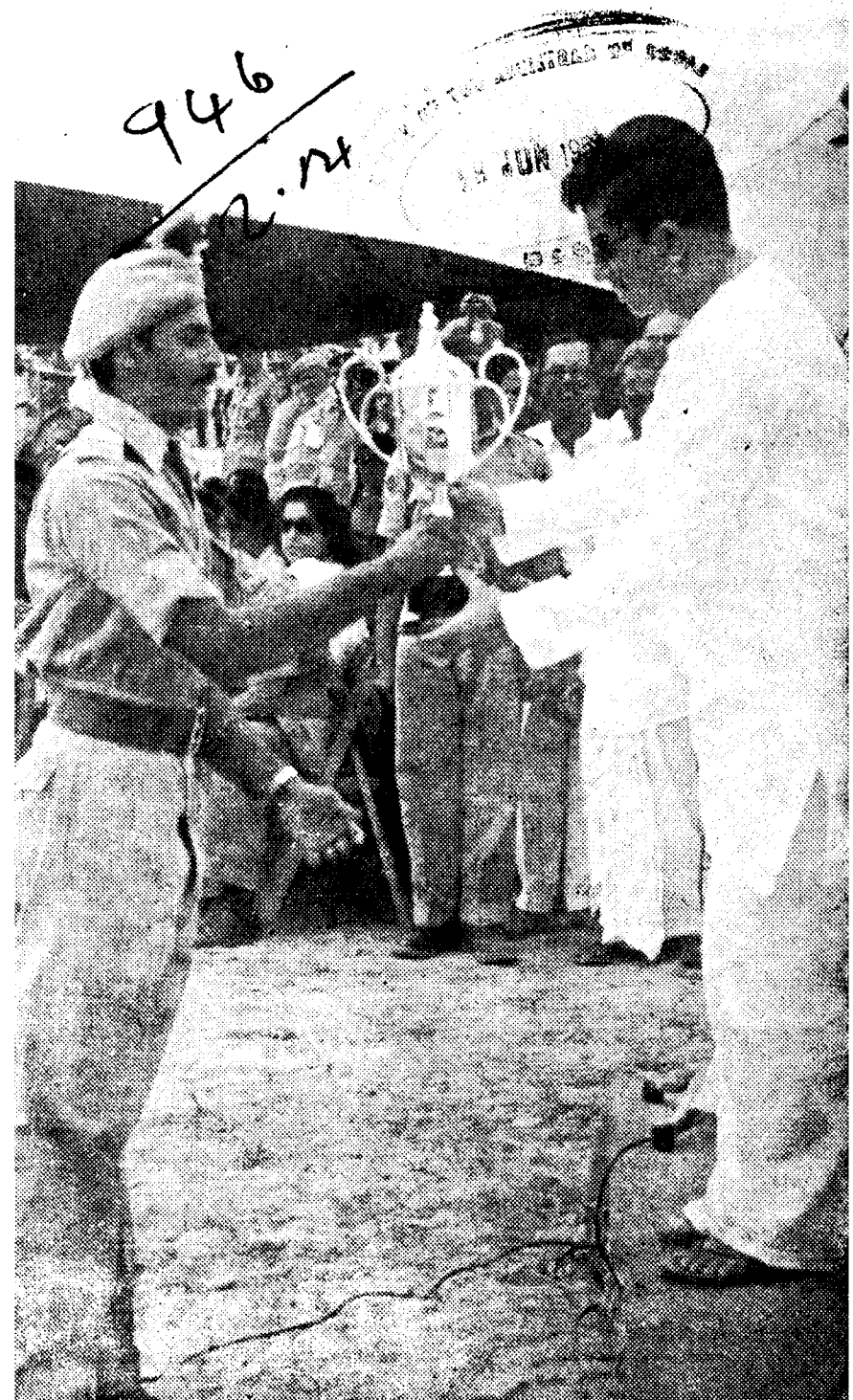


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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
DO WE NEED A NEW MARRIAGE LAW?	8
NEWS AND VIEWS	9
THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE	11
ART AND TECHNOLOGY	12
LIFE: DESIRE IN THE SUN	15
EDEN FIGHTS A PHANTOM	17
OUR POLITICAL PARTIES	19
THE LAST OF THE WORLD'S ABSOLUTE MONARCHS	21
THE LANGUAGE ISSUE	25
MYTHILI (Short Story)	28
LAST YEAR'S REBELS (Poem)	30
SOME SOUTH INDIAN AUTHORS	31
A DISSERTATION ON DHOTI	32
NEW BOOKS (Reviews)	34
INDIANS IN MALAYA	38
FILMS	39
THE SWEDISH ACADEMY	44
CORRESPONDENCE	47
Vighneswara	3
Saka	4
Santha Rungachary	6
Figaro	8
M. A. Khuddus	11
Manas	12
Santha	15
Andrew Roth	17
G. Srinivasaraghavachariar	19
P. G. Krishnayya's Service	21
T. V. Gopal Rao	25
Manjeri S. Isvaran	28
Irene Coates	30
Artur Lundkvist	31
S. V. Raghavan	32
S. Gopalakrishnan	34
V. P. Sathe	38
Philip L. Lorraine	39

ON THE COVER:

Sri C. Subramaniam with the NCC cadets of the Madras C Battalion at Tiruvallur.

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.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year: Inland, Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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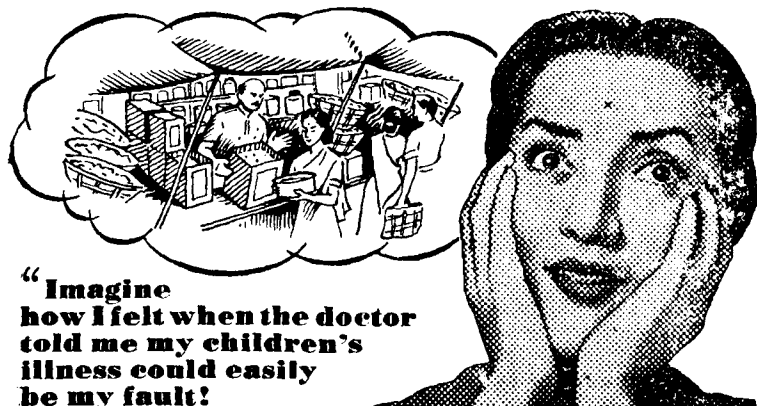
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JUNE 5, SATURDAY 1954

No. 18

AMERICA'S BAD ALLIES

