and the declining Black Buck—the latter has been shot out in many localities and efficient protection can save it. And in the note on the Great Indian Bustard there is not a word to suggest

that it is being accorded protection and is on the verge of extinction—on the other hand, the reader is counselled to use “subterfuge in the shape of a harmless looking bullock cart or camel to which the birds have become inured in the countryside” while stalking this wary fowl.

All this, of course, is criticism of the publisher more than of the writer. As a guide to visiting trophy-seekers (especially those who value rare trophies) and anglers, its excellence is undeniable. Whoever wrote it knows our wild life at first hand and the literature on Indian big game hunting. There is solid value for its price in information and tips within the 90 pages of the book. The 31 maxims for shooting and following up tigers formulated by Dunbar Brander in his *Wild Animals in Central India* (1927) have been reproduced verbatim, though without acknowledgement; these maxims have been acclaimed as the most worthwhile things to know about tiger hunting by every subsequent shikari. The maps and photographic illustrations are effective and helpful, and the style of the text crisp, lucid and attractive. Only a sprinkling of printing errors and the cover detract from the standard of the publication—the cover features a sad-faced tiger at a pool, framed by sprays of anaemic, cyanosed rhododendrons.

M. KRISHNAN

#### Sales Tax in Madras

By N. R. Raghavachariar

Assisted by V. C. Srikumar

*The Law Weekly, Vasanta Vilas, Mylapore, Madras 4*

Rs. 10

THIS is another important work of this learned author who has already written on Hindu Law and a commentary on the Constitution of India. Couched in racy, trenchant language, each and every section of

the Act has been interpreted with thoroughness and lucidity.

Some of the provisions are dealt with extensively by the author. Mention may be made of three important cases that were decided by the Supreme Court of India, bearing on Art. 286 (1), which may be said, without any scruples, to constitute the most significant landmarks in the law of Sales Tax. These cases are *State of Bombay vs. United Motors Ltd.*, 1953 S. C. 229; *State of Travancore-Cochin vs. Bombay Co.*, 1952 S. C. 366, and *State of Travancore-Cochin vs. Shanmugha Vilas Cashew-nut Factory* 1953 S. C. 333.

The doctrine of Nexus theory which was followed by many states prior to the coming into being of our Constitution was given a death blow by the decision of the Supreme Court in *United Motors Case* which emphasised for the first time the implication of a legal fiction that the State in which the goods sold or purchased or actually delivered for consumption is the State in which the sale or purchase is to be considered to have taken place, notwithstanding the property in such goods passed in another State.

Sri Raghavachariar gives a brief historical introduction to the Law of Sales Tax; how this instrument of legislature replenishes a drained exchequer; and how it could not escape the notice of Sri C. Rajagopalachari who against the stormy protests of an indignant public gathered strength and braced his will and brought into effect by his astuteness a continuous but not an unjust source of revenue to the Government.

The author has desisted from the time-honoured tradition of filling a law book with an embarrassing wealth of case law. *Sales Tax in Madras* is an eminently readable book.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

## Plight of Libraries in Madras State

RECENTLY letters have appeared in the local press criticising the tardy progress made in working the Madras Libraries Act of 1948 by the Government. This is surely an indication that the public are agitated at the unconscionable delay in putting the necessary machinery into action in spite of the lapse of five years.

The Act visualizes the introduction of a network of libraries in the State not only by recognizing existing ones but also by giving the necessary fillip, for the creation of new ones. District libraries, town libraries, village libraries, mobile vans, etc., are to come into being and the whole State is to hum with library activity. To provide the necessary finance for this a library cess of half-anna in the rupee on the property tax is to be collected and utilized; and the cess amount so far collected amounts to several lakhs of rupees in the State. The entire amount is simply lying idle, unused. The Local Library Authority meets at long intervals, arrives at no decisions and dissolves. According to the Act, a separate civic library is contemplated for Madras City but the Library Authority could not so far find a suitable building in the city to house it and thus matters are allowed to drift. There are several reading rooms and libraries in the city run by the Madras City Municipal Corporation who are anxious to transfer them to the control of the Director of Public Libraries. And as the latter official is not yet ready to take them over, these reading rooms look like orphaned children, the Corporation evincing no more interest in them and the department being not yet ready to administer them. Here is a vicious circle and it must be cut somewhere, betimes, if the State is to get any benefit out of the Act. Instead of a separate civic library being ushered into existence, it would be more wise if the cess funds are directed to be utilized by the State Central Library,

in which case alone this institution will deserve its name.

The Act visualizes a separate Director of Public Libraries at the head; but, unfortunately, the overworked and overburdened DPI has been asked to take up this work also; and to assist him in this a Special Officer has been appointed. This arrangement by itself has rung the death knell for the Act. The first special officer was the Librarian, Connemara Public Library; and subsequently a District Educational Officer who was specially sent to England and Europe at Government expense to look round the libraries there, took charge. This gentleman had no library qualification, experience or training. He was in charge till the middle of 1953 and then he was promoted to the post of a Divisional Inspector of Schools; and subsequently he was transferred to the Andhra State. The amount spent on him to visit foreign libraries has thus been a waste. His place has again been taken by another District Educational Officer who is also equally ignorant of library matters with no training or experience to justify the choice. Thus, matters are allowed to drift, apathetically.

Why should not the Government get hold of experienced men to do the job efficiently and speedily? There is already the Connemara Public Library which is the State Central Library as per the Act. The librarian of this institution has to his credit over quarter of a century of practical experience, and there are not many such in the field. So are also some of his staff who have all built up a very good reputation for service and efficiency. In a short space of three years they have introduced a teakwood platform inside the library and have provided reading space for readers there. The groundfloor thus released has been converted into a vast stack room with books lined on steel shelves, rows upon rows, through the length and breadth of the hall. On the wooden flooring all language books such as Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada have been assembled together and seats pro-

'Tis Hope that causes the shipwrecked mariner to strike out into the midst of the waves, even when he sees no land in sight. Often when the doctor's skill has failed, Hope still lingers while life is ebbing. Even the prisoner hopes for safety in his prison, and the man hanging on the cross utters prayers for his release.—Ovin

vided conveniently near them for the readers. In the same way, all reference material has been collected together and arranged with similar seating arrangements, elsewhere. A team of willing workers such as these should certainly be roped in if the Act is to be worked successfully. It is high time the Government did the right thing and gave the benefit of the Act to the vast public of the State.

Already, five copies of each book or periodical published in the State are being sent to the Connemara Public Library in its capacity as the State Central Library, for deposit. All such

publications from the year 1950 have been transferred by the Registrar of Books to the custody of the library; but unfortunately they have not been made available to the public. Why? This state of affairs must be remedied expeditiously.

Also, the book grant to the State Central Library must be increased in tune with its new status. This institution seems to have been carrying on for a long time with a poor grant. And what with increased prices of books, a handful of books consumes a lot of money. As a result, the library is forced to deny the public many of the latest publications.

"GRANDHIKA"

## Music: The Initial Scale

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

STUDENTS of music, throughout India, are initiated in *sa-pa-sa* as the first lesson in the study of music. In other words, the student is brought into the consciousness of the octave and its importance. For our music, the *madhya* octave is the most important. There is no music for us without this octave and hence the introduction of *sa-pa-sa* lesson for the beginner. This, however does not mean that there are not higher or lower notes of the other octaves but the importance of *madhya* octave cannot be gainsaid. Next in importance of the *sa-pa-sa* lesson is the *Adhara Shadja* or the basic note of the above octave. This is the note on which is founded the very structure of our music. Without realizing the importance of this basic note one is apt to mistake the whole octave because its understanding is dependent on this note. This *Adhara Shadja* with *panchama*—as it is the most concordant note of the *Adhara Shadja*—forms the basic study. *Adhara Shadja* is typical of Eastern music as against the Western. Throughout our music this does not change. It remains the same. Hence a student is asked to sing to a suitable *sruti* all the songs he knows.

After the study of *Shadja-Panchama* comes the *Shadja-Madhyama*. The notes *sa-ma* are likewise studied with care. This may also form the basis of study of the lower and upper tetra-chords along with the symmetry noticeable in them. Thus the main concordant notes in the octave are dealt with in the beginning. Now a student who has had the benefit of some *Lakshya Gnana* is regularly asked to sing what he knows to a *sruti* suitable to him. In no time he comes to realize the value and beauty of *sruti*. His rendering of music would first of all appeal to himself. He gains some confidence by the way.

This is the time for the teacher to begin to explain the subject of music by means of the seven *swaras*. These are introduced gradually and the pupil is made to understand how they occur in *ragas*. For this, it is found better to begin with some of the *ragas* that take only five *swaras* like *Nata*, *Mohana*, *Hamsadhwani*, *Bhupala*, *Suddhasaveri*, and *Madhyama-vathi*. With the help of these *ragas* which are very easy to catch and render, all the seven *swaras* are introduced and they are brought into the consciousness of the student. Hence *Nata* came to be recognized as the foremost of the *ragas* to be played before God when He starts on a procession or when any

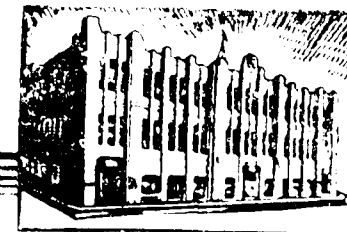
auspicious work is about to begin.

After almost all the notes are introduced thus, the *Sampurna* *ragas* of our music are brought in. The *raga Mayamalavagoula* has been traditionally recognised to be useful especially in vocal music. The old text-books on music did not mention *Mayamalavagoula* as the *raga* to be studied in the beginning. According to them *Kharaharapriya* is the *raga* that has been given the first preference. Almost throughout the world *Sankarabharana* is the recognized scale to be studied first. All these things were much discussed about when the teaching of music in schools had come up some time ago.

Discussions apart, it is proper to know the advantages of the *raga Mayamalavagoula*. First, it has adjacent notes which are certainly easier for a beginner to reproduce. No other *raga* has such an advan-

tage as this. As such it is useful in understanding other scales as easily. Secondly, it helps us to understand the use of *Akaram* in our music. *Akaram* in adjacent notes is easier to sing. Finally the use of quarter tones in this *raga* would enable one to appreciate them wherever they occur. Quarter tones are the special characteristics of Carnatic Music. They occur in places where the individuality, subtlety and beauty of our *ragas* are displayed to their full. A beginner in *Mayamalavagoula* would be able to begin to understand these quarter tones. Soon after this it is wise to follow it up with *Sankarabharana*, *Kalyani*, *Bhairavi* and finally *Todi*. Most of the *ragas* that were in vogue and found in the old text-books are only *suddhamadhyama* *ragas*. So *Pratimadhyama* *ragas* have got to come only later.

(ESTD:



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## FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

IN his usual vigorous and outspoken manner Sri S. S. Vasan has put forth the case of the film industry in his presidential speech. His insistence that the cinema is primarily a medium of entertainment and "how ridiculous it is to expect a cinema man to turn into a teacher or a preacher?" reveals his attitude to the whole problem. He argues that "the idea of officially listing cinema as entertainment, and taxing it as entertainment, and at the same time calling upon it to act as an educational institution is utterly incongruous." Educational institutions are subsidised by the Government; but the cinemas are not subsidised, they are heavily taxed by the Government. In his opinion entertainment tax sucks the life-blood of the industry.

It is to be hoped that under the leadership of Sri S. S. Vasan whose approach is forthright the film industry will be able to steer clear of the present stalemate and find a sure foothold on the road to progress and prosperity. Indeed, even if Sri Vasan succeeds in getting the entertainment tax reduced or in inducing the Government to utilize part of its returns to finance and help the industry he would achieve a great deal. But though the Enquiry Committee has recommended such reduction as the tax is enforced by the State Governments, it is unlikely that the State Governments would be willing to reduce the tax.

And as Sri Vasan fears, while this important recommendation of the Enquiry Committee will not be adopted, its other "unwanted and undesirable" recommendations will be implemented soon. In this connection, it is learnt that the Production Code Administration as suggested by the Enquiry Committee will soon be brought into force and that censor-

ship will become the part of PCA. Similarly, the suggestion for the Academy is also likely to be implemented. Both these recommendations will be included in the proposed amendments to the Cinematograph Bill which is likely to be introduced in the next session of the Parliament. While the industry may not object to the implementation of these recommendations the industry will not get any relief unless and until the entire structure of the entertainment tax is revised. And as Sri Vasan rightly hinted, the cinema-man cannot afford to play the role of a teacher or a preacher unless he is subsidised by the Government. Indeed, a provision must be made to subsidise films of great educational value so that the entertainer-producer will have some bait in trying to elevate his position as an educator in the society.

### Picture of The Week

AT the time of reviewing *Samrat*, Filmistan's new offering, every critic seems to have become box-office conscious. For, while reviewing *Anarkali*, they judged it purely aesthetically and were later surprised to learn that the picture criticised by them became a hot box-office favourite. So, though aesthetically *Samrat* is even much worse than *Anarkali* in every respect, the critics extolled its box-office potentialities without caring to analyse it as a work of art.

Indeed, it would be foolish to apply any cannon of logic or art in judging a picture like *Samrat* which has neither logic nor art in it. Made on the lines of *Shabnam* and *Shabistan* the screenplay by Hamid Butt and Nasir Hussain culled out of several foreign pictures revolves round the usual Princess, a commoner-hero and a treacherous Dewan who is the villain of the piece. The episodes, at least some of them, are cleverly conceived and the songs are aptly interwoven in the screenplay; but it suffers from one fundamental weakness. There is no genuine dramatic conflict and the love story itself is very poor. In *Anarkali*, the heroine wins the sympathy of the audience and whatever she does later to win her love naturally interests the audience. In *Samrat*, the love story is very

thin and it appears as if all the obstacles put in the way of the lovers are artificial. The construction of the screenplay itself is such that there are at least four places where the story could have easily ended. It has been unnecessarily prolonged to give the audience some new twist or new surprise.

As a result, in spite of all the clever trappings and spectacular production values, *Samrat* does not succeed in winning the heart of the audience. At best it provides a few cheap thrills and a couple of snappy tunes. Lacking in human story, it has little chance of succeeding even at the box office. Indeed, *Samrat* illustrates beyond doubt the fact that a clever scenario, smart direction and lush production cannot "sell" an inherently weak story. Credit for competent direction is due to Najm Naqvi and for tuneful musical score to Hemant Kumar and apt lyrics to Rajendra Krishna. Out of the artistes, Rehana is most disappointing, the others are just adequate.

### Personality of The Week

NOWADAYS the 'off-the-screen' happenings of a star seem to provide the headline news for film periodicals. The Dev Anand-Kalpana marriage hit the headlines only a fortnight ago. Since then columnists and gossipers are busy predicting marriages and what not for some of our top-notch stars like Dilip Kumar, Madhubala, Geeta Bali, Shekhar and others. But the news of Nalini Jaywant's divorce must have come as a surprise to them as well.

True, the rumours of break-up between Nalini and her husband were ripe for some months past. But only recently it was reported that they had patched up their troubles, and apparently everything was alright. Apparently, at that time, Nalini and Virendra had decided to take a divorce. As Virendra has two wives, Nalini would have had no legal difficulties in getting divorce according to the law now prevalent in Bombay state.

Nalini Jaywant was discovered thirteen years ago by Virendra Desai and introduced to the filmgoers in National Studios' *Radhika*. Nalini

was just a kid, a school going girl, about twelve or thirteen years. Subsequently she appeared in *Nirdosh*, *Bahen* (directed by Mehboob), *Ankhi Michouli* and *Adabars*. It was in *Ankhi Michouli* directed by R. S. Chowdhary that she made a real name; and had she not married Virendra Desai, she would have been the rage of that era.

Nalini went almost into oblivion. In those days how often I saw her in Coffee House with her husband chalking out plans for the future—the plans that did not materialize. Those were the days when attired in typically Gujrati style she went about in Bombay absolutely unnoticed and unobserved. She did appear in a couple of pictures like *Gunjan* and *Varasdar* but she did not make any mark.

Later, she got another break when she was cast in *Anokha Pyar* and *Samadhi*. Most of the stars fail to stage a come-back. Nalini proved an exception to the rule. She staged a glorious come back in *Samadhi* directed by Ramesh Saigal. Since then Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant became a favourite pair. Nalini's attire changed; from the plain-looking wife she became the glamorous star. And when fame and fortune start smiling, the entire demeanour of a person changes. Pretty, she started looking almost ravishingly beautiful.

And with the turn in her career, it was but natural that there should be a turn in her life as well. For sometime now, the break between Nalini and Virendra was expected. It was inevitable that they should part company. And now the inevitable has happened. Nalini has divorced her husband who has his first wife. For sometime now Nalini's parents have been staying with her. Nalini's father has already been looking after her business affairs. So this change-over will not have any repercussions on her career. Besides, whatever may happen in her private life her position as a star is firmly entrenched. Though, perhaps now that she is free from matrimonial encumbrances, she is likely to be a favourite subject for gossip-mongers and romantic speculators.

# LET JAPAN STARVE

By ANDREW ROTH

LET Japan starve—if its exports compete with Britain's textiles or dishes. Or, if it doesn't want to starve, let it revolt against the United States in a way Britain would never dare to, and let it trade with Communist China—even if the Chinese Communists do not want the consumer goods Japan has to export.

This, in a slightly exaggerated form, is the core of the argument put forward by a group of British Labour M.P.s representing constituencies in Staffordshire (potteries) and Lancashire (textiles). Many of them—Harold Wilson, Stephen Swinger, Sydney Silverman—are considered leftwingers. Collectively their hearts have bled for oppressed and exploited people almost everywhere in the world. But *they* were not competitors.

It is in Britain that one would expect the most comprehension for Japan's economic plight. That other island kingdom must also "export or die." It has almost twice as many people (87 millions) to feed on about half the arable land. And it no longer has a colonial empire to provide cheap raw materials and protected markets.

Instead, the inverted 'golden rule' of economic nationalism is adopted: "Do unto others what you would hate to have others do unto you!" The agreement allowing Japan to restore her trade to 1951 levels is attacked as a 'Black Pact.'

What screams would be raised if the U. S., as the result of a deeper recession, suddenly cut off half of Britain's exports to the American market. Many would protest shrilly—and with justice—that this is a capitalist technique of "exporting a depression."

Yet this is precisely what the Commonwealth did to Japan in 1952 and 1953. As a result of the Commonwealth economic crisis of 1951-52 barriers were raised everywhere in the sterling area against Japanese imports. This produced a ludicrously

one-sided trade situation, particularly in Australia. In 1953 Australia exported twenty times as much to Japan as it imported. Pakistan exported seven times as much, India three times as much. The sterling area as a whole exported twice as much to Japan—particularly in raw materials like wool, rubber and iron ore—as it imported from Japan. Only the postwar Japanese would keep quiet about such trade discrimination.

The result was that the Japanese, who had a surplus of over £100 millions in sterling at the end of 1951 were deeply in the hole at the end of 1953. They came to London to ask for a liberalization of trade and a temporary sterling loan.

The Japanese negotiators were startled to be offered more trade than they requested. This did not mean that the Treasury had suddenly stopped thinking of British economic interests. It *did* mean that Treasury economists, fearful of a deeper American recession, want to hedge against it by expanding Britain's trade outside the sterling and dollar areas. But Japan cannot be expected to buy sterling goods if it cannot earn sterling. So the Treasury experts and the Japanese negotiators agreed to restore Japanese-sterling trade to the 1951 level and give Japan a small import quota into Britain—but only after Japan agreed to settle its 1953 deficit in dollars.

## Trade With China

LET them trade with China, is the panacea of those who refuse to face the fact that Britain and Japan have to live in the same trading area. It is true that in the 1934-36 period Japan found 18 per cent of its markets in China. But this included Manchukuo and Kwantung, which were Japanese colonies. It is equally true that Japan now exports only 1 per cent as much to China, due largely to the American embargo which Japan, like Britain, feels compelled to observe.

It is ostrich-like to think that Japan's economic problems can be solved by trade with China. The Chinese Communists have made it clear that they do not want the consumer goods which Japan has in surplus. China is already self-sufficient in cloth. Instead of becoming a source of raw materials for Japan, it wants to use its coal, iron ore and other industrial raw materials for its own ambitious industrialization programme.

The fact is that Japan is not particularly competitive in capital goods exports. Its steel and aluminium are more expensive than Britain's. It can only compete by faster and more regular delivery and by more extensive advice by Japanese technicians.

There is no doubt that Japanese technical and industrial skill could do much to speed the industrialization of China. But to do this Japan would, in effect, have to revolt against its dependence on American aid. And the fact is that China does not have the resources to pay Japan what the U. S. is contributing in various forms of aid.

## The Unscrupulous Competitor

"BUT the Japanese are such unscrupulous competitors!" complains the Lancashire or Potteries M.P. By this he sometimes means imitations of British designs. (But no British newspaper complains when a camera manufacturer here puts out an exact imitation of the German Rolleiflex camera.)

"Unscrupulous" competition to Lancashire fundamentally means paying lower wages, or just quoting lower prices. There is no doubt that the Japanese weekly wage of £2 is a threat to wages three or four times as high in Lancashire. But how about an American trade unionist who says that British bicycles or transformers should be kept out of the U. S. because they are made by workers earning one-third the wage of an American factory hand? Is he then a benighted reactionary?

It is interesting to note that Lancashire's spokesmen sometimes attack Hongkong for "unscrupulous"

competition because the newer tile factories there, manned by hard working, lower-paid Chinese workers, are offering stiff competition. But Indian textile exporters seem to enjoy an immunity from criticism, although they pay the same level of wages as the Japanese. With over twice the capacity of Japan and the advantage of being within the sterling area, India is privately acknowledged to be a much more dangerous competitor to Lancashire than Japan. In fact the banning of cheap Japanese textiles from many colonies has usually meant their replacement by Indian exports.

There is little public criticism of this because emotionally it is accepted that Indians have to live too even if their wage rates are lower.

The fact is that cheap textiles are needed by the half of the world that has an annual income of under £30. Britain can make it difficult for those in its colonies to obtain Japanese textiles. But at this time, when the prices of cash crops have dropped so seriously the poorest Asians and Africans can buy either the cheapest cloth or none at all. To deprive them of it would mean tripling the burden of exploitation. Already many Africans are paid less than world prices for their crops. The difference is loaned to Britain, in the form of the London-held reserves of various marketing boards. It would be asking for trouble if, on top of this, the Colonial Office were to ask them to subsidize Lancashire by excluding lower-priced competitors.

The only long-range solution for Lancashire and Japan is not a trade war but competition in means of raising the living standards of Asia and Africa. If the people of Asia were even as much as they did before the war there would be no hullabaloo about "black pacts."

★

Do you know why the moon is glad  
And gleaming in the night?  
Because her starry children dance  
In rings of mellow light  
In loops of flaming flight  
On heaven's blue meadow.

## TURKEY'S PRESIDENT VISITS AMERICA

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

**C**ELAL BAYAR, third President of the Turkish Republic, now on a state visit to this country, is one of that brilliant group of Western-minded nationalists who under the leadership of Kemal Ataturk have enabled the former Ottoman Empire to face the 20th century without tears.

The brisk, business-like, egalitarian ways of this self-styled "free enterpriser" help explain why Moslem Turkey, initially beset by many of the same problems as its neighbouring Arab States, has not, like them, foundered in the seas of self-pity and neutralism. Instead of making scapegoats of Jews, Armenians and Greeks, and engaging in national Hamlet-like soliloquies over whether or not to go with the West, Turkey under the toughminded Dayar and his associates, has faced its real problems. Its economy has been modernized. One-party tutelage has been ended. Kemal Ataturk's separation of church and state has been maintained. An efficient fighting force which has shown its mettle in Korea has been created. Turkey has proven itself a steadfast ally in the Cold War and a constructive factor in the Middle East.

Whereas the Ottoman Empire was synonymous with oppression of minorities, modern Turkey is a shining example of tolerance in the Islamic world. That is why among the groups that are honouring Bayar during his visit here are the Greek Archdiocese and the American Jewish Committee. The doctrines of liberty, equality and fraternity are not recent acquisitions for the 70 year-old Bayar. (The name is pronounced Jell-al buy-are.) He imbibed them in his boyhood from his father, a village school-master, and from his uncle a revolutionary. For both of these men the ideas that made the

French Revolution were a programme of action against the debilitated Ottoman Empire.

Bayar began his career as a bank clerk, but despite demonstrated talents in finance, was quickly caught up in the political ferment of the early 1900s. He soon abandoned the bank to become a full-time political worker and participated in Kemal Ataturk's uprising which in 1909 forced the abdication of the tyrannical Abdulhamid II.

At the end of World War I when Allied forces occupied Turkey and the Sultanate had lost all control of the nation, Bayar joined Kemal in the revolutionary movement that culminated in driving the Greek occupation forces out of Smyrna and the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. "Words will not save the country"; he said in his last speech in the Ottoman Parliament, "action and guns are what we need."

When Kemal proclaimed Turkey a Republic in 1920 he brought Bayar into the Cabinet as Minister of National Economy. Bayar resigned this post at Kemal's instigation in order to set up a National Turkish Bank, Turks regard this bank, which today is the country's leading financial institution as having ended control of Turkish finances by foreign institutions.

Kemal brought Bayar back into the Government in 1932, the worst period of the depression, and Bayar is credited with having done a great deal to minimise its effects. He held various ministerial posts under Kemal and at the time of the latter's death in 1938 had become Premier.

Kemal was succeeded as President by General Inonu, a friend and rival of Bayar's. The result was Bayar's withdrawal from the Government to become a backbencher in the As-

sembly. He stayed out of the limelight during the war, but was increasingly critical of Inonu's economic policies and chafed under the restrictions of one-party rule, even though the party was that founded by Kemal. Finally, in 1946, with national elections in the offing, he made the break, resigned from the Republican Party and established a Democratic Party. The issues about which Bayar differed from his former colleagues were chiefly those of economics and civil liberties. Bayar is a thoroughgoing free enterprise man who felt the Turkish economy had to be divested of the strong elements of state capitalism that had been introduced under Kemal. He wanted state-owned industries turned over to private capital and conditions created that would attract foreign investment. The first election was a fiasco. Bayar came out of it with 65 out of 475 seats. However, there was strong suspicion of widespread ballot stuffing and even 65 seats meant the end of the Republican Party's monopoly over the country's political life. In 1950, however, the tables were turned and the Democrats in a stunning landslide captured 396 seats. During this election Bayar, perhaps the country's first grass roots campaigner, toured the country from one end to the other in a jeep, stressing two campaign themes—free enterprise and a better standard of living for farmers. The election won, and the assembly elected him President.

Bayar is a stocky, bespectacled man with bushy eyebrows and a mobile face. He is famed in Turkey for his accessibility and dislike of the pomp of office. Like Harry Truman, he likes walking—he's a five-mile man—and doesn't see why being President should mean his being cooped up in the presidential Canyaka Palace, which is a hilltop overlooking Ankara. He is an irrepressible window-shopper, tarrying longest in front of bookshops or stores selling things that might interest his granddaughters. Emine, 4, and Akile, 3 whom he adores and who spend much

of their time at the presidential palace. Bayar is an aficionado of the sea, and spends his summers on the Sea of Marmara, boating, fishing and swimming. Though 70, he can still do a creditable dive and breast-stroke. He is a good shot, but confines his shooting to the gallery at Canyaka.

Compared to Harry Truman he is a late riser—eight, breakfasts in bed on orange juice and fruit, and goes over the newspapers, private correspondence and urgent state papers. He takes all the main Turkish newspapers and three leading continental French language newspapers. He does not know English. By 10 he is ready for official business, papers, dispatches, visitors. There are always guests for lunch. Then a short nap, followed by the same routine as the morning.

Tuesdays are special. On that day he is available to any citizen, or group of citizens, who wishes to speak to the President. His evening meal is a family affair, followed by a game of bridge, listening to the radio, reading—mainly politics and history—or writing his memoirs.

Bayar prefers food done in the Turkish manner. Broiled mutton chops and chicken with rice and tomato figure frequently on his menu, as do green salads and fresh fruit. Unlike Kemal, who was reputed to be quite a man with both women and the bottle, Bayar does not drink, except on state occasions, does not smoke, and does not even touch coffee. Accompanying Bayar on his visit here is Mme. Bayar, whom he married when he was 20. One of their "must" stops in their three-week visit will be at Cornell, where Demirtas Bayar, son of their eldest son, who died in 1941, is doing post-graduate work in civil engineering. Demirtas will soon be joined at Cornell by his brother Attia. A second son is in the insurance business in Istanbul, while their daughter is married to a well-known Ankara physician and Member of the Assembly.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them for reasons of space.

### Sastri and the Press

Sir,—I wonder why Mrs. R. S. Anasuya Bai quoted the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri against you. I enjoyed the confidence of the Rt. Hon. Sastri for sometime, and he used to write to me often his reactions to the criticisms of the Press. I have tried on a number of occasions to defend his views. Mr. Sastri was highly sensitive to criticisms; and it was a foible of his to attribute prejudice, instead of recognising the right of the Press to differ from him and express opinions of their own. The following excerpts from his letters to me will be found interesting.

"The Indian Express" will never spare me. I do not know either Pothan Joseph or Khasa Subba Rao. So their aversion to me is impersonal or gratuitous. My reputation in their eyes is bad. If you appear as my defender every now and then, some of their blows may fall on you!" (9-3-1941)

"When I read the "Indian Express" comment, I thought it had no point, but only showed a deep-seated bias against me." (18-2-1941)

"No paper will publish your contribution regarding me. If the "Indian Express" found room for it, I may be dubbed in its factious columns." (13-12-1940)

"The "Mail" was deprecatory in its note on my ideas. Once before it was the same,—with less reason." (23-4-1941)

Regarding the review of his published letters by the "Hindustan Times," Mr. Sastri wrote to me on 23-3-1944: "Abuse can't be avoided. The "Hindustan Times" of New Delhi, for instance, where Gandhi's son reigns, has reviewed the book chillingly. The writer's prejudice, so I surmise, against me has vented itself on the editor (Sri T. N. Jagadisan who edited Sastri's letters). Usually I bear injustice in silence. The reviewing has hardly begun. I must harden myself still more. I am sorry poor Jagadisan comes in for a share."

Mr. Sastri himself used to say that the people should know more about the foibles of our great men. He could preserve no equanimity of mind when he read criticisms which, in his opinion, seemed unjust and unfair to him. Mrs. Anasuya Bai is not justified in thinking that your criticisms, on that account, are prejudiced, and not fair. Rajaji is not justified in imposing his educational fads as Government policies. The defence that opposition to his educational scheme is due to prejudice and hatred cannot

stand. Democracy is not immature, but vigilant.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR  
Coimbatore.

### Round Tours to North India

Sir,—It is notified at railway stations that the Southern Railway are now issuing Standard Round Tour Tickets for four different itineraries covering most of the important places of historical, cultural, religious or other interests in Northern India like Benares, Hardwar, Gaya, Puri, Bombay, Calcutta, Ahmedabad, Agra, Delhi, Ajmer, etc.

From a perusal of the pamphlet issued by the Railway in this connection, it is surprising to find that the fares have been fixed at tariff rates and there is no concession. For example, the III class fare for Tour No. 1 (distance 3,186 miles) is fixed at Rs. 99-7-0, i.e., at the rate of 6 pies per mile, irrespective of mail or ordinary trains. So, except the fact that the tickets are available for three months for completion of the tour, there is practically no concession in the fares. The same is the case with the other three tours also.

I would like to point out to the authorities that unless they show some concession in the fare, the present Round Tour Tickets at the tariff rate will not be attractive to the public.

N. V. R. SWAMY

### U. S. Aid for Pakistan

Sir,—I do not know what to think of your attitude to US military aid for Pakistan. I was all the while under the impression that you were one of those who believed in Gandhian methods of solution. I can understand non-believers in the Gandhian technique of ahimsa stressing the strength of arms to meet a menace, immediate or remote. But your taking the attitude you have taken seems to be inconsistent with the high regard you have for Gandhi.

You say that the existence of the enormous might of America is the sole factor preventing a Peking onslaught on the "whole of South Asia." Even granting it was so, of what avail is it to align ourselves with any warring group and hasten the day of ruin? We may be on the winning side, no doubt, but has not the last war taught us that the winner is the loser? And, it might be worse in the coming atomic war.

Above all, I wish to recall to the mind of all Gandhi lovers, Gandhi's advice to Britain at the height of the Battle of Britain. Did not Gandhi ask Britain to lay off arms and fight it out non-violently?

R. ATHMANATHAN  
Kumbakonam.

(ii)

Sir,—About three centuries ago the British and the French stepped into India under the pretext of trade. But gradually they began to poke their noses into administration, spread quarrels amongst the different communities and races existing in India and at last they occupied the country directly.

Now the turn of the British is over and that of the Americans has already begun though under a different pretext. While the British achieved their aim under the pretext of trade, the Americans are going to step in under that of 'military aid.' The means are different but the result is going to be the same.

Nehru as Prime Minister of India is not "carrying on an emotional campaign which may lead to needless misunderstandings" as one writer puts it; he is emphasising a true, reasonable and calculated protest.

Proddatur.

A. HARINATH

(iii)

Sir,—The whole of your argument regarding U. S. Aid to Pakistan is based upon certain assumptions which are wrong. For instance, you have assumed that military aid to Pakistan given by the U. S. A. will bestow "national safety" upon the former, forgetting that there can be no protection whatever against atomic energy which will be employed in the next world war. There will be no victor to enjoy the fruits of victory, for the backbones of all the contending nations will be smashed. These are truly "the inexorable realities of world politics" and not what you have imagined them to be. These grim realities must drive the world, sooner or later, to turn to Mahatma's teachings of truth and non-violence which you have unfortunately chosen to make light of.

Whether Pakistan will be swallowed up by the U. S. A. or not is not the main issue, as you seem to think. The central issue is that hereafter Pakistan will disappear in world politics as a nation with an independent mind, and become merely a duplication of America's voice, and the danger to world peace will increase.

Your suggestion that India should follow the example of Pakistan is based upon the false assumption that we will be safe if we become a satellite of

America. The two blocs are busily stuffing every corner of the world with arms, so much so that the world now resembles a room almost filled with dry gun powder. Nehru's policy is inspired by the two-fold purpose of moistening the explosive with peace offensive and restricting its volume by neutrality.

His firm adherence to Gandhiji's noble principles and his moral influence in the world are bound to bestow at least as much security on our nation as a policy of pathetically imitating Pakistan is likely to do.

V. T. SRINIVASAN  
Bangalore.

(iv)

Sir,—The editorial in Swatantra of 30th January has not by any means clarified your attitude, which you have claimed it would.

It is one thing for a country to see economic aid from another nation but it is a different thing to seek military aid. It is a great surprise to us to find Swatantra shielding the cause of Pakistan. Wherefore comes the necessity for Pakistan to defend itself more strongly all of a sudden? You believe that there need be no fear that a militarily developed Pakistan would endanger Indian freedom. I wonder how you forget the fact that it was only the other day that the Pakistan Premier openly stated that the American military aid to Pakistan will help in solving the Kashmir dispute. You further go on to say that even if there be an invasion of our country, certain parts will be occupied and that from the very occupation will emerge a reunited India, annulling the effect of Partition. Thus we are led to conclude that you believe that to make India united, as if it is not so now, a foreign invasion is necessary!

When one wants to defend this pact, it is imperative that one must bring out the salient features of the pact, and point out clearly whether Pakistan is in need of such military aid. It is rather unfortunate to find that you, with your capacity for clear thinking and the language at your command, have failed to show how the special urgency for Pakistan to make such an alliance has arisen. Without dwelling on this most important aspect, any argument in favour of the pact does not carry weight, the more so, when we in India know only too well how much faith Pakistan has in democratic and peaceful methods for solving international disputes.

Repeated arguments of this kind only leave us to reflect upon the wisdom of one who puts them in cold print. Of late you seem to have made it a point to criticise Rajaji as either the editorial

or 'Sidelights' every week. I am afraid that criticism of the destructive kind which you make does not promote any good. It is a matter of common knowledge that some of the Andhra Ministers behaved with the utmost irresponsibility when issuing statements over the capital issue. One even went to the extent of saying that Rayalaseema would secede from Andhra if the capital was shifted to Vijayawada. Now, what does all this mean? Does it not go to show that Sri Prakasam has no control over some of his colleagues? Nor do they have any reverence for him, at least as their chief if not as the great leader of Andhra. On the other hand, what a perfect mutual understanding and co-operation exists among the members of the Madras Cabinet! Is this not due to good leadership of C. R.? Without realising this, on the question of C. R.'s leadership, you write "that he makes dummies out of Ministers and rides roughshod over them." Is this fair on the part of a fair-minded journalist?

When C. R. chose Sir Mohamed Usman for nomination to the Council, it was with the object of getting the support of the Muslim League at a time when the Ministry was not having a comfortable majority and not because he had some personal interest in Sir Usman. You would have done well to think twice before you wrote that C. R. "uses power only as a lever to push forward vested interests." If only C. R. had adopted the policy of placating vested interests, the administration today would not be what it is.

One is baffled by your statements which of late tend to run contrary to each other. While saying that "C. R.'s conception of the elementary education scheme was splendid," thereby giving us to understand that you are in full accord with the objects of the scheme, you accuse him when he lays emphasis on manual labour. All people cannot become intellectuals. If our country wants to progress today, people must work. Mere planning by the so-called intellectuals will not do.

