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SWATANTRA

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Vol. IX No. 13

MAY 1, 1954

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ON THE COVER:

Ascension.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Enquiries about these will not be answered. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

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ON THE COVER:

Reception to the Corporators from Ceylon by the Mahabodhi Society, Egmore, Madras. Miss Florida famous Ceylonese star presenting a bouquet to Mrs. Ayesha Raoof, Deputy Mayor of Madras.

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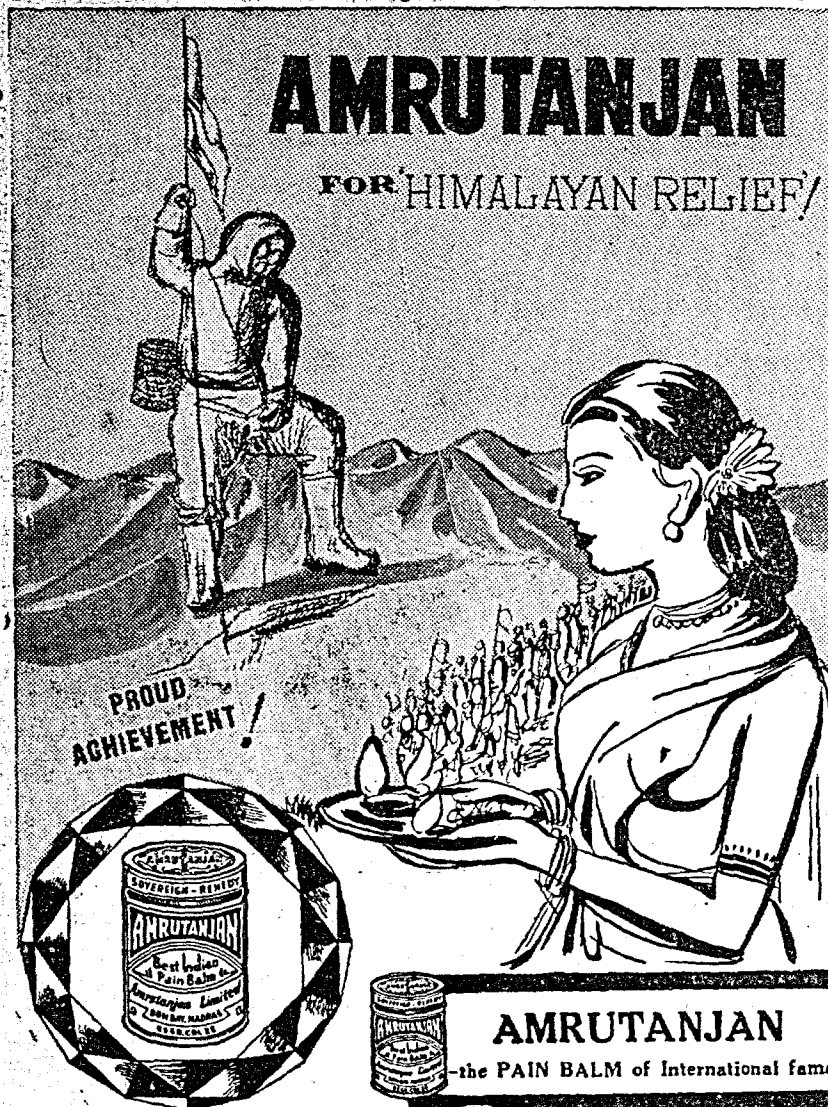
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ON THE COVER:

Sri R. Munuswamy, the new Mayor of Madras

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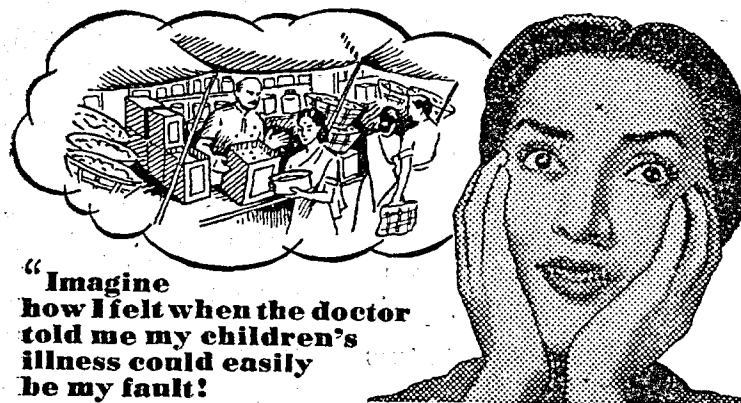
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*Are you careful with your cooking, Mrs. Ram?' he asked.

*Of course I am,' I told him.

*How do you buy your cooking fat?'

*I buy it loose,' I said.

*Loose fats can carry germs of every description,' he told me. 'They can be contaminated by adulterants, by dirty hands or by the flies in the bazar — perhaps that is the cause of your family's upset health.'

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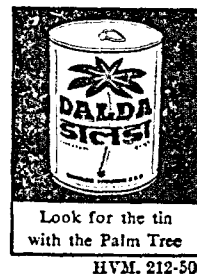
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MAY 1 SATURDAY 1954

No. 13

U. S. DILEMMA IN INDO-CHINA

PANDIT NEHRU has announced that United States planes carrying reinforcements from France to Indo-China will not be allowed to fly over India. The overriding consideration with the Government of India was the desire not to become a partisan in the Big Power conflict. Few can deny that the situation in Indo-China, from the point of view of the free world, is most unsatisfactory. France recognised the Ho Chi Minh Government as the Government of Viet Nam in 1946, but as he later proved intractable, she decided to treat him as a rebel. Soon after, in a bid to wean away popular support from Ho Chi Minh, the French Government signed agreements with Bao Dai and the Kings of Cambodia and Laos recognising them as heads of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, which were declared to be Associated States in the French Union.

Though six years have since elapsed, the war in Indo-China is now as far from its end as when it began. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the people of Indo-China have greater faith in Ho's leadership than in Bao Dai. France is partly responsible for this. She has yet to fulfil her repeated assurances that she would grant complete freedom to the Governments of the Associated States. Consequently, to the people of Viet Nam, Bao Dai stands for the broken promises of France. It is regrettable that they are led by a Communist who may very well lead them into a different

kind of slavery, but the major responsibility for such a disaster, if it comes about, will rest on the incompetent and shortsighted French statesmen.

But France may yet come out of Indo-China with a good grace if she will only accept the six-point plan for peace put forward by Prime Minister Nehru in Parliament last week. To create a climate for peace, Pandit Nehru urged that all concerned should refrain from threats and the combatants desist from stepping up the tempo of war. To bring about a cease-fire, he suggested, the Geneva Conference should give top priority to this question and set up a cease-fire group composed of the actual belligerents, namely, France, the three Associated States and Viet Minh. The conference should decide and proclaim that it is essential to the solution of the conflict that the complete independence of Indo-China should be placed beyond doubt by an unequivocal commitment by the French Government. The conference should bring about a solemn agreement of non-intervention in Indo-China affairs, including the denial of aid to the two sides, with the Governments of the U. S., the Soviet Union, Britain and China as the principal signatories, the United Nations being requested to draw up a convention in the matter. The procedure is not easy, nor do these proposals guarantee peace, but they show a way out of the impasse, probably the only way, and they help to test the sincerity of all concerned in

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their protestations for peace. The merit of these proposals consists in the fact that neither China nor the U. S. will be able to prevent a settlement in Indo-China by bringing in extraneous issues, like admission to the U. N. and Korea.

★

A New Deal for M. Ps.

THE committee on payment of salaries and allowances to Members of Parliament has made its recommendations. It has for long been recognised that the duties and responsibilities of a legislator in a modern democracy leave him little time to practise a profession to earn a living. Unless the post of legislator carries with it adequate remuneration, those who cannot afford to give up their professions are prevented from seeking it by standing for election. In a democracy a large majority of the legislators are likely to be in this position and, if their services are denied to the people, it may not be possible to choose the best representatives. It was in recognition of this that in Britain a salary was attached to the post of M. P. several years ago. In

India, M. Ps. were given an allowance of Rs. 40 a day for every day they were present in Parliament. The committee has now recommended that members should be paid either a salary of Rs. 300 a month plus a daily allowance of Rs. 20 for attendance in Parliament or allowances as at present. It has suggested that the daily allowances should be free from income-tax but not the salary. The committee has also recommended that members should be paid travelling allowance at the rate of two second class and one third class railway fare or one and a quarter air fare when the journey is performed by air.

Whether an M. P. chooses to receive only a daily allowance or a salary plus an allowance, a member of the House of the People will get between Rs. 7,000 and Rs. 8,000 a year and a member of the Council of States between Rs. 4,000 and Rs. 5,000. A member who takes his work seriously, both in keeping in touch with his constituents and in participating in the work of law-making, besides attending meetings of parliamentary committees of which he may be a member, will have a tough job making both ends meet.

Sotto Voce

★

SATAN REBUKING SIN



THE Red Dean afire with his passion for peace had to get up the base of Nelson's column with a ladder to tell the cockney world of the wrath to come. A like faith in himself had kept St. Simeon Stylites on the top of his column in chronic cramps. Empedocles dived into Etna to pluck immortality from burning lava. The other day an obscure

fellow clambered up to a dizzy height and was accounted crazy because he avowed that he was trying to make the obtuse public realise his importance. If he had planned it as a stunt to sell bed-pills guaranteed to give you the feeling of a sylph floating joyfully in space the morning after, why, he would have been unanimously voted laureate of advertising consultants. The world

has progressed since Empedocles did his circus turn.

★

It was a breach of etiquette in my salad days for members of the learned professions to advertise. And so every law-apprentice became a politician in his too ample leisure. Politics were then largely verbal. But whether it made a dent on the triple armour of British imperialism or not it did involve a little reading and public debate which the newspapers for lack of other news reported at length. Briefs were scarce. But you were talked about and caught the eye of the local boss. And one day the judicial service opened its arms wide and gathered you to its bosom to enjoy the insufficient salary and the 'dawalied' dignity of a district munsiff.

★

Doctors practise a mystery which does not lend itself to public debate. You may once in a while read a paper at the district medical association to an audience of half a dozen G.P.'s who, after a weary day, come there for a comfortable dose; but the newspapers are not interested in dry details with polysyllabic names. They prefer to titillate jaded palates with miraculous accounts, complete with photographs in suggestive postures, of rejuvenation in Vienna or resurrection on Mount Vernon. Incidentally, the Bill for the suppression of obscene advertisements will not interfere with the free flow of these fly-catching syrups into the magazine pages of our global press.

★

Medicos with the exhibitionist urge have specialised, therefore, in activities which may be compendiously described as "being the life and soul of the club." It requires some nerve to follow in the bold pioneering wake of an old acquaintance of mine who found a neat way of killing two birds with one stone. He advertised for a house every other month giving his full name and qualifications. This was far cheaper and more effective than paying rent. His one grievance was that not one of the poltroons who meanly ejected him (it was before the blessed days of rent control)

would sue him in court and give him invaluable free publicity.

★

The wary sort, as I said, unbent in club lounges and made their contributions to politics not by direct participation—which they considered rather vulgar—but by dissecting the reputation of aspirants to public notice in language not meet for squeamish ears. The successful gossips built up not so much a clientele as a coterie of admirers, mostly female. They bristled at the slightest suggestion of professional impropriety. But they were men of the world and they left the advertising to black-eyed brunettes and flourishing pharmacists. They had no need to put up sign-boards to tell the world that they treated for V. D.

★

But we live in a democratic age, and ardent M. P's. have hotly defended the sacred right to advertise. Licensed allopaths, as the repositories of scientific knowledge, must be free to put up brass plates seen from a mile off and blazon their specialism with an inclusive simplicity calculated to draw clients with a load of private sin. But the man whose family has for forty generations dispensed *taamra bhasma* and saved much misery must not tell the world through the newspapers. Much less, I suppose, must the man who can bring peace by *raksha-bandhanam* to households racked by poltergeists before which science stands agape.

Here is no concern for truth or for the integrity of science; what you see is the jealousy of trade unionism. Not confidence tricks in general but only one particular type of it and that the least objectionable is hit by this law. The allopath puts himself forward as a curer of incurables no less than does his humble brother the *vaidya* or the *hakim*. If he did not appeal to the fugitive hope of the patient in various more or less sophisticated ways he would not attract a single one. The canny professional vends, however, not pills and pomades but glamour. And so he has no need to cry his wares: a superstitious State does that for him.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE most important event of the week in Madras was the annual conference of the Southern India Journalists Federation. It was inaugurated by Dr. Alagappa Chettiar. Dr. Alagappa Chettiar astonished his hearers by the depth and range of his insight and comprehension of the problems of journalism; none could have thought him unfamiliar with the practical craftsmanship of the profession. The speech he delivered was worthy of a talented veteran that had given his whole life to the service of newspapers. Thoroughness in whatever he undertakes is the distinguishing mark of Dr. Alagappa Chettiar's life and work. His passion for learning is boundless. He is one of the most well-read men of our time. He is not content with mere personal enjoyment of the delights of intellectual adventure through books. The joy of knowledge must be shared by all and it must be made ever more worthwhile and exciting. So he has given most of his fortune to the founding of educational institutions. He is pledged to devote all of whatever he may earn hereafter to the sacred mission of promoting scientific research. Already he has spent nearly a crore of rupees on endowments of one sort or other connected with educational advancement. He has made the spread of enlightenment his religion. In the service of that religion he has given the major part of his wealth and possessions, and he has dedicated to it all his brains, gifts and energies.

A benefactor like this is entitled to respect and consideration. What he says is enriched by the significance of a life devoted to high purpose, and the public have a right to see it printed in the newspapers they read. But because Dr. Alagappa Chettiar spoke before the Southern India Journalists Federation, his whole speech went unreported in the *Indian Express*. The entire proceedings of the year's session of the Federation were blacked out by this paper. On

the other hand, we were treated to column after column of the proprietor's fight with the Audit Bureau of Circulation. These two samples, one excluding the important and the other exaggerating the personal, together comprise an epitome of the peculiar brand of journalism introduced into the Indian newspaper world by Sri Ramnath Goenka.

Journalism is of course a free profession and admission to it is open to all. But the essential spirit of the profession is not accessible to all comers. It eludes capture by all except those whose practice is in harmony with the basic principles of which it is the expression. The events of the world have an independent existence of their own unconnected with the likes and dislikes of the owners of newspapers. It is a deadly vice to seek to tamper with this independent existence, and those who in practice make the attempt violate the very basis on which esteem and respect are won in journalism. They remain aliens to the craft, out of the circle of the elect, and they will never attain leadership, though they may kick up some dust and make money. The Southern India Journalists' Federation has a position of its own which is not affected in the least by Sri Ramnath Goenka's desperate effort to nullify it by banning it from his pages. When an important institution commanding, by virtue of its significance, spontaneous publicity in the press of the country as a whole, is shut out by one particular newspaper-owner, it is so much the worse for his newspapers who will thereby convict themselves of incapacity for objective presentation; in other words, unreliability.

The test of fitness for journalism is objectivity. The objective journalist will not allow his dislike of a thing to influence him in his assessment of its value as news. Nor will he allow his attachment to the things in which he is interested to

steal from his stock of publicity a disproportionate share. The conflict between personal inclinations and impersonal duties is not however limited to journalism. It is even more pronounced in politics and administration. Just as the journalist handles publicity, the politician in office deals in power. It is a wrong use of power to allow personal interest to overthrow the standards of propriety. One hears of the Chief Minister of a State obliging a Vice President by aiding him in his ambition to make a High Court Judge of his son-in-law; or forgetting his duty so glaringly as to appoint his own son for a post of influence and responsibility for which he is wholly unfit. These perversions are on a par with the perversions of newspaper owners when they forget their duty to the public and conduct themselves as if they are a law unto themselves. They provide a temporary thrill at the expense of reputation and future welfare. They pull down eventually the government or the paper in whose name they are indulged in.

SAKA

★

QUIET, PLEASE!

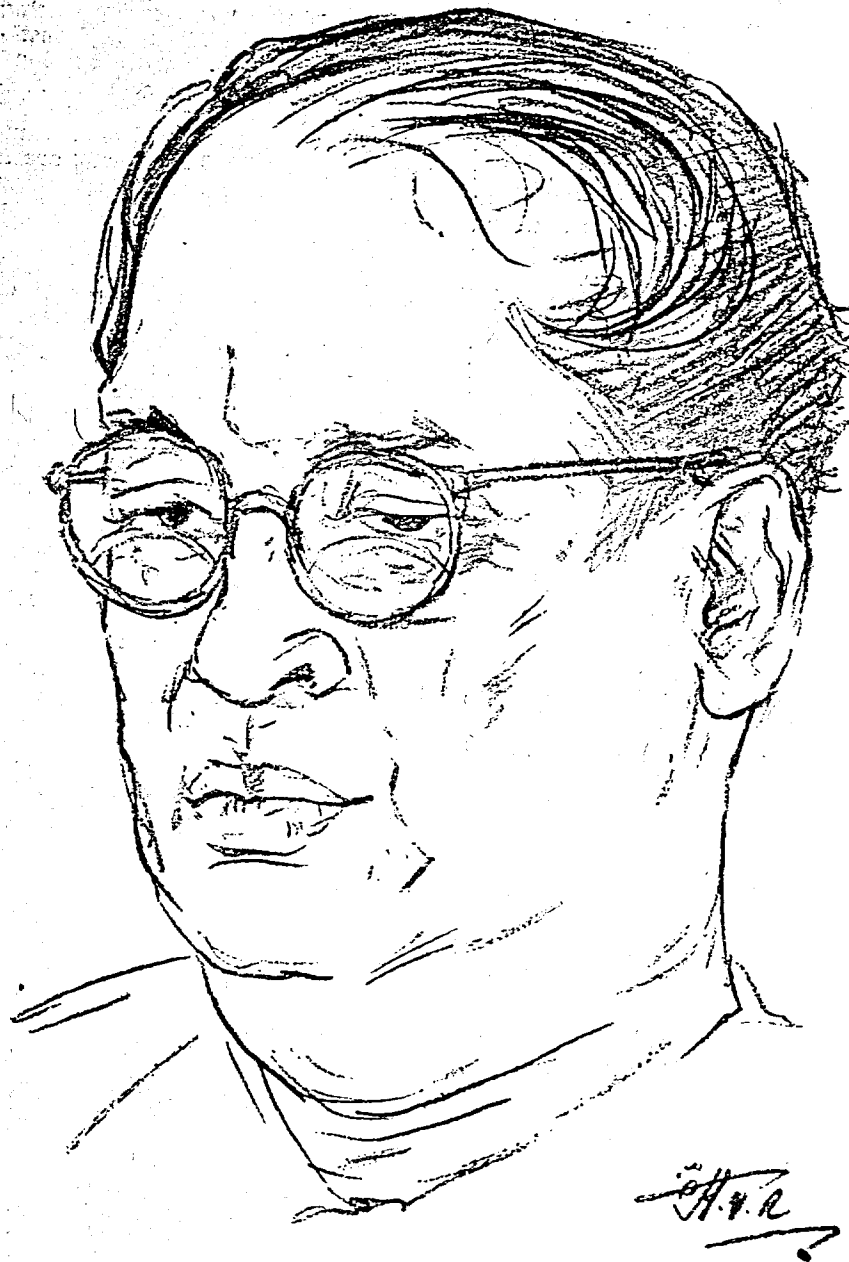
One of the little jobs carried out by the BBC's recorded programmes department is the recording of sounds at various famous places, such as the stamp of feet when the Guard is changed at Buckingham Palace, or the challenge of the sentry during the Ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London. Such recorded sound pictures are particularly valuable when broadcast in the BBC's External Services, where a sound picture of a famous place carries more weight with listeners who have little English than a long and factual interview with someone who works there. Recently BBC engineers went to the British Museum to record the silence in the reading room, that holy of holies where scholars and people engaged in research are found in large numbers. The roof of the great reading room is domed, which provides a loud echo, and the silence of this celebrated place emerged on

the recording as a great roaring sound of heavy breathing and rustling of pages, punctuated by loud bangs whenever an engrossed reader dropped a book, or someone shut a door or tripped over his feet. Many places, say the BBC engineers, are a great deal quieter than the reading room at the British Museum.

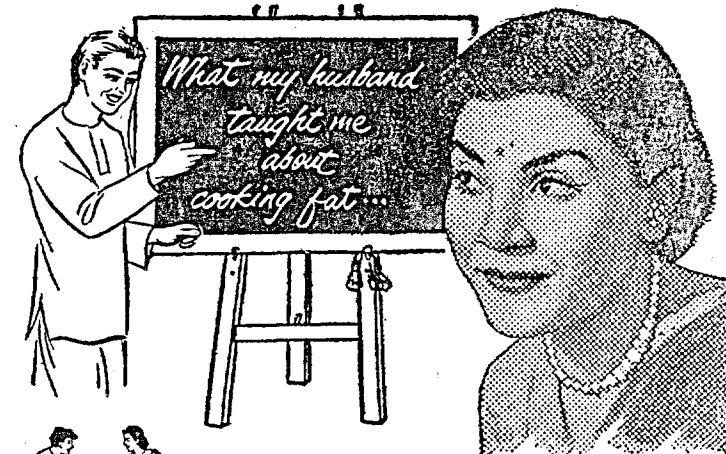
—BBC London Letter.

Announcement

ONCE in three months, in the course of the year, SWATANTRA has planned to issue a Literary Miscellany for each of the four South Indian languages: Telugu, Tamil, Kannada, and Malayalam. It is not in the nature of a supplement to end supplements like the one that Mr. Harvey Breit did recently in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. It is designed to make us within the Indian Union—in spite of politicians and the linguistic division of provinces—know each other better through our poets, playwrights, storytellers, essayists, critics before we are known (though flattering to our vanity) in New York and Paris, Sweden and Czechoslovakia, Spain and the Philippines. Understanding has to begin at home first. SWATANTRA for May 8, 1954 will contain the Telugu Literary Miscellany. Intending contributors will please send their MSS in English rendering from their originals for publication in the succeeding supplements to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Madras 4. Translations directly from one Indian language to another is the goal aimed at, English in a large sense being one of the Indian languages by virtue of its long stay in our country since Macaulay introduced it as the medium of education for the special purpose of turning out an army of clerks to serve British imperialism, but now we should continue to have it for the sake of its glorious literature and to give back some of our own to the western world. A single copy of the Miscellany can be had for the price of Two Annas [Post free].



Mr. Justice K. Subba Rao has been appointed Special Officer to look to the preliminaries connected with the establishment of the Andhra High Court at Guntur. He is the likeliest choice as Chief Justice of that High Court. He is an ideal judge. When he sits on the Bench his independence and impartiality are absolutely unassailable. He goes where the evidence leads, and the humblest and the mightiest are assured of even justice at his hands. This is the true mark of judicial integrity; of the reliability of the judiciary as a haven of protection for the citizen against abuses of power by the executive. As an exemplar of it Sri Subba Rao is second to none in the country.



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.



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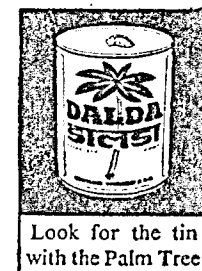
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VIETMINH CONQUERS WASHINGTON

By ANDREW ROTH

THE fog of confusion produced by statements and counter-statements emanating from Washington has obscured one of the Vietminh's most important victories. Whatever the fate of Dien Bien Phu, the Vietminh has already blown to bits the whole of the Republican "new strategy" for Asia.

After more than a year of "agonizing reappraisal" the whole shiny armour of new slogans was allowed to collapse with a crash on April 16 when Vice President Richard Nixon told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that American troops might have to be used to stop the Indo-Chinese Communists if the French collapse.

This was no slip of the tongue. Mr. Nixon was paving the way for a reversal in American policy already decided on three weeks before by the National Security Council, of which he is a member. He was tipping off American editors—85% of them supporters of his party—that the Republican Party was having to scuttle its chief claim to being able to handle the revolutionary changes in Asia more satisfactorily than its predecessors.

The much-flaunted "new look" of "disengagement" of American troops, their replacement by Asian troops, backed up by the "massive retaliation" of atom and hydrogen bombs dropped by American strategic bombers had collapsed at its first serious attempted application.

No Election Propaganda

THE seriousness of Mr. Nixon's admission is only realizable if one recalls that this is an election year in the United States and that the Republican Party—whose presidential candidate Mr. Nixon hopes to be in 1956—has been cashing in on the claim that its policy is cheaper in American lives than its Democratic opponents.

It will be recalled that Republicans campaigned for Eisenhower on the slogan that the Korean bloodbath was "Truman's war." Eisenhower himself helped his election chances enormously in the 1952 campaign by his last-minute pledge to visit Korea and his famous words about war in Asia: "If there must be war there, let it be Asians against Asians, with American support on the side of freedom."

During the whole of the first year of the Eisenhower administration, its top strategists were hard at work on the reappraisal of U. S. strategy in Asia, with a view to speeding the "disengagement" of American troops which Eisenhower had promised. On January 11, 1954 John Foster Dulles, U. S. Secretary of State, announced that President Eisenhower and his highest policy-making body, the National Security Council, had made a "basic decision" on how to hold the line against Communism while disengaging American troops. U. S. resistance to Communist expansion, he said, was "to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our choosing."

President Eisenhower himself made it perfectly clear at his February 10, 1954 press conference that he was still dead set on "disengagement." He said he could "conceive of no greater tragedy" than for the United States to have its manpower involved in an all-out war in Indo-China.

The Policy Shifts

THE first conclusive demonstration that this basic policy had been scrapped came with the famous speech of John Foster Dulles to the Overseas Press Club in New York on March 29. A key paragraph in that speech was transmitted to America's allies and the *New York Times* Washington Bureau chief, James Reston, was permitted to say "on the

highest authority"—that is, Dulles himself,—that this represented a fundamental policy decision to block the "Communist conquest of South-east Asia . . ." This speech was read and authorized by President Eisenhower two days before it was given, meaning that he had accepted the reversal of his entire strategic policy.

The key paragraph read: "Under the conditions of today, the imposition on Southeast Asia of the political system of Communist Russia and its Chinese Communist ally, by whatever means, (my emphasis: A. R.) would be a grave threat to the whole free community. The United States feels that that possibility should not be passively accepted, but should be met by united action. *This might involve serious risks* (My emphasis: A. R.) But these risks are far less than would face us a few years from now, if we dare not be resolute today."

There were several *tactical* reasons for this shift. Washington wanted to reassure those fighting in Indo-China that the U. S. intends to see the Communists defeated in Indo-China. Mr. Dulles was also saying to the French: Stand firm at the Geneva conference; if you don't get a safe peace, the United States will be prepared to take joint action with you and other nations to defeat the Communists. He was also trying to frighten the Communists with the prospect that, no matter how many local battles they might win in Indo-China the U. S. was not prepared to tolerate its conquest. He was warning Peking that continued aid to the Vietminh might mean a hydrogen bomb on Peking itself.

This was part of Mr. Dulles "diplomacy by overstatement." He feels that the Communists would not have attacked in Korea if they had known in advance that it would bring the U. S. into the war against them. He believes that it is important to state in advance what you will not tolerate, so that your friends know on what they can count and your enemies know what to avoid.

Behind the Shift

BUT over and above these *tactical* reasons for making a strong speech at that point, there was a

fundamental *strategical* shift in the whole basis of American policy toward Asia. Somewhere around March 26, when General Ely, the French Chief of Staff flew back to Paris, the National Security Council finally decided that Indo-China must not be allowed to fall—just when the whole basis of its Asian strategy was shown to be inapplicable in Indo-China.

The twin foundations of the "disengagement-retaliation" theory is that you can "let it be Asians against Asians" and that you can support your Asian allies adequately by arms, ammunition, economic aid and—in the last analysis—by strategic bombing with, if necessary, atomic or hydrogen bombs.

The difficulty is that Asians are not willing to die just to make it more easy for Republicans to win elections in the United States. In some countries of Asia there are deeply-rooted anti-Communist movements which are willing to die, gun in hand, to prevent a Communist victory. Whatever his other inadequacies, Syngman Rhee certainly represents an indigenous rightwing nationalist movement in Korea which goes back thirty five years at least, militantly anti-Communist and, in a completely free election would probably get a majority vote. Whatever the weaknesses of the Kuomintang regime in China during its last stages, it at least represented the remnants of a great mass party with a great history and, even at the very end, strong roots in the status quo in China.

In Indo-China everyone knows that the Baodai forces represent little more than a prefabricated movement to serve as a recruiting station for anti-Communist forces. The difficulty is that despite an expenditure of 1,200,000,000 American dollars this year—representing 65% of the cost of the anti-Communist struggle—it has not been possible to enlist enough Vietnamese with the anti-Communist enthusiasm which South Korean troops, for example, can show. The U. S. has been able to buy up for Baodai the religious warlords—the Cao daists, Hoa Hao

and the like. The U. S. has been able to finance the recruitment and training of 225,000 Vietnamese troops. But no one would think of pitting them against Gen. Giap's army any more than anyone would think of running Baodai in a free election against Ho Chi Minh.

In short, in Vietnam you cannot "let it be Asians against Asians" either in the military or political field because you cannot erase the fact that Ho Chi Minh has been the father of Vietnamese nationalism for a quarter century by making speeches in New York and Washington calling him a "Chinese puppet" or "Moscow agent." Washington cannot tell the Vietnamese that Baodai is their national leader any more than Moscow can tell Americans that they should vote for the American Communist Party. You can indulge in wishful thinking but, at the crucial time, you have to base your policy on facts or face disaster. The U. S.

National Security Council has clearly decided that the Baodai forces will not be adequate and it is not sure how long the French will continue to commit their own and their colonial forces.

No H-Bomb Here

THE other pillar of American policy—the doctrine of "massive retaliation"—also falls short in Vietnam, to say the least. Hanson Baldwin, the *New York Times'* brilliant military editor hit the nail on the head in an article on April 1 which was sub-headed: "Hydrogen Explosion. Rattles The World But Cannot Aid Dienbienphu Garrison."

He pointed out that while the H-bomb had "overshadowed all other contemporary events" it had "made least impression at the beleaguered French strong point of Dienbienphu in Northwestern Indo-China, where fanatic Communists resumed mass assaults against the outnumbered French.

"... The Dienbienphu battle proves once again—if such proof were needed—that atomic and hydrogen arms are of little or minor use in inhibiting or waging small wars, limited wars, or struggles such as those in Indo-China, Malaya, street-fighting in Trieste, Israeli-Arabian border clashes, the recent Greek guerilla war, etc.

"Man with weapons in his hand, walking upon the surface of the earth and dominating that surface, is still the arbiter of battle in many areas and under most conditions. This fact makes even more difficult the problem we face in Indo-China, for as Mr. Dulles broadly hinted, if this rich area is to be denied to Communism the United States may have to face the possibility of reinforcing French and native manpower with greatly broadened aid, including perhaps even man-power."

Why the Southeast Asian Pact

WHILE Eisenhower's top strategists can face this unpleasant fact and discard the much-published "new look," it is more difficult for Republican politicians to do this. Republican leaders informed the Washington correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* (April 3) "with a mixture of caution and cynicism, that it would almost be inconceivable that troops should be committed to battle on the mainland of Asia while the Congressional elections are taking place. Such a turn of events in Indo-China would eclipse President Eisenhower's reputation as the peacemaker in Korea."

It is this sudden awakening that it may be necessary to "engage" American troops in Indo-China instead of "disengaging" them—and the political impossibility of doing this—which drove John Foster Dulles to accept tentatively the Southeast Asian Pact which the British have long been proposing. The U. S. had been dodging it because it did not want to be committed to the Asian mainland. But now that it has decided that it probably cannot avoid this commitment, it prefers to do this in company behind a multi-national shield.

The discussions of a Southeast

Asian Pact also provide a screen behind which U. S. politicians can manoeuvre and decide what, within the realm of what strategists feel it necessary to do, it is politically possible to do. The shrill screams of protests which have arisen after Vice President Nixon suggested it might be necessary to commit U. S. troops there, demonstrate that it would be politically ruinous under present circumstances to attempt it. Would the French, British and Vietnamese allow Kuomintang troops to be used? Is it possible to use Korean troops? Does the situation, as the *Manchester Guardian* suggests, point to the future use of Japanese troops?

It is quite clear that President Eisenhower, at least, is puzzled. As a General he does not want to "sunder" any more of his troops. As a weak politician he knows the Republican Party will not allow him to do it—certainly not in an election year.

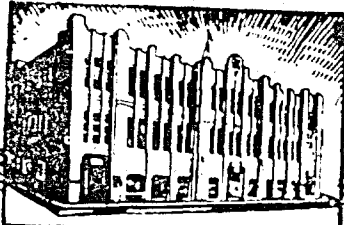
The demonstration of President Eisenhower's confusion is the fact that he has sent General Van Fleet to survey American military assistance in the Far East, as his special representative. Washington has been very vague about Gen. Van Fleet's precise assignment. But it is clear that the anti-Communist Asians whom President Eisenhower had hoped to back against the Communist-led Asians are not, in sufficient numbers, in the right place at the right time. Gen. Van Fleet's job is a difficult one: to reshuffle the political and military results of the Asian Revolution in such a way as to bear out the slogans of President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles and thus enable the Republicans to win the November elections—and at the same time stop the Vietminh in Indo-China.

★

Seduction in South East Asia

THE "intimacy" of Anglo-American relations was stressed repeatedly by John Foster Dulles, both before and after the Dulles-Eden conversations which resulted in an agreement to discuss a South-east Asian Pact.

The great mystery about these "intimacies" is whether Britain was seduced by the unpredictable

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Mr. Dulles, or the U. S. Secretary of State enticed by the suavities of Britain's diplomatic chief, Mr. Anthony Eden.

One of Britain's great domestic political arguments hinges about this. Aneurin Bevan attacked the Dulles-Eden liaison as "a surrender to American pressure" and resigned from the Parliamentary leadership of the Labour Party because Mr. Attlee was not as indignant about it as himself.

But whatever its merits or demerits, the still-unborn Southeast Asia Pact cannot be described as a product of American initiative. Britain's leaders have been trying to lure the Eisenhower administration into such a compromising position for well over a year.

Having succeeded in sending Mr. Dulles away wearing British diplomatic clothes, the Foreign Office is not as enthusiastic about its conquest as it expected. The Foreign Office thought of a Southeast Asia Pact as having the same static posture as NATO, freezing the 'Bamboo Curtain' in its present position as NATO has frozen Europe's 'Iron Curtain.' The Foreign Office has even been somewhat willing to allow the 'Bamboo Curtain' to extend as far as Tonkin; giving Ho Chi Minh the right to North Vietnam in exchange for a truce and the withdrawal of Vietminh forces from the rest of Indo-China.

Mr. Dulles' concept of a Southeast Asia Pact is much more mobile, it seems. The mercurial Secretary of State wants it as a shield behind which America's allies can strengthen the U. S. in the event that Washington decides that only armed American intervention can turn the tide of battle against Ho Chi Minh in Indo-China.

In short, the British have long sponsored the Southeast Asia Pact as a way of stabilizing the defences of Southeast Asia. Mr. Dulles may convert it into an empty bluff like the long-touted Middle East Treaty Organization or a vehicle for the dropping of an H-bomb on Peking and the world into the abyss of war.

Churchill—Its Sponsor

LIKE the 'cold war' which is usually dated back to the famous Churchill speech at Fulton, Missouri, in 1946, the Southeast Asian Pact was also sponsored by Churchill in the U. S. During his trip to Washington in January 1953 to convert the new Eisenhower regime to his way of thinking before they even took over the reins of government, a Southeast Asian Pact was one of his top-priority objectives.

Sir Winston was still smarting over the fact that the ANZUS Pact had excluded the British despite many Foreign Office efforts to enter it. He sought therefore a wider security pact which would overlay ANZUS. He sought, too, to commit the U. S. to the defense of continental Southeast Asia and thus relieve the strain on Britain and France.

It is unfortunate for Aneurin Bevan that he does not have an adequate 'brains trust' or clipping collection which could have informed him that Sir Winston was not only turned down by Eisenhower and Dulles but that his proposal was 'leaked' to the *New York Times* a week after he put the proposal. On January 13, *The New York Times* disclosed the basis of his previously secret plan for "the establishment of a Southeast Asia defense pact against Communist aggression along the lines of the North Atlantic Treaty.

It is understood (the story continued) that John Foster Dulles . . . expressed interest but said it would first be necessary for the United States, Britain and other suggested members to agree on a common policy towards the Nationalist and Communist Governments of China . . .

Mr. Churchill, in his talk with Mr. Dulles, it was said, envisaged the mutual defense agreement as including the following, at least at the start; the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand and Thailand.

He used the phrase 'Southeast Asia,' thus implying that the British Government was not suggesting the inclusion of Japan and the Philippines as original members of the pact. Since the British Government has recognized Communist China, Mr. Churchill's statement on his

arrival in New York indicated that it had no present intention of withdrawing recognition, the Government of Nationalist China, which is now established in Formosa, would not be included.

The British Government, it is understood, acknowledges the probability that India, Burma and Indonesia would not agree to join the suggested pact, but hoped that they would do so later. In any event, the pact would provide a joint guarantee by the three great Western powers of Malaya, Hongkong and the three French-sponsored states of Indo-China . . . (It is understood that the British Government has already devoted considerable attention to the organization structure of the suggested defense agreement.

Washington gave London a small consolation prize after rebuffing this Churchill attempt. On February 12, 1953 Reuters reported from Washington that the U. S. had agreed to join a military liaison group to consult on the defense of Southeast Asia. This little-known group has met secretly from time to time, in various places including Singapore.

While welcoming this step forward, the British have never ceased urging the U. S. to go further. Thus, *The Times* welcomed this military liaison organization as a step away from American resistance to "a general Pacific Council because it did not wish to be associated too closely with British and French difficulties in Malaya and Indo-China . . . It is unfortunate that a real Pacific Council is still not in existence to provide a forum for all the nations contributing to the common struggle . . . It would be a guarantee that dangerous decisions had been properly debated before they became irrevocable . . . and that the various segments of the battle-line—Indo-China, Malaya, India, and Burma, as well as Korea and Formosa—were regarded as a whole." (February 17, 1953).

This objective of a Southeast Asian Pact has remained a leading target for British diplomats and strategists, from Sir Winston down, despite the fact that until the end of March the whole effort on the part of the Eisenhower-Dulles

administration has been to "disengage" American troops from the Asian continent.

Thus, when Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, went to Australia last October one of his principal tasks was generally recognized to be an effort to get the Australians to persuade the Americans, at the forthcoming ANZUS Council meeting in Washington, to widen the ANZUS Pact into a Pacific Pact. This effort failed again, but the occasion gave *The Times* another opportunity to echo the Foreign Office's belief that a "single edifice of defense against aggression" was needed instead of the "multiplicity of separate agreements and understandings in the Pacific":

It is true that history and geography provided a firm basis for unity between North America and Western Europe which is not to be found in the scattered countries of the Pacific Ocean. Yet the time has come to ask whether a stage of development has not been reached in the Pacific area which was reached five years ago in the Atlantic. The threat of aggression is clear to see—in Southeast Asia, indeed, the war is open and not 'cold.' Logic demands that a common threat should be met by common precautions and common effort. There is admittedly a danger in spreading the defensive network too widely too quickly. It may be too soon to establish a general Pacific Pact that would try to cover every field and every risk. Yet the present arrangements remain unsatisfactory because they are uncoordinated, and a beginning in the organizing of proper planning of policy and defense could, and should, be made by establishing a true and representative Southeast Asian Council. Such a council should allow all vitally interested countries to discuss together the most urgent tasks of defense and of peace-making, and it could be the basis on which a Pacific treaty organization should eventually be built.

The vague reluctance against covering "every field and every risk" probably refers to Indo-China, because the British, while sympathizing strongly with the Franco-Baodal forces, have been very reluctant to commit any of their overstrained forces to a cause about

whose prospects they have long been dubious. Yet they realize that if the Vietminh succeeds in winning Vietnam, the countries intervening between Vietnam and Britain's principal interests in Southeast Asia are rather "soft" both politically and militarily. Therefore the tendency of British diplomats and strategists has been to encourage U. S. aid to the Franco-Baodai forces and to give what aid Britain can without depleting its strained forces.

There was no public disclosure of what the British diplomats who convened in Singapore early last December decided. But it would probably not be too wild a guess to suggest that their ideas were substantially reflected in a long comment on "Security in the Pacific" in *The Economist* of December 26, 1953.

This expressed Britain's disappointment with the result of the ANZUS Council in Washington which had decided that there was no prospect of a wider security alliance in the Pacific corresponding to NATO. The ANZUS alliance, it was pointed out, belongs to "the third line of defense in the Pacific, and would hardly become operative as an alliance in war unless the first two lines had been lost."

Unlike World War II, the "Russo-Chinese alliance does not dispose of naval strength in the Pacific comparable to that of Japan in 1941, and its capacity for long-distance overseas invasion may be assumed to be much less . . . The main threat of expansion of the Russo-Chinese bloc is on the mainland of Southeast Asia, where China can directly support Communist-led local forces, and, in the event of war, move armies overland; the countries concerned, which have no sea protection—except for a certain possible use of sea-power for interception at the Isthmus of Kra—are Indo-China, Siam and Malaya, and these countries may be counted as being in the first line . . .

" . . . Japan as a whole, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines and Indonesia all have the protective sea-moats more or less wide, so that if they were held by well-equipped and politically reliable military forces with adequate air and naval cover,

it would be difficult to attack them from the mainland. They form the second line of defense . . .

"From the foregoing survey it emerges that . . . it is precisely the mainland countries forming the first line which are at once most endangered and least protected by any wide system of collective security. The United States now has an alliance with South Korea which commits it to go to war again on the Asian mainland if this ally is again attacked, but there is no American commitment with regard to Southeast Asia; supplies are being sent to Vietnam and to the French forces there, but nobody knows what America would do if there were a French collapse in Indo-China—or a crisis in France forcing a withdrawal from Indo-China on terms amounting to Vietminh victory. Siam would then come directly into the line of fire, with Malaya hardly tenable if a 'people's republic' were to be established in Bangkok.

" . . . The United States has no formal obligations (apart from general liabilities under the United Nations Charter) in the event of an attack on Malaya or Hongkong, and any assistance that Australia might render would be given as a member of the Commonwealth, not of ANZUS. No country has any formal commitment of military aid to Siam. But it must be asked whether this obscure and indeterminate situation means that each country would be left to its own devices in an emergency or whether some kind of joint action would in the last resort be taken, at least by the United States, Australia and Britain together, to prevent 'creeping conquest' in Southeast Asia."

When Mr. Eden announced the Eden-Dulles agreement he exuded satisfaction but was not able to contradict Mr. Bevan's accusations for reasons *The Economist* made clear: "Let us not say it too loud, lest somebody on Capitol Hill overhear and start getting Mr. Dulles into trouble, but the fact is that . . . Mr. Dulles did do what the British Government has for a long time been hoping that successive American Administrations would do . . ."

Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury

BY PETER CARSON

IN most countries of the world, dancing has delighted their inhabitants from time immemorial, and so to the foreigner visiting India it is most amazing to find that though Indians boast, with pride, of their ancient culture and the different styles of dancing, they neglect their own artistes whilst flocking in their thousands, paying high prices, to see second rate, very indifferent, foreign dancers.

The art of dancing in India is now kept alive by a comparatively small band of enthusiasts and by the self-sacrifice of the few real India.

The reason for this appears to be that although there are many Indians of both sexes attracted to the art of dancing, few can afford to adopt it as a career, as without patronage no artiste can live by art alone, nor can he give of his best if constantly worried by lack of financial security. The often promising classical dancers are ruined by incorporating Western ideas into Indian classical dancing, in order to obtain money.

There is nothing more beautiful, than Indian classical dances executed by a master. These masters, though often poor financially, are rich in fame and bring credit and renown to their country, as did the famous dancer Pavlova, for her country, Russia, at the beginning of the 20th century.

It is therefore hoped that either the Government or some Indian philanthropists will come forward and give financial aid to all promising young artistes, so that India may retain and enhance her reputation as a great cultural country, as no country which neglects her art and culture can ever hope to become really great.

Lovers of classical dancing are lucky, as they have in Madras a true artiste in every sense of the word; not only is his technique perfect but it is obvious that he is immersed in and loves his art, for

art's sake, and would make any sacrifice for it. Here is no mechanical toy to be wound up and placed on the stage, but instead there is a living, pulsating animated young man, beautiful in face and figure, who by his knowledge and inner conviction gives to his audiences a faithful representation of what classical dancing really should be and should mean.

This youth is Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury, a mere stripling, not yet twenty-four years of age. He is the son of Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, famed as an artist and sculptor. It is not often that two geniuses, both in different spheres of art, are produced from one family.

Bhaskar applied himself most assiduously to learning the art of Indian classical dancing and steeped himself in all its different meanings, aided by his guru, the talented and well-known Vidwan Ellappa. To Ellappa must go the credit for the outstanding dancer Bhaskar is today. In this he was helped by the brain and beauty of his pupil. Not only is he able to execute classical movements with great precision but he lives the part he is acting, making it come alive and be understood by his audiences. A genius like that of Bhaskar is a rare and exotic plant, and if it is to fully bloom and reach perfection, without a blemish, it must be carefully tended and cherished.

On Sunday evening, Bhaskar gave a dance performance with his troupe to the Southern Indian Journalists Federation, after they had concluded their annual meeting, in the grounds of Woodland Hotel, Madras. It was of outstanding merit and rightly earned the praise of this highly critical and intelligent audience.

Who could have failed to have been deeply stirred by the exquisite movement of the hands, eyes and feet in the dance of Lord Krishna, when like the true artiste that he is, Bhaskar gave the illusion that he was completely absorbed in his role determined to get the Lord Krishna to come nearer to him?

A complete contrast was the Thala Nrithyam dance when Bhaskar showed amazing control of his muscles and breathing, with a brass plate, unattached, in either open palm. Bhaskar transported his audience into a dream world of technical brilliance and beauty.

Indian classical dancing can never

die whilst there are exponents like Bhaskar to carry on the ancient traditions. It is the sincere wish of the present writer that this gifted young man may soon be given, free from financial worries, the opportunity to achieve reputation as the finest classical dancer of India, which he certainly can become, if the chance is given to him.

Sushil K. Mukherjee in U. S. A.

By HAROLD LEVENTHAL

WITHIN the past few years, America has welcomed many visitors from India, among whom are diplomats, U. N. officials, exchange students, businessmen and educators. The Indians who have come to the United States are placed in a position of acting as ambassadors of goodwill in a country that has yet to fully appreciate or understand the problems of India in the world today. While the political scene commands the most attention, and for that matter the most explaining, there has been evident in our country an equally appreciable interest in the contemporary culture of India.

To think of India as a land of an ancient civilization and culture, dating back to Vedic times and the Ajanta caves, is to lose sight of the contemporary contribution that the artists, musicians and writers are now making in India. One such visitor who brought to us the cultural scene of today, was the well-known South Indian artist and musician, Sushil Kumar Mukherjee.

Sushil Mukherjee arrived in the United States about eight months ago under the auspices of the U. S. State Department Exchange Visitors programme. His first stop was Washington, D. C., where an exhibition of his paintings was held at the International Center, and was exceedingly well received by an interested public and press. Mukherjee gave a musical concert in the capital city, where his professional standing

as one of India's leading flutists proved an exciting treat.

For the next several months, he moved on, visiting the heart of the United States—the mid-west. There, at many of America's foremost colleges and universities, Sushil Mukherjee's art works were exhibited in art institutes as well as art galleries he visited. To many Americans, this was the first time that Indian art as well as Indian music was vividly brought to them, with the artist and performer to aid and explain what they were seeing and hearing.

Returning to the east coast, Mukherjee visited Philadelphia, New York City and Boston. His art exhibition, in many instances arranged with the cooperation of Indian students at various campuses, was well received. Added to the fact that Mukherjee proved to be a versatile musical performer, made him in demand among many musical circles. Prior to his leaving New York, an exhibition was arranged at the India House where in the course of a one week showing many New Yorkers flocked to see the show. In a mid-week day in February, Sushil Mukherjee gave a musical concert at the India House to a packed audience of some 500 people.

Many Americans, particularly in the mid-west, had their first opportunity to become acquainted with the culture of India through the efforts of Sushil Mukherjee. The continued interest in all matters pertaining to India here in the United States afforded Mr. Mukherjee an acceptable audience eager to see the works of an Indian artist.

AND MAN FULFILS HIMSELF

—Short Story—

By

P. G. Sundararajan

FOR no apparent reason Arjuna left the stage suddenly, in the middle of a love scene. A moment later the curtain was rung down abruptly

amid a hum of speculative murmur from the audience. Presently, the director of the performance appeared on the stage and apologised for having to stop the play in the middle, as the leading actor's presence was urgently required elsewhere.

At the wings, meanwhile, Mr. Viswanathan, M.A., Lecturer in the City College, who was impersonating Arjuna, nearly fainted on reading a note that was just given to him. His wife's condition was dangerous and his presence was wanted at once. Suspecting that the fact was much worse, he tore off his wig and snatching his clothes ran downstairs where a friend's car was waiting. The play *Subhadra-Arjuna* presented by the Premier Amateurs at the Victoria Public Hall had to stop in the middle.

The next evening, the Secretary of the Premier Amateurs' Association had very sad news to report while talking to the President of the Young Women's Educational Home in aid of which the drama was staged. Hence it was with pardonable eagerness that some of the resident girls crowded over the evening papers to read with unbearable sorrow the piece of tragic news. The papers had prominently featured the news which was, to quote one of them, to this effect:—

We regret to report the death at 10 p.m., yesterday, of Mrs. Lakshmi Viswanathan, wife of Mr. Viswanathan of the City College, one of our best and most popular amateur actors. It is unfortunate that the death occurred while Mr. Viswanathan was absent from home as he

was appearing on the stage at the V. P. Hall in one of his favourite roles. We understand that the deceased lady was suffering for some time from an

attack of enteric fever.

An exclamation of sympathy broke out from the mouths of the girls while one of them, who did not join in the demonstration of feelings, moved away to hide her tears which were coursing down her cheeks. But this did not escape the notice of the others who shook their heads in sympathy.

Messages of sympathy poured down from every individual and organisation known to the bereaved husband. It was an impressive meeting that met at the Y. W. E. H. to condole the death of Viswanathan's wife. A few days after, a rickshaw stopped before Viswanathan's house and there alighted a middle-aged woman, the President of the Y. W. E. H., and the girl who seemed so much affected by the tragic intelligence the other day. They passed the corridor in silence, catching a glimpse of Viswanathan who was huddled up in a chair in his study. In the hall Viswanathan's mother sat on a swing-plank in a preoccupied manner. Nearby on the floor Viswanathan's sister, a lady of twenty-two was reclining, idly gazing at her sleeping child. Her father, employed in a government department which took no notice of domestic calamities, and which incidentally had no holidays on its list, had left for his place having had only two days' leave through the indulgence of his superior. Viswanathan's parents-in-law, their work finished, and their connection dissolved as a result of the passing

Scarcely had Sakuntala left the scene when Dushyanta rose from his throne and fell crashing down on the stage. For a few moments everybody, including the other actors were struck dumb. The curtain was rung down in the middle of a play . . .

away of their daughter, had departed as soon as the obsequies were over.

As she saw the visitors the mother rose to welcome them but with a look of inquiry. The President introduced herself and began expressing her sympathy with the sorrowing mother. The latter, apparently exhausted in her power of lament, requested the visitors to be seated and added in a resigned tone, "Well, that was his fate. Who could have foreseen such a calamity?"

"I was shocked to know the details. To think that your son rushed home to find her dead—" the President stopped, seeing that she had roused the sorrow of the mother and daughter.

THE protegee of the President who was sitting in the background hesitant as to the proper way of conducting herself in the circumstances, looked away to hide her emotion. In doing so she chanced to see Leela, the sister of the unfortunate Viswanathan. The latter was looking at her intently through her tears. A light of faint recognition appeared in the eyes of both. The next moment Leela ran to the girl.

"Is it you, Janaki?" she cried as she clasped her hands in glee—a strange piece of happiness in the midst of her grief.

"Yes, Leela," murmured Janaki, "but what a heart-rending thing it is to meet you now. How could one bear..."

But Leela turned to her mother. "Mother, don't you know our Janaki?" she queried.

"Of course, Leela; but how she has changed! Janaki, dear, I did not know you were in Madras."

"She came here six months ago and was admitted into our home," explained the President. "She is being trained as a nurse."

"But why—?" Both mother and daughter looked hard at Janaki who had dropped her head. They were speechless for a moment. Then the mother began embracing Janaki. "It is unthinkable Janaki, that *you* should have come to such a state." She wiped Janaki's tears while her

own cascaded unchecked and her lips trembled. The mother who could no more weep for her son's sorrow was now bemoaning Janaki's fate in spontaneous grief. For Janaki's, ere the lapse of the first year of her marriage, had arrived at that stage where the touch of saffron and the smell of flowers were forbidden her for ever. She was that accursed creature, that pitiable remnant of a hapless wedlock—a widow.

Varied were the thoughts that flitted through the four feminine minds in that memorable moment of combined mourning. To the sorrowing mother, the presence of the girl who looked like a blasted plant seemed a strange coincidence; a crude revenge of fate; a dreadful death-knell. A widow to sympathise with a widower! And that the girl should be the same who was her son's playmate in his childhood, who would have been her daughter-in-law but for a minor disharmony in the horoscopes! But had the marriage taken place would she have shared the fate of her dead daughter-in-law? Or, horrible thought, would her son have felt a victim to that terrible fate which had snatched the husband of this luckless girl?

Leela's thoughts were more subjective. She visualised two terrible phases of misfortune that could befall a girl: two examples of the utter indifference of fate. She shuddered with apprehension as she instinctively looked at her sleeping child. Was life after all so short, so purposeless? Were human beings mere toys of destiny that worked its course with machine-like precision? She shed scalding tears—for that was all she could do—knowing not for certain for whom she wept.

Very different, however, were the thoughts of the President. Her connection with an institution such as the Home, had enabled her to stand by and see the whole pageant of tangled human afflictions pass by her. Experience had hardened her not without giving her its benefit. To her the scene seemed a re-enactment of a many another one, if with a more vivid touch of the irony of fate. She felt it her duty to put a stop to the state

of affairs which was growing gloomier moment by moment. Her business was finished. She had in her official capacity expressed the sympathy of her institution with the bereaved family. She rose and beckoned to Janaki.

Janaki woke from her reverie with a start. The workings of her mind were simple. She had followed the President in her desire to express her sympathy with a family which might have been her own had not the hand of the inscrutable intervened. Now, she felt she was intruding upon it in its sacred hour of sorrow.

With more words of sympathy and endearment the visitors left. A bond of the closest friendship sprang between Janaki and Leela.



LIMP and tired Viswanathan's mother lay on the swing-board. There was a deathlike silence. Leela could bear it no longer. She thought of her brother. Wondering how she came to forget him so long, she approached his room. He was sleeping with an open book upon his breast. His lips wore a tender smile. The haggard lines in his handsome face had disappeared. Was he dreaming of his wife—Leela wondered. She turned to leave the room fearing lest her presence should disturb his much-needed sleep. But Viswanathan awoke, recognising perhaps her presence in his none-too-sound sleep. In fact his sleep was the result of the dropping of his eyelids over tired eyes that had shed streams of tears. "What is the matter Leela? Why are you going away?" he asked.

"I just came in. You were sleeping and I did not want to disturb you."

"Sleeping? No, I cannot get sleep. I want a long sleep—a long eternal one from which there is no waking up—just as she sleeps," said Viswanathan trying hard to suppress his feelings that came surging to the brim of his heart at the thought of the departed one.

"No, Vichu, you should not speak like that." Leela rebuked him with motherly tenderness; for it is inhe-

rent in the feminine soul, whether she is a lass of eight or a dame of eighty, to console an afflicted person with philosophic calmness, though she may not be certain whether she herself would be able to resist the rush of emotion. Left to herself the same female would break down at the most trivial thing. Such is the principle of balance that go to make that enigmatic being called the Eternal Feminine.

"Why should I not wish for that state of perpetual oblivion?" asked Viswanathan. "Could it be worse than the present?"

Leela realised that beyond those few words of consolation she could not cope with the rising emotional argument of her brother. She looked out for a way to change the topic.

"Did you see the President of the Home? She was here just now," she said.

"Oh, was it she? What a fool I was not to have thanked her. But I was asleep. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to. But there was another girl you know, Jan—" she bit her lip in regret, stopping abruptly.

"Who?"

"A girl from the institution. I forgot her name. I had to speak to her and before I could inform you they had left. I am afraid the child is crying." She hastily left the room cursing herself for introducing Janaki in their talk. Viswanathan was insensible to her feelings. He did not know that the child was not crying. On the other hand he was a little sorry that he should have been so solicitous about a girl—a stranger.



IT was a Monday morning, a month or more after his wife's death. Viswanathan was starting for his college in spite of his mother's asking him to take a few months' leave to ensure rest for his broken health. If he must have rest, it must be the endless one, he grimly reflected as he gathered his books. While he was arranging his necktie a paragraph in

an old daily caught his attention. He had scarcely read any paper since the tragic night. He scanned the paragraph with mild interest. It was a report of the condolence meeting held at the Y. W. E. H. He read:—

At a meeting held at the Young Women's Educational Home Miss Janaki moved a resolution recording the Home's deep sense of sorrow at the premature demise of Mrs. Viswanathan. The President spoke in moving terms of . . .

He did not read further as it recalled a wave of conflicting emotions. But that name Janaki was familiar. He could not recall where he had heard it before. Then reproaching himself for thinking about an unknown lady, he left for the college.

The enthusiasm of the students to have him again in their midst was unmistakable just as their sympathy was inexhaustible. In teaching Poetry to the undergraduates, Viswanathan found that his lectures were not so good as they used to be. Many an occasion there was when, overcome by the similarity between his emotions and those expressed in certain poems, he had to stop in the middle. Then craving their pardon he would dismiss the class for the day unable to proceed in his then state of mind.

★

ONE February evening, he was walking along the seashore quite forlorn, when he was accosted by a friend.

"Vichu! I thought you were out of Madras. How is it I don't see you at the club nowadays? What is this, my dear fellow, you look like a ghost!"

Viswanathan did not answer. He gazed upon the distant horizon where a tiny catamaran showed as a minute speck, the only blot on a clear seascape.

"Why don't you speak, Vichu? Oh yes, of course. What a fool I was, not to have remembered! You have been taking your wife's death too much to heart. If you, a poet and philosopher, do not realise the destiny of human beings, who else

would? Surely you don't need another man to advise you?"

Viswanathan smiled at his friend in a dry manner. They sat down beside a pile of ropes. Neither spoke for some time and the dry smile lingered at the corners of Viswanathan's lips.

At length, his friend remarked more to relieve the embarrassment: "By the way, did you go to the play of the City Amateurs? I wonder how these people come on the stage unashamed."

The last words were full of significance to Viswanathan. "No, I did not go. I have sworn not to see a drama nor to appear in one. If anybody ought to be ashamed it is I."

"Vichu, you are again going back to that fatal day. You should not spoil your health like this," broke in his friend. "It is eight months since the thing happened and you have not got over it yet. This was not new to you alone, you should know. People have been and still are suffering from worse calamities."

Viswanathan laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder and looked him in the eye.

"Ramu, do you know what she meant to me? Do you know the circumstances under which she passed away? Can you imagine the scene? I was returning . . ."

"Now, Vichu, please don't," interrupted Ramaswamy, fearing that Viswanathan was about to break into a flood of sentiment. "I beg you not to go over it all again."

"No, Ramu, you mistake me. You think I am going to break down. But I am not. You must know the truth," continued Viswanathan doggedly. "I was returning hurriedly from the performance of a drama—a drama written by a man's imagination; acted by another's imagination. But at home fact surpassed fiction. Life exceeded Drama in its intensity. I rushed home in half make-up and in the pampered livery of the stage to see her dead—to find her beyond human reach for ever. I was enjoying myself while she was suffering. I knew she was ailing for some time.

Still I put myself before her in the deluded belief that I was serving Art and the Public. It is the curse of my life; I seem to be happy while my near and dear ones are suffering. And then as if my own contrition were not enough. Fate mocks me. It makes me look like a clown. It did that night. How my wife should have called for me the very moment when I was making love to a man dressed as a woman on the stage! What a hollow mockery, Ramu, what a lesson, what a bitter lesson to self-deceivers like me!"

"No, Vichu, you taught a lesson to others. You sacrificed a great thing for the sake of Art; something that no man would ever dare to. And you ought to be proud of yourself as the world is proud of you."

"You are deceived, Ramu, as every other person was, including myself," continued Viswanathan with a dry laugh. "I did not do it for Art. I was selfish. I wanted to earn a name; I wanted to be prominent in the public eye. And I have realised my ambition; but in what manner? At what a price? No; I shall never get upon the stage hereafter. The memory is terrible; the experience more than enough." He stopped as if exhausted by his own self-castigation.

RAMU was a man of the world. Some people even called him a cynic. He saw that his friend was indulging in sheer sentimentality.

"Come on; let us go. It is late."

He rose and Viswanathan involuntarily followed him. As they parted, Ramu extended an invitation to Viswanathan to accompany him to a cinema show the next evening. Viswanathan, however, declined it saying that he would be poor company.

Tracing his steps homeward Viswanathan wondered whether he was not mistaken in refusing his friend's invitation. After all, what was he going to gain by keeping himself at home? And how long could he carry on in that gloomy manner? But anyhow he had refused the invitation and there was an end of it.

Ramu knew better. Despite Viswanathan's refusal, he arrived at his

house the next evening and casually enquired whether Viswanathan would like to go to the pictures with him. Viswanathan realised that he was being given a second chance. He debated awhile within himself.

"Still adamant?" Ramu asked.

Forced thus, Viswanathan began, "Well, if you are particular about my company I have no objection. Only I don't feel like enjoying anything."

Ramu checked himself from retorting that it was not to trifle with Viswanathan that he came all the way. Knowing that it would spoil the situation he adopted a conciliatory attitude.

"Of course I am particular. Don't you see how anxious I am to make you forget your sorrow?"

"All right, then; I will come," Viswanathan assented in a resigned tone.

Once inside the theatre, Viswanathan's gloom disappeared. Ramu had adroitly led him to a discussion about acting and Viswanathan had warmed to the subject. They talked about the comparative merits of American, Indian, and British actors, until the titles of the day's film flashed on the screen. The story was featuring one of the best actors of the American screen and Viswanathan had entirely forgotten himself. He was captivated by the advertisement of the player and found himself wondering whether he would ever reach such histrionic heights. The interval also found him discussing the film; and Ramu inwardly congratulated himself on having succeeded in making his friend happy at least for the time being.

The next evening at the seashore, the two friends were again discussing drama. But Viswanathan, confused as he was by conflicting thoughts, did not notice that Ramu was often harking back to the capacity of Viswanathan himself. Anyone (that is, anyone free from emotional stress) could have noticed that Ramu had a definite purpose in pursuing that line of talk. After a while, when Viswanathan was waxing eloquent upon the utter hopelessness

ness of the amateur performances, Ramu, quickly noticing the psychological moment, spoke: "Well, Vichu, what you say is the lamentable truth. What we want is a man with brains and an artistic bent of mind. Who else could be the right man than yourself? Our club is proposing to stage *Sakuntala* and the conductor is at his wits' end as to the casting of the leading male role."

ALL this, Ramu spoke in a hurried manner keeping his eyes averted from Viswanathan. Getting no reply, he turned and found Viswanathan looking at him with a pathetic smile. The words of Ramu had suddenly brought Viswanathan to earth from his inward repentance. He was cursing himself for having enjoyed the cinema show and for having talked about acting.

"No, Ramu. I have been a fool, I ought to have known better than to have forgotten so soon that it was the artistic bent of mind that deprived me of—" he stopped short and looked away at the far-off gleam of the lighthouse to hide his tears. As he gazed at the revolving light, he told himself that there was a kindred spirit in it.

It was moving round itself even as his own mind was running round the vicious circle of repentance and oblivion. But the next moment he understood the unfathomable distinction, the incomparable difference between himself and the beacon-light. The lofty illumination, by its very inconstant revolutions, was diffusing rays of hope to the mariners while his mind, circling through a grief-stricken orbit was shedding patches of dark despair all around him. In that brief moment of clouded thoughts he came to the conclusion that his presence upon the earth was quite useless.

"I am sorry, Vichu." These words fell upon Viswanathan's ears like a faint murmur from the distant horizon. "I thought that from the way you talked, your love of drama had asserted itself. Now I find you are still thinking of the past incident."

"What else can I do, Ramu, while what you call 'the incident' was so

inextricably connected with my passion for drama; while my selfishness was more a cause than a coincidence of the tragedy? Do you know, Ramu, that no punishment is sufficient for the like of me? No; not even this mire of remorse in which I am wallowing."

"Look here, Vichu, this has got to end somehow," cut in Ramu impetuously. "I think there is no use of my being a friend of yours unless I get you out of this false sense of self-imposed punishment. Answer me this: Is it because you are afraid of the painful recollections that you do not want to act again?"

"Yes."

"Then, you would be comparatively at peace with yourself if you have no occasion to be reminded of the tragic affair. Is that so?"

"Yes. Moreover I can avoid being irreverent to the memory of my wife."

"Don't you think that it is inevitable as time goes on that you should forget her in the normal course of things?"

"It is possible."

RAMU laughed. "My dear fellow, you are not sure of yourself. Do you mean to tell me that you can forget it when you have nothing else to turn your mind to? As a matter of fact you shrink from the very recollection of the affair. Strangely enough, only yesterday the diversion afforded by the film succeeded in making you forget your gloom and brighten up. It is a psychological fact, Vichu, that if you want to forget a thing it could be done only when there is some other thing to occupy your mind."

"But I do not want to forget it. It will be a greater sin. Painful as it is, the remembrance will adequately reproach me for my selfishness."

"Now, now, Vichu, you are confusing yourself. You do not want to forget it. But you think that the passage of time will obliterate the trace of the memory. But as a matter of fact, you want to forget it subconsciously at least. It is your conscious self which deludes you into the false belief that you are right in self-infliction and hides the fact that you are shrinking from the very thought

of recollection. There is only one way, Vichu, and you must have known it, the keen psychologist you are. Face the thing. Defy the conspiracy of circumstances. You will have achieved your wish then. By looking at it on the face, you would, as you say, be sufficiently punished when the full significance of the thing unfolds itself before you. Again you will be able to look at the tragedy and your acting as two separate entities unconnected with each other. You must get out of this self-deception."

There was silence for a few minutes. Already Viswanathan's mind was dwelling upon the tragedy and he was trying to look unemotional. Noticing this, Ramu added, "I am sorry, Vichu, perhaps I have made a blunder in talking like this without regard to your feelings. Pardon me, will you?"

"That is all right, Ramu. I know you mean well. I realise the truth of your logic. Yet, you know the state of my mind. How do you expect me to accept the grim truth of cold facts so suddenly?"

When the friends parted, Ramu was glad that he had not only provided food for thought to Viswanathan but also impressed him with his own philosophy. So sincere was Ramu about his mission of seeing Viswanathan once more on the stage that he was completely ignorant of the fact that his words were harassing the already troubled mind of Viswanathan.

IT was a different Viswanathan that entered his house that night—not quite different though; only his mind was shaken. The calm waters of the little pool were disturbed by a forceful wind. He was excited and failed to disguise it. The perpetual gloom of previous days had given place to an irrepressible tumult. Viswanathan felt like a brooding fowl that for some reason fluttered in the air suddenly, leaving its brooding. Slowly he gathered courage to tell himself that he was not wise in thinking over what was past and in neglecting himself for so long. Strange, that he did not realise it till then, he thought.

After this, the friends used to meet quite often and Ramu perceived with pleasure the beneficial change that gradually came over Viswanathan. Nor did this escape the notice of Viswanathan's mother and sister. In fact both of them had by their unerring instinct beheld the first effects of the change and hailed with secret joy the improvement. The haunted look in his eyes was no more seen and his haggard face regained its usual health and vigour. After all, how long does the memory of a deceased beloved linger in the ever-fluctuating human mind, though, as it did in the case of Viswanathan, it is sometimes apt to flash with great intensity?

BUT Ramu had great difficulty in persuading Viswanathan to visit the rehearsals of the new drama at their club. In his view of never ascending the stage again, Viswanathan seemed to be unassailable. But at last Ramu succeeded more by the help of elements than by his own eloquence. One evening, they were going along the street where the club had its premises and suddenly rain descended in torrents. Seizing the opportunity Ramu dragged his friend into the club which they were passing. Realising that neither of them had an umbrella Viswanathan had to follow reluctantly.

He was hailed with unalloyed joy by the members who had not seen him for a long time and to whom his visit was an event. A rehearsal of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* was in progress. The confused prattle and the music aroused happy memories within Viswanathan. When he was reminded that it also led to tragedy, he told himself that it was sheer folly to attribute it to the drama. He marvelled at his own audacity and assured himself that his thoughts did not necessarily mean irreverence to his wife. Soon he forgot everything else and voluntarily suggested ideas to the players who were rehearsing. Finally, he was forced to guide them by his own example. Though reluctant, he complied with their request and began to portray the leading male character, Dushyanta, for their benefit. So perfect and masterly was

his performance, in spite of the fact that it was many months since he last acted, that even the conductor among others, sat spellbound through the brief period, little realising that it was only an informal rehearsal. The inevitable result was that at the end there was a general clamour to the effect that he should take the part; and before he realised it, he had given his consent to play the leading role. Once again the club's favourite, the star of the Premier Amateurs! Everybody was pleased—most of all Ramu.

"What have I done!" he exclaimed within himself that night when his thoughts about the drama, pursuing the natural course of events, step by step, culminated in the final performance, when, his imagination refusing to be restrained, flashed back to that fateful night. Then followed the usual self-reproach and he determined to go back on his word the next day by writing to the Secretary. But the following evening found him rehearsing at the club as also all the other succeeding evenings. It was a matter for secret pride to Viswanathan—though he refused to own it to himself—that he had triumphed in detaching the painful incident from the pleasurable occasion.

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MARCH was drawing to its close. The play was to be staged in the first week of April. One day there arrived a letter from Viswanathan's father. While Viswanathan was reading it, Leela and her mother waited impatiently for the news. But Viswanathan was not communicative.

"What is it, Vichu; why don't you speak out? Is anything wrong?" asked his mother. In reply Viswanathan smiled and drew forth another piece of paper from the envelope and gave it to Leela.

"Oh, it is a horoscope! Who are the people, Vichu? What does father say?" Leela poured out her questions.

"I don't know," replied Viswanathan with a total lack of enthusiasm. "Somebody in Madura. Father says that as the horoscopes agree I might go and see the girl."

"And when are you going?" Leela asked.

"When? Not in the near future." "What? Do you mean to refuse the offer?" his mother asked.

"I am surprised, mother, that you should put such a question. The disregard of the girl's people for my feelings is pardonable since they cannot be expected to understand me. But that you should be talking like this when it is not even a year since . . . well, it is strange."

"But Vichu, are you still thinking about it? It is past. What is the use of recalling it now. Think of yourself; think of the pleasure it will give us to see you happy. You do not realise that what you need is a companion to keep you cheerful and comfortable," explained his mother with a deal of truth.

"Yes, Vichu," supplemented Leela, "how long are you going to remain like this? Consider your future."

"Oh! Is that how you feel about it? Of course you cannot help it. To you she was only a stranger. A girl from somewhere who passed into nowhere. But it is not easy for me to look at it that way." His voice was pathetic.

"Oh no, Vichu! You have misunderstood me. Oh, why did I talk like that!" Leela touched to the quick, broke into tears.

"What is this Leela, don't. I have been a fool. I ought to have had more sense. But I talked in my emotion. Please forgive me."

After a pause, his mother asked him: "Vichu, don't think we are pressing you against your will. But, what are you going to write to your father? He may be particular about your going there since he himself has written to you."

"I will explain to him," said Vichu. "Moreover, I have no time to go out of Madras." He thought that this evasive reply would stop the discussion.

"Why not? Your college would be closed soon for the summer and you will be free," put in his mother with reason.

"But I have my drama." The words fell out of Viswanathan's lips suddenly before he realised that he had

divulged a secret which he had kept from them so long.

"Drama!" echoed mother and sister simultaneously.

"Yes, I am acting in a new drama which is to come off in ten days." Noticing the look of scandalised horror in their eyes Viswanathan turned away.

His embarrassment increased when both the women kept silent. Fully conscious of his sense of guilt, he said: "I know you are angry with me for taking up acting in spite of my resolve to the contrary. But you should know that the public will not understand my feelings. They look forward to me for entertainment and I ought to satisfy them. Moreover it would keep my mind away from painful thoughts."

"Why should we be angry, Vichu? On the other hand we are glad that you are gradually recovering yourself. I only wish that you look upon your prospective marriage in the same light. As I told you, marriage alone can give you the much-needed permanent solace for which you seek in drama," emphasised his mother.

As before Viswanathan realised the truth of the statement. Now, after what he had confessed, he could not put forward sentimental objections to the projected marriage. In a way he was glad that he had explained himself. Seeing that he could no more blame his mother and sister than himself for lack of reverence to his dead wife, he replied, "Well, mother, I only thought that the marriage could wait for some time. If it would please you I shall certainly do what father has asked me as soon as the drama is over."

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AS the day of the performance drew near Viswanathan found himself much excited. The memory of the date kept presenting itself in his thoughts and he struggled hard to keep it in the background. At the final rehearsal Ramu noticed his state of mind and tried to console him with platitudes from his repertoire of half-baked philosophies. Though his mental agitation did not interfere with his work, Viswanathan

was not sure whether he would be able to go through the performance on the stage. Yet he could not retract now for all his feverish feelings. He must attend and act. To turn back would be to show to an unappreciative world, the strange depths of his emotions.

Leela and her mother knowing that he was confused within himself, tried to divert his attention away from the gloomy topic by talking of other things. While discussing the performance the next evening, Leela asked her brother to get three tickets for her. To Viswanathan's look of inquiry, she answered: "You see, I have a friend. A girl from the institution. I want to take her to the play."

"Is that the lady who presented you with those pictures and fancy things?" asked Viswanathan, who made no secret of his admiration for the work of this unseen lady, turning towards a row of pictures finished with glittering artistic material.

"Yes, Vichu," put in his mother who just then happened to come into the hall. "Janaki is very clever at these things. She is never tired of admiring your acting."

Viswanathan sat up. "Janaki!" he exclaimed. "Is she by any chance the same girl from our place?"

Leela had no intention of revealing the identity of Janaki. She had deliberately seen to it that Janaki and Viswanathan never met each other. But now that her mother had inadvertently undid her work of concealment, she thought she had better explain.

"Yes, Vichu, she is the same Janaki, your childhood playmate about whom you were particular. You remember that we had to give her up since the horoscopes did not agree."

"But what is she doing in an institution?" Viswanathan shot out the question with forced vehemence. "I hope she has not—". He stopped dreading to pronounce what he thought.

"Yes. She has, poor girl," said Leela simply.

Viswanathan was visibly touched. He was overwhelmed by the tragic

coincidence. He sought the privacy of his room to brood over this new intelligence. Now, his mind went back even beyond the day of his wife's death. He visualised a witty, winsome girl who took pleasure in teasing him. He could ill reconcile this picture with that of another shorn of all maidenly glory. He recollected the report of the meeting. So she moved the resolution! "Good God! Janaki, a widow! And I thought I was the most miserable creature alive on this planet!" he muttered within himself and sank into a chair.

★

AMID the confusion in the green-room at the Victoria Public Hall on the fifth of April, Viswanathan made up as Dushyantha, paced the floor mumbling his lines excitedly. His mind was occupied with two things—a dead girl and a young widow. He was getting feverish every moment. His heart pounded against his ribs as the curtain rose on the first act amid an expectant murmur. He found himself pushed on to the stage by the prompter. For the first time he felt nervous. The whole auditorium was a vast blur to his sight. He finished his song mechanically. He went through his part without any conscious effort. The curtain fell on the end of the scene. The same automatic piece of acting was gone through in other scenes. But the audience failed to notice anything wrong with the man. Though there were many rounds of applause, Ramu knew, as he watched his friend from the wings, that at any moment Viswanathan might collapse. But all went well till the climactic scene. Viswanathan sang a good number of songs in the best traditions of the Tamil stage and repeated some on demand by the audience.

Then . . . Sakuntala entered and sang a plaintive air. She began a speech and was promptly disowned by the king on the throne. This repudiation was followed by the famous pleadings of Sakuntala. To all her entreaties the king turned a deaf ear. Viswanathan registered scorn and indifference with marvellous effect. But his mind was elsewhere. His realisation

of the character of Dushyanta who was neglecting his wife brought home to him a past fact. Yet, with wonderful self-restraint he played his part brushing aside his personal feelings. But the man who played Sakuntala quickly noticed that Dushyanta failed to take his cue. So he continued his speech for some more minutes with his own additions suitable to the occasion. "Ah, my lord, what an unlucky wretch I am! You have forgotten me, your wedded wife, so soon. And you are enjoying yourself. I am cruelly neglected. May God have pity on me!" With this Sakuntala made her exit.

The audience, on the point of applauding the magnificent acting and exit of Sakuntala, received a rude shock. They saw what they did not expect to see on the stage. Scarcely had Sakuntala left the scene when Dushyanta rose from his throne, his hand on his forehead, toppled over and fell crashing down on the stage. Some thought that it was an original piece of acting by Viswanathan. For a few moments everybody, including the other actors on the stage, were struck dumb. Then, suddenly, for the second time in the history of the Victoria Public Hall the curtain was rung down in the middle of a play.

Confusion reigned supreme among the audience. History was repeating itself. Another play stopped in the middle! Somebody appeared on the stage and shouted something. "Mr. Viswanathan has fainted!" The cry went forth from mouth to mouth. Simultaneously seven doctors from the auditorium rushed to the stage. Police constables appeared from nowhere and forced the crowd to the exits.

The final words of Sakuntala had been too much for the overstrung Viswanathan. The effect was instantaneous inasmuch as the exact wording of the end of the speech was a matter of momentary inspiration to the person who played Sakuntala. The words meant some grim significance to him; they sounded like an accusation from his departed wife and his faculties got out of control.

A well-known doctor was restoring Viswanathan's consciousness while Leela, her mother, Janaki, and Ramu looked on with anxious faces. When Viswanathan came to and strongly protested against somebody's suggestion of going to the General Hospital, he was taken home with special care.

AT home the doctor assured Viswanathan's mother and sister that the patient was all right but that he should have complete rest for a long time.

"We are glad that nothing serious has happened, doctor," interposed Ramu. "I know it is his heart. It was very bad."

"What do you know about the heart, young man? It is not heart," snapped the doctor, who, in common with his fraternity, cherished a wholesome contempt for the layman presuming to know anything about the mysteries of medical science. Then he added with an air of importance: "It is nerves!"

As he prepared to leave, the doctor turned to Leela's mother. Her son must have constant attention. The services of a nurse were essential. Could they get one or should he arrange for one? Janaki, who was there all along, promptly volunteered her services, feeling secretly grateful for the chance of attending upon her quondam playmate.

The next evening, the newspapers ended the piece of news regarding the play at the Victoria Public Hall with:—"It will be recalled that last June a performance of the same club had to be stopped in the middle . . . etc," and worked up the story in their own way. Viswanathan's father arrived to be at his son's side, daring the wrath of a machine-like public service. Viswanathan was gradually making progress though his mental faculties were a little dazed.

★

A MONTH had passed. One afternoon Leela, noticing that Janaki had not yet taken her evening coffee, proceeded to the convalescent's room to see whether Viswanathan

really needed the attention that Janaki's absence indicated. As she was about to enter she heard voices and stopped.

"No, Janaki," Viswanathan was saying, "I wish I had joined her. If I were to live, there is only one who can make my life worth-while. And I don't know whether that person will care for me."

"Who is that person, if I may ask?" Janaki spoke in a husky voice, averting her head.