IN an address to the Rotary Club on Tuesday Mr. H. C. Ramsey, American Consul-General in Madras, paid a fine tribute to India. "Let it be said to your credit and glory that you have elected parliamentary democracy as your political norm," he praised. This, in his opinion, is "why India is involved and committed in the 'cold war' and why the trial between India and China is pivotal and decisive." He then gave this blessing: "America wants democracy to survive its trials in India." At about the same time that Mr. Ramsey was addressing the Rotary Club in Madras, Mr. Mohamed Ali, the Pakistan Prime Minister, was broadcasting a speech over the radio from Karachi. The burden of this speech was denunciation of Mr. Fazlul Huq as a "traitor". Mr. Fazlul Huq is the leader of a party that routed Mr. Mohamed Ali's Muslim League at the recent elections in East Bengal. To him belongs a fresh mandate from the voters to govern. It is the essence of parliamentary democracy as a political norm that the right to rule is conferred by means of the ballot box at the elections, and no power is competent to interfere with that right. In parliamentary democracy criminality is not attributed to any individual in an *ad hoc* way to do him out of his political right as Mr. Mohamed Ali has now done to oust Mr. Huq out of the Chief Ministership of East Bengal. It is the duty and the privilege of the courts to take cognizance of accusations involving offences like treason and

try the accused on the evidence. It is only in totalitarian countries that we hear of Ministers being suddenly deposed from high office and dealt with as malefactors by the exercise of political or executive power without any operation of the judiciary or the legislature. It is just this sort of thing that happened in Russia when Beria was sent to his doom.