The essential role of the Press in a democracy is to offer constructive criticism of the Government with a view to getting things done in the best manner possible in the interest of the people at large. I am writing this letter because you are tending to give us the impression that your views are not above partiality. As we have full faith in you as a great journalist, I request you to do a little bit of heart-searching yourself and get things corrected.

A STUDENT

Waltair.

#### Sartorial Edict

Sir,—A few days ago the fiat went forth from Sri Nehru that people must wear closed coats on public functions. So far it is all right and people, I suppose, will follow his wishes. But when he went further to expound his viewpoint I fear he had bogged himself in an illogical position. To characterise having an open coat and tie as snobbery is offensive.

The current position is that people are by nature conservative and take to changes in a very slow manner. During the Britishers' regime, it was people of the type of Sri Nehru who took to western ways in an extreme degree, while the bulk of his countrymen did not so easily move from their moorings. It is people of the former type who have now assumed the present displeasing sartorial set-up overnight. The good majority who were slow to assume western sartorial standards and took to them after a very long time are the ones now who are slow to give them up and slow to take to the new fashion. It is not therefore snobbery but innate conservatism. Why misread the situation and be offensive?

K

#### Sringery Jagir

Sir,—The Inam Bill introduced in the Mysore Assembly for the abolition, among others, of the Sringeri jagir, is an unwanted measure and contains many absurdities. The Sringeri jagir is the oldest Hindu religious jagir and it was granted by the rulers of Vizianagar to their venerable Guru to enable the Mutt to carry on religious activities. Subsequent rulers like Hyder Ali, Tippu Sultan and the Nizam of Hyderabad and the British Government accorded every possible help to the Sringeri Mutt and never interfered with its religious activities. The Mysore ruling dynasty were ardent followers of the Mutt. If the jagir is abolished the Mutt would suffer in spite of the annual grant provided in the Bill. What is now attempted is to destroy an ancient institution which had been the abode of ancient Hindu culture and philosophy. Every European Government looks upon the Pope and the Vatican City with veneration. The attempt of a Congress Ministry to abolish the Sringeri jagir will do no credit to it. The attempt on the part of the Mysore legislature to abolish the jagir would cause no little dissatisfaction throughout India; for, the disciples of the Mutt are scattered throughout Bharat. The proposed Bill is ill-conceived and might be dropped.

VAVILLA VENKATESWARA SASTRULU

# SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

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#### ON THE COVER:

The Soviet Cultural Delegation now in the city who were accorded a civic reception.

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# SWATANTRA

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY 20 SATURDAY 1954 No. 3

## SCIENCE AND MILITARY POWER

THE National Conference of Editorial Writers in the USA conducted recently a debate on the problems of American national defense and science. The December 1953 issue of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* contains an article under the title, "Science and Military Power" adapted from a speech delivered in the course of the debate by Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner before the Conference. Dr. Berkner is President of Associated Universities, a group of twelve American universities administering the Brookhaven National Laboratory. He is as great an authority in science as in matters of military technique. Military power, in his opinion, can be retained "only so long as it has no vital and critical weaknesses—no Achilles heel—that can be fully exploited by an enemy. When an enemy can find or can create a critical weakness, then the whole of the military power can be rendered valueless." Thus in the period following the last war it was possible for the U. S. to enforce a policy of containment on the Soviet Union because it had created a vital weakness in the Soviet defense structure by introducing the atomic bomb and the means to deliver it. But when the epoch of U. S. atomic bomb superiority came to a close, it was the turn of the Russians to exploit the threat of surprise atomic attack on the U. S. without actually making such an attack. U. S. scientists and strategists are now endeavouring to make it clear to Russia

that a surprise attack by the Soviet Union on American targets with atomic weapons cannot succeed, that it would not destroy the U. S., and that it would lead only to a determined and relentless counter-attack from which the Soviet Union could not recover.

IT is Dr. Berkner's thesis that the key to victory in modern war is to be sought in the laboratories where incessant research should be done to develop remedial measures for the correction of vital weaknesses created by the pace of scientific advancement in other potential enemy countries, and that a nation can impose its will without the need to wage a full-scale war through the exploitation of a vital military weakness. The centre of military power has shifted from conventional weapons in the battle-field to the discoveries of research in scientific laboratories.

MILITARY pacts should be considered in the light of the global realities of present-day war techniques. It will then be realised that the acquisition of conventional weapons will contribute to the military strength of a nation only to a very limited degree. The real source of strength lies in exploration of new sources of physical power through science. In the pursuit of science, economic and military objectives coalesce and tend to be indistinguishable. It is futile for one country to seek to dictate to another through agitations in public forums. the



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methods by which it should develop its strength and the allies it should seek for the purpose. Such agitations are dangerous since they are apt to get provocative and to encourage the very tendencies they set out to defeat. The U. S.—Pak pact, for instance, is not governed by public opinion in India,—though it may be to some extent affected by diplomatic persuasion—and it is meaningless to speak of support for it or opposition to it from Indian judges. When we spoke of the illusory character of the distinction between economic and military aid, we were adverting to a fundamental verity of the experience of nations everywhere in the modern world, namely, that the only effective foundation for victory in war lies, not in the equipment of garrisons, but the rearing of a potent economic structure embracing the skills and energies of the entire people comprising a nation. India is already in receipt of American economic aid. It is neither reason nor good taste to accept aid and go into paroxysms of virtuous wrath over suggestions for raising its quantum—and SWATANTRA has urged nothing else. We would like the utmost possible aid from every conceivable source not excluding the U. S., consistent with freedom and safety, to be collected and applied towards the renovation of the national economy, for example by means of a country-wide programme of urban and rural electrification. Such a programme would impart a tremendous impetus to agricultural production, industrial expansion, and scientific advancement and eventually also defensive strength, and there is nothing in it irreconcilable with the highest regard and esteem for the Prime Minister.

## Spain

**D**ICTATORS never sleep in peace. In Spain two weeks ago the *Fulange* organised a huge demon-

stration of Madrid students to protest against the proposed visit of Queen Elizabeth to Gibraltar. The students marched to the British Embassy shouting vociferously: *Death to Queen Elizabeth, and Britain, get out of here.* The police troops that guard the city night and day and suppress disturbances before they are born, looked at the excited crowd and came to the only conclusion they knew. It was revolution! They lost their heads and fell on the demonstrators who, startled, at once hit back. For two hours pandemonium raged on the streets of Madrid. About a hundred people lay wounded. The Madrid Government, ashamed of having shown their secret fear, suppressed the news. The next morning four thousand students marched to the police headquarters and squatted on the pavement, now shouting: *Down with the armed police.* They seized copies of Government newspapers and made a bonfire of them on the roads. They stormed the broadcasting station. A few days later the police brought out their favourite stalking-horse. The whole thing, they explained in a communique, had been organised by "outside elements."

## Korea

**T**HE American newsmagazine *Time* has revealed fresh tidings about the twenty-one Americans in Korea who won't come home. TV and newsreel cameras were trundled to the *Peace Pagoda* at Panmunjom to interview the boys. "They were poor trophies for any ideology," says *Time*. Twelve of them had turned informers in camp, two were dope addicts, one was a homosexual. Their average age was 23½ and "more than half came from broken or unhappy homes." They stood in front of the cameras and while Communist correspondents lent verbal encouragement each repeated the same set piece: "We believe that our greatest task is to keep the peace and win democracy for our people, but if we return, our voices would be silenced. That is why we are here." One of them when asked if he believed the UN had used germ warfare, said he

had actually seen the insects. Asked how on earth he knew they were germs used in war, he stammered and was at a loss. But a buddy came to his rescue. "He saw all about it in the newsreel," he explained.

The *New York Times* interviewed the mother of another, one Richard Tenneson. What kind of a boy was Richard? What about his childhood? "You can't describe it as anything more than normal," said Richard's mother. He was an average student, played baseball and football, went skating with his 'gang.' He wanted to be a doctor but later changed his mind because his family couldn't afford to pay for his education. He then enlisted early because he hoped that later on the GI Bill would see him through college and help him to be a teacher. His letters from the prisoners-of-war camp were normal. But suddenly in December came a letter from him which said: "The U. S. State authorities have probably told you I was forced, doped, brainwashed or some other horse manure that they use to slander and defile people like myself

who will stand up for his own rights and the rights of man."

"My son is a victim of brainwashing," said Richard's mother. "I don't know what else to call it."

## Sri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar Passes Away

**T**HE death of Sri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, popularly known as T. K. C., at the age of seventy-three removes from Tamil Nad a connoisseur of Tamil Literature, a benevolent man with a beaming face. He was steeped in the Ramayana of Kamban, and enjoying its riches he passed on his enjoyment to others. He was in the *avant-garde* of the Tamil *Isai* movement and one of those who realized the oneness of religion and culture. In his writings he was elementally simple. He belonged to that generation of gentle stalwarts who loved both life and literature, imbibing the traditions of the past and at the same time transcending them. His death is a great loss to Tamil Nad.

# Sotto Voce

★

## MCCARTHY IN OUR MADRAS SCHOOLS



**W**ITH the teachers' strike in Bengal on the one hand and the Madras Government's witch-hunt launched against this unfortunate tribe on the other, there is grim irony in the coincident discovery of an Asokan edict. The old Emperor, who is so often flaunted as their exemplar and inspirer by our *ahimsaic* Governments, exhorted his subjects in this edict "to render service to and to obey their parents, elders and teachers." Prof. Humayun Kabir acutely observes that it is

from their loss of status that all the misfortunes of our pedagogues stem. Those whose souls are above pelf naturally avert their gaze from the obscene reality—that status in these mercenary times is a question of cash.

Nor are teachers likely to rise in the estimation of their students if they are made to grovel permanently under a *lettres de cachet* regime such as the Madras Government has instituted by an amendment to the

Educational Rules which has gone almost unnoticed. Not that the dominie's has been a bed of roses hitherto. He must have furnished the theme for the waggish tale of the rustic who got a job in the old Tanjore Raj. He wrote home to his wife telling her that he had to work from morning to night, though he did not know who his master was, that he had not received a pie for pay and that she had better sell the old buffalo and remit the cash.

The new thunders will discipline the teacher who is not a Government servant. As for the latter class, how thoroughly their rebellious spirit can be broken by the working of the Government Servants Conduct Rules, I had recently an opportunity to see. A man with an unblemished record of thirty years in the teaching and inspection branches found himself under suspension one fine morning on the charge that he had been a little too familiar with a woman teacher. The teacher and everybody connected with her promptly backed out when it came to an investigation. But the prosecutor, as ruthless and anonymous as in Kafka's *Trial* was as completely successful.

The Government servant at least has a theoretical right—though often nullified in practice by the ruthless efficiency of the machine—to cross-examine his accuser. And the Public Service Commission is also supposed to have a look-in. The new Rules for the conduct of teachers in aided schools ostentatiously declares that “in a majority of cases a personal enquiry may not be found necessary.” Whether there shall be one or not is left to the discretion of the enquiry officers. Human nature being what it is, you know what will happen. And, indeed, when it is open to any anonymous nobody to lay an information against a teacher, a personal enquiry might gravely mar the harmony of Leviathan's progress on castor wheels.

In schools which have agreements of service with their teachers, the power to punish teachers of the common or garden variety, as distinct

from the headmaster, for ‘negligence or irregularity’ is already vested in the managements. Against the exercise of this power the accused had a right of appeal to the Government. Now that the D. P. I.'s myrmidons are to be both prosecutor and judge, the appeal will obviously be from Philip sober to Philip drunk. Like the drum the teacher will be thumped on both sides. There can be few ‘irregularities’ of which even a saint cannot be convicted if the Government's sleuths and the management's ferrets are simultaneously at work.

If mere irregularity can lose a man his job it is only logical that bad conduct should involve no less. And the Godward-bent Government of Madras would have been less than just to itself if it had not put its own gloss on ‘bad conduct’. They have decreed that the slightest whisper of disparagement against any religion, whether inside or outside school shall meet with condign punishment. Mr. Nehru's liberalism may be revoted by the intolerance of the American Fundamentalist. C. R. may hobnob with his old friend E. V. R., the twentieth century avatar of Ghazni Mahmood. But Caesar's wife—the teacher behind the D. P. I.'s purdah—must be above suspicion.

If the gods need protection, the tin-gods need it even more. So a whole new class of offences is created. “Subversive activities” is left carefully undefined. To “cry wolf” against the predatory Communist is a sure draw, especially in election time. If you mildly suggest that this doesn't seem to be very different from McCarthyism, you will be shouted down with a vociferous, “It cannot happen here.” That is as it may be; but what is there to prevent overzealous underlings beginning a witch-hunt on the formula that unbelief, real or fancied, in the modified elementary education scheme is “subversive activity?” Let the disciple of Marcus Aurelius meditate on this awful possibility.

VICHNESWARA

## SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Silver Jubilee Number of *Indian Finance* is a gorgeous production. It arrived in resplendent panoply, but I failed to give it a proper greeting at once, having been away for some time. *Commerce* and *Capital* represented financial journalism in the country before the advent of *Indian Finance*. It was no mean achievement on the part of the founder of *Indian Finance* to have forged ahead against the empire of two such formidable rivals, and carved out a kingdom for himself of no less authority and prestige. There was precious little of finance near-about when *Indian Finance* was started. The very name of the journal was founded on an illusion. With an origin founded on an illusion, *Indian Finance* has in its quarter century of existence, turned into a substantial property, packing into its title an aptness and significance that were not there at the beginning.

When C. S. Rangaswami arrived in Calcutta, he had, I think, just a couple of rupees in his pocket. He was then a fugitive from misfortune which overtook him in Bombay. Straight from college he stepped into a dazzling world of maharajas and magnates, having been picked by the late Maharaja of Darbhanga as his Secretary in one of his pilgrimages to the South, out of some three hundred applicants. The Maharaja was fond of discoursing on Varnasrama Dharma and he was in need of an aide who could make doses of religion taste palatable. Rangaswami was just the man for him. He was then wholly uncontaminated by prudence or any of the worldly virtues. He was steeped in literature and he dreamed of the glory of becoming a professor as the summit of his ambition. He was handsome and attractive, with the stamp of refinement that unlimited generosity and otherworldliness give to one's face. He lived in a separate universe of his own filled with duties and

reverence for chosen heroes, and the unspoiled freshness of his outlook shone in the essay he delivered to the Maharaja as a test of competence, in particular one passage from Tennyson with which he had decorated it:

Let knowledge grow from more to more

But more of reverence in us dwell  
That mind and soul according well  
May make one music as before  
But vaster.

At Darbhanga Rangaswami established in a short while a great hold over the Maharaja, and the impression of the prodigious influence that he seemed to wield, prompted a visiting Bombay broker to annex him to the service of his firm on lavish terms. Tempted by the offer, he entered the hectic life of the Bombay share market with practically no grounding in the technical details of the business. By this time he had cast off his uncommercial ways and developed an extraordinary acuteness and sophistication. He became an adept in picking the brains of experts by just listening to them, and thus he worked himself swiftly into more than an equality with whomsoever he had to do in his new environment. Fortune smiled on him and a series of speculations that turned out extremely well brought him prosperity and made him a rich man with four or five lakhs to his account before he was twenty-five or twenty-six.

THE power of money can make or mar its possessor. It must be kept in order so that the other values that are no less important to human welfare may not be assailed and subdued by it. Nothing can be so dangerous as the acquisition of wealth before the acquisition of a philosophy that can relegate all wealth to its proper place in the perspective of life. In Rangaswami's case the riches that came before he could take them easily in his stride, swamped him with adventurers of the sort that

gather like flies round sweets, and the intoxication of the incense they burned drove him into ways and moods that made an end of his good fortune. When the crash came he left Bombay and went to Calcutta intending to start life afresh there.

He arrived in Calcutta, depressed and broken, with no money or friends, but he maintained a cheerful appearance and got down in grand style in Grand Hotel. He lived on credit there for a while but it could not last long. Necessity compelled him overnight to turn into a journalist, and with articles to *The Statesman* conveying bright suggestions on financial subjects he got going and conceived the idea of *Indian Finance*. *Indian Finance* was not cradled in comfort. It was a child of adversity.

It had all the vigour and robustness of a baby born to struggle, and its early days, before it grew to adult security, were filled with brilliance and phenomenal industry. It is no longer precariously poised. It has built up for itself stability and prosperity that bid fair to be permanent. On many matters of public concern *Indian Finance* has led the country. It has done much to make our politicians economics-minded. Rangaswami has on occasions given valuable tips to Finance Ministers from which the national economy has benefited substantially. The relations between the journal and the Government were at times so close that one was led to think that the managing editor ran the country also along with the journal. From these affinities there has been a falling off since the advent of freedom, giving an impression of arrested influence in the progress of the journal.

**P**ERFECT equipoise between promise and record is unusual in the world. We measure the subsequent efforts of our friends with the impressions they have made on us at school or college to decide whether they have done well or ill. When I first knew Rangaswami I was a timid and awkward newcomer not quite used to the City, and the momentum of his com-

panionship took me into fresh realms of thought and feeling. To my adoring regard he appeared a guardian angel endowed with all the excellences. In the light of the glamour of that juvenile condition, though some of it has faded with the advance of years, nothing that has come to him seems up to the mark of his innate gifts and real self. His genius has not blossomed into its full flower yet. Will it ever? One scarcely knows, for we are at the crossroads of destiny when the mingling of new forces with the old is causing the wastage of much precious talent. The effusions of our insurgent democracy are not congenial to the happiness and conceit of our intellectual aristocrats.

SAKA

**The Miller Endowment  
Lectures: 1953-1954  
University of Madras**

**M**ISS RUBY BEDFORD, Head of the Department of Philosophy, Women's Christian College, Madras, delivered the 1953-1954 Miller Endowment Lectures on Monday and Tuesday the 15th and 16th February at the Departmental Buildings, University of Madras. The subject of the lectures was "The Spiritual Illusion of Culture and Religious Transfiguration." It covered a wide field in philosophic thought, eastern and western. Miss Bedford handled her subject with a clarity and terseness of phrasing that went well with the wealth of material collected from historical, scientific, philosophical, literary, theological, art and anthropological sources. She wound up her lectures with quite a distinguished word *Nidraism* which deserves to go into philosophical terminology. Man sleeps. The world sleeps. To the *Jnani* sleep in full awareness is the acme of activity.

Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Professor and Head of the Department of Philosophy, University of Madras, who presided over the lectures recalled the word in glowing terms in his concluding remarks, saying that Miss R. Bedford besides being a distinguished philosopher is a learned scholar in the arts and letters.

## EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

By MAUREEN REDFORD

**I**T was Thomas Jefferson, famous author of the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards the third President of the United States, who in 1779 first proposed a law for universal education in the State of Virginia, of which he was then Governor. Although the proposal then fell through for want of adequate support, the people of the United States veered round to Jefferson's view with the passage of years. Today, education is compulsory for boys and girls all over the country—in some states up to the age of sixteen.

A system of free public schools supported by general taxation has made compulsory education possible in the United States. The fact that 97 per cent of the Americans above the age of thirteen can read and write is a glowing testimony to the success of the system. No part of the country, however isolated, is without a free public school where boys and girls share equal opportunities of education.

There are nearly 160,000 elementary schools in the United States with 23,700,000 pupils on their rolls. Ninety per cent of these pupils attend free public schools which are supported by state or local governments. The number of secondary (high) schools is 28,000 and 88 per cent of them are free public schools. These institutions admit nearly 7,000,000 children every year.

About 1,900 institutions in the United States serve the needs of higher education. Aside from 131 universities, there are 529 junior and 694 liberal arts colleges, 211 colleges for training teachers, 51 technical schools, 149 professional schools and 123 theological seminaries.

Higher education in the United States is not the privilege of a select few. Every high school graduate has the opportunity to enter a col-

lege or a university. In many state-supported institutions tuition is free for state residents. In addition, opportunities for part-time employment, scholarships and loans help many ambitious young men and women to meet their living expenses.

To meet the cost of maintaining free public schools, free state universities and other state educational projects, special taxes are levied throughout the country. Approximately 80 per cent of the 8,800,000,000 dollars which the United States spends on education, goes towards the upkeep of public schools and the payment of the teachers' salaries.

Although the Federal Government has been contributing large sums for higher education since the early days of the Republic, it exercises no control over public education under the Constitution. This has always been the concern of individual states and local communities. The state legislatures set the minimum educational requirements within their borders. But the local communities are free to establish better educational programmes within their borders, and they generally do it.

Primarily a fact-finding agency, the United States Office of Education is manned by experts who are familiar with the methods and progress of education in different countries. They are frequently called upon by local officials for information and guidance.

The overall aim of American education has always been to prepare young men and women for responsible citizenship and also to develop good scholars. However, the educational systems in the different states are not of a uniform pattern. For example, the public school ranges from the fast-disappearing one-room school houses in rural areas to 9,000-pupil institutions in metropolitan cities like New York. The courses of study also vary from state to state.

In the United States, school life for children generally begins at the age of three or four, when they attend nursery schools every day for a few hours. Here the tiny tots learn to play in groups. Slightly older children attend public kindergartens which, in addition to continuing the nursery school's function of emphasizing social and physical development, fosters the mental growth of the child. It is at the kindergarten that the American child has the first taste of real schooling.

**I**N the elementary schools, which children in the United States usually attend for eight years between the ages of five and thirteen they learn the fundamental skills of reading, writing and arithmetic from the very start. A typical elementary school curriculum would include: reading and literature; spelling; writing; speaking; arithmetic; arts and crafts; music; health; history; geography; and science. Home making and home economics and industrial arts are taught in the two highest grades.

As in the nursery schools and the kindergartens, boys and girls in the elementary schools work and play together and thus find opportunities to develop healthy social relationships. Special care is taken to improve the child's power of observation and of careful listening. To enable the children to develop their power of communicating their thoughts and ideas to each other every help is given towards evaluating their daily experiences and discussing them with others. Documentary films, film strips, lantern slides, photographs, radio programmes, newspapers and magazines supplement the work done in the classroom. Visits to museums, art galleries, libraries, factories and business houses are on the regular school programme. Whenever possible, community leaders and foreign visitors are invited to give talks to the children. These extra-curricular activities are intended to help the children to derive real value from learning.

In a modern elementary school in the United States the classroom is

a pleasantly attractive place for the pupils. It is large and airy, with natural and artificial lighting healthfully combined. The furniture is movable, and the walls are painted a soft bright colour. Colourful art work done by the pupils decorates the bulletin boards.

In each classroom the pupils find interesting books to read; science materials with which to work; easels with paper, paints and brushes; and growing and living things like flowers and animal pets. So that the children may benefit from sunshine and fresh air, as well as from planned physical activities, classes are held in the open whenever the weather permits.

Larger teaching staffs, better laboratory facilities and more expensive recreational equipment are among the other distinguishing features of the modern American elementary schools. Every effort is made to bring the opportunities which they provide within the reach of all. For example, the centrally situated large elementary schools provide buses for transportation of farm children to and from the schools.

Of the boys and girls passing out of elementary schools, nearly 80 per cent enter the high schools for a 4-year course. In recent years, some states have introduced the junior high school, where the boy or girl may study for 3 years after 6—instead of 8—years at the elementary school, and then study for another 3 years at the senior high school. There are now 2,650 junior high schools in the United States.

**A**T the free public high schools the students not only prepare for the university but also receive basic training in business, industry and agriculture. It is at the high school that the student has the option for the first time to choose the subjects in which he or she is interested. In the first years of high school, the student has to go through courses in English, social sciences, mathematics, applied science and physical education. He may, in addition, have a choice of vocational subjects, or fine arts, or foreign languages. As a student progresses through the high

school, the load is usually lightened to four major subjects with more opportunities to choose electives or optional subjects. Some of the larger urban schools offer as many as 100 subjects to choose from during the two final years.

The high school student is encouraged to take part in one or more extracurricular activities. These include games and sports like baseball, football and swimming; clubs and discussion groups; dramatic and musical productions; and school newspapers. As the educators realize more and more of their responsibility for the social, mental and physical well-being of the country's youth, there is an increased tendency to include those activities within the regular school routine.

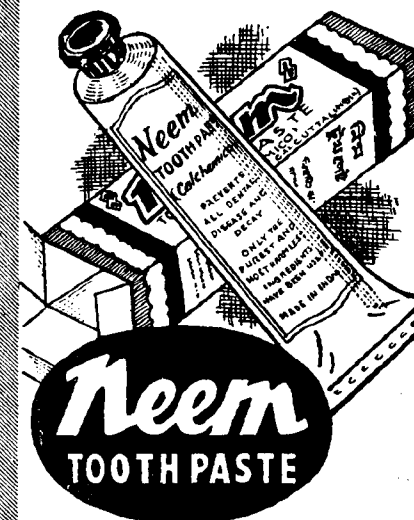
In many high schools of the United States the students receive training in democracy quite early in life. They elect representatives to the school council which decides many questions of school policy in consultation with the school faculty. They also elect their class representatives to the students' council, and their class officers.

**T**HE different types of institutions for higher education in the United States have already been mentioned earlier in this article. The 2-year junior college course is intended to provide the finishing touches to the secondary education which the high schools impart. The liberal arts college forms the nucleus of the university and offers a 4-year course of study in the humanities and the sciences. Famous colleges like Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton are part of the universities bearing the same name.

The bachelor's degree usually calls for four years of study at a university, with an additional year for the master's degree. For a doctorate, three years of further study and research is required.

An engineering school in the United States usually provides a 4-year course in scientific subjects and engineering (civil, mechanical and electrical). It offers facilities for specialising in highway, hydraulic and other types of engineering.

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To qualify as a physician or a surgeon, a student in the United States has to spend 3 to 4 years in a liberal arts college, 4 years in a medical school and then complete a 1-year internship in a hospital. It is only after serving the internship, and usually another year as a "resident" physician or surgeon at some hospital, that the student becomes a full-fledged physician or surgeon, entitled to start practice.

An estimated 30,000,000 adult Americans take advantage of the opportunities for self-improvement through education. Public schools and universities provide night-time extension classes for the benefit of adults who desire cultural advancement or an improved position in life. In almost every city and town and in many villages schools are open one or more evenings in the week to those who wish to learn. There are also special classes for immigrants in the large city schools where new arrivals in the country are offered facilities to learn the English language quickly.

Students from many countries enjoy facilities for higher studies in the United States. However, the American universities are crowded, and applications from foreigners to study there are very large in number. As a result, an applicant with a first class M.A. or B.A. Honours degree has a better chance of admission to an American university than the holder of an ordinary pass degree. For obvious reasons, an applicant has to produce a certificate of proficiency in English from the head of the institution where he last studied before he is actually admitted.

**T**HE cost of higher education in the United States varies between 7,500 to 10,000 rupees annually, plus 1,500 rupees for incidental expenses. Immigration laws and the burden of academic work do not leave much scope to the foreign student for earning even a part of the expenses. Apart from this, adjustment to the

new environment and efforts needed to meet the required standards of scholarship make study at an American university a full time job.

A few scholarships are offered by institutions and organisations in the United States to foreign students. When available, they are offered through the Institute of International Education, which acts as a clearing house for information regarding scholarships to foreign students.

Recipients of scholarships awarded to Indian students through the International Institute of Education are eligible for travel grants for the trips to and from the United States. This is so under the provisions of an agreement with the Indian Government regarding the financing of certain educational exchange programmes which the Fulbright Act of the United States authorizes. The grants are awarded on a competitive basis.

In spite of the tremendous progress in education that she has made within the comparatively brief period of her existence, the United States is not without serious problems on the subject. One such is the problem of providing equal facilities for all in the states with large Negro population. While in a large part of the United States Negro children enjoy the same facilities as the white children, in others the separate schools for the former do not provide all the facilities that the schools for white children have. But there has been progress in Negro education too, and today 90 per cent of the Negro children attend elementary schools compared to 58 per cent in 1915.

There is also the problem of the shortage of trained teachers in some parts of the country, while many areas lack schools of modern type. It is estimated that the country will have to spend \$16,000,000,000 during the next 7 years to meet the demand for 600,000 new schoolrooms with attendant facilities.

## SWATANTRA AND U. S.-PAK PACT

By R. R. GIDUGU

**"T**HE new Russo-Chinese military agreement . . . , will place an enormous striking power at Peking's disposal, and the whole of South Asia is threatened by it," so wrote Saka in his *Sidelights* in the Feb. 6 issue of *SWATANTRA* justifying the *SWATANTRA* viewpoint on the proposed U.S.-Pakistan military pact.

If the above contention is re-written, in the present context of the Indo-Pakistan problem, in the following lines: "The new *American-Pakistan* military agreement . . . , will place an enormous striking power at *Pakistan's* disposal, and the whole of *North India* is threatened by it," *SWATANTRA's* argument in its issue of Jan. 30 that "a vast country like India cannot be conquered by force of arms," makes no meaning. And more so, if the latter contention is to be taken into consideration, there is no reason why *SWATANTRA* should fear any Chinese invasion of India through Tibet, and thereby justify the U.S.-Pak pact.

It is nonsense to say that *SWATANTRA* was paid for its support to the U.S.-Pak pact as expressed by certain persons, but it is unworthy of such an esteemed journal to go in all-out support of the pact—a support based not on reason or reality, but on sheer anti-Sovietism.

Why should there be any argument at all over the Chinese right over Tibet? Did not India take police action against Hyderabad immediately after achieving independence, when that State, morally backed by foreign elements and Pakistan, defied India's suzerainty? Then, Pakistan, certain alien statesmen, and a section of the American and British conservative press called India's action an aggression, and demanded even U. N. intervention! Ever since India's "occupation" of Hyderabad, there has been much improvement in the life of the common man there,

especially in villages inhabited by peasants.

View this with the position of Tibet. It is natural for any government, especially when it comes to power after a long struggle and by an armed revolution, to see that its frontier states are militarily strong. And in pursuance of this policy, Communist China had to send its troops to Tibet, and declare its suzerainty over it to clear the remnants of feudalist Kuomintang elements. No huge forces, nor reinforcements later, were sent to Tibet by the Mao Government, and this was also stated by Sri Nehru in Parliament last session. Moreover, British and American espionage activities were being carried on there on an international level by agents who arrived there on the pretext of getting "spiritual inspiration." The administration of the 15-year-old Dalai Lama, directed by elderly feudal chiefs, was so corrupt that monasteries were made financially richer at the expense of the docile people there, and much against the concept of Buddhism.

Considering all this, is it not justifiable for a Government, embarked upon a rigorous agrarian revolution, to see that its frontier state, not far away from its capital, is made strong, and that its administration falls in line with its central policy? Reports now say that very much progress has been made in Tibet with regard to living conditions of the people, and communications.

**T**HIS long argument has to be made to prove the fact that the Chinese have no desire to infiltrate India, and if aggression were to come from them,—to put it in *SWATANTRA's* words,—“a vast country like India cannot be conquered by force of arms.”

*SWATANTRA* attacks China for its action in Tibet, but, at the same time,

appreciates China in *Sidelights* (Jan. 30) in the following lines: "... people there worked with their hands, and increased the national wealth." How did the people work there putting their body and soul together unless there is something in the new Government, which inspired them? And why should we have a grouse against such a Government and its policies, and apprehend trouble from that source, which is peacefully reconstructing itself?

SWATANTRA has not realised the real motive behind the American aid in various forms. Its economic aid is not only to prevent local Communist influence growing, but also to keep the beneficiaries under an obligation of providing a market for its goods. Its military aid is not for merely creating a defensive arc around Communist countries under the Russian sphere, but also for creating tensions among the countries to the better interests of Wall Street. All these aids are aimed at one thing—to offset any slump in the American market, and to prevent economic crisis and growing unemployment in their land.

Yes, as SWATANTRA rightly says in its issue of Jan. 23, "American leaders, especially of the Eisenhower administration, are hard-headed businessmen," and in whatever aid they give, there is business. And the proposed military aid to Pakistan is no exception. One should recall that the Korean war came to the rescue of American businessmen—Eisenhower and War Secretary—motor magnate Wilson including—by providing them a boom in their shares.

Now that the Korean war is ended with the commendable intervention of Nehru's India, a war is necessary again somewhere either between Communist and non-Communist nations, or between Asians and Asians themselves for the benefit of the "hard-headed businessmen." When France is fed up with the war in Indo-China, and seeking peace, the United Nations (States) Command is now "actively considering" the offer made by the South Korean President, Dr. Rhee to send South Korean troops to fight the Viet-Minh.

The U. S. State Department disclosed this in referring to the visit to Washington of Gen. John H. H. U. N. Supreme Commander in Korea, for consultations. SWATANTRA has nothing to say against this fact, but merely imagines that Chinese attention may be diverted to South Asia now that their armies are no longer pinned in Korea. Again, when there was a chance of the Pakistan Premier and Sri Nehru coming together to settle the Kashmir dispute, the U. S. jumped in by creating controversies in the issue, and when all its intrigues failed, it is now determined to give arms to Pakistan to fight India if a war breaks out on the issue.

**T**HE real motive of the United States in giving economic aid is not "to tax their own people heavily in order that the conditions of life may be bettered for the under-privileged masses in other continents" as SWATANTRA in its issue of Jan. 23 claims it to be, but to press its beneficiaries to provide markets.

And in line with this policy Mr. Eugene Black, President of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, told the American Bankers' Association on Feb. 11 that "You will, in future, become more and more concerned with investing outside the purely domestic field. Without continued access to growing foreign markets, our economy would be faced with the threat of having to produce at far less than capacity to avoid surpluses that we could not consume."

SWATANTRA may contend that "there has been no American colonialism on the model of the British, French, Dutch, and Portuguese types," but it has evolved a colonialism of a different model—a model that provides political freedom for its beneficiary, while making it economically dependent on it, and making it, in times of war, a tail to follow on. Economic dependence is deadlier than political reliance. The late Mr. M. N. Roy, one of the greatest political thinkers of the century and a realist, had seen the danger of American expansionism after the last war, and criticised the American

foreign policy in his articles written from his sick-bed.

America may not have the idea of bringing other small countries under her control, but it is undoubtedly pursuing a policy of expanding its economic influence, and in pursuance of this objective, it is not hesitating to elbow out its allies, Britain and France, from their foot-holds. It successfully brought down the influence of Britain in the oil-rich lands of Persia, Iraq, and other Middle East countries. Britain today is forced to accept the company of U. S. in these countries, where it once held undisputed sway. It will not be surprising if Britain is kept out of the oil business in the Middle East ere long. The American hand is already there in Egypt, and finding Gen. Naguib anti-British and anti-Communist in his attitude, the U. S. is flirting with him, and the day is not far off when it will gain a foot-hold in the strategic area of the Sudan. Spain, which allowed its bases for America under a pact, is now demanding that the British quit Gibraltar, of course, with the hidden support of America. America is watching the cock-fight between the contesting countries—both its allies—and will, no doubt, step into Gibraltar the moment Britain is out of the base.

If an overall picture of the U. S. policy is taken, it can easily be concluded that America wants a strong military base in Kashmir not only to

prevent Soviet "expansion," but also to strike terror in the hearts of neutral nations like India and Burma that if at any time they pursue a vigorous anti-American line in war or trade, they will be castigated economically, and subjugated militarily. America knows that neutral India will not give her bases in Kashmir, and hence bagged Pakistan, which, in its anxiety to annex that beautiful land, readily accepted the U. S. arms offer. And if once Kashmir is annexed, what guarantee is there that Pakistan will not launch upon the cry of "reunification of the great Punjab" under the patronage of America, and claim the whole of Bengal in the east, then Delhi, the seat of the Moghul empire, and finally the whole stretch extending from the Himalayas to the Deccan, and from Karachi to Assam—contending that it was the land that was once held by the Muslim Moghul emperors?

Protagonists of the U. S.-Pakistan military pact may call all this fantastic guessing, but all-out support to that pact is as fantastic and foolish as the guessing is.

SWATANTRA should realise that there is hidden aggression in all forms of American aid, and that in every offer that comes from that land, there is business, and nothing but business, for, "American leaders, especially of the Eisenhower administration, are hard-headed businessmen."

## Importance of Religion

By K.

**S**RI C. Rajagopalachari, in his speech at the Rotary Club, which I hope, is correctly reported in *The Mail* of the 10th February, appeared to have stated that religion alone offered the solution for the many evils that beset our body-politic; and the editorial of the same date enthusiastically supported his contention. He had posed a question: "How to make people act spontaneously in a right and just manner." But will religion do it?

Religion is a double-edged weapon.

While it unites its followers closer, it cannot be gainsaid that it sharply divides its followers from those of other religions. Extra emphasis on religion as it is commonly understood leads to fanaticism. It is the wise man that understands it in an uncommon manner and appreciates its deep moral and spiritual verities. But now many have the nature and intellectual make-up to appreciate the deep teachings of religion? How many have grasped the common thread that unites the noble and sublime precepts enunciated in any religion? Islam which denotes peace has not prevented its followers from pursu-

ing most unpeaceful ways in dividing the country and committing the greatest atrocities in the name of religion.

**H**AS ahimsa, the keynote of Hinduism, prevented its followers from retaliating in an equally brutal manner? The Son of God who gave up his life on the Cross preached universal beneficence and love. Are the followers of Christianity pursuing his teachings? The two major sects who owe allegiance to this same Christ had flown at each other's throats and perpetrated incalculable ravages in the European world. The ordinary man is more influenced by the outward symbols of religion than by the inner moral and spiritual precepts.