"Need you ask that question? Don't you know it is yourself? No; please don't be offended. I do not mean that you do not care for me after all you have done for me these dark days. But would it not be cruel of me to ask you to take a second place, to give you a broken heart? I know if you accept the broken heart you will mend it before long. But will you accept me? Will you, Janaki?" He stopped, exhausted by his emotional exertion.

Leela concluded that what she was suspecting had come true. But she hated eavesdropping. She did not want to pry upon Janaki. So suppressing her curiosity at this crucial moment she returned to her mother, her mind assailed with doubts about custom, public opinion, and tradition. These three things also occupied the troubled mind of Janaki. She wanted to satisfy Viswanathan, to shout at him her joyous consent. But she realised her tantalising position. She knew that she was having vain hopes about a mirage in the dreary desert of her life.

"You should not talk like that—please," she answered, fully alive to the cold realities of prosaic life. "You must understand that there is an unbridgeable gulf between us though we are afflicted by a kindred sorrow. But there is yet hope for you. You must choose some other person on whom the curse has not fallen. She lowered her face to hide her tears and toyed with a medicine bottle.

Viswanathan rose with a defiant gleam in his eyes. Resting on his elbows, he began: "Look here, Janaki. Think of our past childhood. We

are destined to go through life together. I see it all clearly now. Our partners were torn from us that we may meet again. The gulf you talk about is mere illusion. There is a greater thing which can bridge any bottomless chasm. Janaki!" he grew pathetic, "You alone can get me out of this gloom. If you refuse, this will prove my last bed. Accept me and save me Janaki, darling!" He sank down once again, perspiring all over. Janaki, alarmed at this, felt his forehead and reached for the thermometer, her duty foremost in her mind. But she was not allowed to take her hand off his forehead. It was clasped firmly by the warm pulsating hand of Viswanathan.

THE following June saw the marriage of Viswanathan and Janaki—a marriage which some called 'a social reform' one.



TRAFFIC CODE

BRIGHT with simonized polish
rubbed right by cleaners
with moist breath,
ply the taxis
striped black and white—
Buick and Pontiac;
Pearly teeth parted
the extra sits
edge on the seat:
pliofoamed to allure
cushioned for comfort,
cascading chiffon
and sweaty petticoat.

Regally roll the black
Hudson and Humber,
benign rests the dubash
softly cursing
a brother chadler.
The elder son learns
the polyglot trade
from the cramped pit
of MG and Jaguar.

The younger dodges
tutorial colleges
from the teledraulic forks
of Ariel and Triumph;
March and September
are chicanes
blithely taken
at 80.32 m.p.h.

With screeching brakes
the State leviathans
hug the kerb
to disgorge
bagged and flasketed clerks
through the gills.
At the far end
latter-day penitents
swarm for entry
propelled by pickpockets.

The handcarts rumble,
the cartmen stumble
ejaculating
little verbs born
in strangulated hernia;
the red rag flutters
feebly at the back
to tease the taurian
point policeman.

Trim khaki and red piping
messengers tinkle bravely
freewheeling to errands
on Hercules and Raleigh;
brown-paper packages,
greasy peon-book,
New York cotton prices,
tucked in the armpit.

By the tiger-whiskers
of his tunnel vision,
the autorickshaw driver
judges the gap
with incorrect nicety;
as he worms through
at spluttering speed
the two matrons
clutch with fright
the baskets stuffed
with odds and ends.
Police—Dial 93.

Grizzled head bobbing
like a silver cork,
the rickshawalla pads along
between the shafts,
and three tiny maidens
in laundered chintz,
anklets a-dangling
swap pencil bits
from Vinolia boxes.

The lone jutka rattles on,
patched reins chafing
sores on the razor-back
of the jaded nag.
Bedraggled crouches the new widow
eyes terror-dilate,
and petrified fingers
stroking the chilled clay
cocooned in a dirty sheet.

SRINIVAS THAMBI

The Film Critic

By J. A. RODRIGUES

IN regard to the critic of the arts in our times, it might be generally said that he is now a freer agent than any of his predecessors in the days gone by. No rigid formulas bind his critical method, primarily because the arts themselves are no longer so bound. The critic does not now look for metre and scansion in verse, the observance of the dramatic unities in plays or a beginning, a middle and an end in narrative art. The contemporary artist is a rebel, flaunting his private myth in the face of bitter, hopeless odds and the critic will be deemed to have done his duty if he helps the onlooker to sympathise with the particular myth on hand by explaining the terms of reference peculiar to it by bringing his own judgement to bear on it. Anatole France's definition of literary criticism—the adventures of a soul among books—underlines the unfettered, enterprising nature of all criticism to-day. The critic, more than anyone else, explains to the world what artists have stored up against the ruins.

But where film-criticism is concerned, what can the critic be expected to do? How pass any verdict whatsoever on an art that has never had any traditions to rebel against? And is the film an art at all? At least three men who have thought seriously about it, Herbert Read, E. M. Forster, and Compton Mackenzie have roundly declared that it is not. In most cases, the producer doesn't give a tinker's damn whether the end-product of his efforts is art or not. He is primarily concerned with the fact that a substantial sum of money has been sunk into the film he has produced and considers it his first obligation that his financiers should obtain a fair return on their investment.

If he is good and shrewd at his work, he will always aim at making box-office hits. These latter have more to do with intelligent advertising, mass appeal, and Jane Russell's bust than film-criticism and art. The box-office hit simply defies analysis.

It is an amalgam of intangible semi-mystic components, prominent among which are such inconstant factors as consumer taste, actor and actress appeal, topical interest and the like. Even veteran movie moguls admit that they gamble when they try to make box-office hits and they take the gambler's delight in their work when their venture comes off. An attempt by a film critic to apply standards of criticism to films is rather like trying to measure the passage of time with a foot-rule. One simply must acknowledge that the medium is no longer art and that one's yardsticks of judgement are therefore invalid.

In any case, when does the film critic criticise when he criticises a film? Who is ultimately responsible for a film? The producer? The director? The main actors and actresses? The cameramen? It is extremely difficult in regard to most films, to ascertain and allocate responsibility with any degree of accuracy—there is, after all, an amazing amount of team-work in the roll of celluloid that is finally issued for public exhibition. And the critic must find this to his disadvantage. For where responsibility cannot be accurately ascribed, praise or blame cannot be properly apportioned; the critic must, as it were, extol or decry in the dark. He is often forced to limit himself to particular aspects of a film, singling out the acting, direction or photography for comment and in this manner he can, doubtless, say many pertinent things. But he must find it difficult to review a film as a whole, simply because a film is rarely possessed of an organic, unified character. On the contrary, under the pressure of analysis most films have a natural tendency to fall apart into their components and the film critic can, at most make some show of coming to grips with these.

This is not, of course, to maintain that the cinema, as we know it, is devoid of genuine artistic talent. In England and America, for instance, the industry is fortunate in having in its ranks men of great ability and greater enterprise. It is instructive, however, to observe that even the

efforts of these men have perforce to be guided by public taste and anything like a free hand is taboo. Thus Carol Reed, as brilliant and gifted a director as any, tried in *The Third Man* to produce a picture to end all pictures. But in this film, excellent in so many ways, he has had recourse in more than one instance to the cheap devices of the thriller writer in order to supply his audiences with the trumped-up suspense they so much desire and demand. Commercialism, in one form or another, will not be subdued in filmmaking and it would be presumptuous to treat, as a serious art-form amenable to sustained criticism, a medium which obviously has unashamedly material profits for its guiding consideration.

In a remarkable piece of reportage entitled *Picture* which was published recently, Lillian Ross, the American writer, showed how even so independent and uncompromising a director as John Huston was compelled to submit his work in the film called *The Red Badge of Courage* to the financiers of the movie, for inspection, and approval. After being discussed at a number of 'production conferences,' the final editing of the film differed vastly from the original. And the differences thus incorporated in Huston's own film version of Stephen Crane's story were doubtless prompted by what was deemed to be the public interest. The implication is clear. Nothing, not even Huston's artistry can save a film, if it is not a financial success. The aim should be to produce a box-office hit. In conditions such as these, no principled criticism is valid—the critic may applaud here and condemn there and be, in the summing up, little more than an interested spectator occupying one seat in the auditorium.

From time to time, of course, the critic is really jolted out of his seat. The first viewings of the work of Pudovkin, Eisenstein, Cavalcanti, and Griffith must have convinced even the most cynical of film-goers that here was genius of a new and special kind. But these pioneering efforts, like the production of Jean Cocteau

and Marcel Carne in our times, were almost always attempted on a non-commercial basis. These supremely talented men were privileged to receive substantial support by way of grants and subsidies from disinterested patrons or rather, from donors who were interested only in witnessing the growth of intelligent and progressive cinema. It is important to realise that this approach to the film is the exception rather than the rule. And although the cinema has never been without a crop of gifted and venturesome men in every department (directing acting, scripting, photography and the like) these have, by the very nature of things, been forced to fight against substantial odds in order to survive. If the critic were to concern himself solely with them, he would be confining himself to a very small part of the motion-picture industry indeed. He would, in fact, be shutting out of sight, the real thing.

The critic has, doubtless, a duty to encourage good work and he will, if he is conscientious, deem it a solatium that he can at least try to promote good taste in the cinema by publicising the more intelligent of its products. In a field where the great majority of productions are routine affairs built around hackneyed, overworked formulas and manufactured on the assembly line, it is surely the critic's function to extol the efforts of the tiny minority devoted to the making of clever, enterprising and honest films. And this is probably the best he can do at all times and always. For, as pointed out above, he cannot hope to enlarge the scope of his work by bringing a well-defined set of critical principles to bear on the development of cinema. In doing so he is apt to talk of influences that do not really exist and his terms of reference too will be artificial in the extreme. The cinema, as we know it today, tends by its very nature to repel categorical criticism and one wonders whether one could not correctly go further and maintain that film criticism is really no criticism at all.

New Books

A SURGEON'S LIFE

By Ferdinand Sauerbruch

Translated by Fernand G. Renier and Anne Cliff

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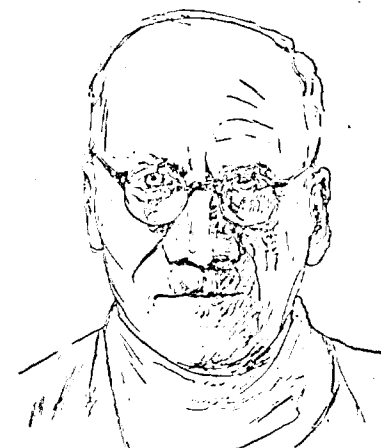
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AMONG surgeons all over the world, Ferdinand Sauerbruch's name is well-known as the inventor of the 'Pressure Chamber' which facilitates operations in the thoracic region. Though the invention is not used in its original form, the establishment by Sauerbruch of the principle of equalization of pressures in the pleural cavity and outside has opened up new vistas in surgery. The reader will understand what this implies if he is told that if the surgeon is able to open up and operate upon the heart or remove a lung or open into the abdomen through the diaphragm it is pre-eminently due to the genius of this great German surgeon's invention. It is an event of first importance that Sauerbruch should have decided to present the world with his autobiography.

Sauerbruch spent his childhood with a grandfather, who left a lasting impression on him. His mother and aunt together with his grandfather made up his immediate environment. He describes vividly how he was seared through and through with those early memories. "The emotions and spiritual impressions of my childhood and early youth have left a bitter memory and are more easily recalled than achievements and events. One scene recurs vividly. Standing at the door of my grandfather's workshop, I used to watch my mother serving customers. Laboriously she unbuttoned and buttoned the high boots fashionable at the time, kneeling on the hard floor while the customer sat on a comfortable chair. Making polite small talk, she would try pair after pair on the customers' feet. In front of another customer, engaged on the same task, knelt Aunt Mathilde." Unable to endure this humiliating



Ferdinand Sauerbruch

sight Sauerbruch was led to make his first invention. He worked out the idea of press-studs to replace the "countless boot buttons." This experience reveals how even at an early age he had the essential quality of a good doctor—sympathy for others' sufferings combined with a determination to help them rid of their troubles. Sauerbruch was inclined to long fits of pessimism which were only relieved by his grandfather Hammerschmidt's encouraging counsels. The seeds of ambition were first sown in the young Sauerbruch by his grandfather who used to say in relation to his grandson's day dreams: "My boy, you can become any of these things, but first you must go higher than the grammar school." Typical of the German Soul he had his own hierarchy of heroes of whom God came first, then the Emperor and King. His first philosophical doubts and quests began in a vague fashion after the death of his childhood friend, guide and philo-

sopher, namely his grandfather. His death discouraged him so much that but for a lucky fate he would have become a thorough misfit. From being one of the best pupils he descended to the very bottom of his class. Faced with the momentous problem of choosing a career he 'blindly' chose the natural sciences. He describes his efforts to learn Greek, the subterfuges he employed to pass his examination in a manner which leaves no doubt of his gift for expression.

In the abrupt manner characteristic of him he suddenly mentions that he began to study medicine in Leipzig. The discovery by his Professor, His, of his great interest in anatomy and then of the help rendered by him which enabled him to get through his medical course are all described in too brief a manner.

He narrates his experiences as a medical assistant at the Protestant nursing home at Cassel. The matron of the nursing home considered that "If a man collapses in the open street on a Sunday, it means that God has willed him to collapse." It need not be said that Sauerbruch did not long remain in that nursing home, whose matron claimed to be a friend of the Empress.

He then went to Erfurt where he made his famous discovery. In the manner of all great discoverers Sauerbruch stumbled on his invention when he observed that a fortuitous fit of coughing saved the life of a young man, who had been gored by a bull and was on the operation table. The greatness of Sauerbruch consisted in having observed it and acted upon it. This was because his mind was in a way prepared for this discovery and like a great artist the doors of his perception were clear. From the time of this accidental discovery he worked like one possessed. He resigned his post at Erfurt and went to Breslau to work under Von Mikulicz. With the confidence of one who is sure of success, and the determination, tenacity and perseverance of one who will not be hauled by obstacles, Sauerbruch set to work on his pressure chamber. Here again it was humane consideration and the desire to save his

fellow human beings that goaded him night and day to strive towards this goal. The words of Von Mikulicz: "Hundreds of thousands of people are succumbing to tuberculosis, because as yet no one has been able to operate inside the thorax," set him working.

He got the help of two assistants and performed his first successful thoracic operation on a small dog and he conveys to the reader the excitement, the doubts of the result and the final breathtaking success. Eager to show his success to Von Mikulicz he persuaded the incredulous doctor to come and witness his experiment. He chose a rabbit which was anaesthetized; "air was sucked from the chamber, the pressure gauge was checked, I made my incision. The poor creature's head fell to one side and it died on the spot. I paled as I realized the cause. The glass chamber must have sprung a leak, for I could hear a faint hiss. My stumbling explanation was cut short." The short tempered *Geheimrat* insulted Sauerbruch by barking at him 'You charlatan' and asked him to get out. The no less short tempered young surgeon retorted: "If you think I want to stay in your rotten dump after this . . . ?" Luckily for Sauerbruch some days after this an important visitor Dr. Willi Anschutz of Kiel watched with amazement the operation in the pressure chamber and undertook to persuade Mikulicz to give Sauerbruch another trial. This time the operation went off successfully and Mikulicz became one of Sauerbruch's best friends and most enthusiastic supporters. From then on honours were quickly showered on the young doctor, he got invitations from America and he was asked to address international gatherings of surgeons who though sceptical at first were not slow to realize the significance of Sauerbruch's discovery.

In the course of his adventurous career Sauerbruch came across many great men, some of them as patients and others not so professionally. King Constantin of Greece was his patient and this led him to perform some diplomatic tasks of a very delicate nature. He had to go as a Courier

from Constantin to the Emperor Wilhelm. The Emperor Wilhelm in his turn set him the task of seeing the King of Bulgaria and the Sultan of Turkey. Baron Rothschild was his patient. He was called in for a consultation by the doctors attending on King George V. This led to the legend that he had operated on the King and even his own categorical denial did not save him from the overzealous income-tax officials. Not princes alone but paupers too were among his clientele. There is the anecdote of the hotel waiter on whom he operated and refused to take anything more than the princely sum of sixpence. But such is the inscrutability of hotel waiters that ever afterwards there was a strange barrier between the surgeon and his patient. But perhaps Sauerbruch received his most valuable fees from a young unknown soldier. During the war Sauerbruch was arrested and sentenced to be shot and an hour before his appointment with death he was rescued by the young unknown soldier. Years ago Sauerbruch had set his limb right. He moved on terms of intimacy with General Beck, Max Planck and others of equal repute. Hindenburg was his patient and then his friend and he had to act as father confessor to him. In the course of his variegated life he saw Hitler also and the interview which he describes shows Sauerbruch as a man who was not afraid of the mighty and could speak out his mind. He acted the part of veterinary surgeon when he operated on a beautiful cat, which was the main prop for an old man.

Sauerbruch's inventive genius together with his remarkable efficiency made him one of the world's greatest surgeons. Though he considered his field of work to be thoracic surgery like all great surgeons he was not a narrow specialist. His work in giving back limbs to patients who had to be amputated has earned for him a great name in surgery. He describes his efforts in this direction with a charming modesty and in the most un-selfconscious manner. Even if he had not discovered the pressure

chamber, his contributions to surgery by themselves would have earned him a niche in the history of surgery.

Sauerbruch was not only an expert in the purely technical aspect of surgery but—and that is the more important thing—he had a truly scientific bent of mind, coupled with the qualities of a great physician. If he had been merely a craftsman Sauerbruch would have been a talented surgeon but not a great one. But because he had the outlook of an academic researcher who was always on the lookout for the unforeseen, the unpredictable and the out-of-the-way and he had the equipment with which he could tackle any emergency he became a great surgeon. Operating on a patient for mediastinal tumour Sauerbruch unwittingly opened into an aneurysm of the heart, a rare and dangerous affliction which Sauerbruch had he known would have left severely alone. But having opened Sauerbruch tackled the situation with an equanimity which is surprising, considering that no surgeon had dared to repair an aneurysm before. As he says, this was a diagnostic error which led to a surgical success.

To the layman who stands in awe at the miraculous advances in surgery, this book should prove to be an exciting adventure, describing as Sauerbruch does some of the most complicated feats of surgery achieved by him. The surgeon in Sauerbruch did not swallow up the man and we have interesting sidelights about his eccentricities, his friends and their characteristics, and many other aspects of his life which set off his brilliance as a surgeon. The surgeon is a creative artist. Sauerbruch being a creative artist of a very high order, his book like the autobiographies of artists and scientists has a straightforward quality about it which makes it an exciting adventure to read. The reader will not lay down the book once he takes it up till he comes to the last word of the last line of the last page.

V. V. SRINIVASAN

Musical Compositions of "Kaladasa"
(Prof. R. Srinivasan). Part I
2, Rangachari Road,
Mylapore, Madras 4
Rs. 3.

THE book under review contains 51 songs, out of which 43 songs are in Tamil and the remaining eight in Sanskrit. The publication of this booklet is sure to usher in a new era in Music Kala. The reasons for my optimistic outlook are not far to seek. Recently, I happened to muse about Ma and Pa in the musical world, and the recognition of it by the world. Children—especially girls, who have been given a good musical education, would not only make their life and homes happy but extend the benefit of music to the future generation as well.

In 1928, while I was in Trivandrum, a music academy was started by Prof. Srinivasan, the author of this book, and the well-known Sri Lakshmana Pillai. Their efforts in the cause of music have come to bear fruit in course of time in many ways. Lakmana Pillai's compositions in Tamil have been published by his daughter and they won appreciation both in Tamilnad and in Travancore. In the year 1935, Lakshmana Pillai's portrait was unveiled. Expressing an opinion at that time, I wondered

why merit and talent were not recognised in South India. Sreemati Kamala Krishnamurti's publication comes now to dispel that doubt in me. It shows clearly her love and regard for her Ma and Pa. I am now convinced that talent and merit would not go to waste but would get their share of acclaim by and by.

The book also contains a resume of the present-day problems in the music world and the obstacles that stand in the way of real progress. I hope that 'Kaladasa' would do his bit for the Music Kala by coming out with suggestions of solutions to the problems he has observed, in his future publications.

P. SRINIVASA IYER

The Challenge to Democracy

By V. K. Krishna Menon and others
The Publications Division,
Ministry of Information and
Broadcasting, Government of India
8 as

DEMOCRACY seems to be a concept, like the weather, about which a lot has been said but little done. *The Challenge to Democracy*, under review, is a collection of eight talks broadcast by AIR in its National Programme series. The purpose of this publication is not very clear. The challenge to Democracy seems to take various shapes to the various speakers but they all seem to agree that it assumes almost ogre-like proportions in communism. Such a view might be very satisfying to the soul and clear the conscience but the sooner we realise that the challenge to Democracy, as it is practised, is hunger and fear more than anything else, the easier it would be to avoid the final catastrophe. It is an irony that the democratically controlled mike of the Government does not allow the voice of even a single 'challenger' to be heard. The best definition of Democracy I have heard was in the film *Juarez*, and as said by Paul Muni it was more eloquent than all the speeches ever made from the palmy days of oratory to the staccato notes of the present day and all the pages stained with ink, and its spiritual timbre haunts me still.

V. V. S.

Tribute to A Dream

DEEP in the land of Nod, I thought I dreamed—of a valley fair and sweet, with the twittering of birds and the babbling of a brook. In the dewy grass under my feet grasshoppers hopped their way. Then I stood transfixed by a note of music, the sweet music of laughter, like the tinkling of ice in a million glasses. I stood still and again a wave of happiness swept over me—infectious was that unknown's gaiety! Louder and louder came the laughter and as I parted the branches across my way, I held my breath.

Stretching wide was a lake, a yard to the front of me. Large sheets of deep green lotus leaves paved the water's face. The lotus flowers as they rose from their exquisite bath, adorned in their naked beauty, listened to the homage paid them by the fickle bees. In the midst of this paradise of light and shade was the island of my dreams, and in that a princess, as she played with a dove caressing her face.

I could not move, nor think; not a parted leaf did shed a drop of dew. Like a sapling dancing in the wind, she moved about in a pure white dress with a blouse of *kumkum* red; and the twittering of birds ceased as I stepped forward.

Of this face I have seen, the eyes—two clear limpid pools of ether. Eyelashes like curtains of silk. A forehead like the afternoon sky. Cheeks of softness, smoother than satin, like the blushing clouds of eventide. The exquisite chin, coalescing in curves with the neck of a swan, like sepals flowing into a stalk, and bearing above a mouth like a rosebud. The lips, moist, half-open, and innocent of touch save her fingers. The face chiselled out of tale by the Great Artist—a tribute to His own greatness—held me spellbound.

I gazed on, oblivious of the sacrilege I had committed, lost in a rapture of abstraction, trying to recapture if in some far-off memory, some indistinct past, in all my lives before this, she was not someone I had

known before—that instinct that recognized her, whom these eyes never saw before. When I next encountered the gaze, it was startled; like a pebble thrown into a lake, it rippled. Soon the ripples faded, but the face turned away...

As I looked, and closer and closer came the face the while I moved forwards. The eyes that beheld me in a trance softened like swan down and I saw understanding in them...

Impelled by something I knew not, I knelt, as oft no doubt I had in some forgotten age before, and brushing aside the flowing locks in the wind, I held the hand of the princess in mine. On my knee, and as I bent my head over her hand, the world was forgotten...

Thus did I rise, and thus did the dream fade. But the memory lingers, and when the summer evening thrills at the approach of the nuptial night, and as her blushes deepen to a scarlet the gods put out the blaze in the heavens and light the myriad candles in the vault, when on a moon-silvered evening the south wind howls through the jungle but whispers in the palms of my garden, a whiff of jasmine reaches my study again, when the sleepy birds protest in their sleep again and the silent bat disturbs the durbar of the demons in the tamarind tree in the backyard and the night claims her own sweet murmurs, when the nebulous clouds reach out into the skies and drown the shower of the stars from the firmament, and when the panting earth stays still for a while and as the night wind subsides the mantle falls loose about her rapturous figure, then again the ideal comes alive—in the heart of the Dreamer.

Amid the dark blue desert skies, where it is never hot but ever so cold, and in the jungles beyond the weary wastes, I search in vain for one diamond to match the light of her eyes, their warm and gentle caressing sweetness, their misty tremulousness as I saw myself then in their mirror; in vain do I search.

M. SIVARAMAKRISHNA RAO

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IT was very unfortunate that Tensing Norkey who came all the way to Bombay to attend the premiere of *The Conquest Of Everest* could not attend the same on account of his illness. One hopes that he has seen the picture at Calcutta and it would have been interesting to know his reaction to the picture.

For, according to those who have seen the film, the picture does scant justice to the Indian hero and boosts only Hunt and Hillary, especially the latter, as the conqueror of Everest. Nowhere in the picture is Tensing specifically mentioned as the Indian national and he appears more like a sherpa than an important member of the expedition.

The film critic of the *Free Press Journal* pointing out this unfair treatment to India and Tensing wrote: "Strangely enough, towards the rather hazy end in which we are supposed to be seeing Hillary and Tensing on the summit of Everest, the Indian flag, which had earlier been seen getting ready for the honour of flying on the peak alongside the Union Jack seems to have developed camera-consciousness with the result that we find only the British flag pronouncing the great victory."

The film, it appears, has been made mainly for the British audiences as is evident from the linking of the Coronation with the conquest of Everest by Hillary! It would be wrong to expect the Britishers to give a boost to Tensing in preference to Hillary. The story of Tensing still remains to be told and it is to be hoped that some day an Indian producer will make a film of his life in the right patriot spirit. Till then we will have to suffer British propaganda; incidentally, but for this narrow British white man's attitude

The Conquest Of Everest is a most remarkable documentary film, though perhaps *Annapurna*, another documentary record of Maurice Herzog's 1951 expedition, is more compact and thrilling in a cinematic sense.

Picture of the Week

THE cult of fatalism is rather popular in India where people believe that whatever is written in the lines of fate cannot be altered. Vinod Kumar was apparently inspired by this belief while writing the screenplay of *Lakeeran*; but actually what he wants to say is that prejudices die hard and the entire story is an illustration of this.

Sulochana Chatterji was a dancing girl, a sort of prostitute who got married to a respectable man. The husband died leaving Sulochana and her young son; a rich friend of the husband looks after them and takes a vow that the secret of Sulochana's origin will not be divulged. The friend's wife suspects illicit relationship between the husband and the widow and when she realizes her mistake it appears as if the story would finish as there is no hitch left now for marriage between the widow's son and the rich friend's daughter.

Then the issue of the alleged secret is brought to the fore and just at the time of the wedding, the villain, who was also aspiring for the heroine's hand, reveals that the hero's mother was once a prostitute. The wedding is broken and the suffering of both the lovers begins. While the hero sings sad gazals as usual, the heroine, married to the villain, is persecuted by him. And when the villain dies it seems as if the happy end is in sight; but like all love stories it ends in tragedy with both lovers dying almost simultaneously.

The story is not new, the screenplay is jerky and the character of Durga Khote who is responsible for breaking the wedding is self-contradictory and confusing. As a result, in spite of excellent performance by Ashok, Nalini, Pran, Durga Khote and Sulochana, the story grips you; the direction is just competent, though it appears as if the director has suffered from the handicap of non-

co-operation by the stars. Several scenes have been hurriedly passed over due to absence of one or the other leading artiste. Perhaps this absence of vital characters in a scene is also responsible for the sketchy screenplay and jumps in continuity.

Moreover, there are too many deaths in the picture and there is no comic relief at all. The songs, especially the last song, form a redeeming feature of *Lakeeran*.

Star of the Week

TRIPTI MITRA, the highly talented Bengalee artist, arrived in Bombay last week to play the role of Munna's mother in K. A. Abbas' *Munna*.

This is not the first time she is acting in a Hindi picture. In fact, she made her debut on the screen in a Hindi picture eight years ago.

Tripti, who is a niece of Sisir Banaduri, the famous stage producer and actor of Bengal, does not look at all like a film star, though acting is in

her blood. For she is so unassuming and so simple in her looks that nobody could think of her as a film star.

Tripti joined People's Theatre in Calcutta at the age of 17 and made a name for herself on the stage. When People's Theatre decided to produce *Dharti-ke-Lal*, producer-director Abbas had selected all the cast except the leading lady. In Bombay he could not find the right person, so he went all the way to Calcutta and spotted Tripti in *Nav-anna*, which was staged there. He brought Tripti to Bombay and those who think of film artistes in the conventional style rather laughed at his selection. Later, when the picture was released, Tripti won the highest tributes for her performance.

Later she played opposite Raj Kapoor in *Gopinath* and gave another memorable performance.

Back in Calcutta she and her husband Shambhu Mitra devoted most of their time to the theatre. At the

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moment Shambhu Mitra, who also is a great artiste and has appeared in *Dharti-ke-Lal*, 42, *Pathik* and many other films is running a theatre organisation called 'Behroopi' and Tripti is working with him. Tripti has also appeared in three Bengalee films including *Pathik* directed by Debaki Bose.

Besppectacled, dark and sweet looking, Tripti may not have the glamour of a star but she has the histrionic talent of a true artiste. And as such one can always look forward to her performance on the stage as well as the screen.

News of the Week

PREMNATH is reported to have filed a test case in the High Court challenging the validity of the order served on him by the Government of India to suspend exhibition of his picture. It will come up for hearing by June 25. Meanwhile Premnath is producing *Master Dilip* and *Prithviraj-Sayunkta* which will be directed by K. M. Multani.

Manmohan Sabir is making *Three Aces* (*Teen Yakka*) for Friends Film. The picture stars Kishore, Shakila, Shammi, Sundar and Johny Walker. A big set is being erected at Jagriti Studios and regular shooting is expected to begin next week.

The muhurat of Jeevandas Chandra's *Madbhare Nayan*, starring Bina Rai and Kishore and directed by Hemchander, was performed on Sunday the 25th April 1954.

★

Thodu Dongalu

NATIONAL Art Theatre's *Thodu Dongalu* (Telugu) is an unusual sort of picture with a social purpose. It is the story of Paramesam, a factory manager, tough person to begin with, who gets conscience-stricken over his treatment of Ramudu, one of the factory workers. Ramudu dies of electric shock on

the factory premises, and Paramesam, with the connivance of Lokanadham the owner, contrives to evade payment of compensation to the destitute family of the deceased worker. The guilt of it preys on Paramesam and gives him no rest. Through the effect of penitence on his shattered mind and body he becomes a better man.

The complete absence of sex appeal is the distinguishing mark of this picture. It is not dull nevertheless. The accomplishment of this feat is due mainly to the superb performance of N. T. Rama Rao, who played the role of Paramesam, the repentant mill manager. Rama Rao has excelled hitherto as the gay young dashing lover or the love-lorn martyred hero of tragic romance. Now for the first time we see him as a middle-aged penitent overtaken by all the infirmities of old age. The transformation of personality is done exquisitely, and his mannerisms for imparting naturalness to decrepitude have been perfected with uncanny skill. If it is the highest art to produce the effect of realism with calculated simulation, it must be said that in this picture Rama Rao has reached the level of the top-most character actors known to the screen. High praise is also due to the remarkable vividness with which the part of Lokanadham, the mill-owner in the story, is played by G. Venkateswara Rao. In his very look there is a suggestion of conspiratorial signalling over some pre-concerted deceit or mulcting project. The way in which with a mere glance or turn of the hand he is able to reveal an evil design is delicious. All the high artistry of the principal figures in the cast is thrown into the social objective of making employers kind and just, with the result that we have excellent entertainment as aesthetically enjoyable as it is soul-satisfying.

K. S. R

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

STORM GATHERING AGAINST McCARTHY

NEW YORK CITY: The following indictment against Senator Joseph McCarthy is in the process of being signed by millions of Americans all over the United States: That "Senator McCarthy practised calculated fraud and deceit on the United States Senate and on the people of the country" (Quoted from testimony under oath by Sen. William Benton, on Sept. 28, 1951).

The indictment says:

On March 5 last, when Senator McCarthy withdrew his \$2,000,000 libel and slander suit against former Senator Benton, he claimed that his lawyers could not find anywhere in the United States anyone who would testify that he believed anything Benton had said.

Benton had charged McCarthy with offenses so serious that no man who could be proved to have committed them, or some of them, should be allowed to remain in public office. The charges were documented, and were later printed as a publication of the United States Senate.

If Senator McCarthy is honest in claiming he is dropping this libel and slander suit because he cannot find believers of the charges, the signers of this advertisement will accommodate him. They believe the charges.

Moreover, they are convinced that several million other Republicans and Democrats can be found who consider these charges believable.

Can it be that Senator McCarthy is afraid to have his record passed upon by a jury of twelve plain men and women, whom his own attorneys would assist in selecting?

Can it be that he is afraid to appear on the witness stand, under the protection of a judge, where he could be properly examined as to the facts?

He commenced the \$2,000,000 libel and slander suit while the last election was going on. Can it be that he did so primarily to influence Wisconsin citizens to vote for him, and, having accomplished that purpose,

he now seeks—with an excuse that is an insult to every intelligent American—to pull the wool further over their eyes?

Senator McCarthy cannot be allowed to do this, through the apathy and indifference of the public.

It must be evident to every thoughtful citizen—to those who have so far admired Sen. McCarthy, as well as those who have been offended by his methods—that this matter is not personal, but has become an issue of transcendent public importance.

The American people are entitled to know the full facts, at least those having to do with public affairs, about any public servant, no matter what his position.

The essential point in this case—and it was raised and emphasized in the first instance—is whether any man should be allowed to occupy a seat in the United States Senate, where he must act for the people, if he is proved guilty of such offenses as those charged by former Senator Benton.

Clearly, a judge and jury can be depended upon to determine whether such charges are true or untrue. If they are untrue or libellous, even though little money damages be awarded, Sen. McCarthy's impugned honour will have been cleared and the public good will have been properly served. Theodore Roosevelt once sued a slanderer for nominal damages—not \$2,000,000—and was happy to accept an award of 6 cents merely to establish the facts for the public.

To further the purpose of bringing this matter to trial, the signers of this would welcome having similar non-partisan groups come forward throughout the nation.

We hope the signatures thus nationally collected will show the supporters of Sen. McCarthy that the excuse he gives for dropping the suit is phony. They surely want what millions of other Americans want: to

have the truth or falsity of these charges determined, once and for all, in open court.

Further, we hope the signatures will encourage the U. S. Senate, the Attorney General of the United States and the Bureau of Internal Revenue to give these charges the thorough investigation, open to the public, which they have not yet received.

Summary of the Benton Charges

TESTIFYING at the invitation of the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections on Sept. 28, 1951, Senator Benton concluded his testimony with the following summary of ten cases:

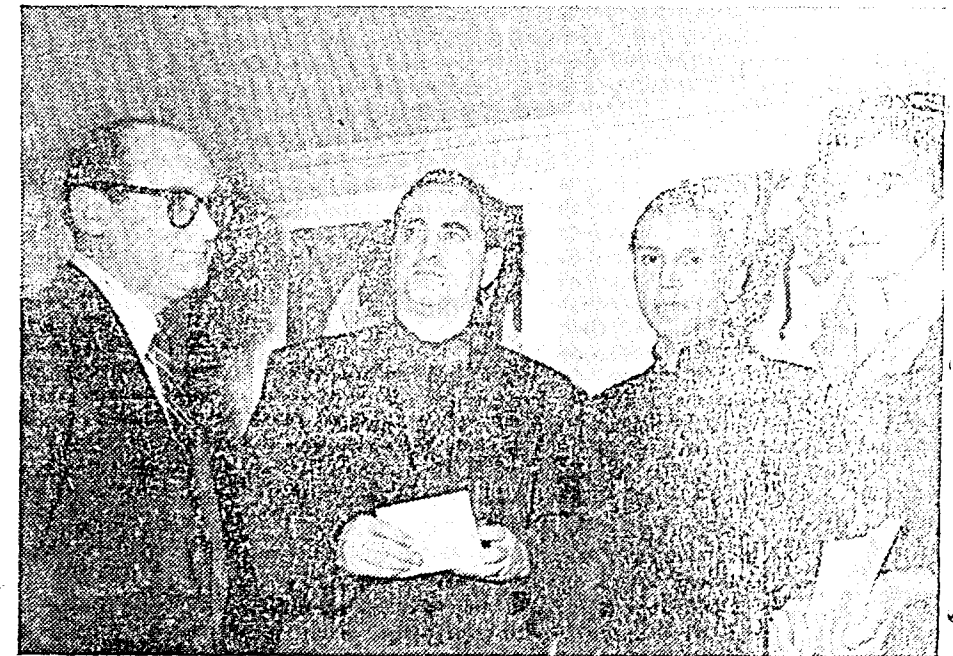
"Case No. 1. establishes that Sen. McCarthy apparently lied under oath to a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee last year by denying he had said in a speech at Wheeling W.Va., that 'I have here in my hand a list of 205 names that were made known to the Secretary of State, as being members of the Communist Party.' This case further indicates deliberate deception of the Senate by

Sen. McCarthy in altering the text of that sensational speech when he read it into the Congressional Record.

"Case No. 2 illuminates the lack of character, ethical standards, and integrity of Sen. McCarthy by detailing his acceptance of \$10,000 from the Lustron Corporation, a corporation which had had a vital interest in the outcome of the deliberations of a Senate housing committee presided over by Sen. McCarthy as acting chairman and vice chairman, and a corporation dependent on the RFC, which in turn is the concern of the Banking and Currency Committee, of which Sen. McCarthy was a member.

"Case No. 3 highlights Sen. McCarthy's efforts to hoax the Senate with the incredible charge that Gen. Calett Marshall has been part of a 'conspiracy so immense and an infamy so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man.'

"Case No. 4 establishes that Sen. McCarthy practised calculated deceit on the United States Senate and the



At the New York Art Exhibition of Sushil K. Mukherjee (page 18). Left to right: Harold Leventhal, Bernard Quint, Associate Editor "Life," Sushil Mukherjee and Miss Antonia Hodge.

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people of the country by falsely stat-
ing on the Senate floor that Sen.
Tydings had forced him to make pub-
lic the names of Government officials
against whom his unsubstantiated
charges of Communism were directed.

"Case No. 5 reviews the fraud and
deceit practised by Sen. McCarthy on
the Senate, on the people of the
United States and on the people of
Maryland through taking major res-
ponsibility for what this subcommit-
tee, in its investigation of the Mary-
land elections, already has branded
as "a despicable, back-street cam-
paign," and in particular through
responsibility for the lies in its cam-
paign tabloid FROM THE RECORD.

"Case No. 6 examines an instance
of deliberate deception of the Senate
by Sen. McCarthy in offering to
repeat off the floor, away from the
umbrella of senatorial immunity,
libelous statements which he later
refused to repeat off the floor.

"Case No. 7 shows Sen. McCarthy
pressing on the Senate a claim to
possess a so-called FBI chart consist-
ing of photostats listing Communists
in the State Department, when in
fact, on the word of J. Edgar Hoover,
the FBI did not send any such chart
to the State Department and, of
course, made no evaluation of infor-
mation as was indicated.

"Case No. 8 illustrates conscious
and deliberate deception of the
Senate in Sen. McCarthy's promise
to list the names of 81 Communists
for any Senate committee—a promise
on which he was forced to renege—
after implying they were the fruit of
his own investigations—because in
fact his cases obviously came from a
3 year old list of unnamed cases pre-
viously compiled by a House com-
mittee.

"Case No. 9 raises the question
whether Sen. McCarthy falsely accus-
ed Americans and excused convicted
Germans involved in the infamous
Malmedy massacre, possibly on the
say so of a member of the German
underground, and whether Sen. Mc-
Carthy deliberately lied about the
Malmedy affair on the floor of the
Senate.

"Case No. 10 adds to the evidence
that Sen. McCarthy himself commit-



Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury—page 17.

ted perjury, the further evidence
that he continues to employ a man
described by a Senate committee as
his administrative assistant who,
while in his employ, is charged with
committing perjury as well as other
serious misdeeds."

The Cobalt Bomb

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, the only
American reporter permitted
to witness the first atom bomb blast
10 years ago, has the following
revelation:

The new chemical compound that
has revolutionized the production of
the hydrogen bomb now makes it
certain that the most dreaded wea-
pon of all—the cobalt bomb—can also
be successfully built.

The cobalt bomb is a hydrogen
bomb of the type tested successfully
at the Eniwetok Proving Grounds in
the Pacific on March 1 and 26. The
principal difference is in the material
of the shell surrounding the active
ingredients.

Instead of a shell of steel, which
becomes only mildly radioactive as it
turns into a cloud of vapour, a shell
of cobalt encases the fission and
fusion substances. On being vapo-
rized in the explosion it is transform-
ed into a deadly radioactive cloud 320
times more powerful than radium.

This cloud can travel with the pre-
vailing winds over distances of thou-
sands of miles, destroying all life in
its path. The bomb could be explod-
ed from a ship in the Pacific, for
example, hundreds, even thousands
of miles from the coast and the cloud
would travel with the winds towards
the United States West Coast and the
rest of the North American Continent.

It is this type of hydrogen bomb of
which Albert Einstein said: "If suc-
cessful, radioactive poisoning of the
atmosphere, and hence annihilation
of any life on earth, will have been
brought within the range of techni-
cal possibilities."

At the time Professor Einstein
spoke—early in 1950—the cobalt
bomb was merely a theoretical possi-
bility, as was the hydrogen bomb.
The successful tests at Eniwetok in
March have brought Professor Ein-
stein's prophecy into the realm of
fact.

It is, of course, obvious from the
nature of the weapon that it can never
be tested in the Pacific, or anywhere
else in the world, for that matter.
But the successful tests at Eniwetok
also make it obvious that no such
tests are necessary.

Such tests, in fact, have already
been made on a small laboratory
scale. These have proved that, when
cobalt is bombarded with neutrons,
it is transformed into a deadly radio-
active element, giving off tremen-
dously powerful gamma rays, that
is, powerful radiations similar to x-
rays, 320 times more powerful than
the gamma rays given off by radium.

It had therefore been known for
some time that if a hydrogen bomb



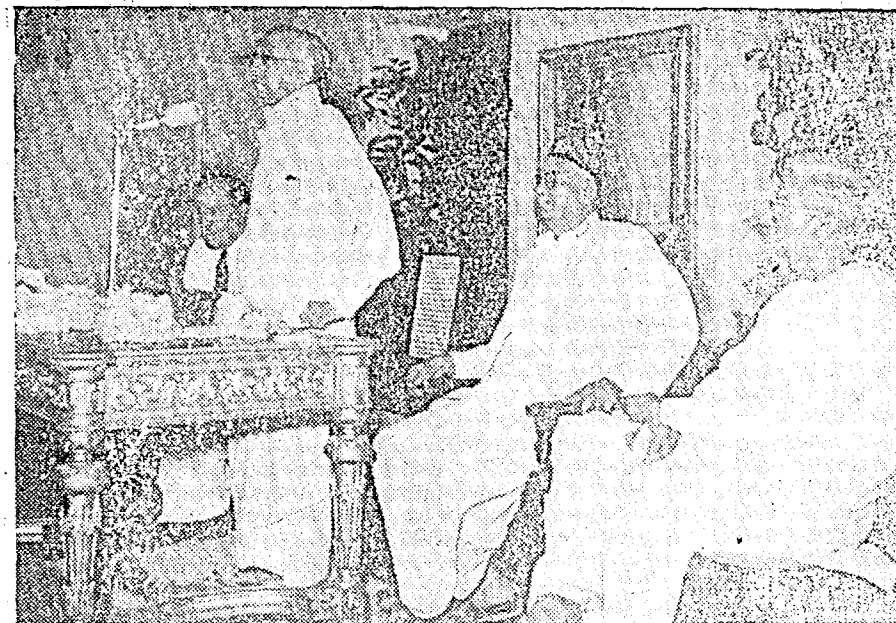
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Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar, President, S. I. J. F., addressing the annual session at the Rajaji Hall last Sunday

could be successfully built and tested, all that would be necessary would be to substitute a shell of cobalt for the conventional steel shell of the weapon.

Thus, the successful tests on March 1 and 26 of the latest model hydrogen bombs—"tremendous blast in the megaton range"—also may be said to have been successful tests of the cobalt bomb in the megaton range. A megaton is equal to a million tons of TNT.

The hydrogen bomb, as it explodes, produces enormous quantities of neutrons in two ways. It is first triggered by a powerful fission bomb of the latest design, which is in itself equal to 500,000 tons of TNT. The fission process releases great quantities of neutrons.

The fission process also produces tremendous temperatures, of the order of several hundred million degrees Centigrade. This temperature produces fusion of nuclei of heavy hydrogen, deuterium and tritium, which, in turn, yield much greater quantities of neutrons.

Whereas the fission process yields only 1 per cent of the weight of the

fissionable elements—Uranium 235 or plutonium—in free neutrons, the fusing of the nuclei of deuterium and tritium (the D-T reaction yields as much as 20 per cent of the total weight of the two hydrogen variants (isotopes) as neutrons. The fusing of the nuclei of 600 grams of tritium with the nuclei of 400 grams of deuterium, that is, one kilogram or 2.2 pounds, would thus yield 200 grams of free neutrons.

This rather small amount of neutrons would create an amount of deadly radioactive cobalt (atomic mass 60) equal to 12,000 grams. This is equal in its radioactivity to the tremendous quantity of 3,448 pounds of radium.

Because the cobalt bomb could be exploded from an unmanned barge in the middle of the ocean it could be made of any weight desired. It could, for example, in addition to its normal fission and fusion constituents, incorporate as much as a ton of deuterium.

Such a monster would yield as much as 250 pounds of free neutrons. These would produce 7.5 tons of

radioactive cobalt, equal to nearly 5,000,000 pounds of radium.

What has made this monster at last possible is the new chemical compound lithium 6 deuteride, composed of the light isotope of lithium of atomic mass six (three protons and three neutrons) and the heavy isotope of hydrogen, that is, deuterium of atomic mass two (one proton and one neutron).

It is this revolutionary substance that has made it possible to design a hydrogen bomb—as well as a cobalt bomb—that produces its own tritium as it explodes. It has also made it possible to eliminate the requirement to liquefy the hydrogen elements.

Ironically, there is another type of "cobalt bomb" being used as a substitute for radium in the treatment of cancer. This "cobalt bomb" consists of a small quantity of cobalt exposed to neutrons in a nuclear reactor.

A cobalt bomb incorporating a ton of deuterium, according to Prof. Harrison Brown, nuclear chemist at the California Institute of Technology, could be set on a north-south line in the Pacific about a thousand miles west of California.

"The radioactive dust," he said, "would reach California in about a day, and New York in four or five days, killing most life as it traverses the continent."

"Similarly," he added, "the Western powers could explode hydrogen cobalt bombs on a north-south line about the longitude of Prague that could destroy all life within a strip

1,500 miles wide, extending from Leningrad to Odessa, and 3,000 miles deep from Prague to the Ural Mountains. Such an attack would produce a "scorched earth" unprecedented in history."

Prof. Leo Szilard, of the University of Chicago, one of the principal architects of the atomic bomb, has estimated that 400 one-ton deuterium cobalt bombs would release enough radioactivity to extinguish all life on earth.

Radioactive cobalt has a "half-life" of five years, decaying in that period at the rate of 50 per cent. In other words, a quantity of radioactive cobalt equal to 100 pounds of radium today will equal fifty pounds in 1959, twenty-five pounds in 1964.

In talking about the cobalt bomb, nuclear scientists quote an entry in the Journal of the Goncourt Brothers of April 7, 1869, exactly eighty-five years ago.

The entry describes a conversation between leading scientists of the day, in which they predicted that in a hundred years "man would know of what the atom is constituted" and "would be able to create life (synthetically) in competition with God."

"We have the feeling," the Goncourt Journal states, "that when this time comes to science, God with His white beard will come down to earth swinging a bunch of keys, and will say to humanity, the way they say at 5 o'clock at the saloon: Closing time, gentlemen!"—P. G. Krishnayya's Service.

SWATANTRA

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NEHRU'S ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS

In a speech delivered in Wales in October 1948 Winston Churchill said:

Nothing stands between Europe today and complete subjugation to Communist tyranny but the atomic bomb in American possession.

If the Soviet Government wish to see atomic energy internationalized and its military use outlawed, it is not only by verbal or written agreements that they must reassure the world but by actions, which speak louder than words.

Let them release their grip upon the satellite States of Europe.

Let them retire to their own country, which is one-sixth of the land surface of the globe.

Let them liberate by their departure the eleven ancient capitals of Eastern Europe which they now hold in their clutches.

Let them go back to the Curzon Line as was agreed upon in the days when we were fighting as comrades together.

Let them set free the million or more German and Japanese prisoners they now hold as slaves.

Let them cease to oppress, torment, and exploit the immense part of Germany and Austria which is now in their hands.

Let them cease to distract Malaya and Indonesia.

Let them liberate the Communist-held portion of Korea.

Above all, let them throw open their vast regions on equal terms to the ordinary travel and traffic of mankind.

Let them give others the chance to breathe freely, and let them breathe freely themselves.

No one wants to take anything they have got and that belongs to them away from them. After all, we are asking them to do no more than what the other victorious States have done of their own free will. None of the other allies has tried to add large

territories and populations to its domain. Britain indeed has gone to the opposite extreme and cast away her Empire in the East with both her hands.

In this peroration of Churchill as a champion of the free world there was only one flaw. He gave more credit to "the other victorious States" than they deserved. The demand that the Russians should retire to their own country should not have stood alone. It should have been addressed to every nation that had stepped beyond its boundaries and darkened the world by adding large territories and populations to its domain. Further on in the speech quoted above, Churchill said that he had hoped that the Russians after the war would be received everywhere as brothers in the human family, and that it still remained his aim and ideal. If the ideal had not been attained, "if on the contrary enormous barriers have been erected against it," Churchill said it was the Soviet Government that set them up and was "fortifying them every day over ever-larger areas."

In the interval between the date of Churchill's speech and now, the atomic bomb has ceased to be an exclusive American possession. It has lost its value as a weapon of protection for Europe against Communist tyranny. By the very fact that, notwithstanding this development, Europe has not yet been subjugated to Communist tyranny, Churchill has been proved to be not very correct as a prophet. Apparently superiority

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in destructive weapons is not the only saving factor for countries apprehending subjugation by Russia. Apparently there are other factors. It is to these and their further strengthening that the world should look to for realising its hopes of freedom and peace.

Churchill was not far wrong in his sizing up of Communist power as a very grave menace to the security of the rest of the world. The Communist philosophy has dethroned all other loyalties and installed in their place a party suzerainty conceived as of worldwide scope. The loyalty of Communists to party cuts across national boundaries and over-rides all other duties and obligations. This is why it is so ruthless and absolutely without scruple and its operations are so all-pervasive and open to the supporting manoeuvres of allies dispersed all over the world and trained to act as saboteurs in their respective States when the call for action comes. The concept of Communism as a world movement makes it a world menace. The dispersion of Communist parties under the direction of a central leadership, in practically every country of the world, makes that menace a matter of urgent practical probability. Russia has already drawn within the orbit of her control every neighbour susceptible to pressure. The process will go on indefinitely and it will be deflected by no check other than that of superior strategy or power.

The Americans have taken upon themselves the role of guarding the world's freedom against Communist encroachment. Militarily they are well qualified for it, but their political strategy is not of the same quality as their military prowess. The principle of collective security which they have evolved is intrinsically sound. But in its application it is hampered by inconsistencies that tend to rob it of vitality. Collective effort for security can scarcely mobi-

lise enthusiasm if within its own scheme it harbours insecurity similar to what it seeks to prevent. Apostles of freedom must first cast out all blemishes traceable to helotry before they can hope to stimulate others to fraternal action under their inspiration. Though Communist oppression may be worse and intensively harder to bear than other forms of oppression, it is a truth which the oppressed whom the Americans seek to rally to the cause of freedom under their banner cannot be expected to realise in time. American leadership in world affairs is vitiated by too much tolerance of existing tyrannies to prove effective as a source of inspiration for collective action against another prospective tyranny though alleged to be more dreadful than any of the existing brands. The imperialism of France in Asia and Africa, the Belgian oppression in the Congo, the surviving horrors of Portuguese rule outside Portugal, the inhumanity of South African racialism, all these tend to destroy politically the force and vigour of the American drive against the Communist menace.

We believe that our freedom in India is not so secure as it appears to be on a superficial survey. It is threatened by the Russo-Chinese Communist bloc, as every country in South East Asia is threatened by it. Militarily it is not the strength of Asian nations that is protecting them but the magnitude of American power, and the certainty of its employment to check further Communist advancement in Asia. We are fortunate that we are placed thus under the umbrella of American protection militarily without sharing in the odium of the false political moves of American strategy. Pandit Nehru is unconsciously playing the part of purging the American leadership of its untenable political blunders and compelling it into a more sensible comprehension of its obligations in

the championship of freedom. Indian neutrality will be broken the moment the Americans take the right stand by seeking to put down the still surviving systems of colonialism and imperialism in the world. Then only, and not otherwise, will the

correct basis for an effective strategy of collective security against World Communism emerge, with all free countries participating intelligently in their own interests and not, as in the case of some of them now, as puppets of stronger powers.

Sotto Voce

★

FOLK ART



THANKS to the Nataka Kazhagam, Madras had this week an opportunity to see folk artistes from different parts of the country assembled under one roof and giving a tantalising glimpse of the rich and diverse culture that still keeps pulsating in the heart of rural India. Naturally it was not all of the same quality. There was perhaps more variety and richness in the folk festival arranged under Government auspices recently at Delhi. I should have liked to see the Banjara dancers in particular. But we must be thankful for what we got; and some of it was superb, the best of its kind, I have no doubt.

★

For a two-hour show the programme on Saturday was rather crowded; one had a feeling most of the time that one was seeing snippets. But there were exceptions and some of these were the best in the show. The Manipuri dancers easily bore the palm. Theirs, without ceasing to be folk art, has something hieratic about it. In the fascinating dance depicting the wooing of a princess there was exaltation in the lover and

a sweet demureness in the woman. To the quickened consciousness of the spectator it seemed to bring faint intimations of the Cosmic Dance, Ananda Bhairava conjuring the world out of chaos with His Tandava while Ananda Bhairavi gives it shape and form with the seductive Lasya.

★

The versatility and power displayed by the young woman dancer Mani in her solo dance were breath-taking. She strode forth as the very embodiment of passion, shaking her fist at the gods and raising tempest in the hearts of men. To me it was a revelation of the vehement genius of the Naga race who seem to entertain earthquakes in their breasts as do their native hills. In reassuring contrast to this chained fury was the douce spirit of the Bengal countryside which you saw in her fishermen celebrating their catch and her kisans gathering the golden harvest. There was a touch of improvisation about it, of something unfinished, as well as a liberal dose of delightful clowning, which established it as authentically folk art.

The Punjabi kisan dance, on the other hand, was a bit of propaganda. The folk form had been cleverly adapted; the crudity with which the landlord's discomfiture is brought about is not out of place in the broad farce which is folk comedy. Another bit of tendentiousness was the mail-runner's dance—so reminiscent of Kipling's *Gunga Din*. Its extraordinary virtuosity is not to be denied. But this modern malaise of thought intrudes a strangely incongruous element into the serenity and the gracious sadness of the folk soul.

The flowing lines of rhythm of the Santhal dance, the perfect orientation and verve of the Rajasthan Holi piece, the memorable phrasing of the Mahratti powada so reminiscent of our "Raja Desing" and "Oomayan Sandal," the simple and repetitive music, suggestive of care-free exuberance, were all typically folk art. The rural artist is a conscious craftsman but not self-conscious. He employs conventions, but these are few and simple. Above all he is a limb of the organism he pictures: like Michael Angelo's Adam he remains but imperfectly detached from his social matrix.

One might be glad that folk art was at last claiming the attention of the sophisticated if painful memories did not keep obtruding. Where is the Rama Natakam of my boyhood's days? The players who moved through the streets with the statuesque dignity of

a tableau, the moment they were inside the large barn that served for stage, turned into a choir of singing birds. Gone into the limbo is the *pinnal kolattam* of the world famous hetaerae of Kumbakonam, which put the simple folk in mind of the Gopis footing it feathily in the Rasa-mandala. The 'Ginjin Attam' of Kodandarama Iyer is a faint memory; the 'Bommallattam' is struggling for existence. The omnivorous cinema has claimed great Teveram-singers, adepts in traditional mystery plays and bards who melted your heart with soulful *keerthanas*.

Stupid greed and the unscrupulous exhibitionism that the decay of tradition has encouraged have considerably demoralised the artistic conscience of the folk. The folk in fact are fast ceasing to exist. The rural community is moribund, though ruined villages may continue to moulder for some time more. A doctrinaire Government sets up Natak Akadams and also decrees that the Varahoor temple shall be thrown open to all and sundry, calmly forgetting that the Uriyadi festival and the enacting of the *Krishna Leela Tarangini* are hieratic arts which do not flourish in a casteless society. In all folk art the referent, proximate or remote, is God, whom our secularists would lock up in their little cupboard. How do you hope to get at Beauty, by-passing the Brahman who is *Saantam*, *Sivam*, *Sundaram*?

VIGNESWARA

(Continued from page 7)

ludes of unemployment when I earned nothing, he neither looked forward to nor would he agree to receive any payment. All the time the acute money shortage lasted, his serviceability would be the more assiduous. He had an unerring instinct which taught him when I would be driven to extremity, and he would appear unfailingly on the scene at

the very last minute to supply the need. With rarely more than half a dozen shirts, I have cut a figure of affluence, thanks mainly to the life-long ministrations of my non-pareil of a washerman, whom I have always looked upon as benefactor and friend—a choice spirit filling with significance the golden adage "One touch of kindness makes the whole world kin."

SAKA

SIDELIGHTS ::

IT is not given to everybody to be able to wash one's own clothes as Sri Rajagopalachari let it be known that he did, in the first week of his assumption of office as Chief Minister for the first time in Madras State. The Tamils are indeed a great people to live self-dependently and teach the young how to live self-dependently. Simplicity of living is a tradition with them, and in rich homes the ministrations of servants are not allowed to spoil youngsters and interfere with their habits of self-help. Affection does not exhibit itself in pampering children, making them free of discipline and developing in them chaotic and helpless ways disqualifying them for social life on their own account outside the domestic circle. With the Andhras, it is quite different. As a fair sample of Andhra up-bringing, I may say that at fifteen when I arrived in Madras to join college, I scarcely knew how to mix my food and eat it. Mother had been treating me to helpings of it, and without mother's help I felt like lost in the wide metropolitan world for quite a long time.

In those days chance threw me into the midst of new friends who were Tamil, and they took me into their homes and brought me up as one of themselves. It was an entirely different universe from the one with which I had been familiar. These sons and daughters of Tamilnad with whom I came in contact for the first time struck me as extraordinary. They were prodigies of juvenile competence. They could not only bathe, they could even take an oil bath without others' aid, they could make coffee, they could even cook a little, they could go out unattended to buy vegetables in the market, they could make bargains unscathed, they were to all intents and purposes no worse than elders in miniature. Wonder of wonders! They washed their own clothes! Their masterful self-sufficiency shamed me into a consciousness of littleness and nerved

me into imitation in a desperate effort to gain a similar stature. It was no use. I got worsted in bargains and paid high prices. My clothes got torn before I could wash them clean. It was then that Varadan the washerman came to me.

Varadan has been washing my clothes for forty years. He grew leaner and lankier with the years, and his hair which used to be black, turned gray lately. Otherwise, these forty years registered no change in his physical appearance. He passed away suddenly last week and his last message to his wife was that she should continue to take care of my clothes. Looking back, it is quite clear to me that if I have kept clean and not appeared dirty, it was entirely due to Varadan and his very high sense of duty that I should not suffer in credit before my fellowmen.

I dare say he had many richer customers. These perhaps offered no challenge to his professional pride. They had plenty to clothe themselves with, and had enough surfeit to make themselves independent of regular washes scheduled to time, to look neat and tidy in their habiliments. He therefore passed them by. But my wardrobe was limited to the barest minimum consistent with the employment of a man to wash. It was a condition of scarcity that seemed to appeal to his professional resourcefulness and skill. He therefore concentrated his attention and devotion on me. He made it his mission to supplement my wants with his industry and see me through in all the vicissitudes of a hard-up existence that never could boast of cash enough to buy adequate clothes. And he succeeded in making scarcity look like plenty.

In the zest of his affectionate concern to maintain appearances for me, Varadan reached a stage when wages became secondary. In my long inter-

(Continued on page 6)

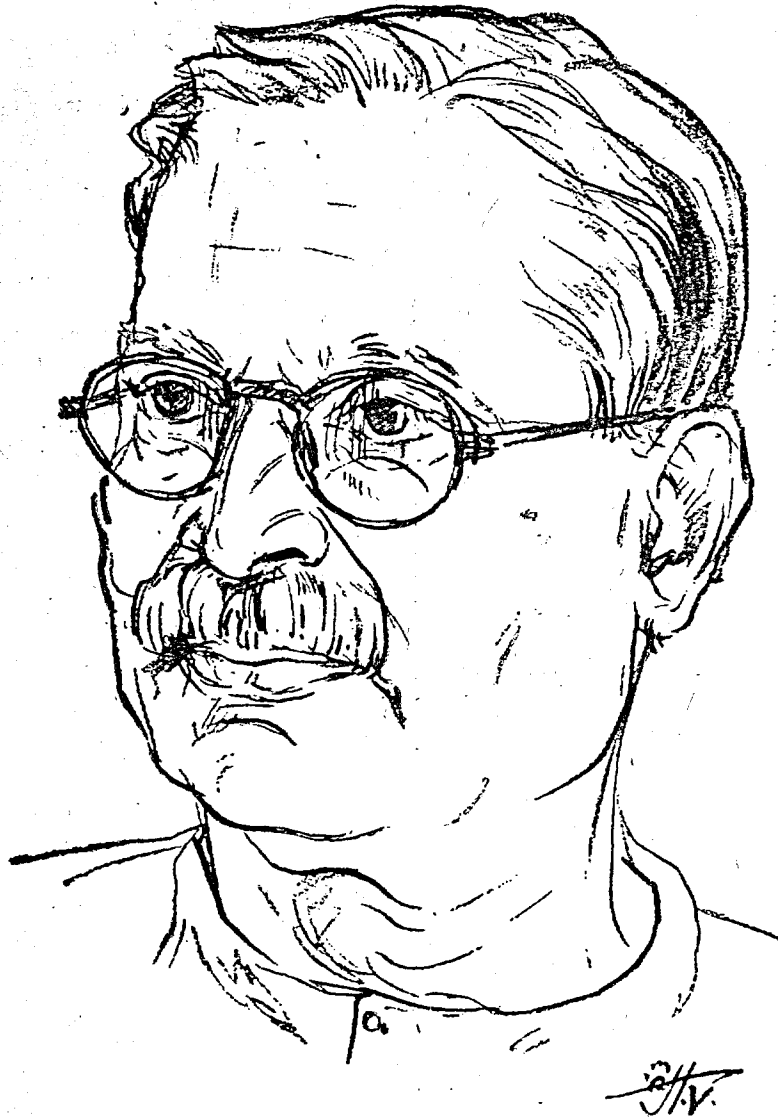
CAN CHILDHOOD INFECTIONS BE WIPED OUT?

By A Special Correspondent

Which diseases of childhood can be most effectively combated by immunization? What are the risks, if any? Are babies born with natural immunities?

These and other questions of vital importance for CHILDREN, the future of the nation, are discussed in this authoritative summary of opinions expressed by specialists from 22 countries at a recent conference on immunization.

The discussions on which this article is based were held in Frankfurt-on-the-Main under the joint auspices of the German Federal Republic and the World Health Organization's Regional Office for Europe.



Sri M. Somasekhara Sarma did not pass through a university for his education, but he acquired profound scholarship through his own efforts. It was fortunate for him that he came across the late K. V. Lakshmana Rao in an impressionable period of life. Through close association with that master of historical research he acquired a passion for history and archaeology. He is the most cultivated archaeologist of South India. He reconstructed the authentic history of the Andhras in a manner that has provoked admiration from the greatest scholars. His style of writing in Telugu is lucid and pleasant; capable of conveying thoughts of the highest significance to the simplest understanding. He is an admirable host and is renowned for limitless hospitality.

EVEN if no further discoveries were ever to be made in regard to immunization, today's suffering, impairment and loss of children as a result of infection could be very greatly reduced and, with respect to some diseases, eliminated altogether.

This is the inescapable conclusion of a series of discussions on immunization which took place late last month at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany. The Conference on Immunization, brought together health officials and epidemiologists from 22 countries in Europe and around the Mediterranean.

Knowledge to be applied

THAT the complete elimination of smallpox is possible has long been shown in countries, notably in Germany, where efficient compulsory vaccination has been maintained. That equally good results with regard to diphtheria are within the realm of practical possibility has been shown more recently by countries, notably Denmark, which have relied on public enlightenment and popular education for getting a high proportion of the people immunized.

Considerable reduction of tetanus and whooping cough is also possible.

Gamma globulin and convalescent serum, the two principal prophylactics against measles, present supply problems, but they are being solved in a number of countries.

There would be practically no risk of spreading hepatitis through injec-

tions themselves if stringent sterilization were regularly observed.

Opposition

FREQUENT outbreaks of disease, widespread vaccination, disappearance of the disease, then growing opposition to vaccination—this is what has happened in the case of smallpox, where in a number of countries it can be argued today that vaccination is more dangerous than the disease.

Though the argument is directed against vaccination, vaccination must triumph before the argument has even any semblance of value: complications following vaccination have been and still are rare; cases of smallpox used to be not rare at all, even in Europe.

Public demand for vaccination against smallpox in the old days is paralleled by present demand for protection against another disease which may cause permanent impairment—poliomyelitis. That smallpox will return if vaccination is relinquished is shown by the example of England and the Netherlands.

Risk

NEVERTHELESS, no complacency about post-vaccinal complications, particularly encephalitis, is called for. The Netherlands is the country with the worst experience in this respect and intensive research into this problem is being pursued there as well as elsewhere.

One of the difficulties of research is precisely the rarity of the occur-

rence: pronouncements on the basis of statistics are of necessity uncertain because of the small numbers involved. It is clear, however, that the danger is greater when vaccination is done for the first time with older children or adults. It is far safer to have children vaccinated early.

The complications are probably due to some factor in the environment or in the person vaccinated and not directly to the vaccine itself, for in the Netherlands vaccine was for years imported from countries where very few complications occurred (e.g. Scandinavia), but the use of foreign vaccines has not solved the problem. Furthermore, clarification of what encephalitis really is will be necessary: the term as used at present covers a number of quite different conditions.

The age of immunization

CONTRARY to what was formerly believed, it is now clearly established that infants can make use of prophylactics to build protective substances in their bodies. Immediately after birth they frequently are protected by substances derived from their mothers and they should be immunized before these have disappeared, that is to say immunization should be started at three to four months.

That it is necessary to start early is shown by the fact that 75% of the deaths due to whooping cough occur within the first year of life. In some countries, three-fourths of the school-age children are protected against diphtheria but these countries still have high incidence rates because infants and the pre-school groups are not protected. From this reservoir of infection, the disease reaches adults.

Syringe and sweets

THE Conference on Immunization also considered the possibility of psychological shock through immunization. Some pain inevitably accompanies injections, and the age at which pain is particularly undesirable runs from 8-10 months after birth to 4-5 years. Yet injections are necessary during this period also, and doctors should take every care to

avoid upsetting either the child or the parents. Great kindness and tact, and perhaps a reward for the child, are called for; in addition, injections should be done with maximum efficiency—needles must be sharp. If these precautions are taken, no lasting psychological effects need be feared.

The great value of combined vaccines, which with a small number of injections give protection against a number of diseases (notably diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus), has a psychological basis. There are some objections to combined vaccines, but these are purely on animal experimental grounds: as regards man, it is better to give many people some basic protection than to give them none at all.

By separate injections for each disease the number of injections is greatly increased, so is their nuisance value and so is the risk that people will simply not be bothered. Unless revolutionary discoveries are made, it is very unlikely that the triple vaccines will ever be given up in countries where they have long been in use and have proved their value.

Tuberculosis

THOUGH some controversy still exists on the value of inoculation with BCG, the balance of opinion as expressed at Frankfurt is that this method does give valuable protection. It was unanimously agreed that it is no substitute for the social and hygienic measures which form an integral part of the fight against tuberculosis.

Outlook on polio

THE present situation with regard to poliomyelitis was reviewed by Professor P. Lepine of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Passive immunization with gamma globulin, giving protection from the second to about the sixth week after inoculation, has but limited usefulness because at present there is no way of telling who is exposed to the disease and who has a natural immunity. This means that gamma globulin applied on a mass basis is a wasteful method. Not more than one in 2,000 injections really pre-

vents an infection, and that only for a short time.

There are three ways along which active, long-lasting immunization is being sought:

(1) By injection of killed virus with adjuvants;

(2) By giving attenuated or less virulent living virus by mouth;

(3) By giving living virus by mouth under the cover of passive immunization.

The first method is unlikely to produce good lasting immunity and the presence of tissue extracts in the vaccine to be injected is not without possible danger. The second

method is perhaps feasible but not as promising as the third, which would imitate the natural build-up of protection as it occurs in countries where hygienic conditions are "bad" by modern standards, where children acquire the infection at a very early age and are able to deal with it before the protection—passive immunity—acquired directly from their mothers has worn off.

Much work needs still to be done if we are to be sure that by active immunization campaigns no greater risk is involved than by natural infections. "Yet the outlook is hopeful," Professor Lepine concluded. "In two or three years time efficient protective measures may be available."

COMMUNIST TACTICS IN INDO-CHINA

By GUY WINT

UNTIL recently, how many people had heard of Dien Bien Phu? Yet in the last month it has become one of the most talked-of places in the world. Everybody has been watching the dour struggle there between the French defenders and the Viet Minh Communists.

Why did the Viet Minh decide to make their very costly attacks on Dien Bien Phu? Why have the French defended it so obstinately? Why does the world consider that what happens there is of almost symbolic significance?

Dien Bien Phu gains its importance from its geographical position. It stands at the gateway from north Viet-Nam into Laos, which is one of the three main territories of Indo-China. Laos is ruled by its own King and inhabited by a people quite unlike the Annamese of Viet-Nam. The attack upon it marks the endeavour of the Viet Minh to extend its activities beyond Viet-Nam and to penetrate into the non-Annamese territories.

In these moves there is some controversy about the motives of the Viet Minh, of its leader Ho Chi-minh, and of the Chinese who undoubtedly

influence the general lines of Viet Minh policy as well as aid it with supplies.

Considered from the standpoint of wealth and size of population, Viet-Nam, the Annamese area, is the main prize in Indo-China. The principal target of the Viet Minh attack has been the Tonking delta in which lie the great cities of Hanoi and Haiphong. Two years ago the Viet Minh apparently despaired of success from head-on attacks in the delta. It turned elsewhere.

Several motives

PROBABLY the attack on Laos attracted the Viet Minh for several reasons. If it could overrun the area, that would be a prestige victory. The territory is large, even if scantily populated, and its conquest would look impressive on the map. Moreover, if the Viet Minh could bring it under control, Laos would be important as a refuge (like Yenan) on which to retire, since it would be a good base for carrying on subversive non-military operations in other parts of Indo-China—or, perhaps, against neighbouring Thailand.

In the present operations one interesting fact stands out. The Viet Minh is the Communist party of the Annamese. Almost all its rank-and-file belong to Viet-Nam. If this party and its army were to succeed in tak-

ing over Laos—or Cambodia—it would be an imposition of Annamese rule upon non-Annamese peoples. It would be a species of racial imperialism.

The people of Laos have left the world in no doubt that they regard the prospect with horror. There is no love lost between the Laotians and the Annamese. It is true that the Viet Minh has been able to collect together a Laotian committee which proclaims itself to be a "Free Laos" movement. But this commands almost no following.

The present attack on Dien Bien Phu is not the first Viet Minh move to overrun Laos. A similar attack was made last year. The attack on Laos launched by the Viet Minh this winter was its second attempt to overrun the country. The attack failed.

After initial successes, the Viet Minh army withdrew. The Laotian people and their King refused uncompromisingly to enter into any kind of understanding with the Viet Minh. They gave strong support to the French armies throughout the campaign.

Gallant defence

THIS year's drive into Laos was more determined, and was made with larger forces. It is a tribute to the generalship of the French commander, General Navarre, that it

failed. On February 23, soon after the conclusion of the Berlin conference, Viet Minh forces began to withdraw from Laos in order to attack Dien Bien Phu. It is clear that one of the motives this time was to influence the Geneva conference.

If the Viet Minh could win a striking victory before that meeting, it believed this would greatly strengthen the Communist side in the negotiations. Evidently the order had gone out—from Peking, perhaps, or from Moscow—that in the hope of prejudicing the Geneva conference in their favour huge losses might be incurred, even to the extent of endangering the future fighting capacity of the Viet Minh army.

The Communists' tactics may, in fact, have quite different results from those they intend. Because the stakes are high, the French have increased their own defence effort. The endurance and brilliance of Brigadier-General de Castries and his force is in the great military tradition of France.

If the Viet Minh hopes, by attrition, to wear away the determination of the French, it has miscalculated. The Dien Bien Phu adventure—whatever its immediate result, and even if Dien Bien Phu should fall—may be, politically as well as militarily, one of the most costly failures of the Viet Minh in the whole course of the war.

Vidwan Vasudevachar

By MUSICLOVER

BY honouring our great men, we honour ourselves. If we do not honour them, the loss is certainly not theirs. When we do decide to honour eminent persons, it is as much our duty to pay homage to highest merit as to pay it timely. In the case of Vidwan Vasudevachar, who has been chosen this year for the Presidential Award for Carnatic Vocal Music, the recognition has come late by two years—but better late than never.

Sri Vasudevachar, Chief Asthana Vidwan of Mysore, and Vice-President of Kalakshetra, Adyar, is a doyen of Carnatic Music. He is the living link between the golden age of Thyagaraja and the present. It is difficult to find a *lakshana-lakshya* Vidwan of his type, and his presence is a valuable example of the higher forms of classical music, in these days of democratisation of music with its accent on entertainment value.

Vasudevachar was born on May 28, 1865, the son of Subramanyachar, a Court Poet of Mysore during the reign of Mummadi Krishnaraja Wadiyar. Subramanyachar, who was gifted with a fine voice, could render Sanskrit slokas in such rare ragas like *Ghanta* and *Ahiri* and Vasudevachar had his early training in Sanskrit and *Pauranik* lore under his fostering care. His father passed away when he was five, and so he came under the guardianship of his maternal grandfather Gopalachar who initiated him in Sanskrit studies. He then joined the Maharaja's Sanskrit Patasala where he took up as his subject "Music and Sahitya" and became very proficient in it.

Young Vasudevachar had his initial training in music under Veena Padmanabhaiah, who taught him some compositions of Thyagaraja and Purandaradasa. He then secured a scholarship from Sri Chamarajendra Wadiyar, the then ruler of Mysore, for learning music under Patnam Subrahmanya Aiyar whose music greatly fascinated him. He made a pilgrimage to Tiruvayyar and sat at the feet of Subrahmanya Aiyar (himself a pupil of Manamburchavadi Venkatasubblar) for six years and

learnt the divine art. From his guru, he imbibed the grand style of raga elaboration, pallavi and tana singing, artistic presentation of kritis and also the essentials for composing kritis.

A prolific composer in Sanskrit and Telugu, Vasudevachar has about 200 songs to his credit of which 75 have been published with notation in book form.

Sri Vasudevachar presided over the Madras Music Academy Conference in 1935 and was awarded the title of *Sangita Kalanidhi*. In his address delivered in Kanarese he emphasised the need for preserving tradition in music and maintaining high standards in it with an equal eye to raga, bhava and tala. Among the other titles he has been honoured with may be mentioned "Sangita Sastraratna," "Sangita Sastra Visarada," conferred by the Maharaja of Mysore and "Sangita Kalakovinda" given by eight Mutts of Udupi. Among his disciples may be mentioned Channa Kesaviah, a Palace Vidwan of Mysore, who takes down his new compositions in notation, and B. K. Padmanabha Rao.

Sri Vasudevachar, who is now 89, leads a simple and dedicated life and is a real nadopasaka. He lives and breathes music. Recently, I had the rare privilege of hearing him sing Begada raga in *mandara sthayi* for nearly 30 minutes in his apartment at Adyar, seated on a mat and swathed in a bath-towel. He has given fine training to three of his grandsons. Two of them who can sing well, are graduates and are employed in the A. I. R. At his residence in Kalakshetra, Vasudevachar's simple needs are ministered to by his grandson Raja Ram.

Short of stature, and somewhat shy and retiring, he is excellent company when any musical topic is discussed. It is then that we get a glimpse of his genius, his musical erudition and composing skill. A man of regular habits, he spends his leisure hours in reading Sanskrit, practising music and composing new songs. An eloquent speaker with a fine and subtle sense of wit, to converse with him is liberal education in *sampradaya sangita*.

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Carnatic Music

By R. CHELLAPPA

WE are passing through a renaissance of classical music to-day. South India, with its nucleus and centre of gravity the city of Madras, vibrates with musical activity throughout the year owing to the rise of numerous gana sabhas and institutions devoted to the study and teaching of music. One significant fact about the revival of music in the present day is the enormous interest evinced by the Government in the task of fostering the science and art of music. It is quite natural, then, that Ministers and politicians should take a personal interest in matters relating to music. We have in Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, an enlightened connoisseur of music. In T. T. Krishnamachari, Union Commerce Minister, we can find a good *rasika* of Carnatic music, who in his moments of relaxation can attune his mind to the tunes and melodies of Veena Dhanam's music. Again we have Sangeetha Kalanidhi T. L. Venkatarama Ayyar, Judge of the Supreme Court, who can entertain his colleagues on the Bench by giving short discourses on Muthuswami Dikshitar's kritis. With these ardent lovers of music adorning high positions, we can rest assured of a fair deal for Carnatic music.

However, some important points deserve the attention of our musicians and music lovers. In the first place, much remains to be done as regards the encouragement of junior and amateur musicians by sabhas, A. I. R. and allied institutions. The opportunities provided now to budding artistes are far too inadequate. Talented young musicians are very much handicapped in their efforts to rise in the field due to lack of recognition and encouragement. It behoves the organisers of gana sabhas and the discerning public to discover the talent in rising musicians and give them as many chances as possible to the maximum extent. If we make it a point to listen to only the renowned musicians, when at all can promising youngsters hope to become famous?

Secondly, a critical observer can easily note a popular craze among our young musicians to imitate the styles adopted by famous musicians, in their treatment of ragas and swaras. This is an unhealthy tendency, since it mars and stultifies the spontaneous development of their original style and the dormant faculties and characteristics peculiar to them. In the process of imitation they lose touch with their own unique impulses, with the result that their performance becomes a prototype or a stereotype, with no life in it. Therefore our rising musicians will do well to abandon their habit of imitation and adhere fully to their natural way of rendering songs, which will be greatly appreciated by the public at large.

Thirdly, with the gradual extinction of the *Devadasi* system of South India, rendering of *padas* in temples has gone out of vogue and with it *pada* recital in general has receded into the background, except as an adjunct of *abhinaya* in classical Bharata Natya. *Padas* need not be thought of as intended only for dance performances. The *padas* are as good as the other musical compositions in their form, refinement and meaning. *Padas* in ragas like *Nadanamakriya*, *Saveri*, *Ananda Bhairavi* and *Sahana* are specially appealing. If our musicians include some of the *Kshetranya padas* in their concerts, it will afford variety and enhance the tone and value of their performances to a remarkable degree. A properly balanced music concert should include, besides the kritis of Thyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, some *javalis*, a few *Kshetranya padas*, some compositions from Patnam Subramania Ayyar, Swati Tirunal, Muthia Bhagavathar, Arunachala Kavi, Vedanayakam Pillai and other similar composers, whose *sahityas* are also good and can appeal to an enlightened audience.

If our rising musicians ponder over these observations and develop their propensities and talents in a worthy and fitting manner, Carnatic music will be able to preserve a priceless tradition, which is its long-cherished heritage and look forward to a dynamic and progressive future.