Mr. Mohamed Ali's interference with the natural sequence of the East Bengal elections in forcibly evicting Mr. Huq from office and instituting Governor's rule under virtually military conditions, is reported to have been brought about with the active connivance of the American ambassador in Pakistan. If the report be correct, the American claim as upholders of democracy will be gravely prejudiced not only in Pakistan but also in India and other Asian countries. The set-up of government that has been brought about in East Pakistan, apparently with full American collaboration, approximates more to the political norm prevailing in the Communist countries, than in the parliamentary democracies in whose development American representatives like Mr. Ramsey see embedded the very survival of freedom in Asia and the world. This contradiction between American theoretical concern for concepts like democracy and freedom and the American practice of bestowing special favour on notorious transgressors against democratic principles and the integrity of parliamentary elections, is responsible for

the deep and growing distrust of America in Asian countries, despite hundreds of millions of dollars sunk in aid for the rehabilitation of underdeveloped areas.

The British won great prestige when they liberated India. Mr. Attlee who, as head of the British Government at the time, was responsible for the bold stroke of policy that resulted in Indian freedom, says in his autobiography that one of the reasons that forced the British to face the Indian problem squarely was the American attitude: "Our allies the American people had very strong views, shared by the Administration, of the evils of imperialism. Much of their criticism of British rule was very ill-informed but its strength could not be denied." The part played by Americans through diplomatic and other channels open to them, to hasten the termination of British rule in India, established them as true champions of freedom, and by

the end of the second war, American prestige shone with unexampled lustre in Asia. But subsequent to the war, the responsibilities of the direct leadership assumed by them as guardians of the world's freedom, seem to have driven them into nervousness when confronted with difficulties, and instead of adhering steadfastly to the principles of democracy enunciated by them, they have been entering into compromises with some of the most outstanding undemocratic forces to avert apparently threatening military and political disasters. American espousal of world freedom is vitiated by active collaboration with some of the most vicious and reactionary regimes in the world to-day. They must extricate themselves from their bad allies if they hope to replace the present distrust with confidence and co-operation and play a worthy part as promoters of freedom and democracy in the world.

Sotto Voce

THE RETORT COURTEOUS



CAUGHT up in a deluge of reasoning, expostulation and righteousness I felt rather more sorry for poor Padmavathi than for myself. Mrs. Santha Rungachary, in "A Letter to Vighneswara," was, even in the act of debunking, being no doubt charitable. She attributed Padmavathi's collapse to heart failure: she might have easily suggested that it was a Hollywood turn. The sequel, had she known it, would have confirmed her in her suspicion. The old chronicler says that Jayadeva brought

his dead wife back to life by singing his famous nineteenth Ashtapadi *Priye Chaaruseele*. Such preposterous things occur only in the films, or to be more accurate, only in our bad Puranic films.

I have no idea of Mrs. Rungachary's taste in films. I should be extremely surprised to find her sharing the enthusiasm of her unsophisticated sisters for the Damayantis and the Chandramatis and the Nalayanis of the silver screen. But what they lack

in fastidiousness they make up for in fervour. When they see a muscular and much-bedaubed Rama or Krishna on the screen they are often artless enough to take the counter-felt presentment for truth and curtsy and genuflect as if the Lord Himself were physically present. That kind of thing must be trying to civilised and highstrung nerves. But I am myself rather less distressed by this than by the revivalist frenzy that seems to seize a Congress crowd whenever Mr. Nehru happens to be near by.

Legislation of the Special Marriage Bill variety is an attempt on the part of the handful of political idolators to constrain the vast mass of the people of this country to their ways of thinking. The masses may be religious idolators and social Adullamites. But you have to take them as you find them. Mrs. Rungachary plaintively asks: "Must we drag religion into a discussion of marriage?" That is a question which the Indian people will totally fail to understand. And I for one find it almost as difficult to concede Mrs. Rungachary's ingenuous claim that she herself is "a fairly average" sample, whether of educated women or of the sex as a whole.

When she talks of the "freedom to err" she is no doubt secure in the feeling that people like her will not allow that freedom to run away with them. But education is no more a guarantee among women than among men of mental balance and self-control. On the contrary the Kinsey Report and Beerbohm Rowntree's researches seem to suggest that education of the kind we have borrowed so freely is calculated to undermine traditional mores without replacing it by any kind of consistent or genuine philosophy. It is this type of college girl—happily still rare with us—that Mrs. Rungachary seems to be thinking of when she cheerfully generalises that "the arsenal of the accumulated virtues of generations of women has now gone up in smoke."