Rajaji struck a very correct note when he laid emphasis on forthright straightforwardness and high character and bemoaned their absence in present day society, more especially in this country. How are they going to be fostered? By religion? Yes, certainly, provided the right emphasis is laid on these virtues. But unfortunately, as it is usually practised, religion lays emphasis on unessential particulars. And when the means employed to achieve certain ends are by no means praiseworthy and when such actions are soft-pedalled by religious heads, the chances of religion being a contributory factor to the furtherance of straightforwardness and the fostering of high character are very dim indeed. On the other hand, religion becomes a positive menace.

Example is better than precept. What, then, is the remedy? The only guiding factor is the example of such leaders of society in whom these virtues are so manifest as even those who run may read. Disloyalty to associates and to principles, corruption and intrigue in high circles are the dominant infectious factors in the general moral degradation. When the common man sees that it pays dividends to these highly placed people, he naturally turns round and asks "Why not I do so?"

Rajaji bemoans in another place that "the call of patriotism had not the desired effect." Why? Because the actions of many on the top were

not inspired by that call. The common man sees it and it is not to his interest therefore to assume a virtue which is never going to be appreciated. Religion may tell him that justice and virtue will ultimately triumph? But when? When he had passed this vale of tears? Or is he going to bank on a seat in heaven?

"The incentive of getting benefit for oneself and one's family was needed to make people work hard," he said, no doubt in another context. By implication he concedes that self-interest is the dominant motive that gears one's action. If that be so, and when the common man sees that a straightforward and honest life of high character does not pay dividends, he naturally prefers a path by which his interests will be advanced. The anodyne of religion which states that "virtue is its own reward," and that "action is thy duty and the fruit is not thy concern" is very transitory in its effect. The corroding iron of frustration has already entered his soul.

The prime factor that governs the mode of action of individuals and the course of events in their lives is fear and not at all love. When people realize that want of straightforwardness not only never pays dividends but will be visited by serious consequences, they will appreciate the value of that virtue. This when rewarded they will appreciate better.

**T**HERE is a peculiar process of dispensation in every religion. You can buy a dispensation in the Catholic church for certain moral delinquencies. Both the Hindu and the Muslim recognize charity as a definite *pariharam* for many of their misdeeds. Where then is the incentive in religion for high character? Do we not come across many who sanctimoniously assume the religious garb externally but whose hard-cored interior is completely devoid of charity and benevolence?

Religion will have precious little influence in the fostering of social virtues in the general body politic and the noble example of downright honest leaders in public life will be the only compass to direct the multitude.

## LIFE . . .

### TWO VOICES

**N**ARAYAN ASHTAVAKRA (skip the epical allusion), they said, was a straight man. Straight in mind, straight in habits. A champak on a champak tree was a yellow champak to him and nothing more. He was dumb before beauty, and that was because he had no brains, they said who thought they had brains. But N. Ashtavakra had a world of his own in which he lived intensely. Or dreamed if that were possible to one who was straight. Once he heard a voice, sepulchral, at which—I am not informed whether he was frightened or amused or merely confused—and the Voice spoke:

"She peeps out and smiles and lapses into her pregnant trance again and dreams those redundant multi-coloured dreams which we are . . . All is for her, all is of her, all returns to her. We, shadows, toddle no farther than the ends of her leash. Our finest act is only a particle of the pulp of her secret intents. She apparels us in a light that seems to gleam with mystic ardours, and in a clumsy moment she cancels it like a giant hand rammed down suddenly over a lighted candle. We are her multiple echoes—echoes muted into an immortal stillness when she gestures that she had done with us . . ."

High-sounding words . . .

But who was the *She*?

N. Ashtavakra hadn't the itch for enquiry. I am not informed whether the Voice Sepulchral continued to speak and he was frightened or amused or merely confused, but I am told that he exhibited some sort of feeling when he heard another Voice cutting in, in an anecdotal vein, and N. Ashtavakra was fond of anecdotes.

The First Person Singular was intimate in its tone but fearing an ambush he kept it at arm's length. It spoke:

"I once had a cousin (that meant the cousin was no more in the land of the living) who had two pets. A dog and a parrot. Both of them beautiful and for both he had an

impartial affection. But there was no love lost between the beast and the bird. The parrot screeched at the dog and the dog snarled at the parrot whenever one caught sight of the other. My cousin taught the parrot many swear words and when it swore it swore with a vehemence that would have made a drunken trooper sober. Above everything, it liked to repeat: 'Sami'—for that was the name of my cousin—'Sami, the thief has come,' at whosoever that came to the house,—relation, friend, or stranger. Some took it in fun, others were outraged. It was a calculated insult. Him and his parrot! The fellow has no manners!

Then it happened. How long could one Cry, Wolf! The thief came. One dark night. The watchful dog growled. The parrot in the cage screeched: 'Sami, the thief is come!' But Sami and the whole household slept the sleep of the dead. 'Sami, the thief is come! Sami, the thief is come! Sami . . .'. But hardly had the bird raised its voice louder two steel-like fingers thrust themselves through the bars of the cage, caught it by its slender body and pulled it out, its wings fluttering in sudden fright. Then was it wrung by the neck and thrown to the growling dog near by who swallowed it in a gulp and then curled itself to sleep.

**E**ARLY next morning Sami woke up to find a gaping hole in the wall of his house. All his silver and gold had vanished through it—and which was wider—the neighbours who assembled at his cries asked: the hole in the wall or Sami's mouth?

N. Ashtavakra is a sly one. The mask fell off his face. His pose dropped down like an *uttariya* from his shoulders. He said to himself:

"Like this parrot of the tale there are many parrots in the politics of our country, who prattle slogans. Do they know whose are the hands that ultimately wring their necks? And wherefrom the dogs that swallow their heads?"

ANAMI

# U. S. PRESIDENT V. SENATE

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

**SENATOR BRICKER'S** amendment which seeks to shift the existing constitutional ordering of authority over foreign relations has led to a struggle between the President and Senate for gaining primacy in the field of foreign affairs. The underlying causes of this struggle for supremacy are not far to seek; in fact, the seeds of this sort of a conflict are to be found in the U. S. constitutional set-up itself.

The framers of the American Constitution, in their endeavour to preserve their country from despotism and tyranny, adopted as the main constitutional safeguard the mechanism of separation of powers of Government. Being impressed by the doctrine of 'checks and balances' as expounded by Montesquieu in his 'Esprit des Lois', the founding fathers decided to have three coordinate branches, with no one predominant over the others. While this represents the general structure, in the field of foreign affairs, notwithstanding the facts that the power to declare war has been withheld from him and that he has to share the treaty-making power with the Senate, the President has come to occupy an undoubtedly prominent position. Availability of superior sources of information and capacity for secrecy and dispatch—these are some of the advantages which the President has over Congress in respect of foreign affairs. Besides, much of the President's authority in this field accrues to him from factors beyond the formal powers. Rightly did Wood-

The relative powers of the President and the Senate in a Federal State are of great importance, both in internal and international relations. In this article the writer analyses the Bricker amendment which would make the Federal Government have the acquiescence of each of the 48 States in the U. S. A. to enact necessary implementing legislation and points out the difficulties raised by it.

draw Wilson remark: "When foreign affairs play a prominent part in the politics and policy of a nation, its executive must of necessity be its guide; must utter every initial judgment; take every first step of action, supply the information upon which it is to act, suggest and in large measure control its conduct."

The present controversy may now be examined. The text of the Bricker amendment is as follows:

Section 1. A provision of a treaty which conflicts with this constitution shall not be of any force or effect.

Section 2. A treaty shall become effective as internal law in the United States only through legislation which would be valid in the absence of the treaty.

Section 3. Congress shall have power to regulate all executive and other agreements with any foreign power or international organization. All such agreements shall be subject to the limitations imposed on treaties by this article.

Section 4. The Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Section 5. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the constitution by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states within seven years from the date of its submission.

Section 1 of the Bricker amendment is, perhaps, formulated as a result of an erroneous understanding of the judgment in *Missouri v Holland* (252 US 416). The facts of the case are briefly as follows: In 1913 Congress, relying on the Commerce Clause, enacted a law forbidding the killing of migratory birds except under strict regulation. The legislation was declared unconstitutional by the lower courts as not falling within the scope of the inter-state commerce power. Consequently, in 1916, a treaty was concluded with the United Kingdom (acting for Canada) for the protection of migratory birds. On July 3, 1918, Congress passed a statute to enforce the provisions of the treaty. Missouri

brought a suit against Holland, a federal game Warden, to restrain him from enforcing the law on the ground that the measure was an unwarranted invasion of powers reserved to the states. Upholding the constitutionality of the treaty and Statute, Justice Holmes observed: "*The treaty in question does not contravene any prohibitory words to be found in the constitution.*" The only question is whether it is forbidden by some invisible radiation from the general terms of the Tenth Amendment. . . . No doubt the great body of private relations usually fall within the control of the State, but a treaty may over-ride its power." Thus, in the case in question, Justice Holmes merely held that the treaty-making power was not subject to limitation by the Tenth Amendment since the Tenth Amendment by its terms only reserves to the states powers not delegated to the Federal Government and the treaty-making power is a delegated power. In fact, in *The Cherokee Tobacco case* (11 Wall 616), the Supreme Court categorically declared: "*It need hardly be said that a treaty cannot change the constitution or be held valid if it be in violation of that instrument.*" However, it is to be noted, under the Supremacy clause, laws must be made in pursuance of the constitution in order to be part of the supreme law whereas treaties need be only "*under the authority of the United States.*" Otherwise, treaties, like statutes are subject to judicial review and as such Section 1 of the Bricker amendment is merely declaratory of existing law.

**THE** Bricker amendment seeks to lessen the Federal executive authority in two ways. For, in the US constitutional set-up, apart from the separation of powers amongst the three branches of Government, there is also the division of power between the centre and the states. The Bricker amendment involves a shift both in the horizontal and vertical constitutional division of power with respect to foreign affairs. It provides not only for greater Congressional control over treaties and agreements but it also requires the participation of the states for the execution of foreign policy in certain

areas. The powers of the President would thus be emasculated.

As per Article II of the U. S. constitution "He (the President) shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur. . . ." Notwithstanding the need to obtain the Senate's approval, it is said that the President who has at present the exclusive power to *negotiate* can, and often does, "confront the Senate with a fait accompli." Thus the Senate is left helpless. Besides, the President tends to circumvent the Senate by the use of executive agreements which do not at all need Senatorial approval. In fact, the impressive array of executive agreements concluded in recent years goes to confirm, to a large extent, the fears of the critics about the executive abuse of power. While there were 25 treaties and 11 executive agreements in 1930, there were only one treaty and 74 executive agreements in 1944.

At the same time, it must be remembered that the requirement of Senatorial approval (two-thirds of those present and voting) makes for *minority control* which hinders the President in the effective conduct of foreign affairs. For example, the eight mountain states,—New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—with just 3.4% of the national popular vote in 1944 have the same voting power in U. S. Senate as those of eight other states—Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey—with 51.0% of the 1944 national popular vote. Thus, it would be possible for a tiny minority of recalcitrant states to effectively cripple the initiative of the President. While it is true that only a small proportion of treaties were rejected by the Senate, many of them were of outstanding importance, as, for example, the one defeated in 1920 which would have enrolled the US as a member of the League of Nations. In addition to the difficulties pointed out above, under the Bricker amendment the Federal Government would be required to depend on the acquies-

cence of each of the 48 states to enact necessary implementing legislation. In such a contingency, "the reluctance of other countries to enter into a treaty with the United States where the fulfilment of the main purpose of the treaty would depend on the favourable action of the 48 state legislatures, would be understandable."

**T**HIS controversy, therefore, is as unfortunate as it is ill-timed. For, as one constitutional writer puts it, although sentiment against additional authority for the President

has reached a high pitch, "under the American system of government, leadership must come, if there is to be any, from the President. . . . Even if the Congress should reorganize itself by concentrating authority in the hands of its own leaders, this action would be unlikely to upset the trend toward placing more and more responsibility on the Chief Executive . . . . The conditions of the modern world are so critical, both in war and in peace, that speedy and positive action is necessary. *The President alone can provide this kind of leadership.*"

additions and alterations in the first lessons in the recent past.

The number of *swaravali* was greatly increased. Some have added notes of the higher and lower octaves to the *swaravali* already existing. Others have added *chittaswarams* to the compositions, taking example from already existing or traditional *chittaswarams*. *Sahityam* was composed to *swaravali* imagining that *sahityam* should get the first place. Even *chittaswarams* in *varnams* were provided with *sahityams*. *Swaraprastaram* and *Talaprastaram* were introduced in the course for music study. *Lakshana geetams* were discovered overnight for various *ragas*. *Swarajatis* and *Jatiswarams* were added to the music syllabus. Even *Pallavi* singing was not exempt from these changes. And all these changes have been brought about with the blissful idea of giving an impetus to the progress of music. Again there has been a race for getting as many *kirtanas* by heart as could be done, with the notion that music could be enriched only by rendering *kirtanas*. The existing *Patantarams* of a *kirtana* in different *ragas*, of its texts with different meanings—all these have been preserved for our benefit with the result that we have now as many methods of teaching as there are teachers. All these methods, alas, fall short of only one thing and that is the creation of *Rasam* by *Raga Alapana*. They have no bearing on *raga* elaboration and *raga* elaboration happens to be the soul of our music. This is where the Gurukula system beats them all hollow.

## Music:

### The Gurukula System

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

**T**HE Gurukula system takes into consideration the individuality of voices and instruments. *Lakshyam* singing finds the foremost place in this system. *Sa-pa-sa* lessons and the initiation in the *Raga Mayamalavagaula* follow afterwards. The *geetam* lessons (simple songs) begin now. In these *geetams* are embedded the *ragas* which are at once revealed to the student. *Swara* singing, *Tanam* and *Alankara gamakas* are introduced in graded lessons. In the case of vocal students Veena practice is introduced at this stage so that the student will find it possible to understand correctly what he sings. Instrumental students are likewise given special lessons and set exercises to make them handle the instruments easily. This practice brings the student nearer to the conception of our music and from thereon he will be enabled to pick up the music very easily. All the time the Guru will be watching the progress of his students individually so that the initiative and individuality of a student are never lost sight of. This system is fast disappearing and stands in dire contrast to the system now prevailing in schools. Even though the lack of interest on the part of students is observed by the teachers themselves, they are not prepared to admit it openly. This failure in the teaching method was the basic cause out of which had arisen a number of

## SCULPTURE

There was a radio conversation on "Sculpture" between the Hon. Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice, Madras and Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury, Principal, School of Arts and Crafts, Madras, at the All India Radio, Madras, on Sunday, 14th February. The text of the conversation is given below:

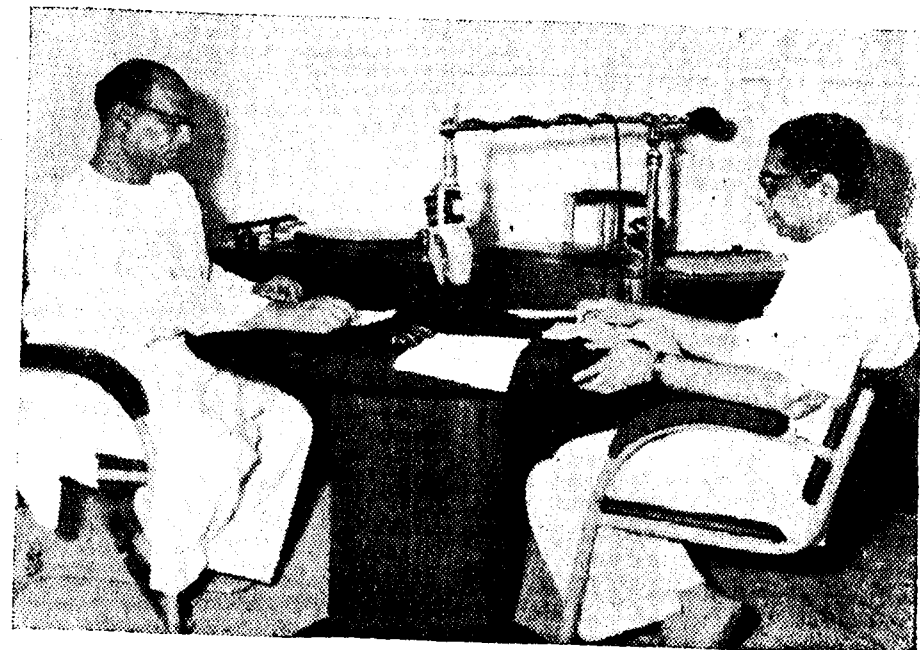
**RAJAMANNAR:** Mr. Chowdhury, as you know, we have met here this evening to talk on "Sculpture." But frankly, I propose to do most of the listening so that you can do most of the talking. If my interrogation and observations serve to provoke your thoughts, I will be happy and my purpose will be fulfilled. I take it that if I occasionally put to you any questions, you will not mind!

**CHOWDHURY:** Certainly I will not mind. I suppose you will not cross-examine me!

**RAJAMANNAR:** That I shall promise: I shall also assure you I will not pass any judgment. Now, before we begin the topic, let us start with a rough and ready definition. "Sculpture" may be defined as the art of representation in three dimensions. I use the word "representation" not necessarily in the sense of copying from an objective model; I use that

word in the sense that all art is re-presentation. The artist represents objectively and in the concrete his mental image, whether that mental image be of an existing object present before him, or, the memory of it, or something which has no exact objective existence. This is true even in respect of such a fine art like music, because a musician has his mental image of the note which he produces by voice or on any instrument.

**CHOWDHURY:** All art is representational—yes: all forms of art, including literature, are more or less representational. But, music is not so, because it is always on an abstract theme, though the psychological background may be based on the reactions of natural phenomena. As regards objectivity of art, I must say that this was in vogue when religious trends found their expressions



Mr. Justice P. V. Rajamannar & Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury at the A. I. R., Madras

in concrete form, either in the flat or in the round. But the approach towards the objective was not always forced on the artist as it is being done now. Some people believe that art can be harnessed to a purpose which has no link with the artist's own personal feeling. But, art, as a matter of fact, must be the presentation by the force of the inner urge of the artist and not by a dictation which comes from outside. Where the artist gets such freedom, the art is not merely an illustration of a story conceived by a person other than the artist himself. The mythological illustrations, either in stone or in painting in our country give enough evidence to this effect, though the stories to be illustrated were rigid. Here comes the mastery of technique; and also art where the soul of the artist finds affinity with the purpose of the contents of the subjects.

RAJAMANNAR: I have the uneasy feeling of having to speak to a very knowledgeable person on the subject, today. So, I trust you will help me if I go on any wrong track or ask irrelevant questions. Now what do you think is the distinctive quality of sculpture which differentiates it from painting?

CHOWDHURY: You embarrass me, Sir, by over-estimating my worth. However, I shall try to meet you, as I know there is a highly interesting point behind your question. Sculpture has a language which is limited to its own form. By this, I mean to say that sculpture has to create an environment for itself, whereas a picture, being self-contained, lives in its own atmosphere. The balancing assets of the composition in a picture serve to enhance this purpose.

RAJAMANNAR: Will I be right in assuming that form is the life of sculpture?

CHOWDHURY: There is no question about it; since the lines that embrace the forms are the only means by which the feeling that throbs within the hard material, reveal the expression. In painting it is not so. Colour plays a very important part in painting to relieve the jarring elements of a bad drawing.

RAJAMANNAR: Sculpture, as we know, is mainly of two kinds, carving and modelling, depending on the material used. If clay or wax or such material is used, then the artist builds up his work of art; but, if stone is the material, then the artist works his way into the material and reveals the form which is, as it were, hidden within the stone or marble.

CHOWDHURY: You are perfectly right about the art of carving. Sculpture depends entirely on the susceptibility of the material that has to yield to a form. Therefore, the subjects also are confined to limitations. For instance, what could be achieved in bronze cannot be so done in stone. Stone needs support whereas bronze can stand its weight even in uncompromising angles if the cast is made hollow and the main support is reinforced properly.

RAJAMANNAR: Don't you think that by the very nature of the materials, and its three dimensional quality, sculpture is intimately related to architecture?

CHOWDHURY: Yes: Indeed early architecture was closely associated with sculpture and it is more so in our country, particularly in cave architecture where sculpture is actually interlinked with the lines of the facades.

RAJAMANNAR: In some of the greatest temples in India. I have found sculpture and architecture so much integrated that I have wondered where sculpture ends and architecture begins. An English critic has said that sculpture is the richest form of out-door furnishing. It adds amplitude and beauty to the otherwise cold appearance of a building. In the West, they enhance the beauty of their public buildings with statuary. Is it not sad to find that element completely missing in modern Indian public buildings?

CHOWDHURY: It is sad, no doubt. And your query would be to my advantage if the people also begin to question in a similar manner. The expression "cold" does not apply to the buildings alone, but it applies with equal force to the attitude of many who still think that art is a thing of luxury, and therefore, any

form of beauty that can be added through art is not an essential factor for good living.

RAJAMANNAR: Sculpture has also a very significant place in our public open spaces. Has it is not? I mean places like parks and other public resorts. Don't you think so?

CHOWDHURY: Sculpture in my opinion is always massive. It is big. Therefore its place is always in open public places which people frequent. Just like the reaction of a prayer which of course has a traditional convention behind it to reinforce its strength, the message embodied in sculpture reacts on the mind. It is probable that the elements which make the form beautiful and help to tell a story may not be well understood by every passer-by; but certainly its total effect cannot go without touching the heart of the observer if he extends a sympathetic approach to the subject.

RAJAMANNAR: I presume that a major branch of sculpture is portrait sculpture. Apart from its commercial and sentimental value, would you give it a very high place?

CHOWDHURY: Portrait sculpture has indeed a place of its own. But here the artist is rigidly confined to represent specific features which must identify themselves physically with those of the sitter. But there is another aspect of sculpture which is emotional. This is where the artist finds a greater scope to release his emotional urge. Therefore, I would place composition on a higher level than what is achieved by a mere faithful study of a given subject which already exists, though in this respect the artist needs greater skill and confidence to meet his objective.

RAJAMANNAR: It is now universally accepted that ancient and medieval Indian sculpture rank among the best sculptures in the world. Do you also think so?

CHOWDHURY: Yes, I have no different opinion on the subject. Particularly, I would refer to three schools, Konorak, Ellora and the bronze images of the Chola period, in the South. Konorak is massive. It is huge not only in form but also in conception. I do not see any

sculpture of animals which can surpass the vigour and excellence of the execution as has been achieved by the Konorak sculptures. Compared to this, the South Indian bronzes are delicate, though they have all the strength and virility in their supple lines.

RAJAMANNAR: Indian sculpture, just like any other Indian art, tends to be more formal and abstract. Do you think it is deliberate, or, do you think it is a defect?

CHOWDHURY: The patterns of Indian sculpture have been formalised, of course deliberately. There was no alternative because even the God had to be identified with a particular feature. So, Lakshmi could not take the place of Siva. Since the Gods and Goddesses had their rigid proportions which were calculated by Talams, not only the features but each and every limb had been subjected to a particular characteristic. For instance, the eyes intended for Goddesses should be comparable to a Padmakshi, a Meenakshi or a Kanjanakshi and so on, whereas the beauty of the male form had been formalised in a different manner, such as Simhakati, Kavatavaksha, Vrishabhaskanda and so on; that is to say, the waist should be like that of a lion, the chest should be like the panels of doors, the shoulders should be like those of a bull. However, these formalised patterns could not depict an abstract theme because each and every aspect of the illustrations of mythology depicted a particular story and had an intrinsically human element in it. There was not even room for allegory.

RAJAMANNAR: So me h o w, Mr. Chowdhury, I feel that we have lost that special inspiration which was present in the ancient days which produced really great images of the Divine. The environment is so much changed that even if we try to imitate the old models, the product would be lifeless. Do you agree?

CHOWDHURY: Art in any form has a language which conveys an expression and the language grows and reaches a climax in a particular time. It lives in that particular time and may last long but after its purpose

has been served the language fades away to make room for a new language. In the circumstances, a language which is not current cannot be revived. The point applies to the imitation of the old masters which some people call revival of Indian art. Environment of course is always what determines these developments. Therefore, the atmosphere which inspired the artist at a time far remote from ours cannot be retraced if that environment is absent.

**RAJAMANNAR:** While on the subject of ancient Indian sculpture, I consider that among its glories are the beautiful representations of erotic subjects. Our ancients do not appear to have suffered from either prudery or suppression. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Chowdhury, that sex is one of the major subjects of great art?

**CHOWDHURY:** I fully agree with you. Sex is the most vital element in art. It initiates an artist to work. Evidence to substantiate this will not be wanting in literature and painting. We are now concerned with sculpture. Therefore, I would go back to Konorak again to show how erotic expressions in their climax could be sublimated to a spiritual ecstasy. We are ashamed of these fundamental truths because our minds have been frozen by the don'ts of convention. It is due to our lingering condition; we do not know to live; we only linger. Naturally, we are afraid of expressing what we feel but we love to associate ourselves with the forbidden under some guise.

**RAJAMANNAR:** Do you think that sculpture as an art has a great future in India?

**CHOWDHURY:** The future of art in any form depends on the right type of response from the public. Though we have some sort of education to understand the beauty of literature, yet we have no provision either in the university or in the schools to associate ourselves with the function of different forms of art which have an exactly equal value with that of literature; and unless the attitude towards aesthetic faculties is changed

for the better, I see no bright prospect for art in our country, particularly when foreign revolutionary ideals are invading the growing mind of our artists.

**RAJAMANNAR:** Don't you think that it is high time that public opinion should be mobilised to insist on introducing sculpture into all public buildings?

**CHOWDHURY:** The only possible course left to arouse public interest in art is to bring the public into direct contact with artists and their works. Such recognition may come into being when, as you say, public opinion insists on setting up before the people examples of really great art while private enterprise, such as it is, gives scope for stressing the sculptural beauty of new structures. The State, undoubtedly, should insist that all public buildings are made artistic and sculpture of a high order must find a place in every public building. But care of course must be taken that art forms brought into existence with the support of the State should be such as to enrich our art and not bring it down on account of any narrow considerations.

**RAJAMANNAR:** I am not satisfied with the Government merely providing for museums or even galleries of art; that gives me an unpleasant feeling that sculpture is dissociated from the daily life of the people. On the other hand, I would like our men and women to have opportunities of looking at greater masterpieces of sculpture even in their daily rounds of activity, in the streets through which they have to pass, in the parks where they go for recreation and rest and in other public places like, for instance, our beautiful Marina. The only way to develop this great art is, as you say, by Government and public authorities deciding to make their public buildings look different from hospitals or immigration camps.

Thank you, Mr. Chowdhury. I have learnt a lot and would like that sometime later we may dwell in greater detail on some of the topics which we have barely touched upon now.

## TRIBUTE TO GENIUS

By M. KRISHNAN

**T**HERE must be hundreds who knew the late Shahir Dixit very much better than I did. He was admired at many princely courts—and I knew him just well enough to speak to, if a mutual friend was there to clarify intentions. Marathi is a language that I misunderstand with ease and the Shahir had little English; I must add that I had no difficulty in following him on the few occasions we met—his meaning was explicit in intonation and gesture, professional accomplishments with the man.

Though our acquaintance was so slight, it was of this very piece that we spoke when I met him last. He was leaving the State which I served in a few hours, and we met casually, on the road. Someone had shown him a scrawled, impressionist sketch of him by me, on the cover of a hand-made school journal; I suggested that some day he should give me a proper sitting and details of his work and art, for a magazine article. He assured me, with grave courtesy, that he would feel honoured and added, no less gravely, that he had heard I sketched and wrote about wild beasts.

Indifferently he offered to send me copy of a biographical note already published in Marathi; translated by some friend this would yield the details I required, and for the rest . . . I told him, as emphatically as one can through an interpreter, that I had no interest in his early years and lineage. What I wanted to know was how he set about composing a new Powada or adapting an old one, how much scope he allowed himself for improvisation in verse-form and tune, what precautions he took to ensure historical accuracy—details of his art and technique. He was really interested, then. He suggested that on his next visit to the State I should watch his rehearsals, and see for myself just how he went about his work. He would do better. He would bring a Powada in the rough



with him and build it up for the performance in my presence.

That, however, was an opportunity I was not privileged with. Shahir Dixit died suddenly and prematurely before he could visit us again.

**T**HIS rambling introduction will, I hope, explain two points. I cannot provide biographical details, because I do not have them. And I have waited for years before writing this so that no touch of sentiment, no *nil-nisi-bonum*-feeling should foreshorten perspective.

Here are all the personal details I have about Dixit. He was a Maharashtrian Brahmin, and belonged to Sangli State. He was in his forties when I knew him, fair-skinned, athletic and powerfully built, but not stocky. His hair, and even his magnificent moustaches, were streaked with grey. He had dark grey eyes.

He was already established as the foremost Powada-singer of Maharashtra—and the art belongs to that country. The Powada is a heroic ballad, often based on history, and invariably sung before an audience.

There are heroic ballads in many Indian languages, but the Powada is distinctive. Its folk-song traditions are jealously preserved, its diction is colloquial and virile. The refrain sung by a chorus (a refrain of assent, testifying to the truth of the narrative), the twanging drone of the *ektar*, the emphatic repercussions of the tambourine-like *duph* held in the hands of the singer—there is no Powada without these traditional accompaniments. The singer moves up and down a narrow carpet, and his gestures and attitudes echo the words of his song rather than its rhythm, though the two are often tellingly synchronised.

IT could be that generations of development at the courts of Maratha chieftains, during a period when warlike traditions were real and immediate, lent authentic power to the Powada and helped to raise it above the accepted limitations of popular ballads, without loss of folk-song vigour and *elan*. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the Powada is unique—and Shahir Dixit was unique among its exponents. I have heard other Powada-singers—they were like water after heady wine.

I have it from those who knew him well that Dixit took infinite pains to get his details of period and action from the best sources. He knew the dynasties and incidents of Maharashtra history in a truer perspective than many arm-chair pundits: he had traversed the territory of his episodes and had been impressed, by old documents and court-historians, with the need to complement and corroborate the story of the rise and fall of Maratha power as told by Orme and other foreigners. His tales were historic, never histrionic, but having verified his facts, often with the help of pundits, he would permit no further scholarly refinement to pervade his ballads and weaken their soil-nurtured virility.

He had a remarkable voice. Not a deep bass, throbbing with self-conscious undertones, nor a crooner's voice, soft and sentimental in its modulations. He spoke habitually in low tones, and his voice was then slow and husky, like that of a man

just recovered from a sore throat. But when he sang it was full-pitched and far-flung, a plangent, manly voice resonant with spirit and feeling; a voice that could convey the sneer in a taunt so insultingly, the pathos of defeat with tenderness, homage to the brave with such telling brevity.

Few of us ever got used to the tempestuous burst of his favourite invocation (a brief address to the gods in the folk-song style) though we had heard it many times, or found his Powadas familiar. This invocation, incidentally, began with the words 'Om namo Sharadapathe'—I don't think I have heard another addressed immediately to Brahma.

I can remember those occasions, when we foregathered to hear Shahir Dixit—the rows in formal Durbar attire (it was always for some State function that he visited us) on the long verandah, the narrow crimson carpet that limited the Shahir's feet, the three or four boys in the background providing the chorus, and near them a brazier over which the singer could warm his *duph* periodically, to restore tone to its taut parchment.

The setting was just right. Many of the listeners bore the names of the characters who figured in the Powadas, and though they now lived tamely, some far recollection of their ancestry still sustained the sweep and flow of the starch-proud *safas* on their heads. The very dress that we wore (which was the formal attire of a martial past, with a few 'civilised' frills added) and the full, ram's-horn moustaches of the older brigade, lent atmosphere to the tales of old-time daring and reckless heroism. The cold, invigorating night air strayed into the verandah to refresh the audience when, during Dixit's rests, there was time and feeling for such things.

THE gusty invocation swept one off one's feet, irresistibly. Gradually, as the Powada developed, one failed to notice details in the proximate surroundings and had perception only for the swaying figure on the red strip of carpet. Midway through the tale, the most carping and fastidious critics had their critical faculty sus-

pended and were just listeners, not passive listeners waiting on a leisurely story, but transported bodily through centuries and hundreds of miles to turbulent scenes and periods that were, for all their remoteness, vividly familiar. The listener's identity with the setting and characters in the ballad was complete, his applause of dauntless courage and brave gestures spontaneous and born from a deeper and worthier humanity in him than he could ever have suspected in his prudent, shrewd, everyday moments. When the Powada was over we came home still recovering from the daze, the transport to the past. For days afterwards the prosaic, reasonable present was stifling, insufferably rapid and cowardly in its values. Such was the power of Dixit's genius.

HE knew many tales of magnificent courage, of plots and counterplots for power, and of men who spoke with manly contempt for compromise, and went down in a blaze of glory. He had a singularly spirited Powada about the Rani of Jhansi and another about the heroic Queen of Chitor, many ballads built around Shivaji, and other Maratha chieftains who valued their lives as lightly as they rode their horses—I remember a passage about Santaji Ghorpade, at the mention of whose name the Muslim cavalry horses would refuse water and prepare for flight. I have never felt prouder of my nationality than when listening to Shahir Dixit, nor more convinced of the reality of old values which set less store by worldly, step-by-cautious-step success and are more subjective.

Of course it was not always of heroes and traitors that Dixit sang. Sometimes he would treat the audience to a humorous, rollicking Powada inspired by the contemporary scene, and sometimes he had to compose and perform for an occasion. Nothing, perhaps, illustrated the dependence of art on authentic inspiration more patently than some of these latter—particularly some featuring our political leaders. They were dull and inflated, though Dixit was singing them.

His lighter Powadas were delightful. There was one that told of the

amenities of city life, where water was on tap, that was zestful in its digs at urban civilisation. The vividness of Dixit's imagery had free scope in these lighter, caricatured pieces. When Bombay State issued imported, dried maize as part of the ration to the unwilling citizens, Dixit compared the grain to carious extracted molars in one of his Powadas—a revolting comparison, but revolting only because of its hideous visual fidelity.

The bite and gusto of Dixit's similes reminded me of another master of the art, far off in time and place, of Villiappan of Sivaganga who wrote the *Thirumukhanilasam*. Villiappan is long dead, but his art survives triumphantly in print. Only the memories of his listeners, and some feeble gramophone records that are, at best, unintentional travesties of his genius, remain of Shahir Dixit.

#### NEW BOOKS

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**K. MAHADEVAN**

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## REVOLT

—Short Story—

BY

J. A. Rodrigues

**B**ROTHER Giuseppe did not quite like it when the sacristan knocked at his door and told him that Father Alicante, the Rector and Principal of the school wanted to see him. He had been in the school only two months but this was long enough to know that Father Alicante seldom sent for anybody without having a precise purpose in view.

In Father Alicante's room, while the last light of the dying day played softly on the austere furnishing, his forebodings were confirmed.

"I am not very pleased with your work," Father Alicante said. He was a handsome, middle-aged Italian with cold blue eyes and dark hair. He was well-built, his portly figure tending slightly towards corpulence. He had been in India twenty years.

Brother Giuseppe did not say anything in reply and Father Alicante continued: "You seem to let your temper get the better of you too often. It is necessary to exercise self-restraint at all times. You must learn to use tact in controlling the boys entrusted to your care. Don't forget that you're expected to impress your superiors favourably during your novitiate." He was leaning back in his chair, his elbows on its arms, with the finger-tips of one hand resting against those of the other.

Brother Giuseppe looked away from the priest. In a subdued tone, he promised to try to set things right and do his work in a better way. The priest, after making a few other routine enquiries, signified that he had nothing more to say and the brother left the room.

When Brother Giuseppe thought of the interview in the semi-dark-

ness that prevailed in the early hours of the next morning, the recollection oppressed him and he tried to banish it from his mind.

There was something in Father Alicante's tone that he had not liked. He had risen this morning, and during the two months preceeding it, to the tolling of the school-bell. He crossed himself hurriedly and spent a few moments in prayer. After he had changed into his white soutane and walked out of the small room he occupied into the dormitory adjoining it, he saw that there were still fifteen minutes to go before it became his duty to awaken the young sleepers in front of him. Half an hour after this Mass would be celebrated in the school chapel.

He prized the time he had to himself above all things. And he had come to value most of all these few moments before his round began, using the quiet they gave him to fortify himself against the coming day. He had disliked his work here from the start. In his mind he conceived of it as a burden that his superiors (to whom he owed perfect obedience) forced him to carry. During all of the short time he had been in the East, he was conscious of feeling lost and out of place. Now, in this missionary school in a principal Indian city, he was convinced that he would be a failure, unpopular with the boys entrusted to him and suspect in the eyes of the school authorities.

Vague feelings of insecurity had assailed him when the boat on which he travelled had come within sight of the Gateway of India. They had stayed with him during the journey inland, to the city in which the school was located. During his first

week in school he had wept every night in the solitude of his room for the Milan he had never left before. But he knew that the novitiate was always a period of trial and that one had to go through it in a spirit of submission. He deemed it sinful that he had dared wish that things should be easier with him.