★

ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

K. Ramakotiswara Rau is the editor of *Triveni*, an impartial political analyst who reveals himself as one of the "aristocracy of the sensitive" in his writings—both English and Telugu... M. Chalapathi Rau is the editor of *National Herald*, a considerable figure in the world of journalism and literature... M. Somasekhara Sarma is a great research scholar, historian and litterateur. But for his work much of authentic Andhra history would still be in the limbo of oblivion. He is at present engaged in compiling the history volume in the Telugu Encyclopaedia sponsored by the Government... Kavisamrat Viswanatha Satyanarayana is foremost among the Telugu poets who has done the Ramayana in the true epical fashion... D. V. Krishna Sastri may be regarded as the founder of a new school in Telugu poetry. He is an ardent Tagore devotee, and an admirer of Sufi poetry... Katuri Venkateswara Rao together with Pingali Lakshmikantham has been in the forefront of the literary renaissance in Andhra. Soundara Nandam, offspring of their joint authorship has established itself already as a classic... "Arudra" is the nom de plume of B. Sankara Sastri who is in the avantgarde of the younger

[Continued overleaf]

SWATANTRA

Telugu Literary Miscellany

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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1954

A Beginning

THIS is the first SWATANTRA Literary Miscellany under the scheme announced last week. It is devoted to Telugu literature. Other South Indian literatures like Tamil, Kanarese and Malayalam will have their turn. This particular issue of the Telugu Literary Miscellany is by no means complete. It cannot, in the very nature of the case, be complete. The vast range of the literature of a highly developed language like Telugu cannot be compressed into a few pages. Nor is such a compression the aim of the editors. We seek to convey to the readers through a common medium intelligible to all, some impression of the cultural diversities underlying the national consciousness, as revealed in the works of writers in the four main South Indian languages. It is a new experiment in journalism. The attempt is to make known the excellences of each linguistic area to others, and of all together to seekers elsewhere in the country and other parts of the world.

THE writers included in this Miscellany are pioneers in their respective fields. Not content with sticking to the beaten track, they sought out new ways of measuring the significance of life. They became devotees of change in forms in which they saw beauty. They were not amateurs or professionals in the writing craft, but essentially the architects of a new society. They gave to vast multitudes a fresh inspiration, and the light of it is the hope by which the depressed and the disillusioned are still able to survive after the fruit of the exciting effort for freedom and the elimination of foreign rule turned to ashes before their eyes. They provide the link between the promise of the past and the hope for the future through a faith which they supplied—a faith that would not be chilled to extinction in the trials of the present.

THIS Miscellany is just a beginning. Every issue of it is bound to be sectional in its presentation. It is hoped, after a fair number of issues have come out, they will serve to present a true picture of the life and spirit of the nation, in all its variety, with none of its distinctive features eliminated.

[Continued from previous page]

generation of poets, daring for his experiments in Telugu verse-forms . . . "Sri Sri" is the diminutive for Srirangam Srinivasa Rao, the leader of the revolt against the romantic movement in Telugu poetry, and an inescapable influence over every writer in prose or verse in Andhradesa for the past two decades . . . A. Janaki Ram, a writer in Telugu and English, has been interesting himself in the development of the modern Telugu language in all its aspects. He has essayed short fiction and literary criticism with success . . . P. Ganapati Sastri is essentially a lyric poet, steeped in and a good student of Sanskrit literature. He has also made his mark as a short-story writer and literary critic . . . Rajanikanta Rao is a first-rate musician, composer, and conductor—a major influence in the realm of Telugu light music today . . . R. C. Raja Sekhar is a young poet of the machine age. . . . H. V. Ram Gopal is a gifted artist who excels in portrait painting, now teaching art in the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Madras . . . K. Bhageswar Sarma is a teacher of biology by occupation and an artist who has arrived—in the modern school of painting. From the brush he likes to turn to the pen once in a way . . . K. Ramalakshmi is a young, sensitive woman writer—monochromatic, who has taken journalism for a career.

TELUGU LITERATURE

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

IT was on the banks of the Godavari and at the Court of the East Chalukyan monarch Raja Raja or Raja-Mahendra that the first great classic in Telugu—the *Andhra Mahabharatamu* of Nannaya Bhattaraka—was composed. That was a thousand years ago. By a strange destiny, the modern age in Telugu literature began at the same dear spot in the eighties of the last century, with Viresalingam, Lakshminarasimham, and Vasuraya Kavi. The light they then lighted at Rajahmundry, today illumines the farthest corners of Andhradesa.

The age produced other giants like Vedam Venkataraya Sastri of Nellore, the twin-poets Tirupati Sastri and Venkata Sastri of Masulipatam, and Gurazada Appa Rao of Vizianagaram. These heralded the dawn of a new era. Viresalingam shaped modern Telugu prose and wrote the earliest novels, critical essays, and biographies. He paved the way for Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham, Komaraju Lakshmana Rao, Chilukuri Virabhadra Rao, Vunnava Lakshminarayana, and Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma. Gurazada Appa Rao was the forerunner of the great song writers of our day—Basavaraju Appa Rao who is no more, Nanduri Subba Rao, and Adivi Bapiraju. Tirupati Venkata Kavulu rescued Telugu poetry from the decadent classicism of the early nineteenth century; they brought the Muse from out of the courts of chieftains and the coteries of pandits to the newly awakened population of Andhra. And they made possible the lyrical outburst of Rayaprolu Subba Rao, D. V. Krishna Sastri, Viswanatha Satyanarayana, Pingali Lakshmikantam, and Katuri Venkateswara Rao. The last two are twin-souls and twin-poets like their gurus.

The impact of the nationalist movement of 1905 and, with it, the influence of Bengali literature as represented by Bankim Chandra and Rabindranath, was felt much earlier

by the Telugus than by the other peoples of South India. While the earlier generation of Viresalingam was brought up on the English literature of the 17th to the 19th century and occasionally turned to the Sanskrit classics for inspiration, the generation of Rayaprolu Subba Rao was profoundly influenced by European literature of the 19th and early 20th centuries and by the outstanding achievements of the Bengali writers. The younger generation of Srirangam Srinivasa Rao and Rukmininadha Sastri turned to the post-war literature of Russia and the current movements of impressionism and surrealism. But the remarkable fact about all the writers of all these generations is their scholarship in Sanskrit and Telugu.

THE young men who were at college during the first world war produced their best work between 1912 and 1932. These two decades in our literary history may be likened to the age of Pericles in Athens, of Elizabeth in England, and of Bhoja and Krishnadevaraya in India. I shall endeavour to justify this claim by referring to different branches of creative literary effort like lyrical poetry, romantic song, the novel, the short story, and the drama. All these are comparatively recent developments in Telugu as in other Indian literatures.

The outpouring of devotion to the Lord by the Bhaktas of the epics and of the Satakas (centuries of verse), indicates the nearest approach to subjective poetry. But the personality of the poet rarely obtrudes on the reader's attention in classic Indian poetry, whether in Sanskrit or in the other Indian languages. An expression of the poet's joys and sorrows, and of his personal reactions to the movements of thought and emotion around him, represents a new phase in our literature.

The quest of a human Beloved, who is at once the perfection of loveliness and the guiding star of the

lonely pilgrim to the shrine of Love, was the main pre-occupation of these new poets. To them, woman is an ethereal being; she is akin to a streak of lightning, the dewy dawn, or the white foam dancing on the waves of the ocean. By their idealisation of the object of love, and their haunting descriptions of the graces of her mind and soul more than the charms of the fleshy frame, they raised Telugu poetry to sublime heights. Platonic love is the theme of Rayaprolu Subba Rao's *Trinakankanam* and *Swapna Kumaram*. The intense longing for a supremely fair denizen of heaven on the part of a lowly earth-born lover, and the agony born of despair, form the dominant note of Krishna Sastri's *Urvashi* and other lyrics. The desire for a union of kindred minds and kindered souls is reflected in Sivasankara Sastri's *Hridayeswari*. In *Deepavali*, Vedula Satyanarayana Sastri makes a grim resolve to pursue to the uttermost 'this pilgrimage across the ocean of love.' Nayani Subba Rao fears that his frail bark might go to pieces in mid-stream; but then, the planks will serve for his funeral pyre. Almost alone of this group of lover-poets, Nayani ends on a note of triumph. His love is fulfilled, and at long last, he succeeds in 'linking heaven and earth.'

Rayaprolu Subba Rao was the leader of this group of poets. But it was Sivasankara Sastri, the founder of the Sahiti Samiti, who drew these and many more into a literary fellowship, like the later Ravi Kiran Mandal of Maharashtra and the Geleyara Gumpu of Karnataka. Scholar in Sanskrit and a keen student of contemporary English literature and the literatures of three or four Indian languages, Sivasankara Sastri became the 'Anna Garu' (elder brother) of the poets, short story writers, and literary essayists of Andhra. The movement in favour of the spoken Telugu as the medium of literary expression was sponsored by Gidugu Ramamurti Pantulu, but the Sahiti Samiti brought success to the movement by their adoption of this newly forged instrument. Whatever of enduring

worth was produced in verse, song, and prose for a quarter of a century preceding the second world war must be set down to the credit of these gifted members of the Samiti and their admirers and followers. You cannot brush them aside as 'escapists.'

THEN there were those who could write verse, but preferred song. It seems but as yesterday—in sober fact, it was over thirty years ago—that the cousins Basavaraju Appa Rao and Nanduri Subba Rao were in the Law College and the Christian College in Madras. They were madly in love with the songs of Gurazada Appa Rao, and sang them with feeling. They soon started singing their own songs to small groups of eager fellow-students, and moved them to tears. The *Selayeti Gaanamu* (Song of the Rill) of Appa Rao and the *Yenki Patalu* of Subba Rao took the public by storm. Today these songs are on everybody's lips. Appa Rao urged that one should pass through sorrow so that 'the heart might become tender and the sense of ego wiped out.' Subba Rao's rural lovers, Yenki and Nayudu Bava, are as soft and gentle, or as passionate and devoted as any hero and heroine of princely romances. For, when the lover accosts her with the simple query,

'Where dost thou dwell, O maiden of Light?'—

the artless maiden answers,

'In thy shadow shall I build my palace.'

Adivi Bapiraju, painter, poet, and song writer, has latterly won distinction through his short stories and novels. He was influenced not by Gurazada Appa Rao but by Oswald Couldrey, Principal of the Government College at Rajahmundry. The companionship of this cultured Englishman who himself painted and wrote verse and short story, was a beneficent influence in the lives of Bapiraju, Kavikondala Venkata Rao, Damerla Rama Rao, the artist, and other youths of that period. Mr. Couldrey is to modern Andhra what C. P. Brown of the Civil Service was to the Andhradesa of a hundred years ago. While Bapiraju's genius is versatile, his characteristic mode

of expression is the song, vibrant with emotion and lifting the listener to high altitudes, even like the river Godavari which, in a song of his, 'shoots up to the skies.'

Viswanatha Satyanarayana in his *Kokilamma Pendli* (The Bridal of the Koil) and *Kinnara Sani* made song the vehicle of romantic and descriptive tales of nature in her tender moods, as Duvvuri Rami Reddi employed elegant verse. Among the makers of the renaissance in Andhra, Viswanatha takes lofty place. He has experimented nearly every form of literary expression—classical verse, romantic song, the drama, the novel, the short story, and the literary essay. In everyone of these forms he has achieved eminence, and he is now writing an epic with the story of Rama for his theme. There is richness and vigour allied to ruggedness in his writing which entitles him to a place apart. Bapiraju and Satyanarayana have run a close race in the affections of the Andhras, and, curiously enough, even the Andhra University had to split a prize for a novel between Satyanarayana's *Veyi Padagalu* (The Thousand Hoods) and Bapiraju's *Narayana Rao*. Within recent years, these two are the outstanding novelists, coming in direct succession after Vunnava Lakshmi Narayana whose *Malapalli* is the classic of the Gandhian movement.

Katuri Venkateswara Rao and Pingali Lakshmikantham achieved perfection of form coupled with richness of sentiment in *Soundara Nandam* a long, sustained *kavya*, recalling the age of the Buddha. Epic themes like the heroism of Rana Pratap Simha and Shivaji have been chosen by Rajasekhara Satavadhani and Venkatesha Sastri for *kavyas* of great excellence.

The short story in Telugu, in its modern form of a portrayal of contemporary life, owes its origin to Gurazada Appa Rao, but its development in recent years is due to a band of writers headed by Chinta Dikshitulu. Histories, in their sympathetic interpretation of common men and women, and their gentle humour, are very much like those of

Masti Venkatesa Iyengar of Karnataka. Munimanikyam Narasimha Rao is a master of the simple story which depicts domestic life in middle-class families. Gudipati Venkatachalam writes with great power about the indignity suffered by woman. He is a believer in stark realism, particularly in his treatment of sex. He sometimes mistakes actualism for realism, and fills his stories with details which mar the artistic effect.

Of the writers of one-act plays, Visvanatha Kaviraju, Justice Rajamannar and Narla Venkateswara Rao are in the front rank. But, so far, we have not had a play comparable to Gurazada Appa Rao's *Kanya Sulkam* or Vedam Venkataraya Sastri's *Pratapa Rudriyam*. This is possibly because the writer of a one-act play works on a restricted canvas.

IN the period of fifteen years since 1933, there has been a perceptible swing to Leftism in Telugu literature. Srirangam Srinivasa Rao led a revolt against the romantic movement which commenced with Rayaprolu Subba Rao,—a world in which blood and toil must lead to the vindication of the rights of the worker in field and factory. There is no sense in celebrating the glory of the Taj Mahal; think rather of the sweated labour that made the Taj possible. Soft sentiment and the enraptured worship of nature in her beautiful moods can no longer form the theme of literature. The new group is influenced in a large measure by the impressionists and surrealists of the West, and seeks to break away from the conventional verse-forms including the *Gita metre* employed by the romantics. Free-verse is their favourite medium, and often times prose just run mad. In the short story, the one-act play, and literary journalism the emphasis is on propaganda for leftist thought. The prevailing economic discontent, and the disillusionment following on the emergence of political freedom, are to be canalised for the class-war that is ahead of us. But alongside of these are others like Mallavarapu Visveswara Rao and

Pillaka Ganapati Sastri who are wedded to the Rayaprolu-Krishna Sastri tradition. Buchi Sundara Rama Sastri, author of *Panchavati* is a direct disciple of Sri Venkata Sastri and a poet of devotion.

The literature of knowledge, as distinguished from the literature of power, has made great headway in Telugu. Books on politics, science, sociology, economics and history, have attained a high standard. The works on history, especially those of Bhavaraju Krishna Rao and Somasekhara Sarma, deserve to rank as literature. The autobiography of Sri Prakasam is a moving human document—the revelation of a great personality. The style is simple, vigorous, and arresting. High-class journalism has been a great source of encouragement to aspiring writers in Telugu. Several periodicals have published creative writing, which

A Note on Thyagaraja

By M. SOMASEKHARA SARMA

THYAGARAJA, the Bhakti yogin, lives even today in his innumerable Kirtanas, compositions perfect in technique, mellow in tune, and hallowed with divine melody, which attract the lay votary of music as well as the classical artist. His is a household name in South India. He needs no special mention or introduction. With his birth a new epoch was ushered into the history of the Karnatic music. It was in the hands of this master-artist and gifted composer, Thyagaraja, the Telugu brahmin immigrant of Tiruvayyar (Tanjore district), that Karnatic music attained its perfection. His Kirtanas were, in fact, the literary expression of the emotions of his secular life, which spontaneously burst out in the form of concrete musical melodies in the course of pouring out his heart and the offering of his self at the lotus feet of his supreme lord, Sri Rama. Thus, each of his emotions and feelings worked out its own way and expressed itself in enchanting musical notes, and in the choicest words and

later appeared as volumes of verse, story, and song. The greatest of Andhra journalists, the late Sri Mutnuri Krishna Rao of the *Krishna Patrika*, wrote splendid prose. His essays on literature, philosophy, and art are collected in *Samiksha*.

Telugu is a great and growing literature. The perfect blending of Sanskrit with the native Telugu words invests it with the sweetness and beauty which made Tyagaraja's songs world-famous. When the history of the literatures of the principal Indian languages, through many centuries of striving and achievement, comes to be written, Telugu will assuredly hold a high place.

(By courtesy: AIR, Madras. When this article was written Adivi Bapiraju was alive. His death occurred last year)

phrases, which at once appeal to the heart and evoke similar feelings in the listener. Thyagaraja ennobled the Karnatic music by the innumerable Kirtanas and seated it on a lofty pedestal, imparting to it a grandeur, all its own. He was not only a *Vaggeyakara* but also a great religious teacher. As he was proficient in the traditional Hindu lore, his Kirtanas exhibit an intimate knowledge of the Ramayana and of the philosophy of the Upanishads and the Bhagavadgita, and generally exhort the Hindu mind to extricate itself from human frailties to attain salvation.



IMMORTALITY

THE bud plucked while in its deep dream flowering, casts of virgin fragrance a nostalgic look.

The vision effaced while in its sudden dawn revealing, casts on the fretted screen of slumber a troubled dream of symbols.

The life smothered while in its brief breath aspiring, casts in Creation's soul a maelstrom of wrong.

R. C. RAJA SEKHAR

Children are Children

By P. GANAPATI SASTRI

THE liquid morning sunlight drenched the bunches of ripe rice-ears which hung about the eaves of a neat, well-to-do house, then flowed from there on to the green grass and slowly spread across it. Sparrows made golden-feathered with the sunlight fluttered round the bunches and pecked at the grain, while gay butterflies amorously danced over the *banti* and *gorinta* blossom. The little children of the neighbourhood had gathered to play in front of the house; girls of ten or twelve were going round in a singing game, and other little ones were playing at cooking in toy vessels.

It was not without some reason that the children happened to be gathered here: this year, the images from all the family shrines in the village had been brought to the house in front of which they were now playing; the women's festival was to take place here this year, and the married women had come for the morning devotions and the children had followed them. Having made their offerings to the images the women intoned devotional songs, then, with rustle of silk saris and tinkling of abundant jewellery, they went home carrying their brass offerings-trays and calling to their children to follow.

The sunlight had slowly melted into the red of the *banti* blossom.

Give me a sister like a chamanti bloom,
Give me a brother-in-law like a *banti* flower,

Give me a husband like the mogali,

sang one of the little girls, and all her companions began to giggle. Some of the girls walked round the circle, their cheeks reddening as they took up the last line of the refrain. The tone of the fresh young voices singing seemed to bring a breath of fairy-land to the place. Suddenly, a small child burst out crying, whereupon the singing, the games, and the laughter died out. Immediately, stumbling under her load of jewels and scarcely able to walk, a woman came out of the house.

"Who's that crying?" she demanded.

"Ah, mother, the—the—mother, the schoolmaster's daughter pinched our boy," stammered the little girl who was looking after the child.

"Just look at that!" cried the mother angrily. "Why goodness, his cheeks are all scratched! He can't even breathe, for crying! What a thing to happen today! See here, Ammanie, what do you mean by pinching my son till he bleeds?" She turned angrily to the schoolmaster's daughter.

Ammanie, pale and looking very frightened, protested. "Not me," she cried, "but that Chittie there," and she could say no more through her sobs.

As for Chittie, she was nowhere to be found. What could have become of her? Of course, on the boy's cheek deep nail marks could be seen but, when he saw his mother, he redoubled his howls.

"Look, how the little idiot is crying after pinching my boy," exclaimed the mother.

MEANWHILE, Ammanie's mother, Kanakamma, had come up with a menacing look. "Narasamma, I don't think it's my daughter who has pinched your child," she said, "but that Chittie over there."

"Why do you say that?" retorted Narasamma. "Chittie is not here. Tell me, Satti," she turned to the little servant, "who pinched the boy?"

"It's Ammanie, mother."

"Did you see her do it, you little fool?" Kanakamma shouted at her.

"Yes, I did, mother," said the frightened Satti.

At the tone of Kanakamma's voice, Narasamma's eyes were filled with anger and resentment. Unable to contain herself, she turned on Satti. "I told you to look after the child, and what have you been doing?" she cried tweaking the girl's cheeks.

"I was looking after him," and Satti began to cry. At this, a whack, heavy as a maund, fell across her back almost toppling her over; she recovered her balance and, still sobbing, picked up the weeping boy.

"Just you wait until your master comes back, and you'll see what happens," and Narasamma made as if to tweak her cheeks again. Like a calf in distress Satti opened her mouth wide and let out a howl. "Will you shut your mouth?" said the woman, coming still closer with blazing eyes. The girl closed her mouth and tried to swallow her sobs, while Subbulu howled even louder at this noise.

"What are you beating the girl for needlessly?" Kanakamma joined in once more. "Chittie probably ran away after pinching your son."

This remark was as fuel to the fire of Narasamma's anger. "I didn't say anything about your daughter," she retorted. "Don't you meddle in this."

"I'm not meddling with anything," answered Kanakamma. "All I said was that it wasn't my daughter who pinched your son, but that it was Chittie, didn't I? What have I said for you to be so angry?"

Narasamma was beside herself with rage. "It's not at all your fault," she said coming right up to Kanakamma. "It's all ours. It's just because I can't bear this sort of row that I begged my mother-in-law not to hold the festival in our house this year. And did she listen to me? Why, has she ever listened to me? That's always been my trouble," she added, turning to the women who gathered round.

"There's no need to be so upset. Now I see just how things are: from now on we won't set foot inside your house," and Kanakamma turned to look for her daughter, but Ammanie could not be found. "Ammanie, where are you?" she called, "what are you up to? What am I to do with such a child! Wherever I go she's sure to be on my heels. Goodness me, I just don't know what to do with my children! If I ask him to look after them just for a minute, he pays no attention to me as though I'd not spoken. No sooner it's Saturday and Sunday than he's playing cards from morning to evening. What's the use of growing up? One should have a bit of sense, at least," and she went off on her usual plaint.

Just then an elderly neighbour

came up. "Now, then, calm yourself," she said. "After all, what's this quarrel about? When children play together they fight and quarrel, why should you be worrying over trifles? You're no strangers to each other; aren't you like sisters? Don't you see each other from the time you wake up in the mornings, and aren't you always in each other's houses? It's not right to stop your devotions in the middle of the festival."

The noise of the altercation had reached Narasamma's mother-in-law where she was sitting in the courtyard praying to her Tulsi plant. Was she not the custodian of the home, and was she to remain undisturbed by such unpleasant scenes? She hurried to the spot, adjusting her veil over her shaven head.

"Why, Kanakamma," she said, "you shouldn't be paying attention to what my daughter-in-law says. When she's in a temper, she doesn't care for even me! When all's said and done, who's mistress here, she or I? Why should you mind what she says? Remember," she continued, "these devotions last nine years; they're not over with one or two. You must still bear more children, and if you interrupt the festival now, for how many more years do you expect to continue? Now, just you listen to me. I'm like a mother to you, so don't stop now. Just try to manage for today and tomorrow; go through the ceremony just for today and the immersion procession is tomorrow evening."

At this Kanakamma recovered somewhat. "Please hear the whole story first, Aunt Vardhanamma," she said, giving vent to her resentment. "If I'm wrong you can scold me as you like. After all, what did I say? It wasn't my Ammanie, but somebody else's daughter. It wasn't mine who pinched the boy, but somebody else's. Isn't that all, is there anything more? Why should Narasamma make such a fuss? Rich people know how to eat their fill, but they don't give anything to others. None of us have come here to beg; we eat our own humble fare, it's enough for us and we don't starve."

"Now, don't say such things," said Vardhanamma, "why do you talk like

that at a time like this? Does anybody give anything during this festival? Each brings her household image and places it in a corner; then prayers, and that's all. Because your house is close to ours, you've brought your offerings here. Are we guests at a wedding that we should quarrel for a place? Now, you do as I say; go through with the rituals."

Kanakamma did not reply, but Narasamma came out of the group of women and faced her mother-in-law. "All this is just to spite me," she said beginning to cry. "Have I ever offended you?" she asked the old lady; "why do you make me a subject of common gossip?" and she went on sobbing.

The old lady caught hold of her arm and drew her inside the house. "Now, that's enough," she scolded, "is this the way to behave with neighbours? Come on, come inside." After the two had left, the storm subsided for a while. The neighbours turned back to their homes talking over the incident each according to her views.

The resentment between the two mothers, however, increased rather than lessened. Kanakamma would not step into Narasamma's house, but the old lady insisted on her coming, even urging Kanakamma's mother-in-law to persuade her son's wife to attend the rest of the festival. At last she reluctantly agreed to complete the period of worship but, when Ammanie asked to accompany her, she stoutly refused.

The following evening they were all preparing for the immersion procession to the canal. Ammanie, in a new skirt and blouse, begged and cried to be allowed to watch the ceremony. At first, her mother refused, but children are always so eager to watch things; do they stay at home even if mother tells them to! Once again her mother-in-law intervened, and Kanakamma was obliged to take Ammanie along with her.

"If you play with that Subbulu," she warned her, "you wait and see what I'll do to you." Cowed by these words, Ammanie quietly followed her mother.

To the beat of drums and gay display the procession started off.

Throwing coloured powder over one another, the womenfolk moved towards the canal. In the evening light, the clouds of coloured powder glowed like red fireworks. Satti with the child Subbulu, and Narasamma were also in the procession. Catching sight of each other, Narasamma and Kanakamma turned their faces away and avoided coming close together; Kanakamma refused to look at the other because she felt humiliated at being in the same procession. Still, as this had been forced on her, she walked purposely at a distance; and, what was the use of dwelling over past things?

THE procession made up of women and children was nearing the canal a short distance away. The sun was just setting; ripples caused by small fish jumping in and out of the gently-flowing waters reflected the rays of the sun. Across the reflection of the trees in the canal, a small boat was gliding gently, its idle sails sipping the water. The cattle were returning home, swimming across the canal, and the women began dropping the images in the water. Vermilion and turmeric powder floated over where the images had been dropped, forming bright patches of colour. Lighted wicks in small leaf-cups were set floating down the current and they looked like reflection of the evening stars. Now the women were giving one another the *prasadam*; but the two mothers did not give any to each other. With these last duties, the women started homewards with their children, and Kanakamma looked round for Ammanie but could not find her. Where could the child have disappeared? The mother was puzzled and anxious lest she bring more trouble upon her.

To her surprise, she saw Ammanie, Subbulu, and Satti, the little servant girl, sitting together. She first thought of running to the spot and taking Ammanie away but, noticing the expressions on their faces, she decided to wait awhile and see what would happen. Satti was sitting there answering the little boy's questions, while Ammanie, after eating up the *prasadam* from her leaf-cups, made them float on the water like

little boats. Subbulu sat watching these boats; to him they were great ships laden with precious gems that his grandmother had told him about in her tales. They were bearing those bright-coloured gems to the king's beautiful daughter; the little boats turned into all sorts of wonderful things in the child's imagination.

Meanwhile, Narasamma had come up to call her son home, but Subbulu was so engrossed that he did not hear her. "Come, my son," she said picking him up; "come home with mother."

"Wait, not now."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Sister Ammanie and I are going in those boats."

"Why?" asked his mother, still puzzled.

"We're going to grandfather's house."

"I see, but where's the boat?"

"There it is," and he pointed to a leaf-cup which had just started floating away.

"If you both get into that boat," said Narasamma looking at the frail little vessel, "it will sink. Come, let's get home."

"It won't sink, and I won't come," retorted the child, looking at the boat in which he and Sister Ammanie were going to travel.

SEEING it was growing dark, Narasamma picked him up and, as she did so, her eyes met those of Kana-kamma who had also come to fetch away her daughter. In the depths of that quickly exchanged look there shone the glimmer of a smile.

(Rendered by the author from his original Telugu)

SHALL I—?

A LEAF among leaves, a flower among flowers,
A branch among the branches, into the tenderest downy
stemlet turned.

Shall I hide myself within this forest deep?
Somehow shall I here for ever stop?

A ripple within the sweetly, sweetly, rustling wind,
The sad burden of the falling, falling waters' endless rhyme,
Shall I hide myself within this forest deep?
Somehow shall I here for ever stop?

A lone butterfly, hidden behind coral veils of yet unfolding leaves,
The maiden bashfulness of virgin flowers sweet,
Shall I hide myself within this forest deep?
Somehow shall I here for ever stop?

High o'er green tree-tops climbing,
Far above purple mountains rising,
Into the blue wonder of a rain cloud turn'd,
Shall I hide myself within this forest deep?
Somehow shall I here for ever stop?

Of hunger and thirst, no more;
Sadness and vain regrets, no more,
Thus lonely like a mad man to wander,
Shall I hide myself within this forest deep?
Somehow shall I here for ever stop?

D. V. KRISHNA SASTRI

(Rendered into English from the Original Telugu by
A. Janaki Ram)

HEARD MALADIES

By "ARUDRA"

AM walking, thinking, Pay day is far away. Sunday today. Not much money in the pocket to talk about. A four-anna piece—a bad coin—two two-anna bits, and four coppers—the perforated ones.

Have been walking the whole day in the blazing sun. In search of a loan. In vain. Am returning empty-handed. Salary day is far away. At last my room. Late hour. Must have my food. Meal-tickets are running out. Only half-a-dozen still left. Am at the end of my tether. Broke, so to speak. Tearing out a ticket I seek the hotel. It is closed. Baulked, I walk back.

Am walking, thinking not to think. Absentmindedly I pass beyond my room. Unchecked, my legs propel me onwards. Am in a quandary, so to speak. Shall touch him at the office for a tenner, tomorrow. Quite likely he will cough up. Supposing he doesn't, then? "Why, the moment I receive my salary you will get your money back," I'll say. He's a sport. Will certainly oblige. And his wife! So charming. Treated me to coffee even though the hubby was out. After all she has been to college. Such a cute thing... Oh, damnation! Mind is a malevolent imp.

At the crossing. Realise I have to get back. There is a sweetmeat stall at the end of the street. Am really hungry. But cannot afford to squander away my small funds. Early morning coffee is a more compelling necessity. I by-pass the stall and reach my room.

Midnight. Moon is up. Thief-like, the moonlight is creeping over the housetops. Can't sleep. Am hungry, so to speak. Out on to the balcony I innure myself to go. To inspect the aspect of the city. Not a leaf stirs. Quietly the city sleeps. Like a talisman at a child's neck, a signboard is hanging on the building opposite. Somebody's bedroom over there. Dim lights, someone snoring, or so I assume. Trees with darkness for tresses.

Altogether a depressing scene. Back to my bed I retire.

'Tis bitterly cold in my room. Condensed darkness spreads around me in a smoke screen. Half-asleep I forget the outside world. Only my brain exists. Presently even that ceases to.

Then I hear some low voices conversing.

It is my room speaking, clearing its throat. "Hello, brother, you're groaning." This is addressed to my chappals.

And the chappals: "I'm sick unto death. Today, I've had a hell of a time. On the way my straps snapped. It's darned painful."

A doubt, non-existent at the time, but insistent as I recollect it, now begins to assume the dimensions of a Major Problem, for me, to wit: which of the two chappals is speaking? The statement, is it individual or dual? A double declaration perhaps. But at the moment, however, it is all curiosity and no doubts.

Meanwhile, the room poses a query: "So, you cannot narrate the story of today? Is that so?"

"No, not quite so. I shall do my best. We started early this morning. Trams, buses, more trams, more buses, then tramping and re-tramping.

"At last, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, Master had his meal with a friend. Then he left his friend

THE DEFEATED

AND what shall their tired eyes see?
A scattered slovenly dream!
A shattered heavenly scheme!

And what shall their broken hearts feel?
Crush of an embracing gloom!
Press of an advancing doom!

And what shall their spent lives glean?
Whirlwinds of badness and madness!
Whirlpools of Death's final sadness!

SRI SRI

abruptly and traversed the same streets as in the morning. Ah me, I had a hard time of it! Finally he reached a house. I was left outside. He went inside. I don't know the inside story. Half-an-hour later he came out in a bad mood. Hurriedly his feet crept into me; again the long walks. In the sands, too. Gosh, I was done for. And at my age, too."

Chappals emit consumptive groans, not unlike the squeaking of tram-bells. Room speaks again, its voice imitating perfectly the sound of tram-cars turning a nasty corner. "That is that. Master is unhappy. He's like that, sometimes. During the last days of the month."

Chappals creek and croak. "Same as last month. I think I told you the story. But this time he's exceptionally dejected."

AND the room. "Look, I forgot something. The happenings of that night, in that house. Wrist-watch promised to tell me that story. Hi, Watchie, don't keep it to yourself. Out with the tale before Master wakes up. He's a light sleeper."

Watchie tick-talks. "Brother Room, it was like this. Same as today he tramped and tramped. Somewhere, somehow he could raise a loan of four rupees. Cinema in the evening. A picture that you must not miss, according to the publicity posters. Master was preparing for this feast for the last three days. Hang them, I heard him say, all nice pictures choose to exhibit themselves during the fag end of the month. Cinema over, he came out of the theatre. Seemed as though he'd not enjoyed the show. Without friends you can't enjoy a picture. You enjoy it best in the company of lady friends. She was cross. "Nice way of keeping a promise," she said. "No, I was held up. I'm here to apologize. Let's go to the second show," said Master. "I know, I know," she said; "as it happens, I'm just now returning from the same theatre as you." Master was crest-fallen. Thence to a restaurant. After a hasty meal he was

walking in the bazaar. Everywhere the articles were selling themselves. That is, they carried their prices fixed on themselves. Being fixed prices, he could not bargain for them at reduced rates. Hence he came home empty-handed. That's the story."

Ruminatingly, the room murmurs: "Is the Master married?" Wrist-watch replies: "Yes, I'm a wedding present."

Chappals cut in with: "Master's heading for a fall."

My watch tut-tuts. "It's nothing. He is young. There is romance in the air. Victim of an early marriage! Wild oats. He'll be all right. After all, there's a lot of difference between a wife and a mistress. Wife is a mole, born. Mistress is tattoo, acquired. He hates the drudgery of work, but has to work for a living. My! He's too young to become a wage-slave."

"Anyway, Master's unhappily married. Isn't that so?" (I forget who put the question, room or *chappals*.)

Watch flares up. She is now really angry with me. She reels off a catalogue of my sins. She is worried about my future. Predicts hard times for me. Am I not the father of a daughter. Let her grow up, and then I'll know what it will be like to have a marriageable daughter. The sorrows that will be my lot. The expenses that I'll have to incur. A son is quite a different dish. He's an asset. But a daughter... She's a liability. Master will learn a lesson or two.

Now it is the *chappals* that take my side. "Brother, you are hard on our Master." Room is silent; *chappals* suspect that wrist-watch has biased views. "After all, she is father-in-law's gift. Naturally, she takes the other's side." So runs the argument. And yet watches do not lie. They reveal the truth of time and its changes.

(Translated from the Original Telugu by Sri Sri)

YENKI PATALU

Subbarau's "Yenki" Songs: An Appraisal

By M. CHALAPATHI RAO

"KEATS? What are Keats? asked a tyro in English Literature when reference was made to one of the greatest of English poets. That well indicates the attitude of the average English-educated Indian towards the poets of his native tongue. It is but a part of the tragedy of unfulfilment during this twilight of a transition. It is no wonder that masterpieces arrive unsung, unwanted, almost unread; and there are no bestsellers in India.

But not so with *Yenki Patalu* and its author. This thin little volume of songs, that had the gusto of ballads and the stately lilt of lyrics, with their full-throated freshness and innumerable charms of sentiment and felicities of expression, came upon us like the light of a new experience. It seemed as though it had given form to those shapeless songs that lovers whisper to the winds, as though those still-born thoughts and common sentiments, often left unuttered, were muffled in new melodies. It typified a transition and announced a break. It was even hailed as a phenomenon; some gloried in the starfire of its phrases; some delighted in the music of its rhythms; and some dissected it for concealed beauties. Mr. Subbarau, the author who ushered these songs without much ado, seemed to have broken the back of tradition with one fierce wrench, and shown the literary world how to be at once popular and permanent; for these songs that had the tang of permanence in them were recited and remembered and discussed everywhere. On the other side there was an uproar, a lament and a challenge. The Popes of literature who are protectionist in their policy assumed the God and affected to nod; they condemned the colloquialisms and vulgarisms; they moaned over the simplicities and unconventional imagery, declared that Yenki was a prude, a witch and

a coquette, and proclaimed that poetry is made of sterner stuff. They were sure they had seen the end of Telugu poetry, for they prophesied an age of bronze and prepared to shed tears. *Yenki-Patalu* became the centre of a storm; it became the symbol of a new school; it had, indeed, caused one of those mild sensations which often start revolutions. It seemed as though discussion would never end; but, after all, the flattering imitators and the swearing critics that fought like the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Hector, ceased to discuss it even as Englishmen have ceased to discuss whether Pope is a poet.

The songs introduced a new genre in love-poetry in Telugu. They are mainly the expressions of Nayudu Bava in amorous gasps and delirious delusions giving tongue to his passions and sensations. Here is a new type of lover. The conventional lovers of Telugu poetry who indulged in breezy love-making, had contracted into wooden and lifeless types; they yawned and spoke ponderous phrases, but had made Telugu poetry tedious and conventional with all its wealth of imagery, whether scene followed scene in traditional rococo fashion and allusions floated like icebergs in an ocean of mist. They were good artists too in kissing; everyone of them lotus-eyed and broad-shouldered and long-armed; as in Homer every dawn is rosy-fingered and every hero swift of foot. But they lacked life, they lacked sincerity. To these forms, dead, half-dead and dying, Mr. Subbarau brought the freshness of a new experiment.

The charge of coquetry and inconsistency in Yenki is more easily made than justified; it is like seeing odd glances and gestures and call this woman a whore and that a wife; they are the inconsistencies of life as it is lived and not the consistent and monotonously conventional life of

romances written according to rules, or, worse, to the order of a tasteless patron. It is love in its impulsive swell, the foam of fancy playing on the ebb and tide of emotion; and what little is incoherent is the incoherence of agitated and insurgent imagination, which is as necessary to a poet as its exact opposite is to a critic. But the fact remains that *Yenki Patalu* achieved a compression never known before, and a simplicity that was new and startling to some whose ideas lie buried under a pyramid of phrases.

THE songs defy translation, as they defy analysis; the very repetitions that add emphasis and charm in the original, if reproduced, sound like mere sentimental shouting. In trying to tear the hearts out of them we get only dismembered entrails; at best we can have only poetic paraphrases; but here they are given for what they are worth. The charms of Yenki are pinned in a few pregnant phrases from Nayudu Bava:

My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!
I cannot sit—not sit a while,
She looks at me, she makes me smile,
And if I speak, she spurns at me,
She signs from the corner of the eyes,
She taunts and tantalises me,
If I sit near she flares at me!
My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!
She keeps me here and goes away,
Ah, she has tried and harassed me,
And taken all my breath away,
And melted with her witchery!
But to be silent with a will
My spirit cannot stop or still!
My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!

He is so filled with thought of her beauty that he cannot describe all her charms; they are too many for him. He would take her to sacred places like Tirupati and row her to Bhadradi. At one moment he is teased by her; the next he enamours and is enamoured of her. He is the constant lover; the little tiffs between them are occasional and are only the passing phases of love on trial; life is loveless and ugly to him without her; and he works himself to a ferment of emotions, delusions and day-dreams.

If Yenki's lover is all picaresque in his thoughts and gestures, Yenki herself is picturesque in her moods and impulses. To her lover she is a fairy, a deity, the sweetest lass, with smiles and softer wiles; for he says in the most stirring and revealing song of all:

There is no lass like Yenki,
There is no one so pretty,
But I have lost my lassie,
She'll never come to me!

And beads on neck so fair,
And flowers in her hair,
And if she raises eyes,
Such golden glories rise!
There is no lass like Yenki!
She'll never come to me!
And a mole on her cheek
And beauty great—to speak,
One smile alone is as bright
As a thousand diamonds' light!
There is no lass like Yenki!
She'll never come to me!

And if she sings a lay
All sins will fly away,
And if she tells a story
It lives eternally!
There is no lass like Yenki!
She'll never come to me!

And darkness in the garden,
And the yards all darken,
And when I go for food,
A bumping in the blood!
There is no lass like Yenki!
She'll never come to me!

And a glory she brings
Even to a house of kings,
My precious stone—my smart
Sweet girl that ate my heart!
There is no lass like Yenki!
There is no one so pretty!
O, I have lost my lassie!
She'll never come to me!

HERE there is no luminous haze or hazy luminosity which is Milton's merit in his epics, no impressionist dots and splashes; it is all so clear and precise. Yenki is not portrayed in the proportions of a conventional heroine; she has an originality and individuality of her own, whose central feature is the integrity of innocence. She has all the flirtive fancies of a coquette; she is, indeed, as unstable as water and as inconstant as the moon in her charms. It is this which led the critics to deny her the status of a wife, though she loses nothing in her devotion, affection and passion. She is unaffected, natural and simple as a rustic girl; but a

rustic girl, graceful, playful and fanciful, fully developed in her emotions and ecstasies, and exulting in them. Her lover asks her what jewels he can get and set around her grace and beauty, but her greatest ambition is only a pious wish, for,

I will follow thee,
I will live with thee,
Give me a guileless heart!
And thou be happy,
I'll build for me
My palace in thy shade!

And how she deludes herself, and delights in those delusions, and with what ardour she remembers her lover!

"Why hast thou come alone at night?"
"But he and I played here alone!"

"And why lookest so at the foaming river?"
"His heart too boils like that foam!"

"And what is charming in the crescent?"
"For when the crescent goes he comes!"

"For he and I played here alone."
His heart too boils like that foam!
And when the crescent goes he comes!"

But there is nothing to beat the following in showing the fever of her fancy and single-minded emotion; she is thinking of him, her lover, her king, who promised to come the day before yesterday:

And when I go for water,
I feel—I swear, O sister,
That someone follows after!

And when I look in the mirror,
I feel so shy, O sister!
I hear somebody's laughter!

In the moonlight still, O sister!
My body thrills, O sister!

He is so true and wise,
I see him in my eyes!

In a few flashes she reveals herself as a jealous mistress. She has no need of mirrors; for she can see herself in his crystal eyes, and looking deep into the stillness of his eyes she changes, colours, and laughs within herself. The moon, who is as necessary in the conventional romance as a brown tree is to some paintings,

gets her share of Yenki's attentions and is the confidant of her heart-hidden ecstasies, her hopes, fears and love-lit miseries; and addressing the moon she recalls her lover's words, how

He said, "this day for ever
This day for us will live,
And not to the wind even
My embrace will I give."
But is it just, O moonie
To laugh at me, my moonie!

He looked at me,
He looked at thee,
And said, "this moon will be
Betwixt us two the witness."
But do not weep, O moonie!
Thy pity is enough!

It is in such fulness of fancy that their passions break through prison-bars and they lose their identity, and stray into the infinite of a bodiless being. Yenki has become a star in Telugu poetry; she has cast the spell of her name far and wide, and will live of her own right.

BUT Yenki and her lover have not so much of separate identity. He lives in her and she lives by his light; and it is in their sweet chatter, their love's tittle-tattle that they harmonise together. The poet makes Love speak with two voices, one the voice of masculine grace and the other of feminine coyness and charm, the one so charmingly fanciful and the other trembling with shyness and secret thoughts, till they echo in the valleys of their hearts, and meet and sweeten each other, and rise in the end to the rapture of a symphony. He has crystallised Love in character; and wrought it in jewelled thought and gasps of rapture. The effect is added to by the beauty of the background and the foreground, indicated in a few sweeps. There is so much in atmosphere; it is atmosphere that is half the charm of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*; it is atmosphere that rescues many of the romantic heroes in Telugu *prabandhams* from being stale or shrunk; and it is atmosphere that fuses the ideal and the real in *Yenki Patalu*. The hills, the paddy-

fields, the rivers, the valleys, the cows are all touched so lightly, not luridly; and they reflect the beauty of pastoral peace.

It is a curious paradox that the best authors are the worst influences; yet the paradox persists in all literatures and in all ages. It is the same with Tagore; it is the same with the author of *Yenki Patalu*. Poets and poetasters cleared their throats and even succeeded in copying his simplicity without his sensuousness, his downrightness without his dignity. But their melodious trifles shrivel into the spectres of parody; they have only lowered love and love's light speech to booming rant or light-hearted gossip. Yet *Yenki Patalu* remains unique in the simplicity of its conception and the luminosity of its phrase; if there is one quality which distinguishes it in song after song it is sweetness, sweetness in thought and sweetness in expression.

Yenki Patalu will live when most of its contemporaries will be dead. The lovers will live through the ages; their love will be a light in Telugu Literature. We can imagine these songs remembered wherever men sing: the soldiers singing in a swag-gar by the camp-fire, the brawny

men and maidens of the village in a chorus sowing or reaping, the milk-man with stray notes in the first hour of morning. The author himself sang them before he wrote them. He has, however, no mannerisms even when he sings at the top of his voice. He is, apparently, mannerless, even artless; yet the subdued glow and singing undertones, the sense that is so clear and the metre that sings for itself go to wake up echoing melodies. These are raptures that only rare art can give, an art that seems artless but genuine. We see the lovers lazy and languid or laughing and sportive; we see them in the half light and the full light, stuttering and gasping enchantment, and prattling like voices in a dream. We see them sporting in the shade, or the one playing with the tangles of the other's hair. Perhaps we think more of Yenki; we see her going by her lover with the milk-pot on her head and flowers in her hand, passing by the rivers or through the valley, so still with deep thoughts and silent ecstasies.

(Condensed from an article in TRIVENI. A second edition of *Yenki Patalu*, with some additional songs written subsequently has been brought out recently by the author.)

SUNSET THOUGHTS

OUT across the waves on the lonely shore the silent dusk weaves the moonlight into a silver symphony.

The thrashing billows that can rock a ship on their mighty bosom weaken as they break.

The breakers edged with phosphorescent gleams fashion gems to perfection like on the hoods of a myriad king cobras.

Out across the waves the sun in his exodus illuminates an Exocoetus.

Scarlet crabs crawl all over the shore and the perfume of the Pandanus permeates the air.

Through the whimpering casuarinas glimmers the light from a funeral pyre.

The eloquent silence and the caressing darkness smooth out all differences—in terrain as well as brain.

All life is one again.

K. BHAGESWAR SARMA

Sita of the Bewitching Eyes

By K. RAMALAKSHMI

CHANGE is the law of nature. Everything under the sun changes but not this village. With a peculiar tenacity it clings to its original pattern. It certainly would be disgusting to sojourn there for ever; that is well-nigh impossible. With age we drift away from the village and return once in a while when the memory of the past pleasantries comes back, but all the same fully conscious that we will not be staying there.

It is just one of the many hundreds of villages, in the country but it has special significance for me. They laugh at my queer attachments and specially Moorthy makes a joke of it.

"You are not the only man born in a village. There are hundreds of them. There are hundreds and thousands that are born and brought up in the villages." Moorthy philosophised. It only brings a silent chuckle out of me. Yes, how can they understand what it means to me? The village of my dreams, the village that holds me in its enchantment and tranquillity—how can I describe it all? How can I explain? Moorthy pooh-poohs these as silly incidents in one's life. Where comes the silliness? How can those bewitching eyes that haunt me constantly be a silly incident? Have I not longed for the company of that individual for the sake of those eyes? and have I not tried to make it a reality?

Whosoever it is that called out to her and whatsoever the purpose, she used to turn back and say "Why?" Without the slightest hesitation. How can I forget those eyes of amorous look? I could conclude at once, that those are the eyes that I have seen in my dreams and those are the eyes that were haunting me.

"Where do you stay?"

"Are you a stranger here?" With a glint of mischief in her eyes she asked.

Stranger! Stranger indeed!

"I was born and brought up here, in this village."

"And you have not seen me before?"

"I have'nt, no, no—yes, I have. I

did see you. I can recollect your eyes. Why do you look like that?" I couldn't help saying.

"There, can you see that small hut in yonder grove? That is where I live."

She went away without turning back even once.

How is it that I could not meet this Sita who is so well known to everybody in this village? The fact that she appeared in my dreams, posed an unanswerable question.

From then on I was sauntering round that hut in the grove. Sita! What a beautiful name! Sita? Does it mean those lustrous and bewitching eyes?

Sita's is an odd nature. She spellbinds all but makes friends with none. Everyone of my pleadings and proposals for a happy marriage drew always the same question: Why? What for? What for? What a question! Utter madness. How can anybody find an answer for Why? for a Why in this world? I could find so many reasons for marriage and a happy one at that. Can't this mad girl realise that much? Why should she marry me? To be the daughter-in-law of a rich landlord than to be slaving in a tiller's house, to live with him in a big house rather than in a small hut!

I could only laugh at her immature mind. But when she laughed and looked that penetrating look, I could not decide whose mind was immature.

I could not understand her mysterious attachment to that hut and why she refused my offers, rejected my pleadings which only made me long for her the more.

... The stay in the village lost its meaning for me. I migrated to the town and subjected myself to so many and varied experiences there. But I could never compromise myself with this urban life. I could no longer bear the loneliness of the city and dissipated myself in search of happiness. I must see her once again. I told Moorthy about my intention to return to the village.

"Speak some sense. You are not able to bear the monotony of the city

and how in the name of sanity do you propose to stay in the village?"

I cannot help it. The desire to see her again is burning me down, I must see those eyes once, to quench my thirst for a state of peacefulness.

... It looked strange—the vast blue sky—have I ever seen it before, I wondered.

Treading the same path that I had haunted some years ago, I could see the work of time—some of the thatched homesteads transmogrified into pucca city houses. Some of the wayside saplings of the past were towering trees now: they were familiar and yet strange.

I enquired for Sita. She was no longer in that village. She was married into the next village. Why not I go to seek her there? I thought for a while. What purpose did it serve? I had not even a chance to ask her a question. Even if it were possible a Why would be her only question, answer and everything!

Why did she refuse me? She had spurned the chance of a life-time. Chances that give peace and happiness in this life pass too quickly out of our hands. We know full well that we have not the courage to lose them and yet be happy. But we do not know how to keep them tight in our hands and make use of them. What is the use? What is the use?

"What have you to say now? What about your theory that all love tales are a nine-days' wonder?" Moorthy posed a query.

"Yes, they are. What else are they if they are not nebulous?" A vacant look was all that Moorthy could muster.

... It is those on whom we bestow all our affection that break our heart and wring it. It is evident that we love most those who reciprocate least. We sacrifice our all for them. But to what avail? Links of the heartstrings cannot be straightened, if you try they only break.

"You have asked for it my dear friend, so you endure it," ejaculated Moorthy.

... I am returning to my place. Staring out of the train window I see the wheel of life revolving round and round before my inward gaze. Those

enchancing eyes, the eyes that haunted my hours of waking and sleep will ever be mine. Their beauty and depth are beyond all that is material and measurable. They will haunt me no more, only when I cease to be.

Sita! What is Sita? Is it a human being overflowing with life or is it a divine sculpture?

The trees and the surroundings are all hastening away posthaste beyond the window, but my thoughts are fixed immovably on Sita. Moorthy who is sitting next to me chuckles to tease me out of my thoughts.

This village will never change. It is one of the many villages in my country. But it holds special significance for me. Moorthy may laugh at my sentimentality, the whole world may laugh at it, but I cannot deny the fact Sita lived there—Sita of the bewitching eyes lived there in that village.—*From her forthcoming book in Telugu entitled, Vidathese Ralluballu (The Trains that Part)*

★

I AM THE EVENING LAMP

LORD of mine, in thy shrine
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

On the waves of thy honeyed breath
Billowing with the fragrant breeze
In languorous bliss I float away,
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

Atremble with a votive heart,
In the path of the hurricane,
In thy rolling cosmic dance
I swing and swoon in ecstasy,
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

I will be the light to guide
The lady fair that hies to her tryst
With trembling steps through forests dark
Endarkened by the midnight deep;
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

When in the tears of Love forlorn
I flash to make her dream her dreams.
Of the happy happy times that were
Then have I indeed fulfilled myself,
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

When sunk the worlds in wakeless sleep,
And only thine light serenely shines,
Like to an ocean in the outer dark,
Then therein shall I dissolve me
I am the evening lamp! Lord!

RAJANIKANTA RAO

(Rendered from the Original Telugu
by DHANUS)

The Critic as Artist

BY KATURI VENKATESWARA RAO

THE sensible world consisting of nature and the life of human beings in society constitutes the basic material of every kind of artistic creation. This world is a blend of truth and falsehood, virtue and wickedness, happiness and misery. But the artist gives it beautiful form and significance. He eschews the undesirable parts, modifies the disagreeable features, fuses the material chosen in the fire of his imagination and invests it with a novel shape. Every work of art is thus necessarily an act of interpretation of the world, a criticism of life. There is no creation out of 'nothing.'

If the artist interprets the world, the critic interprets the work of art. But then what is the value of this interpretation of an interpretation, this criticism of a criticism? How can it become creative in its turn?

Experience of life and contemplation of the world give the artist delight and happiness. That which gives him joy, that which he observes and contemplates, has form; but his joy has no form. But he endeavours to detach it from himself to contemplate it in his imagination and express it again objectively. Unfortunately the medium which he employs for this purpose of 'expressing' his 'delight' in 'form' so that it might be 'communicated' to others and shared by them—line, colour, sound or word—has only a limited capacity for the purpose. The artist has to work under the limitations fixed by the nature of his medium, however perfect his mastery of it. Hence the difficulty, the struggle, which the creation of a work of art necessarily involves.

Ultimately the work of art is only a suggestive symbol and not a complete representation of the delight experienced by the artist. Every work of art provides only the means for aesthetic experience and not aesthe-

tic experience direct. Through the limited form, it suggests the limitless and formless. It provides the doors and windows through which the formless and boundless can be glimpsed and aesthetic delight experienced.

The activity of the critic thus begins just where the activity of the artist ends. Through the doors and windows provided by the work of art, the critic enters the region (boundless) of aesthetic delight and there the range of his flight is determined only by his capacity and equipment. By his previous experience, the contemplation of many excellent works of art, he acquires the ability to recognize at once and easily the significant lines and forms, thoughts and emotions, sounds and suggestions. An instinctive awareness of beauty is always awake and alert in him. Through the work of art he enters the heart of the artist and the centre of aesthetic delight. There are no limits to the flight of his spirit in that boundless kingdom.

There, his freedom is absolute and his flight is determined by the strength of his wing and the aspiration of his soul. Once he enters the domain of aesthetic delight, he leaves behind the work of art and the artist—the ladder by which he has climbed and the friend who provided the ladder for him. His aesthetic experience may be different from and richer than that of the artist who set the wings of his imagination in motion.

If he then attempts to give expression (form) to his aesthetic delight and succeeds in his endeavour, the result is another work of art. It is a criticism of the work of art which has occasioned it, but at the same time, in its own right, it is as much a work of art. It is creative criticism.

(By courtesy of All India Radio, Vijayawada, and TRIVENI where it first appeared, rendered from Telugu by M. Sivakamayya)

A Personal Credo

By H. V. RAM GOPAL

PERSONS of a scientific turn of mind have pronounced that the seed of scientific truth ever grows. It may change but it remains fundamentally the same. Truth, Beauty, and Goodness are the three different aspects of the Reality. What is it that conceives ideas? It is the soul, the source of action hidden beyond the reaches of the mind and the intellect. It requires inner purity and grandeur to experience the glow of the soul.

What is life? It is an eternal question. To understand it in all its implications one must have an open mind, a burning sincerity, a profound moral sense and an unflagging energy to strive. Tireless striving leads to perfection. Perfection is an aesthetic experience of the heart that is full of freedom, genuine and noble. The artist who feels this perfection gives expression to his or her ideas. The individual artist never disobeys the laws of nature. The freedom to respond to the laws of nature is honoured.

Individuals who differ in mood and experiences of life derive their means for self-expression from nature. Means vary and expressions are not the same. Any work of art is a product of tense aesthetic experience. Aesthetic experience is the fusion of what is perceived and what is conceived.

No doubt the artist is to an extent guided by the environments and circumstances in which life is to be lived. His creative talent should reflect the age in which he lived to offer the world works of art that will remain valid for all time.

Different schools of art arose after strong personalities who thought courageously, and the genius in each gained followers. A few who followed the methods of an original master-artist created tradition. Traditions are many. They differ to this day.

In the West the method of painting through light and shade in patches of colours based on the behaviour of nature has become a tradition and is

known as Occidental Art. Following this tradition many systems of thought gave expression to Pointillism, Surrealism, Futurism, Impressionism, Realism, Cubism, Abstractionism, Post-impressionism, Synchromism, Modernism, and Fadism, too, e.g., published works with a footnote—artist insane, et cetera.

The artists of the West follow nature, giving more prominence to tones in order to produce effect of atmosphere and impressions. They remain true to reality and form. They have gone in for three dimensional effects also.

In the East the method of painting through line and colour based on symbols has become the tradition and is popularly known as Oriental Art. This art is seen in various schools as Kangra, Ajanta, Rajaput, Moghul, Bengal, Modern Indian, and so on.

The artist of the East gives prominence to line. He has understood the grace and harmony of lines and their nearness to an abstract and graphic representation of human feelings. Here he prefers conventional drawing to realism and thereby sacrifices proportion and perspective. He has devised a decorative colour scheme with a two-dimensional effect. He has given up light and shade and the third dimension.

There is no expression without impression. So the artist must be first and foremost an impressionist. Traditions though respected are becoming extinct. It is the day of lively experiments. Ideas change with the times. To be a dreamer is the liberty of the artist but he must dream of the present and not live a vicarious life in the past. Then only his work of art will thrive and survive.

A true work of art must inspire the spectator. It must explain itself. It must demand understanding. It must live on the convictions of the artist and not on the artificial respiration of criticism.

Let us not learn to compare the beauty of the jasmine with the beauty of the rose. Let us not discuss works of art. Let us experience them and feel the thrill of life.

"A nation exists by its laws, inventions, mass-products. It lives for other nations by its arts."

NEW WRITING IN TELUGU

By A. JANAKI RAM

MUCH new water has joined the stream of Modern Telugu Literature. The earlier impetus towards a pronouncedly lyrical expression in poetry has had to yield ground to the urge for stark realism. Writers are now being enjoined to deal with everyday subjects affecting the mass of humanity—individual experience however genuine and however valuable, being considered of limited permanent benefit to the people. Life, in all its gruesomeness, is to be depicted as it is.

"My heart trembles when I hear that my beloved
has sent his palanquin for me,
My frail frame turned wooden through long separation
bursts into a festoon of sweet blossoms . . ."

So sang Krishna Sastry, a poet of the renaissance in Telugu Literature, twenty years ago, which may be considered typical of the remarkable literary revival that was the product of the impact of philosopher-poets like Sadi, Tagore and Iqbal, on sensitive souls nurtured on the most poetic elements from the classics in Telugu and Sanskrit, and brought up on the writings of Keats, Shelley and Bridges.

The rhythm inherent in the language and the beautiful cadence in its metrical verse is so evident here:

Pranayavallaki Pallaki
Prasavabhara Vasanthavallika Pallaki
Sakrachapa Vakrarekha Pallaki
Madhuswapna Sakha Pallaki.

But, that was before the Great World War and the Atom Bomb. Listen (in translation) to what the same poet says in 1952:

"The din of the battle of Korea; the never-healing ulcer of Malaya—pestilence and famine knocking incessantly at our door . . . there is Death in every breath."

"This must be the final catastrophe; otherwise, why should Man hungrily crunch the emaciated bones of fellow-man shedding the last vestige of the human in him?"

This change is not isolated. It has coloured the work of quite a good few of modern writers in Telugu. So marked has the trend been that Chief Justice Rajamannar, himself an eminent writer and a great critic, was led to observe that softness and sweetness have given way to harshness and bitterness, and young writers following the lead of Sri Sri—poet of the new Era, now choose for their material, in place of dew-drops and sweet zephyrs,

"Orpiment and red sandalwood,
The warm blood of a deer killed by the tiger,

Red flames that shoot forth from
Rudra's fiery eyes

And the outstretched tongue of Kali." Arudra represents an even more forward trend. He is impatient for change. He complains that there is chaos everywhere and that there are brenguns in his brain:

"Brainlo Brengunla,
Rainla alochanala train."

Notice how the English words are dovetailed into Telugu expressions:

"Brainlo Pain
Prathi Veinlo machinegun rain."

AND there is surrealism too. In a poem entitled *Seconds* Arudra visualises the tremendous effort required to move the second-hand in a gigantic clock that represents man's achievements. "Push all and heave! Push and Heave!" cries his humanity—"Push the second-hand and heave away all our troubles!"

It is interesting, however, to turn to another contemporary poet, Mokkaapati Krishnamurthy, who is also a painter of some distinction. As he sees with the eye of a practising artist, he is able to create exquisite vignettes in words:

The whispering blue of distant peaks,
The urgent murmur of mountain streams

And the incessant beckoning of winding hill-paths . . .

Each line paints a picture for you as the poet climbs the historic hill of Nagarjuna where, unexpectedly,

he comes upon a marble sculpture and exclaims:

Soft! A sudden turn in the path reveals Her:

A marble nymph of immaculate grace,
The very Dream of the Artist come true!

THE impact with the New Writing from the West is felt not only in poetry but in all forms of modern Telugu Writing. The sketch is becoming highly developed; and more than one writer takes after the "stream of consciousness" style initiated by James Joyce and perfected by Virginia Woolf. Buchi Babu, a well-read writer, describes in his *Chaitanya Sravanthi* all that happens in the mind of a certain tramway passenger during a half-hour journey in a Madras tramcar. The train of ideas that comes into the mind of a middle-class citizen, an officer perhaps, on his way to work, gets entangled with his thoughts and observations of each word and action of his fellow-passengers. Sometimes, he gets beyond the barrier of the immediate spoken word and tries to perceive, without any inhibition, the thought that must have originated the expression. In this mental analysis, delicacies of convention are forgotten; and by the time the passenger reaches his destination, we who have been his fellow travellers have caught a vivid glimpse of a colourful cross-section of middle-class life in a crowded city—noting the actions, as well as the conjectured thoughts, of the people we met.

Another striking example of the New Writing in Telugu at perhaps its near best—so far—is *Alpajeevi* (An Insignificant Person) a novelette, not yet published in book form, by Rachakonda Viswanatha Sastry. The story concerns a very ordinary man, an utterly unknown office-clerk, but the treatment is so unique that Subbiah the insignificant pervades the entire novel and absorbs your interest exclusively—others come and go only to show off his character. Direct narrative is at a minimum. The technique, new for Telugu, employed here to tell the story reminds one of James Joyce in his *Ulysses*, and, in certain places, even of *Finnegans Wake*; an utterly frank

analysis of what goes on in the mind of Subbiah—as the clerk at his office, at home with his wife who thinks she is too good for him, and in the busy streets of the town where, quite unnoticed, he is able to take in every aspect of the variegated scene before him. He thinks aloud, as it were, of what he sees, and remarks openly of the foibles of his fellow creatures—this man, of no significance. The translation of each thought-form into a crisp sentence replete with idea bears a close resemblance to the style of William Saroyan. A stray word sets up a chain-reaction of ideas—sometimes closely related but, quite often, of no immediate or apparent continuity—yet, of considerable significance to the story. The prose sometimes acquires a very attractive cadence as the repetition of the middle word in each succeeding sentence achieves a peculiar effect emphasising the essential. Subbiah, snubbed by his superiors at the office, and at home neglected by his handsome but callous wife, seeks solace in what would be termed an illicit association with a school-mistress. But, his ideals and his aspirations, his hopes and his futile search for the Permanent call forth your fullest sympathy. Perhaps, he reflects the life of not one man but of a frustrated generation and that is why this work is so appealing.

BUCHI BABU has also to his credit a novel of arresting beauty: *Chivaraku Migiledi* (What Remains). The ideals that modern youth, particularly in Andhra, strive for and often fail to achieve here come for close scrutiny. Dayanidhi, the hero, strains every nerve to understand the world around him; but, the world does not care to understand him. He is unable to achieve happiness for himself or for his beloved Komali; but, he is ever faithful to his own ideals. In his own way, he attempts to bring about a better state of things and fails miserably, losing his all in that vain attempt. Buchi Babu's art is so skilful and his language so effective that you catch yourself cherishing the memory of Komali even more ardently than Nidhi himself. She becomes immortal in your eyes, although, in the story, she dies a

sudden death. It is this effacement for all that is dear to him that forces Nidhi to exclaim: "What Remains!" The answer will always be an echo.

Nagu Bamu (the White Cobra) is a recent one-act play by Sri P. V. Rajamannar: a powerful story which takes place in the Ajanta caves during the times when the great Buddhist-monk-artists embellished the walls with wondrous works of art. Nagasundara, a very handsome as well as able artist, is busy creating a fresco painting of the hallowed subject, 'Defeat of Mara,' when he is introduced by his Guru to Jayasree, the Andhra Princess of great beauty and unique artistic accomplishment. Jayasree takes an immediate interest not only in the work of the artist but also in the artist himself. He is to her the very personification of the ideal artist as pictured and adored by her. Her increasing interest in the subject being painted leads to her demonstrating before him some of the celebrated dance poses of Urvashi—the central figure of the theme being painted. In spite of a valiant effort of the newly ordained monk Jayasree captures his heart; as the fresco progresses, the Urvashi in the picture is revealed to be a life-like replica of the princess. This mutual adoration would have led to serious consequences but for the sudden incident of a white cobra emerging from a crevice in the cave and striking the artist as he raises his brush for the final touches, inflicting on him what would have been a fatal wound but for the lightning intervention of the princess who sucks the poison from the wound. She saves the life of her beloved but loses her own in the attempt. The dialogue is very effective throughout, and although the action is represented to have taken place some two thousand years ago, the problem has a universal and almost topical appeal as it concerns the conflict between utter devotion to duty and the irresistible urge for emotional fulfilment which confronts each one of us today. In all his writings Rajamannar demonstrates Franz Kafka's dictum: "Test yourself on Humanity. It makes the doubtful doubt, the believer believe."

Another playwright who is very forceful is V. R. Naria. In one of his most remarkable plays, *Vantena* (The Bridge) the idiom is so closely associated with the life of the people whom he portrays, and there are so many quaint expressions to each page that if you want to enjoy the play you have no option but to learn the language. The theme, however, is universal: of how the completion of a small bridge connecting a hitherto remote village with the main road results in a turbulent upheaval in the lives of the peasants living so near, yet so far, from town-life. Social and ethical values cherished for years as permanent are changed overnight.

Athreya's *Addekompalu* (Rented Hovels) depicting the vicissitudes in the life of a middle-class family—here, that of a Government servant—living in the City has lately been very popular on the "Reformed Stage."

ONE may say that the Short Story in Telugu has become 'Practical.' Yet, some of the best of the published stories are more introspective than narrative. They seem to be based on events that have actually happened to the author or that the author would like to happen to him or her but which are capable of a universal significance. One such story, by a woman-writer, is entitled *Tellarite Muhurtam* (On the Eve of the Wedding) and describes the thoughts of a young and sensitive bride as she faces the event of such tremendous import to her future life. Her days of comparative irresponsibility are over and she requires all the courage at her command to accustom herself to the idea that henceforth she would be sharing every aspect of her life with one who is yet an utter stranger to her. Her whole aim will have to be to bring happiness into his life—even if it has to mean her losing her own entity.

The Andhras may justly be proud of Palagummi Padma Raju, who, in a recent World Competition secured the second prize for his short story in Telugu entitled *Cyclone*. This story which the author himself has translated into English, describes vividly

how the overwhelming force of circumstance takes a powerful hand in the shaping of events.

OF late, Hyderabad has come to be the seat of intense literary activity in Telugu. Poems of today, short stories, and powerful articles dealing with the raging topics of the hour have been penned by young writers in Telangana. Dasarathi, who is very young, exhibits in his writings a knowledge and rare insight into what makes for permanence in human progress towards perfection. He would live essentially to be a People's Poet, to write and sing of their hunger and yearning; but, his view is not only for today but also for the generations yet to come. When invited recently to say something about the Telugu New Year he sang:

"The breath of spring is here, and each new-born flower lends eloquence to trees turned dumb through Autumn . . ."

"I bear within me the perfume of a hundred thousand new-year garlands; but how can I say which among them is sweeter than the rest? . . ."

A detailed survey of literary activity during the period under review would lead one to think that the seeker of Novelty in modern Telugu Literature has consciously, or un-

consciously, fulfilled one or the other of the requirements set by James Agate who said: "Novelty in my view, is permissible (i) when it is the only way of saying something new; (ii) when it is as good a way of saying something new to which the charm of freshness is then added; (iii) when it is a better way of saying something old; (iv) when it is as good a way of saying something old, plus the charm of freshness."

Telugu writing today is in a state of transition. The great heritage of the classics, followed by the products of the romantic revival is there. And, young writers who herald the New Era visualise a thorough sweep towards the ultra-modern. Yet, the most responsible opinion in literary circles shares the view of T. S. Eliot when he says:

"While we speak the same language, and have fundamentally the same culture as that which produced the literature of the past, we want to maintain two things: A pride in what our literature has already accomplished, and a belief in what it must still accomplish in the future."

[Extract from a paper read at the Third All India Writers' Conference under the auspices of the PEN (Indian Centre), at Chidambaram during the third week of April 1954]

THY CHARIOT

PROUDLY bent on its course
And cruel in its speed,
Thy car was whirling on,
My frail form was crushed unto death
Beneath the chariot wheels,
And streams of blood gushed forth.

Thy car, divinely bright, stopped not a moment
In hesitation that aught impeded its progress;
Nor did it veer round to note the sudden wail
That went up from my bruised heart.

At early dawn, dread Lord, Thy charioteer
Will wash the bloodstains from off thy chariot wheels,
But, how, from amongst the bloodstains of millions,
Will Thou spot out mine?

KAVISAMRAT VISWANATHA SATYANARAYANA

(Rendered from the Original Telugu. By Courtesy: AIR)

AMERICAN DOOMSTERS

Eight Prophecies Proved Wrong

NEW YORK: The discovery of the hydrogen bomb has many prophets, American and foreign, predicting the end of civilization here and elsewhere. Hence an American sociologist and journalist relates the following heartening discourse urging people not to believe everything experts predict.

Do you remember your worries of five or ten years ago? Most of them, you'll probably find, have nothing to do with your problems of today, while the calamities that did happen turned out to be much more bearable than they seemed in prospect. The backward glance is comforting because it puts fear in perspective. Today, we've all got problems—big national problems, but we ought to be thankful that they're not the ones the prophets of doom cut out for us a few years ago.

They were real fears, back before and during World War II, put forth by serious people. The only trouble with them is that they didn't come to pass. Here, in case you've forgotten them, are eight catastrophes the prophets of doom and gloom predicted at that time—and what really happened:

(1) They said we'd all go crazy. Way back at the turn of the century, brain surgeons predicted that the "mind would crumble" under the speed of automobiles then making 20 miles an hour. In the "Twilight of Man," anthropologist Earnest Hooton blamed the doctors for our loony future. "Medicine," he wrote, "will save the unfit and increase the number of imbeciles." Stuart Chase thought propaganda would do it. "Prodded by so many different stimuli, people will go crazy like Pavlov's dogs."

In 1935, "Fortune" dug up some gloomy British statisticians who had spotted a horrendous trend: "If mental disorders continue to increase at the present rate," they predicted, "the last spark of sanity will die out of the civilized world in the year 2139."

Sanity, of course, depends a little bit on what you think it is. Moralists, lawyers and psychiatrists define it differently. But sober statisticians who stick to reports of mental disorders fail to see any progress toward universal bedlam. In spite of better diagnosis the only true rise in mental disease they can find is in the psychoses associated with alcoholism.

Meanwhile, thanks to antibiotics, we're curing syphilis, formerly an important source of serious mental disorder.

(2) They said we'd be a nation of drunks. The WCTU and the Anti-Saloon League persuaded us we'd all end up on the bottle unless we had Prohibition. Then, when we got Prohibition, the rest of us declared that we'd all become drunks unless we got Repeal. Something in our national character was supposed to make us "Indian drinkers" who couldn't handle liquor like the civilized French. Now that the hubbub has died down, it's possible to see that Americans were becoming more temperate than before Prohibition and continued to switch from hard liquor to beer and light wine after it was repealed. According to "Fortune," each American of drinking age consumes less than a gallon of absolute alcohol a year compared with 2.25 in 1915 and 2.5 in 1860—and six gallons a year for the civilized Frenchman!

(3) They said the family would break up. In 1923, iconoclast Bertrand Russell gleefully predicted that "the average woman will not submit to the restraints of the old-fashioned marriage or remain faithful to one man when she can be economically independent." Actually marriage has grown more popular as women have become "independent." In 1952 when wives were 20 per cent of the labour force, the percentage of women of 14 and over who were "subjecting themselves" to marriage had reached a record of 66.6 while back in 1920, the census year behind Bertrand Russell's manifesto, only 58.9 per cent

were living in matrimonial bondage. College girls, the uppittiest women of all, have been contributing more than their share to the rising tide of marriage.

(4) People said we were committing race suicide. In 1931, statistician L. Dublin predicted that the U. S. population would end its phenomenal growth at a peak of less than 155 million in 1980. If this forecast had come true, there would be 19 million less people in the U. S. today. Dr. Dublin was neither unscholarly in his statement nor alone. During some depression years, we didn't have enough babies to reproduce ourselves. In 1933, a Presidential commission soberly reported that "as increasingly optional expenditures children come into direct competition with other consumer goods." Later on, the best prophets were sure that what with casualties, famine and disease, World War II would cut the population. The doomsters have been very quiet recently. They can't compete with the cheerful din of 33 million babies born between 1945 and 1953. When cornered, they explain some of them as delayed from the depression and others as borrowed from the future by an exceptional young crop of brides, but they have to charge the rest of them to a new "psychological climate" in which babies compete very well with "other consumer goods." But then, medical science has been making liars of the population forecasters all along.

(5) People said there'd be nothing left to invent. "The advancement of the arts from year to year taxes our credulity and seems to presage the arrival of that period when further improvement must end." So said Commissioner of Patents Henry L. Ellsworth way back in 1844. By 1937 Representative Hatton W. Sumners of Texas was so afraid that inventions would put men out of work that he introduced a bill to prohibit patents on labour-saving devices until society caught up with the scientists. It's a good thing that inventors paid little attention to either doomster. Technological advance is the key to our productivity every year. Since the war, television,

synthetic fibers, plastics, air conditioning and frozen foods have given comforts to millions and employment to thousands.

(6) People said there would be a postwar depression. The Marxists, of course, said that the rich would grow richer and the poor poorer until the whole thing collapsed. But can't you remember how sure everyone was that the machines we'd built to win the war would throw the returning veterans out of work?

In 1945, Deputy Reconversion Director R. R. Nathan saw a "depression that will shake the free enterprise system to its very foundations." The now-defunct New York paper "PM" predicted that V-J Day would throw 10 million people out of jobs, while the CIO said that the 10 million would be walking the streets within 90 days of the armistice.

What happened? While government economists were drafting a full-employment act, the veterans were out finding jobs for themselves.

Ninety days after war's end, there were only 1,580,000 unemployed. In June, 1946, civilian employment soared beyond its war peak, and the following June, Henry Wallace's dream of 60 million jobs was a census figure.

Meanwhile, all but the very richest are making more money and except for some white-collar workers, inflation is not eating it all up. We've now got so much discretionary income—the economists' term for that wonderful extra money we can spend as we please—that even after discounting for inflation we can buy twice as much as we could in 1940.

(7) People said we were running out of oil. For two generations, pessimists watching the growing appetites of automobiles for gasoline have been setting the date on which they will have burned up all the oil under America. In 1919, government geologist David White said we'd never be able to find enough oil to keep us going beyond 1934. "Our factories and railways will cease operation," cried another government geologist. "Our battleships will swing helplessly at anchor, and our country will

resound with the martial tread of a triumphant foe."

Luckily for their peace of mind, these doomsters reckoned without the lakes of oil we needed to win World War II. Even more astounding to them would have been the fact that we found all that oil simply because the demand was desperate enough to stimulate men to look for it.

In the 35 years since White predicted the end of the gasoline era, we've discovered nine times as much oil as he thought existed. Furthermore, oil reserves are growing in spite of the fact that we're consuming now more oil than we did during World War II.

That doesn't mean that we can relax. Ultimately, there is just so much oil, coal and metal in the earth and we are using faster all the time.

(8) People said that culture would die. In 1936, the Senate Munitions Committee asked J. P. Morgan what he thought the next war would do to the country. "It might destroy the leisure class," he said, "and if you do away with the leisure class, you destroy civilization." Pressed, he defined the leisure class as those families able to employ a full time maid. Civilization should be extinct because there are practically no domestic servants left.

Other doomsters worried about too much leisure. When Henry Ford shortened hours a generation ago, John M. Edgerton, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, warned that "any general acceptance of a five-day week means a surrender to easy and loose living." Civilization should be reeling now that the generally accepted 40 hour week is giving way to a 35 hour week and 42 million workers get paid vacations. Finally, culture would never survive the machine. Mechanized entertainment would destroy us so that we wouldn't be able to think for ourselves, or even amuse ourselves. A recent study of expenditures on leisure-time activities by the Department of Commerce indicates that we are deserting passive, standardized entertainment for recreations which draw on our individual

ingenuity. In 1929, for instance, we spent 23.8 per cent of our recreation budget on movies, theatres and spectator sports. Today, these sit-down amusements get only 13.5 per cent of our much bigger outlay for fun, and the Cassandras will be confused to learn that the movies suffered most.

The picture is decidedly spotty. Commercialized "participation amusements" such as billiards, golf and amusement parks declined moderately. Meanwhile, what the Department of Commerce calls "individual recreation" is taking 72 per cent of our leisure money instead of 63.9 per cent in 1929. Biggest gains are in nondurable toys, sporting goods, photography, gardening and a variety of 'do it yourself' hobbies like wood-working.

The upshot seems to be that the average American is neither an intellectual nor a supine dial twiddler, but a restless fellow who can look and listen just so long before he starts fiddling around on his own. Sensitive citizens still have cause to wince. Space cadets patrol at all hours, fictional private eyes chill millions and television inanities transfix the young. But then, as the show changes, it's Shakespeare or science. The mind is not a cup which can hold just so much material before it runs over; it's a magic vessel whose capacity for information grows as it's filled.

And so it comes about that without so much as a crooked little finger, the new leisure masses are gobbling up more of what Morgan would have called culture than his leisure class could ever have consumed. Museums, many of them enriched by the art treasures he acquired for his exclusive contemplation, drew 50 million visitors in 1948.

Thanks to a popular taste for good music, sponsored by that old enemy of civilization, the radio, we bought \$60 million worth of classical records last year. Although he didn't do nearly as well as Mickey Spillane, Homer probably attracted more readers than he has ever had in any one year in the past three thousand when he sold 350,000 in a paper back edition.—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

NEWS AND VIEWS

The "Agreement" on Tibet

WHAT has euphemistically been called a "trade and intercourse" agreement between India and "The Tibet region of China" was signed in Peking last week by the Indian Ambassador and the Chinese Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs. We are told that the negotiations, which were carried on for four months, were based on the principle of mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity. This has been interpreted in Government of India circles to mean that the Chinese Government is willing to recognise the McMahon Line on India's north-east frontier as the boundary between the two countries. But it is somewhat difficult to believe that the Peking Government has surrendered in a sentence any claims they might have thought of, or have been, making. As a matter of fact, Prime Minister Nehru's declaration that India will not agree to any revision of the McMahon Line was the result of rumours of Chinese claims to certain areas now in India. In view of this, it will not be surprising if China should later assert that by the agreement now signed India had recognised the boundary they have in mind and not the McMahon Line.