I do not take the view that traditional morality is dead and had better be buried five fathoms deep.

And while I take my hat off to the pioneers who are out to create new moral values, I should like to see them first, before pronouncing a benediction on them. Mrs. Rungachary twits us cravens with the fear of change and asks whether the heavens have fallen because of the Sarda Act and the Widow Re-marriage Act over which we made such fuss. It is a well-known pathological symptom—the refusal of the man who has fallen into a decline to see that anything is wrong with himself.

I am charmed by the deference with which Mrs. Rungachary asks me to make up her mind for her on the momentous question, which of two dread alternatives she should seek to escape from, "the knowledge that science has brought and threatens to bring or the revelations that have been handed down to us." Much as it may surprise her in a traditionalist, I am congenitally averse to making up other people's minds for them. And really there seems to be no question of 'Either—Or' here. The "knowledge that science has brought" may have destroyed a few Victorian shibboleths. It has not invalidated the *Brahman* or obscured it except as a pice held close to the eye may obscure the sun.

I am rather surprised that Mrs. Rungachary should join in the superficial denunciation of man-made morality. That morality would hardly have held the field so long if women had not actively lent their support to it. And being extremely common-sensical they would not have supported it if on the whole it did not work satisfactorily to themselves. It may be that "the pattern of desire has changed." But the morality that guides itself by the lodestar of desire rarely leads to the good life, though it may help one have a good time: see the candid testimony of *The Woman of Rome*. And Mrs. Rungachary's touching confidence in the ability and willingness of Judges to play Deputy Providence is typical of the modern sentimentalism that puts its faith in made-to-order substitutes for Dharma.

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE question of land grants to political sufferers has been reopened by the Kamaraj Ministry. When Sri Rajagopalachari became Chief Minister, one of the first things he did was to stop the grants. Rajaji was distressed by the spectacle of patriotic service to the country being vulgarised by too glaring an association with a system of material rewards. It hurt the spirit of the Gita doctrine to which he was devoted that any benefit on a large scale should go to the political sufferers, whose privilege it should have been to demonstrate the principle of sacrifice untarnished by the dross of gain. Intrinsically Rajaji's standpoint was conceived in the highest tradition of the Gandhian pattern of leadership. But its flaw lay in the fact that it was not uniformly applied. In the higher rungs of the Congress hierarchy, what passed for suffering in the national cause opened up to the sufferers later on splendid positions like Governors, Ministers, Ambassadors and the like. The top leaders of the Congress did themselves very well and reaped a profitable harvest out of their participation in the rigours and ardours of the Gandhian movement. It was only in the case of the poor devils that followed them in their thousands that they sought to apply the Gita teaching of renunciation and of conscientious labour in good causes without thought of the fruit thereof.

Probably Sri Kamaraj Nadar also bought a copy of the Gita and placed it in his kit as so many other Satyagrahis did when they were sent to prison. But he has not indulged, ever, in any ostentatious flourish of the philosophy of that great work for inspiring colleagues, rivals, opponents or followers with the right degree of abstemiousness. Nor has he sought in intellectual subtlety any refuge from the challenging problems of our trouble-laden world. Being, as it were, one of the multitude who has never outgrown the worker's status, it is characteristic of him that the

troubles of common people enter his comprehension more easily than the didactic functions of leadership for herding the sheep in its fold along resplendent spiritual paths. From the fact that bus fares for children have been halved without any agitation at all for it, it is indicated that we have in the new Chief Minister, one endowed with the gift of initiative for kind action to lighten the economic burdens of the under-dogs in his domain. The same sentiment, undoubtedly, must be responsible for the reconsideration being given to the question of land grants to political sufferers.