**T**HE boys had not taken to him from the very beginning and had not cared to conceal their dislike. He was too markedly Italian for them not to resent the stranger in their midst. His features were regular to a nicety. Large blue eyes and a broad brow marked his olive complexion with Roman refinement. He had auburn hair, a straight nose and small well-formed lips which, when tightly drawn gave him an intensely spiritual look. He was about six feet tall and although he subjected himself to physical privations of many kinds, was possessed of a slim and wiry constitution. 'Brother Macaroni,' young Edward Tell had called him and the nickname had caught on, stinging him to the quick. Today, as on all the days that had gone before, he shuddered a little when he heard the second bell ring. He knew that now, from day's break to twilight, his peace of mind would be held hostage by his work in the school and by these boys he was beginning to hate . . .

They rose slowly now, crossing themselves and pulling their coverlets across their beds. From where he stood he could see Zaheer Khan, Baghat Singh and Krishnan continue to slumber deeply and, in his dejection, he envied them their unconsciousness. They were under no obligation to rise with the Catholics as they did not have to attend Mass. The others met the day drowsily, messing about their lockers in odd lazy postures and searching for their soap and wash-basins. They did not even so much as acknowledge his presence, looking at him with dull sleep-laden eyes in which there was more than a hint of resentment. They appeared to take him for granted as they did the many unpalatable things ahead of them, Mass in the chapel, five hours of class and drill in the school-hall.

He was rapidly coming to think of them as little beasts who lived only for two whole hours. All their pent-up energies were released then and as they disported themselves like so many little animals on the school grounds, he was conscious within him of a strong irrational sense of dissatisfaction and disgust. This was the time when he disliked them most.

Subconsciously he hated Father Ghilardi, his Spiritual Director at the seminary in Milan, for not listening to him when he had himself suggested that he would be a failure as a prefect in a school. He had asked for some type of intellectual work during his novitiate, knowing that this would be more in tune with his own bent and had the mortification of having his request turned down. But he always made an effort to control himself when he was aware of this frustration within him. He had used the same self-control when he had voluntarily entered the seminary at Milan and imposed upon himself a life-long discipline. It had required all that he possessed to combat the vices of impurity and selfishness within him, (he thought of these two failings as his major occasions of sin) during his first months as a novitiate and even now the struggle was far from over. Sometimes, he trembled to think of it, he was torn with doubts regarding the genuineness of his vocation and the despair that overcame him then took days to dispel.

**P**RAYER, however, had helped him to overcome many obstacles and he prayed now, lifting up his mind and heart to God with the mental recitation of ejaculations. He moved among the boys, who had now washed themselves, quickly and observantly, asking them to hurry up and reminding them that they would have to be ready in a few moments to assist at Mass. But today, as on many other previous occasions, he was unnoticed and his admonitions went unheeded. His words dawdled over their dressing, distracted even at that early hour by a thousand and one trifles. Edward Tell, he observed, had taken an unfinished catapult from under his pillow and, still in his pyjamas,

He dreaded to think of how he would feel then, despised, tormented, an outcast before the eyes of man and God

had seated himself on his bed in order to complete the contrivance.

"Dress quickly, Edward," he said.

The boy looked up unconcernedly. He was a diminutive fellow, with a small, freckled face. His close almond eyes and small protruding forehead gave him an odd monkey-like appearance.

"I am dressing, aren't I," he countered slowly.

Brother Giuseppe came closer to him and said in a louder, commanding voice, "Put away that catapult at once. This is no time to fidget with such things."

He heard the boy mutter an imprecation to himself and winced at the look of derision that he had turned on him. Edward continued to busy himself with the catapult and Brother Giuseppe thought that this was open defiance, a flagrant repudiation of his position as a prefect.

Almost before he knew it, he had slapped Edward Tell across the face and once he did so, he continued in a mechanical manner, blinded by the anger that had arisen within him. He was motivated now, or so he thought, only by the desire to indicate his authority before the other boys. It was necessary that one of them should be made an example of. When he stopped striking, his hand ached and his face was flushed with rage.

THE boy put away the catty and looked at him, insolent and unbowed. The others had formed a small circle around the scene and turned quick, eager eyes at the cleric, waiting for the next step. Brother Giuseppe knew that in his bid to maintain his position with Edward he had to contend with all of them and to know, too, that he had failed. He was filled with shame and remorse and realized now with a deep sense of sorrow that he would not be able to take the sacrament at Mass. He was certain that Edward would report the incident to Father Alicante, the Principal, at the earliest opportunity. He would be rebuked for his high-handedness, reprimanded and warned in regard to his future behaviour with the pupils. He dreaded to think of how he would feel then, despised,

tormented, an outcast before the eyes of man and God.

He pulled himself together with a supreme effort of the will. There were only a few minutes left for service now. He looked at the boys around him unflinchingly.

"Walk to the chapel," he said.

★

### RUINS

A CURIOUS dome, green, over red  
Old sandstone carved, aesthetic, tall,  
Floral: silent bacchanal  
Placidly upon the wall;  
Islamic verdure: when all's said  
Greenly, metallic, fading goes  
Into red earth the falling rose  
Dome, bulb, and arch—the terminal  
Of all that's dead.

Past is the past, and there's decaying:  
Bas-relief upon the wall;  
Nothing at last, there's no gainsaying:  
Nothing at all.

Purple this shade, sit: we shall sing  
Words not recorded: muted note  
Born—dissolved so—and remote:  
Upon air too light to float;  
Support this structure: what we bring  
Honeys our songful harmonies  
Incuriously with happiness,  
Note, tune—each part—the anecdote  
Death-gathering.

Past is the past, there's no denying:  
Singer by the ruined wall:  
Bas-relief in music crying  
Nothing, nothing, nothing at all . . .

J G H

★

### LAST COUNT

WHEN fate  
Comes late  
To bid farewell  
My lips peel  
To reveal  
Lashing tongue spell:  
"Run you bitch,  
My feet do itch  
To give you kicks  
For measly tricks."  
The witch would fain  
Seek fresh bargain,  
Cut loose the strap,  
I fall in her trap,  
The scaled fish dead  
On the fishwife's head!

M. GOVINDAN

## New Books

ANEURIN BEVAN

A Biography

By

Vincent Brome

Longmans, Green and Co., London

15s net

"I STARTED my political career," wrote Aneurin Bevan in his book *In Place of Fear*, "with no clearly formed personal ambition as to what I wanted to be, or where I wanted to go. I leave that nonsense to the writers of romantic biographies. A young miner in a South Wales colliery, my concern was with the one practical question: Where does power lie in this particular State of Great Britain, and how can it be attained by the workers? . . . It was no abstract question for us. The circumstances of our lives made it a burning luminous mark of interrogation. Where was power and which the road to it?"

He was born in a family of miners in the small Welsh mining town of Tredegar, and the circumstances of his life were those of the mining community of the South Wales mining valleys in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. After a very brief schooling in which he spent some of his spare time as a butcher's boy earning 1sh. 6d. for three days' work, he went to join his father and brother in the Ty Trist Pit at the age of thirteen. Of the hard life of the young miner of those days he has given a very vivid description. "There is a tiredness which leads to stupor, which remains with you on getting up, and which forms a dull, persistent background of your consciousness. That is the tiredness of the miner, particularly of the boy of 14 or 15 who falls asleep over his meal and wakes up hours later to find that his evening has gone and there is nothing before him but bed and another day's wrestling with inert matter."

But he had tremendous animal strength. He found compensation for the hard and tiring life of the



Aneurin Bevan

miner in reading, sometimes far into the night, and the excitement of the books he studied carried him away into a new world where men and women were not tied to the earth but soared on the wings of ideas. He carried with him down into the pits exciting ideas from many books, and the impetus gathered in the night lasted him through a great part of the toil of the day.

Bevan was tormented with a stutter, but he forced himself to speak and to throw bombshells gathered from books at meetings of the Mineworkers' Union of which he had become an active member. Sometimes his mother found him late at night addressing an imaginary audience in the kitchen to overcome his stutter. He was twenty-five before he conquered his stutter, but all that time, Bevan said, "I had to almost flog myself into speaking in public." But though, for years, the words came hard, and liberation from the stutter was some way off yet, his mind had a sharp edge and he cultiva-

ed the gift of amassing unusual facts to confound his opponents. He had none of the cautions and inhibitions of the traditional leaders, and as his personality grew, he became audacious where others were intimidated, and with his campaigns to remake the world overnight, he shocked and dazzled people, and even those who murmured at his impudence at first, felt impelled later to yield him respect and admiration.

When he was twenty-one, Bevan moved abruptly to London to study there at the Labour College, a seminary of Socialism, with the aid of a scholarship presented by the South Wales Miners' Federation. At the Labour College Bevan had not yet become a convert to parliamentary democracy as the most powerful revolutionary instrument of social change. He cared very little for the schedules of the college, and one of his fellow-students has left a complaint on record that "his intellectual life always had a tendency to flower when others were thinking of bed." When, after two years at the Labour College, Bevan returned to Tredegar, there was no job waiting for him. He said of this period: "I don't suppose I earned more than 10sh. a week on an average, but like most working class families we bore one another's shocks. I had to make up my mind whether to stay at home and stick it out or emigrate. After some weeks of indecision. I decided to stay and succeed in the place where success would mean most." He became a labourer, dug trenches and laid pipes. After the two years at the Labour College, his pipe-laying efforts blistered his hands. His attempts to get unemployment relief brought on humiliations: "When I applied for benefit my sister was earning thirty shillings a week. Because of her earnings I was refused transitional payment and my mother, my sister and I had to live on my sister's money. I did not feel very kindly towards the gentlemen who compelled me to live on my sister's earnings."

By 1922 Bevan's industrial activities crystallised dramatically and he won a seat on the Tredegar Urban

District Council. It was followed quickly by election to Parliament.

Bevan and Jennie Lee entered Parliament simultaneously. Also the child of a miner, Jennie Lee was born in Cowdenheath, Scotland, and even while at elementary school she became so much imbued with the spirit of Socialism that she had little leisure for anything else. Her school career was filled with academic laurels, and with the prizes she won, she was enabled to go to Edinburgh where in five years she accumulated an M.A. degree, a diploma in education, a teacher's certificate and an L.I.B. After a brief interlude as a teacher she gave up teaching for politics and public speaking. Her first big sensation came at the I. L. P. Conference in 1927. It is described by Fenner Brockway thus:

"... a young, dark girl took the rostrum, a puckish figure, with a mop of thick, black hair thrown impudently aside, brown eyes flashing, body and arms moving in rapid gestures, words pouring from her mouth in Scottish accent and vigorous phrases, sometimes with a sarcasm which equalled Shinwell's. It was Jennie Lee making her first speech at the I. L. P. Conference. And what a speech it was! Shinwell was regarded as a Goliath in debate, but he met his match in this girl David."

Jennie Lee and Aneurin Bevan were kindred spirits, and when they met in Parliament it was inevitable that they should be drawn to each other. The resulting wedding ranks as one of Britain's historical marriages, as felicitous in the congeniality of the parties and in its social and political significance as that other renowned and happy companionship of an earlier generation, between Sidney Webb and Beatrice Potter.

Bevan's maiden speech in the House of Commons, which lasted fifteen minutes, was the sensation of the day. Once in the speech he attacked Churchill and Churchill breaking the tradition of the House interrupted a maiden speech. Another break with tradition was the failure of the speaker who followed Bevan to congratulate him and to say that he looked forward "to the pleasure of

hearing more from the Hon. Member." The second and third speeches of Bevan filled the House with amazement. He held it in the spell of his sheer vitality. He crossed swords with no less formidable an adversary than the Attorney-General of England and trounced him so unmercifully in debate that, commenting on Bevan's performance, the aristocratic Mr. Winterton said: "The speech of the Hon. Member for Ebbw Vale was devastating, and it has not been answered and, in fact, I suggest that it cannot be answered." Reviewing Bevan's parliamentary achievement in his first session W. J. Brown wrote: "He had a slight stammer which excited sympathy, but the brain behind the stammer was lightning-like in its movement, and was used on occasion with the precision of a steam-hammer. In parliamentary performance he was very uneven, sometimes brilliant, sometimes badly missing fire. He was the only man in that Parliament whom I ever saw put Mr. Lloyd George to complete discomfiture."

These and other details of Bevan's tempestuous life are told by Mr. Vincent Brome in an excellent biography which grips the reader's interest from the first page to the last like a story of romance. It is worked into the frame of the history of the time, so that the social and political setting that gives significance to Bevan's life and endeavour may be grasped correctly for a proper comprehension of the richness, variety and greatness of his achievements. Mr. Brome has a delightful style, pleasant in its cadence, yet terse and incisive. He combines it with an extraordinarily thorough knowledge of contemporary politics and parliamentary proceedings. Though his admiration for Bevan is profound, it never blinds him to the acerbities of his rather unbalanced disposition to the point of unfairness to the other outstanding figures on the British political scene. The imbalance in Bevan stemmed from his early bitter experiences. They swept him from a particular truth to general distortion of reality and coloured his judgments with rancour and extravagance. Thus at Manchester on the eve of an elec-

tion he is reported as saying: "In my early life I had to live on the earnings of an elder sister and was told to emigrate. That is why no amount of cajolery and no attempt at ethical or social seduction can eradicate from my heart a deep burning hatred for the Tory Party that inflicted those bitter experiences on me. So far as I am concerned they are lower than vermin. They condemned millions of first class people to semi-starvation."

Mr. Churchill became to Bevan a detested representative of everything evil in the social order that deserved to be supplanted, and in this frame of mind it is not surprising if Bevan's attacks on him were for the most part "charged with spleen and malevolence so as to lack any real objective quality." In one of these attacks, delivered when Churchill was at the zenith of his influence as war leader, Bevan described Churchill's war report as turgid, wordy, dull, prosaic. "The Prime Minister's continuance in office," he indicted, "is a major national disaster." He flashed out in biting sarcasm: "I wish he (Mr. Churchill) would recognise that he is the civilian head of a civilian government, and not go parading around in ridiculous uniforms. It would be very much more dignified if he went around in ordinary fustian."

Mr. Churchill retorted: "The Hon. Gentleman is a merchant of discourtesy."

Bevan: "Better than being a wholesaler of disaster."

Summing up the atmosphere of these conflicts Mr. Brome says: "Tremendous lightnings flashed out of the murk and there was continually an exciting sense of two giants from different ends of the social scale, well matched and equipped, coming to the final grips which a robust democracy encouraged, but the inspiring moments were sometimes overwhelmed by sheer rancour and spite and petty hate."

Nor were Bevan's relations with the leaders of his own Party enduringly happy. He alienated them by seeming to cast himself in the role of savior of the Party's soul. He came

into conflict with the most respected of Labour leaders, Mr. Attlee, and in the conflict, it was Mr. Attlee that came out with the greater dignity. But from all these vicissitudes, Bevan has emerged a formidable, undefeated figure, "the Great Figure of the Left." And at the stage at which he has arrived, at 57, he remains, in his biographer's words, "a magnificent example of the potential in men born to frustration and hardship and the bleak life of the mining valleys." And today "everyone asked about him, visiting Americans spoke anxiously of him, on the Continent he was the man of the hour, in Britain hardly a day passed without some reference to him in the newspapers, and the House of Commons was full to overflowing whenever he spoke."

Will he be Prime Minister? Mr. Brome leaves the question undecided. On the one hand, "the great slow-moving pachyderms of Transport House have," he says, "always sniffed suspiciously at the brilliant intellectual flowers adorning the banks of the Labour Party." On the other hand, he observes, "the wheel may yet turn full circle in the next six years, a Prime Minister emerging from the men of the mines."

K. S. R.

#### The Nature of Love

By H. E. Bates

Michael Joseph, London

10s 6d

**H.** E. BATES, the novelist is H. E. Bates, the short-story writer padded, derived from Chekhov, ineffectual at creation, patched and peeled as The Flying Officer, X who put some of his ugliest of patches in that horrid piece of fiction, *The Scarlet Sword* which had the fair land of Kashmir for background during India's calamitous partition. He is a master of the pseudo—the world of the spirit has never opened its doors for him—and having arrived as a short-story writer he has been making pastiches of his performances. The years have given him

competence as a stylist—he is good at descriptions—but his characters are cardboard cutouts, animated when he talks of or with them and going dull the moment the reader has finished with them, but some little abnormal trait of theirs irritating his mind rather than provoking him to thoughts about human nature. The three stories in *The Nature of Love* are examples of Bates's handling of the medium of the long short story to which the public has not taken very kindly. It is favoured in the Continent. With his particular limitations as a creative artist, it must be said in fairness to the author, that he sublimates himself best in this medium. The stories in the present volume 'Dulcima,' 'The Grass God,' 'The Delicate Nature,' have unrequited love for theme and all the three have a twist in the tail and in all the three Bates gives unstintingly of his quality for pictorial composition without the pith. He is first among the second-rate.

I. S. M.

#### The Problem of Man

By Ratakonda

Available at:

S. R. Gangavaram, B.A., LL.B.,

Madanapalli P.O., Andhra—India

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**T**HE *Problem of Man* by Ratakonda is not the first of its kind of books nor will it be the last. It may be true that "Man does not live by bread alone" but the rate at which books like this are being produced persuades one that there is an attempt at a wholesale substitution of the 'spirit,' 'cosmic evolution,' 'subjective perception of reality,' and what not for bread. Ratakonda's booklet reveals that he has an acquaintance with philosophy and he has apparently understood the recent trends in it. He ends up by saying that if we have to avoid the 'cataclysm' man has to start guiding the course of his evolution in a conscious manner.

S.

## BERLIN TO VIENNA

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

**S**OMEBODY once said that the territory of Austria is the "key for war and peace in Europe." Perhaps the exclusiveness of her claim to this vital role has been mitigated somewhat by the discovery of innumerable other little doors which could be relied upon to open at a mere touch and landslide all of us into an unimaginable cosmic catastrophe. But to the people of the world who think not in terms of keys for war and peace but in terms of peoples and civilisations, Austria means Vienna, the meeting ground of European cultures. It means the Austrian people—who are French, Germans, Italians, Czechs, Poles, Netherlands, Ukrainians, Serbs, the most colourful mixture of ethnic types of any country in Europe. It means a commercial paradise, for into the market places of Vienna used to come the harvest from the rich Hungarian plains, from the Sudetan region and from the Adriatic coast. Austria means Roman palaces and Gothic Churches. But all this of course was a long, long time ago. Adolf Hitler marched into Austria in 1938. In 1945 the Russians came in. Four months later the Allies entered. Now Austria belongs to nobody, least to the Austrians. The police of four nations guard Vienna. And every day "four men in a jeep," a Russian, a Frenchman, a Briton, and an American patrol the capital.

It is ten years since the Moscow conference when Austria was promised to be reestablished as a sovereign state with political status and economic security. At two hundred and sixty meetings the Deputies of the Foreign Ministers of Russia, America, Britain and France have been drafting a peace treaty which is now all but finalised. But from the beginning the Allies ran into objections from the Soviet representative. First were the Russian claims on Austria, the reparations in German assets. That delayed matters. Then Yugoslavia claimed a part of Carin-

thia and Styria. She suffered great loss of hydro-electric power, she said, because the Austrians had constructed power stations on the Upper Drava which flowed into Yugoslavia. More delay. They would set up a commission, the Allies said, to arrange for the two countries to share the waters. In 1950 the Russians declared that the peace treaty could not be concluded until Austria had fully and honourably settled Russia's claims for post-war aid. The Austrians had a name for it. They called it "our dried peas debt." A half a dozen years before truck-loads of dried peas had been looted by the Red Army which distributed what was left of the loot to the starving Austrians when they came in a year later. Under cover of claims and reparations and aid the U. S. I. A. which was in charge of all industrial concerns confiscated by the Soviet on the pretext that they were "German property," sent out of Austria and into the U. S. S. R. vital machinery and tools and equipment. Austrian workmen watched in impotent fury while their factories were stripped and Austrian businessmen raged ineffectually among themselves when their country's oil was sold all over the world. But that was not all. In late 1950 came into Austria contingents of Russian bombers. A completely new set of telegraph and telephone lines were laid covering the whole Russian zone and planned to extend into Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Russian kidnappings of Allied personnel increased apace. The Red Army mobilized in the eastern sector of Germany. The papers were full of the battles being fought out in Korea. The British Information Services closed down. Was it, the Austrians wondered fearsomely, war?

But it was not. It was the other face of war. It was peace.

In September 1953, Secretary of State in Washington, Mr. Dulles, announced: "The Soviet Union has

now said it prefers not to continue to deal with this matter through the Deputies of the Foreign Ministers."

The Austrians hate the occupation. It has gone on long enough. They resent the degeneration of Vienna from the position of capital of Central Europe into a city with four faces. They dislike the sixteen-hour vituperative vilification of the Government on Radio Vienna by the Russians who are themselves part of the Government. They grudge the millions of dollars they have to spend to meet the occupation costs of the British and French and Russian garrisons. They are grateful to the United States for meeting her expenses herself and for giving 900 million dollars in direct and indirect aid in the course of five years. It has steadied their economy, increased their trade. The Austrians are tired of hearing that "American imperialism" would never give them a treaty because it is planning to use Austria as a base for an attack on the Soviet Union. They are equally tired of being warned by the Socialists that the British and French occupation officials are too comfortable and well off in Austria to want to go home. They are tired of excuses. They are tired of delay. They are tired of the occupation.

Time was when there was a whole section of the population which looked on Germany as its Fatherland. World War I divided Austria into national states on a racial and linguistic basis. It also brought to life whole masses of people who wished for a union with Germany. Disillusionment came when the Jews were purged and almost overnight Austrian economy collapsed like a pricked balloon. Hitler seized Austria first and entrenching himself thus at the cross-roads of European history, picked off like fruits from a tree Czechoslovakia, Poland and the Balkans. The Austrians are now a sadder and wiser people. In his declaration before the Austrian Parliament in 1945, Chancellor Figl said: "We are no second German state;

we were never the annexe of another nationality; nor do we ever wish to become one; we are nothing else but Austrians."

**B**UT a nation can be purged of people overnight but it cannot be purged of its anger and of its sense of humiliation. Austrian frustration is taking an ugly form in a small way. It is believed the Nazis are beginning to rise again. The neo-Nazis and the 'little' Nazis with the fixation in their minds of a Pan-German nationalism. M. Molotov, adept as he is at spotting and striking at the most vulnerable point in a situation, has neatly tied up Austria and Germany together. He is evidently prepared to try every move, sacrifice every advantage, experiment with every manoeuvre to kill the European Army Plan. M. Molotov has patience. He has persistence. He wants the occupation troops to leave Germany. If they all went to their respective countries, the Soviet army would be the one nearest to Germany. But he wants the occupation forces to stay on in Vienna. The Bavarian frontier is nearer than the Russian frontier. Austria is strategically too important to let go. From it run routes to Munich, Berlin, Prague and Trieste. From the top of its highest mountain one can overlook the communications between Germany and Italy and see the junction of the Alps and the Carpathians through which the Danube flows up to Germany and down to Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Sri Winston Churchill, in his *Memoirs*, says of 1945:

*"The Russians had not been long in Vienna before we got a foretaste of what would happen in a zone of their occupation . . . The Soviet menace, to my eyes, had already replaced the Nazi foe. I could not rid my mind of the fear that the victorious armies of democracy would soon disperse and that the real and hardest test still lay before us."*

Testing time, apparently, is not yet over.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretary.

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IT is indeed surprising that while a commercial-minded producer like Sri S. S. Vasani should welcome the idea of the state sponsored colour laboratory, an eminent technician who has worked for the Films Division like Sri Krishna Gopal should raise the bogey of nationalization in condemning the move of the state-sponsored laboratory. The very fact that the idea has been supported by Producer Vasani who has always championed the cause of free enterprise exposes the fallacy behind Sri Krishna Gopal's arguments.

That apart, I think, it is high time that the Films Division had its own laboratory. It is the largest single unit producing documentary—shorts and newsreels in this country; and its output is so big that it can easily maintain a laboratory of its own. Any private concern with similar output would have built its own laboratory long ago; so I feel that this move is most welcome since it would reduce the cost of documentary shorts. Moreover, today, there is an increasing demand for documentary shorts in colour; in fact, it has been found that the colour shorts like "Folk Dances of India" are immensely popular and are advertised as added attractions by the exhibitors.

It is only to be expected that with its all round progress in the field of documentary films the Films Division should go in for the production of colour shorts on an extensive scale. All over the world documentaries are now being made mostly in colour; and there is no reason why the Indian documentary should lag behind.

But, obviously, the Films Division cannot undertake production of colour shorts on a big scale unless it has its own colour laboratory. And what is wrong if the film industry also derives benefit from this colour

laboratory. If as Krishna Gopal says the State-aided colour laboratory will not meet the demands of producers in time and levy an exorbitant fee surely the Government is not going to compel the producers to get their films processed in the Government laboratory. There is nothing to stop the producers from getting their work done by private laboratories. Indeed, the state-aided laboratory will succeed in luring the producer only if it can work on competitive basis. The laboratory is a necessity any way. As Sri S. S. Vasani has rightly pointed out this laboratory can be of help to the industry a fact, vested interests who are afraid that they will not be able to compete with the state-aided laboratory, refuse to recognise. Hence all this hue and cry against the proposed colour laboratory seems to be unwarranted.

Incidentally apart from the Films Division's new project for colour laboratory there are two or three colour laboratories now being erected in India. In addition it is hoped, that Technicolour will also start a laboratory in India. In such an eventuality, most of the producers would prefer the technicolour process. It is however idle to make any conjectures until all these schemes materialize.

### Picture of The Week

FOURTEEN months after it went into production Raj Kapoor's *Boot Polish* has come on the screen. The original idea was to make the picture an experimental level without any stars and songs in three-months mostly on location; but what was contemplated as a small budget picture ultimately turned out to be a major product costing over a million rupees, with as many as six song-numbers to ensure its box-office appeal.

The product that has emerged from R. K. Studio provides an adroit blending of box-office and realism. The box office is provided not only by songs, which are scintillating as usual but by comic relief and optimistic and hopeful ending which offsets the stark tragedy inherent in the story.

The story which is rather thin and baldish begins on a very poignant note with a social worker leaving two parentless children at the door of their callous aunt who beats them at the slightest provocation and forces them to beg for a living. The beginning itself is shown in light hearted manner. And thus every poignant situation has been followed by a light situation and vice versa. Thus after the tongue-in-cheek parody of classical music by John Chacha in jail we have the stark tragedy by monsoon which ruins hutments of the poor and the "bootpolish" business of our boy hero Bhola and his sister Belu.

The picture, through the characterization of John Chacha who in spite of doing evil things has a heart of gold, makes a strong plea against begging and tries to uphold the dignity of work. But the story itself is not a treatise on this problem, it is rather an emotional story of a young boy and a girl who preferred work to begging. The sequence in which the hungry Belu begs and her brother slaps her is very touching; equally touching is the last scene in which Bhola after being separated from his sister and failing to find work resumes begging and begs from his own sister. The adoption of Belu and Bhola by a rich couple is hardly the solution for the problem posed by the author; it is rather the only way for a happy ending of an otherwise grim story fraught with tragic consequences. Personally I would have preferred Bhola and Belu walking on the road by themselves with a new determination in the end, but such an end would not have been good box office. As indicated at the outset there is a deliberate effort in the picture not to make the tragedy inherent in the theme too real and unbearable for the audience. Consequently, the theme has been watered down, certain artificialities have crept in and the entire picture has become more sentimental and entertaining and less stark and realistic.

That apart, technically the picture maintains the high standard set by R. K. Films for itself. The photography is good, the outdoors are

brilliant; the sound flawless and editing smooth. The direction is straightforward, though at places Raj Kapoor's style is very much evident. Credit goes to director and producer for getting wonderful performances from the child stars Baby Naaz and Rattan Kumar. Out of the two, Baby Naaz has given an outstanding performance worthy of an award; she lives her role. Rattan Kumar is comparatively self-conscious. David as John Chacha, in spite of the artificiality of character, gives a very lovable performance and wins the sympathy of the audience. Chand Burq also gives a brilliant performance as the callous aunt, Veera. Bhupendra Kapoor, Prabhu Arora distinguish themselves in the supporting cast.

The music by Shanker Jaikishan is again the picture's chief asset. At least three songs are outstanding while the background score embellishes the dramatic mood of the picture.

In fine "Boot Polish" is a picture which both as a piece of art and entertainment does credit to its young and ambitious producer Raj Kapoor.

### Personality of the Week

DAVID LEAN, the renowned British director who is in India in connection with Sir Alexander Korda's ambitious project "Taj Mahal" is a very interesting personality. Instead of indulging in vague platitudes and diplomatic statements he is always frank and says what he feels. On the subject of "Taj Mahal," for instance he was frank enough to admit that he was utterly ignorant and as such could not comment. He had apparently undertaken the assignment because his 'boss' wanted him to take up this subject.

But having undertaken an assignment, he has taken the next right step of coming to India and finding out for himself the background of the subject and learning something of the Indian way of life. Unlike his Indian and Hollywood counterparts, he does not believe that one can make a picture on Taj Mahal (or

for that matter any such monument) without seeing the monument itself. It is but natural that a director of the stature of David Lean should insist on making an intensive study of the theme before actually starting a picture on the "Taj Mahal."

David Lean's views on 3-D and "cinemascope" are equally forthright. He is absolutely right when he says "The Future of films lies in interesting ideas and not in new technique." The technical adornments like 3-D stereophonic sound cinemascope or technicolour cannot sell a poor story. Similarly his advice to Indian producers not to copy Hollywood or British patterns but to evolve their own style is most commendable.

David Lean has evolved his own style which can be described as typically British. He has made a name for himself by transcribing two works of Charles Dickens on the screen viz "The Great Expectations" and "Oliver Twist". Out of the two "The Great Expectations" was undoubtedly a film classic. But even more subtle and artistic was his war-time film "Brief Encounter" in which he depicted the love story of a married man and a married woman with rare dignity, restraint and understanding. These three pictures have earned for him a unique position in the film world. During his stay in Bombay David Lean had an opportunity to

meet some of the self-styled geniuses and egoists who lost no opportunity in singing their own praise. David Lean has met our stars. He has already condemned their habit of working in too many films at a time. He has come to like some of our stars and I will not be surprised if he offers some of them stellar roles in "Taj Mahal", the production of which depends on getting a good script. So far Korda's unit has failed to evolve a good script and in fact, I am told, several scripts have been rejected. The picture will take final shape only when a script which will meet with the approval of director and producer, is evolved.

#### News of the Week

**R**AJA Nawathe and Kamal, ex-partner of Amiya Chakraborty have jointly floated N. K. Productions. Their first picture will be *Gajan* based on a story by S. K. Ojha. Shankar and Jai Kishen will provide the music. Dev Anand and Nimmi are mentioned for the stellar roles.

Beena Rai has replaced Madhubala in *Meenar* starring Bharat Bhushan.

Madhubala and Nimmi have resumed work after their recent illness. Madhubala has gone to Madras to work in Gemini's *Bahut Din Huye*.

Bimal Roy has completed one and half reel of *Naakari* and gone to Calcutta for outdoor shooting of the picture. He is expected to stay in Calcutta for about a month.

## WHEN TWO PRIME MINISTERS MEET

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

*When the Prime Ministers of Canada and India meet shortly in New Delhi, it will be on the basis of a close friendship between the two. Their meeting, it is hoped, will assure Indians that there is plenty of Western sympathy for India. TORONTO STAR, staff writer, William Stevenson, has just made an on-the-spot survey of India and had personal interviews with Pandit Nehru and other top officials.*

**T**HE exciting factor in Asia's war of ideologies is the friendship about to be renewed in New Delhi between Canada's Prime Minister and Pandit Nehru of India.

As Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent drives from the airport to Nehru's rambling residence, where the British C-in-C for India once lived, the strange scenes he sees will illustrate the complexity of his task.

Infants with diseased eyes crawl between scraggy cows; cross-legged tailors bend over sewing machines; and a walk through a single side street may reveal all the colour, faces and dress of a dozen different parts of India.

Yet within a stone's throw, as the two Prime Ministers drive to their first private meeting, there are school playing-fields where the sons of civil servants drill at crack of dawn; where young ladies gallop across the green fields on Arab ponies.

It is a strange world the Canadian Prime Minister enters, where the years of British rule have been preserved in the imposing red stone secretariat and the huge, circular Parliament building. Every turn in the twisting road reveals new sights; minarets and towers; tombs and temples, and all the debris of 3,000 years of civilization and conquest.

And it will be part of the contradiction of this country that, while Mr. St. Laurent rides in the air-conditioned limousine used by Nehru, he will pass signs warning: "Bullock Carts Prohibited."

Just as bewildering to western minds are the policies of Nehru's India. While scientists know how to tackle the physical problems, there

are few world statesmen who have the humanity to understand the Indian attitude toward the cold war.

One of the few is Mr. St. Laurent. "When they first met in Canada," a Canadian diplomat who was there told me, "it was evident at once that these two men would become firm friends. Nehru is a cold, reserved person, but, once in a while, he meets someone in whom he recognizes a fundamental sincerity. Those two men were able to discard the pretence that usually surrounds diplomatic functions, because they trusted each other."

While neither of their countries is rated as a leading world power, each has assumed a vital role in the cold war. India, with her 360,000,000 has had to consider the challenge of China's Communism, which seeks to improve the physical condition of 400,000,000 other Asiatics. But India has also had to take into account the global conflict of ideas which could lead to a war that would certainly bring disaster to the Indian sub-continent. So Nehru has, as both Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, to formulate two difficult policies. One is concerned with proving to the rest of Asia that democracy brings greater benefits in the long run. The other is designed to create an atmosphere free of war talk, in which Communists and the West can reach a working agreement.

#### Unwanted Pressure by U. S.

**T**HESE policies are earning Nehru the dislike of that section of the U. S. press which usually reflects the thinking of President Eisenhower's chieftains. Most observers in India predict the months ahead will reveal

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the extent to which Washington has become suspicious of Nehru, and frightened of his refusal to regard all other problems as subservient to Communism.

"A 'get tough' policy by the U. S. toward Nehru could be disastrous," a Western diplomat told me. "Britain and Canada both feel strongly about this, but Canada is the only country which can speak frankly to both sides. We hope St. Laurent will try to reassure Nehru that the U. S. is not bent on buying out India. And we hope he will also convince the U. S. that Nehru is not thinking of selling out to the Communists."

Relations between the two countries have been growing steadily worse. In India, anti-Americanism is now an inescapable fact, and in 7,000 miles of travel by every conceivable means of conveyance, I found no one who would defend U. S. foreign policy in Asia.

This situation reached an all-time low before 1954 was many days old. Rumours of a deal between the U. S. and Pakistan, in which Pakistan would receive military aid, had agitated Indians and played into the hands of those who want a holy war between the two Asian countries.

Nehru had already confided to me his feelings in the matter. Then, in a public speech in Bangalore, he expressed them openly: "A military aid pact between Pakistan and the United States," he said, "would be a step not only toward war—even world war—but a step which would bring war right to our (India's) door." He also characterized any such pact as "anti-Indian, anti-Asian and anti-peace."

There is no doubt in the minds of unprejudiced Western observers that Nehru, the great democrat of Asia, is being forced into a position by the U. S. where he may have to abandon his policy of "non-alignment" in favour of one which benefits the Communists.

But this is far from confirming U. S. suspicions that Nehru is either a Communist or fellow-traveller. His fears, however, reflect Indian feelings in general and we would be foolish to suppose Nehru spoke only

for himself when he said: "In our quiet way, we have worked for this area as the no-war area. Now if military aid comes to Pakistan from the U. S., the cold war, as it is called, comes to India's borders. The past history of Asia comes up before me—the history of colonial domination gradually creeping in. Foreign armies came in small numbers; they grew; they utilized our own people."

Meanwhile, Canada's double role in the cold war proves again that the "little" nations can make up in statesmanship what they lack in physical power. While industrially, Canada has become an essential part of Western defence, Canadian leaders have also become the spreaders of goodwill among the non-Communist nations. In the past two years Canadians have consistently sought to encourage India's efforts to dampen the heat of political conflicts and to explain that country's policies to the U. S.

#### Thrust Into Firing Line

**T**HIS is easily understood if one considers the similarity in background of the countries and their leaders. Indians have been free from British rule only five years. And Canada and India are members of a Commonwealth of nations whose character was shaped by the Canadian statesman, Mackenzie King. Mr. King, in fact, was credited with influencing Nehru in the decision to preserve India's family ties with Britain.

Both leaders were once lawyers; they have a highly civilized sense of religious tolerance, developed in lands where many religions could cause conflict. While Nehru comes from an aristocratic family in the distant state of Kashmir, St. Laurent springs from proud old French-Canadian stock in Quebec. They share the same belief in the parliamentary traditions handed down from Britain and they hold the same ideas about the essential dignity of public office. They are also both democrats, with a profound sympathy for the underdog.

Where they differ, of course, is in the countries they help govern. India, though the second largest

country in population, is getting poorer every day under the pressure of natural laws. Canada, on the other hand, would be a leading power if she had more people. Canada has the industrial strength which India needs. India has the people which Canada lacks.

But while Canada can solve her problems in relative isolation, India today finds herself unwillingly thrust into the firing line of the cold war. It is important to get an objective view of Nehru, who shapes and guides India's destiny, because there are powerful forces in the Western world which would have him painted all red because he refuses to dive into the main conflict.

Nehru has not changed from the day he wrote, while in a British jail: "All my predilections (apart from the political plane) are in favour of England and the English people, and if I have become what is called an uncompromising opponent of British rule in India, it is almost in spite of myself."