Another curious feature of the main agreement is the specification of certain trade centres for Chinese in India in return for trade centres for Indians in Tibet. It is not clear from the agreement whether the trade centres and trade agencies to be opened in India will be solely for the benefit of Tibetans or for all Chinese citizens. In the past there had been no restriction on Tibetans carrying on trade in India. We will, therefore, not be far wrong in concluding that China's trade centres in India will not be for the exclusive convenience of Tibetans. So that, in return for facilities for Indians to trade in Tibet, we are providing facilities for all Chinese citizens to trade with India. The Government have agreed to withdraw within six months the military escort now stationed at Gyantse and Yatung to give protection to Indian traders. They will also

hand over to the Government of China at a reasonable price the post, telegraph and telephone services together with the equipment, as well as the twelve rest-houses in Tibet and all land used by them. Any godowns or buildings on these lands will have to be taken on lease by Indian traders from the Chinese Government.

Reading the agreement, one is struck by the number of concessions made by the Government of India, in return for which they have been able to get pretty little from the Chinese negotiators. We may be sure that in the discussions to fix the prices of the various properties surrendered by the Government of India, the Chinese will drive an equally hard bargain.

Uncertainty in liberated French enclaves

IT is increasingly becoming clear that a settlement of the French India problem cannot brook any further delay. Reports indicate that nearly fifty square miles or one quarter of the area of these settlements have been liberated by pro-merger elements. Most of the areas so freed are enclaves in Indian territory and, as the Government of India have banned the transit of French India police to restore French rule in them, the situation in these communes is rather nebulous. No properly constituted authority is functioning and the problem of maintenance of law and order has arisen. What is even more important is the fact that the continuance of the present state of affairs for any length of time will give an opportunity to Communists to establish party cells which could later serve as bases of operations.

In these circumstances, the Government of India should reconsider their earlier declaration that they would not recognise the liberation and incorporate these areas in Indian territory. When they gave this assurance to the French Government, they were motivated by a desire not to embarrass the latter and make agreement more difficult. But the

intransigence of France should not be allowed to endanger the country's security. It is, therefore, imperative on the part of the Indian Government to decide to take over the administration of these communes pending a final settlement. France cannot very well object to this since for all practical purposes her authority in these areas has ceased to exist for quite some time now.

Salazar's threat

OF FRANCE at least it may be said that all she wants is to get out of her possessions in India without loss of face and she is stalling only with a view to securing conditions for a graceful withdrawal. But Dr. Antonio Salazar, the Prime Minister of Portugal, is still living in the age of Don Quixote. The only difference is that the famous Spanish knight mistook windmills for giants while his modern version mistakes giants for lifeless windmills. The dictator of Portugal is reported to have threatened that, if his country had to leave its Indian settlements, "nothing good would remain there but a ravaged uncharacteristic land and not any bit of nation." We know what this means. But, had Dr. Salazar considered for a moment whether he would be able to make good his threat in the event of his bluff being called, he would have hesitated to say what he did.

We may excuse his braggadocio as the attempts of a frightened person to reassure himself by such pompous statements. Only a few days earlier he had threatened to invoke the provisions of the North Atlantic Treaty and call upon the NATO Powers to help Portugal defend her colonies. But the NATO members maintained a diplomatic silence and perhaps privately advised him that he was, to say the least, being unrealistic in expecting his European allies to help him to maintain the *status quo* in Goa. Hence his present threat of resort to "scorched earth" tactics if forced to quit. It will not be easy to accomplish what he has in mind, nor will it take much time to forestall any such attempts if India should decide to compel Por-

tugal into abandoning her possessions. The world should, however, note that India has no intention of resorting to force to settle the problem; it will be against her declared policies and principles. But let no one mistake this for weakness.

Ceiling on land holdings

PRIME MINISTER NEHRU has come out in favour of fixing a ceiling on the extent of land which any one individual may own. But he has recognised the difficulties in the way of implementing reforms in this direction. Any proposal for fixing the maximum size of an individual holding is devised with the object of distributing the surplus land of big landlords among landless people. But this is thwarted by landowners by the perfectly legitimate means of dividing up the land among the members of the family so that the holding of no one exceeds the ceiling.

There is also the difficulty of deciding what the maximum size of a holding should be. The ceiling must vary according to location and fertility of the soil. Aggrieved landlords may demand to know why a ceiling should be fixed on land holdings alone, when a person is allowed to own as many buildings and as many industrial and commercial ventures as he pleases. There seems no reason why owners of cultivable land alone should be penalised by a virtual ceiling on the amount of income they may derive.

In view of all these difficulties, is there not a better way of achieving the object behind proposals for a ceiling? Indeed there is. The Estate Duty Act has just been passed and it may help to some extent in reducing the size of big holdings. In fact, the estate duty on very big estates may be collected in the form of land. If the tax according to the present rates does not achieve much in the matter of redistribution of land, and all wealth besides, the remedy is to make the rates more progressive and withdraw the special concession shown to agricultural property in the levy of the tax. This will not only enable the redistribution of land on

a more equitable basis, but also avoid the difficulties of any scheme to fix a ceiling on holdings.

The new diplomacy

In a thought-provoking address to the Indian Council of World Affairs, Bombay, Mr. G. S. Bajpai, Governor of Bombay, made a plea for the revival of the methods of secrecy of the old diplomacy. In this age of democracy and the Hydrogen bomb, it would surely be vain to hope that the "secret diplomacy" of the last century could ever be practised. The one makes every citizen or at least a large body of representative citizens clamorous to know what is going on behind the closed doors of the chancelleries of the world. The other makes statesmen resort to open or implied threats when direct negoti-

ations do not go their way. Indeed, the most significant development in diplomacy is the growth of the "diplomacy of threats" in the place of the suave diplomacy of the past. This is not to say that threats had no place in the nineteenth century world. But they were the last resort, held out between statesmen in private, when reason had failed; and threats were carried out. Now, instead, threats are openly held out before negotiations begin, and quite often they are empty threats. Threats have become so frequent that no nation can afford to carry them out.

One of the reasons for this development is that new nations with no experience of diplomacy have come to dominate world affairs. These now set the standards in diplomacy. Also, the growth of the wireless and other quick means of communication leave little scope for the personal initiative of the men on the spot. Everything is guided from the headquarters and ambassadors have become mere post offices transmitting notes. The personal touch is lost with the result that great and bad diplomats are all reduced to the same class. It is indeed illuminating to reflect that the amateur diplomats of the past were often able to achieve much more and were more successful in preventing wars than the trained diplomats of our day. The fact is that the modern ambassadors have no scope for using their diplomacy.

Issues are debated in public and negotiations are carried through exchange of notes, which are duly published for the edification of the masses, and Governments find themselves unable to retreat from an earlier position even when later events or new facts justify it for fear of popular disapproval. It is in this context that the suggestion for a revival of the old diplomacy must be understood. Surely a little more reticence on matters under negotiation and a little more restraint in language on the part of statesmen will go a long way in improving the international climate and the chances of agreement.—*Figaro*

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"... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

A remarkable thing happened high up in A. I. R. during April—Dr. Keskar staged a strong come back without ever having lost his title.

Possibly in part celebration, more likely in his anxiety to make his ideals for A. I. R. unmistakably clear to everyone, Dr. Keskar has been explaining, postulating, and setting horizons with revived energy of late. All that can be said about State control of any fine art is that in an attempt to save a dying art it is justified, that it is as old as the hills, and that what artists the world over appreciate is the State's ability to pay and honour rather than its connoisseurship.

We need not go further into this, but I may point out a rather important consideration that the present and contemplated policy of A. I. R. overlooks, in spite of all its protestations about art for art's sake and encouragement of talent. Especially would I like to point this out, after the broadcast music I have listened to in April.

In our music, especially in Carnatic Music, a classical composition survives only in the faithful rendering of it by contemporary exponents. The rendering of classical pieces calls not only for a high degree of technical accomplishment but also for informed sensibilities and fine tastes, so that such rendering itself becomes an art. But it is no creative art.

A musician who expounds a classical piece with sympathy and truth undoubtedly gives pleasure to the listener, but he is only an exponent. I can make this point better by reference to the graphic arts, perhaps because I am an artist and no musician.

If I were to reproduce the classical masterpieces of the graphic art of any country faithfully, utterly and comprehensively, no one would give me kudos for being an artist—and I would get no kick out of my meticulous painting. Granted that music is somewhat different in this regard,

it is still not fundamentally different, and A. I. R. is definitely encouraging the singer or instrumentalist with a classical repertoire acceptable to its Music Panel, at the expense of such authentic talent as there may be. That is no way to State control an art.

If Thyagaraja were alive today, would A. I. R. have discovered him? I doubt it, for he would not have obliged the mike with repetitions of another's compositions, perhaps not even of his own. Being a creative artist he would have gone on composing, as the mood took him. The situation though entirely hypothetical—would have had piquant possibilities; he might have been provoked into a composition about A. I. R.

Whether there is greater scope for a musician's verve in the less rigid music of the North than in Carnatic Music is a question that need not be raised here, but I will say this. It is only a thick lack of feeling for fundamental values in art that prevents Dr. Keskar from seeing that the 'filmi' tunes that he despises are, in a sense, far more authentic as creative art than the tradition-bound pieces of Carnatic Music that he values so exclusively.

YOU may say that the mention of Thyagaraja was not a fair argument since the musical function of A. I. R. is not to foster and shape values so much as to entertain the listener with good music (classical, folk or 'filmi') with an awareness of the divergence of tastes that can obtain among people. But A. I. R. has taken on itself the thankless and presumptuous task of determining values and setting less easy standards, of grading musicians and of educating the listener. It is the fountain-head of musical authority—and of morality and religion also. I am not questioning, for a moment, the nobility of his ideals, but surely no art can be sustained mainly by noble ideals on the part of the management!

THE feature titled *Valar-Mathi* broadcast from Tiruchi on the night of April 28 illustrated the affectation of classical purpose without verve, of purity without virtue, that must be the ultimate result of this sustained policy of going by outward looks. It was a symposium about the moon from Tamil poetry, the pieces chosen ranging from remote times to the present. It began promisingly with the remark that the bewitching charm of moonlight had captivated poets always and that in every period they had paid tributes to its beauty. Tamil literature (I suppose this is equally true of other literatures) is rich in poetic references to the moon, and it should have been easy to collect a number of pieces from different periods all of which had authentic poetic worth. However, the pieces presented were singularly lacking in that quality—it was almost as if the compiler had carefully side-stepped celebrated passages and had picked pieces which betrayed no flagrant lyric beauty or thematic relevance. Naturally this was less easy when he made his choice from remote periods, for what has survived to us from those days has poetic worth in the main. But an atrocious piece by Bharathi-Dasan provided him with the nucleus for a bunch of selections where the far-fetched simile and the fatuous sentiment have found scope for expression. And in citing the line from *Thirup-pukhazh*, "Pathi mathi nadhi pothum and sadai", he was typically off theme. The word "mathi" there does not justify the inclusion of this line in a symposium on the moon, as it is only a descriptive attribute of Siva's crown of matted locks—the line means "(he whose matted locks are decorated by) the half-moon, the river and flowers." The recrudescence of moonlight on lovers (in poetic traditions) had just been mentioned when this line was quoted—surely, if the compiler had wanted a piece from *Thirup-pukhazh*, he could have found another more directly inspired by the moon, for example the verse beginning with the line "Virai Maran . . . mikha vanil indu veyil kaya" where the sultriness of moonlight finds such felicitous

poetic expression. Nor did he mention Bharathi's charming poem 'Ven-nilla'. The pieces selected were sung by various voices, which did not make the words any clearer and which only lent them a stagy effect. Altogether this broadcast was a sorry exhibition, in spite of a lively theme—it was just so much moonshine.

The radio play, 'Vendiya Idam', broadcast by A. I. R. Madras on April 27, featured a strong plot, not a specially original plot, but one which had sufficient structural strength to ensure success. One of the characters in this play is a Doctor, who has the mannerism of punctuating his conversation with the words "All right . . . then?". It certainly adds to verisimilitude to sketch in the mannerisms of characters in a radio play, but I thought this Doctor rather overdid his "all right" and "then," particularly when the latter word had no interrogative force but was brought in merely as a complement to the "all right". However, I enjoyed the play.

What I liked best in April was the last talk for the month from Madras, 'The gift of laughter' by H. C. Norminton. This was a shrewd and witty talk and Mr. Norminton made full use of his flair for tonal characterisation. Especially did I like his comment on Schopenhauer who analysed laughter and found it based on incongruity—Mr. Norminton remarked that nothing could be more incongruous than that this morose philosopher should analyse laughter. And he argued that comedy had greater claims as literature than tragedy because anyone could cry with the help of an onion but no vegetable on earth had risible powers!

★

A RICH man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said:

"Ah, Sykes, I am going on a long and very rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well sir," consoled the chauffeur. "There's one comfort; it's all down hill."

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE spirit of trade unionism is steadily spreading in the film industry. It began with the lowest rung of workers, coolies, carpenters and it has now spread to technicians. The workers of almost all the studios of Bombay had to wage a stiff battle to win their rights; in fact, a number of studios in Bombay like Bombay Talkies, Prakash, Mohan, Chandu Studio are being managed by the workers and their committees. Some of these committees have gone into production; how far their efforts have succeeded it is too early to say.

The music directors and the musicians have also formed their unions. Now no producer will be able to replace one music director with another until he has cleared all the dues of the former music director. The musicians are also equally united. Now it is learnt that the film editors, cinematographers and audiographers have also formed their association not just to discuss academic issues but to protect their rights. The Society of Editors, for instance is reported to have issued a directive to its members not to accept work from producers against whom complaints have been received about non-payment of dues to the editors. Even the representatives of newspapers have formed a union to take joint action against defaulting producers.

It is only to be expected that assistant directors, directors and other workers of the film industry will also form unions to protect their rights and ensure the payment of their dues. The supporting artistes will also have to form a union with similar objectives. The junior artistes and extras already have their unions. The writers and the stars have no unions. Out of the two the stars are in a position to dictate to the producers and as such they perhaps do not need any association, but the writers

are the worst sufferers and they had formed an association once. Unfortunately, the association of too many intellectuals did not work out; a fresh effort should be made to revive that association on trade-union basis. In Hollywood, all the film workers are protected by the unions; in India the film workers are at the mercy of the producers' caprices. A strong trade union movement will not only guarantee to the workers the payment of their dues but it will save the industry from adventurists and mushroom producers who do not believe in paying anybody. Such a movement would thus lay the foundation of stability and security for all those working in this industry.

News of the week

YET another story by Sarat Chatterji has been brought to the screen in S. B. Productions' *Shobha*, produced by Sunanda Bannerji, the renowned Bengalee actress. The original Bengalee version's astounding success inspired the producers to make this Hindi version. And though the accent of most of the stars is Bengalee the Hindi version is as good as any picture produced in Calcutta could be.

As usual in Sarat's stories, the Indian woman is glorified; her mute devotion, suffering, sacrifice and her dignity are portrayed with rare understanding and sympathy. There are four or five female characters in the story. *Shobha* is an incarnation of the good old Indian wife who tries to serve her husband despite all his failings and run the home. Lalna, her widowed daughter, is another noble character; she leaves home and tries to end her life rather than be a burden to her starving mother and when she meets a man who really loves her she has no hesitation in marrying him against the tradition. Chhalna, her younger sister, is a lively specimen of spirited adolescence. There are two women who are noble in spite of being prostitutes. Champa, on whom *Shobha's* husband spends a fortune, comes to the rescue of the family when it needs money badly. And the dancing girl who meets Lalna when she is rescued by a zamindar is equally noble.

Even the male characters are all good. Anandbhaya who helps Shobha, Lalna and the whole family selflessly in a deliberately crazy manner is a typical Sarat character. The zamindars are also good and even Damodar, Shobha's husband who is an addict of *ganja* and ruins the life of his wife and children, evokes our sympathy. These characters, human and lively as they are, are ably portrayed by a hand-picked cast. Special mention must be made of Sunanda, Usha Kiran, Abhi and Chhabi who play the roles of Shobha, Lalna, Anandbhaya and Damodar respectively.

Produced with fidelity to the original work, the direction by Niren Lahori is realistic and straightforward without being distinguished. The music is sweet and tuneful, but none of the songs gives you a thrill. The picture itself is rather sedate, lacking inspired touch which is so necessary in transcribing Sarat Chatterji's story to the screen. Even the story which mainly recounts the suffering and starvation of Shobha and her children, one of whom dies and ends with Shobha's death, appears a little outdated reflecting as it does the life in Bengal thirty years ago.

Sincere and authentic, *Shobha* is free from the vulgarity and cheapness which characterize almost all presentday Hindi productions; and in spite of being rather in a low key, it provides an ennobling experience.

Personality of the week

SHYAMA and Fali Mistry have hit headlines. The news of their forthcoming marriage has been flashed in all the film journals.

This will not be the first time a star will be marrying a cameraman-director; there have been several star-director romances and weddings in the industry. Colour is however lent by the fact that both Shyama and Fali belong to different religions and their names were never mentioned together by gossip-mongers almost until last week.

Out of the two, Shyama who rose from an extra in *Zeenat* to a full-fledged star in *Shreemati* is too well-known. But Fali Mistry is per-

haps not equally known outside the industry. Fali Mistry is an accomplished technician; he came into limelight as the cinematographer of *Amrapalli* during the war days. *Amrapalli* was directed by Nandlal Jaswantlal. Since then he has photographed, *Mela*, *Babul* and other pictures.

As a cameraman he has the distinction of having started a new school of photography. Fali was the first cameraman to use arc lamps so extensively in *Babul*. He does not believe in camera-movement; he believes in static shots with special lighting. In his memorable shots there is generally only one source of lighting, the rest is dark. He and his brother Jal have been the chief exponents of this style which is known in film parlance as the "Fali Mistry School" of photography.

Extremely fair and handsome Fali has a rather romantic temperament. *Jan Pehchaan* was his first directorial vehicle; since then he has directed *Saaza* and *Armaan*. It was while making *Saaza* that he first came in contact with Shyama who along with Nimmi played a stellar role in the picture. Since then Shyama and Fali have been dating frequently. Shyama's father was opposed to this romance, but he could not persuade his daughter to forget Fali. And so in spite of his opposition, the romance blossomed and it is now expected to culminate in matrimony.

News of the week

NUPUR JHANKER is the title Shantaram has fixed for his next picture which he is making in technicolor.

Madhubala will play the lead in H. S. Rawail's new venture, *Teerandaz* under the banner of Rohini Films.

Rs. 7001—the collection of the premiere show of *The Conquest of Everest* was donated to Tensing at a public reception at Chowpathy on Tuesday.

Premnath accepted the cuts under protest and his picture *Prisoner of Golconda* has been granted a certificate.

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"QUESTIONS OF FREEDOM"

IN an editorial under the caption "Questions of Freedom" the *New York Times* has this comment on the recent conference of five Asian Prime Ministers in Colombo:

All five are agreed that "colonialism" is a threat to freedom and are ready to go on record condemning it. Three of the five, those from Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma, are agreed that Communism is likewise a threat to freedom and should be correspondingly condemned. Prime Ministers Nehru and Sastroamidjojo of India and Indonesia, respectively, do not agree in that condemnation, holding that it would disturb relations with friendly powers.

The editorial concludes thus:

It is natural that Asian memories should still concern themselves with "colonialism". It is shortsighted if this concern in Asia blinds people and their leaders who have been made free to the menace to that freedom that exists not in an unhappy past but in a very real and ominous present and future.

This comment of the *New York Times* on the proceedings of the Colombo conference is typical of much Western, especially American political thinking. It takes for granted that colonialism is a thing of the past, whereas Communism is an actual menace "in a very real and ominous present and future." Such an assumption is entirely divorced from reality. It derives a certain plausibility from the fact that the most conspicuous expression of colonialism in Asia disappeared when the British withdrew from India. But there are other parts of the continent where it still survives. And its survival is by no

means limited to Asia. Practically the whole of Africa is parcelled out into empires ruled by Western colonial powers, the same powers that are so prominent in denouncing the threat of Communism to freedom in the world. Far from being the mere memory of an unhappy past, the dark shadow of colonialism covers a wider area of the globe today than does Communism. The distinction between the two isms drawn by the *New York Times*, that one of them has ceased to exist, whereas the other alone continues as a menace to freedom in the present and future, is thus wholly untenable and untrue. This is proved not merely by the facts of the contemporary world, but also by an inconsistency within the body of the editorial itself, cited, in part, above. For it pays a lavish tribute to the "clear-headedness" of Pakistan's Prime Minister, Mohammed Ali, for saying at the conference, "We can rid ourselves of colonialism, but any country that is overrun by Communism may be lost for ever." Apparently it was forgotten that we cannot rid ourselves of something which we are told exists no longer in the present.

In one breath we are told that colonialism does not exist except in the unhappy past. Almost in the same breath we are rebuked for not being clear-headed enough to realise, as the Pakistan Prime Minister did at Colombo, that colonialism is a small evil compared to Communism. If the standpoint of the *New York Times* represents the American

attitude, Pandit Nehru can hardly be blamed if it makes no appeal whatever to him.

In their fight against Communism, the Americans have set themselves up as champions of the free world. But their position is vitiated by an insuperable truth, that not the whole of the area for which they speak is free. Large tracts of it are under the sway of colonial powers that are prominent allies of the U. S. in their anti-Communist outlook. The Americans do not tolerate the possibility of prospective violations of the freedom of other countries by Russia or China, but they are quite tender to the existing and continuing enslavement of a considerable part of the world at the hands of European colonial powers that are their own allies. In view of all this, is it surprising if Pandit Nehru should come to feel that the issue of world freedom is to a large extent left uncovered by the American challenge to the Communist powers?

Pandit Nehru's neutrality is justified by the partiality of the Americans for the essentially aggressive European powers that still continue

to be the bulwarks of imperialism, colonialism and racialism in the world today. There is no refuge other than neutrality to the sincere votary of freedom when a powerful nation acts in unison with the enemies of freedom in one part of the world and sets itself up as an apostle of liberty in another. While India remains neutral the American rescue effort in Asia as against the Communists, is doomed to ridicule and failure. The only thing that can break Pandit Nehru's neutrality is a larger infusion of sincerity in the American drive against the forces imperilling the world's freedom. Just as they want Russia and China to be confined politically within their own borders, they must demand a similar withdrawal from every colonial power still operating an empire outside its borders. Only thus can the U. S. A. become a convincing champion of freedom in the world against the powers threatening it. And when such a policy is vigorously put forth and earnestly acted upon, no freedom-loving nation or leader can afford to be indifferent or neutral to it. Not certainly India or Nehru.

Sotto Voce

★

AUTOMATIC DIVORCE

THE Special Marriage Bill which the Council of Elders has jubilantly adopted is vitiated by the basic defect of intellectual irresponsibility which makes our 'progressives' so pathetic. Poor Mr. Biswas is no Hotspur. Charged by a flamboyant critic with murdering Manu, he replied in the resigned accents of a saint that he was a humble follower

of the sages, but had to do his duty. The sages, if they could be bothered to give their attention to our antics, would open their eyes wide at the kind of defence of this absurd piece of legislation which their follower thought fit to make.

He argued that the proper test of such legislation was not whether



there was widespread demand for it. Progress was always brought about by the initiative of an enlightened minority. Unfortunately for his thesis he gave two examples from which very different conclusions may be drawn. He referred to the Widow Remarriage Bill which was passed in the teeth of popular opposition. But, far from upholding Vidyasagar's claims to far-sightedness, it has remained practically a dead letter: the simple reason is that it lacked mass initiative. The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof: I am yet to come across one widow marriage which turned out to be reasonably happy.

The other instance Mr. Biswas gave is even more damaging to his cause. Suttee, which was abolished by law against the opposition of some orthodox Pandits, had in fact been abolished very much earlier by popular sentiment; it had been allowed to fall into desuetude. But the one woman in a million—the *sati* of the type of Padmavati who when she heard that her sainted spouse Jayadeva had been killed by robbers fell down dead—still ascends the funeral pyre with her dead husband's body, not all the laws in the Penal Code notwithstanding. Such laws have always been otiose or infructuous.

Mr. Biswas strenuously denied that the Bill would interfere with religion. He contended that, by allowing followers of different religions to marry, it made it unnecessary for them to practise the compulsory apostasy that the old Civil Marriage Act demanded. But then the old Act was far more honest, at least so far as Hinduism was concerned. It faced up to the fact that Hinduism was a way of life as well as a set of beliefs. And it realised that the family unit, sustained by the sacrament of marriage, was the linchpin of the Dharma. And so, while it gave the foot-loose leave to go their own pleasant ways, it told them (to change the metaphor) that they could not eat their cake and have it.

The concept of religion Mr. Biswas seems to entertain is shown up for

the hollow thing that it is by the stand to which he was logically driven in regard to the beliefs in which the children of these marriages should be brought up. Were they to follow the religion of the father or the religion of the mother? The Law Minister displayed a touching faith in the co-operative wisdom of the parents. At the same time, from a desire to be helpful, he suggested that religion was heady wine which it might be best to keep from the innocents.

He told the parents in effect, "Don't you try to thrust upon them either of your religions. The child will anyhow be free to choose his or her own religion—(why should he?)—when he is eighteen. So give him not religion with a small r—denominational religion—but Religion with a big R—love of God." (Mr. Biswas's use of 'denominational' is, to say the least, peculiar.) A moral education, not periodical attendance at a church, temple or mosque, is the one thing needed: such in effect is the Biswas gospel. But, alas Mr. Biswas, the world calls your "religion with a big R" not religion but latitudinarianism. It is this 'broadmindedness' that has everywhere led to the decay of religion and of morals and promises to wash the planet clean of the two-legged vermin.

It is perhaps hardly surprising that a House keyed up to this mood of unthinking optimism should have voted for automatic divorce by separation or mutual consent. This is not very different from legalising promiscuity. Even with much more stringent restrictions one woman in every third in America is a divorcee. And in Britain 30 per cent of the children born are born out of wedlock. Lord Justice Denning has been denouncing the easy morals that make people, who no doubt regard themselves as decent, look upon adultery with a kindness which they do not accord to misfortune. That is the plight into which we shall soon drift if our unbridled steeds are allowed to run away with the rider.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

SRI K. C. S. PANIKKER is leaving for Europe this week to study painting. Formerly employed in the Postal and Telegraph Department, Sri Panikker left that secure haven to embark on the perilous adventure of art. He was fortunate in his choice of preceptor. Practically every artist of any considerable reputation in South India owes his success to the tutelage and inspiration of the Madras School of Arts under the gifted direction of its great Principal, Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhuri; and Panikker who is now an ornament to the School as one of its outstanding teachers, spent several years after adolescence with that master acquiring the techniques of painting. He was not given to imitation of any conventional pattern and went wide afield experimenting daringly. The influence of Frank Brangwin was patent at the outset in his experimentations. Brangwin is partial to mass treatment and grouping of figures in such a compact manner that an impression of oneness is produced in the painting. Panikker gave the Brangwinian touch to his researches in colour, following, not tonal values, but the values of the colour itself, which helped tonal effect with the interplay of the warmth and coldness of the pigments. Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhuri is an exacting critic and hard taskmaster not given to profusion of praise in judging the work of his pupils. In the matter of compactness of composition, which he regards as the most difficult to acquire among the faculties of painting, his standards are of an insatiable perfectionism. But I have heard him say that in this hard and basic acquirement, which goes to the very root of effectiveness in pictorial art, Sri Panikker has shown himself quite an unbeatable adept. Also, he is not victimised by modern trends which seek to evade patience and hard work for getting quick effects with tricky strokes.

A painter of the distinction of Sri Panikker will have as much to teach others as he can learn from them, which is as it should be; and



K. C. S. Panikker

it is the uniqueness of his visit to Europe that it owes nothing to the patronage of official promoters who are ordinarily more easily susceptible to influence and aristocratic standing than to merit. On the eve of his departure, the Kerala Samaj gave him a rousing reception last week. It was presided over by Sri Kamaraj Nadar. It is an auspicious beginning for the regime of the

new Chief Minister that it has not opened with a fanfare of trumpets beaten by the professional adventurers who gather with disgusting sycophancy round every rising sun in the political firmament. He has revealed a commendable capacity for fraternising with ordinarily neglected classes that generally do not come within the orbit of ministerial attention for the reason that they have neither political pull nor the magnetic attraction of money-power to recommend them. There seems indeed to be something swiftly demoralising in the attainment of political office under the Congress dispensation. Very few of our Ministers are able to take power easily and naturally in their stride. It goes to their head intoxicating them and making them arrogant, and very few of them are the same *after* they become Ministers as they were *before*. From the very next day after they are sworn in, they erect round themselves cordons of a new aloofness from their old companions, which tends painfully to contort their personalities and make them repellent, artificial and ridiculous. It is a refreshing novelty that Sri Kamaraj Nadar continues sober and natural, aware of the worth of simplicity and social balance, and that he has not rushed forward into innovations isolating him from the public to emphasise his status as Chief Minister.

ANDHRA Ministers have been patting themselves and each other on the back for the wonderful work they have done in a short period. Their published claim is unfortunately not sustained by the actual reality. The affairs of the Andhra Government seem to be managed with pitiable irresponsibility. After fixing the capital at Kurnool and sinking enormous amounts on buildings, they have demonstrated, within the very first year, that Kurnool is not good enough for the meeting of the legislature in summer, and that in summer the Ministers and the legislators need the salubrious climate of

Waltair. This is a reversion to the pattern of the old British practice of rushing from Madras to Ootacamund in the hot weather, a practice which then drove the Congress leaders to paroxysms of fury over the wastefulness of it. Apparently the duty of running the administration economically is for others and not for the Congress stalwarts. Then there have been any number of 'projects' publicised with prodigious gusto as having been started with the laying of foundation stones by this or that Minister. After the foundation stones were laid nothing more seems to have been done. The publicity was the objective, and after it was abundantly achieved, everybody concerned turned quietly to other things. The gap between paper achievements and practical performance is quite impressive in Andhra. In the educational field the Ministry began most ambitiously with the announcement of a plan to start a university at Tirupati. There are wrangles over the structure of the university and what form it should take. The whole future of higher education in the State has been thrown into uncertainty and controversy. On the other hand, on the destructive side, the exploits of the Government have been swift and decisive. They have lost no time in ordering that quite a large number of secondary schools should be immediately closed down. All the world over, the secondary schools are the feeders to the university. It is only in Andhra that the architects of higher education look to expansion of universities while drying them at their source by closing down a considerable number of secondary schools.

With Sri Prakasam at the head, great things were expected of the Andhra Government. For over thirty years I have been unswerving in my admiration of the Andhra Kesari. He fascinated me with the gigantic vigour of his dash and devil-may-care abandon and his absolute indifference to those personal and family concerns which constitute to ordinary politi-

plans life's main goal. I thought as Chief Minister of Andhra he will crown with glory his long life of continuous struggle and terrific energy filled with magnanimous sacrifice. But at the very moment when Sri Prakasam reached the summit of his life's ambition by recovering the once lost dignity of Chief Minister, he fell from grace and duty. He betrayed the integrity of the administration entrusted to his charge by appointing his son, Hanumantha Rao, as his private secretary.

A Chief Minister is entitled to appoint his son as his private secretary if he is qualified for the post. But Sri Prakasam's son has neither the education nor the experience nor the character requisite for filling with safety and credit the duties of so responsible a position. He takes full advantage of the fact that Sri Prakasam has not eyesight enough to read printed or typed matter. The

combined effect of Sri Prakasam's physical infirmities due to old age and a father's affection to his son in his dotage, has served to lift the private secretary out of the customary disciplinary obligations of Government service and instal him in a position of privilege for masterful disposal of the files and portfolios of the Chief Minister. It has been said that power without responsibility is the privilege of the harlot throughout the ages. The stink of it emanating in the office of the Chief Minister's private secretariat has spread over the whole State and ruined Sri Prakasam's prestige. None of the charges levelled by Sri Prakasam against other Ministers in the past is equal in deleterious content and demoralising purport to the manifold evils flowing out of this one single appointment, universally condemned and blessed by none, that he has made.

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BRITAIN DECLARES SEMI-INDEPENDENCE

By ANDREW ROTH

BITRAIN, it seems, has at long last issued its declaration of semi-independence.

This historic fact has been observed by typical British reticence, complicated by the fact that they have backed into this position instead of seizing it. Instead of seizing a peace initiative, as Sir Winston attempted in May 1953, a calm and composed British "no" has thrown cold water on an effort which may well have landed the world in World War III.

The historic day was April 25, when the British Cabinet and service chiefs were summoned into an extraordinary Sunday session to consider the feverish French request, backed by Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford, for an Anglo-American air strike against the Vietminh at Dienbienphu.

Never was British *sang-froid* used to greater advantage. The Cabinet, in Sir Winston's phrase of two days later, decided to use "calm judgment" when there was "a violent tension in many minds," particularly in Paris and Washington. They decided that the loss of Dienbienphu would be serious but not overwhelming. Even if Northern Viet Nam were lost, it would not mean the loss of the whole of Indo-China. And the loss of Indo-China would not automatically mean the loss of all Southeast Asia. More, the British decided, would be lost by the Franco-American "emergency" programme than could be gained. An air-strike in jungle terrain could not be militarily decisive. But it might be politically disastrous. No defense in South Asia would be worth anything if the South Asian countries did not participate; most of these feel the Indo-China conflict to be primarily colonial. This view is shared by a large proportion of the British public as well and is actively propagated by Aneurin Bevan and others. An even larger proportion of

the British public favours utmost patience in negotiating with the Communist world and actively fears that a "tough" policy would mean war. Certainly only an infinitesimal minority in Britain would support any toughness before the peaceful avenues of Geneva had been explored. In short, "no" was the answer of Sir Winston.

Cold-water douche

IF the Alsop brothers are even half-correct in their sensational story, published in the *New York Herald Tribune* of May 2, this British "no" may well rank as the most valuable bit of cold water ever to cool a war fever. It saved the fat from being thrown into the Dienbienphu fire.

The Alsops reported, "on the highest and most undoubted authority"—which seems to mean President Eisenhower himself—that "the (Eisenhower) Administration was not just reluctantly ready to intervene in Indo-China but had firmly concluded that we ought to intervene if we could carry our allies with us. Congress would now be debating a resolution allowing the President to send American armed forces to Indo-China if the British Government had not turned down American proposals for 'united action' at the emergency Cabinet meeting held in London (on April 25)."

"Here in Washington the draft resolution has been prepared. A provisional commitment to ask for Congressional approval had been given to the French Government. If the British had gone along this thing would have been done. "The French Ambassador was informed that at least some allies would have to go along. Congress could not be asked to act at all except in the guise of 'united action.'"

"This vital conditions of the American decision immediately demand-

ed a decision in London. United action could hardly be hoped for if the British held back. The British Government was informed of the position. By instruction from his Government the French Ambassador to London made an urgent plea for a favourable British answer to the American proposal. . . . The Administration hoped that the French request would provide a background against which secretary Dulles could persuade the British to approve united action, but the British answer to Mr. Dulles was 'No'."

The reverberations of 'No'

THAT Churchillian 'No' has reverberated like a shout in a valley full of finely balanced snow-drifts. It started the avalanche of Senatorial attacks on Mr. Dulles which has left him completely exposed with scarcely any support except from Admiral Radford. Timid President Eisenhower has scamped back to the safety of Senatorial approval. Instead of the verbal menaces of Mr. Dulles, the President speaks of get-

ting along with the Communists in Asia.

As a result of this last-minute change in Washington, Mr. Dulles' departure from Geneva looked quite different from what had been planned. Mr. Dulles had planned to depart after a week in order to show that the U. S. would not support a propaganda circus; he would put the U. S. position and if the Communists did not move quickly to meet it, he would pack up and leave, thus deflating the conference. Instead, Mr. Dulles has himself been deflated in the eyes of most Europeans and South Asians into a man who hasn't the power to make war and lacks the patience to talk peace.

This deflation of Dulles has made Anthony Eden seem heroic. In contrast with Dulles' studied gesture of disdain, Eden's earnest efforts to establish international good manners seem like grandiose peace making.

In fact the gestures of Eden are much more significant than they appear at first sight precisely because

they are semi-independent gestures, carried out in pursuance to the Foreign Office's belief that the Communist world now genuinely desires a reduction of tension rather than out of fear of what an American Senator might say about it. It must be recalled that until very recently the Foreign Office seemed to be guided very largely by the rule that it must do nothing to embarrass the British Ambassador in Washington. Within that context it must be considered quite daring that Mr. Eden agreed to lunch with Mr. Molotov and Mr. Chou on April 30.

Quite daring, too, was Britain's reversal on the unification of Korea. When the conference opened, the American delegation was happy in the knowledge that Mr. Eden had, in response to an urgent request from Mr. Dulles, agreed to support the South Korean position that elections for a unified Korean Parliament take place only in the North. Mr. Dulles made known his displeasure, after the conference started, that Mr. Eden was remaining silent on Korea. This turned to irritation as it became apparent that the British delegation was moving toward insistence on free elections on both sides of the 38th—which the North Koreans could not accept either.

South Asia

EQUALLY illustrative of the new British freedom of action was Eden's personal appeal to the Prime Ministers of India, Ceylon and Pakistan, then meeting at the "Little Geneva" at Colombo. He asked them if they could associate themselves with whatever plan for ending the Indo-China conflict was worked out at Geneva. He emphasized that he had "good hopes" such a solution could be worked out but that its application required the widest support.

This personal appeal was a somewhat dramatic gesture for Mr. Eden since the British Government had been in regular consultations with the Indian, Pakistan, and Ceylonese Governments on these subjects for some time. Mr. Eden clearly wanted to demonstrate leadership in the field of "constructive diplomacy" which he

obviously contrasts with Mr. Dulles' "diplomacy by overstatement." Mr. Eden hoped to keep the Colombo Conference from adopting a negative attitude toward the West's participation in an Indo-China settlement and to line up Asian countries in the widest possible support for the West's efforts to end the Indo-China conflict without losing Indo-China to the Communists.

In doing this he sought to strengthen Britain's position and outflank both Pandit Nehru and John Foster Dulles. In the postwar period the British Foreign Office has considered it necessary to run in harness with both Washington and New Delhi. Only U. S. military power can provide the necessary military backbone to 'hold the line' in South Asia where Britain has so many important interests. But only with Asian consent can there be the political environment for a friendly association of the West and Asia.

The Foreign Office feels that it alone knows the pace at which the aims of the West and non-Communist Asians can be harmonized. It has resented the American tendency to try to move too quickly in some directions—such as the immediate institution of a Southeast Asian Treaty Organization. At the same time the Foreign Office has resented Pandit Nehru's tendency to scuttle the SEATO out of hand—after Britain had worked on it for over a year.

In publicizing his personal appeal, Mr. Eden was letting Washington hear again publicly what he has oft told them via official channels: there is no point in attempting to set up anything in South Asia unless the Commonwealth's Asian dominions are brought along and that Britain is the one that can do that—if permitted to move at its own pace.

Simultaneously he was telling Pandit Nehru that his was not the only peaceful voice that South Asian States might listen to.

Behind the initiative

HAVING seen the speed with which British initiative evaporated in last summer's sun, one hesitates to predict whether the April 25 "No" and Mr. Eden's semi-independence at Geneva mark a brief inter-

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lude in British foreign policy or the beginning of a new and very important period.

A brief survey would tend to indicate that Britain's initiative is likely to continue. For one thing the crisis over intervention in Indo-China has polished off a couple of bogeys. Mr. Dulles turned out to have a loud bang but little explosive force; when loud talk did not suffice to win his point he was proved to have little behind him, not even President Eisenhower. Therefore Mr. Dulles will never again by himself be able to paralyze the Foreign Office with fear.

Furthermore it will be difficult to frighten the F. O. with the warning that the U. S. will go isolationist if Britain does not accede to Washington's every desire. The F. O. now feels that a bit of isolationism can be a healthy thing: it was the so-called isolationists in the U. S. Senate who held back from intervention in Indo-China.

Britain also feels economically more secure. Sterling is strong and exports are holding up quite well. The recession in the U. S. economy has not had the expected adverse affect on Britain's economy.

At the same time the Communist-trade "hedges" which Britain has cultivated, to avoid the menace of an American depression are turning out to have some value. Although there is nothing like the fabulous trade totals the Communists promise, there has been a substantial and useful increase in trade which the Government is determined to continue to cultivate. The complete freeing of rubber exports to Russia on May 4 is a further sign.

For a power-conscious world strategist like Sir Winston there may be still a further reason. On May 3 the *Daily Express* claimed Britain has developed a new and cheap H-bomb. Britain too can be a world power if it can make H-bombs on the cheap!

THE PRESS AND THE GOVERNMENT

RAGHUNATHA AIYAR'S ADDRESS TO JOURNALISTS

We give below the text of an extempore address by Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar, President of the Southern India Journalists Federation at the annual session of the Federation this year held at Rajaji Hall, Madras:

THE Press had bouquets showered upon it immediately after Independence was attained. You will all remember that we were regarded as and told that we were, the saviours of the country; that we had helped the national struggle and done marvelous things; that the country could never be too grateful to the Press for all that it had done, and so on. That honeymoon period was soon over. Then the Government reverted to their natural habits. In this country, particularly, these habits are not always favourable to the Press. The general attitude seems to be to forget the Press normally; if it is at all remembered, it is only to give it a clout on its head, to lecture it on its misdeeds or to speak of it contemptuously. The characteristic way of speaking about it, or talking at it, is to say, "After all, what is this so-called Press opinion? It is one man's opinion." I have always found that where a "one-man" newspaper supports a "one-man Government," that one-man Government or the man behind that Government is not at all anxious to discount that support on the ground that it is just one man's opinion. But you are reduced in status and deflated to the proportions of a "one-man newspaper" only when you happen to differ from those in authority. Unfortunately, many newspapers have to differ from them and that too quite often. I have seen a document prepared after considerable consideration, care and circumspection by the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference. They refer to the status of the Editor, and admit the declining status of the Editor today. They say:

"In the present generation, however, the Editor does not enjoy the same

status and reputation, possibly because of a decline in the stature of Editors, partly because journalism has become a profession rather than a mission, and the newspaper industry itself an intricate and highly developed machine. There is also the factor that the political leader regards the Editor as a self-appointed spokesman of the people while he himself is their elected leader. Ministers have expressed themselves on this point in precisely these terms."

If newspapers are to be regarded as "one-man shows," how shall we regard these Governments? It has been claimed that the elected leader has got some kind of special importance or is much more responsible to, or representative of, public opinion than are the newspapers. You know what modern caucus rule is. You know how little connection it has with the opinion of the man in the street how it manufactures the kind of opinion that is echoed with megaphone-like docility by people who are by courtesy the representatives of the people. They represent no doubt somebody's views; but nobody is in a position to ascertain whose views they represent. The electorate has indeed elected them; but very often it elects, not after thinking carefully over the merits of X, Y, and Z, but because it has been told by a party or caucus or individual in whom it has faith, that X, Y, and Z are the people in whom that caucus or party or individual has confidence. The electorate may discover sooner or later that things are not perhaps quite as beautiful as they were pictured to be, but it has no remedy for five years. Whereas your electorate and mine, namely, the people who buy your and my paper, can pass judgment on you and me every morning.

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In fact, they do. They are very vigorous and active, and what is more, there is a perpetual "Opposition" here, whereas some of the political leaders are blissfully free from even the shadow of a shade of opposition. If it is a question of getting credentials for the press as representatives of the people, they can justly claim that they are not less representative than any Government that happens to be in power.

Traducing the Press

SUPPOSING, still, people say,—they have said it,—the newspapers are dominated by the proprietors or the advertisers or foreign influences or pressure groups. Many of these complaints have been often found to be imaginary; but still these various items of indictment, you will find, have figured in the Press Commission's proceedings. They say all these things happen and that these things naturally lead to the deterioration of the Press, make it unreliable, and make it almost a menace to the public weal and that therefore the Press has got to be kept under surveillance even if it is not actually put in the pillory. So you have the Press Act, originally for two years and now for another two years. You know the kind of operation such so-called temporary legislation performs. It is self-perpetuating and goes on indefinitely, as the Press 'Emergency' Act of the British days went on indefinitely. And, all the time, the politicians go on talking at the Press, saying it is not representative, good, or honest. What happens? I must submit with great humility that the politician who pays lip service to democracy and at the same time says the Press is dishonest or incompetent or it is something which should be or must be regulated and put into chains, so that it may behave properly, cuts the ground from under his own feet. Politicians or political parties that begin traducing the Press—it may be good or it may be bad, that does not matter—ultimately get the bad Press they deserve. The result is that "the sheep look up and are not fed." The papers being constantly talked at and finding their position constantly worsened, because the powerful and the influential and

those to whom the country lends its ears keep saying that the Press is no good, perforce try to adjust themselves—it is only human nature—to the new forces and influences. Once the Press begins this task of adjusting or accommodating itself, it ceases to be of any use to anybody, and Democracy will be the first casualty.

Self-Government the corrective

IT may be that the Press today is not perfect. One may think of any number of imperfections. It may be that some of these undesirable influences are there, in more or less measure. It may be that the proprietorial influence is often exercised without regard to the public interest; or perhaps, in the exercise of proprietorial privileges, private interest is actively furthered. I am not denying any such possibility. But if all that is happening actually, how are you going to control that? Are you going to control it by this process of alternately giving a lash and reading a lecture to the Press? That is what a famous school master is supposed to have done in the past. Or, are you going to enable the Press to correct its own faults and redress the balance which has been upset by the specially favoured position that has been given by circumstance or history to one arm of the Press or one interest in the Press?

This Press, or any press in the world for that matter, is a cooperative enterprise. No newspaper in the world can be produced by one man. No man who has been inside a newspaper for a day would make the stupid mistake of saying that it can be a one-man business. It may be that one man has the ultimate direction; but "ultimate direction," like the reserve powers of Presidents or Governors of States, is almost never brought into play. If it should come into play every other day, that would be the end of the newspaper, as it would also be of Government. You have a large number of people working as a team, men of diverse equipment, diverse interests and diverse views; but by the very fact of working together in a creative enterprise they arrive at a kind of norm in maintaining which every

one from the topmost to the junior-most cooperates. They all arrive at this norm, which is determined by long tradition, if it is a paper with a long past, or the commonsense of that small but diverse and well qualified group of people, that community which is a microcosm, a representative in miniature of the world of diversity outside, which it is the business of the newspaper to reflect as clearly, truly and faithfully as it can.

No outside interference

WHEN the limits of possible mischief are very narrow and it is the kind of mischief that can be corrected, why does not this Government which says it is interested in democracy set about this in the proper way? I am not without hopes that the Government of this country will do so. They started the Press Commission presumably because they hoped to do something, I am sure the Commissioners take their work seriously and will put forward a set of useful proposals according to the best of their lights. So far as we in this Federation are concerned, we have made a series of suggestions which aim at producing an institutional machinery that would help the Press to govern itself more efficiently than it has been able to do so far and by the same token obviate any kind of uninstructed, ill-directed and unhappy interference by forces from without, not the least of these forces being the politicians of the caucus. If Government are really interested in the Press, they ought to set up this type of machinery which would enable the internal differences to be resolved and to help all who work in the press, including the Proprietors, Chief Editors, Managing Editors, Assistant Editors, Junior Sub-Editors, and Reporters, to arrive at a unified way of looking at the Press, its opportunities, its responsibilities, and its duties.

Make workers contented

THAT, incidentally, should facilitate an agreed solution of this problem of wages, conditions of work, hours of work and other such things.

No self-government works if there is one party to the transaction which is always disgruntled, discontented, or waiting for opportunities to throw handfuls of sand into the works. If that kind of discontent is eliminated by a proper balance of these various interests being established in a practicable way, then the onus is thrown on the Press to see that it functions with all the dignity, sense of duty and zeal for the public welfare which any worthwhile Press must command if it is to establish itself in the affections and regard of the people. While the Press must rely only on the powers of reason for influencing public opinion, the Governments, which have the legislative power, can legitimately exercise that power in order to see that every interest in the country operates mainly by and through the force of reason to attain its rightful objectives. Only so can a co-operative commonwealth be developed which will obviate the necessity of any kind of coercion being exercised for the larger purposes of society. In a complex society like that in which we live today, if all the time the Government has got to do policing, that Government will have no time for anything else. If the Government take the view that the Press ought to be perpetually kept in surveillance and checkmated perpetually, then conditions are far more various than you and I have liked to think.

The Press ought to be regarded as a vital factor in this great enterprise of running a cooperative democracy. If the Governments find that there are deficiencies in the Press, then the Governments ought to tell the Press and enable the Press to correct those deficiencies. It can be done only this way. Unless the Press is made really self-governing, unless all the various galling external restraints are removed, unless the various factors that go to make the Press—the various human, functional groups that cooperate in the enterprise of the Press—are accorded their rightful place and are able to exercise over the fortunes of the Press a corrective influence—which will be something bigger and far better than any influence that the

man who looks only to the wages can ever hope to exercise—unless all this is done, you cannot hope to have the really democratic Press that this great country deserves and requires. It is from this conviction that we have framed our proposals submitted to the Press Commission for the establishment of a suitable machinery of self-government.

A word to working journalists

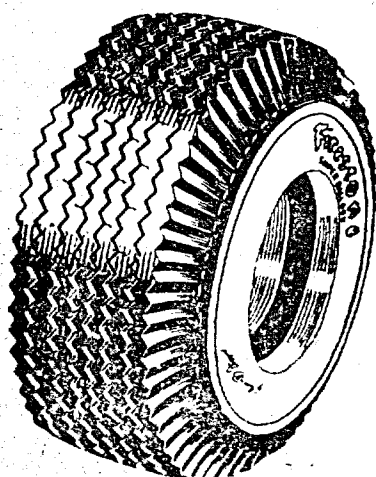
TO the members of the Federation there is just one word which I should like to say. In the building up of any movement, there is no substitute, believe me, for the constant exercise of personal thought, of personal effort and above all, personal courage on the part of every individual member. If people feel that things are not being done properly, they ought to come forward and do their little bit. There is unfortunately a tendency, all the world over to believe that there is safety in bigness. This cult of bigness, a characteristically modern

growth, stems from a sense of insufficiency in the individual, a hankering after security. Freudians will recognise it as the "anxiety to rest content in the mother's womb"; others call it "escapism." When there is a crowd, you go into the crowd mentality; you look up to others; that saves you the trouble of thinking. That way no problem in the world is ever solved. No delegation of one's own personal responsibility to another has ever helped anybody. There is no substitute for the exercise of personal responsibility all through.

The key to success

DO not imagine that this form or that form of organisation is going to solve the fundamental difficulty of people who are not prepared to do any work themselves but would like to lull themselves into the belief that it will somehow get done if only they sit back and grouse. With regard to trade unionism we have debated endlessly. There are people here, I think they are the bulk of the membership, who believe that the professional way of organisation is the best. There are people elsewhere who believe that the trade union way is the best. The matter can be argued; it has been argued in the past and I am sure it is going to be argued in the future also. It does not matter how many people come to either kind of conclusion, provided they have followed their reason, with a full knowledge of all the facts. But the one thing which has got to be again and again emphasized is this: by selecting one kind of organisation rather than another, you will not be by-passing this problem of personal responsibility. This country is the graveyard of countless moribund institutions and the most numerous among these are cooperative societies and trade unions. That is a thought which I would like you to dwell with for a while, setting aside all kinds of prejudice or prepossession that you may have towards people who, by a series of accidental circumstances, have been manoeuvred into a position from which they would be only too glad to get out.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

A COALITION FOR PEACE

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

"When there is substantial difference in the strength of the two opposing forces, we in Asia, with our limitations will not be able to influence the issue. But when the two opposing forces are fairly evenly matched, then it is possible to make our weight felt in the balance."—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

THE above statement of Prime Minister Nehru may be taken to be the most succinct explanation of the Asian idea of a "third force" for world peace. The world, today is caught in the stranglehold of the two rival powers whose relentless pursuit of conflicting ideologies is sure to spell the doom of humanity if all the nations in the world were to arraign themselves in either of the two hostile camps. To avoid such a grim prospect for humanity, Prime Minister Nehru mooted the idea of building up an "area of peace." To quote Mr. Nehru: "Peace is not merely an absence of war. It is also a state of mind. That state of mind is almost completely absent from this world of cold war today. We have endeavoured not to succumb to this climate of war and fear and to consider our problems as well as the problems of the world as dispassionately as possible. We have felt that even if some terrible tragedy overtakes the world, it is worthwhile to keep some area of the world free from it to the extent possible. Therefore we have declared that India will be no participant in a war and we have hoped that other countries in Asia would likewise keep away from it, thus building up an area of peace." Wholeheartedly endorsing this view of Mr. Nehru, Dr. Mahmood Azami of the Egyptian Press Delegation said: "The salvation of humanity lies in the stopping of the creation of new satellites of one or another of the blocs competing for power in the world. The presence of a peace area will be a great help in this connection."

In the present state of world tension, the countries of the West who are the inheritors of a "legacy of con-

flicts" are not in a position to make their weight felt in any appreciable manner in the existing balance of power. Fortunately, however, with the resurgent nations of Asia—barring, of course, China—there seems to be "a certain commonness in approach" to the world problems. It does not mean that the minds of Asia all think alike. In fact Asia, which covers a third of the globe and carries three-fifths of its population, with its infinite variety, may not even lend itself to any generalisation. Nevertheless, as *The Times* in its editorial (December 2nd 1953) observed: "The proofs of the existence of a common Asian point of view are overwhelming. At every meeting of the United Nations the activities of the Arab-Asian bloc reveal a sense of shared interest among the countries composing it which transcends race, language and religion . . . Shortcomings in the conduct of their own affairs by individual Asian countries should not blind the Western world to the importance of the common content of Asian thought which is now emerging. A place must be found for it in all the calculations upon which the issues of war and peace depend . . ."

The common experience of the Asian countries of having been subjected to foreign domination during what Mr. Nehru termed as "the colonial era in Asia" brings forth certain common reactions from the countries of Asia towards some of the major problems like colonialism, racial discrimination, etc. Apart from their strong opposition to colonialism and racialism, there is widespread resentment at the deliberate intervention of foreign powers who attempt to dispose of Asian problems at some council table without reference to Asia. More than all, the countries of Asia resist the attempt of the power blocs to drag them into the arena of their rivalries and conflicts. Common reaction of the Asian countries to everyone of these speci-

fic issues forms the basis for their "coalition for peace."

In the past, Europe thought of Asia in terms of a backward people—a people to be ruled firmly. Nevertheless after World War II, there was a tremendous upheaval in the whole of Asia which resulted in the emergence of independent Asian countries like India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia. It is rather strange that still some vestiges of foreign rule should remain in parts of Asia and Africa. Time and again, Mr. Nehru has raised his voice of protest against the perpetuation of colonialism. Especially when the Dutch were frantically trying to dig themselves in Indonesia, Pandit Nehru warned that "if some kind of colonial domination continues in Indonesia . . . it will be a danger to the whole of Asia." Likewise, alluding to the American assistance to France for the perpetuation of the French rule in Indo-China, Sutan Sjahrir of Indonesia wrote: "If this 'freedom' the U. S. talks so constantly of defending, merely means freedom for the French . . . to re-establish themselves in Indo-China, then Asia naturally tends to grow skeptical of freedom's virtues." It is stranger still that some relics of foreign rule should continue to remain on the Indian sub-continent in the form of foreign "pockets" whose integrity is supposed to be guaranteed by the NATO.

AKIN to colonialism is the problem of racial discrimination. It is a pity that great nations should lend their support to this discredited racial theory or at least abstain from voting when this issue is being discussed at the world forum. Rightly did Mr. Nehru take objection to this attitude of the Western powers when he declared in the Indian Parliament: "It is a matter of surprise and deep regret to me that there are nations, and great nations at that, which support South Africa or at least abstain. But there is no question of abstention when this monstrous evil comes up for discussion. There is no question of anybody taking shelter under any legal quibble . . . Laws or no laws, this racial discrimination in Africa or Asia or anywhere else in

the world will not be tolerated . . . I am surprised that some people in Europe and some people in America do not realise this. It angers us."

With the emergence of the independent countries of India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon, there has been a shift in the centre of gravity of the world. However, the Western powers do not seem to have adequately realised the consequences of the impact of Asia on world affairs. Otherwise, it is difficult to understand how the Western powers could "imagine they can dispose of Asia at some council table, big or small, without reference to Asia." Just one instance would suffice to show how problems which affect Asia in an intimate manner are sought to be disposed of largely by non-Asians. In view of the significant contribution of India to the Korean armistice, it was suggested that India might be made a member of the political conference on Korea. But her entry was blocked by the votes of the countries of the Americas. Analysing the voting, Mr. Nehru said: "Nearly the whole of Europe and the whole of Asia wanted one thing in this political conference, while a number of countries of the Americas did not want it. But the question we have been considering is an Asian question, a question of Asia. Is the will of Asian countries to be flouted . . . because some people who really are not concerned with the question so intimately feel that way?" The sooner it is realised by the Western powers that no system of peace and security in this area has much chance of permanence without the active support of the countries of Asia, the better it would be.

Though uncertainty hangs over the fate of Korea, it is gratifying to note that a cease-fire has been effected in that unfortunate country. But for the moment, the battleground for the trial of strength between the two rival powers, has shifted to Indo-China. Analysing the struggle of the people of Indo-China for their liberation from foreign yoke Mr. Nehru said: "The conflict in Indo-China is in its origin and essential character, a movement of resistance to colonialism . . . Foreign interventions have made the issue more

complex but it nevertheless remains basically anti-colonial and nationalist in character." Today, the conflict in Indo-China has assumed its most ominous aspect of being "a reflection of the conflicts between the two power blocs." As if to make things worse, the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles propounded his doctrine of 'united action' in South East Asia to meet the Communist expansion in the region. For this purpose, Mr. Dulles suggested a five-power pact—some sort of a "Pacific NATO" or an enlarged edition of the ANZUS—to bring the South East Asian region within the "protective umbrella" of the U. S. Strange as it would seem, when this 'climate of war' is being carefully fostered through threats of "massive retaliation" and so-called experimental explosion of hydrogen bombs in the vicinity of the Asian region, a conference was held in Geneva to bring about a settlement in Indo-China! The statesmen that assembled at Geneva would have done well to ponder over the words of Mr. Aneurin Bevan: "The independence of Indo-China cannot be traded away. Peace cannot be based permanently on colonial exploitation. Peace is not to be founded on the assumption that the status of colonial peoples can be frozen where it is now."

The countries of Asia which have won their freedom recently cannot afford the luxury of a 'cold war', not to speak of a regular shooting war. Peace to them is not just a fervent hope but an emergent necessity. This desire of many Asian countries to keep aloof from the conflicts of the power blocs through a policy of non-involvement in foreign alliances was best described by C. J. Chancellor who was a member of the U. K. Delegation to the eleventh conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations which was held at Lucknow in October 1950. He wrote, "The present world situation is regarded as a struggle between the two power blocs, one headed by the United States and the other by the U.S.S.R. The countries of Asia have some common feeling of solidarity here. They demand the right to neutrality. They are conscious of their physical

weakness and they are conscious also of the immense economic and social problems which they have to tackle. They resent what they regard as an attempt to drag them into a quarrel which is not of their own seeking and which they only dimly understand." It is only in the light of this that the objection of India to the U.S.-Pak pact is to be understood. As Mr. Homer Bigart, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Washington correspondent, observed: " 'Neutral' India wants Pakistan to remain aloof in the cold war between the Soviet bloc and the West." Similar views in respect of their countries have been expressed by Dr. Mahammad Hatta of Indonesia and Sir John Kotelewala of Ceylon. Dr. Hatta said: "Indonesia plays no favourites between the two opposed blocs . . ." Sir John Kotelewala declared: "We will not get involved in the cold war of East or West or in any power blocs. We will pursue the path of peace."

THOUGH the over-all picture of the policy of the West in Asia is disheartening, intelligent observers from the West, gifted with an objective mind and endowed with sympathy and understanding, have assessed the situation in its proper perspective. As early as 1951, C. J. Chancellor, the General Manager of Reuters, wrote: "Nationalism is the predominant mood of Asia and until the memory of Western imperialism is gone, fears of continued Western domination will remain. The fears and emotional reactions have shifted during the past few years and they are now focussed mainly upon the United States. If the United States is at fault, the fault lies in a failure to measure fully or to understand the susceptibilities of Asia." Again, David D. Duncan in an article entitled "Decline of Westerner" (*Life*, January 14, 1952) pointed out how the Asians wonder, "If Americans still believe in the right of all men to fight for self-determination, as Americans did themselves." Yet again, Robert P. North in his recent book on "Moscow and Chinese Communists" declared that it would be futile to attempt to contain Communism by means of "the capsule formula of bombs" and it was time

the Americans realised that the nationalist forces fighting in Asia ask for nothing more revolutionary than the ideals enshrined in the American Declaration of Independence.

The Asian countries have now decided to join together and tell the Western nations that it would no longer be possible for them "to continue to make decisions affecting the lives of Asians without taking the mind of Asia into account." Harold R. Isaacs, in an article in the "Modern Review" (December 1947) wrote: "While all Asia lies under the shadow of this conflict (of power blocs) . . . South Asia is still on the geographic periphery and is therefore less subject to the directly concentrated pressures of the two contending powers. This is South Asia's opportunity, a gift of time of uncertain duration in which to work for survival, for self-defense and for

a better solution of the world's ills. It can seize this opportunity by refusing as far as possible to be drawn into either the Soviet or the American orbit and by achieving the maximum regional unity or coherence. This is exactly what has been accomplished by the Asian Premiers who assembled at Colombo last week. In fact, at the time of the conference on Indonesia at New Delhi in January 1949, Mr. Nehru expressed a desire that "the free countries of Asia should begin to think of some permanent arrangement . . . for effecting mutual consultation and concerted effort in the pursuit of common aims . . . The Colombo conference has translated that desire into a reality. From out of the conference of the Asian Premiers has emerged not a combination for war but a coalition for Peace.

Bharathidasan

By P. C. GANESAN

THE richest legacies Bharathi left behind were his poems and his disciple Subburathinam later assumed the name of Bharathidasan to show his devotion to his guru. It was to the credit of Bharathi that Tamil poetry, once the close preserve of learned scholars and literary aristocrats became the attraction even of laymen. The poets of the Sangam age sang mostly about love and the heroism of kings; sometimes the charitable nature of a feudal lord found a place in them. The poets of later centuries sang only devotional songs. But none of them ever seemed to have made an attempt to depict the life of the ordinary man—his joys and sorrows. Perhaps Bharathi was the first Tamil poet who used poetry as a means of representing the woes and agony, the aspirations and ambitions of the people. His appeal was not to this class of people or that class, but to all. So he came to be looked upon as the people's poet. Following in the footsteps of his master, Bharathidasan, whose power of versification was as great as that of

his guru, tuned his Muse to the pleasing of the common man who is capable of admiring the good and the beautiful.

Bharathidasan was born the son of Kanagasabai Mudaliar, a businessman, at Pondicherry, on 29th April, 1891. After studying for some years in the high school, he joined the Pulavar College where he won many prizes for histrionic talents. He stood first in the Pulavar examination. The French Government recognising his merit, appointed him lecturer in Tamil at the Government College, at the age of eighteen. Even as a teenager, he used to compose songs and sing them in his melodious voice.

One day, poet Bharathi went to attend the marriage of one of his friends. There he found a young boy singing his national songs to the great delight of his hearers. Bharathi, who found in Bharathidasan the makings of a poet, told some of his friends that Subburathinam (Bharathidasan) had all the qualities of a poet. They wanted to see the truth of Bharathi's words. Bharathi asked Bharathidasan to sing. To the great satisfaction of Bharathi and to the

surprise of his friends, Bharathidasan poured out poetry with an unexpected spontaneity. Bharathi took down the song on a piece of paper and sent it to *Swedesamitran* for publication, with a note that it was sung by a young poet belonging to Bharathi's poetic firmament. From that time onwards, their friendship endured until Bharathi was prematurely snatched away.

Bharathidasan began his poetic career with devotional songs such as "Subramaniam Thuthi Amudu" and "Vinayagar Akaval." But the poems he wrote after his maturity as a poet are materialistic in content. And yet his place as a poet is quite secure. No other poet has so graphically depicted life in the raw as Bharathidasan. Love, passion, heroism, the turmoils of the workaday world are all dealt with in the most exquisite way, and the depth of his thought is matched by the beauty of his words. His "Pandiyar Parisu" is one of the finest poetical dramas in Tamil literature. His similes have a high degree of suggestiveness comparable only to those of Sangam literature. After Sundaram Pillai's "Manonmaniam," perhaps Bharathidasan's "Pandiyar Parisu" is the best poetic drama of recent times.

HIS "Kudumba Vilakku" (the Light of Home) divided under different heads is the handbook of ideal family life. The duties of father, mother, husband, wife and children are told with matchless ease and grandeur, dispelling the monotony of the moral preaching behind them. "The Unexpected Kiss" which he wrote long ago when he was just on the threshold of a poetic career, though readable for its story value, does not have either the sublime beauty of "Pandiyar Parisu" or the lyrical simplicity of "Kudumba Vilakku." Some of his love songs written in a lighter vein are collected in the form of a book in "Kathal Ninaivugal." An admirer of nature that he is, his descriptive poems on nature and

nature's beauty are published under the title "Azhagin Sirippu." His "Isai Amudu" contains songs written to be sung in Carnatic tunes.

A collection of his outstanding poems, long and short, on varied themes, under the title "Bharathidasan Kavithaigal" brought him great fame and earned him the name of revolutionary poet or "Puratchi-kavi." No book-shelf of a Tamil scholar can be complete without this collection. He has also written a prose drama "Iranian."

Bharathidasan has inflamed the youth of Tamilnad with his passionate poetry. With him poetry is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end. He believes that all arts, including poetry, needs must be didactic. He deviates from the conventional path inasmuch as he chooses commonplace themes for his poetry. So some critics consider him as a mere propagandist who has wasted his valuable talents for very ordinary ends. But Bharathidasan thinks that even ordinary things can form the theme of great poetry. With him versification is not a mere mechanical art.

With all his merits and achievements as a poet, Bharathidasan is still denied the recognition he so richly deserves. His identification with the self-respect movement has cost him dear. His creed is a war against custom and he is ever consumed by his desire to reform society. In this role his function has been twofold: to destroy the old that is bad and to create the new that is good.

Bharathidasan completed his 63rd year on April, 29. For the past twenty years he has enriched Tamil literature with the finest poetical compositions. His materialism and abandonment of religion should not prevent us from enjoying the lyrical sweetness of his poetry for all that it is worth.

THE ILLUSION OF INTERNATIONALISM

By M. P. R. REDDY

EVER since capitalism as a socio-economic force entered the arena of world politics, internationalism has figured prominently on the agenda of history; and political philosophers have been dreaming of the millennium which would usher in the federation of the world and the parliament of man. While humanitarian and pacifist associations have been prolific in resolutions to achieve the objective of world government, politicians of all hues paid profound lip service to the movement for supra-national organization. The evolution of the Internationalists bears out the truth of the above statements.

The First International founded in 1864 by Karl Marx dragged on a precarious existence during the next eight years amid a labyrinth of doctrinal polemics and hair-splitting arguments between Marx and Bakunin, the anarchist thinker. This period was significant for the heroic memories of the Paris Commune, as well as the consummation of Marxist Socialist theory, a harmonious blending of German philosophy, French socialism and English economics. It has also left behind as its legacy the universally known working men's anthem written by E. Pottier and composed by P. De Gayter in 1871. The Second International established in 1889 was composed of Social Democratic parties which were functioning in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland and Belgium. The close of the nineteenth century witnessed the emergence of labour parties in Britain, Italy, Poland, Argentina, Belgium, Holland and Hungary. During this period there was a tremendous upsurge of working class consciousness represented by the growth of trade union movements in Western Europe inspired by a variety of traditions deriving from Robert Owen,

Saint Simon, Fourier, Bakunin, Sorel and Karl Marx.

The outbreak of the first world war precipitated an ideological crisis in European social democracy. Lenin and Trotsky characterised the war as a struggle among imperialists for the redivision of markets and colonies. Lenin preached his famous doctrine of "revolutionary defeatism" which directed working class parties to conspire to defeat and overthrow the bourgeois governments of their respective countries in the permanent interests of proletarian revolution. The majority of Social Democrats in Europe disagreed with this formulation and voted war credits on grounds of patriotism and expediency. They counted among them such profound thinkers as Karl Kautsky in Germany and Plekhanov in Russia, who had already made original contributions to Socialist thought. Rosa Luxemburg, the stormy petrel of the German Socialist movement and Leibnecht, her courageous colleague supported Lenin's thesis and were the tragic victims of dastardly assassination during the workers' rising in Berlin.

The victory of the Russian Revolution in a backward country led Lenin and Trotsky to believe that the new society in Russia would not endure in the midst of world capitalism unless at least European capitalism was overthrown by the proletariat. They established the Third International, composed of the Communist groups of various countries and actively encouraged insurrections in other lands. The failure of the German Revolution which dashed their hopes to the ground, was attributed to the absence of subjective factors to aid the process of successful insurrection. It fizzled out as an abortive *coup d'etat*. The loyalties of the working class were now split between Communists and Social Democrats the world over. European Social

Democracy committed the fatal blunder of offering half-hearted support to ruthless colonial exploitation and of watering down their principles of Socialism by collaborating with the propertied classes at home. This was an important reason for the growth of Fascism as well as Russian Communism in Europe. Recent history has proved to the hilt that the Third International in the hands of Stalin became a servile tool for promoting the interests of Russian foreign policy and the Communist parties have been formulating their domestic and foreign policies in accordance with directions from the Kremlin, hoodwinking the workers by alternating between adventurist leftism and un-Marxist collaboration with capitalism and imperialism. The sickening record of this policy reached its climax in the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression pact and the ultimate dissolution of the Third International in 1941. The Fourth International established by Leon Trotsky in 1938, has been actively professing orthodox Marxism and defending with crusading fervour the lessons of the October Revolution and denouncing as the "Great Betrayal" the Bonapartist dictatorship of Stalin. Its thirty-six branches have been functioning as independent protagonists of the Third camp, as in Ceylon, and as ginger groups in labour movements from China to Peru, preaching the theory of "permanent revolution" and indulging in the most abstract polemical hairsplitting known to Marxist thought.

The Second International which was reconstituted as the Labour and Socialist International (L. S. I.) after the first world war had a total membership of 6 million at the time of its fourth Congress in 1931. The monstrous growth of Fascism dealt a death blow to the great Social Democratic parties in Europe and the L. S. I. lingered on till 1946 when 19 Social Democratic parties met at Clacton in England "to re-establish contacts broken by the war, to exchange information and to work out if possible common policies on problems of common and mutual interest. The fourth Congress held in Antwerp in November 1947 formed

the Comisco (Committee of the International Socialist Conference) and by the middle of 1948 after the exclusion of all collaborationist and fellow travelling Social Democrats, the Comisco still had 20 member parties.

The first Congress of the Socialist International held in Frankfurt-on-Main in July 1951 declared "without freedom, there can be no Socialism, Socialism can be achieved only through democracy; democracy can be fully realised only through Socialism." They declared that Democratic Socialism stood in sharp contradiction both to capitalist planning (which is in itself a contradiction in terms) and to every form of totalitarian planning (which is bound to result in mass massacres and forced labour camps as evidenced by the Stalinist methods of collectivising agriculture). The International comprises 37 parties with a total membership of nearly ten million and voting support of 64 million in the five continents. The member parties have affirmed their unflinching faith in parliamentary institutions, the rule of law, independent judiciary, toleration of opposition in politics, as the sine qua non of civilised political intercourse. None of them swears fanatically by any political dogmas and doctrines enunciated by the galaxy of European thinkers from Marx to Laski, while assimilating and adopting their best teachings in consonance with changing conditions in complex political situations. Nor do they profess unquestioning allegiance and extra-territorial loyalties, in the fashion of the Communist parties, to an omniscient directorate as that of Kremlin. They have also declared in unequivocal terms that the principal means of production must be publicly owned in order to raise the standard of living of the people and to curb the expansionist tendencies of monopoly capitalism.

BUT the record of the Internationals in world politics does not hold out the promise of a supra-national State nor the out-lawing of war and imperialism. No nation has been prepared to sacrifice even an iota of its sovereignty in the interests of that *civitas maxima* which is indis-

pensable for world Government. Has not the Kremlin which began with the purest ideals of internationalism developed Great Russian chauvinism and Xenophobia to the utter dismay and disillusionment of its numerous well-wishers and followers? Is Great Britain, for instance, prepared to share its high standard of living with Ireland, let alone the African Negroes? A prominent British Socialist leader Dr. Hugh Dalton said "We are not going to throw away the solid gains brought to us by a whole generation of political agitation and by the votes of our people and by three years of solid work in Parliament in the trade unions and the Government upon any doctrinal altar of a federal western Europe." And hence the limitations as well as illusions of socialist internationalism today.

To expect the modern nation State to wither away in the age of capitalism and tariff walls is to indulge in utopia-mongering. Have the so-called people's democracies in eastern Europe, with all their professed devotion to the theory of the withering away of the State, made even a

beginning towards this end either in the military and police spheres or in the field of political organization, in spite of similarities of regimented economic systems. Did not Stalin browbeat and blackmail Dimitrov into abandoning the scheme of Balkan federation sponsored by Tito? Is not the recent treatment of Yugoslavia by the erstwhile commanders in Moscow, proof positive of the fact that even Russian Communism (which seems to have set the latest fashion in international co-operation) is far from creating that political climate which is conducive to world government? Laski was right when he said "Nation-States like men surrender power not as something integral and complete but in fragments and interstitially, as some interest or purpose ceases to have the urgency it once had for them or because even if they sought to exercise their power, they would find it was not adequate to the end they sought."—(Based on a talk given by Franklin Inge Deutschkron, a German Social Democrat, to the members of the Socialist Book Club, Madras)

ABUSE OF SECOND CHAMBERS

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

IT is reported that Sri K. Kamaraj Nadar is of the opinion that the Chief Minister of a State should be a member of the concerned Legislative Assembly, and that he has therefore decided to seek election to the Madras Assembly from a constituency in his native district of Ramnathapuram. This is as it should be. That the Chief Minister should be a member of the more popular body of a bicameral legislature is the essence of the cabinet system of government which is the greatest contribution of England to the art of public administration. In the dawn of democracy in India, it is incumbent on political parties to establish wholesome practices which in course of time would blossom into sacrosanct conventions. Sri Nadar's

predecessor in office, Sri Rajagopalachari, set a bad precedent two years ago when he sought nomination to the Council with the ulterior motive of becoming a Chief Minister.

Unfortunately, the system of bicameralism has of late been subject to gross abuses in our country in so far as Upper Chambers have become a sanctuary to crest-fallen politicians who were routed at the polls and a happy hunting-ground for party bosses to find careers for their suppliant sycophants. There are numerous instances in which candidates defeated in the general elections have been provided with safe berths in our Second Chambers through the relatively easy method of indirect election, or through the backdoor of nomination. It may be correct according to the letter of the law, but it violates the spirit, and to that extent it is a political fraud and an insult to the electorate. These malpracti-

ces are neither edifying to the parties concerned, nor are they conducive to the promotion of sound democratic traditions in the country. They have naturally shaken the faith of the people in the utility of Second Chambers, and there is a hue and cry against the system. The recent debate in the House of the People on a non-official motion demanding the abolition of the Council of States may well be regarded as an indication of how the wind blows in this respect. Even though the motion was defeated, many level-headed members who voted against the motion expressed great dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, and admitted the need for reform of the institution.

IN the whole range of constitutional history, the question of unicameralism versus bicameralism has been one of the sore subjects over which opinion is seriously divided among experts. Opponents of bicameralism suggest that it is unnecessary to have a Second Chamber involving delay resulting from a complex and cumbrous procedure and its attendant expenditure. As against this, arguments for a bicameral organisation have commonly been based on two main points. The first is that it provides for the representation of the "classes" as against the "masses" in the legislative branch of the Government; and secondly, it is often considered to be an "appeal from Philip Drunk to Philip Sober," as matters which are thrashed out by two Chambers carry with them all the advantages that accrue from double deliberation. "Of all the forms of government that are possible among mankind," says W. E. Lecky, "I do not know any which is likely to be worse than a Government of a single omnipotent democratic Chamber. It is at least as susceptible as an individual despot to the temptations that grow out of the possession of an uncontrolled power, and it is likely to act with much less sense of responsibility and much less sense of deliberation."

From an abstract standpoint, the systems of unicameralism and bicameralism have their merits and demerits, but the balance of advan-

tage definitely lies with a bicameral body provided, of course, the system is properly maintained. And all the leading States in the world, whatever the character and complexion of their government—federal or unitary, monarchical or republican—maintain Second Chambers of some kind or other though their powers and functions and the methods of election vary according to differing circumstances obtaining in those countries. Although almost all the Second Chambers in the world have been the result of English influence, the House of Lords in Britain, strictly speaking is a unique institution which has no parallel anywhere else. It is hereditary in character, and like the British Constitution "it has grown, and not been made." It is not the product of any constitutional experimentation, but is the result of historical evolution. Though it was most powerful in the beginning, the passage of the Parliamentary Act of 1911 resulted in the curtailment of the powers of the body to a substantial degree. It has still considerable powers, both legislative and judicial. Barring money bills, it can delay the passage of any other legislation by exercising a suspensory veto for two years. The United States Senate, on the other hand, is an example of the other extreme. Based on a system of direct election it is armed to the teeth with executive powers. It can stultify any enactment of the Lower House, which can achieve nothing without the Senate's compliance. As Bryce sums up, "the U. S. Senate in a way is a centre of gravity in the government, an authority able to correct and check on the one hand the democratic recklessness of the House, and on the other side the monarchical ambition of the President."

In between these two systems lies a great variety of Second Chambers trying all sorts of permutations and combinations in respect of elections and functions. The French Chamber is purely an advisory body based on the system of indirect election while the Canadian Second Chamber is purely a nominated body.

The Indian Second Chambers have taken on the defective aspects of all other Upper Houses in the world

without their merits, and situated as they are, the game is not worth the candle. Shorn of real and effective powers, and constituted on a basis of indirect election-cum-nomination, our Second Chambers have fully justified the battle-cry of Abbe Sieyes—If a Second Chamber dissents from the First it is mischievous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous. There is a great need for reform of the system of election to the Second Chambers and a revision of their functions and powers if they are to play an effective role as revising bodies.

Of the two main considerations that govern the constitution of Second Chambers, one is of no consequence to India. There is little occasion for "class" representation in our Second Chambers as our Constitution has not recognised any such social distinctions and has specially stated that we are born free and equal and are entitled to equal privileges and opportunities. The one consideration that should be taken into account is that members of Upper Houses in India should be distinguished from those of the Lower Houses by their superior intellectual qualifications to ensure proper evaluation and dispassionate consideration of legislative measures.

HOW to achieve the object is the question. If the method of indirect election has proved dangerous to the country's interests, recourse to popular elections on the basis of adult franchise for these Upper Chambers

may turn out to be disastrous. Despite the show of a liberal democracy, it cannot be gainsaid that in the majority of cases elections based on adult franchise are subjected to caste tyranny and the influence of money, and little regard is paid to a candidate's ability and integrity. This seems to be the undeclared law in all elections on the basis of adult franchise right from Panchayat elections to Parliament elections though, for all ostensible purposes, the candidates appear to be trading on the party tickets. Political parties are obliged to select in all constituencies candidates from the majority communities regardless of other important considerations of public welfare.

Therefore, in the present circumstances in India, in elections to Second Chambers there is need of a via media method in order to muster talent. There should be a special electoral college in each delimited area for the purpose and the minimum qualification for an elector should be the completion of secondary education. High educational qualifications and a higher age-limit than is laid down at present should be prescribed for membership of these bodies. Political parties as such should not contest the elections to Upper Chambers, so that there may not be a scramble for votes, and men of talent may enter the field. The procedure is not easy, but an approach on these lines will go a long way to solve the problem in the present situation.

Asian Premiers at Colombo

BY V. SUBRAMANIAN

FOUR years before, in this selfsame Senate House, Colombo, there met the Foreign Ministers of the British Commonwealth, and in the very same building this year, the five Asian Prime Ministers have met and talked. I had covered both the conferences—and soon after a tiring week, one falls spontaneously into a reminiscing mood.

My first memories naturally hover round the press coverage and the treatment of the press by the conferees. On the first day of the Commonwealth conference, we were allowed half an hour's run of the conferring statesmen, most of whom answered questions for us individually, while the photographers were aiming their shots. Each day of the conference, as they went in and came out, some at least of the Ministers were prepared to answer some questions of the eager press boys. The final open session for the press was a concession to the press which was welcome. This time, however, the joint press conference arranged inside the Senate buildings proved to be a comic opera as expected, and access to the individual Ministers going in or coming out proved more difficult. The final session in Kandy was specially closed to the press—a point emphasized when one pressman got it in the neck. Lastly, while the Ceylon Information Department had made nearly perfect arrangements for all the visiting pressmen last time, the Indian pressmen, left this time to the tender mercies of the Indian High Commission here, did not certainly welcome the change.

The press however had more effect on this conference than on the last. The Premiers met this time under the shadow of momentous possibilities—with Mr. Dulles filling the press with alarming statements, with Geneva looming large with reports of its difficulties, and with the plans for the cease-fire in Indo-China. The press was full of relevant news from all other parts of the world—news relevant to the conference—and the world press awaited eagerly the cor-

respondents' despatches from Colombo. The immediate influence exercised on the conference by the press, local and foreign, was quite important if not decisive—and the Premiers were often encouraged or bewildered by leakages as well as advisory editorials.

The way in which the conference assumed great importance just before it met is now a well known story. When it was called first, Ceylon's Premier did not see anything more in it than a friendly meeting and his chief motive was only to get into the headlines as an Asian statesman. But events moved fast before the conference. The deteriorating situation in Indo-China was accentuated by Mr. Dulles's declaration on massive retaliation and Mr. Nixon's threat of direct American intervention. The Labour opposition in Britain openly attacked the American standpoint while Mr. Eden in his embarrassment eagerly looked to the Commonwealth Premiers in Colombo for a way out. Besides the burning question of Indo-China, the Geneva conference added importance to its Colombo counterpart. The Ceylon Premier was therefore in a rather indescribable mood of elation at the importance of the conference and felt deep concern for its success.

India's Premier came to the conference with a definite plan for the cease-fire in Indo-China—a six-point plan which he had explained clearly in the Indian Parliament a few days ahead of the conference. Apart from this well publicized and well discussed plan, he had made clear his views on the hydrogen bomb, colonialism, world peace and neutrality as between the two power blocs.

In short he was the one who came to the conference with an extremely clear programme and clear convictions. He was easily the man who was also the most discussed in the world press—bouquets alternating with brick bats from the *Daily Express* and American Senators. The programmes of the Burmese and Indonesian Premiers however were less clear in advance, in spite of the canvassing of the views of the individual Premiers done by the *Ceylon*

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Observer a month ahead of the conference. The Indonesian Premier wanted a wider Afro-Asian conference, while the Burmese Premier was concerned about Kuomintang troops and mutual aid. In general it was expected that they would lend support to Pandit Nehru. On the other hand, the Pakistan Prime Minister had got an assurance from the Ceylon Prime Minister early that American aid to Pakistan would not be discussed. Later he had told the *Observer* correspondent that he was informally prepared to discuss Kashmir and explain the U. S. aid to his brother Premiers, though he would not stand a discussion. But the fireworks let off in the Pakistan Assembly a few days before the Colombo conference on the Kashmir issue, might have been a pointer to pressmen and statesmen alike on the Pak Premier's position. The U. S. aid commitment, on the other hand, naturally meant a well defined attitude to world problems. Ceylon's attitude was the least clearly defined. The Ceylon Premier was a well known anti-Communist—and he had already made this clear in his refusal even to entertain a Chinese cultural delegation and his deportation of two Communists' wives from the island. Certainly he was a convinced anti-Communist if ever there was one—and no temptation of American aid was required to make him that. On the other hand, as the convener of the conference he was interested in its coming to some unanimous decisions, one among which was an anti-Communist declaration and the other a no-war declaration. Finally, he has an unconquerable tendency to messiness—which he gets over often with his sense of humour. Just before the conference, he allowed American Globemasters to land in Ceylon, on their way to Indo-China, with paratroops—but he denied having allowed them to land in Ceylon to the local press and admitted it to the foreign press.

This evaluation of the individual Premiers will be helpful in assessing the conference and correcting some

mistakes of judgement arising out of looking at the daily stream of news in an isolated manner. A section of Indian press had flashed news items, that a scuttle had been planned in Colombo, by Americans—the programme being to isolate Pandit Nehru from pro-U. S. Pakistan and Ceylon, while Indonesia and Burma watched on. This news however gives more credit for advanced planning and diplomatic devilry to the Ceylon Prime Minister than he actually has. He never concealed his pro-Pak leanings, long before U. S. aid became a reality. The Indo-Ceylon pact and concern for the success of the conference in some form, made him assume a mediatory role where some formulae, with or without significance, were considered better than an open rift. It is well known that Pakistan's Premier started with a strong plea to discuss Kashmir, which if agreed to, would automatically have wrecked the conference. It is also true that he surprisingly opposed strongly later what he almost seemed like agreeing to at the beginning, thus prolonging the conference into an agony of indecision and anxiety. But no special letter from Dulles asking him to 'wreck' the conference was called for to explain what Mr. Mahomed Ali would have even otherwise done naturally. Was not the outburst in the Pakistan Assembly on Kashmir enough incentive to the Premier with a slippery future to raise it at the conference table at all costs? Is not the very reception of U. S. aid proof of a mental commitment not to accept India's neutral position without questions asked?

★

"THERE are some ungodly young men over in that corner, having fun with the girls," said the preacher, solemnly, as he paused in the middle of his sermon and pointed accusingly in the direction of the graceless youths. "When they are done," he continued, ponderously, "perhaps they will give me a chance." And he could not understand why the congregation smiled.

Colombo Conference:

A Summing up

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

NEVER before have so many seen so much in so little as at Colombo last week. The surprise is that not the gullible public but the hard-boiled journalists, some of them very seasoned ones too, have been taken in by the emotional aspect of the South Asian Prime Ministers' Conference to the total detriment of an objective analysis. Wish was the father of thought.

For instance, many Indian journalists who were prepared to admit in private conversation that the "informal" talks had better not been held at all, wrote to their journals differently, claiming the conference as a total success, as a triumph of the will for Asian unity over the forces of darkness and "disruption." The Ceylonese press, too, took it in such a patriotic way that to say that the talks fell short of expectations amounted to blasphemy. In fact, a British journalist was taken to task for such an indiscretion.

Overlooking for a moment the political aspect of the matter, let us try to answer the question: Were the talks a success or failure? The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, said that the mere fact that representatives of the five nations could get together was a great achievement. But eight years ago, an even more representative gathering of Asian leaders was witnessed in Delhi at the Asian Relations Conference and even the predominantly platitudinous nature of its deliberations did not make anybody conclude that the conference was a flop because it was the first effort towards bringing together nations and peoples ravaged by colonialism and imperialism. That yardstick cannot therefore be employed now to assess the utility of the present conclave. Again the Asian Conference on Indonesia held in Delhi in 1948 served its ordained purpose because, firstly, unlike the latest Colombo parleys, it successfully steered clear of Big Power politics—in spite of the criticism of the Communists and the late Sarat Chandra

Bose, Mr. Nehru stood firm against inviting Russia to the talks—and, secondly, it was instrumental in presenting Indonesia's case for independence. The same cannot be said of the Colombo talks.

Strictly speaking, informal talks held without a fixed agenda cannot but succeed but in the case of the South Asian Prime Ministers' Conference it ceased to be informal even before it met—every participating Government had its own views and proposals and canvassed for them quite openly. The absence of agenda, technically speaking, was more due to the desire on the part of its sponsors not to begin the proceedings with wrangles; still the subjects to be discussed and their order of priority were decided in advance. Nevertheless, the scope of the conference was limited; cessation of hostilities in Indo-China was made the aim of the parleys and had it not been for the necessity to avoid giving the impression that the Colombo talks were conceived in a spirit of competition to the Geneva Conference, the former would have been called an Indo-China conference.

What did the Colombo Conference achieve in respect of Indo-China? The Nehru Plan on the subject was quite innocuous and even the clause relating to non-intervention had nothing objectionable about it, though it was the subject of a raging controversy at Colombo. But proof of the pudding is always in eating and how did the South Asian Prime Ministers propose translating their views into actions? How was the cease-fire to be enforced? Who would undertake the responsibility of seeing that it was not violated in practice by either side? If these two objectives were to be achieved through the United Nations, which would be doubtful because Russia would consider any U. N. agency to be biased in favour of America, it would have been a more direct method to have raised the issue before the world organisation through the Asian-African group. Or if the South Asian nations represented at Colombo would undertake the responsibility, individually or as a group, the very fact that the Colombo Conference failed to set up

a permanent secretariat ruled out the speedy possibility of such practical action. The five Prime Ministers would have to be consulted individually and then they would have to exchange opinions among themselves. Even then if the proposed machinery for the enforcement of cease-fire in Indo-China were to have a *locus standi* it would have to be created under the aegis of the United Nations or with its express authority, as was the case with the Indian custodian force in Korea. Moreover, if the views of the different delegations at Colombo were any indication, barring India no other country would be prepared to do the thankless job of policing Indo-China during the truce period.

The unseemly wrangle on the clause relating to non-intervention was again pointless. Recently addressing a public meeting in Bombay, the Prime Minister referred to the Russian and Chinese leaders being honorary members of the Politburo of the Indonesian Communist Party. What did it mean? That by its very nature Stalinism was interventionist, especially when one of the parties involved was Communist. In the circumstances, what safeguards could be provided to ensure that China did not maintain her supplies to the Viet Minh, in retaliation to which the United States would feed the French war machine. The South Asian Prime Ministers, like practical statesmen, should have realised that the only effective antidote to expansionist attempts by either of the giants was a solid defensive arrangement, a real third area of peace, based on a kind of Monroe doctrine that an attack on one would be deemed as an attack on all others, whoever the attacker be. Burma had mooted this idea as early as in 1948, at the time of the Asian Conference on Indonesia, but Mr. Nehru pooh-poohed it. At Colombo, the Burmese proposal for closer economic relations among the South Asian countries was similarly shelved.

Another major item on the debit side of the conference was the failure to accept Prime Minister Nehru's plea for non-aggression pacts among the five nations. It would have serv-

ed as a beginning to a larger defensive arrangement.

Much is made of the resolutions adopted at Colombo on Communism, anti-Communism and Colonialism. It is in a way baffling how the three have been bracketed; the Indian and Indonesian Prime Ministers were stated to have argued that Communism was an ideology and so did not need to be classified as an enemy of democracy. The record of Soviet foreign policy since 1919 shows that what is generally called Communism is actually the policy of Russia, sometimes aggressive and sometimes co-existent but always expansionist by its very nature. Prime Minister Nehru conceded as much when during his election campaign in Travancore-Cochin a few months ago he referred to the Communist flag. But anti-Communism is neither an ideology nor a force, unless by that term is meant America. Even then, the post-war years have proved that American efforts to stem the tide of Communism have always followed and not preceded territorial expansion of the Soviet influence. Even the much maligned North Atlantic Treaty Organisation was created after Russia had swallowed country after country in Eastern Europe.

ABOVE all, the answer to Communism will have to be found at three different levels: strengthening of defences and augmentation of collective security arrangements, elimination of all vestiges of colonialism and a positive development of the backward economies on the basis of social justice and freedom. The Asian Prime Ministers did not even refer to the first and the third factors, though their emphasis of the need for elimination of colonialism was good. It is really economic factors which provide the ground for Communism to operate upon, and absence of collective security measures encourages external assistance to the forces of chaos. Of the five countries represented at Colombo, only India and Burma are thinking in terms of economic development; the semi-colonial and semi-feudal economies of Pakistan, Ceylon and Indonesia remain almost untouched. And without mutual assistance among them-

selves as well as technical and economic aid from the industrially advanced countries, the development of these backward areas is well-nigh impossible.

The resolution on the hydrogen bomb is another essay in platitude. Both the possessors of the infernal weapon are agreed on a standstill agreement but the snag lies in arriving at a method of international scrutiny of the respective atomic and thermo-nuclear piles. Russia is dead set against a U. N. inspection of its weapons and resources and unless its attitude, like the one

towards I. L. O. and UNESCO, undergoes a sea-change for the better, there is little prospect of a standstill in practice.

Summing up, if only the Asian Premiers had engaged themselves in fruitful talks on mutual co-operation in different spheres and preferred quietude to international limelight, if only they had given priority to concrete proposals and plans over platitudes, the Colombo talks would have been the beginning of a new chapter of freedom and progress in Asia. But a great opportunity was lost.

Music: Curves and Colours

BY P. SRINIVASA IYER

SPEED and artificiality seem to be the main characteristics of our civilisation. Caught in the whirlwind of western civilisation which had its birth in the industrial revolution, we do not have sufficient time and patience to observe things deeply and correctly. Superficial observations and hasty opinions are the characteristics of the day. What with the growth of science to the point of artificial insemination and the birth and growth of test-tube babies, it is no wonder if, to-morrow, one has an honest doubt about the absolute and imperative need of mother's milk in growing a healthy child.

Like the mother's milk we all know the value and importance of the great traditional short stories. There are many such stories on music prevalent in South India. The story of how a man unconsciously nodded his head while listening to an expert's music in spite of the order of the king to the contrary—the story of the man who could discover the pollution and offence done to his Swara Kannikas in his absence, by a stranger handling the former's Vina,—stories wherein ragas were pledged, stones were melted, rain and clouds were successfully drawn out, fire was kindled,—all these and many more of such speak of the greatness of our music. Again, we give children presents of dolls. Dolls with their symmetrical shape and good colouring bring into the minds

of children beauty of form and symmetry. They create aesthetic sense and taste in the children. Finally nature attracts them—nature with its myriad colours, curves, and beauties of vision. These things form the mother's milk to the developing minds of the children.

On the constructive side, we have the *kolam*. It begins with straight lines or skeletons of pictures. As the power of drawing develops in the pupils, curves are introduced stage by stage and then finally colouring is taught. Pictures of flowers, birds like parrots, peacocks etc., and dance pictures are attempted in progressive stages by children. Likewise, Vina practice begins with straight sounds or the skeletons of swaras. As the pupils advance in the lessons, regular swaras are introduced along with curves which pave the way for raga rendering. A Vina player notices that the pictures of his ragas resemble the pictures of *kolam* in every respect. Impressions of *kolam* in pictures ultimately help a Vina player to make his ragas realistic and life-like.

When we speak of pictures they can represent only a pose. But nowadays we see the movement of pictures in a movie. We have two varieties of stringed instruments. Plucked instruments can give pictures only in poses and for a limited length of time. In bowed instruments this limitation is eliminated. Colours, curves and movements of a raga are noticeable there in a more pronounced manner.

THE GODDESS OF CHILDREN*

THE saying has come down through the ages that women born in certain cycles of the Year of the Horse under the sign of the Hinoemma are destined to dominate and in a sense to devour the men they love; similarly, women like Keiko, though they may not be born under the sign of the Hinoemma, possess, in their efforts to grow and expand, a curiosity, a willful persistence, a hunger for utter knowledge which are almost animal-like, making them devour every living thing within their reach, whether it be poisonous or beneficial . . .

One day, Keiko, on taking off Yoshiko's short and shapeless dress, looked closely for the first time, and in the circumstances of this there was both pathos and a touch of comedy. For only that morning when she had changed Yoshiko from her night-gown, Keiko had carelessly and unthinkingly put the child's dress on backward and had sent her out to play.

* Legend has it that Kishimo, in order to nurse and raise her child, stole the children of other women in the community to feed her own. The nights were filled with the wail of mothers whose offspring Kishimo had stolen. Buddha, on hearing the wails, asked why the mothers were weeping. He was told that Kishimo had been stealing their children each night. To punish her, Buddha hid Kishimo's child, whereupon the mother, frantic with worry, pleaded with him to find her loved one. Before returning the child, Buddha explained that other mothers were worrying over their children just as Kishimo had worried over hers. Overcome with remorse at her ghastly deeds, Kishimo devoted the remainder of her life to the welfare of children and their mothers, and thus came to be called the patron saint of children.

★ After a literary career of nearly twenty years, Mrs. Taiko Hirabayashi is now known in Japan as an outstanding short-story writer and novelist. She was born in 1905, and, after her graduation from Suwa Girls' High School, she worked as an office girl, a shop clerk, waitress, and maidservant before achieving success as a writer. Prior to World War II and throughout its duration, she was actively engaged in the women's emancipation movement.

Short Story

By

Mrs. Taiko Hirabayashi

"My, does that dress have its pockets in the back?" The woman next door, who had been picking a few leaves in the garden to put in the morning soup, had

taken notice. Keiko had forced a laugh, but deep inside she felt shamed, as if the woman had somehow laid bare a shortcoming in her heart.

If she had come to adopt this child of circumstances quite unexpectedly, it was with excitement and happiness that she had brought it home. How totally unprepared she had been for motherhood! No knowledge of how to raise the child; no knowledge of how to dress it! Truthfully Keiko had adopted the poor thing without even preparing herself to love it.

Small discoveries she made in the queer and novel actions and expressions which came from this little body; and though they were but tiny sparks such as might come from flint and stone, Keiko enjoyed again and again those flashes of wonderment which rose in her breast. Even now, as she pulled the little dress up and over Yoshiko's head, and as she took the hot towel from the basin to wipe off the little face, Keiko's hands moved with ineffectual wonderment, squeezing the little arms.

And as she felt the young and tender flesh of the child beneath her touch, Keiko was somehow reminded of the soft meat of calves and kids. She was thinking of the light and almost tasteless flavour of that meat. For Keiko, who from an early age had been accustomed to a life in which animals had played an important part, it was natural to judge

human children by a comparison with the offspring of animals.

Yoshiko yelped and emitted little squeals of laughter; her body squirmed with ticklishness, and she even thought she might have to wet as Keiko's hands kept stroking her body. But somehow she withstood it all and finally burst out:

"I'm cold!"

"Why, of course! Now let's begin."

Keiko took the steaming towel, supported the melonlike head in one hand, and began to rub.

SO wondrously beautiful, Keiko thought, were these bright and shining eyes—eyes so limpid that they must be clearer than the most polished mirror backed by mercury, eyes so very new for not yet having reflected much of life.

The tiny breasts, like twin grapes in their immaturity in July—but when Keiko thought that in them were glands and nerves, slender and fine as silken threads, lying dormant but giving promise of rich harvests, they appeared pert and precocious, very like the buds of cucumbers and pumpkins which take their form even in their very initial stage.

The little navel, so tender and fresh, this point of intercourse with the mother was neither dead, nor shrivelled, nor dried up, and seemed almost to exist quite apart from the rest of the body. Keiko was forcibly reminded of her own navel, wrinkled and dried like a raisin, and she felt almost as if she were seeing in some concrete shape the distance between child and mother.

After Yoshiko had been wiped dry and clothed—this time properly with the dress being dropped down over her head—she went hopping out on one foot toward the living room, her rosy cheeks bathed in the light streaming in from the window.

It had been something Keiko had realized from the very beginning: she was conscious of the fact that her eye for Yoshiko was a bit too critical. The eyes that mothers cast upon their children are near-sighted, as the eyes of hens for their chicks; mistlike as they pour forth their motherly instincts to envelop their offspring in an abstract vagueness.

In what manner does love come into existence? To find an answer to this, Keiko could think only of the relations between her and her husband, even though the comparison seemed a bit difficult to follow. Like a lock which would snap shut with finality at the slightest push or touch, Keiko, without rhyme or reason, had lived for these twenty years with Ryoze, her husband. And she had immersed herself into a fathomless love, deep and broad as the sea.

Just as a lock which snaps that easily is necessarily of more complicated construction than one which is less easy to close, so the fusion between her, when seen objectively, must have been due to a combination of various causes and opportunities. However, the inevitable subtleness of the forces which push and the forces which pull were for the two merely like the flash of a stroke of lightning. And when at last they had become aware of it, they were already sunk in the fathomless depths. Occasionally stroking Yoshiko's hair, so like silken thread and bobbed in girlish fashion, Keiko told herself that she need not necessarily be disturbed because this flash of lightning had not appeared for the two of them.

KEIKO had experienced through things human and things natural that for the creation of all matter there was the gradual and sloping hillock form and the sharp and angular fountain form. Keiko believed that the love between the two of them would follow the gradual and sloping hillock form, and she felt too that her love for Yoshiko would only be a difference in the forms and hues of her love for her husband. This, she felt, was as it should be.

Actually, truthfully, Keiko in her tender years had let herself be led by the rainbow in her dreams, and, with a strength of intention not to be denied, had crossed the untrodden fields and hills of life. And the life she had lived was as broad and full as could be the lot of any woman.

There were times when, leaving her loved one behind bars, she had taken her ailing body to a home for vagrants to pour forth hot tears of sorrow on an unyielding pillow. Then there were times when she was wont

to credit her hopelessness and frustration to the existence of a nihilism in the world; and possessed of a bizarre mood, that of renouncing all to gain all, she had held the notion that the shuffling, like a pack of cards, of the men who might have been dealt to her hands was idealistic and vainglorious. As by pushing open the doors of some tremendous vault before which even men might hesitate, and by laying her hands on money which she would have no reason to call her own, she had sometimes felt as Sofia Peroskaya might have felt, the worth of life.

THE aspiration of a great genius of the West who is supposed to have said: "How I should desire to experience by myself all of the experiences of all of the people," seemed about to be rashly realized by a very ordinary woman of the East.

But by this time Keiko was facing the age of forty. And though the fountain of womanly love which bubbled within her had not dried up, she had lived the breadth of a woman's life, and she was now hearing a fervent call, one which bade her seek depth with the same stupendous effort she had sought breadth. Into the vacuum of such a psychological transition, Yoshiko had been bestowed upon her.

When she was young, Keiko had known a person, who with some unknown ulterior motive, had urged her to adopt a child from someone who had too many. Gone by this time were the rash audacity and affectation which had caused her at that time to reply: "Now, with a house as small as this, where could we possibly raise one? In the yard maybe?"

Now, Keiko had gallantly determined to exert for Yoshiko every effort to transform that alien within her, as an oyster might transform a bit of foreign matter into a pearl. At Keiko's insistence it was decided to let Yoshiko sleep on a small bed between Ryoza and herself. When she first spoke of this plan to Ryoza, her husband's face had, as she expected taken on an inane sort of expression, and he had muttered something about 'like the word for river.' The Japanese ideograph for 'river' is written with three vertical

lines, the middle one a bit shorter than the two outer ones. The comparison here obviously refers to Keiko, Ryoza, and Yoshiko between them.

Knowledge of Yoshiko was being built up bit by bit within herself, was an ecstasy transcending the raptures of love. Steadily Keiko watched her busy and avaricious self as she sought in a dozen or so days to invest herself with the feelings and knowledge which mothers would gradually make their own in the many years between conception and the time the child grew to this age.

Yoshiko had come to the point where she would occasionally, without particular meaning, and almost as if she were remembering to do so, call out to Keiko, "Mother!" And each time the child called, Keiko would start slightly, as if a certain unpreparedness on her part had been detected. But the sound of the voice which came to her ear was, for Keiko, the purest of tones, more beautiful than the golden trill of the loveliest bird.

BUT how awkward and how ugly was the rasp of her own voice as she answered. "Yes, what is it, dear?"

At times like these, Keiko would think how comical it was that she should feel as if she were answering the roll call of a superior officer. Yet there was nothing she could do about it. If the voice which called to Keiko was a sound, Keiko's answering voice was but its echo. When Yoshiko noted a sure response in Keiko, she would look up with her lustrous eyes as if making certain her call had aroused response. And that gaze was sharper and swifter than the flight of a bee and even seemed dazzling to Keiko.

In response Keiko would look back, but the gaze which shot upward and the gaze which was returned never seemed to meet, but to pass each other at some point. It made Keiko uneasy and ashamed. Casually Keiko was reminded of the words of Takeo Arishima (Takeo Arishima was a (1878-1923) noted Japanese novelist who visited the United States and studied socialism for four years between 1903 and 1907. Among his many works are *A Certain Woman*, a novel,

and *Love Devours All*, an essay. Takeo Arishima's life ended in tragedy when he committed suicide with his paramour) who with variation upon the old-time proverb, "He who has no child of his own knows not what parental love is," had said, "He who has no child of his own knows not what the love of a child is." Yet Keiko, with no children of her own, had not been denied capacity for parental love, and she could not believe either that love of Yoshiko was beyond her knowledge.

NO matter how often she contemplated the matter, Keiko could not but convince herself that the child was serving some transcendental function. Only toward something to which the child would guide her could Keiko turn with devotion and piety. And it was because of this that she suffered an inexplicable fear and shame whenever she found herself before the child.

What could that 'something' be? Keiko was unable to grasp the hazy, intangible element other than to explain it temporarily as a 'third being' belonging neither to parent nor child. Yet this element had swelled the womanly breast of Keiko, as yeast would swell bread, and had opened a door to exhilarating knowledge which she had never experienced before.

It had already come to Keiko's mind that it was necessary for her, as the right and duty of her newly acquired motherhood, to know about those things which lay within the child's body. But as she bathed Yoshiko as usual with a steaming towel, Keiko coming ultimately to the soft, plump thighs, doubted whether she ought to expose and gaze upon the cleft, so in harmony with the creases of a peach, that lay between. She passed the spot, bathing the child's feet instead, but her gaze, somehow was drawn above. She felt impelled, it seemed, to search out in this trusting female child the very substance of womankind. For the incredible truth was that at her age Keiko still possessed only the most rudimentary and general knowledge of a woman's physical functions. A powerful social restraint had kept such knowledge from her, and now

she felt irresistibly compelled to learn. Keiko forced the towel between the child-sized legs. "Yoshiko, today we must make you clean all over."

"No! It tickles!" With surprising strength Yoshiko drew her legs tightly together.

"But we must wash entirely clean today."

"No!"

Yoshiko's rejection was final: she drew her legs taut and refused to move. The impulse was sharp and unyielding, as though born of woman's intuition to protect herself. About it there was something almost sacrosanct.

Unconsciously Keiko, changing the roguish expression which seemed so appropriate to expose in the face of such severity, looked into Yoshiko's eyes and laughed unnaturally. "All right, Yoshiko, I'll give you something nice," she said, bribing. "Something you'll like that begins with c." But immediately she changed her mind, aghast at having bartered away her pride and self-respect. "Move only a little bit, Yoshiko, please. It's all right, isn't it, Yoshiko?"

"No!"

Mother and child faced each other—total strangers.

Keiko could no longer resist her compulsion. "Mother is going to wash you no matter what you say!" She forced with her hand as though splitting apart a pair of unused chopsticks.

YOSHIKO staggered and fell to the floor crying piteously. Keiko's eyes opened wide as though she had just awakened, and she stared down at the floor wet with water. The child's sobs touched her bitterly, like a wintry chill. Without seeking to still the child, she reflected sadly within herself. "Oh, the selfish hunger of a woman! Now even this innocent has been offered up as a living sacrifice—how much blood shall she pour forth in the days to come—?" Suddenly, then, she recalled the goddess who once, according to legend, devoured children, and straightaway she was possessed with a feeling of sadness, as though compelled, now to know herself by the name of Kishimo-jin.—*LIPI*

[Translated by Ken Murayama]

New Books

THOMAS HARDY

A Critical Biography

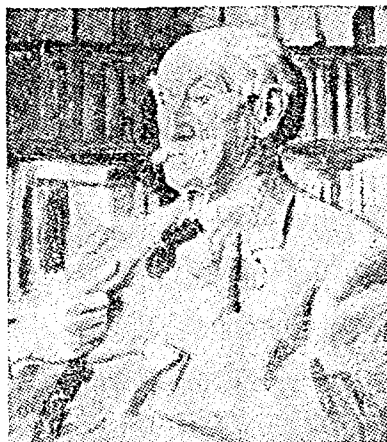
By Evelyn Hardy

The Hogarth Press, London

25s net

EVEN before opening the book one feels like asking the question: What is the provocation for another biography of Thomas Hardy? Florence Emily Hardy's *Early Life* and *Later Years of Thomas Hardy* provide all the authentic material necessary and other more objective but equally intimate books have not been lacking. Hardy died as recently as 1928, and when he died he was eighty eight. He had been a significant figure on the English literary scene for well over fifty years and there had been enough antipathy to at least two of his novels for him to be effectively remembered by his contemporaries. Therefore, in any number of personal memoirs, autobiographies, biographies, critical studies, books on literary history and criticism, monographs and articles and full-length portraits of Hardy are available, including an unforgettable caricature in a novel. Why then yet another biography of Hardy? Evelyn Hardy is not the creative artist that Andre Maurois is. So in this book you neither look for, nor find, the enthralling interest or the moving beauty of his biographies of Shelley or George Sand. This is a prosaic book; but a book about a poet, by one who obviously likes his poetry. It is described as a critical biography. It is not so much that as an exhaustive and well-correlated account of Thomas Hardy's literary voyage through the years and critique of his works.

This faithful tracing of the course of a literary current is possible more easily and more fully in the case of Hardy than many others. This, in fact, appears to have been one of the reasons which prompted Evelyn Hardy to launch on the present volume. Speaking of the profusion



Thomas Hardy

of material available, especially Hardy's own notes jotted down as the thoughts occurred to him, she says that "thus we are often in the fortunate position of being able to trace a single thought or emotion in three forms simultaneously, expressed first in a note and subsequently in its more polished forms in prose and verse." It is true few writers reveal these transitions so thoroughly. Miss Hardy claims that when we compare the finished work with that which inspired the writer "the insignificant leaps to life and we come close to the mystery of creative art." But what is described as the mystery of creative art is sometimes no more than the craftsmanship of the workman with words, the mere mechanics of writing. And as we read Miss Hardy's very detailed discovery of every thought, mood and experience of Thomas Hardy's which was later translated into some part or other of the author's literary output, we do sometimes doubt if this amount of

efficient, though enthusiastic, prying into the processes of the mind of the author is either necessary or wholesome. Such an analysis tends to strip fiction of its imaginative flavour, and make of poetry a laboured effort. A clinical case history of a person's illness is at least useful to doctors in the diagnosis and treatment of other patients, but this laying bare of an artist's private struggle for proper expression does not appear to serve any purpose. This desire to peep behind the curtain is symptomatic of the miasma of our times, when the mind grown blasé with excitement refuses to be thrilled easily and seeks satisfaction not in the phenomenon itself but in searching out the biology of the cataclysm which caused the phenomenon. It is all right to speak of the mystery of creation, but a mystery ceases to thrill and enthrall once it is comprehended. So if you happen to be one of those lay-readers, as I myself want to be, anxious to enjoy and appreciate Hardy's novels, short stories and poems than dissect his mind, it is not necessary for you to read this book. But if you are one of those students of Hardy intent on psychoanalysing him, this is a most useful guide. And after all psychoanalysis is fascinating.

Thomas Hardy has sometimes been described negatively as not being a child of his age. Miss Hardy vehemently refutes this suggestion. We tend to think of him as an aged Olympian, past the Biblical span of three score and ten, writing laboured verse the subtle charm of whose poetry can be discerned only by the esoteric scholar or student, dictating the recollected details of his life to an efficient second wife many, many years younger than himself. But once he too was young, "quick to bloom, late to ripen." He had an 'ecstatic temperament,' with a weakness during adolescence for falling in love, a marked tendency to suffer, a romantic and chivalrous nature. His human relationships, though not wide or varied, were always deep. An individualist, more at peace when alone than in company, nonetheless he was strongly influenced by others, both those belonging to an intimate

circle like his one-time teacher and life-long friend William Barnes, the poet and scholar, or Horace Moule the companion of his youth, and others like Darwin, Huxley, Swinburne and Mill—the illustrious great of the Victorian era. So Hardy was as much a child of his age as anyone can be. Few can help being the product of their own times, but the difference lies in this that some by temperament and genius possess the capacity to exploit the circumstances of their historical situation for their own self-expression, either in words or action, and enhancing their individual stature, while others being more sensitive and less extrovert, are engrossed in the particular predicament of their age, and if they are creative artists their works prove to be examples of the conflict of their times. Thomas Hardy belongs to the latter category and the central problem of his life was "how to reconcile a scientific view of life with the emotional and spiritual, so that they may not be inter-destructive." It could not have been otherwise. Hardy was born in 1849; Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859, his *Essays and Reviews* in 1860, John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty* in 1864, Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865, Huxley's *Lay Sermons* in 1870, Darwin's *Descent of Man* in 1871 and Mill's *Three Essays on Religion* in 1874. How could it have been otherwise?

But Hardy himself was not a reformer. He was the artist who felt compelled to, but was content to, record "the beauty and worth of a perishing way of life steeped in unwritten, local traditions, chronicles and folklore which gave it continuity." For reminding us that "it is against a backcloth of doubt, upheaval and unrest that we must watch Hardy move if we are to understand his life, his philosophy and his work," we must indeed be grateful to Miss Hardy.

And in a sense Hardy's life, philosophy and work formed an integrated whole. Or perhaps, we should say, they had a unity and a common personality, for they reflect the "doubt, upheaval and unrest" of a period of disintegration when old

ideas and outlooks, social structures and political beliefs were being demolished for remodelling. By inclination and aptitude a poet, Hardy wrote during nearly thirty years of his life prose stories for purely utilitarian reasons, till reputed and well established he could return to poetry. You see this personal struggle reflected in his style. By the time he had come to write *The Well-Beloved*, he was using words more suited for poetry and in the poetic order. 'Fantast,' 'darkling,' 'as he sat darkling here,' 'Now she me for your son,' and 'the raw rain flies level,' are some of the examples quoted by Miss Hardy, but to anyone who has read Thomas Hardy to any considerable extent 'the terse, compressed and often monosyllabic style' of Hardy's lyrical verse is ever present in his prose. Again, because of this essential unity in Hardy, one is not surprised at the childhood experiences of the author finding their way into his works a quarter of a century later. As a boy he sees a bird killed instantaneously by a stone carelessly shied and it becomes a symbol of life precariously poised:

Lived its meek life: then, one day, fell—
A little ball of feather and bone.

A desire and a wish for seclusion in domestic safety, experienced and felt before he was eight, haunts him throughout life as a resentment against being the "centre of your time, and not a point on its circumstance." It has often been remarked that the element of pathos in Hardy is reminiscent of Greek tragedy. Boyish notings in his books, Ovidus, Terentius, Virgil, Lucretius and many more, all concern passages which deal with the uncertainty and unpredictability of life. The passionate outcry against the President of the Immortals so characteristic of Hardy's philosophy was neither a passing phase before he arrived at a maturer understanding nor the final conclusion of a lifetime of search. It was a mood of depression, a feeling of being unequal to the fight that was life, which caught on when he was a delicate child and never left him through fourteen novels, four volumes of short stories, more than nine hundred poems and two mar-

riages. Even Hardy's genius in craftsmanship to portray a scene, first complete with a compelling host of details and then moving away from it and giving us the long perspective, of which Lord David Cecil has spoken as being cinema-like, a close-up followed by shots from a receding trolley, is very similar to the temperament of the boy who stole out of the house to see an execution from as near the gallows as possible, and saw it with a mind shrinking farther and farther away from the gruesome spectacle.

One day studying a landscape attributed to Bonnington, Hardy is reported to have complained that it depicted Nature "as a Beauty, but not as a Mystery." On the other hand, D. H. Lawrence in an unfinished essay on Hardy's novels has criticised *Jude the Obscure* as not being a true, essential tragedy. "Necessarily painful it was, but they were not at war with God, only with society. Yet they were all cowed by the mere judgment of man upon them, and all the while by their own souls they were right. The judgment of man killed them, not the judgment of their own souls, or the judgment of God." Even so distinguished a poet and critic as T. S. Eliot feels, "only in their emotional paroxysms (do) most of Hardy's characters come alive. This extreme emotionalism seems to me a symptom of decadence." Consider the three together and we may catch a glimpse of the inner Hardy. His constant preoccupation with the Mystery behind the Beauty was at once responsible for the lasting quality of his writing and the unsatisfactory nature of his books. Discontent is the *elan vital* of all creative art but Hardy's was not the divine discontent which inspired whatever it contaminated, nor was his struggle the epic conflict which rendered the humble colossal. His was a child-like incapacity to accept life as he found it. Hence the gently soft, innocently moving manner of his style; hence the unbalanced, unreal nature of his characterisation; hence too the sense of uninevitability in his tragedies.

PARANKUSAM

The Skin

By Curzio Malaparte

A Signet Giant

The New American Library,
New York 22 N. Y.

35 cents

THE book which is a mixture of history, autobiography, fiction, fantasy and savage satire makes startling reading and one of its unholy fascinations is its brilliantly mocking style for Malaparte writes with a pen dipped in irony. He draws a sordid picture of Europe, especially Italy and more especially Naples during the years of the so-called liberation of Italy (1943-1944) by the U. S. Army. The book is a bewildering medley of emotions and moods—gay, tender, human, humane and humorous in parts, cynical, satirical, brutal, lurid, macabre and tragic in parts, and in parts full of pity and terror.

Malaparte is an artist, a poet, a scholar with a profound sense of the Past and a true unsentimental lover of humanity. He loves Italy, his country, and his descriptions of the Italian landscape—its sky and sea and rivers and mountains and roads and its lovely old historic towns and cities are sheer poetry. His heart is broken by his clear-eyed vision of the evil and suffering in the world. He has no illusions left and to live without illusions is not easy. It can drive one to the verge of madness. He loves his countrymen and is at once ashamed and proud of them. But even at his bitterest, most ironical and most satirical, he is affirming something lovely which in spite of temporary defeats is deathless and everlastingly true.

The Skin is an ugly book, a harrowing book, a depressing sad book, a beautiful book and fundamentally a religious book. Malaparte does us a great service. He tears the bandages from off our eyes and forces us to see life as it is—the naked Truth. He makes us see what depths human nature can touch. This stark unrelieved picture of sinful human nature at its worst would make it a

pernicious book but for the unmistakable attitude of the author himself to the hidden evil in human nature which comes up to the surface under the stress of circumstances. This attitude behind the writing is what makes the book significant and this attitude can only be defined by the word 'charity' in the sense in which it is used in chapter thirteen of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

PADMABAT

Kanchi

The Publications Division,
Ministry of Information &
Broadcasting, Government of India
Re. 1-8 as

IN 1938 Dr. Minakshi (who died in 1940) was requested by the Government of India to write a memoir on the sculptures of the Vaikunthaperumal temple at Kanchi. The text of this pamphlet, published in February 1954 by the Publications Division of the Government of India is her work.

Kanchi, the city of cities and a treasure-house of monumental art, is a place which every art-lover must visit. The photographic reproductions of some of its many interesting sights are fine and brings out the importance of the place. The production is dignified and the title page excellent.

Trekking in India

The Tourist Traffic Branch,
Ministry of Transport,
Government of India
8 as

THIS pamphlet is intended for those who are fond of mountaineering. It tells in brief how to plan your trekking in view of the time at your disposal; about starting points; of the equipment; of food and other cares you have to take. It is an informative leaflet for those who wish to enter the trekker's paradise—Kulu valley and other interesting places in the Himalayas.

Amritsar; Lucknow (See India Series)

The Tourist Traffic Branch,
Ministry of Transport,
Government of India,
8 as each

THESE pamphlets give a fairly good idea of what a tourist can see and enjoy in the historical cities of Amritsar and Lucknow. They give a brief history of the place, places of interest, shopping centres and some general information which is too terse to be of any practical use. The illustrations are good.

K. R.

MOMENTS

MOMENTS are moods—
cold as stone,
hot as fire,
that pierce as with a three-forked
spear,
or sear
the marrowbone.

Moments are blanks—
without brain,
without heart,
when life's an insult; and to be,
verily,
is meaningless, vain.

AFTERNOON IN LUCKNOW

IN Lucknow, one summer afternoon,
my friend and I did potter
about the old Residency
that made history totter.

We conn'd the legends on the walls
ruin'd, those stormy days dating,
we dived the subterranean crypts
of spooks o' the past in waiting.

We read the Poet Laureate's lay*
sounding a little pompous,
to our minds and ears directed
to modern poetic compass.

We pass'd by the bright obelisks
with epitaphs so natty,
while monkeys loped across the grass,
and birds on boughs were chatty.

In Lucknow that summer afternoon,
we saw an empire's trinket—
curio in consecrated dust
for sightseers to blink at.

* "Defence of Lucknow" by Lord Tennyson.

FOR PATRONAGE

TO the sovereign of an Indian
State,

a patron of arts and letters,
thus said a Poet:

My liege, I know it
that to the royal court flock my
betters,

and inside it poetry is in spate;
still here is my half quatrain,
humbler than a drop of rain!

It will please us greatly, came the
gracious nod,

and the Poet burst like a pea from
its pod:

How wonderful is the light house!
I must also get money!

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

NEW BOOKS

Spinsters in Jeopardy. A New
Novel by Ngaio Marsh

Rs. 7-14 as

The City and the Wave. A New
Novel by Jon Godden

Rs. 7-14 as

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from the Arctic to the Jungle
by Per Host with 69 illustrations

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by William Adams and Redvers
Opie

Rs. 32- 4 as

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Illustrated course in Physics,
Chemistry, Biology, Astronomy,
and Geology—Illustrated

Rs. 18-12 as

The Golden Honey Comb
by Vincent Cronin. A travel book
with illustrations

Rs. 12

The Prophet Armed. Trotsky
1879-1921 A Biography by Isaac
Deutscher

Rs. 24- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
Mylapore, MADRAS 4.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Property of evacuees

IN deciding to go ahead with its scheme to give compensation to refugees who have left behind properties in Pakistan, the Government of India adopted the only course open to it in view of the indifference of the Pakistan Government to a final settlement of the problem. It had for some time been clear that Pakistan was not anxious to reach any agreement on this matter because in a final balancing of accounts she will have to pay India over Rs. 1,000 crores as compensation for refugees' properties. But justice requires that refugees in India should not be made to wait indefinitely for something which belongs to them by all canons of justice. In the circumstances, to depend on Pakistan being made to see reason and justice and agree to pay compensation would be unrealistic.

The scheme which the Government has now adopted is the one which it has been pressing the Pakistan Government to agree to. The underlying principle is that this problem must be settled on a Governmental level by the Governments of the two countries acquiring the title of the properties left behind by evacuees and allotting them to immigrant refugees. If this were to be implemented, on a final balance the Pakistan Government will owe the Indian Government a huge sum of money since evacuee property in Pakistan is estimated at over Rs. 1,500 crores compared to about Rs. 500 crores of such property in India. In an attempt to avoid this embarrassing and not inconsiderable burden, the Pakistan Government has been insisting on individual settlement of this vexed question. That is, either evacuees must sell away their property for what it will fetch or arrange with an evacuee in the other country for mutual exchange of property. On the face of it, the latter proposition is impracticable on any large scale. Any attempt to sell Rs. 1,500 crores' worth

of property within a short time will mean that the properties will have to be sold away for a song, and the evacuees will get pretty little by way of compensation. In fact, this is precisely what the Pakistan Government wants to happen. But the Government of India has taken the right step in deciding to acquire the titles to the properties of evacuees, for this will ensure that the refugees who are now in Pakistan will get a fair and just compensation. It is to be hoped that the Pakistan Government will also do the right thing in this matter, which is essentially a human problem.

Mr. Fazlul Huq throws a bombshell

KARACHI's dovescotes are all aflutter over the statements of Mr. Fazlul Huq, the new Chief Minister of East Bengal, during his few days' stay in Calcutta. It was a new Mr. Huq speaking when he pleaded for co-operation between the two Bengals. This spirit of friendliness is in sharp contrast to the vitriolic outpourings against India recently witnessed in the Pakistan Parliament, to which some of the Ministers made notable contributions. Mr. Huq's moderation and good sense may partly be due to his anxiety to fulfil his election promises to restore prosperity to East Bengal. East Bengal's economy depends mainly on greater trade with West Bengal and Mr. Huq probably sought to create a better climate for trade and commerce to increase. It is, however, to be hoped that he was not wholly animated by any immediate considerations of political benefit in his utterances.

In a way, in giving expression to his friendly feelings towards India, Mr. Huq has given a handle to his political opponents. In the present strained atmosphere in Indo-Pakistan relations, his statements may be condemned as treachery to Pakistan and attempts may be made to rouse the volatile and fanatical people of East Bengal to repudiate him. Reports indicate that even his own followers in the United Front are perturbed over his views. But, if Mr.

Huq is correct in his assessment that the common man in Pakistan only wants to live in friendship with his brethren in India, he need not fear even a revolt by the legislators.

United front in T.-C.

THE crack in the United Front of Leftists in Travancore-Cochin has widened. It appears the Revolutionary Socialist Party, which holds 9 of the 40 seats of the U. F. L. in the Assembly, has threatened to walk out of the Front if the Communists failed to give a satisfactory explanation of their action in the recent elections to the Council of States in which the R. S. P. candidate was defeated. The Communists set up a nominee of their own who was returned.

The trouble arose as follows. Two of the seats in the Upper House of Parliament allotted to Travancore-Cochin fell vacant by the biennial retirement rule. It so happened that these two seats were held by a Communist and a Kerala Socialist Party man. The R. S. P. demanded that a candidate of theirs should be returned to one of the seats. Owing to the party position in the State Assembly only one leftist could be returned. The Communists decided to set up a candidate of their own even if it meant losing the R. S. P.'s support and sought the votes of the Travancore Tamil Nad Congress to ensure the election of their nominee in return for their support to the T. T. N. C. candidate when the present T. T. N. C. member's term expires.

This manoeuvre has naturally angered the R. S. P. But, lacking any explanation which can at all satisfy it, the Communists now declare that they do not care if the R. S. P. walks out of the Front. Added to this, the Communists have been accused of preventing an agreement with the Praja Socialists for forming a coalition Government in the State. The charge is strange because people till now had been led to believe that it was the P. S. P. which refused to take part in any coalition. Further interesting revelations are promised about the behind-the-scenes negotiations prior to the formation of the T.-C. Ministry, if the R. S. P. were indeed to quit the U. F. L.

Defamation of public servants

THERE has been widespread criticism in Parliament and outside of the clause in the Criminal Procedure Code Amendment Bill concerning the defamation of public servants and Ministers. Defamation of officials is made a cognizable offence; that is, if charges against a Government servant are made in a newspaper, the Government undertakes to institute enquiries into them and, if it is satisfied that they are false, binds itself to prosecute the paper concerned. Enquiries should surely be made when there are complaints against the conduct of an official, but it is difficult to understand why the Government should take upon itself the task of vindicating the character of its officials in public. In a way this is contrary to the principles of common law, on which the Indian legal system is based.

Home Minister Katju claims that officials are unwilling to sue offending papers on account of the delay and expense involved, and consequently it is the duty of the Government to protect them from unfair attacks. Probably what weighs with such officials is the anxiety to avoid the unfavourable publicity which a law suit will bring in its train. There may also be the fear that one can never know what course a case in court may take and what facts may not come to light during the hearing. Dr. Katju ought to know that an official, exonerated at a departmental enquiry, can have no valid reason to refuse to go to the law to bring the offender to book. Maybe, even a public declaration by the Government that it is satisfied that the charges are baseless will be enough to set at rest all doubts about his probity and the newspaper concerned can be left to be dealt with by the person concerned if he so chooses.

For two other reasons also the concerned clause should be omitted from the Bill. For one thing it is out of place in a measure primarily intended to reduce the cost of justice and eliminate delays. For another it introduces an unjustifiable distinction between a private citizen and a public servant. When a private indi-

vidual will still have to face the delays and expenses of a court action for defamation, there seems to be no reason why officials should be accorded a privileged position.

Delhi's trams to go

THE last of Delhi's trams will run off the rails before the end of next year, according to a decision of the Delhi Transport Service authorities. There had been a proposal to replace the 24 or so trams by some 40 trolley-buses, but owing to the nature of the area through which they would have to operate, it has been finally decided to introduce ordinary buses instead. Confined as they are to Old Delhi, the trams have to operate within a limited area (which means short journeys) and in crowded localities (making quick trips impossible). The experience of Calcutta and Bombay shows that a tram service is efficient when run over fairly long distances, for which a city must be one of distances.

Another factor which weighed with the D. T. S. authorities in their decision to abolish the tram service is the frequent disputes with the municipal authorities over repairs to tracks. Besides, the tram track spoils a road, particularly if the roads are narrow, causing considerable inconvenience to other traffic. Anyway, when quicker and more comfortable vehicles are available, it is absurd to retain an antiquated means of transport.

There is a lesson for the Madras Government to take from the Delhi example. There is what looks like a widespread demand for the revival of the tram service, and it is to be hoped they will not surrender to the political and other pressures being brought to bear on them and allow the rickety old trams with their ear-rending noise and gaunt appearance to spoil the city's roads once again. The trams have outlived their usefulness and have died a natural death. There is no reason why the Government should try artificial respiration on them.

The metric system

FOR several years now, there had frequently been proposals and suggestions for introducing the decimal system in regard to both coinage and weights and measures, but for some reason or other it had not been possible to implement them. News that the Government of India are now considering introduction of the metric system is, therefore, to be welcomed. The advantages of the changeover need no elaboration. It will introduce order, uniformity and simplicity in weights and measures in place of the widely varying and complicated systems prevailing in different parts of the country. Under the present unsystematic systems, comparisons of prices, etc., for statistical and other purposes is not possible without complicated calculations. The coinage system will also be considerably simpler if it is based on the decimal system and foreign exchange transactions in particular will be facilitated. It is to be hoped that the Government will take up this matter also along with the reform of weights and measures.

The Decimal Coinage Bill was first introduced in the Central Legislative Assembly in 1941 and was supported by the Congress, which held a majority of seats, and by other parties too. But, owing to a conspiracy of circumstances, it was decided to circulate it for eliciting public opinion. The Bill never came back to the Assembly. In February 1947, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, then a member of the Central Cabinet, announced that a proposal would be brought forward to introduce decimal coinage, but no scheme was in fact brought forward. A special committee of the Indian Standards Institution has also recommended the introduction of the metric system, without any action being taken on it. Every impartial enquiry has only brought to light the confusion prevailing in the country in regard to weights and measures and revealed the urgency and need of rationalising them on the basis of the metric system.—Figaro

Profile:

CHOU EN-LAI

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y.: The first element in the Geneva "equation" as Americans see it, is the strength and cohesion of the Moscow-Peking axis. Is this a partnership or a master-puppet relationship? Are there weaknesses in it which the West can exploit to its benefit? The doubts and questions are many. The known facts are few.

It will be the first time that Messrs. Dulles, Eden and Bidault have met Chou, although some of the "old China hands" among their advisers met him years ago during the Chinese civil war. Then, he was generally quite personable. But since the Communists finally achieved power in China, he has scarcely been seen by any Western diplomats. Among literally hundreds of stories that have appeared about Chou En-lai in American papers the sketch written by a Chinese newspaperman now living in Hongkong, is revealing. He broke with Mao and Chou in 1938.

We quote below this sketch of the Foreign Minister of Red China:

The Chinese often characterize a man either as "round," meaning smooth; or as "square," meaning one with strict principles and set ways. Premier-Foreign Minister Chou En-lai, who is the directing chief of Communist China's delegation to the Geneva Conference, is definitely a "round" man. He belongs in this category as one who is smooth in his dealings with society, who is good at making friends, who never goes to extremes and who always adapts himself to the existing situation.

Let us begin with the rhetorical question Secretary of State Dulles asked at the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers in Berlin: "Who is this Chou En-lai?" I will try to answer this question on the basis of my past experience with him in the Chinese Communist party.

Actually, Chou En-lai is no stranger to foreign diplomats, particularly to officials of the United States Department of State. Two envoys of President Roosevelt, first Gen. P. J.

Hurley and then Gen. G. Marshall, dealt with him at various stages of the civil war negotiations between the Kuomintang and the Communists in China.

He is one of the most capable of Chinese Communist leaders and has played a role in the party second only to that of Mao Tse-tung himself. It is perhaps fitting that he should be coupled with Vyacheslav Molotov at Geneva, for even though the personalities of the two men differ, Chou En-lai is now the Chinese Molotov.

Chou En-lai is a man of such tremendous energy that idleness throws him completely off balance. He is efficient, meticulous and adept in dealing with manifold tasks, he has a good knowledge of modern affairs; he is endowed with a sharp analytical mind, a strong memory and the ability to express himself lucidly; he has good looks, a robust physique and works best under pressure.

Moreover, he is an artful diplomat who is skilled in shifting ground and a great actor who can weep, shout or simulate modesty as the occasion requires. When he was a student at Nankai Middle School in Tientsin, he used to play feminine roles in school dramatic performances. But there is nothing effeminate about Chou.

Throughout his career he has been untouched by personal scandal. He always has led a regular and methodical life. He is a good drinker, but is not addicted to liquor; he does not smoke. So far as I know, he has no hobbies of any kind. He is married to Teng Ying-chao, an alternate member of the Communist Central Committee.

Chou En-lai, one of the earliest members of the Chinese Communist Party, is of neither worker nor peasant origin. Born in 1898 at Huaian in Kiangsu Province, he comes from a Mandarin family and could hardly have escaped the early influences of a bureaucratic philosophy and an atmosphere of relative affluence. At the time of the patriotic "May 14th" student movement in 1919 he was studying at Nankai in Tientsin.

Later he went to France as a student-worker, joining the Chinese Communist Party there in 1921. This was the same year in which the party was formally organized in Shanghai at a meeting in which I participated. Chou En-lai and I had known of each other while we were working in the student movement, he in Tientsin and I in Peiping, but we did not meet until 1925, when I went to Canton to attend an all-China Labour Conference.

Chou arrived in Canton from France just as the Whampoa Military Academy was being established there with Chiang Kai-shek as president. He was recommended for the post of secretary in the school's political department, and soon became the acting political commissar of the Academy. When I met him in Canton he still spoke with a Tientsin accent, but he struck me as one who had become Europeanized in many ways.

In addition to the post he held in the Whampoa Academy, Chou was concurrently a member of the Kwangtung Province Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and the director of its Military Affairs Department. His success in Kwangtung was attributable to two factors. First, he was one of the best students of Borodin, the Russian adviser; second, he maintained a fairly good relationship with Chiang Kai-shek.

It was no simple task to him to collaborate with Chiang; as an official of the Whampoa Military Academy, he had to deal with criticism from his own comrades, who complained that he was influenced too much by the "Whampoa atmosphere."

As a member of the Chinese Communist Party for 33 years, Chou En-lai has gone through numerous intra-party struggles, but he always has emerged as a powerful figure. Thus, he has been likened to *pu tao wen* (the old man who never falls down)—the lead-weighted, round-bottomed Chinese toy figure that cannot be overturned.

The Chinese Communist party often refers to the "opportunism" of Chen Tu-hsiu, the first leader of the

party, who was deposed at the "August 7th Conference" of 1927. In point of fact, Chou En-lai was a central figure in the series of events that led to Chen Tu-hsiu's downfall.

WHEN the Kuomintang turned on the Shanghai insurrectionists in the purge of April 12, 1927, Chou—as the leader of the insurrection—erred by not being vigilant and taking precautions. But it was Chen Tu-hsiu who was made to admit this failure. Chou not only escaped censure, but was elected a member of the Politburo.

Divergences developed between Chou the sophisticated student who had been to Europe, and Mao Tse-tung, the native product. In 1931, when the party's Central Committee was transferred from Shanghai to Mao's Soviet area in Kiangsi, Chou seized military power from Mao. When Mao regained his leadership in January 1934, he made Chou the main target of attack. Again Chou weathered the storm. He submitted to Mao who felt he could use him as a Politburo member and as vice chairman of the Military Affairs Committee.

Thus began the Mao-Chou partnership. Although relations between the two have never been cordial, they have managed to work together. Mao has found Chou an extremely capable and valuable associate.

The latter's dexterity is shown by his activities during the "Sian coup" of December 1936, when Chiang Kai-shek was kidnapped by the war lord Chang Hsueh-liang. Although he was the executor and not the policy-maker in this incident, Chou—who operated under the directives of Stalin and the maneuvers of Mao—succeeded in obtaining the release of Chiang Kai-shek.

This event created the basis for a new "united front" cooperation between the Kuomintang and the Communists against the Japanese, and gave Mao and Chou a chance to strengthen their position. Chou absorbed the bulk of the war lord's troops into the Communist Eight Route Army. The "Sian coup" signified a turn in Chinese history for

without it, the Chinese Communists might never have seized the mainland of China.

From 1937 to 1945 and again from 1945 to 1947 Chou represented the Chinese Communists as their negotiator, first in Hankow, then in Chungking and later in Nanking.

It was almost inevitable for Chou to become Premier and Foreign Minister when the Chinese Communist party established the "Chinese People's Republic" in 1949. He is the man in the party best qualified to fill those jobs. In my opinion, Chou is also the best qualified to succeed Mao Tse-tung if anything should happen to Mao. But this question is most complex and the answer is related to the continuous struggle that goes on in the party.

One hears much these days of "collective leadership" in the Chinese Communist party and of the possibility of a triumvirate's taking power in the event of Mao's death. Such a triumvirate, the speculation runs, would consist of Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the army; Liu Shao-chi, secretary general of the party and Chou En-lai.

How would such a triumvirate work out?

General Chu Teh, an amiable man with great prestige, is only a titular leader of the party. His position is analogous to that of Voroshilov in the Soviet Union. He has been friendlier with Chou than with Mao, and might very well concede actual leadership to Chou while playing the role of party peace-maker. In the Chinese Communist scheme of things, the mediator must be a man of special talents. His role is often decisive.

Liu Shao-chi, who started his career as a trade union leader and underground partisan, is close to Mao Tse-tung. Mao would probably like him as a successor, but he is less versed in administrative tasks, diplomacy and military affairs than Chou.

Chou En-lai does not have a large following in the lower and middle ranks of the party, but he has had strong support in the past among

many high ranking officials and senior military men. If Moscow and Gen. Chu Teh helped Chou, he might emerge victorious in any success contest. But it is not wise to be dogmatic in this.

It is clear, however, that there is no one in the Chinese Communist party who can compete with Chou in the ability to deal with such problems as will arise at the Geneva Conference. He may be expected to concentrate there on trying to obtain the admission of Communist China into the United Nations as a member of the "Big Five."

Chou has served the Chinese Communists well as a political negotiator and one must not underestimate his talents in such capacity. How he will function in cooperation with the Russians remains to be seen. The tactics he will use will also depend on what specific situations he encounters.

But it should be not forgotten that Chou is skilled in the tactic of splitting the opposition. This technique is one of singling out the main adversary, focussing the attack upon him and exploiting splits in the enemy camp either by pressure, cajolery, or appeals to "principles" and "justice." Often a measure of conciliation is introduced to offset the pressure.

Chou is also a master of the technique of introducing exorbitant demands and then offering to "compromise" at a level beyond what he wanted in the first place. But he does not compromise easily. He argues for every point, no matter what it is, and while he may seem reasonable on "principles" he does not yield easily on concrete substantive matters. He knows the art of stalling, too, and there are many ways to stall.

The Chinese Communists may well be prepared to accept an advantageous political settlement at Geneva, but if a settlement is out of the question Chou also knows how to break up a conference in such a way as to cast himself in a role of the aggrieved and oppressed party.

—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE All-Indian Cine Technicians' Conference is being held in Bombay on Saturday 15th and Sunday 16th May. There are many problems confronting the technicians and it is hoped that all of them will be thrashed out in proper spirit.

The Hollywood film has made tremendous progress during the last few years. The 3-D, Cinemascope, stereophonic sound and technicolor constitute a great advance and the pity is none of our technicians has a knowledge of the intricacies of these new technical developments. Already we have on record that we had to import foreign technicians for photographing colour films; and without the assistance of foreign technicians, there is no possibility of making a 3-D or cinemascope film in India. Hence the first and the foremost task of the technicians' conference should be to devise ways and means to enable our technicians to study and master these developments.

Apart from these latest technical developments, there is a crying need for an institution to learn the film technique in India. Today, most of our technicians owe their position to the hard-work they had put in as apprentices and assistants; and the pity is that unless one has strong recommendations and influence he has no chance of being even selected as an apprentice. It is always the producer's relation or the cameraman's brother, who gets a chance irrespective of any academic qualifications. Had there been a proper institution, only qualified people would have got the chance to become technicians.

Then, the working conditions deserve thorough examination. On the one hand the technicians are not provided with good equipment he gets a taxi little knowing that he

and other technical facilities; on the other hand they are not properly paid. Barring a few at the top the salary given to the technicians is hardly adequate and what is worse, even that salary is not paid in time. There are several technicians who find that their salaries for months are always in arrears. To ensure regular monthly payment of salary on due dates and also to fix up a reasonable scale, it is very necessary that the technicians should have a trade union of their own to fight for their rights.

Considering the limitations under which our technicians work, it must be said to their credit that they have been doing a magnificent job. The results they have achieved are truly remarkable. Yet, our technique has not achieved the Hollywood standard, especially our trick photography. Sound recording and processing leave much room for improvement. To achieve this improvement should also be the main task of the conference.

Picture of the week

GURU DUTT, the originator of 'Baazi' formula has made another picture in that tradition in *Aar Paar*, and though the high brows and snobs may not appreciate it, the common picture-goers will find it exhilarating for a variety of reasons.

To begin with, the picture has catchy music, exotic glamour, fast tempo, thrilling chase scenes, a pretext of suspense and mystery, delightful romance and a popular brand of comedy. There is hardly any story—and that is why perhaps no credit for story is given—and it follows a set pattern. Kalu, a taxi-driver sentenced for rash driving comes out of jail to be turned out by his old boss and his sister's husband. Literally, on the streets, he meets a girl Nikki by accident, follows her to recover his coat and gets a job for himself as a 'mechanic' in a garage. He also establishes contact with a captain of the underworld to convey the message of a fellow-prisoner.

For making love to the girl, who is the garage-owner's daughter he loses his job and through the captain

is being used as a stooge by a gang of desperadoes. He tries to win the girl by making a straight proposal to her father; he tries even to elope with her. He fails in both the efforts and almost joins the gang when he discovers their nefarious activities. When Kalu refuses to help them, they kidnap his sweetheart and blackmail him to help them to loot a bank. One of the captain's accomplices comes to his help and they thwart the looting plan and rush to rescue Nikki. After the chase and fighting, the lovers are united and the gang arrested.

The story itself is not impressive and the screenplay is very loosely knit but the manner in which it is told makes it both engrossing and entertaining. Superb outdoor photography, smart taking, tantalizing songs and hilarious comedy by Johnny Walker not only enliven the picture but makes it a delightful affair.

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Johnny Walker, Shyama and Jagdeep impress most by their performances; Guru Dutt, Shakila and Jagadish Sethi also acquit themselves creditably. But Guru Dutt the director overshadows Guru Dutt the artiste. V. K. Murti's camerawork deserves special mention. O. P. Nayyar's tunes are very catchy and Majrooh's lyrics are simple and provocative. At least three songs should be very popular.

Aaar Paar aims to be a popular entertainer and like *Taxi Driver* it achieves its aim.

Personality of the week

WITH *Aaar Paar* to his credit music director O. P. Nayyar seems to have made the grade. It was his association with C. H. Atma that brought him into films in 1952; and it was Dalsukh M. Pancholi, the pioneer producer of Punjab who gave him his first opportunity in *Aasmaan*. Since then he has given music for *Chham Chhama Chham* and *Baaz*. It is however his music in *Aar Paar* that will skyrocket him to stardom and make him one of the popular music directors of our industry.

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Cinemascope: "The Robe"

FROM the silent films of old to the Cinemascope in which three dimensional effect is achieved without the aid of polaroid or colour glasses is a far cry. To Twentieth Century Fox goes the credit for having accomplished this in their adaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas's famous novel *The Robe*. On Sunday last the Press was treated to a few scenes from the *The Robe* and other pictures to come, as also other aspects like scenes of Paris, Coronation Parade and an airplane sequence (Take-off from La Guardia Field, New York). The potentialities of the Cinemascope seem to be immense and from what we have seen, one can be certain of a very promising future for this, the latest in the evolution of the Cinema. Together with stereophonic sound the effect is indeed remarkable. New Globe is showing *The Robe* from Friday the 14th instant.

SWATANTRA

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THE MINISTER'S DILEMMA

IN the Legislative Assembly on Tuesday, Sri Subrahmanyam announced the decision of the Madras Government to drop the modified scheme of elementary education. This announcement brings to the fore an important question connected with the position of Ministers who disagree with their party on issues of major policy. The modified scheme of elementary education was introduced last year when Sri Rajagopalachari was Chief Minister. Sri Subrahmanyam was, next to the then Chief Minister, probably the most enthusiastic advocate of the scheme. It does not appear that his faith in the scheme has suffered any diminution in consequence of the poundings to which it has been subjected by adverse critics. He remains as convinced an apostle of the efficacy of the modified scheme for promoting universal primary education as its author himself. Sri Subrahmanyam seems to think that within the limitations imposed on the State by its budgetary difficulties, there is no alternative method that can hold a candle to the scheme devised by Rajaji for satisfying the directive principle laid down in the Constitution in the matter of universal education. Yet it has fallen to his lot to announce a decision in regard to the scheme exactly contrary to his convictions and implement that decision in practice as the policy of his department. In explanation of this anomaly, Sri Subrahmanyam told the legislators that as a member of the Congress Legisla-

ture Party, he was bound to obey the mandates given by the party as long as he continued to be Minister. Undoubtedly. But was he bound to continue as Minister to implement a change in the policy of his party that found no response in his own judgment? In analogous situations the approved pattern of behaviour in parliamentary systems pledged to democratic ideals is the one that Mr. Bevan adopted when he could not see eye to eye with the Labour leadership over the rearmament issue. Bevan would not assume responsibility for a policy he did not believe in, and rather than compromise on it to retain his position in the Cabinet, he resigned from office while continuing within the party. In that way he secured the right to battle for his convictions inside the party fold.

Sri Subrahmanyam should have acted as Bevan did when faced with a similar situation. Not only would his personal credit have then gone very high, he would have helped in infusing some dignity into the party set-up as a vehicle for democratic self-government. The democratic spirit does not call for regimentation of opinion as evidence of loyalty to party leadership. It is somewhat depressing to find that, whereas only a little while ago there were a good few members in the party upholding the modified scheme, the demand for dropping it is now represented as having the unanimous support of every member of the party including, presumably, Sri Subrahman-

yam himself! Yet his statement in the Assembly proclaiming the change in the Government's policy in regard to the modified scheme of elementary education, presents very ably all the arguments that could be mustered to prove the change to be wrong and inimical to the public interest. It is not an enviable position for a Minister to have to give effect in practice to a policy diametrically opposed to what his faith and belief endorse as right and proper; and in such a dilemma, if the Minister did not pass through some crisis of conscience, he would stand revealed inevitably as one wholly invulnerable to anything in the nature of a principle. We therefore find Sri Subrahmanyam explaining that he is "groping in the dark and not seen the light." He tells us he is still faced with the difficulty of having to decide whether he should "continue to accept the mandate of the party or should make any other decision." All this is of course understandable, but the Minister's subsequent excursion into irrelevant prayerfulness strikes the detached observer as neither convincing nor straightforward. "My only prayer is," he says, "that we should get the wisdom to choose the correct path, and having chosen it, my further prayer is that we should have the courage and the perseverance to follow that path, however difficult and narrow it may be." Let there be no mistake about it, the whole drift of the Minister's speech indicates that the now abandoned scheme of Rajaji is the correct path. It is curious that it did not occur to Sri Subrahmanyam that having chosen the correct path, and then abandoned it for whatever reason; he is scarcely qualified to pray that others (never so well entrenched in that path as he once was) should follow it "with courage and perseverance, however difficult and narrow it may be." There is meaning in prayer as an invocation for grace to descend from above to

crown with victory our uncertain human struggle after every effort is made with relentless sincerity to reach a desirable aim. But we cannot cheat Providence into blessing us with the attainment of a goal which we ourselves have forsaken.

The modified scheme of elementary education does not deserve the fate that has overtaken it. In the emphasis it laid on manual labour and training for handicrafts, it was intrinsically sound. It erred by taking too much for granted, and not making adequate provision for skilled direction of the school hours released from text-book teaching. The error is quite capable of being rectified. Another disservice to the scheme, that was done by its architect himself, lay in the needless antagonism he reared up in his publicity campaign between craft education and higher education by way of emphasising the importance of manual labour for solving the gigantic unemployment problem in the country. As a matter of fact, no solution can ever come to the unemployment problem if the resourcefulness of well-developed brain power is not applied to the task. It was Jefferson that laid the foundations for the present impressive service of American education in the economic sphere, and it is noteworthy that in Jefferson's plan of education, while there was a school within three miles' range of every home, all the elementary schools together were to serve as the base for a pyramidal structure crowned by universities of the highest type dedicated to freedom of the mind and unlimited research. According to a report of the Educational Policies Commission of the U. S., "Jefferson proposed that 'the best genius' of each elementary school, if unable to pay his way, should be sent to the secondary school at public expense, and that the ablest in each secondary institution be maintained at the univer-

sity free of cost." Thus the elements of learning were made available to all, and education, by enabling talent to flower, supplied the nation with all the talent it needed to make the best use of its human and material resources for the creation of maximum happiness and prosperity. Elementary education will not fructify into social advancement

unless it is treated as a base for the discovery and nursing of talent, with all the handicaps of poverty removed, so as to supply the dynamism of intelligent initiative and effective leadership for turning the strength of numbers and the energy of the millions into constructive achievements conducive to peace and plenty.

Sotto Voce

★

REMUNERATING OUR RULERS



OUR M. P.'s have cut their allowances by one half but voted themselves a modest retainer in addition. Such little arithmetic as I have shows that they stand to gain by the change; for, so far as I can recollect, they don't sit for anything like eight months in the year. But then there is nothing to prevent them from being continuously in session round the calendar. In fact the duties of legislators increase day by day, and I shouldn't be surprised at all if, resolving to sit twelve months in the year they find that even the enhanced emoluments don't suffice to make both ends meet.

★

If that should happen my own vote, for what it is worth, will go in favour of giving them such increase as they seek. Not that my vote or yours really matters. Why, even the Cabinet did not think it proper to claim to have a say in this affair. They left it to the free vote of Parliament. And our sovereign legislators have abundantly shown that they can be relied upon to use their discretion with restraint. Why should they not have voted themselves a round sum of a thousand

rupees a month? That would not be excessive at all seeing that the burden of a kingdom rests upon them. The wisdom of the free vote has been abundantly justified.

★

But, to me personally, what appeals even more than their statesmanlike temperance is the engaging humanity that made them vote themselves a little extra—I refer to the free second class they have given themselves which will enable them to travel over the entire railway system not once in the year but as many times as they please. The cash value to the individual member of the concession is not much. With Parliament sitting for a substantial part of the year even those who are possessed by wander-lust will hardly be able to circumambulate the dear motherland even once from equinox to equinox. And little satisfaction of the vicarious sort can be got out of it, since railway passes are not transferable.

★

But the pleasure that a privilege gives is in inverse ratio to its utility. While M. P.'s have a duty to visit their constituencies, exigencies of

Parliamentary business often stand in the way. And though in each one of our legislators is vested a fraction of the responsibility for ruling the country there is neither law nor usage requiring the Delhi-wala to visit Cape Comorin or the Madura man to get himself acquainted at first hand with Meerut. They all contrive to see Kashi or Rameswaram as the case may be, but in a secular state that is, strictly speaking, *sub rosa*.

Good form, I suppose, requires no less that you mustn't take notice of other free jaunts that may be undertaken rather more frequently. Party-meets, for instance. The Congress Party, in particular, has always been anxious that the honour of entertaining their pals from all over the country should be shared in succession by every Pradesh Committee. If such pow-wows couldn't be held more frequently it was because T. A. was a constant head-ache. The free pass will solve the problem and no awkward questions will be asked. And that is just as well. When it was known that Rs. 90,000 odd was spent upon Mr. Nehru's election trip to the South, there were audible murmurs. If somebody calculated what the universal free pass to M. P.'s will cost the exchequer the murmur may swell into a roar.

It would have been on the whole

Taming Wild Animals

IF you breathe heavily down your nose at a savage horse, cow or bull the reaction will be surprising and not at all unpleasant, according to Barbara Woodhouse, for the animal will snort back and come to be fondled. Mrs. Woodhouse wrote an article on this subject in a British Sunday newspaper, an article which caused a great stir amongst the animal-conscious British. Monica Muga, going to see her on behalf of the BBC's North American Service, found her overwhelmed by reporters, photographers and requests to write and broadcast about her surprising technique.

It was in the Argentine that

prudent if our M. P.'s had been content with giving themselves a salary and a retainer; anything *ad lib* is always suspect. In fact there are old-fashioned folk who think that for M. P.'s as well as others who give themselves *con amore* to the public service reimbursement of out of pocket expenses should suffice. They hold that nothing has encouraged careerism in politics more than the precedent set by British M. P.'s of voting themselves a salary. If you say, "But then the poor man must live," they will reply unabashed, "Not at all; politics is not for the poor man."

Don't jump to the conclusion, sapient reader, that those who argue thus must be relics of the feudal ages. When they say that politics is not for the poor man they do not mean that they must be the luxury of the rich. They merely take the position which many philosophers from Plato downward have taken that the man who goes in for politics must have a competence. Party-government is at the best a makeshift. The private member must fight an unceasing battle against the encroachments of the caucus. To give him a salary, continuance of which is dependent on the pleasure of the bosses, is to tie up his hands behind his back.

VIGNESWARA

she discovered the trick which now makes taming wild horses child's play to her. The secret was passed on by a South American Indian who told her not to waste time in trying to win a wild horse's confidence when all she needed to do was to snort at it. She proved the truth of his contention and now goes calmly up to the most savage horse and snorts at it. It invariably snorts back, advances and blows on her cheek, and she can then saddle it at once. She has never failed to tame a savage horse or bull and once at a circus snorted at a professional kicking mule which immediately gave up kicking to follow her around like a puppy, a fact which upset the circus proprietor in no small measure.

SIDELIGHTS ::

A SUGGESTION that relatives of Judges should not be allowed to appear in the High Courts where the Judges served, was turned down by Dr. Katju in the Council of States. Such matters, Dr. Katju said, could not be provided by legislation. Not to be susceptible to partialities of any kind is the mark of the judicial mind. To a judge with the judicial mind, extra restraints to bind him to the standards of impartiality are unnecessary. To one without it, they are useless. As the judiciary represents the highest protection open to citizens not only from injustices inflicted by other citizens, but also from unfair exercises of power even by the Government, its dignity is best served by provisions of law ensuring it untrammelled independence. Scarcely a week ago an amendment to the Constitution of the United States was approved by the Senate by 58 to 19 votes with less than four hours of debate. It sought to fix the size of the Supreme Court permanently at its present membership of nine justices. The aim of the amendment was clearly to prevent a repetition at any time in the future of the court-packing plan of the sort attempted by President Roosevelt and protect the nation's highest tribunal against undue pressure from other powers in the State like the executive and the legislature. It is in the direction of increasing the powers of the judiciary and placing it above other competitive branches of the administration, rather than by curtailing them, that the safety and interests of citizens have come to be regarded as best served in modern democracies.

Many eminent judges had distinguished sons and sons-in-law. The father of the present Chief Justice of Madras was for many years a Judge of the same High Court; and Sri K. Subba Rau, expected to be named the Chief Justice of the Andhra High Court, is his son-in-law. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar was the son-in-law of V. Bhashyam Aiyangar, the

greatest jurist and judge that the country has ever produced. Similar instances can be multiplied. If the father or son or both in such cases feel any embarrassment in the performance of their duties on account of their relationship, they would naturally seek to place themselves out of its purview by mutual agreement. But if, notwithstanding the relationship, they reveal the gift of absolute detachment in the discharge of their duties, that by itself would make a rich contribution to the tradition of integrity of the courts for the inspiration of succeeding generations.

The danger to the dignity of the judiciary lies, not in the concentration of too much power and discretion in the keeping of judges, but in improper selection of persons for judicial appointments under the sway of political or other similar irrelevant considerations. Sri Patanjali Sastri, till recently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, observed at a conference of judicial officers this week, that the whole conception of the modern function of the judiciary would be frustrated and its independence undermined if recruitment was made purely a matter of patronage. There was a tinge of sadness in his speech as though the performance of Ministers in the matter of choosing Judges for the High Courts has not been quite up to the mark in our present era of freedom.

Far too many judicial appointments are traceable nowadays to improper political pressures. The most promising of Ministers seem to succumb to them helplessly, destroying with swift disillusionment the great hopes that had been built round them in long years of non-official striving in good causes. For example, when Sri Tenneti Viswanadham joined the Andhra Cabinet, he took with him a great reputation for integrity. No public man had resigned so many times to vindicate a principle. As leader of the Opposi-

tion in the Legislative Assembly of the composite Madras State, he gave no quarter to the Treasury Bench. He insisted that the administration should be carried on in conformity with the highest principles of rectitude. But now, as a Minister of the Andhra Government, he does not seem to be as mindful of the excellent principles which he observed in his distinguished career as a non-official legislator, as his many admirers had felt certain he would. The legal appointments he made in his very first exercise of power as a member of the Government gave the greatest dissatisfaction to the bar. I have not come across any adverse critic of his choice for Advocate-General. Neither have I come across any who had a good word to say for any of his other appointments. It is the consensus of opinion among competent legal practitioners that Sri Munikannaiya, not having handled a criminal case previously in his life, is quite unsuited for the post of Public Prosecutor. He might have done well as a Government Pleader. But Sri Viswanadham seems to have made up his mind to allot the Government Pleadership to a son-in-law of Dr. Radhakrishnan as a stepping stone towards his even-

tual erection as a High Court Judge. Another appointment made by Sri Viswanadham that did not reveal any creditable sense of fairness was his elevation of a District Judge to the dignity of Law Secretary. This particular District Judge had not revealed himself to the public as a very exemplary dispenser of justice. He had given no signs of any outstanding distinction entitling him to the preference showered on him by the Minister. All the charm of the old idealism for which Sri Viswanadham was renowned and which made him so lovable throughout the old Madras State, vanished at the first touch of responsibility, and in less than a year he has succeeded in divesting himself largely of the prestige that had been gathered in three decades of laborious service in the public interest. A first class politician has blossomed into a weak, indecisive and ineffective administrator with no higher conception of duty than utilising the opportunities of office for keeping alive with artificial respiration a miserable rump of a party of his own of no particular serviceability to the community. It is all very disappointing and disheartening.

SAKA



Vyshinsky congratulating Bhanumathi Krishna Rao after a classical dance performance by her at New India House, New York. She is the wife of the Assistant Legal Officer of the U. N.

U. S. ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS "AGONISING REAPPRAISAL"

WASHINGTON: With the Senate Investigating subcommittee days of stormy hearings, it was no more certain than it was at the outset whether this investigation would result in a decisive determination of the issues.

What was clear was that the country was being given an opportunity for the first time to see Senator McCarthy and his associates in operation under circumstances in which he and his opponents were on an equal footing. The hearings cannot help but be a great educational experience even if the issues are not resolved.

McCarthy has been investigated twice before, once by the Monroney Committee looking into the Maryland election of 1950 and then by the Gillette Committee acting on the Benton resolution to expel him from the Senate. Neither of these investigations, however, was televised. More important, McCarthy did not participate actively in them. He was a name and a voice off stage. McCarthy himself has been conducting televised hearings on and off for more than a year, but in those he was the all-powerful figure. The Democrats were ineffectual and his Republican colleagues acquiescent or supine. No witness in a McCarthy committee hearing had the right of cross-examination. None had a counsel with the skill and experience to cope with the chairman's tactics.

The Democrats on the committee, particularly Senators McClellan and Jackson have become sufficiently aroused to take a vigorous part in the questioning. In Joseph N. Welch, the Army lawyer, McCarthy at last faces a legal antagonist with the right combination of professional skill, political imagination, and personal flair to hold his own at the centre of the stage.

McCarthy is now in an even contest without the usual advantages, figuratively speaking, of elevated shoes, padding, a death grip on the

microphone, and the only blackjack in the room. In this redrawn arena, McCarthy has scarcely shown up as the conquering strong man. He has lost his temper. He had alternately shouted, growled, and whined. He has made more interruptions and points of order, than all the other participants combined. It has been a losing performance.