"In spite of himself"—here is the clue to the character of a man who went to Harrow and Cambridge, British institutions which teach the love of learning; the man who stood with Mahatma Gandhi for the "non-violent" overthrow of British rule.

Nehru today is still that man of dual personality. When I last saw him, he had brushed aside 25 appointments—on a Saturday afternoon to chat about what? Pieces of our conversation echo in my mind from time to time, because it covered such a wide field that a day seldom passes but a news item recalls something he said. Yet he was terribly tired that day; for a man of 63, he works himself perhaps too hard. His 18 or 19 hours of work are too much for his secretaries, who go on duty in shifts to cope. Much of his physical stamina, he claims, is the result of the yoga exercises which he starts at dawn and continues at odd intervals during the day.

In Nehru there is a self that assents as well as a self that objects. He could follow Gandhi while disagreeing with many of his methods. His life and writings are full of evi-

dence of this dual self. Passionately Indian, so that he will forget all other business to tell a visitor something of India's great past, yet confessedly Western in thought; warm in his personal relations and impatient with asceticism, yet self-disciplined; poised and scholarly one moment, and then when caught up in the mood of a crowd, swept by gusts of emotion.

He has been known, addressing a public meeting, to leap down from the platform, run across to a noisy section of the audience and shout at them in rage: "Don't you know how to keep quiet while I'm talking?"

He is a favourite of Queen Elizabeth II, who has seen him blend into the pastel shades of court life.

#### Nine Years in Jail

**B**EFORE he took office in 1947, at the age of 57, his critics regarded Nehru as a man who took refuge at times of crisis, of responsibility and decision. There has been dispute over how long he was in jail for his political actions, but Nehru says himself that it could not have been more than nine years. In that time, as if he felt sheltered from the world's storms, he wrote two great books, in English and in a style which made them both worthy of the word 'literature.' It is said, in fact, that when he returned to India from his years of learning in Britain, he had to study his native tongue all over again.

Nehru achieved power by an irregular road no less than Hitler and Mussolini. Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. But once there, he seemed to grow into his new position vacated by Gandhi at the moment of triumph. And there, he appeared as a man with no hard lines around his mouth: with no bitterness in his heart.

Where dictators gripped the crowd by the tricks of the rabble-rouser, Nehru's uncanny power over the masses is based on charm and affection. During the Punjab riots which followed partition of the Indian sub-continent into two nations, Nehru was officially credited by the army as the greatest single factor in quelling riots and stopping bloodshed. Many

Western observers can testify to his personal bravery at the time, leaping from his car and rushing into the midst of milling multitudes, and subduing murderers by his utter rage.

He is not all gentleness. He can be impatient with idle ceremony and pomposity. Yet he will give up a great deal of his time to attending minor functions not because of personal pride, of which he has little but in order to identify himself with the people.

His personal influence is almost beyond belief. In all my travels, from remote Himalayan lands to the Cochin jungle, among the most varied people in the world, I was astounded to discover the extent of the loyalty men feel toward him.

"We would be proud to have him as our leader," a prominent Communist in Travancore-Cochin told me. And leaders of many different parties made similar comments.

He has been asked many times to cut red tape, vault parliamentary procedure and apply a little dictatorship in solving India's economic troubles. I asked him why he did not yield to this pressure.

"Do you want me to abandon democracy?" he asked heatedly. "These arguments—that we could build more quickly, beat famine and drought more effectively by controlling armies of workers—they are based on the assumption that means justify the end. They never do."

And a close friend of Nehru added, for my benefit: "He feels democracy to be a new, tender plant in the Indian soil; one that would die if interfered with in any way."

My favourite picture of Nehru is his meeting with the tribal Nagas in Assam. They had fought a pitched battle with the Burmese border troops; they were a bloodthirsty lot, with 2,500 years of jungle law behind them.

Nehru popped over by scheduled airliner (unlike the deposed princes of India, he has no personal aircraft), jeeped up into tribal territory, and delivered a lecture. "I'm not a king or a rajah," he told them. "I

am a Prime Minister chosen by the people and any one of you may follow me."

Then the defeated Tsalaw Naga chief laid down his fighting spear, while tribal elders pledged to keep the peace by touching a lion's tooth, gnawing an ancestral bone and drinking liquid poured through the barrel of a rifle.

There stood Nehru, Prime Minister of India, in his aristocratic jacket, tight-legged trousers and cloth hat, the inevitable red rose wilting in his buttonhole. And around him were those wild and woolly characters of the jungle, clad in lion-cloths and feather headdresses, their chiefs cloaked in ceremonial, hand-loomed blankets. Only weeks before, perhaps, even days, they had been shrinking the heads of their enemies.

Whether dealing with outlaw tribes or Communists, Nehru has pursued the same policy. First he tries to determine the cause of their illegal actions and his advice to local officials is: "Eliminate the cause before you engage in merely negative acts of repression."

If Communists or others persist in breaking the law, retribution is swift. There are still an average of two lathi charges a week by police controlling crowds of demonstrators in India.

Nehru can be hard on those who thwart his peacemaking efforts. Some 16,000 Indian Communists under "preventive detention" have discovered this. But if Nehru should decide that the U. S. too, is thwarting his designs, the consequences might be much more serious.

That is why Western leaders with faith in Nehru's democratic methods look for good results from the meeting between India's leader and Prime Minister St. Laurent. For the Canadian statesman is one of the few men who can convince Nehru that the criticisms, the pressures and the clumsy actions of U. S. foreign policy-makers are not by any means a reflection of the liberal philosophy shared by millions both on the American continent and throughout the Western nations.—Copyright—NNF.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them for reasons of space.

### "Military Aid Realities"

Sir,—I regret that circumstances have delayed my participation in the discussion on your article on Military Aid Realities.

Though Nehru's foreign policy is inspired, albeit not solely motivated, by Gandhian ideals of non-violence, do you think practical considerations would lead to a policy of other than dynamic neutrality, which the military man would call an armed neutrality?

Let us begin with the basic fact that the world except a few countries is divided into two armed camps, of which America and Russia are the opposed captains. Economic aid can be taken conceivably from both camps, though we do not know whether even this will be permitted by America; military aid can be taken only from one camp, and, when taken, ties you to the chariot of the leader of that camp. The desperate argument of Muhommad Ali that military aid stands on the same basis as economic aid is thus arrant nonsense.

The other basic fact which we have to reckon with is that America is determined to eliminate Communist China from the world's map. When Nehru visited America at Truman's invitation, Truman offered to make India the arsenal of the 'free world' in Asia if he would only co-operate in the hostile policy against China. Nehru rightly refused. One may regret that China chose the Communist short-cuts to national strength; but she has driven the American armies pell-mell twice beyond Seoul, and none can deny that to-day with reference to military power she has become one of the world's most powerful nations.

India cannot and ought not to pit herself against China. She cannot, because she will take considerable time to attain the same military strength as China. She ought not, because almost simultaneously the Indians and Chinese have emancipated themselves from colonial power, and sooner or later both may have to combine their forces against the exclusion of the non-white races from the

sparsely peopled culturable lands of the earth. All diplomatic camouflage notwithstanding, America will not grant arms aid, unless we give airbases for her atom-bombers; and it would be criminal to give bases in Indian territory, from which atom bombs can be dropped on China.

The third basic fact is that in the future world war for which both the blocs are preparing with peace on their lips, the two blocs are almost equally matched. India will tilt the balance, and neither side will provoke India into joining the other side. Pakistan is in an even more favourable position than India, as the Communists can invade India through Assam by the old Ledo Road, which can be easily re-opened; but they can invade Pakistan only through Afghanistan, and the almost impossible terrain of the Hindukush or the Karakorum ranges. Why then has Pakistan accepted American arms aid, thus tying herself to the Eisenhower chariot? The answer has been given by the Pakistan Premier himself. She wants to increase her bargaining strength with India; which means she wants to make an effective threat of forcing a military decision in Kashmir. The Americans say she will be forbidden to use the American arms against India; in practice America will have as little power to prevent such misuse of her arms, as she had to prevent Syngman Rhee's liberation of thirty thousand war prisoners, in the vicinity of American troops. The Indian Press is quite right in warning us that we have to take the necessary measures against these evil designs of Pakistan. But our tying ourselves to the Eisenhower chariot by accepting arms aid from him is neither worthy of our past traditions, nor conducive to the furtherance of our future aspirations. With unity and determination, and under the guidance of that Great Power, which in the words of our National Song, has protected us amidst gloom and faintness, we shall overcome all perils, and march unobstructed to our destined goal.

M. MADHAVA RAU

Mangalore.

### Contempt Charge against Bihar Official

Sir,—Their Lordships of the Patna High Court, Messrs. R. K. Chowdhury and C. P. Sinha, JJ., convicted recently Mr. Brajnandan Sinha, Deputy Secretary, Political and Appointment Department, Government of Bihar, on a charge of contempt of court and sentenced him to pay a certain fine or in default, to undergo simple imprisonment for a short period. The proceedings were started before the High Court on an application

by Mr. Jyoti Narayan, a Deputy Magistrate and Collector. On the basis of reports of serious misconduct against Mr. Jyoti Narayan in the discharge of his official duties while he was Sub-Divisional Officer, the Bihar Government had appointed Mr. A. K. Saran, Additional District and Sessions Judge, Gaya, as Commissioner under the Public Servants Inquiries Act for holding an enquiry into the allegations of misconduct. Mr. Narayan alleged before the High Court that during the pendency of the enquiry into his conduct, Mr. Brajnandan Sinha, Deputy Secretary, Political and Appointment Department, wrote a confidential letter to the Commissioner, stating that "the Government are anxious not to allow Mr. Jyoti Narayan to adopt dilatory tactics and delay the progress of the enquiry against him. I am to request you to be vigilant against such tactics adopted by Mr. Narayan." It was also alleged that the Commissioner, in answer to that letter, said that he would not allow Mr. Narayan to adopt any dilatory tactics to delay the progress of the enquiry against him. Their Lordships held that the letter in question, addressed to the Commissioner, did tend to influence the mind of the Commissioner and to interfere with the due administration of justice and convicted and sentenced Mr. Brajnandan as mentioned above.

The case deserves better notice and appraisal at the hands of those who are interested in sound public administration. It is clear from the letter forming the subject of the charge of contempt that it was the Government as distinguished from the signatory of the letter, who were anxious that Mr. Jyoti Narayan should not be allowed any opportunity by the Commissioner for adopting dilatory tactics and that the Commissioner should be vigilant enough against such tactics. Having appointed a competent Commissioner for holding the enquiry, it is not known why the Bihar Government evinced extra-judicial interest in the matter unless it be that they wanted the Commissioner to adopt their own conclusions, based on surmises, regarding the delinquent. It is clear from the offending letter that if at all anybody was interested in influencing the mind of the Commissioner, it was the Government of Bihar and in particular the Minister in charge of the political and Appointment Department, and not Mr. Brajnandan, the unfortunate Deputy Secretary who appears to have been conveniently made a scapegoat of to face the judicial wrath of the High Court.

It is regrettable that the Deputy Secretary had not been well-informed enough to refuse to oblige the Minister with

such a letter. It is also likely that the poor Deputy Secretary might have been overawed into doing such a thing. It is equally regrettable that the Commissioner who possessed the rank of a District and Sessions Judge chose to accede to the request contained in the letter in question and even to reply to that effect in writing, and thus completed the course of contempt. It would have been commendable if the Commissioner, instead of unwittingly succumbing, had himself started the proceedings for contempt without leaving the same to be initiated later by the delinquent before him. It is a pity that nowadays instances have become frequent of Ministers using public servants as handy tools for interfering with the process of fair trial and judgment. The other day, an official of the West Bengal Government escaped imprisonment by being discreet enough at a late stage to tender apology before the High Court for an act which had been done by him at the instance of the Ministry and which act had been held to amount to contempt of court. Even in our own State of Madras, some time ago, a high-ranking official of the Government chose to write to the Chief Presidency Magistrate in regard to a case pending before him, and the latter had to write back a humble apologetic refusal, apparently not having the grit to bring the offending party to book.

The above instances show that a good number of Ministers of Government do not know or refuse to know the correct procedure and are often prone to undermine, wantonly and deliberately, established practices in their zeal to get things done as desired by themselves, and thus interfere with the due administration of law by using Government servants as convenient tools, and that if any trouble resulted from their action, the concerned public servant was brought to the forum to bear the consequences and the really offending Minister remains in the background safely sheltered. It is to be hoped that the relationship between the members of the public service and the Ministers would be defined unequivocally by a competent Commission.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,  
Chief Convener,

Madras State Government Servants'  
Association, Madurai.

#### Disposal of Suits in Mofussil Courts

Sir,—All judges and officers of Government who are called upon to review the work of courts subordinate to them will do well to bear in mind the observations of Sri S. Varadachariar made in his speech at Tiruchirappalle that the disposal of suits in civil courts is becoming

more and more mechanical and that insistence upon the disposal of a certain number of suits is considerably hampering the courts in the discharge of their duty, namely, finding out the truth in a case. That the observations are founded on facts is borne out by the daily experience of lawyers who appear in mofussil courts. Everywhere the complaint is that the reviewing authorities are expressing dissatisfaction with the disposal shown, however high it might be, and are even indulging in very harsh remarks. The immediate consequence is that there is a good deal of hustling in the trial of the suits and the suits are taken up whether the parties and their pleaders are ready or not. This pressure by the court is felt to be in direct proportion to the severity of remarks in the review. It is augmented sometimes by the existence of a number of courts of the same grade in the same place, which gives rise to rivalry among officers and competition in the race for disposal. The consequence is that the client who, after all, is the most interested in the proper disposal of the suit, who pays the requisite court fee and incurs expenditure, has the roughest deal in the matter.

It is overlooked that very often a client, who brings all the witnesses and is ready, is sent home without his case being taken up either because the judge takes casual leave for the day or a sessions case is posted for the day long after the suit is posted and in both cases neither the client nor his pleader has previous notice. It is rather difficult to understand why, if a client is not ready and wants time to get ready in the suit, he should be refused a chance, subject, of course, to reasonable limits. But to insist upon the courts showing a high rate of disposal and thereby indirectly causing a good deal of hustling in the trial of cases is not quite satisfactory. It is true that justice delayed is justice denied; but it is equally true that hurried disposal is not doing justice or even an approach to it and more harm is being done than would occur if the disposal is slower and if more thought and attention is paid to the case, either on facts or law.

It must also be remembered that the merit of a judicial officer does not lie in quickness of disposal. It lies in the quality of his disposal, in his conscientious approach and consideration of facts and law, and in his arriving at conclusions irrespective of personal equations, and for this he must have sufficient time. It would therefore appear proper not to insist upon speedy disposal as essential or as the sole test of efficiency on an officer. At the same time, insistence upon the

disposal of a certain number of suits per month seems indispensable to avoid slackness and inaction on the part of the judges; while the disposal of a minimum number of suits is insisted upon, a tendency to show a very large number of disposals as evidence of special merit should not be countenanced, as it cannot be achieved without sacrificing completeness in the trial of suits in all the stages.

It is generally noted that promotions in the judicial service do not depend upon speedy disposals. Such being the case, remarks about speed of disposal seem to be without any real advantage. These remarks do not seem to note the difficulties of litigants in the matter of procuring the attendance of witnesses, etc. Courts are very often heard to say that it is the duty of the litigant to get witnesses and the courts need not wait for them. This attitude is unhelpful and increases the difficulties of the client. All things considered, it seems proper to insist upon the disposal of a minimum number of suits generally and not to encourage high speed of disposal as for instance, 22 suits in a month in a sub court.

The fact of the matter is that litigation has increased because of the increase in the value of property, the price of paddy and profits gained in the black-market, because of an increased desire on the part of the people to stand on and assert their rights and also because of the various legislative enactments that have been passed by State legislatures giving rise to much litigation either on the civil or the criminal side. The number of courts functioning is not sufficient to cope with the work. It should be the duty of the High Court and the Government to take into consideration the total pendency of suits in all the various districts in the State and to devise a scheme for the administration of civil and criminal courts fixing the number of courts required in addition to those that are now functioning and locating them in proper places and then insist upon a reasonable rate of disposal in each court. The reasonable rate of disposal in ordinary circumstances or on an average does not, in my opinion, exceed two suits per week in a sub court and ten original suits in a munsif's court. Nellore.

T. V. SIVARAMAYYA

#### University Degree Courses

Sir.—The decision of the Syndicate of the Annamalai University to extend the degree and the honours courses by one year more goes counter to the recommendations of the Secondary Education Commission. This Commission has recommended that the period of education subsequent to the primary stage

should be seven years, three years for the middle school stage or the senior basic stage, and four years for the higher secondary school stage, and that the first degree course should be of three years' duration for those successfully completing the higher secondary course. The present intermediate stage will be replaced by one year of the higher secondary stage and one year of the first degree course. The Commission has also pointed out that this change has been strongly advocated by various university Commissions in the past. Addressing the last meeting of the Central Advisory Board of Education, Moulana Azad, Union Minister of Education reiterated the importance of this recommendation of Sir Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar's Commission. Hence the decision of the Annamalai University Syndicate comes as a rude shock to parents and educationists in the State. I trust that the Senate and the Academic Council of the University will not endorse the above decision.

It was expected that the universities in South India will not easily reconcile themselves to the abolition of the intermediate course and to the merging of one year's intermediate study in the higher secondary school course because the financial mainstay of the colleges is the intermediate classes. This fact must have been taken into consideration by the Commission. The Commission has also suggested that a pre-university course of one year be instituted for quickening intellectual interests and imparting training in the study of English. But this one year of the pre-university course can be better spent in the high school where the strength of a class does not exceed 40 pupils than in colleges where the strength of a class runs to more than a hundred students. The Radhakrishnan Committee's report has emphasised that before the age of maturity is reached for admission to the university, a boy or girl must stay under the formal discipline of a school and should be taught by the methods of the school and not by the methods of the university. The Annamalai University authorities should take into consideration this fact that the pre-university classes, if run by the university, will not be to the better benefit of the students. The University Commission's report has stated that there should be one public examination, and one only, which will mark the culmination of the secondary education stage and the beginning of the university education which should extend over a period of three years for the first degree course. It is clear, therefore, that the intermediate examination should go.

Again, the age of entry to the portals of the university should be settled by taking into consideration the points of view of the public or the parents. In most cases the circumstances of pupils and parents are fluid. Most parents in South India will not be able to bear the additional cost involved in the additional year of university education. This factor must be taken more seriously by the authorities of a residential university. The university will be committing—to use a phrase of the University Commission's report—"an act of cruelty" to the parents and the students.

The University Grants Committee should advise the Annamalai University to rescind their decision in the larger interests of true education, and so as to be in conformity with the recommendations of the University and Secondary Education Commissions.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

#### GANDHI

His face of course betrayed his age. It formed a small part of a high-domed head from which the big ears stuck out almost at right angles. The upper lip, covered with a black-and-white stubble mustache, was so narrow it nearly met the fat down pointed nose. The expansion of his face came from the soft, quiet, gentle eyes, the sensitive lower lip which portrayed self-control, strength, and suffering, and the ever-present smile revealing naked gums. (He wore his dentures only for eating and after a meal took them out and washed them in public.) The facial features, with the exception of the eyes, were ugly, and in repose his face would have been ugly, but it was scarcely ever in repose. Whether he was speaking or listening or thinking it was a twinkling mirror with many facets which reflected what went on behind it. He did not attempt to formulate his ideas in finished form: he thought aloud so one could hear the brain tick. You heard not just words, you heard his thoughts being born. You did not receive a polished propaganda product as with most politicians; you watched a mental process which was creative for him and you.

Louis Fischer

# SWATANTRA

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#### ON THE COVER: Indian troops returning from Korea

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# SWATANTRA

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## PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK

WE cannot congratulate the Andhra Prohibition Enquiry Committee on their report. They have found fantastic reasons for recommending a repeal of the Prohibition Law. Not the least fantastic was their reliance on a quotation from Mahatma Gandhi to justify their view. If the Mahatma said that "there is a larger and constructive side of Prohibition," he meant that the apparently negative objective of abstinence from drink was not a final fulfilment, it was the beginning for a series of positive benefits that were bound to flow from it. What he said was an argument *for* Prohibition and not *against* it, and the Committee have not advanced their credit by distorting the plain meaning of his clear and simple words to suit conclusions of their own that were totally opposed to the whole tenor of the Mahatma's teaching. Experience has shown that the benefits of Prohibition, as envisaged by Gandhiji and other important leaders of the movement like the Chief Minister of Madras, have not proved chimerical. It has been hailed by the womenfolk, particularly in the villages, as a blessing. What used to go down the drain formerly in the liquor shop, they now spend on food and clothing. They are able to take care of their children better. They have been delivered from the squabbles of drunkenness, and the blows of fuddled, barely conscious, intoxicated breadwinners, and they are in consequence cleaner, neater, more cheerful. They have cash available for

entertainments and even ornaments. Thanks to Prohibition, they have been able to weather the stress of higher prices in recent years of drought.

BUT, say the Ramamurthi Committee, "human nature in Andhra is no better or no worse than in the West." If Prohibition has failed in several countries of the West where it had been tried for some time and then been given up, how can it succeed and show different results in Andhra? So, argue the Committee, let it be given up, let the coercive line of endeavour towards Prohibition be replaced by a constructive line of endeavour. Accordingly they have made proposals for a new excise policy with resumption of liquor sales, which they fondly expect would lead to minimum consumption. What the Committee have called the coercive line of endeavour is an offshoot of their excursion into the path of comparison with the West, and it seems to us to sum up the whole fallacy of their particular line of approach. Sir S. V. Ramamurthi has been for years a distinguished administrator; and another member of the Committee, Sri P. Satyanarayana Rao, is a very eminent judge of the Madras High Court. These, at any rate, ought to know that legislation as such is a form of State sanction for the employment and regulation of coercion in the interest of the community, and without a discriminating use of coercion by the State there could be neither good government nor even social security. On

the ground that a little violence is inseparable from human nature, we do not give licence to human nature to manifest itself with its capacity for violence, without check or hindrance from the State. It is the philosophy underlying a great part of State legislation that it is not only legitimate but necessary to employ coercion for social good, and the case for such employment is in no way weakened when the coercion has to be applied for restricting the freedom of expression of human nature.

**PROHIBITION** really means that drink is placed outside the bounds of permissible indulgence by State enactment. It is begging the question to object to it on the ground that it is coercive. In Western countries, Prohibitionists had a comparatively hard task to do, because indulgence in alcoholic beverages had in those countries become sanctified as a social right associated with habitual convivial enjoyment. Prohibition there had to reckon with the hostility of deep-rooted sentiment having behind it ages of conventional support. In India respectability is not one of the privileges of the drinking habit, and the transition from social disapproval and shame-faced indulgence to downright ban is therefore with us smoother and less tempestuous. The Prohibition law placed drinking on a par with the punishable offences of the statute book, and sought to put an end to it with obloquy as a weapon. It has yielded a plentiful harvest of good in the area where it has been in force. It deserves to be ranked as the outstanding achievement of the Congress regime.

**THE** recommendations of the Ramamurthi Committee, if acted upon, will confer on the now discredited drink habit, a new respectability which it now lacks. It will put the clock back and throw the people once again into miseries of drunken improvident living from

which they had been shown the way to deliverance. Illicit distillation and other evils do not indicate the failure of Prohibition. They reveal half-hearted execution of duties on the part of public servants bred to a different system. Time, and a more energetic direction from the top-dispensers of policies, would have gradually removed from Prohibition its present glaring defects, and crowned it before long with complete success. We have let in quite a lot of opinion adverse to the continuance of Prohibition, but it was in a spirit of respect for holders of views opposed to our own. No sound opinion should shrink from the freest of publicity for points of view challenging its validity. It is to be hoped that the Andhra Government will not prove unfaithful to the Congress creed by developing, in Western style, any misplaced tenderness for "the individual's right to drink."

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### Kumbha Mela Disaster

**BOTH** the U. P. Government and the Central Government took great care over the sanitary and other arrangements in connection with this year's Kumbha Mela at Prayag. Nobody can blame the authorities concerned for negligence or neglect of duty. The tragic stampede that occurred, causing heavy loss of life, must be attributed to misfortune and not any sort of administrative slovenliness or inadequacy. The outbursts of anger that greeted the Government in Parliament in the wake of the disaster seem to us, in the circumstances, pointless. The occasion called more for sorrow than splenitive exhibitions of temper. It was wholly irrelevant to subject Sri Munshi, the Governor of Uttara Pradesh to harsh judgement, in the name of secularism, for being nice to the Naga yogies. All men are not made in one pattern. The essential spirit of secularism requires that each should be free to indulge his own tastes where others are not hurt, and status, however high, should not rob anyone of this liberty.

In view of all that was disclosed, we regard the appointment of a committee of enquiry as unnecessary and superfluous. It is unlikely to tell the public anything that it does not already know. The disclosures however definitely show that there is considerable scope for moderation of the excessive attention paid to the V. I. Ps. at public gatherings by official and non-official caretakers. It entails prohibitive cost. It diverts too much energy from the construc-

tive purposes of the gatherings to the barren business of burning incense. It tends to create artificial distinctions between sections that should come together on level ground, and so it militates against the real spirit of democracy. There would be much better government everywhere when Ministers and others of that ilk are received quietly wherever they go without disrupting routine and drawing to themselves too much adulation, bundobust escorts and rose garlands.

## Sotto Voce

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### A BLOW FOR SANITY



**JUDGING** by its first-fruits—the report of its Prohibition Enquiry Committee—the new Andhra State should make good. True, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. There is a type of fanaticism, based on self-love, which asseverates its convictions vociferously long after they have evaporated; and the Congress stalwarts in Andhra may prefer to ignore the brutal truth for as long as they can, for fear of being scorned for their fall from orthodoxy by their confreres elsewhere. But the Andhras, like all people in whom emotion and horse sense are evenly balanced and keep up a fruitful tension, are not afraid of inconsistency.

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If Andhra should decide to scrap Prohibition, there would indeed arise a piquant situation. It will be remembered that it was due to Mr. Prakasam's all or nothing attitude that the undivided State plumped for a universal ban. Under his Tamil rival it had begun fuggitively, with four districts. C. R., acclaimed as the godfather of Prohibition,

believed in the strategy of "Eric, or Little by Little." He was supposed to have been animated by a passion for making his own Salem the spearhead of this great moral crusade. Actually he favoured defeating in detail, a policy which he later applied so crushingly in the Tanjore Act.

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But in supposing that he could, by confining his evangelization to four districts, prevent a massive resistance, he reckoned without his host. The four districts could not be isolated by a magic circle or by an electrically charged barbed wire ring-fence. And for the more enterprising it was on the whole much easier and more profitable to instal a private still in their backyard, counting upon the discretion of the neighbour and the common hatred of the cop. Seeing this Mr. Prakasam, when he had the chance, went in for a gambler's throw. Now that it has woefully miscarried, he is not likely to be inhibited from executing a reverse.

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Andhra, like every other State, wants money. Mr. Justice Wanchoo

reported that it was throwing away money with both hands for nothing. "Earn an honest penny by scrapping Prohibition" is the advice the Ramamurthi Committee has tendered. It favours the restoration of the old practice of licensed shops selling toddy without limit, to be drunk on the premises. It would sell arrack on permit and at the same time make it "reasonably cheap." Foreign liquor would be rationed in accordance "with the income and habits of the permit-holder," but the farce of demanding medical certificates will be discontinued.

The Committee believes that its recommendations will not reinstate the bad old British policy of "minimum consumption and maximum revenue." While it is all for restricting consumption it does not want to make a huge profit out of drink. So it suggests moderate prices and the ploughing back of such profits as there may be for the benefit of the drink addicts. It is, to say the least, doubtful whether it will all pan out that way. So long as there is auctioning of toddy shops and there is unlimited supply of any drink, so long will the pressure to make profits be irresistible. It would be far better to have the shops run by Government agency and to ration every drink without exception.

The old toddy shops were not a pretty sight. The licensee had a vested interest in plying his customers to the limit of their credit, and

his avarice made him so cute that the Excise staff, even if it wanted to could rarely catch the old fox. I am glad that the Committee is against liquor being sold to women. The spectacle of women fuddled and lost to all sense of decency was revolting to the moral sense of the community and of the sex itself; compulsion, being backed by public opinion, has a much greater chance of succeeding here. It is the disingenuousness that connives at dishonesty and corruption, as the Committee abundantly shows has happened with the crusade for *nira*, that hopelessly demoralises a people.

The Congress, whose tall poppies make no bones about having a whisky neat if it can be had gratis, has no moral right to coerce others. And the hypocritical solicitude for the poor stands exposed when destitute deaths are philosophically dismissed as inevitable. The craving for strong drink can no more be eliminated by the policeman's truncheon, and is no more inherently criminal, than the craving for red meat or chain-smoking. The old organic society graded discipline by hierarchy; "like a Brahman drunk" was a simile of utmost opprobrium when the Brahman had social veneration. Egalitarian Prohibition has merely resulted, according to the Ramamurthi Committee, in immunizing the Brahman drunkard against a sense of shame.

VIGHNESWARA

Benares. Nothing can be more impressive than to saunter down the Ganges by boat in the evening just before the sun sets. It is thrilling to look at the city with the two minarets of the mosque standing up against the pale sky. A wonderful sense of peace descends upon you. There is a great silence.

Then in the morning before the sun rises you drive through the city, the shops still closed and men under rugs lying asleep on the pavement; a scattering of people are going down to the river, with brass bowls in their hands, for their prescribed bath in the sacred water. You get on to a houseboat, manned by three men, and slowly row down by the ghats. It is chilly in the early morning. One I don't know why, is crowded. It is an extraordinary spectacle, the throng on the steps and at the water's edge. The bathers take their ritual bath in different ways. For some of the boys it is a lark and they dive into the water, come out and dive in again.

It is a moving, a wonderful thrilling spectacle; the bustle, the noise, the coming and going give a sense of a seething vitality; and those still figures of the men in contemplation by contrast seem more silent, more still, more aloof from human intercourse.—Somerset Maugham

## SIDELIGHTS ::

MEMBERS of the Praja Socialist Party in the Andhra legislature met at Kurnool on Tuesday and resolved to urge the Government to establish the Andhra High Court in Guntur. In the midst of the vast diversity of viewpoints that have plunged the twin issues of capital and High Court into unending controversy, the Raja of Vizianagaram, the leader of the Socialist Party, has alone stood out for commonsense and the public interest. He wants both the capital and the High Court to be located in the Guntur-Vijayawada area. This has been the contention of SWATANTRA all along. It has for its basis the good of the people and administrative efficiency and no selfish consideration pertaining to narrow, regional mentality.

When the Andhra leaders set out to establish a temporary capital at Kurnool, they did a deliberate disservice to the new State. Temporaryness is not wisdom when it entails the compulsory shifting later of large numbers of people and a huge machinery. Mahomed bin Tuglak who attempted such a thing, has become a symbol in history of folly amounting to lunacy, and it is a pity that the architects of Andhra should have chosen him, of all the figures of the past, as their model and pattern. Not content with the trouble piled up already in their device of temporary capital, they are now going in for a temporary High Court at Vizag, piling on their old stock of follies, a new one more damnable than any that went before.

The Ministers are not evidently concerned where they live, because their nominal residence is not where they spend most of the time. With the exception of the Chief Minister they rarely stay in the capital for days together. They go out on tour, and no sooner do they return from one tour, they prepare immediately for the next, except during the session of the legislature when they are compelled by sheer necessity to put some curb on their *wanderlust*.

The capital is for them no more than a halting place in the intervals between tours. Most of the Ministers' tours are futile, purposeless and on trifling pretexts, and entail a profligate waste of taxpayers' money on the indulgence of individual whims that have nothing to do whatever with the public interest, and serve on the other hand, only to disturb and dislocate the even tenor of the administration in the districts.

The privilege of moving goods and travelling at public expense which the Ministers enjoy as a matter of course and abuse so grossly, is not open to ordinary people. They are put to no end of trouble when they have to shift their residences as the result of a change in the location of the capital or High Court. Particularly hard is the case of the Andhra lawyers who seem condemned in the days to come to be driven from pillar to post, while the Ministers and the legislators exercise their genius for indecision and temporary arrangements in fixing the location of the High Court. It is no easy matter to transport a lawyer's library from the southern extremity of Andhra to the northern. The journey and the transport of goods will at least cost a couple of thousand rupees. Then there is the difficulty of suitable accommodation at Vizag where rents have already started to sky-rocket and the owners of building sites and houses have begun to smack their lips greedily in avarice for *pagrees* and the like. It will mean a further expense of two or three thousand for a lawyer to get established at Vizag when the High Court goes to Vizag, but he will not have the satisfaction of having seen the end of the unsettlement. Vizag is only a temporary location for the High Court, and when the temporary tenure ends, the lawyers will have once more to pack up and go through a second costly exodus. To gauge the distress of the over-burdened that may be driven out of the profession, or crushed by the wayside,

In these prospective ordeals, some humanity is needed. The Andhra Ministers and legislators do not seem to be hampered by so uncomfortable a burden.

Temporary arrangements for capital and High Court will involve not only lawyers, but thousands of other similarly placed citizens, in wholly avoidable multiplied expense, and the Government have no right to be unmindful of the distress and difficulties of these citizens, simply because they themselves and their staffs can draw on the public exchequer and the power of the State for their own housing facilities. Untenable propositions will not lose their unwholesome character when they are put forward as temporary solutions. The flaunting of temporariness as an argument in the treatment of permanent institutions is in itself a sign of defectiveness, and instead of persisting in their plan of building the State on a foundation of folly, the leaders should abandon their policy of temporary patchwork and seek stable solutions that will stand the test of time.

Unnatural decisions will go on provoking controversy till they are replaced by reasonable ones. The decision of the Andhra leaders to locate the capital at Kurnool is an unnatural one. Their proposal to exile the High Court from the seat of the Government is even more objectionable. The High Court and the Government have intimate mutual relations that cannot be sustained properly if they are not within hailing distance of each other. It is in the judiciary that the heart of democracy resides. The judiciary and the executive are two inseparable adjuncts of democratic government and to interpose between the two the whole length of the State, is like taking the heart out of the body politic and casting it away. The protective purpose of the judiciary must be exercisable on the spot at the seat of the government, if the balance between power and justice which is the special distinction of democracy is to be continually in effective operation and not a mere theoretical boast. Why do the wielders of power in the new State

sabotage its worth and value to its citizens with these fantastic contrivances that militate against efficiency and the public interest? If the vagaries of ambitious politicians, out to make vote-catching bids by playing to the gallery in restricted areas is eliminated, and a decent sense of duty and responsibility is brought into play, there is bound to be overwhelming support for the view that the only fit site for the capital of Andhra is the Guntur-Vijayawada area, and that the High Court should be located in the capital and not away from it. The predominance of other views is a clear indication of the failure of their protagonists to place the higher duty above lower aims. Vijayawada is the nerve-centre of Andhra. As capital of Andhra it will draw life and vitality from a vast hinterland, and develop in multifarious directions, into the proportions of a city like London.

SAKA

## Madras Legislative Council Elections

I am standing for election to the Madras Legislative Council from the Graduates' constituency which will take place in or about April. I have been in active practice in medicine for over 30 years and taking a keen interest in both the professional and public aspects of medicine and public health, in the proper role of the Upper House, the representation of skilled and professional men is essential to serve and safeguard public interests. With an electorate of educated men of this size, it is neither desirable nor possible to further one's candidature by personal canvassing by the candidate himself or through agents. I request you to give earnest consideration of the final list of candidates and, if on merits my candidature commends itself to you, record your vote in my favour.

DR A. SREENIVASAN, M.R.C.P. (Lond.),  
M.R.C.S. (Eng.),  
Hony. Physician, General Hospital.

# NEW KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE new king of Saudi Arabia, Saud Ibn Abdul Adiz al Faisal al Saud, is being closely watched not only by his subjects but also by Moslems all over the world, for his country is the site of Islam's holiest shrines, Mecca and Medina, the Prophet's birthplace and burial ground.

The Soviets are also watching the new king from beyond the northern mountains, a few hours' flight away. The Middle East is in the very heart of the great power conflict. Should the West be able to organize a Middle East defence command, Saudi Arabia cannot be overlooked.

King Saud, son of the late Ibn Saud, is 51 years old. He has a ready smile flashed with a perfect set of teeth, and a meticulously barbered brush-beard. He wears the desert Arab's "thob," or shirt, covered by a three-quarters coat, topped by the "aba," or sleeveless cloak. His head is covered by the "gotra," or kerchief, fastened by the "iqal," or cord, wrapped double around his head.

He likes luxury, even though his title describes him as "Protector of the Wahabites," a puritanic sect. His princely palace in the capital city of Riyadh was complete with air-conditioning, neon lights, and "Hollywood" bathrooms. Its kitchen was patterned on that of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, which the prince had seen and promptly took to his heart. His steward is Claude McDaniel, a Texan from Amarillo.

Saud has now moved into the royal palace, which is a massive fortress, with stout walls and gun emplacements. On his trips into the desert he will be accompanied by a prefabricated, portable, aluminum palace, fitted out with the most sophisticated gadgets.

He fell heir last November, to 1,000,000 square miles of sun-scorched land, inhabited by an estimated population of 6,000,000, and to some of the world's largest oil pools. The desert over which he rules respects strength. Nature is harsh in Saudi Arabia, and

the struggle for existence is cruel. Will the new king be able to assert himself?