These proceedings are being covered by every major newspaper and journal in U. S. A. Editorials and comments have come from every one of them. But what took our breath away was the following statement of an American editor who had been unsparing of the Senator from Wisconsin from the very beginning:

Perhaps the time has come for those of us who can still do it to make an "agonizing reappraisal" of our country's role in the community of nations and our Government's role in the life of its citizens. "Agonizing" is the right word for at least this reappraisal. Our country's prestige abroad is going down, and this prestige is more than half of our power. Our leaders never tire of proclaiming their devotion to the sacred principles of individual liberty, while at the same time a presumption of guilt toward an ever-increasing number of citizens becomes the law of the land. How many new, ugly practices have come to be taken for granted by all of us? How far below our standards have we fallen? The hope never dies that the bottom has been reached. Then something happens, like the case of Robert Oppenheimer.

The authority of our nation is dissipated in the resounding verbosity of our statesmen and the unending contradiction of their pronouncements. These pronouncements have a telling quality—but what is told is not what is intended. The emphasis on the deterrent power of atomic or hydrogen weapons deters our friends from following our Government's leadership. There was a measure of ins-

tant retaliation against us all over the civilized world as soon as the devastating power of the latest Bikini tests became known—a widespread revulsion against our country that must have singularly pleased the Russians, who possess but do not rattle similar weapons. When will American opinion wake up to the reasons that make all these “long-range” plans pay off instantly in terms of lowered American prestige?

Under a tyrannical form of government the knowledge of the rulers' misdeeds is kept from the public and then buried in the ultimate catastrophe—as we learned when Hitler fell. The test of freedom lies in the fact that alert citizens can see each decision as it is taken by the men in power and assess individual responsibilities.

There is nothing that can properly be called tyranny in America today. Yet there has been for quite some time an extraordinary haziness in the air. It is becoming increasingly hard to see, and denounce, the mistakes made by the men in power, probably because a great deal of public attention is taken by a hypnotic absorption in mistakes other men might have made some years ago.

This condition of things has been accentuated by the Eisenhower Administration. But a widespread and uncritical acceptance of slogans like “diplomacy from a position of strength” long preceded the Republicans' descent on Washington. That has been a particularly dangerous slogan, carrying the implication that while strength is being built, diplomacy—at least as far as the Communists are concerned—can take a holiday. For years the diplomacy of our Government has been a carbon copy of its strategy. The strategy, in turn, has been to a great extent decided in intraparty caucuses, with the assistance of serviceable generals and accommodating admirals.

The responsibility of checking and criticizing the course of American foreign policy has largely fallen upon our Allies. This has at the same time strained the alliance of the countries closest to us—first of all, Great Britain—and encouraged those Congress-

sional politicians who, impatient with Allied criticisms or restraints, would not mind breaking our ties with the democracies.

Secretary Dulles has developed this wide-open soapbox diplomacy with dazzling skill. He has become the major spokesman for our strategy, and has embarked on what is now being called “risk diplomacy.” Yet he is too sensible a man not to feel how our prestige with our Allies is sagging and how all the old and new slogans of psychological or political warfare boomerang on us. He is constantly on the move. Just a while ago he came back from a hurried trip to London and Paris. His avowed aim was to gain from the British and French Governments their consent to a strong warning to Red China. He came back with the assurance that a research project on the subject would soon be launched.

It is difficult to see how this foreign policy of sloganeering can avoid, at the very least, breaking up the system of our alliances. The blunders of our leaders, the outlandish declarations of that matchless man, Secretary Wilson, follow each other so fast that even if they are seen distinctly, one by one, they are bound to be overshadowed by the new outpouring next week. No rational criticism can cope adequately with this massive thoughtlessness.

IN the same way it has become nearly impossible to deal effectively with all the violations of our liberties these last few years. Ours is an exceedingly untheoretical country, and, for all its devotion to the supreme principles of the Constitution, the greatest lawmaking power is that of the facts brought about by men in high office. Many a member of Congress or head of a government agency has learned how to multiply with newsworthiness the habit making power of his antics, and exert an influence on the behaviour of the people that never could be equaled by any conscientious job of law-making.

Who can measure how far below the level of our Constitutional standards we have sunk since the idea of “security risk” came into our lives—

the idea of the never ending investigation, of the never clear clearances, of the “unevaluated reports” with “derogatory information” ever piling up? We must go living our inevaluated existences with their trail of derogatory information, for obviously, according to the principles that ruthless men have established, there is no statute of limitations for gossip and malice. Then something occurs, like the Oppenheimer case that gives the nation a jolt. Will it make us put a stop to the whole ghastly thing, or will it drag us even further down?

Oppenheimer's answer to the outrageous letter of General Nichols was itself a remarkable document. In it Oppenheimer felt compelled to defend his “emotional commitment” in the Loyalist's plight in the Spanish Civil War, together with his left-wing associations at that time. Some of Oppenheimer's most outspoken defenders went further and excused him by calling him politically childish. Where was the childishness? That was a tragic, prophetic war, where horrible cruelties were committed by both antagonists. On one side were people who loved freedom and fought for it, people surrounded by Communist intrigues who in the end let the republic down. On the other side there was no mixture of good and evil—only tyranny and greed. Indeed, Oppenheimer would not be the man he is now, would not have had the strength he needed to lead the scientists at Los Alamos, if his passion for republican Spain had not given him the full measure of how devastatingly powerful tyranny is. There are quite a few useful men in public life who before Pearl Harbour were America Firsters. Was this less of a deviation from sound Americanism than support of republican Spain?

Oppenheimer also denied having lobbied with other atomic scientists against the H-bomb project. But supposing he had, wouldn't he have been doing just what is done every day, with a vengeance, by irrepressible Air Force generals and high-powered admirals? Certainly it

should be no crime for a man to have his scientific gadgeteering skill restrained and weighed down by his conscience. Oppenheimer and his friends probably foresaw that, given the national temper, it could be extraordinarily dangerous to indulge in super-reliance on super-weapons. Moreover, our nation owes much of its strength to the fact that it leads a coalition; and the greater the disparity between our weapons and those of our Allies, the more likely our Allies are to move away from us. They think, and rightly, that there can be no common effort without common weapons.

OR perhaps Oppenheimer, by miscalculating the difficulty of making the H-bomb and warning against the political damage it could do us exposed himself to indictment as a “saboteur.” That is the word the Russians use in their trials.

Did Admiral Strauss and President Eisenhower know what they were doing when they took their action against Oppenheimer? Did they know the meaning, the precedent establishing power of their action? Does the President realize the danger the country is running? The danger to our country is not represented by McCarthy or by any potential or would-be dictator. In fact, these days, Joe McCarthy seems to be pushed aside just as Oppenheimer was pushed aside. The danger to our country is of a tyranny without a tyrant—an ever-mounting, impersonal, thoughtless oppression. There is no Mein Kampf lying around ready to be translated into law. But the facts are piling up, the habits are being established, and they all point the same way; to a stultifying debasement of national standards.

The President, however, goes on talking about the glory of the individual. A few months ago he said: “The Statue of Liberty is not tired, and not because it is made of bronze. It's because no matter what happens, here the individual is dignified because he is created in the image of God. Let's not forget it.”—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

NEWS AND VIEWS

Travel from Ceylon

THE new regulations for travel between India and Ceylon introduced by the Government of India have presented the island's Government with a difficult problem. From June 1, those wishing to enter India must obtain visas from the Indian High Commission in Colombo. The Government of India has also decided not to recognise the identity certificates issued by estate superintendents to estate workers as valid travel documents. These workers must hereafter obtain travel documents of the country to which they belong or, if they are stateless, from the Ceylon Government. The effect of these new rules is to place on the shoulders of the Ceylon Government the responsibility for stateless persons, that is, persons who have been denied Ceylon citizenship owing to the anxiety of that Government to avoid giving citizenship rights to as many Indians as possible and thus make them the responsibility of the Indian Government. The new travel regulations are aimed at thwarting this.

It is now reported that the Ceylon Government has decided to prohibit the employment of stateless persons as a means of coercing them to obtain Indian citizenship. Denied citizenship of the islands, which they seek, these people will have no option but to register themselves as Indian nationals if they want to continue in employment in Ceylon. It is estimated that the number of persons who will have thus to seek Indian nationality will be 5.5 lakhs. But the new travel regulations introduced by the Indian Government will ensure that Ceylon does not have things all her own way. For, once these people step into India, they will not be allowed to go back because the emigration of unskilled labour from India is now prohibited. The result will be that Ceylon's estates will be faced with shortage of labour. Perhaps the best thing would be for the Government of India to bring

back in a bunch all these stateless persons.

Ministers' assurances

THE Committee on Assurances set up by the Speaker of the House of the People has submitted a report on the fate of assurances given by Ministers in Parliament. It is one thing to fail to fulfil a pledge to the people to whom a politician is only periodically accountable and another to forget an assurance to Parliament to which a Minister is continually responsible. The report of the Committee has, therefore, thrown much light on how the theory of responsible government is being worked in practice in India.

It seems the Ministers at the Centre gave 1,391 assurances from May 1952 to May 1953, and by March this year 924 of them had been given effect to, while 467 still remained to be implemented. Eighty-nine assurances had been outstanding for the last two years, 128 for the last 18 months and 250 for the last one year. Some of the assurances implemented have taken over one year, 109 over nine months and 121 over six months. The Committee has pointed out that the value of assurances would be lost if they were not implemented quickly. It has, therefore, demanded that assurances should in future be given effect to within a period of two months. Maybe one of the reasons why some of the promises were not kept was that they were not capable of implementation. But Parliament has a right to know why they were not implemented. Some of the assurances might have been given without pros and cons being considered. If it were so, Ministers should be more careful in future in giving undertakings.

War on the desert

PERHAPS the first organised step to prevent the eastward march of the Rajputana desert has been taken with the cultivation of vegetation on a forty-mile-long five-mile-deep strip of arid land on the Jais-

lmer-Bahawalpur border as part of a 400-mile green belt on the western border between India and Pakistan. This "green wall" is being erected to prevent the sands of Sind from blowing into India. At work on the job are men from the Jodhpur Central Afforestation Research Station, where experiments to conquer the desert are being conducted. The aim is to fix the shifting sands by the cultivation of plants and trees and slowly to roll back the desert by extending vegetation. But all plants will not grow in a sandy soil. So, the centre has four nurseries where desert-loving plants are grown to test their effectiveness. Different varieties of grass also help to halt the onward march of the desert. The nurseries distribute free annually 90,000 seedlings. Experimental afforestation is also carried out where the terrain is suited for it.

Trees and plants must not only be grown if the desert on the march is to be halted: they must also be preserved. The research station personnel teach the people improved methods of lopping trees for fodder and correct agricultural practices. The research station is also conducting experiments to tackle that other great problem of desert areas—water scarcity. It has pilot schemes to improve water supply in or near the belts of vegetation by pumping water from great depths by means of wind-mills and by carrying it through pipes and channels to needy areas. When the big river projects like Chambal, Bhakra-Nangal and Harike-Patan are completed, large sources of water supply will be available to help solve the desert problem.

Accommodation control

REPLYING to a question in the Madras Legislative Council the Raja of Ramnad said recently that the question of removing accommodation control would be considered when the housing position became easier. The need for accommodation control may cease when houses are easily available, but as a measure which cannot be justified on grounds of equity and justice, it ought to be abolished forthwith. The

public has failed to realise that this whole department is being maintained solely for the benefit of Government servants, to act as a free agency to secure comfortable houses at fair rates, while the other members of the community have to compete for the crumbs rejected as useless by them. Reason demands that this state of affairs should not be allowed to continue any longer. If accommodation control is to continue, let every member of the public have the benefit of the services of this department.

It may be argued that Government servants form an essential service and ought to be given special facilities; as if the others are engaged in useless work! If the Government is so solicitous of seeing that its officials are housed properly, it should undertake a programme of building houses for them (as the Central Government is doing) and not prevent the rest of the community from getting any decent accommodation by requisitioning all good buildings. If it is pointed out that not all houses are requisitioned, one has only to ask for information on how many of the total number of houses in Madras were requisitioned and what proportion Government officials form of the middle class population of the city.

Purge in Andhra Communist Party

THERE are indications that all is not well in the Andhra Communist Party. Report has it that a purge of undesirable members is under way. First indications of a rift came in the form of the unexpected and surprising expulsion from the party of Mr. Korapatti Pattabhiramayya, M.L.A. from Ramachandrapuram in East Godavari. It seems Mr. C. V. K. Rao and Mr. Venkata Jagga Rao, also M.L.As. from the same district, have been asked to explain their "anti-party activities." If their apologies are not abject enough and if they do not express regret for their "deviationism" to the satisfaction of their bosses, quite possibly they may also find themselves left out in the cold.

What surprises a casual observer is the fact that this purge follows the

pattern of similar purges in Communist-ruled countries. The familiar charges of deviating from the party line and of subversion are reported to have been levelled against the now ousted M.L.A. But the party in India cannot afford any large scale purge as it can in countries where it rules. Nor is expulsion from the party in India followed by such dire consequences as, say, in Russia. In the Soviet countries failure to obey the party directives is tantamount to treason against the State and is punished with the extreme penalty of the law. But erstwhile comrades elsewhere can seek the protection of the State they strove to wreck and for once thank their stars that their efforts to usher in the millennium have not prematurely borne fruit.

Part C States

CHIEF Ministers of Part C States are up in arms against proposals and suggestions for the merger of these areas with neighbouring Part A or Part B States. Instead they have demanded the addition of certain contiguous areas to their States to enlarge their size and population. They also want that the distinction of Part A, B and C States should be abolished.

Those who advocate the abolition of Part C States argue that these States are not viable in size and that their financial position is unsound. But the Chief Ministers have now suggested a remedy. The abolition of the distinction between Part A and B States and Part C States would make the latter eligible for a share in the proceeds of the income-tax and Union excise duties. There is no valid reason why these States

should be denied a share in these duties. This would help to improve their finances. But the other suggestion that areas from neighbouring States should be added to Part C States to increase their size is not likely to find favour with anybody and surely the States likely to be affected would oppose the move. There may indeed be a case, on historical grounds, for the retention of Part C States, but then they must be retained as they are now. To demand that adjacent areas should be added is to admit that the States are too small to continue as they are and strengthens the hands of those who want their merger in other bigger States.

Hyderabad's future

WITH the States Reorganisation Commission getting down to work, not only the Chief Ministers of Part C States but the Rajpramukh of Hyderabad is faced with an uncertain future. With the principle of linguistic redistribution of States having been accepted, there can be no doubt of the fate of Hyderabad in the new scheme of things. Partly the appointment of the Commission was due to the unwillingness of the authorities at the Centre to split up the State, leaving the Nizam with a title but without a throne, and to postpone a final decision in the matter as long as possible. But political and public opinion in the State and outside is almost unanimous that there is no alternative to the disintegration of Hyderabad. However much Prime Minister Nehru may be reluctant to take this step, for fear of offending Muslim citizens of the Indian Union, there seems to be no way of avoiding it.—*Figaro*

Portrait of an Englishman

"It's a great pity that when we have met a man from a foreign country, and are reporting the experience to our friends, we begin by saying 'I met a Frenchman yesterday . . .', or a Norwegian, or a Dane, or a German, or an Englishman. At once a false picture is conjured up, drawn in cartoonist's bold and misleading lines, coloured with the shades of age-long prejudice and misconception. Perhaps the Englishman, more than any, lends himself to this arbitrary colouring; he exposes such a blank exterior to the world. But cultivate his company for a little and, with any luck, you'll find his colours coming out, slowly, no doubt, and in somewhat subdued shades by some standards. But at least the finished picture will be a true one."—*J. B. Boothroyd*

Sex Change in Men and Animals

By P. SHANTHARAM RAO

THE sensational news has appeared in the world press about a former R. A. F. fighter pilot, Robert Cowell, changing into a woman, an attractive blonde. Similar instances of sex reversal in man have been reported in the recent past. This phenomenon can be explained from a biological point of view as being the result of the action of sex hormones.

It is a well-known fact that the gonads or sex glands, besides giving rise to the sex cells or reproductive units also secrete an important chemical substance or hormone which plays a major role in sex differentiation and also perhaps in sex determination. Unlike normal glandular secretions, the hormones are not discharged through gland ducts but are passed on directly into the blood stream which circulates them to the various parts of the body. These sex hormones are known to be responsible for the development of secondary sexual characters which distinguish one sex from the other.

In experiments carried out in animals it has been shown that when an animal is castrated in a young condition, sex hormones are not produced and the distinctive secondary sexual characters fail to appear. In cattle and horses such early castration converts fiery and virile males into docile and tame individuals. In man, early castration during childhood or boyhood prevents the "breaking" of the male voice characteristic of adolescence and the growth of beard is sparse. In woman, similar castration prevents the development of the breasts and also produces changes in skeletal characters.

Other experiments in this field consisted in the implantation of the gonads of one sex into an animal of the opposite sex, in early life. This resulted in profound changes in the sex characters and even behaviour of the animal concerned.

Another line of experimental work consisted in the injection of the testi-

cular or male hormone of a rooster into a hen's body. In this case, the hen was known to develop a comb like a cock. But it continued to lay eggs like a normal hen. The sex hormone in this case produced only a sex differentiation and not a sex reversal.

Almost a similar phenomenon obtains in the case of twin calves sometimes born in cattle. When the twins are of opposite sexes it is sometimes found that the female calf develops into what is called a "free martin" with ovaries incapable of producing eggs. Such free-martins or sterile female cattle are described as beautiful, docile animals which are sturdy like oxen. The origin of a free martin is the result of the blood vessels of the twin calves fusing together in the embryonic condition and establishing a common circulation. The male embryo develops more rapidly than the female and sends out the male hormones into the common circulation. This male hormone, circulating in the blood of the female embryo, inhibits the development of sex in the female. The free martin is therefore the result of the inhibitory action of the male sex hormone. Free martins do not occur in other groups of animals where fusion of embryonic blood vessels does not take place.

In many animals the phenomenon of "parasitic castration" occurs. The classical example of this is met with in certain crabs which are infected by a parasite called *sacculina*. A male crab parasitized by *sacculina* assumes the female secondary sexual characters. This is the result of the parasite destroying the male gonads of the host and thus preventing the formation of the male hormones. Hence the male characters are lost and female ones gradually develop.

There are numerous instances of sex reversal in animals. But in higher animals and in man such cases are rare, especially after complete differentiation has once taken place. One of the earliest reported cases of sex reversal was by Champney in 1921. He described a male newt changing into a female with a complete loss of male gonads. In 1923

Crew reported about his famous "crowing hen" which after an active period of motherhood changed into a virile cock and fathered two normal birds. In 1924, Riddles described the case of a female dove which suddenly took on male characters. In this instance, it was later found that the ovary (only the left one is functional in birds) of the bird was destroyed by tubercular bacilli and as a result a male gonad or testis had developed in place of the degenerate ovary.

In Chicago, Domm induced artificial sex reversal in poultry by removing the ovary of female birds. Such birds were seen to develop a testis on the right side where only a nonfunctional ovary normally occurred in birds. Similar experiments

on artificial sex reversal were carried out on toads in France.

All the above experiments conclusively prove that changes of sex are due to changes in sex hormones. When the gonads of one sex are removed or get degenerated owing to disease, injury or other causes, the individual develops the gonads of the opposite sex in their stead. The case of Robert Cowell (now called Roberta) is thus only one of the few rare instances of sex reversal in man. As to the moot question whether Roberta could become a mother as a fitting climax to her sex metamorphosis, the chances appear to be rather remote. It is more likely that Roberta's case is one of sex differentiation and not one of sex reversal. But let us wait and see!

S.O.S. Messages of the B.B.C.

ONE of the BBC's constant but unobtrusive services in its broadcasts to the people of the British Isles lies in its S. O. S. and police message broadcasts. S. O. S. messages, which are appeals for missing persons, were started in 1923, and have gone on steadily since then, keeping up a steady average of some four hundred to four hundred and fifty a year. More than half of these are successful and this alone would ensure the continuance of a very human service which has brought comfort and peace of mind to members of British families who have become separated from one cause or another, possibly for several years. Some time after a message has been broadcast the BBC writes to the sender asking him to fill in a card saying whether or not the appeal has been successful. While many appeals are answered a large number, unhappily, are not, but the results of a further appreciable quantity are unknown as the cards are not returned. Anyone in Britain can ask for an S. O. S. message to be broadcast to try to get a missing near relative to the bedside of someone who is thought to be dying. The request

must be confirmed by a doctor who knows the patient and can guarantee that he or she is dangerously ill and that all other means of communication have failed. It is worthy of note that the number of S. O. S. messages broadcast rises steeply in the holiday months of July and August when people go away and leave no address. The BBC staff who arrange for the broadcasting of S. O. S. messages rarely see the people who are forced to take this desperate course of appealing publicly for absent relatives but sometimes their day is brightened by the receipt of a letter which says, as one did recently, that an S. O. S. had been answered within twenty-five minutes and sometimes the right person will telephone the BBC almost before the announcer has finished reading the message.

The police messages are nearly all for witnesses of accidents. The percentage of replies is not so high as it is for S. O. S.'s but even so numbers of witnesses do come forward which materially aids the police. Other types of missing persons are not normally the subject of broadcasts but recently the BBC's Television Service has been used in an attempt to find two people whom the police were anxious to interview.

U. S. ISOLATIONISTS' THREAT TO BRITAIN

By ANDREW ROTH

HAVING resisted Dulles' invitation to intervention, Britain is now frightened by the threat of American isolationism.

This threat is much more soppy than the obviously suicidal invitation to intervene at Dienbienphu. The potent menaces of an Allied intervention overwhelmed by Chinese counter-intervention was something the simplest military mind could comprehend.

The "blackmail" of isolationism is something much more deadly because it lures the party being blackmailed by easy stages. The French have succeeded in doing this in Indo-China. *vis-a-vis* the United States. They started whispering, then saying out loud and finally shrieking: "If you do not give us more help in Indo-China, we'll throw in our hand!" This succeeded in producing an increasing flood of American aid—reaching \$1,200,000,000 this year—and came within an ace of sucking American military forces into the strategically vital peninsula.

As in married life, international "blackmail" is usually used by the more emotional partner on the calmer one. In Franco-American relations on Indo-China it is the American planner who has been more calm in his approach. But in Anglo-American relations it is Washington's feverish atmosphere which is used to terrorize the chill calm of London's Whitehall.

The British Government and those who mould public opinion here are now fearful of a tremendous pendulum swing in the U. S. from the extreme, if verbal, interventionism of Dulles to a crude nationalism frequently misnamed 'isolationism'. The Times has displayed this fear to a tremendous extent, presumably as a reflection of fears held by the Foreign office. The Indo-China intervention fiasco, it is feared, may press Ame-

rica toward jettisoning the Anglo-American alliance much as the Communist victory in China largely caused the jettisoning of the Democratic administration:

... Already the Washington omens portend a political high wind which could sweep away the landmarks and signposts of the current political scene, just as the Yalta agreements and the loss of China transformed with a suddenness that almost defies recollection, the party alignments of a decade ago. Who would have predicted in 1945 that within a few years the Democratic Party, which had led America in two world wars, would, almost before the dust of battle had settled, be castigated as the party of appeasement, while many Republicans, traditionally the isolationists, would come increasingly to see in the mailed fist the hand of American destiny? (10 May 1954).

The Economist, which is equally devoted to Anglo-American unity, found it necessary to devote its lead article to the warning "Alliance in Danger." The Economist insists that

it must be frankly stated that most of the present appearance of crisis has been manufactured by wild irresponsible talk in Washington. What is worse, there has been wild talk on two planes, both private and official. To the nonsense that Senators can talk, America's allies are gradually becoming accustomed. Nevertheless it has seemed recently to be worse than usual. Not only does the squalid McCarthy circus go on and on, without any apparent prospect of cutting the Senator down to size. But even the majority leader of the Senate himself, Senator Knowland, is allowed to parade his irresponsibility daily, urging war with China and, when others hesitate to involve themselves in it, writing them off as unworthy allies. Is it surprising, with such goings on filling the press, that there should be a lack of confidence in the coherence, and even the pacific intentions, of American diplomacy?

Moreover, there has been wild talk by the Administration itself. If Ame-

rican opinion has the impression that Mr. Dulles's boldness is always being curbed by Britain's timidity, it is largely his fault for starting off with big talk and then coming down to less big doing. Bluff plays a proper part in diplomacy, if it is not tried too often and is never called. Unfortunately, too many of Mr. Dulles's bluffs have not worked. The 'liberation' bluff, the 'instant and massive retaliation' bluff—all these have been discovered to mean much less than they appeared to. The result has been to frighten America's allies much more than to impress the Communists. But though this is the natural effect of an unsuccessful bluff, it gets blamed on America's allies and usually on Britain . . ." (8 May 1954).

It has not escaped attention here that it was at the height of this "blame Britain" week that the lunatic fringe of Midwestern American Republicans convened to set up a new organization called "For America" supported by Col. Robert McCormick and his *Chicago Tribune* and some warmed-over remnants of the crude-nationalist (or isolationist) "America First" Committee of the early '40s.

Mr. In-Between

FACED with the imagined danger that the U. S. may move from one extreme to another, British policy is desperately anxious to give any support possible to "moderate" elements in Washington. This can be seen in *The Economist's* exhortation that "sensible and moderate" President Eisenhower "assert his leadership and authority both on the Administration and on his party in Congress . . . (Unless) the President finds some means of making his own steady voice sound louder in Washington than all the partisan screamers, he is going to have increasing difficulty in keeping the world alliance together."

The Observer is more anxious to look to safeguarding the alliance in the future than in apportioning blame for the past. It suggests that Britain can do more than just say "No" to Mr. Dulles when necessary. Britain has agreed to staff talks, now scheduled to take place at Singapore, to discuss with France, the United States and Australia and

New Zealand the new defense situation in Southeast Asia. But *The Observer* thinks that while the Geneva Conference is on and before the staff talks are held, Britain should publicly commit herself in principle to joint action to support any settlement arrived at in Geneva in protection of the *status quo* in Southeast Asia. It is interesting to observe the first of the several reasons advanced for this position:

By proving that Britain's rejection of ill-conceived adventures and her insistence on negotiation do not spring from a weakening of her will to maintain Western solidarity and accept world-wide responsibilities, it would greatly help the sensible elements in Washington in resisting the outcries of the extremists. By restoring visibly the common front of the Western powers, it would buttress their weakened negotiating position at Geneva. By showing that united Western strength will be available to back any negotiated settlement, it would make a workable settlement more likely. A declaration of this kind, soberly made, would be the appropriate response to the fall of Dienbienphu. (9th May 1954).

The first reason advanced is interesting in view of the statements in an article by Aneurin Bevan, published on April 16, 1954 and written before his public break with the Attlee-Morrison leadership of the Labour Party over the Southeast Asian Pact.

"Ever since the war," he wrote, "British diplomacy has been influenced by one dominant consideration—fear of American isolationism."

"Ernest Bevin believed it was his main task to prevent America from withdrawing to its traditional aloofness. This was the mainspring of his diplomatic strategy, the source of its strength and of its weaknesses."

"In those days, there was a lot to be said on both sides. But about one aspect of it there is no question. It lays us open to indefinite blackmail."

"If the United States is led to believe that, in the last resort, we shall always bow to her wishes, then from the outset we exert no leverage on her policy."

Bevan was trying to arouse public opinion against agreeing to proposals on Indo-China brought by Mr. Dulles. These proposals, thanks partly to Bevan's mobilization of opposition, were turned down. But the "united action" Dulles could not successfully demand, Britain is tempted to grant of its own "free" will, out of fear that the U. S. will be forced, by the crude nationalists in the Senate, to pull back and leave

the containment cordon unmanned.

The greatest menace, then, to Britain's independence of action is that the Foreign Office tends to concentrate too much on how to influence the debate in Washington rather than concentrating on the world as a whole. Perhaps some one should remind the Foreign Office that it is possible to win Washington and lose your world—as the "China Lobby" has found out.

Prayer Hall Mentality

BY KADAKAM

THE "fervent appeal" made by Rajaji for liberal contributions to the Gandhi Memorial Fund is a masterpiece of inimitable, forceful language. He makes out first that the prayer hall was "being constructed at a place free from the noise of the city and people could congregate there and pray." Earlier in his speech he predicts that the prayer hall at Raj Bhavan, Guindy would in course of time induce the growth of a religious town around it as in the case of Madurai, Alagar Koil and Palani. If this prediction comes true the advantage of tranquillity and peace enjoyed at present by Raj Bhavan would be lost as it would be engulfed in the din and noise of the satellite town. A more realistic forecast, however, would be that Raj Bhavan's environs would be as deserted in the foreseeable future as they are now.

The chief objective of a memorial is to inspire the rank and file. The remote nook of the city that is Raj Bhavan renders it inaccessible to the masses. Perhaps some enthusiasts will go trudging all the distance to enjoy the exhilarating feeling of martyrdom to the Gandhian cult. For the bulk of the population, the Gandhi memorial prayer hall will be as much a dead relic of the past as the Seven Pagodas a little yonder. On account of these practical difficulties, if the decision to locate the prayer hall in Raj Bhavan is objected

to, C. R. tries to gag all opposition by saying that it is as difficult to persuade the Committee to modify its decision as to prevail upon Ravana to change the abode of Sita from Asoka Vana. Is the decision of the Memorial Fund Committee as irrevocable as that of the imperious Ravana? If it were so, only Rakshasa methods will have to be resorted to for collection of any further funds.

The element of hero worship, seldom seen in C. R., manifests itself suddenly when he observes that "Gandhiji gave us freedom and it is but proper that he should live in the Government House." Never in his great life did the Mahatma show any weakness towards the pomp and paraphernalia of the Government House. The red letter day of Bharat's first Independence celebrations found him going out as a mendicant into Chittagong on a self-imposed mission of establishing Hindu Moslem amity. Throughout his life, his preference was for Bhangi colonies and not for Raj Bhavans.

It is never too late to mend the decision to construct a prayer hall. In the last momentous span of his life the Mahatma made it a point to hold all public prayers in the open, under the canopy of heaven. He never made any fuss about prayer hall. Even the Kasturba Memorial Fund was dedicated at Mahatma's behest to the alleviation of human suffering, pain and ignorance. It is common experience

that the already existing temples, churches and other religious institutions are getting emptier and emptier for want of prayerful souls.

More amazing is C. R.'s tirade on love of wealth. He laments that "every one was engaged throughout in finding out how he could increase his wealth." What else should one do? Only by earning material wealth you can conquer all your enemies in the context of the Beveridge epoch, the enemies being the five giants—Ignorance, Disease, Dirt, Squalor and Poverty. It is ironical that the same newspaper that reported C. R.'s tirade on love of wealth carried on another page melancholy details of the 2,000 families of pavement dwellers in Madras City given by the Minister for Health on the floor of the State Legislature. In a poverty-stricken country like India, people should be exhorted to work and produce wealth. It is also a sad truth that most people in India are still steeped in superstition and false religion. Large numbers are still seen with ignorant, mistaken faith that the all-merciful Providence would arrange to feed them, provided intense, all-consuming Bhakti is forthcoming. True religion teaches that "he who does not work, neither shall he eat." It is this spirit of work, productive work, and devotion to it that should be inculcated in the present phase of our national development and aspirations.

Bhakti has its due and proper place. Let it be like the small dynamo in a giant machine, let it occupy less space and lie deep and activate human action. It is as useless for the human being to be all-dissolved in Bhakti as for the machine to be all dynamo and nothing else. Bhakti for a few individuals all the time, and all individuals in their spare time and period of superannuation is desirable, but Bhakti for all people all the time will

turn the country into a vast wasteful misdirected endeavour.

Most amazing of all is the new canon of public finance formulated by the ex-Chief Minister. He is reported to have said: "Construction of hospitals and schools were the responsibility of the Government and they should leave it to them." When in office, C. R. used to repeat *ad nauseum* that Government had limited funds, if more public services are expected by the people, they should be prepared to pay more taxes and new taxes. Arguing in this strain while in office, he had been appealing for contributions from the public for expansion of all social services, particularly hospitals and schools. Out of office, he now obliquely incites the public to throw all responsibilities involving heavy financial burden on an over harassed Government, which has already eaten up all its reserve funds and also run into debt.

As the master, so the disciple. From the same platform Sri C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance has issued his appeal for funds in a menacing spirit. He is reported to have said in cavalier fashion: "It would not have been difficult to make the Government pay the money required for constructing the memorial mandap as he was then the Finance Minister and Rajaji, the Chief Minister." Every true democrat has a right to question "Would it not have been difficult at all?" Would it be right and proper for two men, however exalted they might be, to dispose of a huge sum of Rs. 4 lakhs by a stroke of the pen to be squandered on a superfluous prayer hall when thousands of prayer halls from the days of Kari-kala Chola are crumbling into ruins, neglected, empty and haunted and when 40 lakhs of children are crying for primary education and midday meal, to cite but one of the 101 demands on the Treasury?

Le Corbusier: Builder of the Future

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THE architect Le Corbusier, whom posterity will probably rate with Sir Christopher Wren, Mansard and Vauban, as a builder of genius, has just returned, after a visit of several months to his dream creation at Chandigarh, to a Paris in which he is officially ignored.

The case of Charles Edouard Le Corbusier is probably unique in the history of the arts. In India he has been given a free hand in the building of a new capital and 20 satellite cities in the Punjab. In South America magnificent buildings have changed the skyline in half a dozen capitals. His name is a household word among architects and artists in every civilized country in the world. He has been given the coveted gold medal of the British Royal Academy. In Marseilles he has created a magnificent radiant city which, although at first bitterly denounced by local reactionaries in art, has now received so much attention from visitors from all over the world that it has been tacitly accepted.

But Le Corbusier, as he declared to the Royal Academy at the presentation of his gold medal, still considers himself a failure. "I have failed all my life," he said simply. His failure consists, in his own eyes, in not securing artistic recognition from the Government of France, the country of his ancestors, the home of the arts, the inspiration of a classical architecture which he deplures. Some years ago, when I talked with this brilliant failure in his apartment on the top floor of the big glass and steel building he designed on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, he complained that he was given no part in the reconstruction of the war-damaged cities of France. The Government, the municipal authorities of Paris, the Ministry of Fine Arts which dictates style in official architecture, looked askance at him as a wild man and a barbarian.

It is true that he had denounced as monstrosities the Grand Palais and

the Gare d'Orsay, two monuments of the wedding-cake school of design, built in 1900 and then much admired. Le Corbusier came to Paris first as a student of 20 from his native Switzerland. His father had first apprenticed him to his own craft of watch-engraving before allowing him to study the fine arts. He was disappointed in the conventional modern buildings he saw in France and refused to study at the Beaux Arts, long identified with all that was stilted in French art. And then, worst offence of all, he had the audacity to propose, in a plan financed by the far-seeing automobile manufacturer Voisin, the demolition of the centre of Paris and the creation of a group of skyscrapers in place of the terribly congested and insanitary complex of narrow streets and old houses which comprises the "downtown" business section of the French capital.

Le Corbusier, in this revolutionary project conceived 30 years ago, had a real poet's vision of the future. He did not propose to destroy the great monuments of the past, but to enclose them in parks of verdure. He wished, he said, to let in light and air, to build a city capable of accommodating the fast traffic of the middle of the 20th century. Paris, he argued, was built to the scale of a man walking at three miles an hour; the problem was to deal with speeds of 60 miles an hour, and it could only be done by building upwards, contriving aerial arteries for the speeding vehicles and ground-level streets for the pedestrians.

Strangely enough, Le Corbusier's revolutionary project met with the approval of another great builder, this time an architect of empires—gruff old Marshal Lyautey, the creator of modern French Morocco. Lyautey chaperoned the plan at his colonial exposition of 1930, but it was indignantly rejected as it had been when first presented at the Salon des Arts Decoratifs five years earlier. Today Le Corbusier's bold plan is reluctantly seen to have been justified. The traffic problems are so intense, the congestion created in the middle of Paris by the presence of the central markets is so great,

that the municipal council has now been forced to divert a part of the markets to the periphery of the city, and to build underground tunnels and aerial speedways for automobile traffic. Only the skyscrapers remain to be built, but it may take another 30 years before the council consents to that.

For 30 years Le Corbusier has hammered at the gates of artistic Paris in vain. His ancestors had lived in the French province of Armagnac. He acquired French nationality in 1930, and he has trained a whole generation of young architects in his school in Montparnasse. But with the single exception of the contract for the great Marseilles building, a concession offered him by the late Raoul Dautry, then Minister of Reconstruction, and which Le Corbusier transformed into a triumph, he has never had another building job for the State.

This lone wolf among artistic pioneers is now 66 years old. He is a tall, muscular, blue-eyed man who lives simply, cooks many of his own meals and brews his own coffee, immense quantities of it, strong and black, which he drinks all day and half the night. On the walls around him hang several abstract paintings, for he is a painter as well as an architect. Late in 1953, in contrast to the official attitude toward Le Corbusier the architect, the painter Le Corbusier was honoured by an

exhibition of his works in the handsome building which houses the Paris gallery of modern art.

Like most great artists, Le Corbusier believes emphatically in his own mission. He feels that civilization is impossible in modern cities. "Paris is a dying city," he declared in his first assault on the complacency of the 1920's. He told New Yorkers in 1935 that their skyscrapers were too small. He believes that factories should be built of glass, and surrounded by green parks. When he designs the Paris of the future, he begins by planning its roads and communications. The actual streets of Paris are inadequate. "The street wears us out," he says—its noise, its obstruction, its obsolete dimensions, built for slow and horizontal movement. He would abolish the street as it is conceived now, and create other communications, planned in terms of the needs and ideals of the future.

The chance of a lifetime of profound thinking but only partial execution came to Le Corbusier with the offer to build the capital of Chandigarh, with its Government palaces and its adjacent cities. The giant upthrust open hand which the architect planned as a monument at the foot of the Himalayas is not only an Indian gesture of peace—it is Le Corbusier's greeting to the world of the future which he has had the audacity to foresee and to build. —NNF

MAKING WORLD SAFE FOR SMALL NATIONS

British Policy at Geneva Conference

IN the welter of the proceedings at the Geneva conference it is useful to stand back from time to time and ask what are the basic objects pursued by each of the great Powers.

The governing aims of Britain at the conference are really very simple. They are to build a structure of international security in which small countries as well as large ones are safe. The aim is to make the world safe for small nations. The small countries in the present case are

Korea and Indo-China. But what happens at Geneva may be an omen for the fate of small nations everywhere.

The problem of how great empires and small nations can co-exist is an old one. Great land empires tend to absorb their small neighbours. Yet throughout history small countries and even city-states have often produced major contributions to civilisation. Athens, Florence, Holland, Elizabethan England, some of the countries of South-East Asia itself, are all examples. It is vital for progress that room should still be found for them in the new organisation of the world.

Moreover, for the sake of world peace it is prudence and mere commonsense to safeguard these countries. The insecurity of small countries has been the root cause of many great wars. It impels the great Powers into conflict with one another. The war of 1914-18 rose out of the competition between Austria and Russia for mastery over the small countries of the Balkans. The defence of Belgium, another small country, was the cause that brought Britain into that war.

Detering aggressors

AFTER both the war of 1914 and the Second World War it was recognised that peace required a collective system. The best way of deterring aggressors was to make it certain they would be resisted not only by their intended small victim but by all Powers who were resolved that the rule of law should prevail internationally. That was the purpose of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Charter of the United Nations. The Covenant failed. The Charter has brought results at least partially.

It is important to recognise this. The Korean war was a test case for collective security. To the surprise of the aggressors, the United Nations resisted the attack on South Korea. Though the operation involved great suffering, it achieved its main object. The aggressors were pushed back to their starting point on the 38th Parallel. It has been demonstrated, though at great cost, that aggression does not pay.

The lesson may have been enough to prevent other acts of aggression which, but for the Korean war, would by this time have occurred. The Chinese, it is true, have been aiding and abetting in Indo-China. But the story in Indo-China is not yet over. And but for Korea might not the main bodies of the Chinese army have appeared overtly in Indo-China?

The Korean war thus made a large contribution to building up among potentially aggressive land empires the conviction that it is really to their own interest to leave their small neighbours in peace. But it is

not enough that small countries be left alone. In the interests of the world and of peace they need be not only free but also stable and at peace with themselves—in the sense that no section of their populations should be deeply discontented, ready to stop at nothing for the overthrow of the government. Weak, disorganised and discontented countries become the focal point of trouble. They attract aggression from outside.

Basic aim

THE Geneva conference is thus faced with the problem not only of bringing the war to an end but of so organising Korea and Indo-China for the future that they set off on their new career free, independent, contented and strong enough to deter aggression. That is the basic aim of Britain at the conference.

It is also the basic aim of the countries of free Asia. By a fortunate accident the Colombo conference of the Prime Ministers of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia, though planned before the Geneva conference was thought of, took place simultaneously. Expression has given there to a deep desire of Asian peoples—which is that each nation, whether large or small, be allowed to develop its own life freely and determine its own destiny without its life being shadowed by the vast armies of over-mighty nations.

In the eyes of the world the Geneva conference must be judged by whether it is possible to move ahead from military and political problems to the crying problem of relief and rehabilitation in Korea and Viet-Nam.

These escaped the ravages of the great war only to pass through their own torment while the rest of the world was at relative peace. In South Korea, 42 of 45 cities have been devastated or very badly damaged. In the North, the havoc was perhaps greater. But with peace restored, the productive resources of the rest of the world could assist in rebuilding with surprising speed the material framework of new life in these countries. If the Geneva conference reaches the stage when this can be discussed, it will have been a success indeed.—Guy Wint

SRI VENKATESWARA UNIVERSITY BILL

A PLEA FOR RECONSIDERATION

Professor M. Venkatarangiah has sent an appeal to the Andhra Government and legislators urging them to reconsider the Sri Venkateswara University Bill in the light of the recommendations of the Radhakrishnan University Education Commission. Excerpts from the appeal are given below:

THE Andhra Government has the unique opportunity to create a model university. Among the first measures which it has undertaken is the establishment of a second university in the State. But it is clear from the Sri Venkateswara University Bill that it has lost and is losing the opportunity to create a model university and that it is doggedly bent upon establishing a university of the worn out and antiquated type condemned by all the thinking section of the country.

The Radhakrishnan Commission has given two pictures of a model university in the light of the needs and requirements of a free and democratic India. One picture is found in chapter thirteen of the report and the other in chapter eighteen. The proposed Sri Venkateswara University is neither the one nor the other. It is an exact copy of the Andhra University established in 1926 with some of the really good features in it excluded. The Andhra Government of 1954 has not learnt anything either from the experience of the past or from the recommendations recently made by the commission. It has preferred to move in the beaten track.

The Commission observed:

Any one can see that our present universities touch only the fringe of what is required in the way of higher education in the world's newest and most populous democracy. There is a vast field of pioneering before us in the process of evolving new institutions of higher learning which will answer to the needs and aspirations of this democracy.

In looking at the problem of new institutions the fact should be kept

in view that about 85% of the population of India live in villages. This vast population has been scarcely touched by secondary or higher education, except by the permanent withdrawal from village life of those able young people, who have left the villages for universities. The extreme poverty and lack of cultural opportunities of the population is common knowledge. The course of wisdom is not to deny or to ignore this glaring lack, but rather to create the types of educational opportunities which are appropriate to Indian rural life and which will remove the disparity which is now a reality.

The general advancement of rural India will call for an ever increasing range and quality of skill and training. To supply these and to meet the requirements of an educated citizenship a system of rural colleges and universities is necessary. A new beginning is desirable, with freedom to create a distinctive tradition as to purposes, spirit and method.

My first appeal therefore is that before proceeding further with the Sri Venkateswara University Bill the members of the Andhra Government, their expert advisers, the party leaders bent upon supporting them, the leaders of the parties in opposition and all the legislators should go carefully through chapter eighteen of the Report and consider whether it will not be wise for the Government to drop the present proposal and investigate the possibilities of creating one or more rural universities at a cost of less than 150 lakhs of rupees which they have decided to set apart for the Sri Venkateswara University.

If after such a thorough study the Government and the legislators feel that they are not convinced by the weight of the argument put forward by the Radhakrishnan Commission they will then do well to turn to Chapter thirteen and revise the Bill in the light of the recommendations in it so that the Andhras will get a reformed university of the old pattern and not one whose structure and constitution bear all the marks condemned as unprogressive and reactionary by the Commission. This is the next best that the Andhra public have a right to expect from their Government and from their representatives on the legislature.

In Chapter thirteen the Commission has indicated "the type of constitution for Universities which will promote their freedom, efficiency and progress." In this type the Vice-Chancellor occupies the crucial position and the Commission has made the following observations on the selection of the Vice-Chancellor.

The change from part-time honorary to full time paid Vice-Chancellors necessarily affects both the method of their appointment and their tenure of office. Open canvassing and voting for rival candidates may have been tolerable while the post was not much more than a compliment which the university could bestow, though even so it was undignified and led to the formation of factions. But as a means of securing a man of character and reputation for an arduous and highly skilled service it is, to put it bluntly, disastrous folly. So far as we know no other country chooses the heads of its universities by such methods.

The deplorable effects on a university when the appointment of its chief officer becomes a prolonged intrigue for power have led many of our witnesses to urge that the task of choosing the Vice-Chancellor should be taken out of the universities' hands and given to an external body like the Public Services Commission. In the State universities as it is, the Vice-Chancellor is externally appointed. After careful consideration we reject this idea, feeling in the first place, that a Vice-Chancellor for whose appointment the university is responsible will find it easier to gain the respect and confidence of his colleagues; and secondly, that it is really a part of a university's duty to learn how to choose its own Vice-Chancellor wisely and that therefore to deprive it of this duty would be a counsel of despair. But we recommend that certain safeguards in the method of choosing the Vice-Chancellor should be laid down by each university in its statutes:—

(1) The Chancellor should appoint the Vice-Chancellor upon the recommendation of the executive (Syndicate).

(2) The executive should send forward one name only to the Chancellor. We realize that this means a revolutionary change from the procedure now current in many of our universities. But it is a necessary revolution if India is to place this highly important matter on a base comparable with that in other countries whose universities command the greatest respect.

Regarding the Vice-Chancellor's tenure of office the Commission observes thus: "We have had deplorable evidence that from the day of his appointment a Vice-Chancellor's every decision is liable to be swayed by his need to secure votes for his re-election, and that he may refuse to take quite necessary action for fear of consequent unpopularity. Even where this is not the case, the suspicion that it may be the case does almost equal harm. We therefore unanimously recommend that all Vice-Chancellors should be appointed for six years and should not be eligible for re-election."

In the face of a weighty recommendation like this and in complete opposition to it the Sri Venkateswara University Bill provides for the very system condemned by the Commission. Under the Bill the Vice-Chancellor is elected by the Senate. He holds office for a period of five years and he is eligible for re-election any number of times. To leave the election in the hands of a Senate, the academic members of which are either the employees of the Vice-Chancellor or persons who as examiners, etc., depend on him for patronage and whose non-academic members are mostly politicians occupied with power politics and to make him eligible for re-election any number of times is to reproduce all the evils referred to by the Commission in a heightened form.

WHY appoint commissions and committees of experts when no respect or regard is paid to their recommendations? Is it merely to throw them into the waste-paper basket as the Andhra Government does now with respect to Radhakrishnan Commission's recommendations which cost the Government of India several lakhs of rupees?

Similar is the treatment accorded to the Commission's recommendation in regard to the composition of the Senate of the proposed University. The first recommendation made by the Commission in this connection is that there should be a balance between the academic element and the non-academic external element in the Senate, and that

two-thirds of the membership should consist of the representatives of the university colleges and affiliated colleges and only one-third of non-academicians. But the provisions in the Bill secure a dominant position to the non-academic element consisting of life members, donors, representatives of graduates, representatives of municipal councils and village panchayats and nominees of the Chancellor. A university is a corporation of teachers engaged in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. It must therefore be predominantly governed by teachers. But this principle has been given the go-by in the Bill. Politicians and non-teachers will decide for teachers what policies and what programmes are to be adopted by the university.

THE University Commission denounced in very strong terms the conferring of the membership on donors. It observed: "The donor even of the largest sum should not have a right as an individual to a seat on the Senate, still less should he have the right to nominate someone else to a seat. There is danger, if donations of a certain size carry with them an automatic seat on the Senate, that the balance of Senate membership may be distorted, or in extreme cases that a group could buy up the control of a university." All the same the Bill provides for the life membership of persons making a donation of not less than Rs. 25,000, a five year membership in the case of those paying not less than Rs. 5,000 and one year membership in the case of those paying Rs. 3,000. All these different types of membership become a source of corruption especially during election times when it is possible for a rich candidate to enrol members paying not less than Rs. 3,000. Those who have experience of universities where this provision exists can testify to the way in which they easily lend themselves to abuse. This clause in the Bill should be deleted.

The Bill provides for the representation of municipal councils and village panchayats. This is a most un-

academic feature. The University Commission has not provided for such representation. Moreover these have no special competence to speak on university matters. This is all the more the case with the presidents of village panchayats. Nothing illustrates better the misconception prevailing among the framers of the Bill as to the working of a university than this provision for representation of village panchayats.

The nomination of two persons by the Vice-Chancellor from among the heads of university departments is also unnecessary. The academic element has adequate representation even otherwise. An alternative which gives less room for abuse of patronage is to make all heads of departments ex-officio members of the Senate.

The preamble to the Bill and the statement of aims and objects emphasizes the point that the Sri Venkateswara University is an exclusively Rayalaseema university. But it is this point that has to be discarded. Its retention only widens the cleavage between Rayalaseema and the Circars which has been artificially created by politicians in their thirst for power. Not only should this not be retained but clauses should be introduced in the Bill which will enable the university to function as an All-Andhra university which it really is instead of as a Rayalaseema university which it is not.

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A young French alienist was showing his father through the asylum in which he was employed. Pointing to a solemn-looking individual, he said: "That man thinks he is Louis XVI." The young man's father was interested in such cases and he said he would speak to the unfortunate privately; perhaps he could help cure his delusion. He went over and held the man in conversation for fifteen minutes. When he returned, he said, "He is getting along much better now; he thinks he's only Louis XIV."

INSECTS OF VARIOUS KINDS

—Short Story—

By

Kazuo Ozaki

IT was a day in late autumn, a sunny afternoon. It happened that not long after the radio started playing some foreign music, a spider came out of a corner of the room and began to make queer motions on the wall.

It seems likely that my sickness, which is now in its fourth year, is gaining upon me; for the yearly comparisons of my health, spring with spring, autumn with autumn, are by no means encouraging. It may be that I am sinking gradually and imperceptibly. But however that may be, nowadays I pass the greater part of each day reclining, with much time spent in staring at the rain-spotted ceiling of my featureless eight-mat room.

Because it is already cold, there are no bugs; but the flies are clinging to the red-cedar ceiling boards, and while the sun is shining, they come down to the open corridor and the matting and move hither and thither. They even alight upon my face and are a nuisance.

The spiders are what I see on the ceiling and the walls in addition to the flies. They are large spiders, gray in colour and covered with light speckles. It seems that probably two or three of these spiders are hiding somewhere in this eight-mat room. The two or three have never all come out at once, but to my accustomed eyes the difference is obvious and I know immediately, "Oh, this is that fellow."

The fellow that made queer motions on the wall was the one which seemed to be perhaps the one which was the smallest among them. The music was a recording of "Zigeunerweisen." It must have been the red-labeled, twelve-inch, Victor disk by Jascha Heifetz which I too, used to

possess. Because I recognized it as soon as it started playing, I cut short my meditations on some matter, and instinctively prepared my ears to receive that gorgeous melody.

By and by, something came slidingly into the line of my vision as I stared vacantly. It was a spider, and no sooner had it glided about a foot from the corner of the wall than it halted for a moment. As I watched without actually realizing that I was watching, the fellow began to walk around on the wall in a mildly animated fashion, moving his long legs slowly one by one. The spider's dance—I thought for a moment; but it was not a movement vivid enough to be called a dance. It was not as if he were doing this or that to the music of the tune, but he, well somehow, walked around the spot inordinately and with a spasmodic gait as if he were excited.

He's being carried away by the music, thought I, feeling amused and astonished. I also felt some strangeness. I had heard that on occasion cattle and dogs were stimulated by music—the music of human beings; and especially, in the dogs' case, I myself have actually witnessed it. Nevertheless, when it came to the spider, I could not for the moment accept it as it was, and I did not take my suspicious eyes off him. What would he do when the tune ended? Intending not to miss seeing that, I continued to watch him carefully.

The tune ended. Thereupon the spider came to a halt with an air of unexpectedness. Then promptly, with his usual nimble motion noiseless and sliding, he disappeared into the original corner of the wall. It somehow appeared as if he had found himself

Actually what is our standing in the universe? On what part of time and space do we in fact hang together? Are we able, or unable, to find this out for ourselves? If we do find out, will we cease to be as we are?

caught out, as if he were a little bit abashed and beating a hasty retreat. This peremptory statement is inappropriate, but certainly the impression I received was of this kind.

I DO not know whether the spider species has or has not got a sense of hearing. I have read Fabre's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, but I do not even remember if there was or was not an answer to a question like this, whether it is true or is not true that the spider is equipped with another kind of sensibility to sound, which is different to our sense of hearing. When all is said, I know nothing about it. But not having the ground to dismiss this possibility, I received a slightly odd impression at the time. Now I must keep my weather eye open, was somewhat the way I put it to myself.

In connection with this incident, I recall that I have twice accidentally cooped up a spider for a certain length of time.

Usually I have slightly more energy in the hot weather. One day during the summer, I happened to need an empty bottle for something, and when I took out one which seemed suitable and inadvertently removed the stopper, a spider ran out and disappeared into the shadows. While it was only about an inch or an inch and a half from foot to foot, and so smallish that it could not bear comparison with the fellow on the wall of the eight-mat-room, its colour was a flesh tint and its body slender.

A little surprised because the spider had come out of the bottle I retraced my memory. These empty bottles I had told my children to wash clean in early spring; and having placed them upside down for a day to get rid of the moisture inside, I had stoppered them to prevent the dust and grime getting in, and had put them together in an empty box. It must have been during that single day that the spider had got into the bottle.

When the spider found his exit closed, he probably made nothing of it at first. Presently, after a few days passed and he, feeling hungry, took it into his head to search for food, he must have realized in what a

situation he was now ensnared. His every effort showed that escape was impossible. In time, he stopped struggling. He just quietly waited for the chance to come. And thus half a year—when I removed the stopper, the spider escaped with a nimbleness possessed only by those persons awaiting the signal gun on the starting line.

Then another time.

The south side of the eight-mat room is an open corridor, and the toilet is at the west end of this corridor. The window of the men's lavatory faces the west; it is possible to see Mount Fuji looming largely before one through the plum trees. One morning, I discovered a spider cooped up between the windows' two sliding glass panes. I or somebody else must have opened the window during the night. The spider, which had been clinging to one of the glass panes, had been cooped up through the two sliding panes overlapping. It was of the same kind as the fellow in the eight-mat room and about three inches from foot to foot. Although there was room enough between each of the two panes to prevent pressing his body, the overlapping frames did not have the space to permit his escape.

I immediately recalled the former occasion of the empty bottle. This time I would watch his face with my own eyes; such an idea came to my mind. I told the members of my family not to shut the window. The spider in the empty bottle had lived for about a half year without eating, and on the scanty ventilation from the very trifling openings in the coarse wooden stopper. The spider this time was plump like a dumpling, and a much bigger fellow. A waiting game against this fellow will take time, thought I.

THE Fuji I look at each time I attend to my needs dresses itself variously, in accordance with the weather and the time. Its features in the daytime on a fine day are commonplace. Fuji dimly and soundlessly glimmering beneath the bright and clear moonlight, in the deep of the night; Fuji at dawn, luminous with a rose tint toward the summit

and a dark purple on its flanks, and with the sky its background still reflecting the afterglow of the stars. The spider remains motionless with an appearance of planting his feet slantingly upon the shoulder of Mount Fuji in such scenes. He always remained motionless. From the time I discovered him cooped up, I never once saw him struggling. When I flip the glass with my fingertips, saying "Hey!" he stirs slightly with an air of reluctance. That is all.

ABOUT a month passed, and I noticed that his body had grown a little thinner.

"I say. The spider in the toilet has grown thinner."

"Yes, so it seems. Poor creature."

"How many days is a spider's fasting period, I wonder?"

"Well, I don't know."

My wife does not seem to be interested. She seems to think that imprisoning him is a foolish whim and indeed a nuisance to the spider.

"Anyway," said I with some feeling of opposition to this attitude of my wife's, "don't let it get away."

Yet another half-month passed. The spider was growing thinner obviously. And the gray tint of his body seemed to have faded a little with time.

One day, when close to two months had elapsed, and a few days after I had seen the other spider promenading on the wall, my wife cried, "Oh!" In the direction of the toilet, and immediately afterward I heard her voice saying, "It's got away." As usual, I was reclining and wool-gathering, and though I realized that the spider had got away, I kept silent, feeling that what had happened was all right with me.

Usually, when cleaning the toilet, she was on her guard against the spider's escape, and moved both windowpanes together just as they overlapped. But today, she had inadvertently put her hand to only one of them, and though she realized it when she had drawn it halfway, it was then already too late. She was astonished by the spider's quickness of flight; it was just as if he had been waiting eagerly. I listened to my wife's

apologetic explanation without paying much heed to it, and muttered words like, "That fellow's got a charmed life." To tell the truth, I had grown tired of the endurance rate it had settled to, and rather in the better way. That is what I thought.

That fellow Death, who has continued a three-legged race as my partner ever since I was born into this world; Death, who has silently walked along in my company for forty-eight years without being asked to do so; lately his features weigh on my mind. Really, he somehow has got a confoundedly arrogant look.

I must have been about twenty when I first realized keenly that I had from the beginning been a fellow traveller to such an outrageous fellow. In other words, I then began to be conscious of life. Nevertheless, my awakening must certainly have been later than that of the average person. I had been free from care.

For about a year, from my twenty-third to fourth year, I was stricken by a serious sickness, and dangerously near surrendering to the fellow; but I managed to struggle through. Since then, I had thought he was easy to tackle, but I thought so in secret. If I were openly to express it in my looks, he would be bound to get angry. If I made him angry, I would suffer. These were my feelings. It would be troublesome if he should suddenly quicken his pace.

I WILL cut this short, but in brief, I must inevitably accompany the fellow to the place he goes to. It is the same whether I put up a struggle or not—this fact is clear. What remains is the question of time. I wonder if there can be anything so poignant and sad as man's efforts in trying to escape from time and space; his efforts in trying to catch hold of a deity or the absolute or a straw as soon as he can lay his hands upon it? You may express it in any way: a fleeting instant, ten thousand years; all in one. Nevertheless, it will be no more than a sanctuary of the ideal. Why not give up? Is it forbidden to give up? But what an imposing spectacle this is! This air castle which man, unable to give up,

has built with his successive dreams. And further, how great are its delicacy and exquisiteness! While I watch the spiders and the flies which appear and disappear on the ceiling, I drowsily think of such matters, because there is no alternative.

THIS is about insects again, but I have once read somewhere about the acrobatic flea show and its ring-master's method of training the fleas. He catches a flea and puts him into a small, round glass ball. The flea jumps about. But his surroundings are an impregnable wall. After jumping over and over again, it occurs to him that to jump may have been a mistake. He tries jumping once more. It is no use. He gives up and becomes quiet. Then the man who is the trainer frightens him from outside. Instinctively, he jumps. It is no use; he cannot get away. The man frightens him again; he jumps; eventually the flea realizes that it is useless. It is said that through this repetition, the flea reaches a stage where he will not jump no matter what may happen. Then, for the first time, he is made to learn tricks and appear on the stage.

I remember this because I thought it was very cruel to change at one's convenience something with which Nature has endowed another.

"Really, it's an inhuman story," I said to a young friend who had come from Tokyo to relax while inquiring after my condition. "Imagine the flea's feeling of despair when he says, 'It is no good, whatever I do? I understand' . . . Conceivable or not, he is entitled to some sympathy anyway. Yet somehow, he seems to be essentially a fool who hides his head but not his rear. Nevertheless, how about his trying to jump once more? Just once will be enough."

"I suppose it must already be the very limit for the flea," my friend said laughingly. "For the flea's part, he must already have tried his final one-more jump."

"I wonder if that's so?" I grimaced to show how sorry I felt. "It's mortifying."

My friend laughed. "A story exactly the opposite to that one appeared in something recently," he

started to tell me. "What's-its-name bee, it's a bee called something, is said to have wings which in comparison with his body don't have the strength to fly. In short, they say that, considering the area of his wings, and the number of vibrations as the wings beat the air, and various other data, his flying is dynamically impossible. Yet actually the bee is flying unconcernedly. The long and the short of it is that he can fly because he does not know that he cannot fly. That's the story."

"I see. Yes, such a thing seems probable—well that's fine."

The idea of something's being possible because the impossibility of it had not been realized was in itself sufficiently diverting, and I had been able to recover somewhat from the melancholy brought on by the story of the flea.

I HAVE heard that too much massaging is bad for the pains of neuralgia and rheumatism. But I often have my wife or eldest daughter massage me; for when the pain is not very intense, it is frequently cured by merely having a massage. If the pain is allowed to grow severe, however, a massage is no longer any good. Because the pain increases if touched, there is truly no way for the people near me to treat me. When my neuralgia is not troubling me and I am only suffering from a stiffness in the shoulders, it is one of the luxuries that I can now enjoy to get some member of my busy family to massage me. Nowadays, since my sixteen-year-old, eldest daughter has grown similar in height to her mother, wears the same size tabi, and has become stronger than before, I mostly get her to massage me. Since her fingertips are more supple than my wife's, which have become coarse with the rough work in the country after evacuating from Tokyo, they seem to be more effective. Moreover, because my eldest daughter does her homework and the like, using my body in place of a desk to support her opened book, while massaging my right shoulder as I lie on my left side, it is not a total loss of time either.

We also talk sometimes. About

school, about teachers, about friends; in most cases the topics are commonplace, and I only need to listen to her and grunt assent. But at times she asks questions. Only the other day, she suddenly asked me whether the universe is finite or infinite. The topic had no connection with our conversation, and I felt as if I had been lightly shaken awake as I drowsed.

"Well, that's not known, I believe."

"Don't even the scholars know?"

"No. There isn't any established theory, I think. That's something that I myself would like to know, even more than you do." While I was speaking, I was recalling to my mind a certain article that I had recently read. The number of spiral nebulae in the visible universe is estimated to be about one hundred million, and they are scattered about at an average distance of two million light-years; the distance from the earth to the farthest nebula now visible, to the one that is on the border of the universe so to speak, is about two hundred and fifty million light-years, and the diameter of each nebula is twenty thousand light-years—I think something like this was written in the article. I, too, have had an experience of falling into a kind of sentimentality because of the bigness of the universe, thought I. I think that it happened when I was a senior student at middle school. When I realized that my sixteen-year-old biggest daughter was now in the same stage, I was carried away by a desire to take good care of her. "Do you know about a light-year?" I ask.

"Yes, sir," she says, deliberately speaking in the manner of answering a question in the classroom. "It is the distance that light travels during one year."

"Right." I too assume a teacher's tone. "Then how many kilometers is it?"

"Well . . ."

"Stop massaging for a moment. Get a pencil and paper. Figure it out please."

"Er, the speed of light per second is . . ." so saying, my daughter calcu-

lated multiplication upon multiplication, and arriving at a sum of thirteen or fourteen figures, exclaimed that the zeros were running over out of the paper. When I asked her to multiply that by two hundred and fifty million, she said that such an astronomical figure was a bother.

"But this is astronomy."

"Oh, yes!" my daughter said. "Somehow, it stuns me and makes me sad." She dropped her pencil.

WE were both silent for a while. But presently, "Still, I think there's no need to be surprised at the largeness of a figure," I begin to say. "Figures are man's inventions, so they can be changed at will by the way you determine the unit. For instance, you take one hundred million light-years as a unit, and call it an ultra light-year. Then the radius of the visible universe will be two and a half or three ultra light-years; two point five or three. Why, is that all, one will come to feel. On the contrary, if you use an atomical unit, the number of zeros will be so many that not only will they run over and out of the paper, but you won't be able to write them all down even if you spend your whole life at it."

"Yes," she quietly replies.

"It comes to a matter of where you set the unit, doesn't it? If the universe is finite, it can be grasped by man's mind, no matter how many the zeros may be. But if it should be infinite . . ."

Because the word god came to my mind then, I suddenly shut my mouth. My daughter was massaging my right shoulder mechanically. With a feeling that the subject had been transferred to myself, I continued to mutter and murmur within my mind.

Actually, what is our standing in the universe? On what part of time and space do we in fact hang? Are we able, or unable, to find this out for ourselves? If we do find out, will we cease to be as we are?

I reflect upon the cases of the spider and the flea and the what's-its-name bee. The spiders which I had imprisoned were able to escape by accident on both occasions, the

spiders that had continued waiting in utter stillness for a chance which they did not even know would come. While I felt a tinge of antipathy toward them, I was impressed by their nimbleness in not missing their chances.

THE flea is a fool, a dolt. What's its-name bee is a daredevil with the daring of blindness. The flea that relinquishes the possible of its own accord and has no doubts, although the impregnable wall has already been removed; the bee that makes the impossible possible by believing; which of the two are we? Not necessarily we; what about me, my own self?

For my part, I cannot act like the spider in a cool-headed and indomitable manner. I would like to, but I have a feeling that such action is ungenial to my nature.

I cannot possibly match the what's-its-name bee's devil-may-care confidence. Still, I wonder if this is confidence? If his actions are unconscious, this should mean that there is no confidence or anything there. It is merely natural for the bee, and there is nothing for him to be commended upon.

I may have some resemblance to the foolish and doltish flea.

I wonder if there is any freedom? Is everything scheduled? Is my freedom in accordance with somebody's program? Again, is everything accidental? Is there an impregnable wall or not? I do not know. What I do know is that some day, sooner or later, the three-legged race with Death will end.

What if there were some fellow watching my every action from some place, as I observe the spider and flea and the bee? Furthermore, what if there were some fellow prescribing and limiting all my thought movements in the way I imprisoned the spider and then let it escape? What if it were that I, like the flea, am being taught a cruel lesson by somebody? Would there be no case of the bee which is myself being told by someone, "Actually, you cannot fly?" Does such a fellow exist from the beginning, or do we create him, or

else, do we become so? . . . There is no one to teach me this.

The flies are a nuisance. Because it is already winter, they appear only in the noontide; but they even use my face for a playground as I lie buried up to my chin in the bed-clothes.

I made a great discovery with regard to the fly. When he alights on my cheek, I chase him away by moving the muscles of my cheek or shaking my head. Flying away, he immediately comes back to the same place. I chase him away again. He flies away, and again alights. When this is repeated three times, he gives up and no longer comes to the same spot. This is the same wherever the place may be. It seems to be the habit of all flies to change their minds completely after being chased away three times.

"It's interesting; try and see," I tell the members of my family. But while saying, "Is that so? How interesting!" they are insincere, and nobody tries to carry out such an experiment. They are silently answering that they are busy. Of course, I do not force them to try. All the same, I voicelessly mutter to myself, "What's meant by being busy? Is being busy so important?"

THEN again, I once managed successfully to do an extremely unusual thing. I caught a fly with my forehead.

A fly settled upon my forehead, and I suddenly raised my eyebrows without actually having a clear intention to chase it away. A commotion immediately arose on my forehead. The deep lines which crossed my forehead had tightly trapped the fly's legs. The fly was anchored to my brow by his legs, though I knew not how many legs, and was whirring its wings uselessly but noisily. The state of his confusion could be clearly imagined.

"Hey!" I shouted loudly, still wearing a droll expression with my eyebrows raised high and my forehead creased. "Come here, somebody!" My eldest son, who is in the first year of middle school, came with a look of what's-the-matter on his face.

"There's a fly on my forehead, isn't there? Get it."

"But I can't. You don't want me to hit it with the fly swatter, do you?"

"You can get it with your hands immediately; for it can't get away."

The fingertips of my dubious son caught the fly without difficulty.

"What about it? Smart, don't you think? Catching a fly by one's forehead; this may be an epoch-making event that nobody can do."

"Gosh, what a surprise!" said my eldest son, and ceasing his own forehead, he was stroking it with one hand.

"You can't do it." Grinning, I watched him as he grasped the fly

carefully in one hand and stroked his forehead with the other. He is thirteen, large-built, and the picture of good health. Hardly any lines crease his forehead. The lines on my forehead are already deep. And the lines are not only on my forehead.

"What? What's happened?"

All the members of my household came from the next room, and on hearing my son's report, started laughing simultaneously.

"Oh, how funny!" Even my seven-year-old, second daughter was laughing saucily. I watched them as they all stroked their foreheads as if in unison. Then I told them, "That's enough. Now go away."

I was beginning to feel a bit moody.



GAZETTE NOTIFICATION

THE butt-end
Of his autobiography—

Both ends burning
Fell into the ash-tray
That were mine ears.

Firm as a paper-weight
On the drafting pad
He sat on the sandy beach
To unravel the red ribbons
Of confidential files
And knit insecure haminock.

Once the navel cord is cut
The child is free, yet chained
Invisibly to the doting mother
—Absolute the Secretariat rupture.

Out of harness the old war-horse
Yet fears the cool free grass,
The chafing fetterlock is proof
The steed stays in fine fettle.

Rolled on the waves
Unofficial notes
Roneced by the ocean.
The shore stamped and sealed
The endless white slips
Passed on for your perusal.

Swamped by the minutes
Cyclostyled on the sands
He shivered in naked nascence—
The former Controller of Odd
Commodities.

"I retired, retired to-day."
His face creased to scrawls
Like the illegible signature
On the Accountant-General's cheque.

Mauve clouds and pink
Bumped along the horizon,

Giggling girl-typist drifting
Towards the canteen.

"A fat pension? Pshaw!
Monthly gesture to the worm
Sealed in the concrete tomb!
Gratuitous insult
To stultifying injury!

"Search for the gazetted god
Who will declare you alive
Two days in advance
In his prescient firman.

"Pension? What about commutations?
Provident Fund? the loan papers are
missing.
Gratuity? Come, come, dear Sir,
Surely you come under the Old
Regulations."

Fast flings the ocean
White memoranda,
On the brown-paper tray
Now foam and froth.

Sort them for the Record Office
Of these are closed files,
Send them to disposals
By auction or sale by treaty.

Now he lies faint
On the damp sands—
The retired Controller of Odd
Commodities.

The ocean-gestetner is ever active
Fast and furious spewing up
Interminable Abstracts and Schedules;
But now the children play
With the stranded seashells—
Hullo, taxi, taxi please!

M. GOVINDAN

The Short Story and its Developments

BY WILLIAM HOOKENS

THE short story has become a regular feature in journalism and editors are anxious to give readers the best story by the best practitioners of the art, though there are not wanting examples when third-rate stories by third-rate men have been included to cover the usual space. But on the whole editors prefer such stories as will have reader-interest and take in stories of varied types by outsiders as well as local writers who have been through the mill and have more than a nodding acquaintance with the conditions as prevail in the country. That the English short story presents a vast reservoir of experiences and techniques and achievements there is no doubt and these can be followed up by writers in this country if they only weave their short stories from their own environments and beliefs. The English short story, written by Indians, can be as distinctive and important a part of India as the regional short stories; and by virtue of its universality of theme and scope it can become a part of world literature. The symbol of the short story is the difference between a pearl and diamond: the first cannot be analysed or broken into parts and the second has so many facets. The short story writer has thus the unique privilege of blending plot, characterisation and atmosphere into a compact whole.

Ghost stories which should have been more than are now printed occasionally find a place in magazines and the reason for the scarcity of this type of story is that they are so difficult to write. Love stories have a place but the people are less inclined to be exhibitionists and prefer the subdued love story to the blatant one in which the hero and heroine leave conventional surroundings for a honeymoon trip. The love theme expresses itself in the film world where the characters meet and do things to their heart's content with the censor in the offing. Otherwise the short story writer is busy with problem stories and leaves love

stories entirely to the English writers who make a good job of them in *True Romances*, *True Stories* or *True Confessions*. His interest in psychology has helped him in constructing such stories as have every day interest and appeal though little can be said of the psychological short story as such. Adventure or humorous stories, initially practised in this country by "Snilloc," Babu Piche Lal and "C. R. M." are beginning to come into vogue with the presence of "Asude" and Shankar though it is doubtful whether detective stories, as written by Indians, will have the appeal of the European writers. In brackets one may say that the lack of detective or mystery stories is due to a great extent to the lack of a strong police force and the detective sense. The inclination of the average Indian to go to court at the slightest provocation and the vast amount of lawyers in every nook and corner provide materials for the potential story writer of punch and humour.

As a form of the short story the character-sketch, if well done, provides ample scope for development considering that all types of people with all sorts of opinion are in the country and can be met at the cross-roads. Apart from bringing out the genre of some story writers this form of writing affords an exercise in observational psychology and if practised assiduously paves the way to quick success. The plot or the atmosphere story often sees print whereas such stories are better done as exercises and improved on before they are written with ease and joy. But the initial stages of story writing are over with some and they produce ream after ream of stories, one better than the other and the whole a beautiful medley. R. L. Bartholomew's *The Little Bastard* illustrates not only a new trend in story writing but the title is such as to make readers go through the story to see who is the little bastard and why and at the end of it they are no wiser than before, but are charmed by the cleverness of the dialogue, few splashes of local colour and slick characterisation of urchins who move in a circle of routine affairs. Michael

Owen who seems to have studied Maupassant often shocked his readers with the crude details that the British Tommy took a pleasure in but his style is now wearing well and his stories are widely read by the people. G. D. Khosla, Flora Shohet and others, apart from having prize-winning stories to their credit, wield their pen excellently and show the promise of short stories when rich rewards are forthcoming. S. Roberts, Adi K. Seth and Rajagopalachariar have turned the short story to good account and it is a pity that the last two do not contribute as much as the first who has acclimatised himself to the country and her people. R. K. Narayan and N. S. Phadke are at heart novelists who have made a success of the short story and though they write at greater length than most short story writers readers glide through them with the ease and familiarity as if they were one of Maugham's stories though the two by no means have the plot that Maugham's stories have. K. A. Abbas knows what a good short story is but he is overweighted with communistic leanings to be an artist. Mulk Raj Anand has hardly written a short story of late and one wonders why, master as he is of this art, he does not love it. S. H. Vatsayan or "Ageya" has succeeded well in the short story and P. Lal is essentially a poet and critic who has made the short story his own and writes with punch.

Manjeri S. Isvaran, who is best known among continental writers as a poet and short story writer, brings to his stories a delicacy and fineness that are associated with poets and his long-short *Immersion* which is the first of its kind in the country has a lyric fervour. There are other short story writers who have brought to English-speaking readers the thrill and verve of the regional short stories and among them was the late Prof. V. N. Bhushan. It is hoped that someone will bring out an anthology of short stories in English and the regional languages that will do justice to the short story and make it representative of this vast country.

That the short story in English as much as in the regional languages has shown steady progress will be evident from the stories that circulate either in book-form or in magazines. Kipling and Tagore in their own way paved the way for story writing. Only a handful of writers tackle the short story in English and their names keep repeating year in and year out, with a few new names added and a few names dropped out. The short story needs diligent workers with a sense of perspective and till the amateurs have learnt the technique of story writing it is advisable for editors to buy foreign stories or Indian stories written by foreigners.

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UNDER MILK WOOD

A Play for Voices

By DYLAN THOMAS

Preface and Musical Settings

By Daniel Jones

J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London

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TWELVE days after he completed his thirty-ninth birthday, Dylan Thomas died, far from his home in Wales, in New York. While he lived, a poetry-reading public adored him on this side idolatry; he had equally powerful detractors. He was no doubt difficult, but his genius was never in doubt; he was rich with the richness of the earth, original, in the true bardic tradition, whose evocations were wrought in an entrancing combination of natural magic and hymnal intensity.

Death to him was another room radiating a different bloom,

—he has become an immortal; the cries of the cherubim must have been hoarse with joy when he was given the freedom of the celestial city.

Under Milk Wood, a posthumous publication, originally appeared under the title *Llareggub: A Piece for Radio* Perhaps in *Botteghe Oscure, Quaderno IX*, edited by Marguerite Caetani (Rome, 1952). (One fails to understand why Daniel Jones, author of the preface and musical settings, has changed the spelling of 'Llareggub,' as given by Thomas, into 'Llaregyb'—did an obsessed reading of the anagram backwards and forwards bring in him the spasm of propriety?). *Under Milk Wood* is a conversational piece, including bits of poetry, and tells all about the town the poet lives in,—from highly exciting angles realised through the minds of a draper, a sempstress who loves the draper, a baker, a boarding-house keeper, a schoolmaster, a soak, and a cobbler. What a crew of eccentrics and how subtle, how lyrical the genius of Thomas to absorb



Dylan Thomas

their eccentricities and to pour them out as from an inexhaustible cornucopia! "The survival of *Under Milk Wood* is a remarkable piece of good fortune," we are told in the course of the preface, "for it was not completed until Thomas came within a month of his death, though he had worked intermittently on the play for nearly ten years." It certainly is a piece of good fortune, an increase to the golden treasury of English literature. In an extract from a letter published in *Botteghe Oscure*, explaining the play, Thomas wrote:

"... the language was altogether swamping the subject; the comedy, for

that was what it was originally intended to be, was lost in the complicated violence of the words: I found I was labouring at each line as though I was making some savage, and devious, metaphysical lyric and not a play at all... But out of my working, however vainly, on it, came the idea of *Llareggub*. Out of it came the idea that I write a piece, a play, an impression of voices, an entertainment out of the darkness, of the town I live in, and to write it simply and warmly and comically with lots of movement and varieties of moods, so that at many levels, through sight and speech, description and dialogue, evocation and parody, you came to know the town as an inhabitant of it..."

Within its structure, Thomas has brought in *Under Milk Wood* all that he wanted to; here the rhythms of prose mix with the rhythms of poetry so deeply, so wildly, so funnily, so touchingly, scenes elaborately done as with a painter's brush integrating with dialogues cut as with a stiletto, that one cannot but be dazzled with this strange diorama of life, this daedal world within world, heard, seen, and felt through voices, places and silences.

Every gesture of Thomas as a poet has called for encomium; and my own admiration for him which has remained unfaltering since I began reading his poetry twenty years ago now (although I found it hard to understand him sometimes) forces itself into expression thus:

He made the myth
and legend of Wales
live in his song;
beyond love's portals the pales
of death he visioned strong;
no diviner smith
did melt his gold
to flow into mould
matchlessly his own.
In praise of God, for love of Man—
deep from his marrowbone
rose the words and rising ran—
his bardic faith,
and the earth saith:
"Man can only part from him,
when God from his seraphim."

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Anglo-American Plot against Kashmir
By Vijay Kumar

People's Publishing House Ltd.,
Bombay

Rs. 3-12as

THE strategic location of Kashmir has made it a centre of stormy politics and a hotbed of political intrigue, treachery and foulplay in the course of the last two centuries. It has been a bone of contention between England and Tsarist Russia, and after the October Revolution, Great Britain intensified its activities in Kashmir for the furtherance of its anti-Soviet aims. After the last world war America entered the scene in the guise of a mediator under the United Nations, ostensibly to settle the quarrel between India and Pakistan. "The interest of the United States presumably arose in part from strategic location, close to U. S. S. R. and bordering on Afghanistan, China, Turkistan (Sinkiang), Tibet, India and Pakistan," says Lawrence K. Rosinger in his book *India and the United States* from which the author gives the above quotation. America's interest in Kashmir and the reason for it is thus obvious even to the novice, and Mr. Vijay Kumar has studiously collected a lot of evidence in support of his thesis. The situation has been complicated in the most confounded fashion by the grant of American Military aid to Pakistan. For the reader of the daily newspaper it is just not possible to keep track of the events after 1947. The book records the many developments since the tribal invasion, and the various plans, the works of the Commissions and reports are interpreted. The author gives a historical background of Kashmir, and writes about the different tactics employed by England in the establishment of their power in Kashmir; the installation of Gulab Singh as Maharaja in return for services rendered by him in the annexation of Punjab, are all recorded by Mr. Vijay Kumar. He concludes by saying, "it is the unity and solidarity of the peoples of Kashmir, Pakistan and India that will ultimately defeat the latest U. S. plot against the sub-continent of India." V. V. S.

TELUGU

Panchatantra

(Mitrabham and Mitrabhedam)

Artist: Viswatmula Narasimha Murthi
Andhra Grandha Mala, Madras 1

Re. 1-8as

It will always be an interesting pastime for one to probe into the realms of imagination, where not only the bipeds but also the quadrupeds and feathered-tribes speak and act in a very human fashion. As a result of his reconnoitring in these fields man has created immortal literature; this literature is what bridges the past and the present. The stories of *Panchatantra* belong to such a literature.

Almost every literate Indian knows about these moral tales, popular alike among the young and old, scholars and laymen.

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K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
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Sudarsana, the King of Pataliputra had three sons who showed no interest whatsoever in learning statecraft or warfare. Sudarsana invited the great men of his land to teach them but in vain. Vishnu Sharma came forth, offering his services to teach the princes. Vishnu Sharma took the princes home and started telling them in story form—*Panchatantra*—the five facets of statecraft—the usefulness of good friendship, the dangers of listening to false friends and how to get rid of enemies with tact; the miseries caused by unnecessary greediness, and the necessity to think and act according to the needs of the time.

Coming to the present publication one feels the novel idea of picturizing so popular a book an excellent one. Mr. Viswatmula Narasimha Murthi has well succeeded in bringing the animals to life, in his delicate yet bold caricatures. Caricature, which is a department of expressionism finds no difficulty in being appreciated by the public. Sanjivaka—the bull, the King of the forest, the cunning foxes—Karataka and Damanaka, and almost all other figures are life-like.

In the process of reading this series of stories, one realizes not only the beauty of picturization but also the vigour of story telling. The rhyming by Mr. Nanduri Ramamohana Rao is simple and intelligent.

Picturizing *Panchatantra* is a bold venture and deserves to succeed, for no pains have been spared by the artist to convey to children what it felt like sitting in front of Vishnu Sharma.

A word about production: The cover is good and serves the needs of a children's publication (it is thick and stands rough handling). But the printing is not up to the mark. If the publication is meant for high school children, the letter press is too simple and serves no purpose. If it is for the kids of the kindergarten, the 'type' is too small.

It is hoped that the artist would bring out the remaining parts also and enrich children's literature, which really needs enriching in this country.

K. RAMALAKSHMI

The Study of Sanskrit

By B. VENUGOPALAN

SOMETIME back readers might have come across a news report from New York saying that a new repertoire theatre in that city was planning production of the Indian play *The Little Clay Cart* (Mricchakatika of King Sudraka). The report added: "The fantasy will be one of the first plays to be presented in the Greenwich village theatre De Lys by a distinguished group of actors led by Miss Therese Hayden." This piece of news naturally evokes curiosity as to what prompted the Americans to stage a Sanskrit drama, especially in these days when we Indians seldom feel inclined to read and appreciate even the best of the Sanskrit dramatic works. This is the age when we have come to consider the Sanskrit language and literature as dead. Whereas we find the Westerners taking an absorbing interest in the study of Sanskrit. When such a keen interest is evinced by the Westerners in the study of Sanskrit language and literature, it is almost a tragedy that our own countrymen are ashamed to learn Sanskrit, which according to them is worse than an alien language!

To quote Mr. Nehru, our illustrious Prime Minister, "If I was asked what is the greatest treasure which India possesses and what is her finest heritage, I would answer unhesitatingly it is the Sanskrit language and literature and all that it contains. This is a magnificent inheritance and so long as this endures and influences the life of our people so long will the basic genius of India continue." It is an acknowledged fact that Indian culture as it expresses itself in Indian life, past or present, derives its inspiration chiefly from Sanskrit. In dress and manners, architecture, art, sculpture and paintings and in mental and spiritual outlook, Indian culture has not changed very much since early times and has been solely dependent on the grandeur of Sanskrit. Throughout these ages, the spirit of Sanskrit continued to inspire the people of India to achieve the twofold goals, viz., material

prosperity and spiritual regeneration. It is only in Sanskrit that a harmonious expansion of matter and spirit has been attempted. This harmonious expansion became the property of the common man without his being conscious of the source of that knowledge.

But now it has become the fashion of the day to decry Sanskrit as a dead language. A dead language only means a language long forgotten and from which there is little use to humanity at large. By this test, can Sanskrit be called a dead language? Certainly not. It is a very real and live language. It is still used by the *literati* and priestly classes, to say nothing of the interest evoked among foreign scholars and students of indology. Sanskrit in short is essentially a language of culture. Culture envisages the adoption of a sense of values among which duty, truth and reason hold a high place. Judged by these standards the Sanskrit culture of the Vedas, Upanishads, Puranas and Itihasas abounds in mental and spiritual riches of unique value. More than all these, the greatest gift of Sanskrit is Brahma Vidya—the discipline by which men can attain the highest state of being or absorption into Brahman—Brahma Aikya as it is called. This idea of Brahma Vidya is expounded in the Vedas and Upanishads in various ways and in different forms. It will not be out of place to quote here Sri Aurobindo who observes: "The ascent to the divine life is the human journey, the work of works, the acceptable sacrifice. This alone is man's real business in the world and the justification of his existence without which he would be only an insect crawling among other ephemeral insects on a speck of surface mud and water which has managed to form itself amid the appalling immensities of the physical universe."

The contribution of the West in the field of Sanskrit is not insignificant. It is not an exaggeration to say that we discovered our ancient heritage through the efforts of a band of Europeans who took to Indian history and literature for sheer love of adventure in specula-

tive thought. It was only in 1785 when, through the strenuous efforts of Warren Hastings, William Jones, Colebrook Max, Muller and others that the ancient Sanskrit classics were made known not only to the Western world but also to India. Indians thus discovered themselves through the agency of the West. In 1784 was founded the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Sir William Jones. From this Society arose valuable translations of the Indian classics which have spread the fame of Indian culture throughout the galleries of Europe. And in the field of translation the greatest work was done by H. T. Colebrooke who made epoch-making studies of Hindu lay, philosophy, grammar, astronomy and religion and by Max Muller who after an arduous labour of 30 years translated for the first time the whole of the Rig Veda and made the Europeans feel something of the majesty and splendour of Indian culture.

But we now live in an age of anxiety and doubt, an age of scepticism and disbelief. The whole world seems paralysed with spiritual atrophy—a situation where people feel something wrong somewhere but don't know where. Scientific pro-

gress has outstripped all moral progress and while more atomic bombs are being stockpiled, so little of that enormous energy is used for the healthy and normal purposes of human endeavour. Whatever scientific advance or research may have given in the way of command over the forces of nature, science, it should be noted, cannot grant peace of mind; that can come only from studying great thoughts and here in our land they lie distributed all over the place in archives, in libraries in private institutions or with private individuals.

It is our sacred duty to keep up and maintain Sanskrit in all its glory despite the many reactionary forces that are now at work against it from various quarters. Sufficient encouragement and scope should be offered by the Government of the day to men who specialise in Sanskrit studies, thereby providing an incentive to the public at large to learn Sanskrit. Then only can we expect gradual and real progress in our campaign for revival of Sanskrit studies. It is high time that this vast storehouse of great and noble thoughts, ideas and ideals should be revived for the greater glory of man and his precious inheritance.

Fulbright Travel Grants to Indian Scholars

THE United States Educational Foundation in India, 17 Curzon Road, New Delhi, annually awards Fulbright travel grants to Indian scholars to enable them to accept appointments as lecturers or research scholars in American universities. These awards pay for transportation from India to the United States and return. The Foundation will accept applications for the academic year 1955-1956 up to November 1, 1954. Selection among candidates will be made by the National Advisory Committee of the Foundation for transmittal to the Board of Foreign Scholarships in Washington for final selection. Application forms can be secured from the Executive Secretary of the Foundation.

All applicants are expected to arrange for their affiliation with an American University for 1955-1956. A few dollar maintenance grants from the United States Government may be available, but the number of travel grants awarded each year is larger than the number of maintenance awards. If the dollar maintenance grants are available they will be announced publicly at a later date. Those desiring to apply are requested to arrange for their maintenance in the U. S. A.

These grants are meant only for senior men and women at present connected with institutions of higher learning in India. The lower age limit is normally 35 years. Applicants must be citizens of India and in good health. Men and women who have spent considerable time at American universities or have been recently abroad are usually not selected.

A LETTER TO VIGHNESWARA

Dear Mr. Vighneswara,

I MUST protest. In all humility and with all due respect, still must I protest.

I am only a woman. But I cannot help feeling that your protest against the Special Marriages Bill reflects indirectly your feeling that my generation and the generation immediately following mine are not yet ready for a measure of this kind. I know too that when one speaks of marriage and divorce these days one usually talks round the Wife and the Woman. Men have always liked to believe that it is the woman who makes or mars a marriage. It is a convenient philosophy because it throws the onus of virtue on the woman.

As far as I know it has always been like that. The woman has always been encouraged to wear the sins of her man like feathers in her cap. She waited in reverent silence behind a closed door and consecrated her cloistered days and nights with untiring assiduity to the study of the saints, to the bringing up of children, to the making of pickles and preserves and other petty vexations. The man pursued his pleasure and profit and broke with impunity every commandment of God upon the broadest scale and acted his seven stages against the unchanging back-cloth of the woman's forgiveness. (I am not talking of Ram Rajya but of the more recent times of my grandmother). She was expected to have the energy of a man, the delicacy of a woman, the innocence of a child and the disposition of an angel. I do not know how many women deserved this huge burden of virtue placed on their shoulders but I do know that, having survived humiliation and mellowing under various influences good and bad during the last three decades, we are slowly shedding that burden. We are, I am aware, by such divestment, exposing our own vulnerability. But we are also claiming a new and what seems to me, a fundamental freedom—the freedom to err. Man has always had the

delightful privilege of burning his candle at both ends. The least that he can do now is to give us one end of it.

I am not complaining or scoffing. Perhaps I sound like a feminist but believe me, Sir, I speak without bitterness. Men and women because of the very nature of their relationships have always modified each other. My grandmother was, I am sure, a very happy woman because she was exactly what my grandfather wanted and needed. But the pattern of desire has changed and so the framework of morality has had to change. It was the feel of this impending change in the air which made a whole generation of men at the turn of the century unfaithful to their wives. The woman in the backstreet was a very respectable institution even in my father's time. Since then, however, as a result of various outside influences, has come the demand for a three-faceted satisfaction in marriage. The woman is expected to be wife, friend and mistress. It is a large demand especially considering that the personality of the Man has remained more or less static and unimproved in all this time. But women are trying to fit themselves even to this demand. I am sure you yourself know a great many fathers, who are desperately sending their daughters to colleges and teaching them to sing and to dance.

What baffles me is that every time a piece of legislation is enacted involving women there is an outcry from the men whose echoes resound down two generations. With much less fuss has capital punishment been abolished in some countries. We have accepted with a degree of calmness and resignation such unprecedented changes in the last three decades. Kings have been dethroned, revolutions have swept away institutions as old as man's memory, politics have changed the course of rivers and the frontiers of countries, and a single war has transformed the moral standards of three continents. And yet the reverbera-

tions of the hue and cry raised when the Sarda Act prescribed that girls should reach the ripe age of 14 before they took a step which would affect the entire course of the rest of their lives, can still be heard in the most unexpected corners. And when a decade later one or two of the very young children who were married off in the dead of night or behind closed doors in the early thirties were remarried as widows, the disintegration of the very foundations of family life in the country was grimly prophesied in words of learned length and thundering sound by every man who had a voice to raise. And may I say, *apropos* of widow marriage, that for every single happily remarried widow you have not met, Mr. Vighneswara, I have met half a dozen frustrated elderly wives who would have been happier widowed (though they would themselves rather die than admit it.) And I think I can tell why remarried widows try to hide them-

selves. Because *we* point our finger at them. Society cannot forgive people who have the courage to give themselves another lease of happiness.

Sati, basically, was merely the practical translation of a desperate desire to die. It was really suicide seen thro' a kaleidoscope. But when it was imposed on the wife by an unwritten law, it was quite another thing. But I firmly believe that many wives even in these degenerate times when faced with the kind of tragedy that faced Padmavati would feel a sorrow as deep and hopeless and inconsolable as hers. Not all of us, however, can be fortunate enough to suffer under a cardiac weakness as that esteemed lady evidently did.

Must we drag religion into a discussion about marriage? And when you talk of washing "the planet clean of the two-legged vermin," Mr. Vighneswara, you make the confusion still more confounded by bringing in something else—Science.

I am personally unable to have the unquestioning faith of my mother. Spiritually, I am adrift in chaos. But I am sometimes forced to admit to myself that there is something fallacious in the belief that Man was made by God. To me it seems more reasonable to believe that God was made by Man. Man called the inexplicable and the undefinable God. The Almighty was the biggest thing in his life simply because it was bigger, better, vaster, more powerful than anything he had seen or felt. His heart told him that there was a Something and Man was at first quite happy to be led by his heart.

So Man gave God a form and a name. He gave God lineaments. He made God more perfect, more beautiful, with straighter limbs, nobler forehead, wiser and gentler eyes. God was created in the imagery of Man.

Now there is a change. The God which we put in our temples is no longer the biggest thing we have felt or seen. Our horizon of understanding has widened. The darkness and the mystery of life are being slowly dispelled. Other things have emerged as bigger, more terrifying, more unpredictable. Science, for instance. We want a bigger God, a better God, we want a God more astounding than anything Science has discovered, we want a God that no equation of symbols and figures can explain. The God that was moulded and shaped by the heart of man ages ago is now being improved upon by his son. Which would *you*, Sir, recommend that we should try to escape from? The knowledge that Science has brought and threatens to bring or the Revelations that have been handed down to us? I am not able to make up my mind. Tell me.

So what we can be accused of seems hardly "intellectual irresponsibility" these days but an overburdening of responsibility in which are involved not only our mind and reason but our heart and consci-

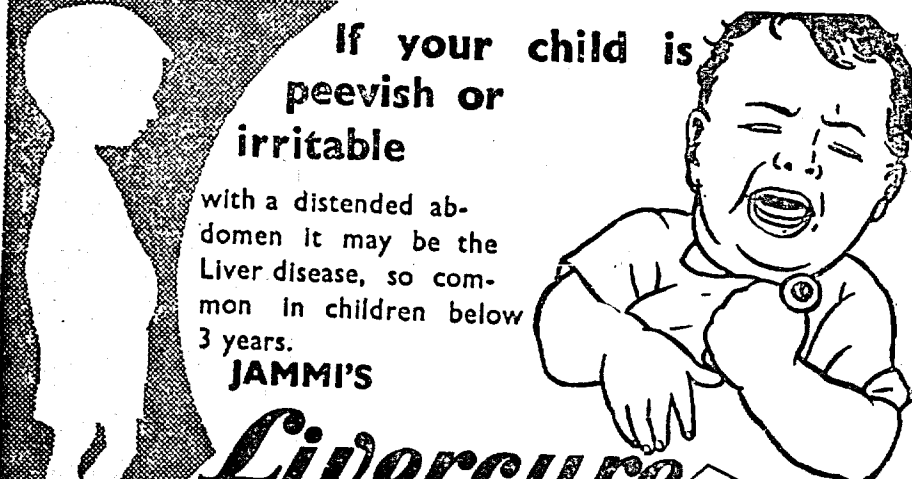
ence, our spiritual heritage and our intellectual acceptance. A process of elimination under these circumstances becomes inevitable. Time will show what will go overboard.

Try as I might I fail to see how the permitting of divorce by mutual consent can be called legalising promiscuity. For one thing, I do not think that mere promiscuity has any special or irresistible charm about it. And secondly, the promiscuously inclined (who are either lazy or over-sexed and therefore who ought to be beaten or treated) are not much bothered about the legal aspect of their desire. Promiscuity existed even in Victorian England. And no known law in the history of mankind has ever kept a woman from a man or vice versa when they really wanted each other. The making of divorce easy might only result in young couples in the heat of the first marital tiff resorting to the law. But judges are not unthinking fools nor is the law without adequate safeguards against the impetuosity of inexperience.

I think I am a fairly average woman belonging to that reprehensible breed of people who are called "educated" women. And though my tribe is supposed to boss over our husbands, neglect our children, indulge in extravagant and reckless spending, evince a desire to sleep with every other man and lead a wholly irresponsible life, still many of us have somehow managed to marry, bear children and have a home and a family. And it will be people like us who will be benefiting by this new Act—benefiting in the acquiring of a feeling of confidence resulting from a harmony between the law of the land and our own mental outlook.

Why not face the fact that the arsenal of the accumulated virtues of generations of women has now gone up in smoke and accept the Bill as a challenge?

Yours respectfully,
SANTHA RUNGACHARY



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A CURIOUS CASE OF LIBEL

Freelance wins suit against Newspaper

A freelance journalist, aroused to defense of her professional standing after a newspaper published apologies for one of her articles, sued the paper for libel and won an award of £3,000 (\$8,400). In the words of one of the lawyers it was "a curious case," involving a libel action within a libel action.

Miss Honor Tracy's suit against Kemsley Newspapers Ltd., had its beginning in a sojourn she made in the tiny town of Doneraile (population 700), County Cork, Ireland. While there she wrote "Great Days in the Village," one of a series of articles on Ireland for *The Sunday Times*, a Kemsley newspaper. The piece was an unflattering picture of a priest's fund-raising efforts among his parishioners for a new house for himself. The article pointed out that many of the parishioners were very poor, and that the priest already had a quite substantial 14-room Georgian house. It said that the new house, according to the villagers, cost £9,000 (\$25,200) and that one reason the priest was having it built was that he wanted a view. His name was not mentioned.

Following publication of the article in *The Sunday Times*, Miss Tracy, herself a Catholic, heard that Canon Maurice O'Connell of Doneraile was serving a writ on herself and Kemsley Newspapers, alleging defamation. She was advised by the newspaper that if that happened, the Kemsley organization would defend itself and her. When no writ was served on her she decided that "the cannon had got cold feet and piped down."

Such was not the case. Without consulting Miss Tracy, Kemsley Newspapers accepted the service of the writ on her behalf and proceeded with negotiations of a settlement. These included a letter to the canon's solicitors, apologizing for the article and stating that any imputations on the canon in it were unfounded.

Meanwhile Miss Tracy had made

plans to fight the canon's action alone, if necessary, and had stated that she did not admit that any part of the article was untrue or defamatory. Despite her disclaimers, a settlement was announced (£750 to a charity nominated by the canon) and a notice appeared in *The Sunday Times*, apologizing for the controversial "Great Days in the Village."

In her suit Miss Tracy claimed that the letter and the newspaper article implied that she was an irresponsible journalist prepared to write articles recklessly, not caring whether they were true or not, and was a person whom no newspaper or broadcasting corporation should employ. Her work had in fact been limited to occasional articles in *Picture Post* and *Lilliput* since these events, she reported.

Testimony in the case brought out the fact that the canon's house cost closer to £6,000 than £9,000, although it did, by the canon's own admission, have a fine view. The canon said that the house had been built at the direction of his bishop, a statement the bishop himself confirmed. Miss Tracy said she got the cost figure from villagers, as she would have been thrown out if she had gone to the canon about it. Her article also said that the canon was in good voice when appealing for funds from the altar steps, no matter how tired and confused he might sound otherwise. This, she claimed, she knew personally from her church attendance.

In his summation to the jury, the judge said that if they decided that her article contained injurious imputations against the canon which were wholly unfounded it did not lower her reputation to say, wrongly, that she had apologized. If the jury was not satisfied that the allegations in her article were wholly unfounded, the plaintiff had been seriously libelled and was entitled to substantial damages.

The jury decided that she had been libelled, and awarded damages of £500 for the letter and £2,500 for the newspaper notice. Kemsley Newspapers said an appeal was being considered.

—International Press Report

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ARE songs an essential part of Indian pictures? Apparently so; for today one cannot even imagine an Indian picture without its full quota of songs. Those who favour the songs—not merely because of its box-office attraction—argue that songs are part of our life and as such they ought to be incorporated in our pictures. And yet even these protagonists will find it difficult to deny that more often than not the songs halt the story and they seem to be an unnecessary intrusion in the picture.

More than anything else it is however the unwritten convention of the box office that has prevented the producers from taking a risk of producing a songless picture. Before the war, when the stakes were not so high one Hindi picture was made without a song; if I remember right it was J. B. H. Wadia's *Jai Swadesh*, a stunt picture. Since then at least no Hindi film has been made without a song. In Bengalee, however, some films have been made without songs and some of them have proved a big success. In Madras only very recently A. V. M. has made a murder mystery drama in Tamil without songs and I am told this experiment has proved successful.

Originally Raj Kapoor wanted to have no sing in *Boot Polish* but later he abandoned the idea. Now the credit for producing a picture without song in Hindustani goes to K. A. Abbas, the enterprising author, director and producer who has broken many conventions in the past.

Unlike other producers, Abbas did not reveal this fact before starting the picture; for he thought he may change his mind. Now after completing the shooting and showing it to friends who admit that they did not 'miss' the songs Abbas has come out with the news that Munna will

have no songs. Abbas is confident that the story itself is strong enough to hold the audience interest without the embellishment of songs. That he has taken a great risk in this experiment is undoubtedly true, but if his experiment succeeds more producers will come forward and rescue the Indian film from the stranglehold of songs.

Indeed, while complimenting Abbas for his daring, one hopes that his confidence will be justified at the box office and that our picturegoers will be able to appreciate and enjoy his songless film. After all, with so many song-studded pictures flopping, Abbas' songless film has a good chance of success if his story is human and interesting.

Picture of the week

WHAT would you think if tomorrow some enterprising producer made a musical comedy version of *Hamlet*? Ludicrous, isn't it? I still recall a dialogue from Jack Benny's picture *To Be or Not To Be* in which some one tells Jack that he has done to Shakespcare what Hitler did to Poland. In a similar strain one could say Jayant Desai has done to Hitchcock's *Spellbound* what Hitler did to Poland in his latest picture *Miss Mala*.

Imagine Ingrid Bergman dancing and singing and imagine Gregory Peck making adolescent love in typical Indian film fashion and you have some idea of what Vyjayanthimala and Kishore Kumar do in the "comic" version of their original roles in *Miss Mala*. The success of *Spellbound* lay in the taut suspense and the psychological twist to murder mystery. It was the story of a psychiatrist trying to help a victim of guilt-complex who is accused of murder. The suspense was accentuated by the fact that the woman psychiatrist had to carry her experiments in clandestine fashion as the police were after the patient; this part of the story has already been successfully copied by Ramesh Saigal in *Shaeed*. By assigning the roles to Vyjayanthimala and Kishore and by treating the whole story in a musical gara style Jayant Desai has defeated the very purpose of copying *Spellbound*.

But for this ridiculous adaptation of a suspenseful psychological thriller, as an entertainment the picture can be commended for Vyjayantimala's dance numbers. Though as an artiste, she has yet to prove her worth, as a dancer she has no equal. And it is a pity that she should be given such an unsuitable role as that of a psychiatrist! Similarly it is not the fault of Kishore that he has been given a wrong kind of role and yet as a clown he does entertain. Comparatively Jeevan as the elder psychiatrist is more convincing and his appearance after the interval gives life and pace to an otherwise uninteresting tale. The music and lyrics follow the usual pattern and are undistinguished.

Jayant Desai who could once be relied upon at least for giving entertaining pictures seems to be losing his grip on motion pictures from his performance in *Miss Mala*.

Personality of the week

TO an average picturegoer the name Sri Shantilal Shah probably means nothing; but to any one connected with the film trade in Bombay it is a name that stands for honesty, integrity and friendship. No wonder, then, that the news of his sudden death on Thursday the 13th May 1954 night came as a shock to the film trade on Friday morning. Several distribution offices were closed as a mark of respect; and journalists called a condolence meeting.

Ever smiling Shri Shantilal Shah was a Gujarati who learned Marathi in school. In 1932, he began his career as a film journalist working for the film industry's oldest film weekly *Mof Majab*. His independent, forthright reviews were a distinguished feature of that weekly. Later he joined the Calcutta Film Exchange as a clerk and through his enterprising spirit and hard work rose to the position of manager. He acquired an interest in Chitra Cinema and helped Gyan Mukerjee to start Lokamanya Pictures and later Sargam Pictures.

Only two years ago he started a distributing concern under the banner of Swati Cinema and released

Daag. Neither the success of *Daag* and *Patita* nor the failure of *Shamsher* and *Darde-Dil* affected his poise, his smile and his gentleness. He was a gentleman to his finger tips and he obliged everyone who came in contact with him. What is more, he never forgot his obligations. In an industry where ingratitude is the rule rather than exception he always showed gratitude to all those friends who had helped him at one stage or another.

A voracious reader, a keen student of the cinema as an art, Shantilal was recognised as the most dependable distributor. But as he was making all efforts to reach the zenith of his career having secured six new pictures for distribution this year—the cruel hand of death snatched him away. On Thursday he attended the office as usual and till 9 p.m. at night he worked. Later at home at about 11-30 he had an heart attack and he succumbed almost instantaneously.

In him the film industry has lost a thorough gentleman and an honest businessman.

News of the week

SRI G. S. Bajpai, the Governor of Bombay inaugurated the Cine Technicians conference on Saturday, 15th May and stressed the need for improving the artistic standard of our films.

Sri Pashupati Chatterji who presided over the conference advocated trade unionism and made a suggestion that a producer should not be granted censor certificate until he had cleared the dues of technicians.

Sri M. Bhavnani the Production Controller of Film Division left for Hollywood to study the various aspects of short film production. He is expected to visit other countries as well.

Bimal Roy took the first shot of Cine Co-operative Ltd.'s *Garam Coat* based on Rajender Singh Bedi's famous short story on Friday the 14th May 54. Nirupa Roy and Balraj Sahni lead the cast. Amar Kumar is the director.

Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baaja is the title of Shantaram's new picture in technicolour.

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.

Indo-Tibetan Treaty

Sir,—You will kindly permit me to point out that in Figaro's observations on the Indo-Tibetan treaty in your issue of the 8th instant, he has not sufficiently weighed the difficulties of Indian diplomacy in this particular instance.

The Indian settlements at Yatung and Gyantse, stood, from the standpoint of international law, on the same plane as the International Settlements in Shanghai, concessions forced from the autocratic Manchu Emperors, or their subordinate Governments like the Dalai Lama's by force of arms. The International Settlements of Shanghai are now a matter of the past. Their best buildings have become People's Palaces of Culture. Their trade has been mostly taken up by the Chinese Government. Should we not feel thankful that the Indian Settlements, and the rights of Indian traders, have under the treaty been permitted to stand, with the hospitals put up by the Indian Government? India has been permitted to have one more Settlement at Gartok, which will complete the link on the Sikkim-Lhasa trade route. Ten more places in the frontier district of Tibet are named where Indians will be freely allowed to settle for the purpose of trade, which has now the volume of Rs. 3 crores, and may easily expand to 6 crores.

The Chinese People's Government will have as little regard for the concessions granted by their old rulers, as we have for the grants by the Bijapur kings to the Portuguese in Goa. The rights given by the Chinese must be looked upon as freshly granted rights for which they look for a quid pro quo. Hence the grant of the right to establish trade settlements to the Chinese in Kalimpong, Calcutta and Delhi. The first two concessions may turn to our distinct advantage, if with improved road transit, Calcutta becomes the window of the trade of Southern China with the Middle East and Africa. If Calcutta becomes the clearing depot for this trade, it will mean a great addition to the prosperity of Calcutta.

As for the boundary line, the western end of it is fairly fixed by a detailed list of the places where trade settlements may be established. In the recent expedition against the Daffla tribesmen, our troops have advanced almost to the northern limits of the eastern section of the line, without any protest from China. In international, as often in private law, possession is nine-tenths of the law, and confers juristic rights if not protested against. The middle of the MacMohan line is the epicenter of big earthquakes which under the hills, and change the rivers. The boundary line cannot be scientifically determined here except with the aid of an aerial survey, elaborately conducted, and revised after each earthquake. In these circumstances, should not Nehru's Government be deemed wise in adhering to the maxim. 'Let sleeping dogs lie?'

M. MADHAVA RAO

Mangalore.

Music: Ma & Pa

Sir,—Anent Sri P. Srinivasa Iyer's article, under the above caption, in the Swatantra of April 24th, I should like to offer a few observations, regarding the penultimate para thereof.

(i) In spite of OM (AUM), the mystic syllable, said to consist of the three letters, the last being a voiced consonant, the seven abbreviated svaras SaRiGaMa-PaDaNi as pronounced in South India have only two vowel endings. This is a matter for vocalists and theorists to ponder over.

(ii) The reference to MA is to Suddha Madhyama. True, it is consonant with Shadja; but it has to be realised that the prolongable Suddha Madhyama is not a Swayambhu svara, or an upper partial of Shadja. This feature has its own ramifications in melodic music. The consonance of MA is more due to the fact that the octave, SA higher, is the Panchama of Suddha Madhyama.

(iii) I can affirm on the authority of Sri Palladam Sanjeeva Rao, the great flutist, that Sankarabharana and Kalyani are like the ardhha-nariswara. Sankarabharana, a world wide raga, is spirited and virile, as the instrumentalists know it and is styled male, while Kalyani with its softer graces or gamakas, in spite of Ma sharp, is named feminine, by that eminent musician.

(iv) The ancient theory of Shadja-Madhyama and Shadja-Panchama bhavas is too shallow to explain the wealth of either Todi or Kalyani raga bhava, as is depicted in the several kritis of Thyagaraja in these ragas. My opinion is that the voice sings these kritis true to the drone, in spite of the teaching of the ancient theory, as both the ear and



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voice have felt correctly the nuances of the drone of Shadja and Panchama.

(v) In the modern age, it is best to avoid, as far as possible in description, all folk and legendary aspects of ragas and svaras.

It is far from my intention to enter into any controversy of your contributor's several articles on the subject of Carnatic music.

C. S. AYYAR

Rejoinder

Many of the technical terms in music are very significant. Both laymen and pedants can notice alike the gay or pathetic spirit of a musical rendering either of a raga or kriti. Bharthrihari, the great grammarian has mentioned in the first chapter of one of his works that even simple and self-evident truths cannot be comprehended by some people. It is a matter of faith for some people to have greatest regard for Ma and Pa. What does it matter if some have disregard? After all, I find none of my points challenged.

P. SRINIVASA AYYAR

Varadan

Sir,—I was greatly pleased to read in the Sidelights in Swatantra for May 8, your appreciation of the long and devoted services of washerman Varadan, who recently passed away. The news of his death shocked me so much that even after the lapse of a week, I have not been able to get over it. For over thirty years since he was introduced to us in 1923, he had been washing our clothes and never during this long period of three decades did he once fail to give satisfaction. Varadan was a gem among washermen. In efficiency and promptness it is not perhaps difficult to find his peers; but in character very few could stand comparison with him. An important trait in his character was his loyalty to his employers and sincere devotion to service. His was a generous and loving heart; he would never desert an impecunious employer, who could not pay his wages regularly; on the contrary he would stand by him and continue to serve him with greater devotion. He could not however, put up with petty-mindedness. He is known to have declined to serve rich men because they were not, as he termed them, the right sort. Varadan was scrupulously honest, and he never uttered a lie to extricate himself from an awkward situation. His patience was remarkable; he never lost his temper even under grave provocation. It was perhaps this more than anything else that endeared him to his employers.

N. VENKATARAMANAYYA

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THE NEW BARRIER

THE Andhra State came into being under the post-mortem pressure exercised by the late Sri Potti Sriramulu. Pandit Nehru was overcome by it and appointed Justice Wanchoo to settle the preliminaries for the formation of the Andhra State. The whole issue of linguistic States was determined when the Prime Minister conceded the Andhra State in response to the tragic result of Sri Potti Sriramulu's fast. Thereafter, it was inevitable that other demands for similar linguistic States should receive the same treatment, without perhaps pressure of such intensity being required. The States Reorganisation Commission does not therefore promise independent disposal of an unsettled issue. It seems to be, rather, in the nature of a machinery set up to endorse a judgment already arrived at by the authorities that created it. It is only if the Commission proves capable of examining the whole question of linguistic States *de novo*, without getting committed to one view by what has already happened, that its appointment will be revealed as justified.

There is, at the moment, great need for such an examination in a dispassionate spirit. The forces released by the operation of the principle of linguistic division, to the extent to which it has been given effect to already, do not seem to us conducive to the preservation of national unity, the very pivot on which our existence as a free nation depends. Throughout the period of British rule, there was continual and unchecked migra-

tion of people within the country from any one part to any other. It served more than anything else to create and sustain a consciousness of national unity among the diversified elements of our vast country with its huge population speaking widely different languages. Multi-linguality has thus become the essence of the Indian national consciousness. Now under the new orientation of linguistic States, the previous tradition of multi-linguality that had bound north and south and east and west into the bonds of a common citizenship and the amenities of an effective fraternity, is by forcible administrative action sought to be destroyed. The whole country is being sought to be divided into administrative States of regional languages. This division does violence to a historical process that has been going on for centuries, and it cannot be performed correctly anyhow. In spite of the Andhra State, there are still millions of Telugus outside its boundaries, and millions will still remain outside even if Andhra and Hyderabad are combined into Visalandhra. There are over 3 lakhs of Andhras in Orissa, nearly 14 lakhs in Mysore, nearly 2 lakhs in Madhya Pradesh, 3 lakhs in Bombay and 10,000 in the Punjab. Likewise there are nearly 4 lakhs of Tamils in the Andhra State. The system of linguistic division by which each State pledges itself to develop within its borders one regional language only, tends to disinherit large numbers that speak other languages, and these, having no other

homes, and unable to move themselves elsewhere, are driven into a forlorn condition and are forced to feel themselves alien and unwanted. The natural effect of linguistic division in a federal constitution is to make each State develop the mentality of a separate nation, and this process has started to take place with swift rapidity. Under its influence, the leaders have begun, with unashamed abandon, to regard themselves meritorious if they are able to inflict some injury on persons speaking a language different from their own. There was a disgraceful exhibition of this temper in the Madras legislature recently when one of the members sought to get Mr. Huq removed from the Public Service Commission for the sole reason that he is not Tamil. This sort of pettiness is not limited to Tamils but prevails in the Andhra State also. It does not indicate inferiority or superiority of character, it is but one of many examples of the spirit of illwill provoked by the new standards of

administrative responsibility limited by language-sentiment, that have become fashionable in the country.

Composite States with multi-lingual areas gave richness and variety to social and public life, and taught leaders and administrators a large tolerance that fitted them for national responsibilities that involved the gift of getting on with other communities besides their own and winning their confidence. Linguistic States have already provoked hysterical moods of a repellent sort in some legislatures. A country like India with multiplied multi-lingual settlements of people everywhere, will disintegrate and inflict misery on many communities happily settled now, if it is forced into any pattern of uni-lingual State administration. Realising the value of the multi-lingual type of State for countering the havoc of fissiparous movements, some sane witnesses have urged before the Commission the advisability of making some big cities, including Madras, Part C States.

Sotto Voce

★

THE MELATTORE PLAYERS



MELATTORE, the biggest village in the Tanjore district, is a place with which my family happens to have many associations. But it was this year, for the first time, that I witnessed the enacting of three of its famous dance-dramas. I must say the reality far exceeded my expectations. This drama is something *sui generis*. It is the very antithesis of folk art. But the players and singers, some of whom

live far away from the village most of the year, are all drawn from its Brahman families; the stage setting is of the crudest and improvised with absolute disregard for realism; and there is little attempt at specialisation.

These dramas—I am told there are a dozen of them—were composed by Venkatarama Sastri, a senior contemporary of Sri Tyagaraja. Traditional accounts have it that he was

a great *Saakta*, a bachelor who lived a rather unconventional life and was on that account exiled from his village, a great centre of orthodoxy and scholarship endowed by Achutappa Naick, the first of the Telugu rulers of Tanjore. Venkatarama Sastri was a musician and master of the *Natya Sastra* as well as a lyrical and dramatic poet of the first rank. Himself the scion of a Telugu family long settled in the Tamil country, like Tyagaraja's, his spoken language was not perhaps very pure. But his literary style has a stately simplicity which, in the narrative prose passages and in the dialogues, is extraordinarily effective.

There is a voluptuous charm about the music which it is difficult to put into words. Mostly in the slow tempo of the *Kshatrajna Padams* it has, in the *darus* composed in *rakti* ragas like *Ananda Bhairavi*, *Ahiri*, *Punnaga Varali*, a long-drawn sweetness and a grace of movement as of the royal swan, which mask the composer's perfect command of the rhythmic involutions. I never knew that *Ghanta* could be so magical in its appeal till I heard it elaborated in a number of pieces in these plays. The great ragas like *Kamboji* and *Sankarabharanam* acquire a new amplitude at the hands of this composer. Even more remarkable are the subtlety and daring of his *mano-dharma*. His use of *Nattai* in a brilliant piece to strike a note of anguish reminded me of the virtuosity of Tyagaraja's *Saveri* in *Rama Bana*.

But this music, which comes like a caress, is never obtrusive. It is the *natya* that is the soul of this genre, the *Bhagavata Mela Nataka*. Not a single word is uttered that is not accompanied by the appropriate stylised and 'reasonable' gesture which is known as *abhinaya*. And no movement, even of the slightest, is other than rhythmical. No wonder that this drama concerns itself little with external action but much with states of soul. The *daru* with which each character is ushered in is an elaborate mimesis. In it he (or she) expresses the outward aspect, the innate impulses and the secret longings which together make his perso-

nalities and point to the destiny towards which he is irresistibly impelled.

The wealth of *abhinaya* at the command of these villagers is not equalled, no, not by a long chalk, by the resources of any of the great danseuses of to-day who excel in the other branch of *Bharata Natya*, the *Sadr*; though, in certain aspects of pure *Nritta* such as *Adaivu Jathis*, and the statuesque poses of hand and torso, there is understandably something to seek in the art of these male artistes. Balu Bhagavatar, the largely self-taught *vaidik*, who conducts these dramas, has an exhaustless fertility of invention. He and his co-adjutor Subramanya Iyer, who does the *Nattuvaangam* have between them managed to instil into the players an infallible sense of time. A *daru* or *padam* which may take as much as three quarters of an hour to sing and dance is one long enchantment. *Bhava*, *Raga* and *Tala* are so perfectly matched and mated as to be an organic unity.

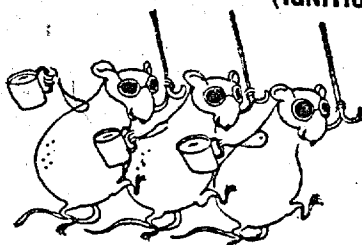
For more than a century and a half, though with fairly long gaps, the amateurs of Melattore have, during the *Vasantotsava* of Sri Varadaraja Perumal, played and sung and danced these dramas on Puranic themes in the presence of the Lord. Venkatarama Sastri, like Teertha Narayana Yati before him, taught his fellow-villagers to render his elaborate compositions, transmuting their Doric simplicity into consummate art by the magic philtre of *bhakti*. That love-potion would still seem to be at work. Every child of this village moves with an instinctive ease and grace in these marvellous plays as in its native element. And the men who are cast for the principal roles command a limpidity of gesture, a degree of voice-control and a power of emotional expression which the most accomplished professional may well envy. There is no room, however, in this traditional art for the individual star or the wrong kind of sophistication. But these are the days of the cinema and of high-powered publicity. May Varadaraja preserve His dedicated players from these temptations.

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SWATANTRA

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SIDELIGHTS ::

ATLEE concludes his autobiography, just published, with these words: "I have been a very happy and fortunate man in having lived so long in the greatest country in the world, in having a happy family life and in having been given the opportunity of serving in a state of life to which I had never expected to be called." He also says, referring to the period of his Premiership, "Actually I saw more of my family during the period of my premiership than ever before, as now I was living on the job instead of having to leave early and return late at night." The station to which one is called and the happiness of family life depend largely on luck. But a good conceit of one's country and the discipline to be observed under the harness of office belong to the sphere of personal character and endeavour. The pattern of behaviour of British Ministers does not seem to lend itself to peripatetic exertions.

There are no doubt occasions when frequent journeys form part of the duties which a Minister has to perform by virtue of the very office which he holds; as in the case now of Mr. Eden who is found rushing from Geneva to Chequers and Chequers to Paris and so on. Except for such occasions sanctified by self-evident necessity, the traditional conception of duty of British Ministers admits of no wastage of time on travel on any large scale.

We have copied the British pattern of democracy but Indian Ministers have not profited by the British example in the performance of the duties of their office. Whereas, in most countries, the attainment of ministerial status has the immediate effect of making the time of the Minister precious, with us it seems to produce quite the contrary result. There is no class of persons that is so ready to accept frivolous time-wasting engagements as the Ministers. In the Madras and Andhra States, at any rate, those that become Ministers lose no time in conducting them-

selves as though they were the cheapest beings on earth. No engagement, however trivial, is too insignificant for them. They have been known to lend their presence with blithe cheerfulness even to the opening of a coffee hotel. There is no method in their perambulations. They will rush to the southernmost extremity of the State, and after spending a few hours there race headlong to the northernmost outpost. No sane man in his senses who has to spend his own money for his journeys will ever order them so recklessly as the generality of our Ministers have been doing. In State economy, it is of course not the size of the amount spent that is to be taken into account. Large spending is justified if corresponding benefit of a public nature is thereby secured. Ministers' tours represent undoubtedly the one item in every State budget that can be substantially curtailed without any public interest suffering in the least as a result.

In the Madras State, owing to the inherited efficiency of a quite competent civil service, the vagaries of the Ministers harm the administration only in a limited way. But in Andhra where the State secretariat itself has had to be constituted afresh, there are no established traditions to bind the Ministers. An officer rejected by Sri Rajagopalachari as not very useful has been received by the Andhra Government with special honour and distinction. I am told that the Press Trust of India receives in Andhra three times the subscription it does in Madras State. According to all accounts, Andhra Ministers are interested in individuals and not in administration, in advertisement and not in public benefit. They live from day to day without any proper conception of the constructive use of their powers for improving the State and making it great. They would have been long ago overthrown but for the unwillingness of their opponents to forego their pay and allowances as legislators. SAKA

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Bhandara's distinction

THE voters of the Bhandara double-member constituency in Madhya Pradesh are to be congratulated on electing Mr. Asoka Mehta to the House of the People in the recent by-election. Perhaps the success of no single individual in recent by-elections has been so universally welcomed. The defeat of this veteran Socialist in his stronghold of Bombay city in the general elections came as a complete surprise to the whole country. Political analysts then claimed that he, and many other Socialists, lost the election because of the electoral alliance of the Socialist Party with the Scheduled Castes Federation. The alliance indeed came as a shock to many and supporters of the Socialist Party were disappointed at the opportunist tactics in the forward-looking Socialists allying themselves with the reactionary Federation of Dr. Ambedkar. Readers may remember that Dr. Ambedkar, who contested the reserved seat in the Bombay double-member constituency, also failed to get elected then. The venerable doctor has again been defeated at Bhandara. It has been suggested that Mr. Asoka Mehta's election now was due to the S. C. F.'s support. If it were so, it is to be regretted, for Mr. Mehta deserves to be returned to Parliament on his own record. The common people and the working class certainly cannot have a more doughty champion.

Mr. Asoka Mehta's success is the second major P. S. P. victory in by-elections to Parliament from Madhya Pradesh. Mr. Maganlal Bagdi had already been elected from Mahasamund. These victories are expected to give a fillip to the Socialist movement in the State.

Punishment of corrupt officials

THE country as a whole will be interested in the recommendations of the Uttar Pradesh Disciplinary Proceedings Enquiry Committee, appointed by the State Government under the chairmanship of Chief Minister Pant, to revise existing rules

relating to disciplinary action against corrupt Government servants. As was only to be expected, the Government has accepted almost all the suggestions of the Committee, but the more important task of implementing them still remains. The Committee has pointed out that some officials were reluctant to start disciplinary proceedings against subordinates or punish them severely for misconduct. It has urged that punishment, particularly in cases of corruption, should be adequate and have a deterrent effect.

The Committee has made the strange recommendation that members of the public should not be allowed access into Government offices except on specifically authorised business. This is strange because without the affected persons raiding the office at least a few times, no matter will be disposed of in any reasonable time in our Government offices. Besides, it is not the men who may give a tip of five rupees to a clerk or of one rupee to a peon who are the real menace to the integrity of officials. The big sharks who specialise in bribing the officers themselves probably never come to the offices and, even if they come, are not likely to be denied access. If people are refused admission to Government offices, it is the small men who are likely to suffer.

On the question of laying traps, the Committee feels that the system should be continued with senior magistrates being used for the purpose. But the fundamental objection to laying traps is that even an ordinarily honest official may fall a prey to temptation for once when a considerable sum is offered as reward and get caught, while the habitual offenders, being experienced in the business, may escape. To discourage malicious complaints the Committee has recommended that people whose allegations are proved to be baseless should be prosecuted. While this may afford a certain amount of protection to harassed Government servants, it must be conceded that this may result even in true complaints

being held back for fear of prosecution later.

On the question of the principle of recruitment, the Government has agreed that the existing practice must be examined to see how far it needs to be modified in the light of the changed circumstances, in particular, whether the possession of a university degree or diploma should be insisted upon as a minimum qualification.

U. P. Special Powers Act

PRAJA Socialist Party circles in Uttar Pradesh are very critical of the recent decision of the State Government to extend the application of the provisions of the Special Powers Act of 1932 to various districts. The Act, which was already in force in some districts, has now been brought into force in 37 districts in all. The Government's decision is a sequel to the refusal of farmers in these districts to pay the enhanced rates of land tax. Its contention is that the rates were increased last year, when there was no great opposition to the move, and that an agitation is sought to be fomented by the P. S. P. for its own partisan ends.

The question now is whether the drastic provisions of the Special Powers Act are needed to deal with the situation. If only those who refuse to pay their tax dues are to be

brought to book, the ordinary law in the matter would suffice. Therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that the Government's object in extending the Special Powers Act is to take action against the Socialists who are directing and participating in the campaign, on charges of instigating people not to pay their dues to the State.

Orissa village shows the way

TO the 620 Harijans in the village of Manpur in Orissa has fallen the honour of setting an example to the rest of India in the matter of voluntary redistribution of land on an equitable and just basis. The entire land in the village, totalling over 600 acres, was donated by the villagers to the Bhoodan movement two years ago and was recently re-allocated among them on Sarvodaya principles—on the basis of the needs and capacities of each individual and each family. The 114 families, into which the villagers are divided, each got one and a half acres and each person was besides allotted three-fifths of an acre. Fifty acres from out of the total were reserved for collective farming and the produce raised on this area would be utilised for paying land revenue for all the lands in the village and for the development of the village as a whole. A committee of villagers has been formed to attend to these matters and to settle disputes.—*Figaro*

Community Projects

By M. V. SASTRY

TO the extent I have been able to fish out information, the scheme relating to Community Projects and National Extension Service (which I shall hereafter refer to as "the scheme") about seem to be the two good things in principle which have so far been sponsored by any Government authority.

As the 'individual' is the real unit of democracy, economic planning must basically take into account the village. The necessary political corollary follows and is possibly implied. It is significant that the

principle of 'co-operation' is also rightly conceived as part of the scheme. The whole idea is essentially humanist in conception, comprehending the material contribution of modern science, capable of achieving a bloodless and painless revolution in the social and political structure. Practically also, it seems to be quite possible to achieve this even through and within the framework of the existing structure, and without any outright and large constitutional amendments. That is as it ought to be. Because, however beneficent a legislation may be, *imposition from above can in practice achieve no good before the indi-*

vidual, whose good is the primary objective, is regenerated. For one thing, 'imposition' as such, results in pain, and gives rise in its train to a bureaucracy where the individual is lost in the anonymity of the mass. Ultimately, the whole idea which is so expert, revolutionary and good, comes to be vulgarized, so to say, in practice. And that is exactly what is happening today.

The average impression of the individual or 'the common man' towards the scheme, is marked by apathy if not active hostility. Why is this so, when after all it is his good that the scheme is intended to comprehend and achieve? That is the primary question that needs to be examined dispassionately and without bias or prejudice, and tackled.

To put it bluntly, the scheme is believed to be a racket intended for the benefit of party-men, some officers and a few moneyed men or others who can pull the wires. Unfortunately, to a very great extent it is so in practice. I may at once say that no amount of enquiry or anti-corruption drive, can possibly achieve a solution or remedy the situation.

IT is not enough that a good 'end' is conceived. Where the end is properly conceived, defined and understood, the 'means' also are determined. They are interrelated and inter-dependent, and adequate regard should be paid to 'means' before the 'end' can be achieved.

Actually the scheme has all the potentialities for undermining bureaucracy and party organization as such, and providing for individual initiative and responsibility and thereby for the common good. Therefore it necessarily implies and follows that the agency to be charged with the responsibility, is also the individual. Neither bureaucracy nor party has a place in this whole structure. The Government is there to provide as a complement the necessary technical and financial aid where genuine individual initiative and responsibility are forthcoming. It is therefore as much an obligation on the part of a Government sponsoring a scheme like

this, to draw out this basic material, if it is not just to remain on paper.

The scheme is being defeated by bureaucracy and party which, as I conceive, are really intended to be eliminated in the interests, and in favour of individual regeneration on the march towards a stable and common good through a painless process. A fundamentally humanist conception is vulgarized in practice on the background of party politics. I do not for a moment suggest that this is by design. A practical and less costly alternative for execution is really inherent in the scheme itself and my object is to suggest such an alternative. Actually, we do not need "officers" and "officials" to man the scheme. They cannot do it. There is no necessity whatever for paid men. No Government can check the tendency of the heads of a party government to fit their own men into these jobs, nor can these latter resist the tendency to plan their work either in the matter of accepting advice or choosing an area, in such a way as would ultimately strengthen 'party interests' which I refuse to believe are community interests—whatever party it be. This has come to be the bane of every good idea—co-operation, trade unionism and so on.

The question is often put, what prevents public-spirited or enlightened individuals from associating themselves in increasing numbers with a fundamentally good idea and eradicating the evils in working it out actually? While there is no written or theoretical ban, practice shows how powerless these are against a whole machine. Ultimately "popular agitation" comes to be the only sanction, and the populace is once again helpless in the hands of probably another set of unscrupulous demagogues. Are we to be caught up in this vicious circle? No—I would say. Concretely, my suggestions would be these:—

The idea of working the scheme through paid officers and officials should be completely eliminated. Men who are willing to volunteer their services, bearing even their travelling expenses, should be called

for. Immediately and tangibly, quite a large amount incurred on account of the cost of administration would become available for some real community service. Jobbery and racket can be eliminated.

The individual's first and primary territorial unit is the village. The agency through which his needs are to be stated to the authorities above, should be the committee of voluntary workers elected by the individuals of the village, and more dynamic contact between such committees and the existing agricultural and co-operative departments should be created. Such committees, in making recommendations, should be backed by factual and technical data capable of scrutiny and examination. The villages can be co-ordinated through the firka, the firkas through the taluk and so on. A regular hierarchy of voluntary organizations independent of either bureaucracy or party can be built up, for at least eliciting organized and responsible opinion of the scattered individual.

While technical advice should be freely available to every unit, before Government can consider any application for the grant of financial and material aid, the unit must be made to state the extent, scope and magnitude of its own voluntary effort, and the estimated quantum of benefit on account of any scheme proposed.

As far as possible, the unit must be made to see that whatever aid is afforded by Government, may not be a free gift. A process of gradual recovery from increased wealth should be considered. Existing departments like public works, co-operation and agriculture, should also see to it that the 'aid' is applied.

Formation of a network of multi-purpose co-operatives for each village should be encouraged. The aim

should essentially be to promote the village co-operative as the unit of agricultural production.

Gradually the village unit itself must be charged with the responsibility, financial and otherwise, for the organization of services like sanitation, public health, education and entertainment.

Ultimately, either for achieving redistribution of land or for the elimination of the middleman, the co-operative unit should aim to replace individual ownership. Where the village essentially remains to itself, and the individual is assured that his interests are not just supplanted outright in favour of any class, it may not be difficult to propagate and accomplish the principle of co-operation.

The village committee should be promoted to be the means for achieving organized and responsible public opinion.

THE ultimate authority for deciding on any matter relating to any scheme should be a permanent department of Government consisting of experts say, a committee consisting of the following:—Finance Secretary, Development Secretary, Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Director of Agriculture, Director of Industries, and the Chief Engineers—Public Works, Highways and Electricity.

Periodically, before some specified date, proposals and recommendations for schemes may be called for from the various bases through proper channels, for ultimate selection and sanction by a body of the kind envisaged above.

The function of the Cabinet or body of popular Ministers should end with making the total financial allocation.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

No civilisation worthy of the name can be merely scientific. Scientific technique is concerned with the mechanism of life. It can prevent evils but cannot create positive goods. It can diminish illness, but cannot tell a man what he should do with health. At least equal to it are the creation and enjoyment of beauty, the joy of life and human affection. A scientific society which did not promote these things could not be considered positively excellent, even if it were to eliminate much of the pain and misery from which mankind has hitherto suffered.—Bertrand Russell

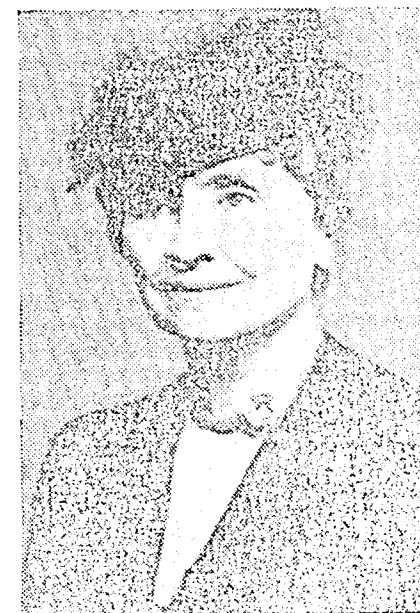
HELEN KELLER, THE UNCONQUERED

NEW YORK CITY: Helen Keller's screen come back will be unveiled shortly. Those with long cinema memories will recall that the legendary 73 year old lady who conquered blindness and deafness, first made her film debut in "Deliverance" a drama that fictionalized her life. Slated for a world premiere in June at the Guild Theatre in Rockefeller Center will be her latest efforts before the cameras, "The Unconquered—Helen Keller in Her Story."

This documentary story of a rich, creative life, crowded with incident and honour, was produced by Nancy Hamilton, actress and co-author of the Broadway revues, "One for the Money," "Two for the Show," and "Three to Make Ready." Taking an active interest in the project from the inception was Katharine Cornell who also contributed the film's narrated sequences. Producing a picture about Miss Keller was a labour of delicate love and Miss Hamilton, a New Yorker new to the movie technique, went about it with the dedicated ardour of an enamored amateur.

Preparation for the film involved journeys to foreign countries, globe-girding cables and letters and research that ferreted into archives as far apart as Washington's Library of Congress and film storage shelves in Japan.

Helen Keller was not only famous but she had been so from the age of ten, when she had sat on Edward Everett Hale's knee and Queen Victoria asked Phillips Brooks about her. A ship was named after her in 1890, and, while Oliver Wendell Holmes had published a letter of hers in one of his books, she had visited Whittier in his house on the Merrimac river. President Grover Cleveland had received her in the White House as other Presidents were to do in after years, and Mark Twain had said that the two most interesting characters of the nine-



Helen Keller

teenth century were, quite simply, Napoleon and Helan Keller.

The daughter of a Confederate officer, Miss Keller was born on an Alabama farm and knew cows, mules, and horses from her earliest childhood; they had eaten apples from her hand and never harmed her; and her teacher, feeling that she should know wild animals as well, introduced her early to the zoo of a circus. She shook hands with a bear, she patted a leopard, she was lifted up to feel the ears of a giraffe. She encouraged elephants to wind their trunks about her neck and big snakes wrapped their coils about her, so that Helan Keller, for this reason partly, grew up without fear, and she has remained both physically and morally fearless. The only animals she has not touched are the panther and the tiger, for the tiger is "wanton," as some one heard her say, an appropriate word but characteristic of a mind that has been fed

from books instead of the give and take of everyday talk.

Helen Keller "saw" with her hands. She has "ten eyes for sculpture," as Professor G. Salvemini said when, in 1950 she visited Florence, and he arranged for her to see Michelangelo's Medici tombs and the sculpture of Donatello in the Bargello. Salvemini had movable scaffolds set up so that she could pass her hands over the Medici heads and St. John the Baptist, the fingers of Night and Day and the Madonna and Child. She peered, as it were, into every crevice and the subtlest modulations, exclaiming with pleasure as she divined the open mouth of the singing youth and murmuring over the suckling infant, "Innocent greed!" She had quoted a saying of Ghiberti about some sculptured figure he had seen in Rome, that "its most exquisite beauties could not be discovered by the sight but only by the touch of the hand passed over it." To how much else and to how many others her "seeing hand" has led her first or last! It has been her passport to the world outside her.

For the world in which she lives herself is built of touch-sensations, devoid of physical colour and devoid of sound, and she has written much about the hand by which she lives and which takes the place of the hearing and sight of others. Exploring the faces of her friends and people whom she has just met, she reads them as if she were clairvoyant, and she can distinguish the Yankee twang and the Southern drawl she has never heard by touching two or three spots on the throats of the speakers. She says that hands are quite as easy to recognize as faces and reveal the secrets of the character more openly, in fact, and she can tell from hands at once whether people have large natures or whether they have only "dormouse valour." In the soft smooth roundness of certain hands, especially of the rich who have never known toil, she feels a certain chaos of the undeveloped; and, in her land of darkness and silence, she can feel with her own hands the beautiful, the strong, the weak and the comic. She had early learned geography

from maps that her teacher made out of clay or sand on the banks of the Tennessee river, feeling fountains and valleys, and following the course of other rivers, and she related in the Story of My Life how, in 1893, she virtually saw with her fingers the World's Fair in Chicago. It is true that the inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, one of her early admirers, was there with her and described to her some of the sights in the deaf and dumb "system," but he had arranged for her to touch all the objects in the bazaars, the relics of ancient Mexico, the Viking ship. She had taken in with her finger tips the Arabian Nights of the fair as she had learned to read from the raised letters of Braille.

IT is natural that Helen Keller has dwelt at length in her books on the hand by which alone the blind are able to see. She very early dedicated her own life to the cause of the education of the blind—doubly handicapped as she was and the only one so handicapped who has become a thoroughly well educated person. (The only possible exception is Robert Smithdas, who graduated from St. John's University in 1952). Because she was handicapped, because two of her senses were cut off, nature augmented her three remaining senses, not the sense of touch alone but the sense of taste and the sense of smell, which others regard, she says, as a "fallen angel."

In her these are all exceptionally acute and alert. She tells in Her Journal how in London, passing through a gate, she knew at once by the smell of burning leaves, with the smell of the grass, that she was in Green Park, and she says she can always distinguish Fifth Avenue from humbler New York streets by the odours issuing from the doors as she walks past. She knows the cosmetics that women are using and the kind of coffee they are roasting within and whether they use candles and burn soft coal or wood, just as she recognized St. Louis from the smell of the breweries miles away and Peoria from the smell of the whisky stills. "Listening" with her

feet, she says, in a hotel dining room, she knows the moods and characters of people who walk past her, whether they are firm or indecisive, active or lazy, careless, timid, weary, angry, or sad; and she will exclaim, "What lovely white lilacs!", knowing they are white by touch or smell, for in texture and perfume white lilacs differ from purple. Helen Keller, who cannot hear voices, feels vibrations. When an orchestra plays, she follows the music waves along the floor; and, detecting on her desk upstairs the vibration of the bell from the pantry below, she answers, with a shuffle of the feet, "Coming down!"

ALL this gave rise in early years to legends of a "wonder girl" that always annoyed Helen Keller—for she is the embodiment of humour and simple good sense—as well as to rumours in Europe that she was the last word in "American bluff," which led to various efforts to discredit and expose her. The girl who had "found the Blue Bird," as Maeterlinck put it, was said never to be tired or discouraged or sad and all sorts of supernatural faculties were attributed to her, especially the gift of making uncanny predictions.

But, while Anne Sullivan took pains to keep her from being a prodigy, and no one found anything to expose, it was impossible to conceal the fact that she had a remarkable mind and even perhaps a still more remarkable will. Speaking of this, Emma Goldman said she proved that the human will had "an almost illimitable power"; and what could one say of an intellect as handicapped as hers that, at eighteen, carried her so far in so many directions? If she did not master, she learned much of geometry, algebra, physics, with botany, zoology, and the philosophy that she knew well, while she wrote good letters in French, as later she spoke German, reading Latin too when she went to college. Unable to hear lectures or take notes she graduated with honours at Radcliffe, where she wrote her autobiography in the class of Mr. Copeland, the famous "Copey" who said she showed that she could

write better, in some of her work, than any other man or woman he had had as a pupil.

It was Anne Sullivan who had invented the methods of connecting mind with mind that made all this possible, of course—and that seemed to be "superhuman," as Einstein remarked; although Helen all but outstripped her perceptive teacher and retained all that she took in. Few of the required books were printed for the blind and she had to have whole books spelled into her hand, while, always examining, observing, reflecting, surrounded by darkness and silence, she wrote that she found music and brightness within. Through all her thoughts flashed what she supposed was colour. With her native traits of pluck and courage, energy, tenacity, she was tough-minded and independent also, and her only fear was of writing something that she had been told or that she had read, something that was not out of her own life and mind.

This was the girl who had evolved from the headstrong child whom Anne Sullivan had found in Alabama and whom she had taken at the age of eight to the Perkins Institution in Boston where Helen afterwards visited off and on. There she encountered Laura Bridgman, the first deaf and dumb person who had ever been taught to communicate with her fellow creatures, Dr. Howe's celebrated pupil whom Dickens had written about and who was a contrast indeed to the "young colt" Helen. Laura Bridgman was shocked, in fact, by her impulsive movements and rebuked her for being too forward, robust as she was, while the statue-like motionless Laura, with her cool hands, struck Helen as like a flower that has grown in the shade.

A much more interesting personality, and ruddily healthy from the start, Helen herself was to grow up fond of sports, riding a horse and a bicycle tandem, playing cards and chess and all but completely self-reliant. Moreover, she was never guarded from the knowledge of evil, and, fully informed as she always was about the seamy sides of life, she developed a realistic mind.

Nothing could have been more tonic than Helen Keller's bringing up, under the guidance of Anne Sullivan, on the farm in Alabama. They read and studied out of doors on the riverbank, in the woods, in the fields, in the shade, as Helen remembered, of a wild tulip tree, and the fragrance of the mimosa blossoms, the pine needles, and the grapes were blended with all her early lessons. She learned about the sun and rain, and how birds build their nests, about squirrels, frogs, wild flowers, rabbits, and insects, and, as it came back to her, everything that sang or bloomed, buzzed or hummed was part of her education.

It might have been supposed, meanwhile, that the Perkins Institution also influenced Helen in various ways, for she carried through life what seemed to be the stamp of the reformist mind that the great Dr. Howe represented. An old Yankee abolitionist, Samuel Gridley Howe was concerned for all the desolate and all the oppressed, and Helen has written with the same indignation and grief about lynching and anti-Semitism and the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. Usually on the unpopular side, and for years a follower of Debs, she was almost a social outcast in certain circles when Mark Twain, who hated injustice—and was a special friend of hers—said there were worse things than being blind. It was worse to have eyes and not to see. Helen liked Mark Twain all the better because as she wrote in *Midstream*, he did not temper his words to suit feminine ears, because "his talk was fragrant with tobacco and flamboyant with profanity," while, with his tender heart, he matched her tough mind. It pleased her when, bidding her good night, he said she would find in the bathroom not only Bourbon and Scotch but plenty of cigars.

Helen's realism, along with her social imagination, developed in her the planetary mind, so that on her tours to help the blind in all the six continents she read in every country the signs of the times. With an outlook that was moulded more or less by Emerson and Whitman, along with

the New Church doctrines that are her religion—for she was early convinced by Swedenborg's writings—she has become a world citizen who stands for the real America that public men so often misrepresent. She has understood Japan and Greece and especially perhaps the Bible lands, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Israel, where she has lectured at universities from Cairo to Jerusalem and where new schools for the blind have risen as she passed. Reaching out to meet the minds of all sorts and conditions of men, she comprehends their needs and aspirations, so that she is a true spokesman of our multi-racial country.

ABOUT Helen Keller, William James uttered the last word when he wrote, "The sum of it is that you are a blessing;" a verdict that has been ratified in hundreds of hospitals throughout the world where she has all but raised the dead. Some day the story will be told of the miracles she has performed, or what would have passed for miracles in less case-hardened ages, when the blind have opened inward eyes and really seen life for the first time after Helen Keller has walked and talked with them.

How many, meanwhile, may have thought of her while reading the colonel's soliloquy at the end of Arthur Koestler's *The Age of Longing* observing that American women are all too busy "playing bridge" to be "cut out for the part of martyrs and saints . . . American womanhood," the colonel went on, "has produced no Maid of Orleans, no Rosa Luxembourgs or Madam Curies, no Brontes or Florence Nightingales or Krupskayas," and one might add that it seldom produces anyone as rash as various people who generalize about it. For how many types there are in our teeming population! One might easily suggest a list to set beside the list this fictional colonel has drawn from three or four countries. The names of Jane Addams and Emily Dickinson would appear somewhere on such a list, and that for not a few the name of Helen Keller would figure as leading all the rest.—P. G. Krishnayya's *Service*

EDEN IN NEHRU'S LAP

By ANDREW ROTH

ONE of the most striking indications of the change in the British Government's attitude and position in world affairs was contained in Aneurin Bevan's voice on May 17. He actually spoke softly to Sir Winston Churchill! This may sound a minor matter for those who do not realize that the fiery Welshman has been baiting Churchill for a quarter century—ever since his maiden speech in the House of Commons in 1929.

Even more significant was that Bevan spoke softly after Sir Winston replied to a question of his on the much-debated Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO). It was on the original Eden Statement on this subject in April 13 that Bevan virtually pushed Clement Attlee to one side because, in Bevan's opinion, he had not been sufficiently militant in opposing this "surrender to American pressure" "for the purpose of imposing European colonial rule upon certain people in that area." So deeply did Bevan feel the inadequacy of his own party's opposition to the scheme—and German rearmament—that he resigned from the "Shadow Cabinet" of the Parliamentary Labour Party the very next day and took his seat among the backbenchers.

The change in Bevan's attitude toward the Government may, to some extent, be a tactical effort to seem "reasonable" in the current rightwing Labour effort to isolate the Bevanites. But basically it stems from a change in Government policy so marked that Bevan might almost welcome Sir Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden to the ranks of the quasi-neutralists.

There were cheers in the House of Commons on May 17 when Sir Winston said that he wanted to say nothing to make "more difficult" the task of Anthony Eden who, he emphasized, "is doing all in his power to help in finding an agreed basis" for Indo-China "to bring the fighting to an end on terms accepta-

ble to both sides." Eden's efforts as a mediator in Geneva have rebuilt his political stature in Britain to a tremendous degree. He is no longer merely the tame "glamour boy" of the Foreign Office and Sir Winston's appointed successor. He is felt to be expressing at Geneva Britain's own basic desire: to use its unemotional reasoning power and diplomatic experience as a means of establishing Britain as the mediating power between East and West. He is, in short, a Bevanite in striped pants.

Precisely because Mr. Eden wears striped pants and uses Foreign Office phraseology the degree of Britain's revolt is easily under-estimated. The extent of Mr. Eden's revolt is well understood and even exaggerated at Geneva, according to R. H. S. Crossman, Labour M. P. and Bevanite foreign affairs expert. "Everyone knows how on the Sunday before the conference began Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford tried to pressure the British Cabinet into joining the U. S. A. in armed intervention in Indo-China," he cabled *Sunday Pictorial* from Geneva. "It is the fact that Britain said 'No' which has given Mr. Eden his moral leadership here in Geneva." A high Soviet official complimented Crossman on having a really *British* Foreign Secretary at Geneva. When Crossman returned the compliment and said that Molotov, too, was serving as a moderating influence on the Chinese and Vietminh delegations, the Soviet official replied: "There is room for more than one mediator here."

Mr. Eden clearly enjoys his new-found semi-independence. When he rose at Geneva to call for country-wide elections in Korea, he was parting company with the American delegation which is shackled to Syngman Rhee's demand that there be elections only in the North for the inclusion of a minority of North Koreans in the present South Korean Government.

Mr. Eden's determination to continue his own path was probably

stiffened not a little when he learned from the newspapers for the first time that the U. S. and France were negotiating behind his back over what policy to follow in Indo-China. For a diplomat like Mr. Eden, who informs Washington and New Delhi every time he intends to sneeze, this failure to keep him informed in the midst of ticklish negotiations is regarded on an unpardonable error.

The basic factors

THESE specific events however simply gild the fundamental realities behind the very important shift in British policies. The fundamentals are not new. But the recent Dienbienphu crisis and its shattering impact on an American policy built on internal politics and myths and external bluff has sharpened Britain's determination to return to basic factors in international relations which can be coolly appraised against a background not of what Sen. McCarthy said day before yesterday but the lessons of three hundred years of international power politics.

The first of these realities, the British insist, is that China is Communist and almost certain to remain so for some time with the slim possibility that it might become Titoist if properly handled. "The Communist victory throughout the length and breadth of China brought about the greatest swing in the balance of world forces that has happened since 1917," *The Times* underlined on May 17 in an editorial significantly entitled 'Basis for a Policy.' "Throughout history, whenever there has been a heavy swing in the balance of forces—such as the present Chinese swing to alliance with Russia—other powers have found it wise to recognize the fact and have sought a new equilibrium."

The second fundamental reality is that South Asia is an area of tremendous importance to Britain and to the whole non-Communist world. Britain needs no lessons on the economic or strategic importance of South Asia from Washington since for two hundred years Britain has been the leading Western power in the area and still derives a very

considerable portion of its political and economic influence from its ties with dominions, colonies and other sterling area countries in the region.

The third basic factor is that the process by which the South Asian states have won or are winning their political independence has left a residue of anti-imperialism which the Communists can exploit more easily than the West can overcome.

The fourth fundamental is that the West has economic strength but very little in the way of military manpower. Not only is France hard-put to find soldiers for Indo-China. Britain's entire army—with the exception of one measly brigade is committed overseas. And, despite all the "liberation" and "massive retaliation" talk of Mr. Dulles, the U. S. Army is shrinking in manpower to meet the internal Republican demand for budget cuts.

Moreover, none of the Western democracies is likely to increase its availability of manpower because—short of a blatant and obvious act of aggression—neither American, nor British nor French public opinion will agree to provide it.

Sticking to fundamentals

BRITISH experts are convinced that Mr. Dulles came a cropper because, although he himself knows the score is as above, he tried to play his cards as if the situation was quite different. He acted and talked as if he had four or five spare American divisions up his sleeve and the freedom to throw them down anytime or anywhere he decided. He acted, too, as if Baodalland, Siam and the Philippines were aces in the South Asian pack instead of jokers. But when his bluff was called his foreign policy collapsed like the house of cards it was.

British policy has come down solidly in favour of playing cautiously with the cards in hand and for stakes that can be afforded. It is perhaps the strategy of the old and tired and not of the young and boastful. It takes more time. But it is safer and surer in the long run and does not risk staking all on one card, like Dienbienphu.

"There is only one sure way of bringing British and American thought and policy into line," argued *The Times*. "That is by spending less time in conjecturing what China may or may not be by nature, and more time in coolly appraising what the prime Western interests in Southeast Asia are, which of these interests cannot be given up, and how best they can be upheld. The argument is thereby shifted from the unassessable to the assessable."

It then provided its own (and the Foreign Office) assessment: "Britain would always fight in defense of Malaya and she has hardly a less direct concern in seeing that neighbouring countries are in friendly control."

The Times then gently suggested that America "put up or shut up," although not in quite those words. "If the other leading and active powers—the United States, France, New Zealand and Australia—put forward no less clearly their own irreducible strategic interests in the region, there could follow an assessment of available resources, and the kernel of a defensive policy would begin to form. It would be a policy based on abiding interests rather than one suddenly summoned up by a crisis, and the world would know on what line foreign aggression would be resisted."

In short, Britain might conceivably join in a declaration protecting the borders of Laos and Cambodia against what would amount overwhelmingly to a Vietminh incursion. But it will not be panicked into ineffective and dangerous action in North Vietnam to rescue the French from American-supported strategic errors.

India the key

IN the British pursuit of basic realities, India inevitably plays a vital role—and not because Sir Winston or Anthony Eden share Pandit Nehru's ideological foundations. It is difficult for anyone except Senator Knowland to ignore the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent in favour of Siam and the Philippines. It is doubly difficult for any inheritor of the

imperial British tradition in which, for 200 years, India was the keystone of British power in South Asia.

American strategists have not been slow to understand this in purely manpower terms. The recent alliance with Pakistan is a clear attempt to raise the troops to fill President Eisenhower's injunction "let it be Asians against Asians." The British, after a long and painful silence, reluctantly endorsed this part. But they would have preferred to move very slowly toward such a commitment. By moving slowly, they argue, it might have been possible to get India to go along, instead of getting its back up. And, after all, what is the mandate of the Mohammed Ali Government? The recent East Pakistan elections tended to indicate that the U. S. alliance is safeguarded only by the absence of elections in West Pakistan and the popular Pakistani feeling that anything that India objects to must be good for Pakistan.

British Conservatives can get quite peeved about South Asian nationalists—and particularly about Pandit Nehru—as Senator Knowland. But they prefer to keep their mouths shut (except on Egypt) because they have no desire to play into Communist hands by isolating the West from the main stream of South Asian nationalism. What is the point of taking a stand very quickly if it means that you must do it without adequate troops or friends?

Mr. Eden's extensive efforts to keep South Asian Prime Ministers informed on developments in Geneva and to involve them in the peace settlement in Indo-China, if reached, is based on several calculations. It will take considerable manpower to observe a cease-fire line in Indo-China, and preferably manpower from a country which both sides will respect and seek to impress. Clearly, therefore, it would be best if they came from India, which has already made such a good showing in Korea, or from India in concert with Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia.

By involving these states Britain hopes also to win the long-range battle for South Asia. There is some

hope here that the fundamental anti-imperialism which bedevils any Western effort to organize South Asia against the Communists may be overtaken by anti-Communism in the process of actual contact with Communist "unreasonableness." The risk of this effort however is that the Communists are now working hard at their "reasonable" line.

But whatever the risk, the British feel there is little point in a South-east Asian Pact without the leading countries of South Asia. They are not under any illusions that, short of an armed Chinese Communist invasion of Burma that Burma, Pakistan or India is likely to commit men and arms (as distinct from, say, Pakistan Government promises) to the anti-Communist cause. Britain realizes that, in the foreseeable future, the bulk of outside anti-Communist troops for Vietnam would have to be supplied by the West.

The Economist put the dilemma in a nutshell on May 15: "A white man's SEATO would be an effective fighting body, but it would not be an effective political body. And military resistance must have a firm political basis."

In order to get over the problem of getting a firm political basis among South Asian states like India and Pakistan while retaining the potential military striking power of the Western states, British thinkers have been working on the "two-tier" approach. The political support for, say a cease-fire in Indo-China would come from the South Asian states. The military threat to keep the Communists to the line they accept would be provided by the West, particularly the U. S.

ISTHOOD

We stand, instinctively, in greater awe of the agriculturist than of the farmer, of the philatelist than of the stamp-collector; the somnambulist is on a higher, eerier level than the sleep-walker . . . There must, of course, be certain penalties, certain local hazards attached to ist-hood. When a man's neighbour at the dinner-table, fixing her lustrous orbs upon him, inquires the nature of his career, to reply, with however becoming a modesty, "I am an ichthyologist" may wreck the foundations of what might have been a beautiful friendship; for the lady embarrassed by doubts as to whether he plays a musical instrument, belongs to an obscure religious sect or has something to do with edible fungi, will often seek an early opportunity of turning her attentions to the nice, safe master of foxhounds on her other flank. But it is only fair that the -ists should have their occasional setbacks, for on the whole they get away with more than they deserve.—Fourth Leader, *The Times*

The difficulty with this superficially-attractive approach is that it tends to break down when applied to the specific realities of the situation in Indo-China, as against Korea whence they are derived. Apart from the technical difficulties of supervising a cease-fire in Vietnam, where the countryside is mostly Vietminh and the towns and isolated patches are Franco-Baodai, there is the difficulty of accepting Pandit Nehru's condition that India will officiate if invited by "both sides." Which is the non-Communist side? Is it France, Baodai or the U. S.? This is important because it is clear that France might be willing to accept much more of a compromise than Baodai who is dependent completely on the continued presence of French bayonets and American financing. Baodai, as his spokesman at Geneva has indicated, will accept little less than surrender from the victorious Vietminh! He is not likely to recede from this if he feels his chief paymaster, the United States, will support his prefabricated regime.

Much, therefore, hangs on the new and doubly-agonizing reappraisal that Washington is carrying on after the collapse of the Dulles bluff. The rate at which President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are back-peddalling suggests that they might accept less than the unconditional surrender of the Vietminh in private. But what can they accept publicly without being damned as "appeasers?" It is this paralysis of the American position which is pushing Mr. Eden more and more into Pandit Nehru's lap and earning softer words from Mr. Bevan for Sir Winston.

UNIQUENESS OF MORARJI DESAI

By V. RAGHAVIAH

IF simplicity, easy approachability, genial manners and an utter absence of effort either to impress or influence, that characterise the austere, dignified and able Chief Minister of the Bombay State lead the unwary to feel that they could overstate their case, or overdo their job in dealing with him, they would be soon disillusioned. Shri Morarji Desai does not want to be offensive; that is why he half-closes his eyes and tries to forget his surroundings whenever untiring flatterers engage themselves in unending deifications of men in authority. He does not appear to be all-knowing though in administrative matters his early experience as a divisional officer stands him in good stead in checking, supervising and directing his subordinates. Morarji Bhai, as he is popularly called, dutifully goes through his daily routine of two hours of spinning despite mounting files and multifarious engagements. With feet kept as clean as hands, finger nails carefully manicured, a milk-white Gandhi cap, resting gracefully on a clean shaven head, vigilant and wakeful eyes, and a gift of talk in weighty words that have the chiselled reasoning of Vallabh Bhai and the emotional appeal of Gandhiji, Shri Desai is marked out for a great career, much greater than he has had till now. His utterances are seldom boring or patronising. He does not search for words; he is not nervous in the least. He knows what he has to say; he does it without caring very much for the frowns or favours of his listeners. He seldom minces matters. He is thorough on many of the subjects he is called upon to speak about. He rarely leaves his speeches to be prepared by his aides. He is a man of few words and the average citizen of his State knows the full implication of his words even before they translate themselves into deeds.

The Chief Minister of Bombay lays

few claims to audience-swaying oratory. He always wears the white robes of peace and friendship. He keeps away the trappings of power at a distance to draw the common man to him. In his presence officials are careful to keep within proper limits. There appears to be greater respect for Law and Order in Bombay State than elsewhere in India. The head of the State permits no monkeying with his plans or procedure either at the hands of leaders or legislators or laymen. He is more respected than feared. That is why a State which was once the home of *isms* that were all out to question established authority has been slowly and successfully saved from them.