He has about 30 brothers, and some of the elder ones seem to have ambitions of their own. The next in line is Amir Faisal Al Saud, crown prince and prime minister. He knows the sweet taste of fame and power, having been his country's foreign minister and UN delegate. Another brother, Muhammed, is popular with listless desert tribes and he, too, aims high.

## Strength Revealed

THE king is coming in for increasing criticism for surrounding himself with aliens. A Syrian, Liwa Fawzi Silou, is the new monarch's principal adviser. A Palestinian, Jamal Al Hussein, is his liaison officer with foreign oil companies.

Saud was born in exile, in the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Kuwait. The day of his birth was the 13th of the month of Shawal of 1319, which corresponds to our 1903. On that very day his father took the first step to become the desert's great monarch. In the dead of the night he descended upon his enemy, the governor of Riyadh, put him to the sword and established himself. Then he kept warring on his numerous foes until he extended his realm from coast to coast, from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf.

During World War I Ibn Saud ran his entire country on \$500,000 a year, which he obtained mostly from the British. His son will receive \$200,000,000 in the current year in oil royalties alone.

Saud was the third son of Ibn Saud, but the two older ones died in their youth. The father watched him closely, to see if he was fit to rule the desert after him. The first-born is not necessarily the heir in orthodox Islam. The Koran lays down the rule: "Al archad fal archad," the ablest and, then, the

ablest. Strong hands were needed to tame the desert.

Strong hands were revealed by the young prince in the wars he fought at his father's side against countless desert foes. The father was satisfied with the strength of his eldest son.

At the age of 16 Saud married his first wife. There is no record of her name—women's names in the desert are unimportant. But there is a record of her father's name. He was Sa'd, his father's brother, and thus the prince married a cousin. He has three sons, but again there is no record of the daughters.

Finally, the day arrived when the king decided to make Saud his heir. On May 11, 1933, of the Christian calendar, he summoned the notables of the realm and presented Saud to them as "Waliye al Aad," guardian of the covenant. The notable in turn paid him the Islamic homage of "Bayea," hailing him as their future liege.

The crown prince had little to do at first, as the father held the reins of government in his hands. Meanwhile oil had been discovered in the deep subterranean caverns of Saudi Arabia's Hasa coast facing the torrid Persian Gulf. The miraculous riches of the world's most abundant oil wells brought fabulous wealth to the land. From 4,500,000 barrels of crude oil in 1952, production shot up to more than 300,000,000 a decade later. Saudi Arabia became a factor in world politics.

#### Royal Agenda

THE heir to the throne represented his father in many parts of the world. The princely cortege of splendour became familiar to France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and above all to Switzerland. The luxury hotels on the shores of Lake Geneva became used to Crown Prince Saud and his entourage. He also visited India, and a large number of Middle East countries.

In 1947 he visited the United States, covering the country all the way from New York to Hollywood, stopping off at Detroit to take a look at assembly lines and seeing wheat "manufactured" on Kansas fields.

The new king is known to be Western-minded. However, he knows he has to deal with a conservative country. He has expressed interest in Occidental art and science techniques and culture. "Whoever respects the sovereignty and independence of Arab countries," he said after his elevation to the throne "becomes a friend whether he belongs to the Western bloc or any other bloc."

The main points on the royal agenda concern themselves with the raising of Saudi Arabia's living standards. More land is to be brought under cultivation through irrigation, improved farm techniques and, above all, the use of fertilizers. More nomads are to be settled on newly won arable land. Harbours, roads, ports and another railway are to be built. Small processing industries are to be set up.

The king wants to have a college in his country, which is to be its first. It is to be built in the city of Taif, outside Mecca, in a salubrious mountain climate. He is planning to build a 400-bed hospital in Riyadh. Also on the royal agenda is the improvement of education and hygiene.

In order to establish law and order in the lawless desert the late king had to fight every inch of his way. He was a despot but a benevolent one. His son has the advantage of having fallen heir to a well run country. However, he is bound to be judged by the achievement of the late king and that may turn out to be a handicap. There are not many monarchs of Iban Saud's stature. Will the son be able to rise to the occasion? Only time can tell. Meanwhile the desert will be watching him at close quarters for any signs of weakness.—Copyright NNF

Ten lines of a really philosophic writer or orator will uphold him on the stream of time; they will raise their author among the great souls representing not an age, not a people, but humanity itself. He will be the equal of those who have so few equals.—S. de Sacy

## The Kumbh Mela Tragedy

By P. N. SAMPATH

DURING the discussion in Parliament on the Kumbh Mela tragedy, the Government was riddled by the speakers from the Opposition benches with a fusillade of incisive criticism for the sins of commission and omission which had resulted in such a colossal tragedy. There was a suggestion on the Government side that the Opposition parties had tried to make political capital of the unfortunate and gruesome happening. The horrors of the tragedy can well be imagined even by persons who have not been eye witnesses or who are remotely placed from the scene of occurrence, and it is no overstatement to say that many people in this country who know the stark details will continue to be haunted by its memories for some years to come. Therefore, to suggest that the Opposition had exaggerated the mishap and had deliberately played up the issue for party ends is a wrong accusation which will not stand scrutiny. If the Opposition members had been pretty emotional it was because they were legitimately horrified at the enormity of the tragic happening at Prayag.

The Kumbh Mela held this year at Prayag was a festival of great religious significance to the Hindus. This is amply borne out by the fact that upward of 40 lakhs of people had gathered at the confluence of the three rivers on the day of Mela. Such Melas are usually crowded but this year, the secular Governments both at the Centre and in the State of Uttar Pradesh had taken a big hand in bringing over unprecedented crowds to the sacred spot. The Mela was widely publicised through active Government propaganda and special railway and sanitary arrangements at great cost had been made. In addition to these, there was the star attraction of the fair, viz. the presence and participation of no less a person than the Indian President himself and also of our very secular Prime Minister. Prayag, Prasad and Panditji are a very dangerous com-

bination indeed. It may be mentioned here that Pandit Nehru did not immerse himself in the holy waters but only suffered himself to be sprinkled over with the waters to show that he is different from the rest.

Who was at fault? The transport, sanitary and feeding arrangements could not have been bettered considering the number of pilgrims who had taken part in the Mela. Pandit Nehru himself who has seen quite a few mammoth gatherings had stated that he had not seen a bigger crowd in his whole life. It cannot be that the authorities were caught unprepared. They had anticipated quite a big concourse of people. They also knew that the President, the Prime Minister, the Governor and quite a few other dignitaries would foregather at the Mela and should have known that security arrangements on an adequate scale must be provided for them. But they had apparently failed to realise in time that of the meagre police force of 3,500 available on the spot, a good number would be absorbed for the provision of security to the distinguished visitors. A police force of 3,500 is far too inadequate for regulating 40 lakhs of people. A further attenuation of that number had reduced the police help at the Mela to next to nothing. This is a neglect of Himalayan proportions. Those who made such elaborate arrangements must have requisitioned policemen from the neighbouring States or called in the military to give a helping hand in regulating the movement of the crowd on the Mela grounds. It is said by observers that but for the service rendered by the numerous scout and social service organisations in the area and the general good behaviour of the crowd itself, more serious tragedies might well have occurred.

Those in charge of arrangements could not have had a prevision of the impending calamity, but when the calamity happened, news of it could have been rushed to the Chief Minister within a reasonable time after it happened. The stampede occurred at about 9 a.m. and is stated to have lasted for 15 to 20 minutes.

The State Chief Minister was blissfully ignorant of the happening until about ten minutes to 4 p.m. This reveals another flaw in the arrangements, lack of proper communication between part and part of the area and between the Mela grounds and outside. The State Chief Minister laments that the mishap had come upon him with unexpected suddenness even though he had made such fine arrangements.

Another moot point in this incident is whether a Government which stands for secularism can identify itself with such festivals of a particular community and actively promote their success. It was alleged by a few of the Opposition speakers that the actual participation of the Congress leaders in the Mela, and the initiative taken by the State Government in getting up such a vast assemblage of people in the name of religion, was the result of their growing alarm at their loosened grip upon the popular mind and their hysterical determination to recover it at all costs and by all means. This may not be very far from the truth. If so, it is very shameful indeed. Times were when religion was a powerful instrument of social control and direction, an instrument scarcely less important than the State itself. It was a means of controlling thought, attitudes and loyalties, of getting and keeping political power, of fixing or breaking up the scheme of economic arrangements, and of defining the relations of social classes. But no changes have come about since then. The State Government had banked on extracting the honey and escaping the sting. But, as fate would have it, it got the sting, whether it had extracted any honey or not.

The one individual who felt very uncomfortable during the whole parliamentary discussion on the Mela tragedy was Pandit Nehru. He thought of the whole business much as Acharya Kripalani had thought, and he even endorsed a few of the things which the Acharya felt constrained to say. It was a sight to see him shielding the Opposition

speakers from the Speaker and the Speaker himself from the irate Opposition by turns. In the course of his defence of the State Government, Pandit Nehru stated that "the utmost that could be said is either that the officer in charge of the arrangements had got suddenly nervous or that he was not competent for the job," as though the responsibility for having kept a nervous or incompetent man on the job is not the Chief Minister's. Further, Nehru was happy that out of a record gathering of about 40 lakhs on a narrow strip of land measuring about 1,300 acres in all, only a small number had come to a fatal end, and that even if ten thousands had perished in the stampede, he would not have been surprised. If there was such limited space, was it not criminal on the part of the authorities to have permitted people to flock in their lakhs? Movement into Prayag must have been stopped when they knew that the grounds were already jam-packed and could hold no more without detriment to the safety factor.

Whatever it is, the Committee that has been specially appointed to go into the incident is sure to find out the true facts, and the assurance of the Prime Minister that their findings will be placed before the members of Parliament should allay public doubts and anxieties.

THE name of Governor Munshi was dragged into the discussion in Parliament unnecessarily enough. If the State Chief Minister himself had been in the dark about the tragedy until evening, we cannot expect the Governor to have been better informed. There was nothing basically wrong in his having arranged a garden party in honour of the highest dignitary of the Republic. It is not known whether the party was continued even after hearing news of the tragedy. Similarly, if the culturally super-charged Kulapati had taken it into his head to grace the nudist Naga Sadhus' camp at the Mela just to seek their 'asirwatham' for himself and the Congress and also their affirmation of Naga loyalty to the Republic, it was his own affair, and certainly was not one which

should be either paraded or pilloried in Parliament. Let the Kulapati enjoy himself.

To conclude, the Kumbh Mela tragedy has been in Kipling's phrase "no end of a lesson." We cannot

undo the havoc wrought, but the Government and the public can help the victims' families. As Edmund Burke has said: "The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belonged to them."

HALF a century ago, music in South India was at the height of its glory and popularity. Even lay people could render from mere listening some of the popular ragas like *Bilahari*, *Bhouli*, *Dhanyasi*, *Todi*, *Bhairavi*, *Sankarabharanam*, *Kalyani*, and *Kambhoji*. All our popular ragas have distinct and individual characteristics which were very keenly appreciated then. Ragas like *Senjuruti*, *Yadukulakambhoji*, *Punnagavarali* and *Huseni* used to be the favourites of certain classes of people and therefore, these ragas came to be associated with folk music. That speaks volumes for their popu-

enjoyed not only by those on the seas but even by those at home. The huge and profitable business of the merchant navy may be said to have been carried on with the aid of this raga. Further, much valuable information about astrology, medicine and alchemy was conveyed through this raga because it was found to be very fitting for describing things. We have these metres even today, like 'Tanana — tanana — tanana—tana,' justifying the assumption that Tana only means 'Tanu: to vistare.' A number of *padams*, *kirtanams*, and *javalis* also were composed in this raga. Finally, during car festivals it was played before God by naga-swaram players.

Again, you might have listened to lilting tunes in *Huseni* while travelling in carts on the roads.

*Sankarabharanam*, *Todi*, *Bhairavi*, and *Kalyani* are the major ragas in music performances. Likewise, the above four ragas have distinct and individual characteristics. The curves, graces, and subtleties that occur in them were much more appreciated and enjoyed than in the case of major ragas. We can feel the features of these ragas like loveliness in women.

Discussion about ragas have already taken place in music conferences and other meetings in abundance. It will be a practical step for the preservation of our music if we could record some of these popular ragas by people gifted with good *Lakshya gnanam* and a good voice. The recordings, if played back, would enable us in determining the nature, scope and limitations of voices and instruments. Ways of introducing these in the regular course of study for the students of music can be found out.

### Music: A Suggestion

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

larity. *Senjuruti* was very much allied with *kavadichindu* songs which were the treasure of the village people and they have always been much in demand also. In fact, *Murugakadavulin Bhakti* (the devotion to Lord Subramanya) may be said to have spread with the aid of *Senjuruti*.

*Yadukulakambhoji* was very popular in *Bhajana Goshtis*. It was a raga with great possibilities and distinct from *Kambhoji* and *Sankarabharanam*. Any number of *slokams* and *tevarams* used to be rendered in it. *Padams* and *Javalis* were composed in it. It was a raga much in demand by the common people as well as the elite.

The world of the merchant navy in those days was brimful of tunes in *Punnagavarali*. *Kappal* tunes were

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

AS was to be expected Sri S. S. Vasan's speech at Calcutta has evoked a controversy. In his speech Sri Vasan averred that the motion pictures are meant for entertainment only and that even an elementary dose of education would scare away the people. He went further and asserted that the producers were not qualified to produce educational films as they did not hold degrees.

Those producers who believe that the film is a powerful medium which should be harnessed for social welfare naturally did not concur with the views of Sri Vasan. The Bengalee producers who have been always foremost in producing purposeful and enlightening films were the first to protest against Sri Vasan's policy of entertainment for the sake of entertainment.

The criticism of Sri Vasan's speech from different sections of the producers has already forced him to modify his stand. Clarifying his attitude at a function in Madras he is reported to have said that he did not mean that the producers are cheap entertainers or that they could or should not be educators if possible. If the films are expected to be educative also, it could only be as a by-product.

The most apt rejoinder to Sri Vasan's championship of entertainment films has however come from V. Shantaram who in his reply says "The motion picture cannot just entertain. It exerts certain influences on those who view them . . . There is no such thing as pure entertainment. Every picture presents human characters and human story; and the characters have to be good and bad and the story is bound to have purpose." He further asserts that he does not agree with Sri Vasan that the element of education scares

away the people. As a producer of purposeful pictures, Sri Shantaram says that it has been his experience that the public has encouraged warmly his purposeful films. And he affirms in the end "In the present conditions when we want to build up our nation it is a sin to talk of making out-and-out entertainment pictures."

Indeed, the motion picture cannot claim any Government patronage or social recognition unless it transcends the level of mere entertainment and plays its role in enlightening and educating the people. Sri Vasan is aware of the powerful potentialities of the medium and it has always been a rather regrettable experience that instead of utilizing it for its noble purpose he should have been so far content with turning out Dumasian romances. He has however redeemed himself by producing a picture like *Avvaiyar* and if he continues to make pictures in a similar strain, he too will be a protagonist of enlightening entertainment in motion pictures. Incidentally, it is significant that only those producers and directors who have made pictures blending entertainment and enlightenment—like Shantaram, Raj Kapoor, Bimal Roy, Zia Sarhady and B. N. Sarkar have earned the regard and love of the people.

### Picture of The Week

**B**IMAL ROY has scored a hat-trick with his latest presentation *Baap Beti*. Knowing as I do the conditions in which the picture was made and the difficulties that Bimal Roy had to surmount, the very fact that he completed the picture is a miracle. Even more remarkable is the fact that, in spite of all the handicaps, he has been able to maintain the integrity of the theme and invest it with indescribable charm and human appeal.

Nadendu Ghosh's adaptation of Maupassant's story "Simon's Papa" is quite clever; but the class to which his characters belong are not typically Indians, as a result the average audience is not likely to be moved by the story. The girl's school as depicted in *Baap Beti* appears to be

a very aristocratic institution where only the lucky rich girls can go; in India, one in a million girls can afford to attend such a school at a hill station. Then the entire problem of a ten or twelve year old girl who gets no letter from 'missing' father and contrives fictitious letters from father and ultimately resorts to the ingenious trick of proclaiming an unknown passenger as her father may be interesting, but to an average Indian, it is hardly likely to appeal as real and genuine.

Hence the very basis of *Baap Beti* lacks genuine reality for an Indian mind; and that is why in spite of its wonderful direction, the picture leaves the audience cold and fails to move it. Considering the drawbacks in adaptation and the cast, Bimal Roy has done a magnificent job and he has succeeded in giving it a semblance of reality. Especially he has been successful in getting excellent work from all the child artistes. Baby Tabassum who generally over-acts, is very much restrained and gives a good account of herself. Sabita Chatterji as Geeta, her rival in school, is equally good and so are the other artistes who play Baby Tabassum's friends in the school.

Bimal Roy has depicted very effectively the conflict in the character of Ranjan who is gradually won over by Baby Tabassum. After a lengthy prologue of the girls' school incidents, the story gets moving only

when Ranjan arrives on the scene and is forced by Baby Tabassum to pose as her father. From that moment, right up to the end it never lags in interest and the gradual conversion of Ranjan from a lonely drunkard to a loving father is very deftly handled. Yet even Bimal Roy could not make Ranjan act. He is stolid as ever; though thanks to Bimal Roy's direction he comes to life at moments and imports genuine emotion to the screenplay. Amongst the grown-ups Sunalini Devi has obviously given the best performance. She is perfectly at home in the role of the principal of the girls' school. Nazir Hussain as the old man who writes letters, Nana Palsikar as Ranjan's servant, Mridula as Baby Tabassum's mother also contribute excellent portrayals. But it was difficult to imagine Mridula as a dancer; and Bimal Roy conscious of her shortcoming has not made her dance as well. But a dancer who does not dance appears to be rather unreal. The music by Roshan is insipid; it lacks character and punch; he could not make a hit even out of such a dynamic song as "Duniya Banane Wale . . ." The picture would have been more effective without any song and dance number rather than the present quota of mediocre songs and dances.

It is significant that *Deobappa*, a Marathi picture with a similar character of a child craving for father in spite of a rather mediocre direc-

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tion should prove popular while *Baap Beti*, in spite of brilliant direction should fail to impress the audience. The reason, as far as I can find out, is that the character of the girl in *Deobappa* was far more Indian and real and sympathetic than that in *Baap Beti*.

#### Personality of the Week

NEVER before have I seen a star so profusely honoured by the film people as Baby Naaz at the premier of *Boot Polish*, at Liberty (Bombay). During the interval Raj Kapoor took her round and introduced her to the guests as "my little heroine." Well, the little heroine has done a grand job; and though the critics may have differed in their appraisal of other factors in the picture, they have been absolutely unanimous in acclaiming Baby Naaz's performance as outstanding. All the producers, directors and stars present on the occasion offered her their felicitations and they praised her so much that had she been a grown-up star, her head would have become immediately swollen. Even now I hope the success does not go to her head or rather her parent's head.

Naaz had one advantage over Rattan Kumar; she had the frail figure and the sympathetic face which suited her role so well. But what distinguished her performance was the natural manner in which she spoke her lines and her life-like performance. She was neither conscious nor precocious as most of the childstars are. Of course, the influence of both Nargis and Raj was evident in her gestures, in her mode of speech; but that was inevitable.

*Boot Polish* is not her first performance. Naaz has by now acted in quite a number of pictures. Indeed during the shooting of the picture one of the headaches for Raj Kapoor was to adjust the dates of both Naaz and Rattan Kumar as both of them

were busy artistes working in a number of pictures at a time. She is already ten, though she looks younger in the film; she is said to be a linguist—she can speak Hindi, Urdu, English and Arabic and she threatens to be a producer soon with the help of her director father who is still waiting for a break. It is an irony of fate that the daughter should get the break first. But then that is life. Unless she is spoiled by success Baby Naaz is destined to be a fine artiste, a Nargis of the future.

#### News of the Week

NAJAM Naqvi has been signed by A. R. Kardar to direct one picture; J. K. Nanda has been also signed to direct the Hindi version of *Kurmai* by Kardar.

A wrestling bout between Motilal and Dara Singh will be a feature of Black and White Movies' *Mastana* now on the sets. Rawail is directing the picture which is reported to be more than half complete.

Zia Sarhadi will make a picture for Hiten Chowdhary Productions with Dilip Kumar in the stellar role.

Ashok Productions' second picture *Samaj* went on the sets last Friday. Vasant Joglekar is directing the picture based on a story by Shailajananda Mukerjee. Pandit Anand Kumar has written the Hindi dialogue. The cast will consist of Ashok Kumar, Usha Kiran, Lalita Pawar, Sumati Gupte and Agha.

Ratnadeep Pictures' *Tulsidas* also went on the sets last week. Mahipal is cast in the title role.

The shooting of *Lootera* has been started in right earnest. Nazir Husain will play the title role while David is also cast in it in addition to Jabeen, Nasir Khan and Om Prakash.

*Bob and Sally* is reported to have been re-censored by the Central Government and a couple of scenes have been deleted.

There are many reasons why, despite the great problems and dangers involved, men will eventually travel to the other planets. Space-flight will result in a tremendous expansion of scientific knowledge, for we can have only a very restricted view of the universe while we are still confined to a single planet. And scientific knowledge, it must never be forgotten, is the most profitable of all investments quite apart from its own intrinsic value.—ARTHUR C. CLARKE

## MOLOTOV'S NEW PEACE OFFENSIVE

By ANDREW ROTH

JOHN FOSTER DULLES has described the Molotov proposals on Germany as "a poor sort of practical joke." But, like many practical jokes, it may move toward a conclusion unpleasant for Mr. Dulles, against whom it is aimed.

The whole Soviet strategy at Berlin was clearly intended not to win agreements at the conference table, but to win support among the uncommitted in the sidewalk cafes and salons of Europe. Berlin, for the Russians, was not expected to be another Yalta or Potsdam. It was planned as the kick-off of a new and bigger peace offensive among broader strata of people.

The Russians had to rule out a Big Two or Big Four agreement long in advance of the Berlin meeting. Given the political background in the United States, virtually the only agreement that Mr. Dulles could have made without being attacked as a traitor was an agreement to accept some form of Soviet surrender.

On their own side, the Russians ruled out the slightest vestige of the possibility of big-power compromise when they decided against the 'big gamble' on Germany. This gamble, toward which they leaned for a time when Beria was still a power, was to offer free elections in Germany on the condition that the reunited Germany would be neutralised. This would have been a real *quid pro quo* because they would have had to yield their iron grip on East Germany in exchange for Dulles' yielding his hope of restoring the power-balance in Europe by restoring the German Army.

Although Mr. Dulles undoubtedly would have tried to turn this down, such a refusal would have impaired his relations with his European allies. A neutralized Germany has not only been the cry of many Euro-

pean neutralists. Sir Winston Churchill's ideas appeared to be moving in that direction at the time of his famous but abortive peace initiative last May.

In recent months the Soviets have flatly decided against risking their hold over East Germany under any conditions whatever. This presumably was assisted by last June's revolt in Berlin and East Germany. It was demonstrated in action by the removal of the two German Communist Politbureau members, including Wilhelm Zaisser, former Home Minister, who were the chief supporters of the 'unified Germany' tactic.

But once they had decided not to risk their control of East Germany, the Russians could scarcely expect the West to risk losing Germany as the recruiting ground for 12 "European" divisions. It made inevitable a deadlock on the central issue.

The secondary issue then emerged: who was going to capitalize most effectively on the failure of the Berlin conference to come to an agreed conclusion? Mr. Dulles had naturally hoped that the Soviet "nyet" to all Western proposals would convince America's faltering allies—and particularly the French—of the necessity of including the Germans in a defense of the West.

Mr. Molotov had an easier task. All he had to aim at was a relaxation of tension. Such a relaxation by itself would be almost enough to defeat Mr. Dulles' plans. NATO and EDC are primarily children of alarm. The Western European countries only agreed to join in this America-sponsored military alliance in the wake of the North Korean attack in June 1950. Ever since then they have been "dragging their feet," in American parlance, reluctant to face the chief conclusion toward which military logic drives them: the rearming of Germany. This reluct-

ance to arm Germany grows with every evidence of Soviet reasonableness. To most West Europeans, apart from Germany, the rearmament of Germany is very much a question of "the lesser evil." The moment the Russians seem less aggressive the fundamental mistrust of the Germans reasserts itself. This is truest of France, of course, but only slightly less true of Britain. Thus Mr. Attlee, who agreed to German rearmament on certain conditions and with great misgivings, now heavily emphasizes his misgivings and conditions.

#### Aiming at the Heart

**C**LEARLY the Russians have improved their psychological warfare because they are now aiming at the hearts of Europeans. Certainly the Molotov proposal for a European security system which excludes the United States cannot appeal to the minds of West Europeans. The prime purpose of their reluctant alliance with the Americans is to counter-balance Soviet military dominance on the continent of Europe. But Mr. Molotov proposes the end of NATO and EDC. "Russia," commented *The Times*, "thus left in an overwhelmingly dominant position, would be prepared to sponsor a network of pacts between all the countries of Europe such as that which today links the Communist states with each other . . . Russia's security against renewed German aggression would be guaranteed not by any limitation on German arms but by the lack of any counter-balancing force to offset Russian preponderance . . ." It appeals to the hearts of Europeans to have it suggested that they can do without their transatlantic supporters, but not to their heads. Even the neutralist *Le Monde* which cannot be accused of being over-admiring of the U. S. says that it must "recognize the danger of a Europe in which Russian influence would have no counter-weight other than the presence of an American observer."

Mr. Molotov also made an appeal to the sensibilities of Europeans by the comparative politeness with which he has disagreed. Even, as in the case of the Austrian treaty, where the

Russian position is more adamant than before. It is propounded in a mild manner. Clearly the West made every effort to permit him to seem acrimonious and unreasonable. By accepting his agenda the West made it seem that it was going to be reasonable.

Instead Mr. Molotov has apparently put an end to the diplomatic truism that "the Russians are their own worst enemies." It has been appreciated, certainly in Britain, that the Foreign Ministers have "agreed to disagree" rather than stage a polemical battle which might serve as the oratorical prelude to a real one. *The Times* made its compliment rather backhanded: "Other post-war conferences have been more dilatory and acrimonious. It is, by post-war standards, a moderate achievement to have agreed on an agenda and to have kept to it . . ."

#### Wooing the Uncommitted

**T**HESE Soviet tactical appeals seem minor unless they are seen as part of a new and broader "peace offensive." Certainly the old-style peace movement has worn out its usefulness. The World Peace Council and its various national bodies have become too obviously instruments for putting forward policies of interest fundamentally to the Soviet Union.

This does not mean that all of the many distinguished figures in the World Peace Council are either consciously or unconsciously Soviet tools. But in every country the core of its support has been the Communist Party. And its preponderant direction has been in the hands of those for whom the defense of peace and defense of the Soviet Union are synonymous. The fact is, in a key country like the United Kingdom, the World Peace Council and the Soviet Union's most distinguished fellow-travellers—the Dean of Canterbury, D. N. Pritt and the like—have absolutely no influence beyond Communist circles.

The new Soviet tactic is clearly to make it easier for those in the main stream of European politics to oppose policies to which the Soviet Union is also opposed. On the political side, for example, the broadest common ground is opposition to German re-

armament. Thus the Soviets must appreciate the fact that the leader of the German Social Democratic Party, Herr Ollenhauer, has come out tentatively in favour of a policy about which they, too, once thought tentatively: a neutral, unified Germany. Herr Ollenhauer's suggestion was taken up by the leftwing of the British Labour Party, including the Bevanites and those to the left of them within the Labour Party. The 24 M.P.s. who sponsored this motion have been asked by a majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party to withdraw it, but they still strongly favour it. Wrote Aneurin Bevan in *Tribune*, issue of February 12: "Unity on the basis of neutrality: that seems the only way out." Bevan added: "It is clear that a disarmed Germany could be made tolerable only if it is regarded as preparatory to general disarmament."

More important than the Bevanites and their fellow neutralists and quasi-neutralists are the businessmen of Europe. Faced with increasingly bitter competition, they cannot ignore the siren song of tremendous potential sales in the U. S. S. R. Undoubtedly the Russians want to buy, and probably at a higher rate than before. But they are determined to milk the last ounce of publicity out of their purchases as well. Their recent offer of \$400 millions in purchases from Britain in the next couple of years naturally made a bigger story than the experience of some British businessmen who found that the Russians were demanding prices as much as 30% below the current market. Other offers are linked with the necessity to break down the American-imposed blockade on strategic goods.

Despite this, the Russians are succeeding in convincing a widening circle of people that their intentions for the next few years are not expansionist. The important thing from the Russian point of view is that they are now preaching to the unconverted. Before they spent much of their time speaking to the already-converted or exchanging polemics with the unconvertible. Belatedly they have found that in Europe, as in Asia, the future belongs to the unconverted and the uncommitted.

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## U.S.-PAK PACT: AN AMERICAN VIEW

**NEW YORK CITY:** The State Department, egged on by Vice-President Nixon and the Pentagon, is moving for a mutual defense agreement with Pakistan. This means, in spite of polite disclaimers, turning our backs on Nehru and India. It means gambling with Pakistan against India for the future of Asia. In my judgment it will have two results. The immediate one will be to create distrust of the U. S. throughout Southeast Asia. The eventual one will be to drive India into the Communist bloc.

We aid Pakistan. Pakistan gives us bases from which we can make atomic raids on Soviet industries east of the Ural Mountains and in Central Asia. This can be called by more amiable names, but Asia, out of long experience, will recognize it as colonialism.

Washington seems to have dreamed up a Turkey-Iran-Pakistan mutual defense alliance. The idea is that if Russia should move into Iran, threatening its oil regions Turkey and Pakistan would move to its aid. Washington also sees in this alliance a basis for strong defense of the Khyber Pass, the historic gateway for incursions into South Asia. Nehru has already made the inevitable comment on this: "It reverses the process of the liberation of Asia, and brings back the period when foreign armies came to Asia in small numbers and utilized our own people, whom they trained for their needs." The first effect within Asia will inevitably be to force India to build up its military forces. This means that money desperately necessary to cure India's dire need for food will be diverted to guns. I do not think that I have to spend any time elaborating the obvious fact that if India gets hungrier and hungrier the Indians will turn Nehru out and put the communists in.

The second effect within Asia will be to force India to reconsider its present policy of neutrality between

West and East. If we adopt Pakistan, to whom will India naturally turn for protection? Voices of the extreme right in the country are already advising Nehru to approach the Russians and the Chinese. A third effect within the Indian sub-continent will be aggravation of the minority problems of both India and Pakistan. There are 10,000,000 Hindus in Pakistan, and 40,000,000 Muslims in India. Anything we do to set the one country against the other will encourage the advocates of a holy war as well as fortify the appeal of those in both countries who demand discrimination against their minorities.

A fourth effect will be to weaken the ties between Turkey and Israel upon which adequate defense of the Eastern Mediterranean must securely rest. Pakistan is a Moslem country associated with the Arab bloc by its ties of religion and joint political action. Close association with it will divorce Turkey from Israel, further isolate that country, and thus weaken the only reliably democratic country in the area, outside of Turkey.

A fifth effect will be to alienate Indonesia from us. Indonesia looks to Nehru as the foremost spokesman of free Asia. With him it has sought to find a way to organize a third force among nations to hold a balance between Washington and Moscow. Recently freed from colonialism, it will look with suspicious eyes on a military alliance between the U. S. and Pakistan, and will draw closer to India. A sixth effect will be reconsideration by Japan of its position. It is none too strongly on our side in any event. It will not hesitate, in its subtle way, to readjust its lines to a shift of opinion in its part of the world. We are in danger of selling Asia for bombsite.

### American Defense Programme

**T**HE veil of censorship surrounding the multi-million-dollar American defense base programme in Great

Britain and Spain has now been partially lifted in testimony before the House Appropriations Committee. Reports on that programme, obviously blue-pencilled, show that thirty bases in all are involved—nineteen air bases in England and four in Spain, plus seven naval bases on Spanish territory. Only one of the naval bases is a major installation.

All base construction is in charge of Admiral J. R. Perry, head of the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks, who testified before the committee. He said construction in Spain will begin about May 1, or maybe a month later, and that some of the bases will not be ready for two years. Work in Spain will be farmed out to a number of construction firms. Six of the seven naval sites planned for Spain "are rather small," Admiral Perry said, and costs will run between \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000. He added that Air Force bases there will probably take 80 per cent of all the funds to be expended in Spain. Admiral Perry's testimony, as published, gave no locations. But Major-General Lee B. Washbourne, director of installations for the Air Force, was somewhat more frank.

He said that two of the Air Force's four Spanish bases will be in the vicinity of Sevilla—one near Madrid and the other at Zaragoza, northwest of Madrid. Sevilla is just slightly northwest of the port of Cadiz, and almost due north of the Straits of Gibraltar.

So, although Admiral Perry gave no locations, betting here is that the Navy's major base installation will be in Cadiz, on the Atlantic side of the Straits. Thus it can be covered by air not only from Sevilla, but if necessary, by the American fleet in the Mediterranean and from the African shore.

A 570 mile fuel pipe line will link all the Navy and Air Force installations in Spain. Another important item is that under unification, Navy aircraft can use Air Force installations in that country.

General Washbourne said that the air base near Madrid is now in use by the Spanish Air Force. He estimated eventual costs there at

\$43,000,000, with \$8,897,000 sought in the 1954 programme to start new construction.

At Zaragoza, the Spaniards already have built a substantial civil airport, he disclosed. Part of this can be made operational immediately for Air Force planes. The ultimate cost of planned construction there will be about \$13,500,000. The nineteen base projects for the United Kingdom, Brig. Gen. S. T. Wray, Deputy Air Force Director of Installations, testified, "provides not quite the minimal operational facilities," although its projected cost "is something on the order of \$33,000,000." No U. S. base is complete yet, although some are "substantially" complete in the Midlands area, he said in the published testimony. But he and an aide conceded, under questioning, that the following British bases could be considered as "substantially" completed with funds which the Air Force is requesting for the fiscal year opening July.

Alconbury, Brize Norton, Bruntfthrope, Chelveston, Greenham Common, Fairford, Lakenheath, Mildenhall, Molesworth, Spilsby, Stanstead, Mt. Fitchet, Upper Heyford, Wethersfield, Woodbridge and Sculthorpe. Elvington and Sturgate, he said, might require "substantial" funding in the future. All but a few of these bases, he said, if needed, could be made operational "now."

### Status of the Negro

**T**HE ex-ambassador to India Chester Bowles in a Lincoln birthday message says:

"Do you know the Number One obstacle to Asian friendship for America?" a Pakistani businessman once asked me. He provided the answer which I had heard over and over again, from Lebanon to Japan. "It's racial discrimination against your own coloured citizens. If you want to win our respect and to encourage democracy in our part of the world, you must make dramatic progress in the next few years in establishing full equality for American Negroes. Not only will we Asians admire you for what you accomplish, but your own success will give us new faith that the reforms which are

so urgently needed in Asia can be achieved through democratic means."

No American returning from Asia can doubt that the status of the American Negro is a key to our country's relationship with the awakening nations of Asia and Africa. The coloured peoples who comprise two-thirds of the world's population simply cannot think about the U. S. without considering bitterly the limitations under which our Americans with coloured skins are living.

Communist propagandists, of course, exaggerate the picture. They tell Asians that the lynch law is the rule with us. They make the fantastic assertion that the atom bomb was dropped on Japan and not on Germany because the Japanese are coloured while the Germans are white. But make no mistake about it, the resentment would still be with us if the Communists shut up shop tomorrow. Often it is the most conservative Asian leaders and newspapers who feel most intensely on the subject.

Some thoughtful Americans, fearful that each step may do more harm than good, have cautioned us to move slowly. But the world situation and our responsibilities of leadership enter at this point and tell us that time is running out. The struggle for the very survival of the free way of doing things requires America to show that the democratic methods can solve deep rooted injustice quickly and peacefully.

Today, we must look at the problems of race prejudice in America not only in the light of our own moral convictions, but in the added light of the minimum requirements of world leadership. If, as I think likely, the great "uncommitted" world of Asia and Africa is the crucial balance in the cold war, then we

must also examine racial discrimination throughout America in terms of our national security and the future of the free world. If we do not soon end the last vestiges of second class citizenship in America, I have grave doubts about our ability to achieve understanding with the coloured peoples of these powerful, rising continents, who represent two-thirds of all mankind and on whom the future peace of the world may depend.

Just as Lincoln decided upon emancipation of the Negro slaves not only as "an act of justice," but as a "military necessity," so the achievement of racial equality all over America is now demanded on both these grounds. Lincoln was talking about precisely this problem when he said: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty and we must rise with the occasion."

The staid U. S. Supreme Court might furnish the nation two major news stories for 1954; a decision on the school segregation cases, and the naming of a Negro Supreme Court Justice.

In Washington, speculation continues to mount that President Eisenhower will appoint the first Negro Supreme Court Justice in the court's 164 year history. The reason: three court justices will reach the retirement age of 70 during Ike's term. The posts, considered the top U. S. judicial roles, pay \$20,000 a year, and offer lifetime security. Prominent Republicans being boomed for the court include Thurgood Marshall, NAACP chief counsel; Chicago Alderman A. J. Carey, an alternate UN delegate; and N. Y. Justice Francis E. Rivers.—P. G. Krishnayya's Service.