The Congress worker, the gazetted official and the man in the Ministerial office maintain under Shri Morarji's Government commendable mutuality between them in executing the several ameliorative and constructive activities characteristic of a Welfare State. With the active co-operation and cheap credit readily provided by the State, innumerable social workers have formed co-operative forest contract societies, composed of jungle dwelling aborigines of the Warli tribe who number nearly 3½ lakhs in Thana district and exceed 2 millions in the State. These societies have been formed in remote areas along the narrow coastal strip between the Sahyadris (so the Western Ghats here are known) and the Arabian Sea. The district of Thana which lies off Bombay, particularly the taluk of Umbergon, bristles with forest co-ops, well organised and efficiently run by Acharya S. R. Bise and transacting business worth nearly fifty lakhs of rupees, completely eliminating the forest contractor, the money lender and every type of entrepreneur that used to suck the life-blood of the Adivasis. Shri Bise, a staunch Gandhian, bachelor, ex-professor and a great educationist,

has his headquarters at the beautiful palm-fringed and crescent-shaped seaside town of Bordi, and commands an excellent band of willing co-workers to serve him in the remotest corners of the State, some in the forest co-operative societies, some in provision stores, some in the Government Sarvodaya centres and others in the adult education centres where co-education is imparted on basic lines to selected young men and young women picked up from the aboriginals. These workers not only demonstrate the benefits of Gandhian programmes like cottage industries, basic education, spinning and weaving, but they also organise and take part in tree planting, national savings campaign, and village panchayats, they assist the Government officials in several branches of rural uplift and reclamation. Their management of the co-operative multi-purpose organisations is so efficient that in one centre alone (Talashri) the forest co-ops have earned for the current year a net profit of 2 lakhs after paying the upset price fixed by the Government and setting apart 10% for the reserve fund. According to the arrangement prevailing here the Government and the societies share the net profits and losses equally, a feature unknown to the co-operative traditions and practices elsewhere.

THE State of Bombay has a fairly large population of aboriginals numbering about two and a half millions, spread all along the Konkan strip where the Warlis and the Kolis live, East and West Khandish (which is an abominable corruption of Kahna Desh, the territory of Lord Krishna) and the Dohad area where the Bhils abound and in the districts of Ratnagiri, Nasik and Surat where several minor branches of other tribes dwell in deep jungles and hill slopes, under conditions which cannot be considered tolerable.

The man-power which the numerous non-official organisations in the State are able to put forth to cover their various activities is immense, thanks to the charitable disposition of the Bombay magnates, the friendly and patriotic encouragement given

by the State Government and the great traditions built by eminent social workers, politicians, educationists and reformers in Maharashtra from the days of Gokhale, Kale and Ranade. Even the Left wingers did not fail to draw copious initial supplies of fervent revolutionaries from this part of our country.

Shri Morarji seeks no truck with the Reds. He would bracket the Leftists together ignoring the thin shades of difference between them. To him they are all opposed to the Gandhian ideals and methods which he is pledged to propagate and safeguard. Even Gandhian Leftists do not cut any ice with him, a fact clearly demonstrated in the large scale arrests of landless Kisan Satyagrahis even when led by Acharya Kripalani in his latest role. He is as stiff as C. R. without the latter's unpleasantness. He is as genial as his predecessor with an all-round capacity to his credit. He seeks little publicity. He is far superior to any of the Central and State Minister in tenacity, tact and talent. The complaint of his bitterest foes against him is that he scarcely allows time to them to gather. There is no doubt that Shri Morarji's bite is stronger than his bark. When I questioned Bombay's Chief Minister about the hold Communism still has on the people of the State he observed that it was steadily waning, though this optimism is not shared by many of his field workers.

Godavari Parulekar, the second wife of an ex-Servants of India Society member, holds the M. A. degree of one of the universities of Bombay State and is an ardent Communist of a rare type. She has been "underground" for four years in the jungles peopled by the Warlis and Koles Adivasi tribes of Konkan. The Parulekars had to leave the Society soon after their views and activities came to be known to the High Command of the Society despite the stiff defence put forth on their behalf even by veterans like M. N. Joshi. Even if there are any drawbacks which the Servants of India Society would knowingly put up with, indiscipline is certainly not one of

them. Godavari Bai is popularly hailed by the aboriginal tribes of Konkan as the Godavari "Rani" and is credited by them with super-human powers. According to them this legendary figure could prepare currency out of common paper, ward off foes with a magic wand, break open jail gates by a touch of her hand and could cure diseases, drive away pestilences or invoke God's wrath upon a recalcitrant people.

The Parulekars are undoubtedly a happy couple. They reside in a neat and busy quarter of Bombay with but few disagreements and see eye to eye on several matters, public and private. Both of them are staunch Communists. They do not have any pretences to the possession of occult powers, though they might think it is none of their business to dispel such impressions in a simple but determined folk.

Though the Warlis and the Koles returned Adivasi Congress candidates in the general elections, they turned the tables against them by walking into the Communist parlour in the elections for the local boards, in spite of the very substantial benefits that accrued to them from the Congress-organised forest co-operative societies, Sarvodaya centres, free schools, boarding homes and the several concessions in their favour included in the recent tenancy laws enacted by the Congress Governments. What pained the Congress leaders that had devoted themselves to the service of these tribes was that, usually so simple and unsophisticated, they should muster in the Congress election booths for all outward appearances but exercise their secret ballot in favour of candidates set up by the Communists. These incidents have not alienated tried workers like Mahajan, Raghunadh Lakshman Sindhe and Lakshman Mahadev Chithre, whose sole purpose in life is the service of the Adivasis. Subsequent events have not failed to convince the Adivasis themselves that they had not played their game fairly.

THE Warlis are a primitive tribe of agriculturists comparable to the Bhils or Gonds. They are of medium growth though sturdy in body build. They are not fair in complexion and lay no claim to personal beauty. Though the men are satisfied with a lungoti, they wear a coat or shirt and invariably wrap a piece of cloth around the head to serve as the usual Marathi turban. Women make it a point to wear a blouse. They tuck up the hind sleeves of their saree giving the impression of readiness to do hard work. While resting under shady trees or transacting business in the market or fair, they usually sit on their haunches laying bare not only their knees but even their thighs. When the Warli is not cutting or carrying firewood he is engaged on a small plot of land on which he collects forest leaves and dried-up dung and burns it all into ashes which he strews all over the field, forgetting that this disastrous custom destroys much of the manure content. Snubbed noses, high cheek bones, not very prepossessing appearance, stout hips, disproportionately big busts, tanned complexion, slightly receding foreheads and indifferent dress habits do not help to make the Warlis rank among the good looking or graceful communities. Owing to scarcity of water in this rocky area where the steep slopy land does not allow the copious rainfall to be conserved as moisture, the Warlis cannot be justly blamed for not being overtidy. They live in scattered huts, cultivate small patches of land, stock hay on raised platforms, raise bamboo matted 'walls' plastered with mud and live on roots, tubers and the minor chase of the forest. The Government-sponsored house building co-operative societies at Kashmir, a few miles from Bombay, and the colony for the ex-criminal Fudgi tribe at Pallipada near Palghar, have just begun to provide the tribals with cheap tiled houses on well planned lines.

The famous rock caves at Borivili, excavated more than a thousand

years ago by the Buddhists of the Nagarjuna school from Guntur district, are a wonder even to-day. There is a remarkable resemblance between the mountain range at Borivill containing a hundred and more caves and the spur of Eastern Ghats that lies close by the Nagarjunakonda valley in Guntur district.

The Dangs are another tribe inhabiting thick jungles famous for rich Sal wood as well as other costly varieties of timber. No wonder this area has been the bone of contention between the Gujaratis of Sourashtra and the Maharashtrians of the Bombay State. The Chief Minister of Bombay who is himself a Gujarati to the core, has gracefully set at rest all the controversies in regard to this affair as well as the future status of Bombay City by leaning in favour of the Maharashtrians. This attitude of the Chief Minister has satisfied the Dangs as well. Several interesting stories are current about Sri Morarji Desai. One such relates to his meticulous restraint in the use of the car that is allotted to him by the State. He has invariably desisted from using his official car for other than State purposes. Any member of his family will have to alight and shift for himself or herself from the spot wherefrom diversion of the use of the car for other than State purpose is sought to be made. He is punctual and

expects all others to be so. He never keeps his files in arrears and does not tolerate his subordinates being guilty of any lapses in this direction.

I ASKED him in half seriousness after a prolonged argument, about the rapid demoralisation that was spreading in the Congress organisation. He unhesitatingly admitted that there was demoralisation. When I asked if he would care to exchange his office as Bombay's Chief Minister for the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress so that that body could be purified, strengthened and put to better use, he smilingly expressed his readiness to do so.

There is not much love lost between the President of the Pradesh Congress Committee and the head of the Congress Government in the State of Bombay. I asked a sincere, senior, Gandhian type of Congressman what he thinks of the insistence by some Congress satraps that all the Government's policies and plans including those relating to taxation proposals should be first placed before the Pradesh Congress Committee and its approval taken. He nodded his head in emphatic dissent, and remarked that the Congress is dying in the State of Bombay. But this sorry remark is not particularly appropriate to Bombay State alone. Wherever we go we listen to the same or similar remarks.

An Experiment in Rehabilitation

By KAMALA APPA RAO

ON being dissuaded from begging a boy of 12 years said, "I have two choices, one to beg and another to steal, what do you want me to do?" In cities and towns all over the world crowds of young people drift around aimlessly. They come in search of work, liberty and enjoyment and meet hunger, unemployment and hopelessness. There are many who give up the struggle and take to begging, drinking, or something worse if they can find it. Others struggle along but they too might give up before long. Amidst this want and wretchedness, planned work can do much in aid of these unfortunates.

In Copenhagen, a city in Denmark, a small experiment is carried on to assist those neglected by society. There, in the heart of the city, there is the Kofoed's school. It has been called "a school for practical life." It concerns itself with the different problems faced by man and recognises that when one is unemployed it means a whole family that is unemployed too and it understands the tensions produced by such a situation in the home. The school has classes for mothers in household crafts. At the same time it builds up the physical and mental powers of the husband and turns him away from idleness into a productive channel. Men and women come to the school by themselves or are sent there by social service institutions. Young men come to school in search of work and food. The school also sends its staff to haunts and places where homeless young men loiter to invite them to give a trial to the school.

The programme of the school is systematically planned. All tasks that the pupils perform are based on practical, psychological and educational knowledge. The school attempts to enable the pupil to get his self-respect, physical and mental soundness and an interest in his future. One of the main principles of the school is that a pupil has to

perform some work in return for any aid given to him. He works only for himself and not for the school. A pupil for the first time generally comes for the satisfaction of some want—food, shelter or clothes. The school at once recognises his other needs also. A card is given to the pupil which gives him access to the school. He is also given a work card. The work card acts as a kind of transfer ticket to the various departments of the school. In order to obtain a set of clothes he has to go down to the laundry and wash his own clothes, go to the gymnasium for exercise and take a bath—only then he is given a set of new clothes. For the work he does for himself he gets points, which can be exchanged for services and food. In the evenings there are movies, lectures and other entertainments. As soon as the pupil gets used to the school, a talk with the social advisor who is generally a trained worker might do him good. Training in crafts such as motor mechanics, book binding, cookery, etc., is also provided. Thus when the pupil is ready to leave he is equipped with a will to work and start a new life.

Sometimes a pupil stays for months to get the complete training of the Kofoeds school. Then he goes to a training camp outside the city where the school owns an extensive farm. Not only may a pupil need a longer time to get rehabilitated but he may also need temporary employment. The training centre is something between a folk high school and a youth camp. The school is mainly for the young between 18 and 25 years. Homeless boys, boys from the slums and the penitentiary, semi-delinquent boys come to the school.

All work is carried on by the pupils and they have the freedom to leave at any time. In winter many of the boys employed on farms are out of work and thus they wander into the cities and ultimately end up in the Kofoeds training school. The boys work for four hours in the field or do other household duties and then study or learn a trade for another

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four hours. They earn a small sum for pocket money and the rest of their expenses are taken care of by the school. They are taught general subjects and elements of commercial geography and economics. They have a carpentry shop and training is provided in other industries also.

The main object of the school is human rehabilitation.

Every town and city of the world can mobilise its unfortunate, jobless, and downtrodden and regenerate them to face life with vigour and courage, as Kofeeds school does in Denmark.

Music: Relativity

P. SRINIVASA IYER

CAN anyone see without his eyes? Can anyone hear without his ears? Are there growth, speech and activity without life in a body? Of such paramount importance is relativity to music. Without it, *apaswaram* and *arakthi* will prevail in music. A voice which has acquired a good sense of relative values in tone, can easily create *rakthi* while singing, without much effort and *kalpana* in the music. Some people opine that what is known as *anubhava* in experienced Vidwans is nothing but a developed sense of relative values in music; but, if a guru can introduce this subject at an early enough stage in a student's life and he be made conscious of it, he can develop it along with his art, and his art naturally will be doubly enriched by this consciousness.

Every language has an alphabet. The letters of an alphabet have a definite form or shape. They help us recognise and differentiate one alphabet from the other. An abstract language like music has also letters which derive their form or shape from the relative positions they occupy in the octave, starting from the origin or *shadjam*. We know handwriting is often more difficult to make out than printed matter which gives a uniform shape to the letters. A man who wants to talk an abstract language like music should all the more develop a correct and uniform shape of the letters, words and sentences of his 'moody language.' Without this, he will bore his listeners in no time.

That is about the letters of the language. There are words, sentences, paragraphs and above all there is the purpose or theme of a

subject. These belong to the region of ragas. Ragas have certain characteristics. Several of them have beginning notes and ending notes. Even with a mild beginning of a single swara we can at times recognise a raga, and likewise the ending of certain ragas can be successfully anticipated when a musician arrives at a particular combination of a raga. Ragas have *purvanganas* and *uttaranganas* which may or may not tally. They have the *arohana* and *avarohana* aspect which has to be carefully observed by a musician. Then there are particular notes which have a prolonged and repeated occurrence and some others which end very abruptly. There are grouped notes and *vakra* notes in ragas. Above all, there is the gait of ragas which has to be specially borne in mind. All these characteristics have to be taken into account along with a sense of relativity.

Nobody can deny that 'magarii' in *Arabhi* occurs often as a grouped combination. 'Ri' in the same *prayoga* occurs as a wave and helps recognise the raga. Similarly 'sanida' in *uttaranga* is a symmetrical combination. 'Ri' in *Sahana* occurs repeatedly as 'ri ri ri'; 'ma' is a prolonged note; and 'gagamaa ri sa' is a grouped combination apparent as a finite verb. 'Gaa' occurs as a prolonged curve in *Kanada* which is characteristic of the raga. 'Gaa-gamari-saa' in *Kanada* appears also as a finite verb in contrast with *Sahana*.

Such details of ragas from the 'lakshana' are calculated to preserve our ragas. They are based on the understanding of the relativity which forms the substratum. It is upto those who are interested in their preservation to pass them over to the future musicians.

BANK MANAGER

THE morning dawned, and yet another day was born. The pilgrim rose. He resumed his journey, for far beyond the distant hills was his temple. Soon the morning grew warm, and the road was set with stones. But the traveller smiled at the labourers in the field who waved their hands at him.

Mr. Rama Rao got up with a yawn. Another tedious day, he thought glumly. Stretching himself out with the unlicensed langour of a bachelor husband, he stumbled to the bathroom. He could find only one slipper. He knew that one of the kids must have played with it yesterday. The tap was leaking, as it was yesterday—and the day before—and the day before. "When will you call the plumber?" Sarala chanted constantly in his ears. "Look dear, I have sent for him several times." As if he would ever come! Not after the short change his wife had given the man last month. No he wasn't so mean, it was his wife.

The object of his thought came close to him and pointed accusingly at the tap with her toothbrush. Paste trickling from her mouth, she muttered, "Look at that. I tell you so many times. You never care for the house. Now look at the store-room. There is not a *palam* of sugar anywhere—" He looked at her with an irritating smile, and said something. She pouted and pushed him away and broke into a laugh.

The steaming cup of coffee, or what looked like coffee. And the *iddlis*, with *chutney*. Sarala really prepares *iddlis*. He liked *sambar* most, but then his wife did not. It does not very much...

Kannan entered. "Paper, sir."

Why doesn't the fellow throw the paper on the

verandah and cycle away, as usual? "Subscription, Sir."

"I'm busy. Come tomorrow." He opened the paper and began to read through with interest. Soon however...

"Father, Father, see Babu, what he has done. See!" The girl held up her maths tables book. It was tattered. It was tattered since the next day he bought it, he thought irritably. "What's it?"

She pointed mutely to a huge blot on the back. Some catastrophe had evidently occurred. "Babu did that."

"No, she broke my pencil lead."

"He ran away with my ribbon, father. Besides, it was yesterday."

Yes, yes, yesterday he had thrashed both of them for something.

"No, she did it again. She always beats me. Then she also tore one page from my notebook. If she does anything it is all right, but because I am small I can't—"

"Shut up, both of you. Go and drown yourselves somewhere."

Watching the erratic disappearance of the children, he mused:

Who was it that said that a girl is motherhood dragging her doll by the leg? He smiled at his wife. "They're just like you," he said.

After the hurried lunch at 9-30 a.m. he ran to the station to catch the train. The old beggar woman by the tree-side stretched out a withered palm. He stopped, for he had not given her an anna since a fortnight. He searched for a coin and tenderly placed it in her hand.

Of course he missed the right train. The next one was crowded as usual, and the guard pulled out the cowering gypsy woman before he blew the whistle.

Mr. Rama Rao,

—Short Story—

By

M. Sivaramakrishna Rau

Tomorrow is another day, and he would not slip again...

Manager, entered his office room.

"... Mr. Sreenivasan, give this gentleman a loan form. Ask Mr. Santhanam to get the B register. Hallo, hallo, this is the K. J. L. Bank speaking... yes... yes... We received it yesterday... endorsed... certainly... thank you. Mr. Santhanam, please refer to our files and dispose of this letter. There is a cheque for Rs. Seven hundred and thirty three-seven-two. It is not endorsed. Mr. Hussain will take it."

"Here is the register, Sir." The peon brought some receipts to sign.

"Sign it... sign... sign... sign... sign... 792, 793, 794, 795. Good. Stamp. Tear, and file them away. Hallo, Mr. Motilal, how are you? It's about the overdraft. Oh, you have got the cheque. Excellent Sir. Kuppu, ask Mr. Hussain to step here for a moment. Sit down, Sir."

"Yes, Madam? I am sorry madam, we do not give loans on land. Is there a superstructure? Perambur? Please sit down, Madam. If you can build a little room first, or at least the foundation, I can help you. No? I am sorry."

"Tell you what to do," he bent cautiously forward. "See some Director and try. You might succeed."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo. This is the K. J. L. Bank speaking. Hallo, this is not the Sri Valli Cafe."

"Yes, madam. Please do come again."

"Mr. Hussain, take Mr. Motilal's cheque and attend to him."

"Good morning, Mr. Rajan. Here is your list. Please go and inspect the properties. And tell Poonappa that if he doesn't pay at least the principal, we will auction his house. Certainly next week. We received confirmation from the Registrar. Here is the order for expenses. Ask Mr. Hussain for cash."

"What, postman? Insured parcel? Is the Calcutta mail late? No letter for me? Thank you."

Kuppu stood stoically until Mr. Rama Rao read his office correspondence. "Receipts, Sir," deftly opening the 'pillow' volume.

Sign... sign... sign... sign... sign... Why don't I have a rubber stamp?

"Kuppu, send the typist here. Miss Jessie, please take down some letters." He dictated deliberately, smoking with evident satisfaction. "Please type them in triplicate."

One o'clock at last. Time for lunch; he went into the inner room, and the peon closed the door and shooed away a visitor to the bench outside.

His luxurious sleep was awakened rudely. "Hallo, hallo, this is the K. J. L. Bank. No, wrong number. You are what? Sorry? The hell you are. All right man, all right. Let me sleep."

THE midday sun beat mercilessly on the wet back of the pilgrim. Far beyond the distant hills lay his temple. The road is set with stones and the going is rough. He gasped for breath, and threw his bundle on the ground. Under the shade of a rain-tree he spread his tired body and slept.

At two o'clock Mr. Rama Rao, rose and washed away the reluctance from his face. Kuppu brought more receipts. Sign... sign... sign...

"Has Munuswamy come? Ask him to come here. Munuswamy, did you go to Adyar? Is Mr. Achu coming for the meeting tomorrow? Good. Everyone has signed the circular? Oh, Mr. Rajagopalan is not in town. Of course, he told me. Never mind. So it is settled. Has Mr. Rajan come back? No?"

Mr. Santhanam entered. "It is three, sir."

"Yes, yes, you can go to the National Bank. Ask them about the cheque. Then phone North India Insurance. The Registrar is agreeable to the loan. I met him yesterday."

"But he said he won't—"

"That was last week, man. I showed him our monthly turnover and our fluid assets. He was quite satisfied."

"Very good, Sir."

Miss Jessie entered. She bent over the table, and pushed over the papers. Now, Mr. Rama Rao, naturally woman-shy, looked across slyly. He had seen several women, but this one—oh, Lord! What a brazen jacket, but what a model! Sinuously enough to be seductive, she swayed before him like a snake before its charmer. And Mr. Manager's heart skipped several beats off and on. His face grew warm, his speech slowed, and his palms sweated. She moved away, but Mr. Rama Rao sat quite still for a while.

This sort of thing can't go on. For how long did it go on? Was it for a week? Two? Hardly. Mr. Rama Rao's thoughts were certainly not on business that afternoon.

His bank logbook contained two erasures and one scoring out.

The evening came insidiously. At five the cashier brought in the money. He and Mr. Rama Rao counted the cash with twice laborious care and consigned the box to the safe.

The cashier and the loan clerk left the building. Ganapathy and Mr. Rajan took their cycles out. The other two clerks also left, as also all the day peons.

The clock in the Manager's room showed five minutes to six as Miss Jessie left the Bank. She was glad, for she got her pay raise at last.

A vendor approached the bank with some plantains. A lonely light burned in the office room. Mr. Rama Rao sat still in his chair and stared out of the window with a vacant look. The fruit vendor approached. "Sarala, my love, I am sorry," he muttered.

THE evening shadows lengthened on the eastern side of the dusty road. The bloodred sky glared balefully at the still hot earth. The pilgrim was hobbling along. He took a tired step. Then he stumbled and fell in pain.

Far beyond the distant hills is the temple. The road is set with stones, and the going is rough. His pain was great but he smiled with content, for today the evening has come, and soon he would be well. Tomorrow is ano-

ther day, and he would not slip again. "God-speed, my brethren," he called out to his friends on the far-away horizon.

★

BITTER CUP

DEATH, is there one that shall escape Your ordained embrace? But is it sweet?

You and you ask. It may bitter be To those who lounged in futility, Who climbed to pomp or banked the substance Raked in dubious circumstance: And those who saved The softer phrase nor spent a tear, Trickled the yellow stream to indulge In the warm spring of wretched tears— Death will bitter

Be.

To me who no more has a wish, Desire or hope—nought but pain: Who lived in darkness, spent the nights in tears

And walked the lonely way through life —Sweet death

Is but a pleasure: And I search for thee. MAYA

ALL TOO BRIEF

I LAY that morn amidst the rocks, The foaming waters and the trees. The wind was busy in the boughs That sagged and stumbled over The confluence. From either bank Birds called dreamily, their voices Mellowed by the rustling leaves and The roaring river. Somewhere in the lunisolar

Twilight, the little elves were distilling Peace—deep, soulquenching and bringing To a stop, the onrush of Time.

The fleeting minute was caught, Spread to its true dimensions to Chime with the slowbeating pulse of Nature,

Years, days, hours, minutes and seconds, Mere scratchings of human computation. Were lost in the vastness of eternity. Soon the spell is broken—I float back To this niche of biting ants and Ticking watches.

D. NARENDER

WITNESS

FROM the curving crest of some fair breast to the floor has fallen a rose,—

how sadly now faded lies one withered witness of music, dancing feet, and echoing sweet laughter!

GEORGE KURIEN

In Defence of Modern Poetry

HOW often has not one heard the desperate cry: "Oh, this modern poetry! Tell me what these fellows mean, that is assuming that they mean anything at all!" The reactions to modern poetry are of three kinds. The first is one of supreme contempt based upon heavy ignorance. The people who show this reaction are of the kind who declared roundly that Keats was no poet when he first appeared and Tennyson was no poet when he first appeared. To them poetry acquires respectability and value only when it is hallowed by the passage of time. They decry all that is contemporary and fondly linger on the supposed glories of a golden past. Here we have to distinguish these from another set of a superficially similar people, those that are content with the past and specialise in certain periods of the past. These are wise enough to refrain from commenting on modern poetry in which they are just not interested. They are, so to say, neutral and do not rush to make pontifical statements about it. They are on the whole a harmless lot. But the people who condemn modern poetry simply because it is modern deserve a greater notice, because they constitute a considerable force. The second reaction is one of honest bewilderment. Those who show this reaction make a sincere attempt to understand and enjoy modern poetry, but find it difficult and obscure. One can sympathise with them, for much of their difficulty is genuine. The third reaction is one of wild enthusiasm. Those that show this reaction are violently in love with modern poetry and find nothing but good in it. Behind these reactions, one suspects, there is a feeling of perplexity, a feeling of not having understood what it all means. It has been said that ours is an essentially unpoetical age. Yet, oddly enough, how many poets are born every day and, alas, die the next day! Also, it is maintained that poetry has lost its market value. But come to think of it, when did poetry sell well? It would be interesting to know how much Keats got for his odes or Shakes-

peare for his sonnets. Even a casual study of the lives of some of the world's major poets would convince anyone that poetry has never been the path to material prosperity. No age can be branded poetical or unpoetical beforehand. An age that (speaking of English poetry alone) has produced such poets as Eliot, Auden and Dylan Thomas cannot be said to be poetically poor.

It is difficult to understand what impels some people to castigate modern poetry so vigorously. Often they do it on such a flimsy ground as the reading of a stray poem which has irritated them. They are the kind of people whose tastes are severely conditioned by certain kinds of poetry. More often than not, you will find them admiring the poets of the past for wrong reasons. For instance, you can hear them gloat over Shakespeare's philosophy or Tennyson's thoughts. They regard the range of poetic impulse to have been exhausted by the poets of the past. This phenomenon is not new to our age. Time and again it has happened in the history of literary tastes. Keats was condemned in his day and Wordsworth fared no better at the start. The truth is that whenever there is a collapse of a tradition, this kind of thing happens. When the classical tradition collapsed towards the end of the 18th century and the early romantics made their appearance, there must have been a whole crowd of these traditionalists to whom all change was *ipso facto* undesirable. Ours, few will deny, is an age of changes. In all aspects of life, we are witnessing uncertainty and confusion that normally follow the death of a tradition and precede the birth of a new order. Already, we see people who must have shifted with contempt at Eliot's early poetry, grunt rather charily that Eliot is a poet. When men are afraid of change, they lose all sanity and attack all change indiscriminately. That is why we have people who stoutly maintain that the last line of poetry was written by Tennyson or if they are a little more progressive, by Swinburne. We can dismiss these as the natural products of an age of transition. Some-

times it is alleged that there are very few good poets now. It is true that now as ever, there are good poets and bad poets, and that the bad ones far outnumber the good.

We must take more seriously those who manifest the second reaction. They take modern poetry seriously and find it difficult to comprehend. Their difficulties may be summed up by the word 'obscurity'. This, by the way, is the magic word which one inevitably comes across in any discussion of modern poetry. Before meeting this charge a very important point needs to be clarified. The end of poetry is not clarity. But then it is equally true that it is not obscurity. Obscurity is not the monopoly of modern poets. Browning is a case in point. If Shakespeare is as clear as daylight, why then do we need a whole army of commentators and critics? Obscurity, then, is something that is inherent in the very nature of poetry. Moreover, it is a highly relative term. If one wants clarity, then one must go to prose whose primary aim is clarity. Poetry is evocative and suggestive. The poet never states completely his thoughts or moods. He merely starts off in the mind of the reader an experience which might end in a thrill. Here, it may be urged that all art, including poetry, is communicative. Agreed, but it is difficult for a poet to have this in mind when he is in the throes of creative effort. It must never be forgotten that a poem is an experience, and like all experience, it varies from individual to individual. Take for example such a universally admired poem as Keat's 'Ode To Nightingale.' Can anyone assert that the poem means the same to everyone? Under these circumstances, what is the poet to do? Obviously, he cannot conjure up before his mind's eye the picture of an ideal, average reader and consult his capacity to comprehend at every stage. The very thing looks absurd. Poetry is not composed in the clear light of logic. It is a mysterious process. Even a classical poet like Eliot has recognised what may be called the evocative and magical aspect of poetry. None, not even the poet,

can fix for all times the inner meaning of a poem. The real difficulty is a psychological one. People apply to poetry the criterion that they ought to apply to prose. Deliberate Obscurity is, no doubt, inexcusable. But very often obscurity turns out to be the reader's intellectual laziness. Obscurity apart, there are certain purely contemporary causes for the difficulty of modern poetry. This is an age of iconoclasm, an age of doubt, of despair and anxiety. The poetry of Donne can be pressed into service to clarify a purely contemporary problem. In Donne's poetry, we find the same difficulty of thought and emotion. Donne was an intellectual poet who wanted to encompass in his poetry much of contemporary life, and thought. His poetry has assimilated the scientific and geographical discoveries of his age. Donne, like our modern poets, belonged to an age of transition. Many modern poets attempt to integrate into their poetry the dominant thoughts and ideas of contemporary life. For instance, Auden and Spender have tried to weave into the texture of their poetry such essentially modern threads as Marxism and the Freudian psychoanalysis. This is an age of overintellectualisation. The intellectual complexities of our age are faithfully mirrored in modern poetry. The moods, feelings and thoughts of a modern poet are not easy and conventional ones. Most people are mentally allergic to novel patterns of thought or emotion. The modern poet is an innovator, a pioneer charting out new territories. This implies naturally a certain amount of obscurity. In technique also, the modern poet has been daringly experimental. This seems to increase the suspicion of the innocent reader brought up on traditional poetry. Especially the free verse form seems to annoy him a great deal. He expects modern poets to do what Tennyson or someone did.

Every poet (including the modern poet) has a right to feel as he likes and express what he feels in the way he likes. If we understand the older poets better, it is because we are more familiar with their works. Moreover, we have the help of innu-

merable scholars and commentators. We seem to be unwilling to spend any effort in understanding the modern poets. Another fairly common habit of these professional haters of modern poetry is the habit of pointing out to some bad poem of a poet and declare triumphantly: "I told you so!" It is absurd to condemn a poet simply because he has written a few bad lines. While they gloat over Dylan Thomas's *Obscurity*, these people never bother to read such delightful things as his 'A Poem For October' or 'This Bread I Break'. They forget that Shakespeare wrote such a poor play as *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona*, or that Wordsworth has written some of the dullest lines in English poetry. Even the best poets are not always at their best. It is urged here that the modern poet must be approached on his own

terms. It would not do to make cheap fun of modern poetry.

Coming to the third reaction, it should be pointed out that those who manifest this reaction would be doing more harm than good to the cause of modern poetry if they affect superior contempt for those who do not understand it. Those who sincerely and honestly believe that they understand and enjoy modern poetry must contribute to a greater understanding of it. It would be welcome if they issued monographs for the edification of those who are befogged by modern poetry. One such recent effort was Mr. Henry Treece's study of Dylan Thomas. It is also necessary that the admirers of modern poetry must undertake the courageous task of separating the grain from the chaff.

K. RAGHAVENDRA RAO

Yonder comes the Dhobi!

PUTTING clothes for washing and getting them washed may appear to be a transaction involving no complication or botheration. But we know from our day-to-day experience, what a troublesome and annoying affair it is.

The important person behind this transaction, the washerman or the washerwoman as the case may be, is easily one of the most awaited 'guests.' And this 'guest' disappoints and lets us down on many occasions, especially when we are in a delicate situation: we want to attend a function of some importance and we don't have a fresh, washed shirt and dhoti.

Well, even if the dhobi is not particular about the prompt delivery of clothes should he not bring them washed at least at a time when we are free and hence can devote a few minutes in attending to him? No! He knows well our busy hours, and for some unknown reason, drops in just when we are busy preparing to go out on some urgent errand, or at some such inconvenient and odd hour.

If you have engaged a dhobi who comes from a rural place, so much the worse for you. The country

washerman, if I may so christen him, will arrive from his village, in his single bullockcart loaded with bundles (of washed clothes) of various sizes and shapes. He will sometimes bring along with him an urchin—his son—who worried him to show him round the city. In case you have a small compound, he will 'camp' inside it, for a day or two, stationing his bullock and cart under the chequered shades of some tree and then look to the distribution of clothes to his respective customers. (All this, provided you are generous enough to give him accommodation.) Of course, he will pester you with requests, for instance, for a jug of water, or handing over a carefully kept and hence smudged postcard, he will ask you to write (for him) a letter to his son-in-law or a distant relative residing in some far off *patti* or *puram*.

Yes, the dhobi has come. Then and then only, you begin to think of the dhobi accounts book, and most often you will find it missing. This means that you have to institute a thorough and vigorous search for it. You call the members of the family, young and old, and interrogate everyone of them regarding the present where-

abouts of the elusive one. And you feel like slapping, when one after the other, they swear that they have not seen the notebook for the past so many days. You flare up into one of your awkward and awful tempers. You yell aloud inviting your family members to join you in the hunt for the book. Tables, drawers, shelves are searched. After a few minutes of intensive and exhaustive rummaging, when you are about to give up, you discover the thing—it is on the table itself, underneath the newspaper. You have no time to wonder how it escaped your searching eyes, and thanking God you make a resolution to keep it in a particular place from that day onwards.

It takes you some time, however, to find out the page in which you recorded the entries as regards the last wash, for in the book you have maintained not only dhobi accounts but many others as well. In some page you will find accounts relating to household expenses (discontinued after the first ten or twelve days of the month), here and there, hurriedly scribbled addresses of your friends, one or two telephone numbers and many such miscellaneous information.

Before you actually start the checking business, you find it monstrously hard to withstand that childish curiosity—to see what has happened to the new shirt or paint, whether it has shrunk after washing or whether its colour has petered off. On checking the accounts as usual it is found that he has 'forgotten' to bring a towel or a bedsheet. If you are a man of sympathetic and placid disposition you murmuringly note it down or else you threaten to deduct some amount if he 'forgets' to bring the thing next time also.

And thus let us suppose you have successfully finished one part of the transaction. Then what about the other part—putting clothes for washing? Here again, you will meet with some trouble and confusion. You are busy heaping the dirty clothes. Presently your wife rushes forth to the place from the kitchen, leaving the things to look after themselves, scans the clothes, and picking up a dhoti pleads to you not to put it for

wash since only yesterday it was washed well with soap at home. This occasionally leads to some minor altercations with your wife. And there are the young ones in the house. They want to put at least one or two of their clothes even if they don't need washing. But if you snatch those tiny shirts and drawers and keep them away and thus displease them they will break into tears, and you will have to calm and comfort them. At last, you come to a definite decision regarding the clothes to be put for washing. Counting and totalling up these clothes is a headache, for there is always some discrepancy. You say it all comes to 24, whereas the dhobi says it is 23 only. Grumblingly he re-counts the clothes: 1-1-2, 2-3-4. Ultimately, you find to your satisfaction, that either he has not taken into account the cloth he has set apart for the purpose of tying up the clothes or that you have been a bit liberal in totalling.

As regards payment, although you have arranged with your dhobi that the dues will be paid on a monthly basis, he will be asking you money every time he comes with the clothes. He will grinningly tell you of the circumstances that led to his present temporary financial embarrassment which you have neither the patience nor the time to hear. Or he may put forward one of the commonest of excuses: "I want to buy some things for home . . ."

And when he finally goes away taking the clothes, you feel as though a great ordeal is over. You sigh in relief: you need not worry till he comes next. But sometimes, unfortunately this feeling of relief is for a short while only. For suddenly you bite your lip and jump up from the chair, for you have kept forgetfully a currency note or some important document in a particular coat or pant pocket.

Of course, the laundries have come into the picture nowadays and are making themselves popular. The laundry people and our washermen do not differ in kind but only in degree, but that is a different story.

N. GANGA RAM

New Books

THE CITY AND THE WAVE

By Jon Godden

Michael Joseph, London
10s 6d net

"THE Bengali year is divided into six seasons: summer, the rains, early autumn, late autumn, winter, and spring; but Len, and many who lived in his city, knew only three: the rains, the cold weather and the hot weather." So begins a chapter in *The City and The Wave*, Jon Godden's third novel, her earlier two—*The House by the Sea* and *The Peacock* placing her among the distinguished practitioners of fiction today, as distinguished as her sister Rumer Godden whose *Kingfishers Catch Fire* (reviewed in SWATANTRA for September 19, 1953) was one of the outstanding novels of India written in recent times. The Goddens know their India well; in *Kingfishers* Rumer had Kashmir for her colourful setting; *The Peacock* of Jon is unforgettable for the dramatic tension and evocative beauty of its Assamese background.

Len, the hero of *The City and The Wave*, Len Chase—Leonard Arthur Fairfax Chase—is a man of mixed blood, an Anglo-Indian working as a clerk in a British mercantile firm, and the City in which he lives is Calcutta—not the Calcutta that was once the imperial capital (before Delhi) of British India; but the City now, of the young Republic—with its different castes and creeds, races and religions, steaming like Gehenna, stewing in stink, but not without its splendours. And the tragedy of Len's race is its per-



Jon Godden

petual struggle to keep its ancestral (paternal) escutcheon in seeming brightness; to maintain the standard of living which its progenitors had in this country and it longed to have, but which it could not owing to its peculiar social difficulties. Len is a bachelor, thirty-nine years old, but looking much older, living a lonely life in his two-room habitation, in a dilapidated house peopled by the poorer middle-class of different communities—Bengalis, Sikhs, Moslems, Anglo-Indians, Armenians, and Chinese—in the sole company of a telescope (his other, the kitten is killed by a fall from the window on the pavement below); his most precious possession which he had inherited from his English grandfather who had been a deep-sea captain. His job in the firm brings him a salary of three hundred rupees a month, and though it means security and self-respect he hates it because of the low way he is treated by the chief clerk of the firm, "the crass young Mr. Denton, with his pink self-satisfied face . . . who had spoken to him as if he were a coolie." "You, Chase," he had said as if that name, a good English name, were an insult." Humiliation of the mixed blood! Perspicacious yet with his head in the clouds, an idealist dreading sordidness, Len is obsessed by India's mounting population which he finds terrifying.

"The city stood in its own sewage. It was a wonder that it had stood so long, more than two hundred years, on the shining, shifting, delta mud . . . To him other cities were only names in books. This was the city he knew . . . It had grown from an alien settlement on a sandbank, enlarging itself as a pearl or a malignant growth does round the perimeter of the old fort and along the river . . . a scar, a dark unnatural stain on the earth."

And with his nervous aversion for squalor, he thinks it would be a blessing indeed if some elemental fury were to destroy earth's unwanted population; and he is encouraged in this thought by his neighbour and friend, Debendranath Dey, the astrologer who has prophesied that soon there will be a deluge—

"What weather!" Dey cried . . . "Never has there been such rain! People are saying that it is the fault of the atom bomb, but we know better, Chase? It is all there in the stars—earthquake, famine, flood—this is only the beginning."

He wants Len to marry and start a family; he shouldn't walk alone. Trained for the Catholic priesthood as he is and warned by Father Gregory against Astrology—"the impious bastard of the sciences," Len's mind is fascinated by the prophecy, and too, the loneliness of his bachelorhood ends with the entry into his life of Marie d'Souza, a sixteen-year-old Eurasian girl (who has run away from the protection of her aunt), a predatory, possessive, wily creature who requires no lessons to learn in the method of dogging and trepanning the innocent male. Len marries her; the prophecy of the flood drives him almost to the verge of madness which makes him lose his job. Follows a period of intense distress for him; and then the awakening comes with the birth of his son.

"Unable to escape, he had watched, at first, with horror and pity and then with awe, the struggle of his son's birth, the actual birth, the living sticky warmth, the wetness, the wonder. He had not known that in the world there was this urgency, this strength."

Life had given a new lease to Len to live. The urgency and the strength of it! Jon Godden communicates these with rare insight

into the mind of a man of mixed blood, in a story that moves evenly on the backcloth of a teeming Indian City, and nowhere does the slightest sign of racial superiority obtrude, and in making Nature the most efficacious of anodynes to heal the tormented of their spiritual sicknesses resulting from the timidities and artificial austerities of the flesh for the ultimate acceptance that life is for living she has brought into her writing brave imaginative sympathy, a sweetness and light that are born of a true beatitude, illuminating her prose which is made of the stuff of which poetry is made.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN.

The Gospel of Advaita

By Duncan Greenlees

The Theosophical Publishing House,
Adyar, Madras 20, India
Cl. Rs. 9; Wr. Rs. 7

THE World Gospel Series is a popular get-up planned to offer to the modern lay public in simple and attractive form the essence of all the world's great Religions from their Scriptures. The series is based on the belief: all Religions have one divine source and that all are authentic word of God to Man designed to meet the spiritual needs of men according to the different levels of their mental and spiritual development. Every year the publishers aim to bring out two volumes, about 300 pages each. *The Gospel of Advaita* is the tenth volume.

The Gospel is not intended to be a scholarly, abstruse, philosophical treatise. It is not a study of the philosophy of Sri Sankaracharya. It is, the author believes, not a philosophy at all, but aims in simple language to expound Advaita as essentially a vital experience. This experience is defined as "the unearned gift of God" and is said to dawn "suddenly, swiftly, in the heart chosen by Him for it to manifest." The theme of the Gospel, "All this is certainly God, and that art thou; be what thou art!" is clearly and powerfully brought out.

The Introduction is divided into eight parts. It deals with some important topics like: The sources of knowledge, the life of Sri Sankara,

a modern view of Self, universal consciousness etc., in a very interesting and instructive manner. The Introduction is followed by "a brief Advaita Catechism."

The main text is an edition of freshly translated verses from the Sanskrit literature of various Upanishads, the Gitas, the Yoga-Vasistha Laghu, various works ascribed to Sri Sankara. The volume's exhaustive thoroughness reminds one of a College Text-book, with its elaborate introduction, explanatory commentary, synopsis, annotations, appendix, index, bibliography, etc. One feels some of the superfluous and overlapping contents could have been easily avoided. On the whole, to a person altogether unacquainted with the Advaita philosophy, this gospel is sure to be a great help. It is a work much inspired by the influence of Sri Ramana Maharishi. The appeal is more to the heart than to the head.

R. I. BEDFORD

History of Koh-i-Noor

By N. B. Sen

New Book Society of India,
New Delhi

Rs. 3-12 as

KOHINOOR—what a name! Could there be a 'Mountain of light?' Verily, it is only a 'bit of glass' but a bit believed to be of celestial origin, unwinding the evils of history down the centuries, back to a remote past when it passed into the hands of Satrajit as a gift from the Sun-God

or the God of light. Legend has it that it is the same as the famous Samantik Mani. May be, or may be not. But the fact remains that till this day it has been the coveted possession of kings and queens of all climes and ages.

For an Indian, Kohinoor is apt to produce nostalgic memories of the pomp and pageantry, of the wealth and opulence of ancient India. Dynasty after dynasty has tumbled down, kingdom after kingdom has crashed, and revolution after revolution has followed. Long periods of famine and plenty, of peace and civil strife have recurred in monotonous succession. To all these, Kohinoor has stood witness!

Mr. N. B. Sen in his recent book, *History of Kohinoor*, has commendably dealt with historical authenticity the entire story of that hallowed jewel which today adorns the British Crown. How many kings and queens have been the wearers of that diamond and what vicissitudes they and their kingdoms have had to pass through—these, together with some personal anecdotes in the lives of the various monarchs add a piquancy to the delicacies with which we are served. Kohinoor is a name to conjure with and its incandescence will emblazon the ancient civilisation of India which is fast passing into oblivion. Truly has it been hailed "King of diamonds and the diamond of Kings!"

K. VENKATRAM

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INDIA

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

At last Dr. Keskar has come out with a detailed statement on what action the Government of India is taking to implement the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee. According to this statement "a majority of recommendations have been accepted, with certain modifications in some of them, while several recommendations have been implemented. In reality, we find however that while most of the minor recommendations have been accepted, the major recommendations have been either rejected or so modified as to be meaningless. For instance, the recommendations to set up a Film Council and Film Finance Corporation have been found unacceptable. The original Production Code Administration body has been transformed into Film Production Bureau without any statutory powers. Surely, no producer is likely to seek any advice from the bureau even in the matter of scripts if the bureau's guidance has no legal sanction.

Incidentally, the film industry was most vitally concerned with the recommendation of reduction in tax. But as it is a State subject, the Government of India is unable to do anything except to forward their recommendations. The scheme of awards and the proposed restriction on length do not in any way provide a solution to the problem confronting the industry.

The only conclusion that one can draw from the attitude adopted by the Government is that it does not want to interfere in the working of the industry and take any measures to improve the artistic standard of our films or to provide economic succour in any manner. Of course, those who were always opposed to any kind of interference from the Government will welcome this state-

ment as Sri S. S. Vasan already has; but those who wanted the Government to take active measures to help the industry would be thoroughly disappointed by Dr. Keskar's statement. What a pity, he has not shown half as much crusading spirit and zeal about films as he had in the case of music on A. I. R. As a result the film industry has been left at the mercy of profiteers who have no artistic ideals of any sort.

Picture of the week

EVEN the death of its distributor cannot stop a show. For, the show must always go on. So inspite of the untimely death of Sri Shanti Lal Shah, the distributor, Sargam Pictures' *Kasturi* was released last Friday as usual, though the premiere itself lacked the usual gay and buoyant spirit.

Sargam Pictures' *Kasturi* is a rather synthetic screenplay. It begins as just another boy-meets-girl story with the girl playing pranks; the situation is changed when the girl falls ill and becomes mad. Her lover is brought back and married to her without divulging this fact; on the wedding night he finds out that his wife, the girl about whom he always dreamt, is mad. Thus the story develops into a psychological drama depicting the torment and anguish of a husband who finds it impossible to put up with a mad wife. He helps her in every way and yet he feels that he needs a wife and so when he meets another woman he falls for her.

This psychological drama is interesting by itself and it required an artist of the calibre of Dillip Kumar to portray the role of the anguished husband.

But apparently the creators of *Kasturi* found it too difficult to handle this psychological drama, so in the end they gave it a twist of crime thriller and the usual sacrifice by an Indian wife. By itself the idea of tape-recorder is clever; but the last chase, murder threat and blackmail are not in keeping with the beginning. Indeed, the introduction of a cheap villain who resorts to fantastic means to get the estate of the heroine's father lends an air

of artificiality to the whole story and makes its development appear mechanical. As a result the picture is interesting and confusing in parts.

Nimmi as the mad wife gives an excellent performance; Sajjan as her husband is not equal to the role in spite of his sincere effort. Bipin Gupta impresses as the father. Shammi looks too sincere for the role of a scamp. The music is pleasant and at least I liked Pankaj Mullick's two songs. Vrajendra Gaur's direction for a maiden effort is promising; but his screenplay is weak, though he is at his best as a dialogue writer. The scene in which Nimmi deliberately tries to prove herself mad before her husband is remarkable for the pithy and pungent dialogue.

Production values are just average and the picture on the whole quite interesting.

Personality of the week

ON 1st June Nargis becomes 25. In Hollywood most of the stars begin their career at this age; but in India, the girls come to the screen at quite an early age. Nargis herself played the role of heroine about twelve years ago and by now she has acted in scores of films and attained a maturity and mastery over acting. During all these years she must have made lakhs of rupees, though she has not even thousands now with her.

Nargis is perhaps the only female star of her stature who has no house of her own. She has taken a place in Chembur and is planning to build one. Rich in her experience of life, Nargis is perhaps today the most talented and intelligent artist—and not just a popular star. She has a craving for acting; and she is tired of playing the goody-goody adolescent heroines of the Indian screen. On this point she always has argument with Raj and sometimes this argument develops into a serious issue. But that is only an indication of her artistic urge and zeal to portray diverse kinds of roles. As an artiste she is not satisfied with most of the roles she has played so far; and no wonder. Her best roles

are yet to come, and one of these days she will crown her career with the greatest glory.

Nargis has no complexes except perhaps complex for roles; she does not suffer from the air of a big star. She is very social and sporting and compared to other women she has a great sense of humour. Studious, she is fond of reading books; in fact, she is a voracious reader. Kind and generous to a fault, Nargis is one of the most popular artistes in the industry itself. At the mere age of 25 she has achieved what other women cannot achieve probably in a lifetime.

And yet she is far from satisfied with her achievements. She has yet to fight many battles in life before she can reach her goal. That she will be able to face life squarely and surmount all handicaps and disappointments one has no doubt. Life is still ahead of her in the full sense of the word. And at the age of 25 she can look forward to it with greater confidence, hope and determination. Many happy returns of the day.

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K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,

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MODERN TRENDS IN INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ONE of the major problems which independent India has to tackle is the position and future of her universities. Public attention to certain marked deficiencies has recently been drawn by the Indian High Commissioner in London. Addressing the Poona University Convocation the other day, Mr. B. G. Kher estimated that our students spend annually 1½ crores of rupees for higher education in England, not to mention the enormous sums diverted in America and Europe to that end. In the heyday of British rule, this was to some extent inevitable because a foreign degree remained the only passport to decent employment and status; but at the present juncture it is rather a drain on the country's resources, and a reminder that our universities still lack facilities for higher research and knowledge.

In the distant past India had held aloft the torch of learning, and had built up a sound and self-contained scheme of education, scholarship and research. Indeed the first university and the earliest schools of learning since men first learned to read and write, were established in our country; and it is a historical fact that those of Nalanda and Taxila had attracted foreign scholars and savants. Nearly all the arts and sciences have had their origin and stimulus in India and travelled thence to the other nations. Sanskrit is still the parent of many European languages; so too are the fundamental concepts in science, philosophy and politics. Political invasions and subjection for upwards of three centuries have, however, obliterated all traces of past endeavour and achievement; sculpture and marble alone remain to tell us of the things attempted and the things done. Our scholars too were not free from blame. Systematisation and scientific enquiry which had been perfected in the Upanishadic ages

had disappeared; and knowledge was cribbed, crabbed and confined. The first casualty has been the precious *Mantra Sastra*, which today offers perhaps the only refuge against hydrogen bombs and weapons of deadly peril.

Indian universities were patterned on the English model; but though the education and syllabus were designed to turn out a clerical personnel, they were not without a few advantages. Through a foreign medium there was forged for the first time since Asoka, unity amongst the various provinces, which speeded up political contacts and collective thinking ultimately leading to political emancipation. But the penalty it had exacted had been very heavy indeed. Indian languages and literature, arts and sciences were slowly but effectively submerged. The art that shaped and built India's most famous temples, caves, mosques and mahals, and the minds that unveiled the secrets of nature and of the stars, and revelled in the highest flights of 'Maya Vada' have now only a legendary significance. Sanskrit has been outlawed. Foreign scholars who had crowded about Nalanda and Taxila are now a rarity except in institutions like the Santiniketan.

A good deal of heat is at present displayed about the English medium but a few considerations have to be borne in mind. When a common language was suggested, which naturally has to be other than English, it could not have been visualized that free India would occupy a pre-eminent place in world affairs and become a nation to which even the mighty powers would turn for mediation and guidance. Her place in the international assemblies is now assured and in consequence her sons and daughters will have to measure swords with the world's statesmen and diplomats. In such a context, any attempt to interdict English

would be a definitely unpatriotic move.

Every product of a university is an asset to society rather than a candidate for employment. In fact knowledge in our country has ever been regarded as by itself wealth (sampath—Vidya sampath). Even in astrology, Vidya Karaka is different from Dana Karaka or Jivana Karaka. In the circumstances the cry against the production of graduates has no meaning or justification if past traditions were to be the criterion. It is curious and ununderstandable why our political and governmental leaders should grouse at it at all.

As our Prime Minister had once observed the universities have to be rid of their political affiliations and intrigues. The numerous bodies, both lay and academic, which encircle these bodies must be liquidated. They are a drag on efficiency and impartiality. Institutions like the Delhi University and the Indian Institute at Bangalore are all the better without them and there is no reason why it should not be so everywhere. Education, specially university education, should like scientific research, be centralised and be under the charge of a separate Union Minister. The present set-up of the universities has been one of the causes for the unrest and indiscipline among the students. Indiscipline has now become a universal evil, but can be countered if the authorities be a little more determined and ruthless. The Constitution must be amended so as to make the writs unavallable in regard to the internal affairs of a university.

Indian universities have to steer clear of political and lingual barriers and like the higher judiciary and the legal profession, should be well-knit institutions preserving the unity of the country. It is a vicious principle that every university should serve a particular regional area. English universities do not labour under these handicaps; and in consequence, despite two world wars they still remain the characteristic products of their soil. Things in India must approximate to that standard. Institutions like the Oxford Union,

attracting the youth of the country as a whole, must be established.

THERE is a good deal of overlapping and duplication of courses and studies amongst the 30 universities of this country, and a certain amount of rationalization seems called for. There is, for example, no point in a university in South India becoming a pale imitation of the pre-independence varieties and neglecting Sanskrit and philosophy, especially Saiva Siddhanta. As a general rule, affiliating and examining types are luxuries and need to be converted into teaching and residential ones. The country should, for purposes of university education, be split up into six component parts with headquarters at Delhi, Calcutta, Allahabad, Rajputana, Bombay and Madras. Each of these centres should have a big sized university of the dimensions of the national laboratories, and like them, be under the exclusive administration of the Centre, exercising jurisdiction over the other existing institutions in its area and itself be a teaching, residential and research centre on the model of the Bangalore Indian Institute of Science. The Vice-Chancellor should be nominated by the Union President from amongst top-ranking educationists and research workers at home and abroad. He should be assisted by a staff council. Professors and lecturers should be selected on a country-wide basis, and the retiring age should be fixed at 65. Eminent men from Europe and America should be engaged on a permanent basis with attractive salaries and amenities. There should, in addition, be schools of research in particular subjects like cosmic rays, solar physics, marine biology, mathematics, anthropology, geology, Indian history, Indian medicine, and international law, like the London School of Economics and the Howard School of Law which have attained world reputation. A beginning has already been made in regard to tropical medicine and palaeobotany; and what is needed is its extension to other branches of knowledge. Each university should have a press and publishing concern of its own, and its production should compare favourably with those of the

Oxford University Press and the Cambridge University Press.

Examinations are a necessary evil, but their rigour can be mitigated by abolishing all intermediate tests and having one only at the final year. Vacations and long holidays are the curse of education, conducive to slackness and laziness. In the ancient Gurukula system, the pupil had to study for a continuous period of 12 years with few holidays in between. Long holidays should be spent in purposeful activities under the guidance of the university. Compulsory military training and participation in national games, especially swimming and rowing, must be part of the general education. The wonderful scheme of Yogic physical culture, which is being absorbed in foreign

countries like Sweden is still looked askance at by our educational authorities—and this is as it should not be. The universities should establish research centres on the lines of Shri Kavalayanandaji's Institute, and through them attract enthusiasts from foreign countries.

Indian universities have a special mission to spread Sanskrit and its treasures, as also those in the regional languages.

OUR universities can have no higher ideal than to spread the message of Indian poetry and polity to a world weighed down with wars and fear of wars, and open up the piercean springs of Valmiki and Vyasa, Kalidasa and Kshemendra, Bhartruhari and Bhavabhuti, and of Sankara and Vedanta Desika.

MALAYA'S TIN AND RUBBER INDUSTRIES

By BARRY MORTIMER

*Editorial staff of the 'Economist',
London*

THE modern world runs on rubber wheels, and the engines that drive those wheels run, more often than not, on bearings containing tin. The two materials are in that sense complementary, although the largest single use of tin is in the manufacture of tinsplate—the thin tin-coated steel that encases the world's canned foods and other goods. One-third of the free world's requirements of each of these strategic materials is supplied by Malaya.

The industrial world's dependence on Malayan tin and rubber is more than matched by Malaya's dependence on those two commodities for the prosperity of its entire economy. Rubber normally provides over half the Federation's total earnings from exports, and the taxes on the profits of the rubber and tin companies are the major sources of Government revenue.

The wages paid by the companies, and the incomes of the small producers, are two of the chief means of maintaining local purchasing power

and the standard of living. To carry this dependence on rubber and tin a stage farther, local purchasing power determines the volume of imports, which determines the revenue the Government obtains from the duties on imports. When tin and rubber prices are booming, Malaya booms too. The boom collapsed three years ago, but the costly war against Communism still goes on.

Dropped steadily

IN 1953 the price of rubber dropped steadily from 27 pence a lb. to 16 pence a lb. and it has made only a slight and hesitant recovery since. A fall of one penny a lb. reduces Government revenue from all sources by roughly £750,000, and reduces private incomes in Malaya by over £4 million.

The duties on rubber and tin exports in 1954 will probably finance only about one-tenth of Government expenditure, compared with about one-fifth in 1952. The price of tin dropped by nearly £400 last year to £580, and has only recently recovered to about £750 a ton. The fall in both commodities was caused by the surplus of rubber and the potential surplus of tin that arose with the tapering off of the strategic purchases for the American stockpile.

The Governments of the Federation and of the United Kingdom are trying to counter the serious effect on the Malayan economy of the fall in prices in three main ways: by attempts to stabilise prices of tin and rubber; by lessening the country's dependence on those commodities; and by increasing Britain's financial assistance to Malaya.

Britain played a leading part in promoting the International Tin Agreement which, if signed by sufficient producing and consuming countries, will attempt to stabilise the price within an economic range and bring about an orderly adjustment of world production to consumption. The United Kingdom Government will lend Malaya the £5.8 million needed to finance Malaya's contribution to the agreement's buffer stock of tin.

Efforts to obtain a similar agreement on rubber, in which the technical difficulties are much greater, have so far failed, but there are heartening signs that the natural rubber industry may be working out its own salvation. To both commodities the attitude of the United States administration has been increasingly helpful.

Though the United States has not signed the tin agreement, it has stated publicly that it recognises its importance to other countries of the free world, and hence has no objection to its coming into force. On rubber, the administration has taken several steps to allow natural rubber to compete on more even terms with United States synthetic rubber.

Diversifying Malaya's economy will take many years to achieve any worth-while results, but a start has been made. To encourage the expansion of export crops other than rubber, such as vegetable oils and oilseeds, and cocoa, the Government gives tax reliefs to estates and makes direct grants to smallholders who replant with those crops. Domestic production of tin also qualifies for these incentives. To reduce dependence on imports of rice, the staple food of the peoples of the region, domestic production is being expanded by direct Government expen-

diture of some £2 million over the next few years.

Long Term Development

AT the Government's invitation, a mission of the World Bank for Reconstruction and Development has just been in Malaya to review its economic potentialities and to advise on long-term development. But little progress can be made in bringing outlying areas under cultivation and in prospecting for minerals until the country is cleared of terrorists.

The rubber and tin industries have, for many years, financed research and development through their own bureaux in Malaya, Britain, and elsewhere. In rubber, for instance, particular attention is being paid to the expansion of existing uses, such as liquid (latex) rubber for foam-rubber products, and the development of new uses, such as road-surfacing and the soling of shoes with cyclised rubber which has the appearance of leather, but lasts longer. Methods of improving the packing and grading of rubber, so that it can compete more favourably with the precise quality control of synthetic, have also been introduced.

The greatest single means of building up the prosperity of the rubber industry, and thereby to a great extent of Malaya itself, lies in speeding up the replanting of the plantations. New trees, when they mature in about eight years' time, can produce three times as much rubber as the old. At the present price of rubber and rates of taxation, only the leading estates can afford to replant on anything like the scale needed. As producers have little control over the price, they argue, not without justification, that the Government must reduce the burden of taxation.

They hope that following the official enquiry into the competitive position of the industry this year, the Government will ease this burden. The difficulties of so doing are admittedly great, but some relief is undoubtedly necessary, even if the United Kingdom Government would have to offset the loss of revenue by increasing its already large contribution towards the cost of Malayan defence.

LEGAL VALIDITY OF RACE DISTINCTIONS

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1863

FOLLOWING an application by the parents of Negro school children against the segregation doctrine, the U. S. Supreme Court, on 17th May, 1954, unanimously ruled that the segregation of Negro and white pupils in the nation's public schools was unconstitutional. This decision, which undoubtedly marks a milestone in the American constitutional history, has fully vindicated Lincoln's undying faith in America's democratic tradition based on the 'self-evident truth' that all men are created equal. However strange as it might appear, this truth was not so self-evident a century ago in that very land of Lincoln! For, in March 1857, speaking for a court that was predominantly southern, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, in his famous decision in *Dredscott Vs Sanford*, observed that Negroes had "no rights which the whiteman was bound to respect." Not being content with making this statement, he went on to observe that this opinion "was regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics." As was to be expected, this decision left the people of the United States with the naked choice between the 'axiom' propounded by the learned Chief Justice and the 'self-evident truth' enshrined in the American Declaration of Independence. "History", as one writer puts it, "seldom takes short cuts, preferring roundabout and painful roads to compromises suggested by reason at the outset before the passions are roused." So, a tragic civil war had to be waged to decide the issue and the end of the war witnessed the emancipation of the coloured races and the American nation,

in the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, proudly proclaimed that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

No doubt, slavery was abolished in America soon after the civil war. But still the plight of the coloured races, because of the pernicious policy of segregation practised by the white race, remained far from satisfactory. Invidious distinction, in schools and offices, restaurants and railways, continued to be made despite the 'Equal Protection of the Law' clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution. This was made possible by the halting attitude adopted by the U. S. Supreme Court in declaring the constitutional rights of the coloured races. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court has made a steady progress in the matter of vindicating the rights of the coloured races and the latest decision in which the Supreme Court sounded a deathknell to the 'separate but equal' doctrine which has held the field for the last fifty-seven years is as much a crowning achievement of the Court as it is a triumph for the coloured people.

It would be interesting to trace this development by examining a few of the famous cases.

The 'equal but separate' doctrine was first laid down in *Plessy vs Ferguson*, decided in 1896. The legislature of Louisiana passed an act requiring all railway companies carrying passengers in that state to provide "equal but separate accommodations for the white and coloured races." Plessy, a Negro, who persisted in travelling in the car reserved for white passengers was ejected by a policeman and carried to prison. Plessy contended that this amounted to a denial of the Equal Protection of the Law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution. But the Court negated this.

contention and sustained the constitutionality of the enactment. Mr. Justice Brown, speaking for the Court, observed: "The object of the Amendment ('Equal Protection of the Law' clause) was undoubtedly to enforce the absolute equality of the two races before the law, but in the nature of things it could not have been intended to abolish distinctions based upon colour, or to enforce social, as distinguished from political equality. . . . So far, then, as a conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment is concerned, the case reduces itself to the question whether the statute of Louisiana is a reasonable regulation. . . . We cannot say that a law which authorises or even requires the separation of the two races in public conveyances is unreasonable. . . . Legislation is powerless to eradicate racial instincts. . . . If one race be inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them upon the same plane. . . ." Thus came into vogue the 'separate but equal' doctrine.

IN the case of *Buchanan vs Warley* (1917), a unanimous Court declared unconstitutional the provisions of a city ordinance which denied to coloured persons the right to occupy houses in blocks in which the greater number of houses were occupied by white persons, and imposed similar restrictions on white persons with respect to blocks in which the greater number of houses were occupied by coloured persons. Again, in *Harmon vs Tyler* (1927), a unanimous Court declared invalid an ordinance which forbade any Negro to establish a home on any property in a white community or any white person to establish a home in a Negro community, "except on the written consent of a majority of the persons of the opposite race inhabiting such community or portion of the city to be affected." Both these cases involved the rights of sellers to dispose of their properties free from restrictions and in the opinion of the Court the attempt to prevent the alienation of the property was "in direct violation of the fundamental law enacted in the Fourteenth Amendment of the Con-

stitution preventing state interference with property rights except by due process of law." The decision was sharply criticized as "giving greater protection to the property rights of Negroes than to their personal rights."

Shelley vs Kraemer and *McGhee vs Sipes*, both decided in 1948, dealt with questions relating to "the validity of court enforcement of private agreements, generally described as restrictive covenants, which have as their purpose the exclusion of persons of designated race or colour from the ownership or occupancy of real property." The Court, speaking through Mr. Chief Justice Vinson, declared, "The principle has become firmly embedded in our constitutional law that the action inhibited by the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment is only such action as may fairly be said to be that of the States. That Amendment erects no shield against merely private conduct, however discriminatory or wrongful. We conclude, therefore, that the restrictive agreements standing alone cannot be regarded as a violation of any rights guaranteed to petitioners by the Fourteenth Amendment." Adverting to the point whether the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment inhibits judicial enforcement by state courts of restrictive covenants based on race or colour, the Court declared: "It has never been suggested that the state court action is immunized from the operation of those provisions simply because the act is that of the judicial branch of the state government. . . . We have no doubt that there has been state action in these cases in the full and complete sense of the phrase. . . . These are not cases, as has been suggested, in which the states have merely abstained from action, leaving private individuals free to impose such discriminations as they see fit. Rather, these are cases in which the states have made available to such individuals the full coercive power of government to deny to petitioners, on the grounds of race and colour, the enjoyment of property rights. . . . We hold that in

granting judicial enforcement of the restrictive agreements in these cases, the states have denied petitioners the equal protection of the laws. . . ."

In the following group of cases, the Court laid emphasis upon the 'separate but equal' doctrine enunciated in *Plessy vs Ferguson*. In the case of *Missouri Ex Rel Gaines vs Canada*, decided in 1938, the petitioner, a Negro, who otherwise satisfied the requirements, was refused admission to a school of law upon the ground that it was "contrary to the Constitution, laws and public policy of the state to admit a Negro as a student in the University of Missouri." Chief Justice Hughes, delivering the opinion of the Court, said that the petitioner as an individual was entitled to the equal protection of laws and "the state was bound to furnish him within its borders facilities for legal education substantially equal to those which the state afforded for persons of the white race. . . ." Similarly, in *Sweatt vs Painter* (1950), the question raised was "to what extent does the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment limit the power of a state to distinguish between students of different races in professional and graduate education in a State university?" The petitioner's application for admission to the University of Texas Law School was rejected solely because he was a Negro. The Court, holding that such refusal amounted to a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, declared that the "petitioner may claim his full constitutional right: legal education equivalent to that offered by the state to the students of other races. Such education is not available to him in a separate law school as offered by the state." Thus, while the Court impliedly followed the 'separate but equal' doctrine laid down in *Plessy vs Ferguson*, it found that, in the instant case, the State had failed to provide substantial equality in the educational opportunities in the separate law school. It is also interesting to note that the

Court refused to accede to the petitioner's contention that "*Plessy vs Ferguson* should be re-examined in the light of contemporary knowledge respecting the purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment and the effects of racial segregation."

Nevertheless, there has been a gradual but marked change in the attitude of the U. S. Supreme Court towards the constitutional propriety of race distinctions. This change in attitude was noticeable in the Court's approach to this principle of segregation in the case of *McLaurin vs Oklahoma*, decided in 1950. The University of Oklahoma admitted a Negro but required him to use separate though not inferior space in class-rooms, library, etc. Holding that such segregation denied him equal protection, the Court declared: "Such restrictions impair and inhibit his ability to study, to engage in discussions and exchange views with other students. . . . There is a vast difference—a constitutional difference—between restrictions imposed by the state which prohibit intellectual commingling of students, and the refusal of individuals to commingle where the state presents no bar." One may clearly see that the shift in the emphasis laid by the Supreme Court on the 'separate but equal' doctrine and this may be taken to be the beginning of the end of that notorious doctrine. But it was given to Chief Justice Earl Warren to complete the task began by his illustrious predecessor, Chief Justice Vinson. Delivering the Courts' opinion, the Chief Justice declared: "We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

WITH the burial given to the pernicious principle of racial segregation, one might confidently say that the spirit of Lincoln, the 'Great Emancipator', would rest in peace, now that the Highest Tribunal of the land has proclaimed, finally and unequivocally, the self-evident truth that *all men are created equal!*

THE ILL-STARRED SCHEME

By P. N. SAMPATH

AS expected, the modified scheme of education introduced by the Rajaji Ministry last year has gone unwept, unhonoured and unsung. This hasty measure which was imposed on the unwary public without either legislative sanction or expert opinion to back it, had recoheted with such deadly effect on the previous Ministry that Rajaji had to seize on a chance illness to make a strategic exit from office.

By a strange quirk of fate, Rajaji's choice lieutenant and 'chela' C. Subramaniam has been inducted into the Kamaraj Cabinet and the painful duty of announcing the withdrawal of the scheme devolved on him. Sri Subramaniam's speech in the Assembly on the occasion will go down in history as a most unconvincing performance. It was a medley of maudlin sentiment and mulish adhesiveness to a fixed idea. Sri Subramaniam made a vain attempt to reconcile his presence in the Ministry and his present attitude of seeming deference to the party mandate with his erstwhile indifference to democratic ways such as consulting public opinion and obtaining legislative sanction when he was a member of the Rajaji Cabinet. The truth has now dawned on him that "in a democratic set-up, in a democratically constituted society, it was not only that a system or a scheme, by itself had to be good, but it should command popular acceptance also if it was to succeed." The scheme had failed because "we have not been able to get that popular acceptance and popular approval and popular co-operation, which is essential for the success of any scheme." Popular support and co-operation were not forthcoming because the sponsors of the scheme had failed to take the people into their confidence and did not condescend to consult public opinion. If the scheme did not get a fair trial the blame rests with the sponsors, partly at least.

Having been Minister for Education in the Rajaji Ministry, and hav-

ing actively participated in the propaganda in favour of the scheme, it is strange to see Sri Subramaniam clinging to office trying to hide his discomfiture in a clap-trap of sentiment. It would have been all right if he had stated that at the end of a year's trial, he had now become convinced that the scheme had not proved to be a success and that, therefore, he had decided to scrap it. But he said nothing of the kind. On the other hand, he stated: "If today the modified system of education has not succeeded, it is not because of any demerits in it. We are condemning it even without giving it a fair trial." Having said that, his presence in the new Ministry is inapposite and odd indeed. The Minister cannot obviously eat the cake and have it too.

The merit of the Rajaji scheme was that it aimed at giving elementary education to a greater number of pupils by means of the shift system, without any additional expenditure to the State. It tried to link high purpose to an economy of limited public finance. The out-of-the-school programme was devised as a sort of defence against such of those fastidious critics whose conservative conscience resented the shortening of the school hours from the time-honoured five to three. Everybody agrees that education must be both child-centred and life-centred and that it should make intensive efforts to carry learning to a point where skills are utilised in socially worth-while ways. It should not, however, be forgotten that the true function of education is to teach a boy how to learn and how to live—not how to make a living.

It is universally admitted that the entire system of education is outmoded. An educational programme designed to induct youth into a social system in which a few planned, directed and enjoyed most of the returns required a new orientation. Caste and class have their origin in an economy of scarcity and have been sustained by a monopoly of opportunity and wealth. A programme of education adequately conceived and carried out is the most effective means society can employ

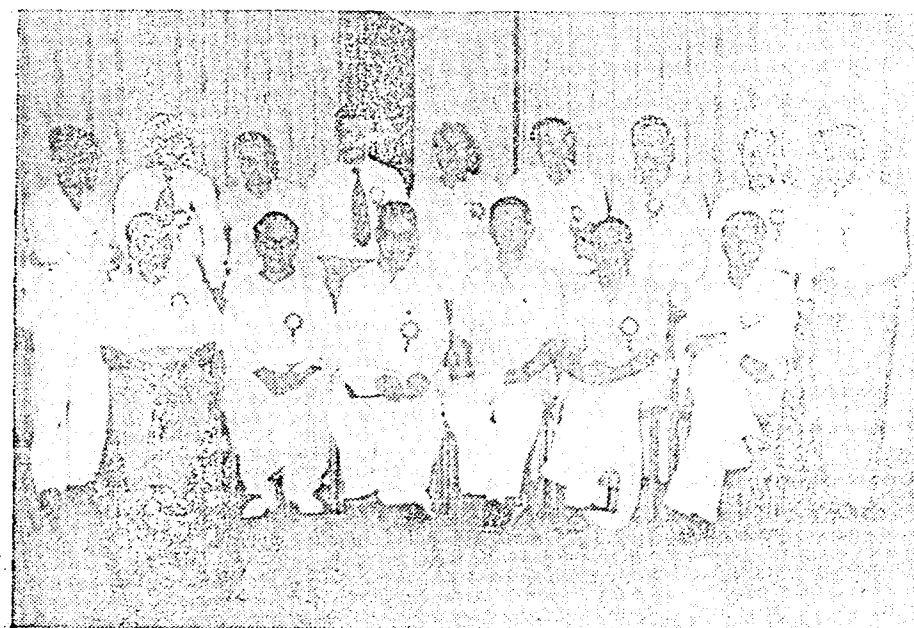
to make real the ideal of the equal chance.

What was intrinsically wrong in the Rajaji scheme? When it thought of imparting craft education to the children (even though it was but visual, as Sri Subramaniam is now pleased to state) the sponsors totally forgot that the various village crafts had become extinct or nearly so due to the impact of adverse economic factors such as the competition of machine-made goods, the grinding poverty of the rural folk and their lack of purchasing power, the crisis in the agricultural industry owing to successive years of draught, rural indebtedness, largescale rural unemployment, etc. To expect the starving artisans to teach the children free or to teach at all was to expect the impossible.

Another basic drawback in the scheme was that the Government did not give the teachers that degree of consideration which was due to them. The teachers are the driving force of any educational reform. They were

not consulted before the scheme was launched. But they were made to work more with the same scanty salaries they were getting. A large proportion of the members of the teaching profession did not become teachers from deliberate choice, but having failed in their attempt to secure other employment, were forced to betake themselves to the ever-open portals of the Great Refuge for the Destitute and become teachers (or at least become classified as such).

Therefore, to say that the scheme had no intrinsic defects but that it had failed because it was from the first assailed by a combination of unpropitious circumstances and political considerations, is an attempt to draw a red herring over facts. By their precipitate folly, the Rajaji Ministry had created unrest in State politics and confusion in the field of elementary education. The inconvenience and anxiety caused to the public cannot be assessed. We all know how the scheme proved fatal to the Ministry itself.



All India Cine Technicians' Conference—Subjects Committee Members

(Photo—M. S. V. Vinod)

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.

Sri Prakasam's Private Secretary

Sir,—Much as I regret the occasion that has given rise to the criticism which appeared in Swatantra of 15th May under the signature of Saka, I am very much pained at the language in which that criticism is couched.

Before going into the allegations made against Sri Hanumantha Rao, son and Private Secretary of Sri Prakasam, I wish to state that the appointment of a relation, friend, nephew or a would-be son-in-law as one's Secretary is far from being unusual in high places. In fact some relations make it a point to be associated with high functionaries as aides-de-camp and military secretaries in order that they may get trained for high State jobs in course of time.

In India it has always been the practice that the Governor of a province is given a Private Secretary and a Military Secretary. The Military Secretary alone is to attend on the Governor in regard to his engagements, his public functions, dinners, receptions, etc., while the Private Secretary is always recruited from the civil service and is one that is neither too old nor too young to act as more or less a personal assistant to the Governor. Files intended for the Governor are generally sent to the Private Secretary who takes up the matter to the Governor, understands the viewpoint of the Governor, differentiates between those which have got to be put down in writing and those which have to be communicated in person and acts accordingly. The Private Secretary belongs to the civil service whereas the Military Secretary may be a close relation of the Governor or his protegee.

In the case of Sri Prakasam, taking for granted that he occupies a position similar to the Governor of the olden days, he must necessarily have two Secretaries corresponding to the Private Secretary and the Military Secretary of the Governor. Sri Prakasam is admittedly in need of a person who looks after him with regard to his health and other physical comforts and engagements and tour programmes. There is no good relying upon ordinary procedure if some

relief is to be given to Sri Prakasam at his age. I think the State would grumble to give such relief. And surely nobody is more fitted to look after the parent's comforts than a faithful son which Sri Hanumantha Rao appears to be. There is therefore no use of complaining that Sri Prakasam wanted his son to be appointed as his Private Secretary.

But it is here that the functions which a Private Secretary of the type of Sri Hanumantha Rao should perform should be differentiated from the duties and functions of a Private Secretary of the old type. Saka is no doubt correct to point this out and save Sri Prakasam, Sri Hanumantha Rao and the Andhra State from all the obloquy which Sri Hanumantha Rao would invite if he should be allowed to perform the functions of the old Private Secretary. The criticism might however have been less caustic and less bitter.

One is sure that Sri Prakasam, with his downright honesty and bluntness and his carefree life, would certainly agree to have a Secretary to carry out the functions of the old Private Secretary, namely, dealing with the administration matters of the State. Much embarrassment that might have been caused by Sri Hanumantha Rao performing the dual functions of the Military Secretary and Private Secretary to the colleagues of Sri Prakasam, to his Secretariat and the public would be saved. Undoubtedly Sri Hanumantha Rao is not the person fitted academically or by his experience in the regular Secretarial services or acquaintance with public matters to deal with State files and State matters, particularly when Sri Prakasam himself is physically unable to grapple with them direct.

It is hoped that Sri Prakasam would be acquainted with the hullabaloo that is being raised on account of Sri Hanumantha Rao's appointment and would soon rectify matters and relieve his son of the very embarrassing position in which he is being placed.

SAMI VENCATACHELAM CHETTY

"Telugu Literature"

Sir,—I regret to bring to the notice of the readers of Swatantra dated 8-5-'54, in which Mr. K. Ramakotiswara Rau author of the article on "Telugu Literature" boldly omitted the name of Jandhyala Papayya Sastri, a noted Telugu poet. Sastri gave me several poems and his book 'Andhra Kavya' which contains national songs and his two 'Vijaya' 'Udaya' and 'Vijaya Sri' are worthy to read.

M. V. RAGHAVAIAH
Narsapur

9.3658

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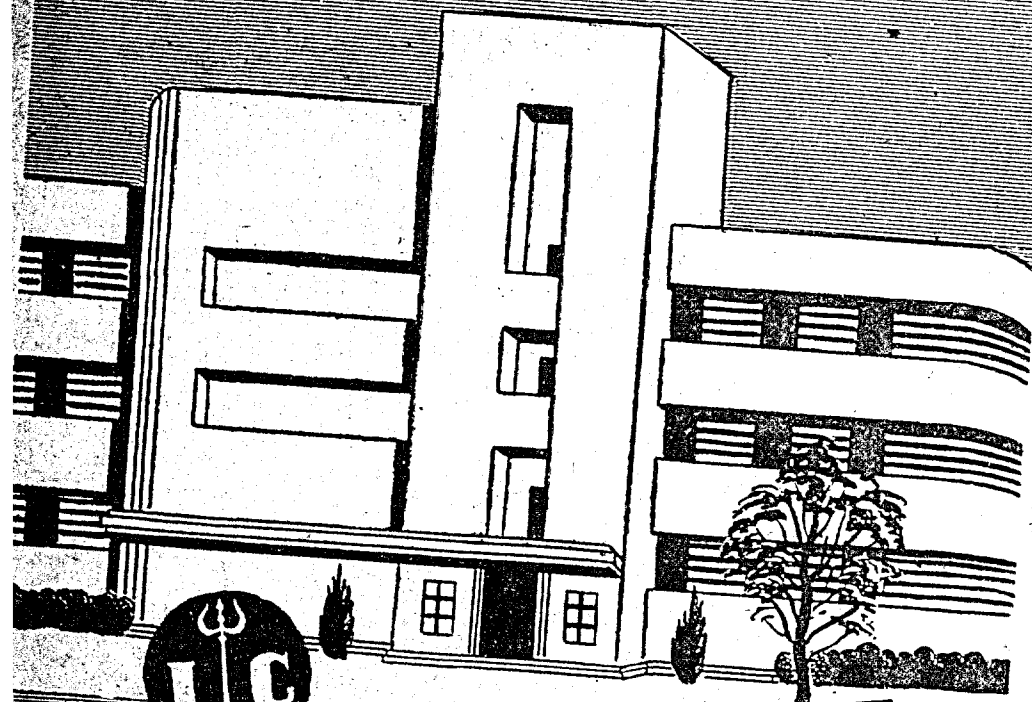
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