I will acknowledge contemporary lands,  
I will trail the whole geography of the globe and salute courteously every city  
large and small,  
And employments! I will put in my poems that with you is heroism upon  
land and sea,  
And I will report all heroism from an American point of view.

—WALT WHITMAN

## REFORM OF CONGRESS

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

THE future of the Congress has been the subject of a good deal of comment during the past few days. On reading the numerous speeches delivered by leaders in connexion with the hectic electioneering campaigns in PEPSU and T. C. State, it appears that opinion on this question is divided among Congressmen themselves. Two schools of thought are clearly discernible in this respect. Pandit Nehru is of the opinion that "the Congress should function effectively and efficiently now and in the future to integrate and unify India, and help it to go ahead as fast as it can." On the other hand, Sri S. K. Patil, Bombay Congress President, and many others of his way of thinking, opine that "the Congress shall have to die, and steps should be taken to evolve a new Congress Legislature Party." The Bombay Congress President feels that the reorganised Congress Party should be similar to a political party in democratic countries like the U. K., or the U. S. A., and should function through constituencies.

There is, indeed, need for a little clear thinking. Democracy in India is still in a nebulous stage, and its future depends largely upon the behaviour of the political parties. A discerning public opinion, and the existence of enlightened political parties have been mainly responsible for the upkeep of sound democratic traditions in England. The opposition party in England bears indirectly as much responsibility in the task of running the administration as the ruling party, and under the Ministers of the Crown Act, 1937, the leader of the opposition also gets a salary. In India opposition parties are still in an inchoate stage, and there has been little realisation of the responsibilities that devolve on them. Just as many trade unions in India are no better than "strike committees", many of our political parties appear to be mere election committees with no fixed principles and policies.

The elections in Travancore-Cochin State have exposed, in a way, the fallacy of our political parties which seem to be more concerned with how to get power than with achieving public good. The ways of the Praja-Socialist Party, for instance, afford ample evidence of the point in question. When originally the Praja Party was started by some whilom Congressmen, who, proclaimed themselves to be the standard-bearers of the orthodox Gandhian creed, fond hopes were entertained by the public that the party would blossom, in course of time, into an effective opposition. But no sooner was there a landslide in the electoral fortunes of the Praja and the Socialist parties in the general elections than the two organisations, by a miraculous process of adjustment and accommodation of their respective creeds, thought it fit to come together, and form an alliance. Lately, the P. S. P. leaders, who had gone at the Communist Party hammer and tongs, could, by a curious twist of logic, find it convenient to retract their statements, and join hands with the 'tabooed party' in T-C. State, though ostensibly it was for election purposes. This sort of a pliable and plastic opposition is neither edifying to the parties concerned, nor is it conducive to the promotion of sound democratic traditions in the country.

WHILE this is the case with the opposition, the position of the ruling party, the Congress, seems to be no better. It is no doubt still the biggest political party, but it has lost its vigour and vitality, and no longer makes any potent appeal to the masses. The surviving pre-eminence of the Congress, in the arena of Indian politics, is mainly due to the unorganised opposition parties and the personality of Pandit Nehru. To millions of Indians, Pandit Nehru's name has a romantic charm about it and his speeches have a seductive appeal. More than anything else it was Pandit Nehru's personality and

efforts that were largely responsible for the success of the Congress at the polls in the general elections.

**B**UT woe be it to a party which seeks to subsist on the prestige of an individual, and not its own right. Political parties in free, democratic countries are generally based on economic factors, and are supposed to consist of like-minded people. "The disposition of political parties," Prof. Laski observes, "only reflects the economic conditions of which they are the expression." But the Congress today is a house divided against itself, and it seems to be an admixture of various sections of people who cannot see eye to eye with one another on economic programmes. Though it is loosely dubbed a "Rightist" party its economic policy has been one of vacillation between 'right' and 'left,' and added to this, the wobbling of top leaders flirting with the idea of Socialism has made the people feel that there is no greater difference between the Congress and other political parties than between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

The evolution of the so-called policy of mixed economy by the Congress, and its consequent endorsement by the Government was largely the result of a conflict between Nehru's own idealism and the realities that faced him consequent on his assumption of office. Pandit Nehru was at the outset an avowed Socialist, and it was mainly at his instigation that the Congress had to gulp down a large dose of Socialism by adopting his resolutions on Fundamental Rights and the economic programme at the Karachi session of the Congress in 1931. That was the time when (to quote Sri Kripalani) "Jawaharlal could not deliver a public speech without bringing in Socialism. He conducted, as it were, classes on the subject, and people of advanced age went to his meetings ready with notebooks and pencils to take notes on Socialism." But the Prime Minister seems to have travelled a long way since then, and though, to all intents and purposes, he still professes to be a Socialist, he does not agree "on any dogmatic approach" to it.

Socialism may seem an ideal solvent for our economic troubles, but it should be seriously examined whether it is a practicable policy in a country in which the economy is still in many respects primitive. Even to achieve a semblance of success in the introduction of Socialism one of two pre-requisites must be satisfied: either a ruthless leadership and dictation from above, or the existence of enlightened body of citizens who are aware of their rights and responsibilities. But India is not prepared to accept the first condition, nor is it cultivated, as yet, to fulfil the second. It has, to be realised that even after six years of Socialist rule, the economy of England—where there is a good deal of respect for public property and recognition of citizen's rights and responsibilities—"is 80 per cent capitalist and only 20 per cent Socialist." In the conditions prevalent in India what is wanted, therefore, is that the Congress, being the ruling party, should adopt a realistic and practical economic policy. The policy of mixed economy, which seeks to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds, has not proved capable of delivering the goods. On the admission of the authorities themselves, in the past few years, the development of the agricultural sector, which is largely controlled by private enterprise and where the Government's policy has been one of providing encouragement and incentives, has been remarkable, whereas the development of the industrial sector, where the Government's policy has been one of interference, has not made much headway. Capital has become shy, unemployment is on the increase everywhere, and the purchasing power of the lower middle class is at the lowest ebb. The one unmistakable lesson that can be deduced from this is that the Congress, should reorientate its economic policy so as to provide a greater latitude for individual enterprise. After all, the concept of a Welfare State is not inimical to the existence of an enlightened system of Capitalism. Perhaps, the ideal can be achieved through this method sooner, and with greater economy.

Further, as Mr. Basset rightly observes "a political party seeking Governmental powers, cannot be an organisation for the propagation of ideas and ideals." The Congress has hitherto been both a platform and a party though it should be stated that the former aspect has of late been on the decline. Under Gandhi's lead the Congress was not only designed for the achievement of independence but also for the observance of certain ethical principles in the pursuit of its objective. To Gandhiji, who always insisted that the means should justify the end, the Congress was a sort of political laboratory. Some sort of Gandhian idealism still appears to haunt the top leaders of the Congress, and much of the ineffectiveness that can be seen in our Government's domestic and foreign policies stems from this. A party in power, cannot surely indulge in the luxury of running after unattainable ideals. It should limit its programmes to what is practicable, taking into consideration the views and the interests of the community.

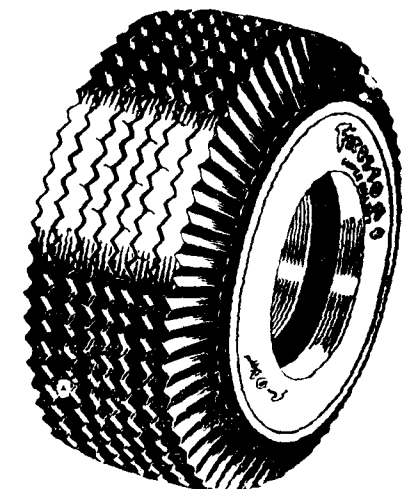
Nor is there any need for the Congress to continue any longer as a "national organisation," whose doors are open to all. It should rightly be a "class organisation" consistent with the maintenance of parliamentary democracy. This will also incidentally remove much of the heart-turning on the part of those who have seceded from it, and who have as much right to invoke the people's sympathies by referring to their past services to the Congress. This will naturally obviate such charges—often heard during election times as that "the Congress is living on the record of its past services," . . . and that "in the universal scheme of things the Congress ceased to be, because its task is done."

Above all, there is a great need to change the organisational structure of the party. The Bombay Congress chief struck the right note when he said that the present double set-up of the Congress had not done any good, and that it had created unavoidable misunderstandings bet-

ween the two wings of the party. Because Pandit Nehru combines in himself the functions of both the Congress President and the Prime Minister, the conflict is not much in evidence at the Centre. But practically in almost all the States there is a regular tug of war between the Chief Minister and his Cabinet on one side, and the P. C. C. President and his Executive on the other, each of them pulling in different directions, with the result that the energies of the party could not be harnessed to constructive and fruitful tasks. It cannot be gainsaid "that any measure of control, formal or informal, exercised over parliamentary parties by extra-parliamentary bodies vitiates the democratic process. Dangerous in the case of a parliamentary opposition, it becomes disastrous when exercised in relation to a party in office."

**I**N the interest of the country's economy, and for the promotion of democracy in an unsullied manner, there is a case for the reform of the Congress. There is much vision and wisdom in Sri S. K. Patil's observations.

## Firestone



**BEST TODAY—  
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

# KALINA

WHEN I was posted to Savari, I little knew that I had been sent to a hilly place where the different tribes were allergic to a city doctor and

shy of the broad world. They lived among themselves as different entities but worshipped the same gods and followed the same customs and rituals which held them in one whole brotherhood; however this relationship ruptured frequently to cause an enmity and a tribal war, after which came a period of peace.

The chief of the Bondos had submitted himself to the Government to live as part of the greater Union, but the chief of the Savaras was adamant and indifferent. He was an independent man, and had appealed to the Union that his tribe be recognised as an independent entity. He argued that everyone had a right for freedom irrespective of size or locality. "We have a civilisation of our own," their spokesman said, "and we don't want any modernism to encroach on our land. Leave us alone and we will not trouble you."

It was a good ideal, but the Union could not run smooth with independent pockets seething in its belly. It wanted a merger, but Dhandayudh of the Savaras refused. "We stay independent," he announced, and in the face of modern issues, the Union had to be content. But on a condition. That they would let a man live among them so as to study the state of the people. A doctor, Dhandayudh agreed.

It was at this juncture that I was sent to Savari as a doctor, a tribal doctor, but actually I was a diplomat with definite instructions to somehow manipulate and bring the tribe into a merger. For, as soon as Dhandayudh

—Short Story—

By

E. Theodore King

yudh would join, the other tribes would not hesitate as they did now.

Chief Dhandayudh was a kind, old man, blustering with vitality, who had ten wives

ranging from thirty-eight to fourteen years, and a multitude of children. He greeted me with profound joy, but the twinkle in his eyes made me aware of the cunning in him.

"Your Government is rich and good," said he sarcastically, "but mine is good and poor. You will live here as one among ourselves and no harm shall come to you. You will have everything, and if it pleases you to have a woman"—he sucked his lips sensually—"you are quite welcome. Our tribe will spare no trouble to see you cheerful. But one thing"—he smiled rather belligerently—"don't try to influence me regarding your Government. I am happy in my own sphere and don't spoil it with crooked talk."

I pretended innocence. "You wrong me," I said. "I am just a doctor."

"We have witch-doctors," he grinned. "You are not needed."

"That's what you think. My Government has found that mortality rate in the hill-tribes has increased terribly and I am sent here to stop it. I mean to, and I want your help."

"You have it—now. But I warn you—no crooked talk."

I smiled. "You have warned me," I repeated.

It was not a dull life as I had expected. The people cultivated little except to grow corn and most of the time they hunted birds and animals. They were dark-skinned with matted hair, naked for the most part except for the loin-cloth which was either the skin of a tiger or the hide of a buffalo. They had the teeth of ani-

mals strung into a necklace and wore them round their necks. The men had brawny muscular arms and big chests. But what intrigued me were the women. They moved about languidly, with sleepy looks, but behind that sleepiness was an alertness that baffled me and gave me some rude shocks. The rudest was when Kalina came to me with a knife-wound, and when I was treating her, pulled my face downwards and bit my mouth till I bled. I struggled, clawing at her, but she held on as if drinking the blood, and I grew numb with pain.

Kalina was one of the chief's wives, about eighteen years old. She was a girl of fierce charm, lithe and too beautiful. She was a hardy specimen of prehistoric womanhood when man chased woman as he chased beasts, to satisfy the hunger of the soul and the body.

"Get out," I shouted, wiping the blood from my mouth.

"No, I am hurt and have come for treatment. Will you finish tying this piece of cloth?"

MY mouth drooped at her nonchalance. "I wish Dhandayudh knew. He'd have you burnt at the stake."

"For biting you! He'd never know. But it's nice."

"Get out," I said hoarsely.

She looked at me straight in the eye and I had to avoid her searching glance. "You mean it?" She asked, a slight tremor in her voice.

I nodded, but I would not look at her. I heard her go.

I felt a little guilty after that. The chief and I had struck up a good friendship and it hurt me to make eyes at Kalina whom I couldn't resist. And to avoid them both, I roamed the hills and dales.

I loved these wonderful outings. There was actually no work for me and since the tribal people were healthy, I was free for the most part. Then I would climb hills, gaze at the beyond, wonder at the thick foliage—it was all so beautiful. Often I absented myself for days when I stumbled upon another tribe, who welcomed me and listened to me with patience and surprise. I

worked out formulae to get them into a whole, and then be in the Union, but they said, "If Dhandayudh joins, we are in it." The problem became more nasty as I had nothing else to do but wait.

Then I met the Gadabas.

THE Gadabas were a hungry tribe, lying in wait to pounce upon other tribes, ready to declare a war for any reason, blind or sensible. Nobody, around liked them, but they were too powerful to be exterminated, and the way their population grew baffled the thinking heads. Hardy and brutal, the tribe lived all on its neighbours, and right then, they were fighting the Mayas in the eastern part of the forest.

They were hostile to me and took me to their chief, Goswami, who squatting on a high stool, looked at me with discomfort.

"We were warned of your coming. We were told to keep a look-out for you."

"Why?"

"I'll tell," came a shrill voice that made me tremble inwards. I waited.

Kalina strode past me to the chief's stool. She put her hand on his shoulder and smiled at me. I looked stupefied.

"Goswami will join the Union, but on one condition. That you take me with you."

"I can't. You're Dhandayudh's wife."

"I am Goswami's daughter."

"Still, you're Dhandayudh's wife."

"Well, that's the condition."

Goswami groaned. "I'll fight Dhandayudh if you take Kalina away."

"I don't want bloodshed. I want a peaceful agreement."

"We're not good when we talk. We're good when we fight."

"Then fight my way—without bluster and blood."

Kalina flared. "You're a fool."

I turned and walked off. They let me walk off. The next day I was back with the Savaris.

Suddenly from the foliage, she darted out. With a cry of joy I clasped her in my arms and kissed her

The tribe was in the throes of consternation. Dhandayudh was angry and sullen. His eyes were drunken, his face a mask of evil.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Where have you been?"

"None of your business. Now, you tell me."

He glared at me as if he would kill me.

"Kalina has run off. Where—I do not know. It's a shame."

I didn't say anything. The old man raged and stormed. "My eldest wife is carrying. She's suffering horribly. We gave her sleeping medicine and she's snoring now. But she'll wake up and shout again. Damnably wretch! Has she to carry at this age? The witch-doctor says she'll die. She mustn't. I want her alive."

HE cursed volubly and swore profanely. "Then that fool, Rajangi, has to go out and fight a boar. It mangled him. He's dying, too. He's a good head and if he lives, the tribe will prosper more. He's our Chief Minister. But now—it is all hell."

"What happened to your witch-doctors? You said you didn't need me."

His eyes blazed. "I want you to cure Rajangi," he said in a thick voice. "And I want my wife alive. I'll give you anything in the world—anything. Even my right eye, if you ask for it. Will you?"

I looked at him long. "How do I know you won't break your word?"

"I won't."

"Faith is a great force. It makes incredulity believable and gives strength to a tottering mind. It's like armour for the weak and for the strong it is like a sword. I'll take your word."

Rajangi was a damaged specimen. Much blood had been lost, and he gasped for air and water. He clenched his teeth to suppress the pain and sweat poured all over him. Medicine leaves had covered him but they did not help to allay the suffering.

I cleaned the wounds and did all I could. He looked so anaemic. He needed blood if he had to live. I was

at my wit's end. When I told his son, he volunteered to give blood. The people when they heard it were shocked. They looked on me as they would at a cannibal. I felt a strange fear within me. I was sweating.

But the son was a man of tough fibre. "Let my father live," he said. "For their own good."

I had no transfusion apparatus. I could not do any test on the compatibility or the incompatibility of the blood groups. It was a gamble. With tubes and pipes, with the syringe half-filled with citrate solution, I managed the transfusion. My mouth had dried and I ran my tongue over my lips to feel the scar that Kalina's kiss had left behind. I asked Rajangi's wife to prepare a stimulant and give it to the boy. There was no danger. Rajangi would live. The boy was in no fear of any harm.

But I did not expect Kalina to bring the stimulant. She gave it to me with a quiet look and I gave it to the boy. They brought me some and I drank. Rajangi moved his eyes and thanked me with them—more than words could ever tell.

"When did you come back?" I asked Kalina.

"Now. My husband forgave me. I told him I had been to the Gadabas to see my father. He told me about you and the promise he made. If you save her . . ."

"I am not God or a miracle-worker. We'll see her and then I'll remember the promise."

THE chief's wife had awakened and was screaming, howling. Making a terrible din that made people stop in their pursuit of game and others go about with fear.

I looked at the woman lying there in pain, the birthpangs of a mother in travail. I examined her. Going to be the mother of twins and with a small pelvis, and also her first delivery in thirty-eight years, it was well-nigh impossible to deliver in the right way. And if she had to live, I had to open her abdomen. This would be ghastly. How could I operate under those tribal conditions of life and circumstances? But it was inevitable.

I told the chief. He didn't say anything. Then arrangements were made with rapidity. Torches blazed all around. A crude table had been set up.

"Tell your wives to get out from here."

"May I stay?" Kalina asked.

"If you want to."

"I want to."

As I busied, I heard some vague talk.

"Kalina, you went to Gadabas?"

"Yes, my lord."

"This man was there."

"I went there because I knew he would be there."

"You care for him?"

"Enough to die for him."

"You are my wife, Kalina."

"But not your property. Anyway, it won't be for long. You promised him, didn't you?"

"I'll keep my word. If he asks for you, he can have you."

"He will ask for me."

"He must save her."

"He will."

I heard them as if from far away. My head throbbed. My clothes were drenched with sweat and burnt my body. I looked at the woman in pain.

I DID the operation. It was a beastly thing, alone, without any help. The twins were chubby and heavy. I looked at the chief. The chief had been tense all along, then gave a thin smile. Then he laughed.

"Is she alive?"

"She'll live to be hundred."

"Good."

After the operation, I sat in a corner and waited. Waited—but I didn't know for what? Then an awkward feeling overwhelmed me. I tried to drive it away but it came and persisted. I had decided to leave.

It was sudden. I felt the suddenness like a hard punch. Then I got up. I told Dhandayudh.

"Why?"

"I don't know. But I must go. I'm sick here."

"Wait till the celebration and the east. Stay till then."

"When is it?"

"Five days hence. I've invited all the tribes. You will wait?"

"Yes."

But Kalina was angry. "Do you have to go?"

"I don't know. I may come back. I feel I'm bogged here. There is a turmoil in my soul and I must quieten it."

"What about me? Will you take me with you?"

"I'm confused. Leave me alone for a while."

There was nothing more to say.

The celebration was something to see. It was the grandest spectacle I had ever witnessed. Many of the tribes were there—the Mayas, the Gadabas, the Kewats, the Madaris, the Katkaris, the Bhuiyas, the Banwaras, dancing, singing, jubilating.

On that day, Dhandayudh, dressed in all his finery was the finest specimen of manhood. He towered above everyone.

After the feast which was sumptuous and the jubilation which was stunning, there was a long talk to the tribes. Talk about peace and happiness. Then he concluded: "If I owe anything to anybody, it's to this man—a doctor—from outside. He saved not only our lives but also our prestige. I promised to give him anything because of it, and before you all, I request him to ask for it."

Loud was the applause for his brave words. I felt a little foolish. I looked at Kalina somewhat sadly. Then I spoke out, sure and clear:

"You are a proud people, a free people. But you are a divided people. Your constant wars and tribal grudges have been the source of much concern and anxiety outside; you have in your seclusion created a terrible interest and importance. Chief Dhandayudh doesn't want crooked talk. I hope I am talking straight. I do not want anything from your people—material wealth or spiritual resignations. My Government wants to merge you into the Union, and the constitution will apply there as well as here. It is not to exploit you, but to strengthen the bond of relationship, to open an avenue for interchange of ideas."

trade, communications, culture and civilisation.

"We understand your wanting to be independent. You will be independent. You will be under no obligation to us. But for progress, to broaden the outlook on things, to write a new history of mankind, I appeal to you, and especially Dhandayudh, that if I want anything, I want his assent."

There was a deep hush all around. They were very bold words. Kalina was wild, and the face of Dhandayudh was a mask of evil.

"Man dies in several ways," he said. "This is one of them."

"No, Dhandayudh, I don't want to force you. But it's important. If we want to invade your territory we can, and easily subdue you, but the days of aggression are over. Now is the time for thought."

"Why can't we be as we are?"

"Strategically, you are on the borders which is dangerous for us. For our own safety and yours. During the great war, several things happened and since war is no man's doing and yet is done, unpropheesied yet comes with a suddenness, we have to keep a strong look-out. Moreover, the hundreds of disunited tribes will be a source of concern and trouble as when they fight and encroach on others territories and cause suffering and bloodshed. In the Union, there'll be help, understanding and arbitration.

Rajangi said, "It is wise."

Dhandayudh agreed, "I will join."

When the other tribes heard it, they did not grumble. They followed Dhandayudh's lead.

In the privacy of my hut, as I packed, Dhandayudh said, "You are a wonderful man. Just to show you I like you—" and he shot out his fist. But his eyes had betrayed him earlier and I was aware of it. I caught his arm, twisted it, and pushed him away.

"I'm still a wonderful man," I said, "but only when others keep their distances."

He went out.

As I walked through the forest glades back to my city, I felt a terri-

ble longing for Kalina. I walked on, longing, wishing.

Suddenly from the foliage, she darted out. With a cry of joy, I clasped her in my arms and kissed her.

"I was afraid I'd go away without seeing you."

"Seeing me? You are taking me with you."

"And Dhandayudh?"

"He knows. I told him. He understands."

"Come."

We walked the glades, hand in hand, happy.

A YEAR later, we returned, with a bundle in her arms, and I in the capacity of an agent of the Union to the tribes.

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ALL the world loves sports. These are many. Some sharpen the intellect; some raise and maintain feelings of delight; while others stimulate the mind and give vigour to the body.

From days of old man has been entertaining himself and his fellow-beings with different kinds of land—and water games. In modern times, with the coming of the mechanical bird, he has extended his amusements to the aerial plane too, which, if they escape disaster, must certainly be said to have the blessings of the angels whose empire is the air.

The sports of a people are the natural outcome of their culture. From age to age, from clime to clime, human culture undergoes changes. The aborigine in the hills and forests lives by hunting; the desert dweller is a wanderer; he who has land that is rich and productive becomes a cultivator. The migrations of peoples from one region to another have brought about a mingling of cultures; but in their sports the peculiar quality of their original home and occupation continues to be dominant.

The civilization of the Tamil is essentially agrarian. In the golden days—alas, now no more!—he had not to wait on the bounty of others as he is doing today—for rice from foreign countries; he fed everyone that came to his door; his hospitality was proverbial. To him the land was the very breath of his life; in the pursuit of his work the cows and bulls were his perfect partners. And appropriate to the character of his labour he developed certain sports and pastimes. Of these bullchasing is one which in Tamil goes by the name of *Jallikkattu* or *Manjuvirattu*.

For most part of the year he lives laborious days: tilling, sowing, transplanting, weeding. Then comes the time of harvest; the teeming granary in which he sees the beneficent smile of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune, fills him with boundless joy. Only a few more days of repose for him; then the round of toil would begin again. What if the world that is not

## BULLCHASING

By

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

his ring with a thousand discords? What has he to do with its noisy schemes? Should he not celebrate his days of rest and leisure in a

manner that would please his heart? The Pongal feast and festivities afford him the proper scope for such celebration. He is not selfish in his fun, he doesn't want to let down his partners—the cows and bulls. So he has a special day for *their* enjoyment on which he scatters them in all directions outside the town or village, allowing them complete freedom of movement. The bovine come to their kingdom.

The bullchasing of today has its origin in an ancient marriage custom found among the cowherd class. The great grammarian Tolkappiyanaar mentions this as *Eruthazhuvuthal*: to capture a bull at large as proof of bravery by a youth seeking in marriage the hand of a maiden. The *Kalitogai*, a Sangam work, describes vividly the charge of the bulls: "Rose a cloud of dust; it settled thick on the breasts of the chasers; the horns were levelled low; fear struck the assemblage."

In the pursuit some young men meet their death, gored by the bulls; some abandon the chase, tired out; a few alone succeed, climbing onto the backs of the bulls and controlling them. The favours of the watching maidens fall on these fortunate heroes. A similar reference is found in *Silappadikaram*, the celebrated Tamil classic of the Second Century A. D., in the opening lines of Canto XVII entitled "Acciyarkuravai": meaning "The Dance of the Cowherdesses." In a footnote to these lines, in his English rendering of the classic, Mr. V. R. R. Dikshitar writes:

"It was a custom in the cowherd community for young girls, until they were married, to select their own bulls from the common stall and to tend them. The bulls would then be let loose, and whichever young cowherd could successfully bring the beast under control in an open contest, was deemed the proper life-partner for the girl. Apparently, it was one of the ancient wedding customs among the 'Ayar.' The custom also can be traced to their

family deity Krsna, who, tradition affirms, curbed the fury of seven bulls coloured black, white, and brown and married the girls who were tending them. The 'Alvars' who followed several centuries after the composition of the Silappadikaram also attribute this incident to Krsna."

Again, in the course of an article on "Krishna in Tamil Literature" published in the Journal, *Indian Culture*, the same author elaborates:

"It is generally believed that this was a practice which Krishna himself indulged in Gokula. In the Bhagavata Purana there is a story which says that King Nagnajit of Ayodhya had a daughter for marriage and he proclaimed that he who would bring under control the seven bulls in charge of his cowherd would be his daughter's fitting husband. All kings tried in vain. It is said that Krishna successfully curbed the ferocity of the seven bulls and made Nagnajit bestow his daughter on him."

Thus bullchasing that began of old as a social institution among a particular community has now become a popular sport, although losing its romantic hue of marriage still retaining its heroism and excitement. There is a matchless description of it as it was conducted in the recent past, in *Kamalambal Charitram*, B. R. Rajam Iyer's famous novel.

Let us now witness a bullchasing as it is prevalent in some of the Tamil districts today—permitting a marginal variation for each locality in the procedure of the game.

Towards the middle of January, every year, on the *Mattu-Pongal* day following the Pongal festival, the cows and bulls are bathed, decorated with flowers, vermilion and turmeric, sprinkled over with the auspicious saffron water, and sumptuously fed. Their horns are painted, vying with the colours of the rainbow; some of the bulls have theirs fitted with ornamental metal caps; clusters of bells as tiny as beads are fastened to their legs; and round their necks are hung shining collar-bells and garlands of variegated flowers and green leaves, along with brand-new towels of cotton in which which are tied cakes, cocoanuts and fruits. If the owners happen to be rich, expensive silks instead of cotton carry within their knotted folds rupee coins, sometimes

even a gold sovereign. The bulls are next led to the *maidan* adjoining a temple. After the worship of the deity, they are driven away to spread themselves everywhere to the tumultuous sound of drums and horns and cymbals. The chase then begins. The bulls of ordinary mettle prove an easy catch; the scramble for their load of cakes and cocoanuts and fruits ends swiftly; but the eyes of the sturdy young men are fixed on the high-bred bull which bears about its neck or on its horns some costly prize. Its muscles rippling and quivering across its sleek body, its hump swollen tight, its horns lowered, foaming at the muzzle, the bull careers in a frenzy, now stopping short and pawing the earth, now skidding on its forelegs in the momentum of its terrific speed, to tear off again snorting, tail stiffened, and the chaser runs hot beside it, leaping over thorny fences, crumbling mud parapets, down dips and over mounds, endeavouring his best to catch hold of the turgid hump of the animal and arrest its speed. If he succeeds, the prize is his. But if the bull proves stronger he would be lucky indeed to get away with a mild scratch on the arm or a sprained ankle instead of sudden death. Very often the bull returns to its owner with all its burden of silks and flowers and prize-money intact—sometimes on the very evening of the chase, sometimes two or three days after—and its master is highly proud of it for its glorious victory. In case it comes denuded and with a hang-dog air, he becomes indignant and belabours it mercilessly; it is even reported—the occurrence must be rare indeed—that the vanquished bull is killed forthright for the shame it had brought upon its owner. They shoot horses, don't they? But that is for quite another reason.

So much for the game.

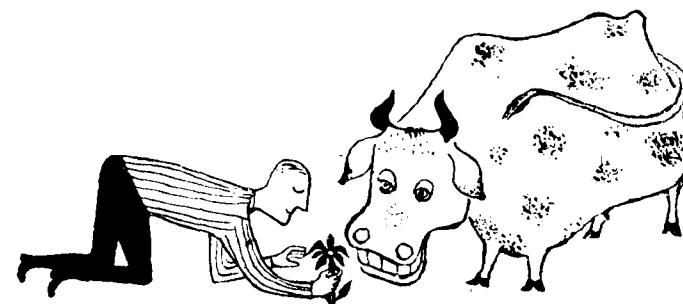
To those who are accustomed to modern sports like tennis, hockey, badminton, football, cricket, horse-race, bullchasing may seem a trifle crude. But a little generous thought on their part should make them alter their view. For bullchasing requires as much, if not more, training and skill as the other games do. Considered deeply, it has too a social uti-

lity. To tame and harness a wild animal such as the bull to agricultural work is a necessity to the tiller of the soil. A wide-scale mechanisation of labour will take long to achieve; in the meantime the peasant has to depend on his livestock for help in his work. The game of bullchasing opens up for him possibilities to exploit brute force in the most natural way. Compared to wrestling and boxing in which man has exalted his barbarity, bullchasing any day is a refined game. Those of us who have read thrilling accounts of bull-fights in Spain, of the magnificence of the toreadors and matadors have not lost any of the thrill if we have seen our own sport of bullchasing. And talking of bull-fight in Spain, Marcella Hardy while reminiscing on her sojourn in the castles of Spain at the time she was an undergraduate and has seen a few bull-fights, notably the celebrated fighting of Seville when the mournings of the Holy Week end and rejoicings begin again marking the return to normal life—Marcella Hardy says that what struck her in the encounter between bull and matador was the tenseness of the moment when the two face each other alone in the arena, because even then nobody can predict the certainty of the end. The case was not of man against beast but a materialised abstraction in which horror had no place. All bull-fights are not so grim. And I quote for your delight the story of Ferdinand the Bull brought to the screen by Walt Disney more than a decade ago. The film was such a success that the whole bull-fighting world was seriously concerned over the possible demoralizing effects of Ferdinand's

example on the renowned herds of Spain. Ferdinand was no fighter, he was a poet. He loved flowers and green fields and he honoured his mother. All seemed to be going well with him until he sat on a hornet's nest. He was severely stung and he scooted round the countryside bellowing like a wild thing. As ill-luck would have it this was seen by a promoter of bull-fight who at once had him transported to Madrid as the Chief Bull in an important event. By this time the pain of the hornet's sting had subsided so that when Ferdinand appeared in the arena he was once more his own true self and disregarded the challenge of the matador for the tenderer beauties of a little blue flower blossoming on the edge of the sand. Ferdinand never regretted the ignominy that attended his departure from Madrid. For it enabled him to spend the rest of his life—unsought for by the promoters—in blissful contemplation of the things he loved. Something of this Ferdinand-like trait must have moved Eddie Cantor in his approach to the fighting bull in his *Kid from Spain*. I don't know if there are Ferdinands among our own South Indian bullchasers.

Bullchasing is a game one more exciting than hunting. To hunt a wild animal in the forests with weapons from at a safe distance is not the same as coming to close grips, unweaponed, with a ferocious beast. In bullchasing is seen mental and physical courage of the highest order—the pure, most powerful bond of nature between the tamer and the tamed. In its fierceness there is a tenderness.

(By Courtesy: AIR, Madras)



## New Books

★

### IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAHATMA

A Personal Memoir

By G. D. Birla  
With a Foreword by the PresidentDR. RAJENDRA PRASAD  
Orient Longmans Ltd.,  
Madras

Rs. 5-8 as

★

### GANDHI

His Life and Message for the World

By Louis Fischer

A Signet Key Book  
The New American Library,  
New York 22, N. Y.

25 Cents



Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Mahatma Gandhi, and Louis Fischer

**G**ANDHI is yet too near us both in point of time and indebtedness for most of us to be capable of either meticulous fairmindedness or unsentimental dissociation in the appreciation and evaluation of the people and the situations and the causes associated with his name. One is either pro-Gandhi in which case one deliberately and without any self-deception acquires a certain perspective. Or one is anti-Gandhi in which case one merely keeps quiet about it. But very few are really anti-Gandhi. Some might have disapproved of some of his actions and attitudes, others might have lost patience with him and still others might have seen him as a crank, an eccentric. But no one hated him, no one could even dislike him. He was a good man, whatever the connotation or emphasis or meaning anybody

cared to attribute to that word. His assassination was far less passionless an act than even the crucifixion of Christ. For the last fifty years we have been reading history in terms of Gandhi. Perhaps fifty years or two generations later people will learn to read Gandhi in terms of history.

Gandhi was the central, dramatic, gigantic figure in a revolution which, because his was the cohesive personality binding times and places and people together, acquired the complexion of a merely quickened evolution. But there were others beside him on the stage, some who have grown since in separate character. There were some who remained behind the scenes and to continue the simile, gave the cues and acted as prompters. No doubt they were not indispensable. The play could very well have gone on without them.

They merely helped to achieve the smooth transition of the written play into the spoken drama. Some will tell you it is much to do, others will tell you it is only one of the incidental necessities of production. Some will tell you these people in the wings were mere props and just so important, still others that without them the play would have collapsed.

Mr. Ghanshyamdas Birla was one such in Gandhi's life and the Congress movement. He was the prompter. He merely supplied the cue-lines. He helped to keep Gandhi's mind free of the numerous tiny irritations which blunt the edges of the rapture of self-sacrifice and self-dedication and self-identification. He was Gandhi's messenger boy. He kept his house, his purse, his extreme means at Gandhi's disposal. That was all. To those who evaluate participation in the freedom struggle in terms of the number of days in prison and the number of marks left on the person by floggings, this might not seem much. To the younger generation, Mr. Birla comes in the category of Capitalists Who Have Tied Up the Hands of the Congress. They have no patience or mercy or even understanding to spare for generous or enlightened capitalists. The sin is in the possession.

Mr. Birla has now published a volume of about two hundred and fifty letters and extracts from letters covering a period of twenty-five years, from 1924 to 1949. They are letters which passed between him and Gandhi, and between him and various other Indian leaders and English statesmen and politicians who were connected with or interested in the efforts of this country to emancipate herself. They really give little new information. What they do, however, is to shift the spotlight briefly to the wings of the stage. They reveal no new people even here but only help us to look at the old faces better and more clearly. Mr. Birla like a few others lived in the shadow of the Mahatma. But even he was less overshadowed than others like Mahadev Desai and Pyarelal who began and ended in the shadow. Mr. Birla was two people.

He was the industrialist, the commercial magnate. He was also the devotee and admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, often his confidante. The second role became possible because of the first.

"There was not much in common between us so far as our mode of life went," says Mr. Birla. "Gandhi was a saintly person who had renounced all the comforts and luxuries of life . . . He believed in small-scale industries—charka, ghani and all that. I, on the other hand, led a fairly comfortable life and believed in the industrialisation of the country through large-scale industries." But neither allowed these differences to obtrude on their natural affection for each other and need for each other. "It has been one of Gandhiji's teachings," says Rajen Babu in a foreword, "that those who are blessed with wealth should regard themselves as trustees and treat their wealth as trust property for the benefit of others." Gandhi dipped freely, frequently and deeply into Mr. Birla's purse. Every other letter from him to Mr. Birla has a request for money. Money for cottage industries. Money for Khadi work. Money for other social services which opened out from the Congress movement. The money requested is mostly in five figures, often in six, rarely in four. "Whatever sum he asked from me," says Mr. Birla simply, "he knew that he would get, because there was nothing I could refuse him." He did more. He was the communication line between Gandhi and London. He made frequent trips to England to preach what he calls his "gospel of personal contacts," and met Sir Samuel Hoare, then Secretary of State, Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax, Mr. Butler, Mr. Attlee and a host of others. An extract from a report sent to 'Bapu' on 29th June, 1935, from London concerning discussions that were being carried on about the India Government Bill reads thus: "I have met the following. Sir Findlater Stewart twice and talked for two and a half hours. Butler, under-Secretary of State; a very charming and intelligent man although very young. Talked for one hour and am lunching with him this week. Zetland

talked for 45 minutes and am meeting him again after the Bill is passed in the House of Lords . . . Lord Derby I am meeting again as many times as I like. Sir Henry Page-Croft I met twice. Lunched with the Manchester group in the House of Commons. Lunched with Sir Henry Strakosch and he has asked me to lunch with him whenever I need his help. Lunched with Sir Thos. Catto . . . Sir George Schuster twice . . . Lunched with Sir Basil Blackett . . . saw Mr. Bone of the *Manchester Guardian* . . . am meeting Lord Linlithgow, Lord Halifax and Mr. Macdonald . . . Findlater Stewart is going to arrange for an interview with Mr. Baldwin. Schuster said, don't waste any time over Simon. Lothian said, leave Lloyd George alone for the time being . . ." and so on and on and on. It must have been difficult to remember the names, much less digest the lunches.

And thus with Mr. Birla and a few others taking care of the financial and diplomatic ends the Congress movement is traced in epistolary hops through the Round Table Conferences, the historical pact with Ambedkar, the forming of the Harijan Sevak Sangh, The Temple Entry Bill, the birth of the *Hartian* and the protracted discussions on the Government of India Act, Gandhi's fasts and the communal riots to the climax of the assassination. We see in brief glimpses the familiar galaxy of illustrious fighters in the cause, Lala Lajpat Rai being paternal and wistful, Rajaji being meticulous, Dr. B. C. Roy in hurt dignity. There are references to Patel, to Nehru and we even get a long look at Sir Winston Churchill at his brilliant best and falsest. And right through it all walks Gandhi himself, being in turn fatherly, philosophic, shrewd and personal.

One gets the impression that this is a kind of apologia from Mr. Birla. For what, I cannot imagine. Perhaps, it is Mr. Birla's way of trying to come out of the shadow of the Mahatma onto the stage.

Yes, it is time the third dimension of the Congress picture came into view.

From G. D. Birla and the intimacy of the Gandhian epistles to Louis Fischer, the American political analyst, is an interesting leap; Fischer's *Gandhi* shows the "value of personal contact" in a vein different from that of Mr. Birla's. To the correspondent's flair for reportage, Fischer adds the receptivity of a historian; he tells the story of the Mahatma in vignettes of character and incident. The New American Library which has made available for the vast reading public good books, fiction and non-fiction, through its Mentor and Signet volumes has now opened another facet to their publishing adventure—the Signet Key Books. Fischer's *Gandhi* is the first volume to issue in this new series and for twenty-five cents which in Indian money is a little over a rupee it is a bargain.

SANTHA RUNGACHARY

#### Botteghe Oscure X

Edited by Marguerite Caetani  
Via Delle Botteghe Oscure 32 Roma  
9s 6d

READERS of SWATANTRA must be familiar with this international periodical *Botteghe Oscure* published from Rome, a review of issue IX of which appeared in its columns in June 1953. Its founder-editor is a wealthy Italian lady married to an American and the wealth is evident in the simple excellence of the periodical's get-up, the quality of its paper, and the pale-yellow cover with its impression of granite strength—all accentuated by the wealth of the material printed. It keeps up the reputation it has established for presenting the best in contemporary literature in three languages: English, French, and Italian, and by drawing attention "to the spiritual and literary trends which each is contributing to the common development of ideas." The present number provides an unflagging reader interest in its variety of poetry, drama, and fiction, the best in the last group being "The Opium Lady"—an extract from a chapter of *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*, a novel by Marguerite Young. Here is careful writing, good prose which touches greatness at moments. Denis Devlin,

the Irish poet is also a diplomat who had held posts in New York, Washington, and London. In 1938 he was in Italy as Secretary of the Irish Legation. Twelve years after he returned to Rome as Minister in which capacity he now continues. I read Mr. Devlin's poems for the first time four months ago and found them interesting. His "The Colours of Love" included here combines the materialistic with the mystic, and achieves a pleasing harmony in the integration.

"Women that are loved are more than lovable.

Their beauty absolute blows:"—

he says, but age and experience bring knowledge, and candour cannot find a firmer expression:

"Divinities of my youth,  
Expound to me my truth;

Whether from Judah or Rome  
Or my nearer Gaeldom.

The driven horse formalises  
His speed for prestige and for prizes,

The girl swinging on the swing  
Of the convent, makes me sing.

And apples drop like centuries from  
The tree of life, so long in bloom;

But, divinities of my youth,  
You can no longer tell the truth,

It is too much a struggle to  
Keep quality confined to you."

*Botteghe Oscure* takes its name from a street in Rome, and if Marguerite Caetani's ambition is to make all literary roads in the world lead to Rome, we have cut some in our free India and would like her to take note.

I. S. M.

#### An English Prison

By Suresh Vaidya

The Teachers' Publishing House,  
Madras 1  
Rs. 5

AN ENGLISH PRISON is the misleading title of an interesting record of the experiences of an Indian journalist in England. Suresh Vaidya is one of those brave souls who fought India's battle for free-

dom right in the heart of the British Empire. Separated by thousands of miles from his native land, faced with the hostility of the ruling class in whose midst he had to live and work, he is symbolic of those in England at that time who kept the banner of our freedom struggle flying high. His book is an account of his refusal to join the army after the failure of the Cripps' Mission. The Congress had determined not to have anything to do with the war. To save the honour and prestige of the country Suresh Vaidya fought against conscription. He is not a pacifist, but was a conscientious objector in the purely literary sense of the phrase.

We have glimpses in this book of the barrack room in England, a brief history of the Swaraj House, the workings of the English police and military. Suresh Vaidya is a keen observer of human beings and has sketched expertly the psychology of some of his fellow prisoners. From the first chapter where he is clapped by Scotland Yard to the last when he leaves for his homeland, the book has a gripping quality.

The author has a dignified style and though it is an entirely personal account there is no trace of self-pity in him nor does he assume an air of martyrdom. He has a vision which while being pictorial doesn't sacrifice fidelity, giving his prose the accent of simplicity: "The town was lazily shaking itself into activity. A sweeper was gathering the refuse on the road and piling it into his handcart. An empty lorry rumbled past us. A solitary housewife was on her way to the market. Maidstone was awake but had yet to come to life."

To those of us who are inclined to forget the bitter struggles that had to be waged to wrench our freedom this book should come as a reminder that it was not an easy walkover.

Fenner Brockway, a close friend of Mr. Vaidya introduces the book. For its wealth of informative material *An English Prison* deserves a better get-up; the reader is specially warned not to be put off by a weak and ugly cover.

V. V. S.

## YELLOW AND BLACK

**YELLOW** and black.

Yellow of your sari and black of blouse  
made for my soul's proud carouse!

Beloved, when your kiss  
deliciously stings  
my mouth, my heart does miss  
a beat; then a songbird sings  
hushing all sounds  
of the hell-hounds  
that jealousy has bred  
tooth'd and talon'd red  
us to destroy.  
But, O, Joy  
of pure true love  
that like a dove  
in an unseen clime  
forever does rove  
where earth and heaven rhyme!

Yellow and black.

Yellow of your sari and black of blouse  
that rouse  
my heart to dance in delight  
like patterns of leaves at night  
beneath the moon, under tops of trees  
where lingers the breeze  
whose fingers comb  
the argent gloom,—  
so I caress  
your braided tress,  
then with a fleeting glance  
—as one in a trance—  
of your shadowy eyes  
that are stars in disguise,  
I put my head  
betwixt your breasts,

to be feasted, fed  
by your infinite charms,  
oblivious of alarms,—  
swift, deft,  
in the little cleft  
warm as bird-nests  
and odorous as musk  
in a dreamy dusk!

Yellow and black.

Yellow of your sari and black of blouse  
made for my soul's proud carouse!  
Their silken softness burns  
my inmost being and turns  
every nerve a lightning streak  
to seek  
bliss evermore—  
a honeystore  
from heaven  
that's given  
to us with God's authentic seal.

Yellow and black.

Yellow of your sari and black of blouse  
in a dewy drowse  
I feel—  
O noble brow, O starry eyes,  
wherein shame suddenly dies;  
O moist mouth  
quenching all drouth;  
O fondling hand, O curve of waist  
fashioned in such faultless taste;  
O cuddling knee, O glimpse of heel,  
what mad appeal!

Yellow and black.

DHANUS

## Kashmir through the Ages

By

V. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO

**K**ASHMIR, the second biggest State in India, after Hyderabad, is one of the 15 major States. The peculiar situation of its valley enclosed by a circle of Himalayan mountains, accessible only in a few places by long and difficult passes, keeps its inhabitants almost isolated and invests them with a character rather different from that of the outside world and fosters a self-sufficiency in them. History tells us that for a long time in the Jataka times of Buddhist supremacy in India, the people of Kashmir were Buddhists; when Buddhism was driven out of India, the people came somehow under Muslim influence

and 90% of the population is now Muslim. According to Kalhana, the Kashmir historian of India, Asoka founded the city of Srinagar in the 3rd century B. C. and for the complete Aryanisation of this country, his son Jalauka was responsible. The Kushans annexed it and formed it into a province, but they were all Hindu in ideals and after Buddhism was politically banished out of India, the decadence of the kingdom both social and political set in, and the almost worthless kings that sat on the throne seem to have been responsible for what we might term a fall from the Aryan ideals. Though the mass of the population became Muslim, the ingrained Hindu ideals seem to have struck permanent roots in the Kashmir soil and the people themselves, according to ethnographic investigations, exhibit the pro-

nounced Indo-Aryan features as described in the epics—tall, fair complexioned, longheaded, faces with narrow, prominent noses, broad shoulders, long arms, slim waist, with lionlike features but with thin legs like deer and these features are also confirmed by modern census reports.

The ancient name for this country seems to have been GANDHARA, but that name includes besides modern Kashmir, parts of modern Baluchistan and Afghanistan also. It seems to have been also referred to in the Aitareya Brahmana as the UTTARA KURU country lying beyond the Himalayas and according to the Buddhist Jataka 406, the Gandhara country included both Kashmir and modern Taksila (the ancient name of the latter being Takshashila). This latter Takshashila is mentioned in the Bharata epic in connection with Janamejaya's sacrifice. Another Buddhist Jataka, the Kumbhakara Jataka, the Aitareya Brahmana and the Shatapatha Brahmana refer to this Gandhara country and the Bharata epic mentions the queen of Dhritarashtra as hailing from this country. The Kumbhakara Jataka refers to Takshashila as the capital city. The Jaina Uttaradhyana Sutra refers to this country as having been inhabited by Jainas. In the 6th century B.C. this Gandhara country was defeated by the Indians but soon the Persians seem to have captured it under King Darius who made it a subject province of his vast empire as recorded in the Behistun inscription of 516 B.C. Kalhana, the Kashmir historian, refers to the founding of the capital Srinagara by Asoka but Taranatha attributes this Aryanisation to Virasena (who may probably be the predecessor of Subhagana of Polybius as recorded in the Cambridge History of India. Hekataios of Miletos, (549 to 486 B.C.) the Greek historian, refers to this land as Kashyapapura (Kaspapyros) and the Jataka tales record that it was 2000 leagues from Kashi. Kautilya refers to the horses of Bahlika as Madhyama or middle class. Vatsyayana in his Kamasutras seems to refer to this country as Bahlikas and includes it under the Uttarapatha. Some others refer to the country as

being famous for asafoetida. The Kurus of the epic are supposed to hail from this country and the Jainas regard it as their *svarga*. One of the most ancient and famous universities flourished there and Panini and Kautilya are referred to as having studied there.

After Asoka, the country passed on to the yoke of the Kushans and Buddhism flourished under Kanishka and Huvishka. The former convoked the Buddhist assembly which seems to have been dominated by Nagarjuna I. The latter transferred his Kushan capital to a new city named Hushkapura and established Buddhist shrines there. Further down under Mihirakula, Saiva shrines and monasteries were built. In the 7th century, the Kashmir ruler did not acknowledge the sovereignty of Harshavardhana of Kanauj, and Bana refers to the way in which his patron exacted tribute from that country. The sacred tooth relic of the Buddha was wrested from this king and carried off triumphantly by Sri Harshavardhana. When Hiouen Tsang visited the country, the religion of Buddha was already losing its influence there. Kashmir seems to have declined in importance socially and politically after about this time, though by fits and starts as it were, some literary eminence was gained under Avantivarman in the latter part of the 9th century and also in the next century. But almost all the kings were, with one or two exceptions, themselves worthless and were surrounded by parasites who made real scholars hewers of wood and water and elevated porters to the position of finance ministers.

Kashmir can ill afford to forget the work of some of its great engineers. Yasovaraman, the patron of Bhavabhuti and Vakpati, was defeated by Lalitaditya of Kashmir in the latter half of the 8th century and this king's irrigation projects on the river Vitasta and the temple of Martanda are deservedly famous. Later in the reign of Avantivarman in the latter half of the next century, the Public Works Minister Suyya mastered the principles of Shilpasashtra so thoroughly and with his practical bent of mind converted the industrially

backward country into a progressively prosperous country. The waters of the Mahapadma lake caused much havoc to the people by constant overflowing and breaching and this wonderful engineer seems to have studied the particular keypoints where the breaches commonly occurred, and reclaimed the most uncultivable saline lands for fertile cultivation by letting loose the waters of the lake in these lands. Kalhana's praise for this engineer deserves to be pondered over by modern P. W. D. Ministers. This engineer reclaimed the earth; he constructed river projects and he made the river waters drinkable and the country smile with prosperity. Disastrous floods and the consequent devastating famines became things of the past. Similarly, in literary spheres also under this mighty monarch, the footprints are recorded in the sands of Time. Anandavardhana, the great literary critic of India, flourished in this reign and his work was completed in the next century by a mightier name, Abhinava Gupta. After some worthless kings who followed, Yasaskara, in Kalhana's rather extremely exaggerating language, reinstalled the golden or the krita yuga, but even this king was spoiled by his worthless concubine Lalla. Even blood-thirsty queens like Didia who would not hesitate to kill her own children in cold blood, have spoiled the otherwise fair reputation of this lovely country. Its evil days set in with Muhammad of Ghazni who invaded and sacked it in 1025 A.D. Though it was left for about two centuries after this in peace, it was once again sacked and completely impoverished by Timur in about 1400. Later still it was conquered by Akbar the great Moghul with the help of Raja Bhagawan Das in about 1600. In between these two dates, perhaps, the population became Muslim because of the Muslim political dominance. Akbar once or twice visited the city and seems to have been very much impressed by its loveliness. The city slowly gained in importance thereafter, and Akbar's luxury-loving son Jehangir started the practice

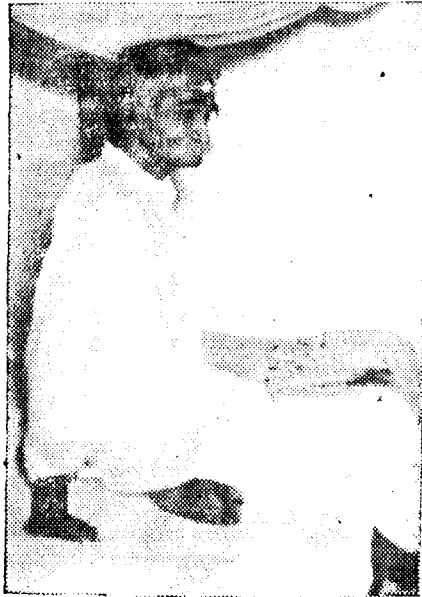
of making periodical exodus to the hills and made Srinagara his summer capital. His son Shah Jehan, more pleasure-seeking and artistic in temperament, continued and regularly kept up this practice. Later still, in the unsettled times following the disruption of the Moghul Empire, the East India Company appropriated it from the weakling titular Moghul emperors in payment of pretended dues. Later still, in 1857, the "famous rebellion" as the English historians term it, took place; the Kashmir Sikhs sided with the British and enabled them to be absolute masters in India. The grateful East India Company sold Kashmir to the great grandfather of the present Rajpramukh.

**M**OST of the famous literary critics of India in Samskrit literature like Bhamasa, Vamana, Ananda Vardhana, Abhinava Gupta and Mammata flourished in Kashmir. Poets like Bhallata and many other literary savants with their names ending in -ta have hailed from that country. Saffron, Kashmir shawls, horses and asafoetida and similar other products are abundantly cultivated here. Sri Sankara and others worshipped the goddess Sharada in Kashmirapura before embarking on their literary career. There is another tradition about Vatsyayana-muni, the author of the Kamasutras, being a native of this country, but H. C. Chakaldar who has made extensive studies does not regard this as reliable. It is also not definitely known whether our greatest poet Kalidasa was a Kashmirian or not, but there is a fairly trustworthy tradition about his being a Kashmirian. The first narrator of tales in the world, Gunadhya, who was responsible for making this one of the *fine arts*, seems also to have hailed from this very country. The Sikhs look to the city of Srinagara as their Kashi and their Guru Granth—their Holy scriptures—are deposited in the golden temple in this lovely city. We will do well to ponder over this historical background at this present juncture.

## A Savant Passes

By R. P.

IT was a summer evening; we had gone to Courtallam for a holiday, and for the exhilarating baths in the Falls. Returning from the Falls, we had to pass the row of stereo-typed cottages put up for the convenience



T. K. C.

of visitors. One among them, though outwardly looking like the rest, had a unique and distinctive air. Its doors, never closed to any one, let out a shaft of light gleaming from inside, symbolic as it were, of its distinguished occupant. This was the abode of the Sage of Courtallam, "T. K. C." He hallowed that little cottage about twelve years ago, and ever since, he made it his habitation; though he could have lived in his own palatial house in Tirunelveli he preferred to pass the evening of his life in Courtallam, which to him held more peace and charm than the urban life he had left.

We hesitated and halted before the house, in doubt if it was the proper time to pay our respects to him. We were not however left in hesitancy long; for the kindly voice from within

threw the spell round us, saying, "Why, come in." and as we went in, "Sit down, won't you." We needed no further persuasion; there was something so charming about this venerable personage; one could not help being taken in. We were treated to steaming hot coffee; (later, by experience I found this was preceded by *dosai* or *iddli*, which I learnt was almost an institution under that hospitable roof.) Having had our fill, the real treat was yet to come. "Shall we now read a verse?" This was invariably the eagerly expected prelude and then you were transported to a different world altogether.

That evening TKC started with reading a verse from *Kutrala Kuravanji*; then followed other verses from the same ballad. "Can you find a simpler, more beautiful piece of poetry in any other language?" he asked. There was no need to ask. That was the first time we heard these verses, but the way he brought out their intrinsic beauty made them indelible in our memory. Long after, they echoed and re-echoed in our hearts. That day, we—my wife and I—became slaves to TKC's exposition. We wanted to listen to more. Ungrudgingly and with almost childish glee TKC continued. He brought before us and unfolded to our vision the unexcelled charm of the lyrical description of natural beauty; we were taken along the rippling streams, into the glades and forests of the Triple-peaked Hill; we were introduced to the lovable *Kurathi* with her naivete, charm and mischievous twinkle in her eye; we followed the Sun in his multi-horse chariot, entering into the caves of Darkness, where the spray of the Honey Falls had made the rocks slippery; we pitied the monkeys in the heavenly regions begging their more fortunate kindred for the luscious fruits of the hills, which they were tasting; we admired the sages who had entered into Yogic trance, which was the only stillness that pervaded the hills. . . . And so we roamed about the hills and forests which the poet had described, and through which TKC guided us. After this initiation, a visit to Courtallam became an event which we looked

forward to; the Falls and the baths ceased to be the attraction to us thereafter, as to many like us. TKC was the magnet to whom we were all naturally drawn.

TKC was no fanatic, for all his fire and zeal for Tamil. His erudition in English was so deep that he could say with authority that Tamil poetry was far superior in imagery and content and none dared to question him; he often used to establish this with comparative illustrations. Whether it was the dramatic denouement in Kamba Ramayanam, or the ennobling philosophy contained in Tiruvachakam, or the rare gem of a thought in Perndevanar, one could easily assimilate and enjoy—if only it came through TKC's crystal glass. One could sit for hours listening to his expositions which always transported you to a different world, where you lived among poets. The clock could go on ticking and striking the hours, but in his presence, we had no use for such limitations.

It is no wonder the highest among intellectuals could be counted among TKC's admirers and followers. That a person of the intellectual eminence

of Rajaji should refer to TKC as the authority in Tamil and derive solace in his company only shows the esteemed position he held.

TKC's interests were not confined to Tamil literature. His love of classical music and genuine art was very deep. Years ago he was one of the very few who were responsible for the resuscitation and proper appreciation of the dying art of Bharata Natyam. To say that TKC was the embodiment of all that stands for Tamil culture would be no exaggeration. His house, though small, could always hold a sizeable gathering at any time; his heart was bigger, permeating as it did, kindness and hospitality and a characteristic nobility. He was the unfailing kind friend, philosopher and guide to any one who sought him. His love was abounding. His kindly eyes always sparkled with good humour. His gentle but deep voice always touched the heart when expounding verses in Tamil; often it rose to musical cadences which echoed in our hearts long after. That voice has been stilled for ever; but it will always echo and re-echo in our hearts.

## Opium V. Liquor

By P. KODANDA RAO

THERE seems to be a fundamental difference in the current politics concerning *opium* and *liquor*, the warrant for which is not clear or convincing. The consumption of both is considered an evil, to be repressed. Both fetch revenue to the State and the contractor. In the case of opium, the Government of India abolished its export to China with a view to saving the Chinese from its evil effects and in the process surrendered sizable and much-needed revenue. In 1949 the Government of India and the Governments of the States agreed on the prohibition of the consumption of opium in India, to be achieved in ten years or earlier, notwithstanding loss of revenue and enforcement difficulties. In the case of liquor, however, the consumption of which is no less an evil, several State Governments and the Central Government are very reluctant to prohibit its consumption on the ground of

the loss of revenue and enforcement difficulties! Illicit traffic in opium and its products is as difficult to prevent as illicit traffic in liquor, if not more so.

Furthermore, the prohibition of the consumption of liquor in Prohibition areas is not absolute. While the consumption of country liquor is prohibited absolute, the consumption of "foreign" liquor, like whisky, is permitted on medical certificates. It is presumed that the prohibition of "foreign" liquor undermined the health of its erstwhile consumers, but that the prohibition of country liquor did not undermine the health of its erstwhile consumers.

If a uniform policy has been feasible with respect to opium, notwithstanding provincial autonomy, there is no reason why it should not be feasible with respect to liquor also. In any event, before modifying the current policies, it is best to await the recommendations of the Taxation Enquiry Commission, and the consequential amendments to the Constitution.

## RENE COTY:

### The Most Unexpected President of France

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

**T**HE newly elected French President, Rene Coty, began his seven years' residence in the palace of the Elysee on January 17. His term of office will embrace some of the most fateful years in world history, and many superstitious people will see in the 13th ballot, from which he emerged successful, an omen, good or ill, of the future of France. Rene Coty himself, the most unexpected and unexpectant of Presidents in the history of the Republic—his candidature was only proposed on the sixth day of the voting—probably regards the number 13 with indifference, being a sturdy realistic Norman, as shrewd and sensible as only Normans can be.

Now that the French are beginning to recover from the exasperation and humiliation of the most chaotic election on record, the choice of Rene Coty as successor to Vincent Auriol is seen by many as both wise and inevitable. It was inevitable that the new President should be either a man of the Right or a man approved by the Right, since this Parliament is distinctly more conservative than the one which elected Auriol seven years ago. And it was a wise decision, when Premier Joseph Laniel was seen to be unacceptable to the majority of the Parliament, to put forward as representative of the Right parties a candidate as conciliatory and unaggressive as Rene Coty.

Curiously enough, the only man who predicted the possibility of President Coty's election is his predecessor, President Auriol, who told journalists confidentially six months ago that the election race might be won by an outsider, Rene Coty. In any event, the victory of a man who until his election was practically unknown to the general public appeals to the sporting instincts of the nation. His modesty and his frank, genial, unassuming personality are other features in his favour.

President Coty's favourites among his predecessors at the Elysee are President Fallieres and President Doumergue, and he will unmistakably seek to model himself on their example. Both men were notable for their solid bourgeois virtues and their conciliatory nature, rather than for their intellectual brilliance or social graces. Both represented the provincial middle class of France, in mentality and manner, and both were popular and successful Presidents of the Republic. Like them, Rene Coty conceals under an affable exterior a quick aptitude for sound judgment and a lively sense of humour. His gift for repartee has been appreciated, even by its victims, during his 30 years of parliamentary life. He has a keen and observing eye and ear and in private life he amuses himself and his intimates by his excellent mimicry, in voice and gesture, of many of his colleagues.

**B**ORN at Caen, in Normandy, where the Canadians fought one of their toughest battles in World War II, and brought up in the great Atlantic port of Le Havre, Rene Coty is the son of two generations of educators who played a prominent role in the city which he was afterwards to represent both in the Chamber (later the Assembly) and in the Senate (now the Council of the Republic). He took degrees in science, literature and law, and joined the bar of Le Havre as one of its youngest advocates. In recent years he abandoned the bar for the role of legal counsellor and conciliator in private disputes, where his talent for arbitration found natural expression. Forty-six years ago he married Germaine Corblet, daughter of a Le Havre shipowner whose large sailing fleet was once well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Madame Coty is a rotund, simple and kindly woman whose large heart, common sense and excellent cooking have

endeared her to her big family of children and grand-children. It is typical of her housewifely spirit that she spent the day of her husband's election to the highest office of the Republic in baking cakes for her grandchildren's Christmas Eve party.

In their apartment on the picturesque Quai aux Fleurs, overlooking the flower-market on the banks of the Seine in the heart of Paris, the Cotys have lived for many years in modest comfort and harmony. Neither the President nor his wife is socially minded. They spend their evenings at home, where their principal distractions are music, dominoes and the company of their granddaughters. It is a far cry from this domestic tranquillity to the gaudy splendour and state ceremonial of the Elysee palace, in which for the next seven years their every movement will be subjected to the discipline of tradition and the severe eye of the master of protocol, M. de la Chauviniere; and even their private lives will not be immune from public curiosity, the jokes of the cabaret singers, and the gossip of the satirical weekly press.

Nevertheless, Rene Coty has too much sturdy individuality to become a docile prisoner of the Elysee, as were his predecessors, Raymond Poincare and Albert Lebrun. His characteristic refusal, after his election, to spend the first night in the solemn Empire bedroom of the Prefecture at Versailles, as was

expected of the new President, may serve as an indication of other innocent escapades to come. Yet he has been too long a servant of the public, as municipal and departmental counsellor, deputy, senator, Minister of Reconstruction (during which period he refused to accept compensation for his five-war damaged houses in Le Havre) and latterly Vice-President of the Council of the Republic, to rebel at the servitudes and duties of the office of chief magistrate of the Fourth Republic.

Rene Coty has been described as a good President during a spell of tranquillity. But this is to underestimate or ignore his essential virtues. He comes, after all, from the hardy Norman stock of farmers, artisans and navigators who helped to settle Canada. His name means Hillman or Hillsman, a man of the hills. Underneath his jocular and smiling features, his homely wit, there is a rock-like tenacity which explains his long career as representative during 30 years of the same city and department of France. If storms assail the Republic under his Presidency, and they are already threatened by the instability of Parliament and the quarrel over the European Army project, this tall, broad shouldered, gray-headed and blue-eyed Norman, young and vigorous at 71, has learned to weather them in a hard, seafaring school. —Copyright NNF.

## EDISON'S INVENTIVE GENIUS

**T**HE genius and labour of scientists of many countries have contributed toward making the dream of modern mechanical age a reality. But of these, perhaps no one individual's work has had a greater impact on the world than that of Thomas Alva Edison, the American inventor whose birth anniversary is observed this month.

Edison's inventions, which number more than 1,100, include the phonograph—the one that he loved best; the electric filament—for which he is best remembered; silent and talk-

ing motion-pictures; the carbon telephone transmitter; and the electric railway.

These alone would have sufficed to put him in the front rank of inventors. But he also devised the duplicating machine, the first practical loudspeaker, the megaphone, magnetic concentration of iron ore, the electro-magnetic brake, the nickel-iron storage battery and innumerable other mechanisms that touch upon many aspects of everyday life. And above all he invented a machine for making inventions—the modern technical research laboratory.

The astonishing number of inventions led to many legends about

Edison. But a more prosaic and orderly manner by which he achieved his inventions would be hard to find. Edison himself had no regard for the genius who works by inspiration, as is evident from his oft-quoted observation: "Genius is two percent inspiration and 98 percent perspiration." Failures spurred him on to further attempts till he achieved success.

Edison's first invention was when he was 19. It was a device for recording votes in Congress. Congress wasn't interested. A candid representative told him, "Young man, the last thing a Congressman wants is to have his every vote recorded." Edison learned his lesson well. From then on he knew exactly what he wanted to accomplish, and he made sure that there was a market for everything he turned his hand to. This absolute certainty of purpose and method helped him from wasting his time away in worthless expe-

ments.

Born at Milan, Ohio, 1847, he had barely three months' schooling, and the rest of his education was taken care of by his mother. Though not necessary, yet the young Edison sold newspapers and candy in trains to help him buy books and equipment for his laboratory.

**A**N interesting incident on one of the trains gives an insight into his knack of grasping opportunities that came his way. An elderly well-dressed gentleman asked him to throw away the papers he was carrying and paid for all of them so that he could get a nap undisturbed.

Grasping this unexpected opportunity, Edison hurried back to the car where he had kept his stock of papers and came out with a bunch of magazines. Once again the man asked him to throw out the magazines and paid for them. This continued till Edison had exhausted his stock and then the open-handed



Henry Ford seen whispering into the ear of Thomas Alva Edison.

gentleman asked him, "You got any more stuff out there?" Edison confessed, "All I've got left is an empty suit case." "Well," the man commanded, "bring that and throw it out, too." According to Edison, the money he made through that stroke of luck helped him to buy the books that launched him on a serious study of electrical science.

Popular imagination remembers Edison mainly for his incandescent light, the phonograph, and the cinematograph. But in his experiments on the electric light bulb, he made another discovery that was also to have revolutionary social consequences—the "Edison Effect," on which the radio tube has been developed. The Edison Effect, a flow of current in only one direction through the vacuum between filament and plate, lay dormant for a couple of decades till it was picked up by other scientists, and then it gave rise to the modern electronic tube, which forms the basis of radio broadcasting, long distance telephones, the X-ray, high-frequency surgery, electronic musical instruments, and a multitude of other devices.

Recognition of his inventive genius came to him in the form of a special medal from the U. S. Congress in 1928. Besides honorary degrees from many universities and membership of the U. S. National Academy of Sciences, Edison was made a Commander of the French Legion of Honour; he received the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts in Great Britain; he was awarded the John Fritz engineering medal from American Engineering Societies; and in 1914 he received the Rathenau (German) Medal.

Before his death on October 18, 1931, Edison had patented more than 1,100 patents, the greatest number ever issued to an individual by the U. S. Patent Office.

A conservative estimate in 1947 of the value of the industries that Edison gave rise to amounts to \$20,000,000,000 and the number of persons employed to 4,000,000. If estimates are to include industries, which—though not directly descended from Edison's inventions—would have been impossible without his preceding contributions to science and knowledge, the figures would reach astronomical proportions.—*Newsfeature*

## A New Type of Steel

**A** BRITISH steel firm which has its foundry in a Yorkshire moorland valley near Sheffield is now making a new kind of steel which is immensely strong. The BBC's industrial expert, Bertram Mycock, recently went to this great works to see the new steel for himself and said that it depends for its strength on a substance called boron which is one of the elements of borax, the stuff that goes into soap and has a place in the making of glass. Only a pinch of boron added to a ton of steel actually doubles the metal's strength and the new steel is being used for jet engines and bridges where great strength for less weight is an important factor.

This moorland valley steelworks, one of the most complex in Britain, produces largely the raw materials of engineering. Stainless steel is one of its main products for it turns out

practically all the razor blade metal used in Britain and sells enough to the United States to make eleven million blades a week. It also produces springs of all kinds, from massive coils for locomotives down to tiny hairsprings for wrist watches and, continuing with the craft that made hoops for crinolines, it now produces ribs for umbrellas. The works is always expanding and just now men are beginning to instal a sixty-ton electric arc finish which will be the biggest of its kind in the Commonwealth. "As I watched the steel makers at work," said Mycock, "squinting constantly into the bright heart of a furnace, and adding measured ingredients with all the devotion and care of a good chef, I became aware that these men are the backbone of an industry that keeps the planes flying and the wheels turning, yes, and the chins smooth and the kitchens busy in millions of homes."—*BBC*

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them for reasons of space.

## Let U. S. A. listen to Reason

Sir,—The editorial in *Swatantra* dated 30th January on "Economic Versus Military Aid" clarifying its attitude regarding U. S. military aid to Pakistan, must allay all misgivings among its readers. That is what *Swatantra* feels about it; it is a matter of opinion and one may or may not agree with it. But to indulge in the cheap gibe that *Swatantra* was bribed by the U. S. A. into supporting U. S. action and thus heap unmerited calumny on the journal is neither fair nor sensible. On the other hand, that *Swatantra* could in the teeth of agitation throughout the country against such aid to Pakistan, boldly come forward with a view contrary to the sentiment of the nation, is but an eloquent testimony to that journal's independence of outlook and its adherence to the principle that a journal, while trying to reflect public opinion in so far as it serves their interest, should also endeavour to guide the public mind even while running the risk of tentative unpopularity, when such guidance is not welcome to a prejudiced public.

While one may not differ from *Swatantra* regarding the constitutional rights of the two States for entering into any pact or alliance, one cannot possibly refrain from expressing one's fear regarding the consequences of a pact of the present type in the present day context. The United States military aid to Pakistan comes in at a time when the issue of Kashmir has entered into a delicate stage. The agitation of the Pakistan public for war with India, the equally dangerous exhortations of their leaders for a "Jehad" on India and the pressure of the two on the Pakistan Government, are all pointers as to the direction in which affairs in that country are tending.

The declared policy of the Government of India is peace and friendliness in its dealings with other countries. It is acknowledged on all hands that India has done more than any other country, as resources go, to lessen the international tension and to infuse a sober note in the deliberations of the U. N. On the other hand, at a recent press conference at Decca the Prime Minister of Pakistan almost

admitted that the U. S. military aid was sought because of the Kashmir problem still remaining unsolved. It is unfortunate that U. S. A. which is a friendly nation to both Pakistan and India, and which ought to be, therefore, interested in the fraternity of these two free nations, should feel it proper to accede to the request for aid of the Pakistan Government. The United States cannot fail to appreciate the mischief such an aid would engender when there is already an agitation in Pakistan to force a military decision on Kashmir.

India does not fear Pakistan, aid or no aid. But India wants to avoid a war in the mutual interests of Pakistan and India and in the general interests of international peace. The contemplated American military aid to Pakistan would only serve to undo what India has been patiently and consistently doing all these years to bring about an atmosphere of peace and a state of genuine friendship. So, the agitation in India against the aid, be it by the public or by the Government, is not so much to make Pakistan see reason, as to make the United States, a leading nation in the world that professes to serve the cause of peace, understand the magnitude of the mistake it is unconsciously committing, or the disservice it is deliberately doing to the cause of peace in general and democracy of India. All Indians feel that the U. S. A. is a sincere friend of India and an ardent advocate of peace. And if the U. S. A. does not want to shake off such a feeling in Indians, does not want to extend the region of the cold war to the borders of India and if it does not want India to go the way China has gone, the only right thing it could do even at this belated hour is to suspend this hasty act of aid. Not that India demands it as a matter of right, but India strongly feels that propriety, peace and democracy need such a step being taken by U. S. A. The U. S. A. may have some immediate gains by extending the military aid to Pakistan; but in the long run, it is bound to be a loser. The proposed aid to Pakistan must make American statesmanship pause and think afresh about the problem in all its bearings.

Kavali.

O. M. GOPAL RAO

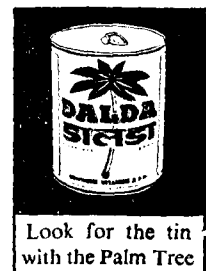
Do you know why the moon is sad  
and pallid in the day?  
Because the Serpent Sun has ate  
His children at their play  
Dancing from where he lay  
Ambush'd a earth's shadow.



Running a home on my budget isn't easy. The way prices are today I have to count every anna. Recently my husband offered to do the marketing for me. When he got back I was shocked. He'd bought a ten-pound tin of Dalda Vanaspati. Here was I, pinching and scraping, buying loose fat. And my husband, the business man, goes out and buys Dalda Vanaspati. But he was right, as usual. This is what he taught me about cooking fats... Our big interest is our three children. Nothing matters more than their health. My husband explained how even the best and most costly fats can be adulterated when they're sold loose, and, besides that, dirty hands and flies can cause all kinds of contamination. "There's only one way to be sure," my husband told me, "buy your cooking fat in a sealed tin. Germs can't get in." When I asked him why he chose Dalda Vanaspati, my husband had the answer to that too. The people who make Dalda have been making it for over twenty years. Everything that is used in the making of Dalda Vanaspati must be the very best. Everything is tested and if anything is not up to standard, out it goes. Dalda Vanaspati now contains vitamins A and D, and is available in airtight sealed tins of 10 lb., 5 lb., 2 lb. and 1 lb. It always reaches you pure and fresh and is good for all your cooking. As my husband put it, rather bluntly, "You can't take risks with what goes into your stomach." It's only Dalda Vanaspati in my home from now on—that should go for you too!

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