These grants were made in the past on application. The clamorous and the influential got away with the lion's share of them. The more decent lot, who felt it repugnant to their dignity to seek a price for decade-old political effort, stood aloof from the scramble. There are thousands in the country that gave their all and lost their properties in the urge of the Non co-operation movement, and got literally ruined thereby, and to these the advent of independence has brought no relief. In the heyday of victory the affections of the Congress leaders that stepped into power were transferred mysteriously to just those elements in the life of the country that had given the greatest support to British rule. If conditions before and after freedom are compared, two distinct classes emerge: one that has had the best of both the regimes, and the other the worst of them. Latter-day Congress decay is largely due to the despair to which the Congress workers of old that gave it strength and support were driven by the neglect and cruelty of the leaders that rose to power on the ladder of prominence supplied by such workers.

As Sri Kamaraj is the only Chief Minister in the country that owes his position entirely to the support of the workers and their feeling that he is still one of themselves, it is not surprising that the plight of political

sufferers should give him a sort of discomfort which it never gave to any of his predecessors who were of a different kidney. The old ways of dealing with the political sufferers were all crude. The Government should seek out those martyred in different ways by the sacrifices they laid at the altar of national freedom, and rehabilitate them with honour and economic aid as a matter of duty which it owes to them and not a favour to be sought with supplication.

Land is not the only means of aid to political sufferers. Land is useless to those that cannot cultivate it. Non-cultivating political sufferers are entitled to every form of preference which it is in the power of Government to show to them within the limits of permissible latitude without impinging on the rights of others to full enjoyment of their status as citizens, independent of all political considerations.

SAKA

The World's Oldest Fossils

CHRISTOPHER Serpell, the BBC's correspondent in Washington, reported in "Radio Newsreel" on the discovery in America of the oldest fossils yet found by any geologists. The discoverers were three American scientists who were working as a team, a geologist or student of rocks, a palaeobotanist or student of prehistoric plant life, and a geophysicist, or student of the physics of this planet. When they were exploring some very ancient mineral deposits near Lake Superior, the geologist found a piece of flint-like quartz which contained microscopic fossils; the plant expert identified these as the remains of three different living things—a one-celled creature, half plant and half animal, called a flagellate; a simple mould; and an alga, or slime-mould. This showed that the ore was very old indeed and as the fossil rock was beneath it this was obviously even older, an age which the geophysicist computed to be about two thousand million years. The figure is startling from two points of view: it is twice as long as anyone had previously estimated for the age of organic life on earth and very nearly half the figure quoted by astronomers as being the probable age of the earth itself. It means that in an inconceivably distant epoch, after the most ancient rocks had been laid down, a primaeva sea existed in the area now occupied by Lake Superior and in its waters there was life—microscopic but recognisably related to modern forms and processes. There was the alga, equipped with the chlorophyll which

enables plants to convert sunlight into energy, the flagellate, a tiny creature with the energy to change its position by lashing a whiplike tail, and the common mould, a form of life which promotes decay and thus returns energy to the natural cycle. "All three are venerable symbols," said Serpell, "but perhaps the most august is that Promethean creature which stole the energy of life from the sun itself—a blue-green alga, half as old as time."—BBC

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DO WE NEED A NEW MARRIAGE LAW?

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

IT looks remarkably as if the Special Marriage Bill blessed by the Council of States last month is going to be pruned and whittled down considerably before the Lok Sabha has done with it. Members have risen in alarm to warn that unless adequate safeguards are devised marriages are likely to become like *railway* friendships, lasting a mere day or two and then breaking up or that if divorce became as easy as casting off one's clothes *society will go to dogs*. The concern shown for the inviolate preservation of the Indian home is most touching. Could it be possible that the men are working off a sense of guilt under the guise of a disinterested though commendable worry about the future of the institution of marriage? What is as significant is the delighted acceptance of the Bill by our women legislators. It is not terribly important really that the Bill in its entirety and as it stands be passed now by our Parliament. But it is most gratifying that the Bill should have been worded as it was and should have made the provisions it did make. Let not the men ask: Is it necessary? Reason not the need, Sirs, our basest beggars are in the poorest things superfluous. But the women can really wait for what must seem now to the men, the granting of the inch. Suffice it that the thought was spoken.

Changes in the marriage law have been made from time to time in every country and I cannot see any reason to believe that such a change is not needed or justified or permissible in our country. Let us begin by granting all the premises. Ours is one of the oldest of civilisations. We have a tradition of culture which goes beyond our earliest palm-leaf manuscripts. We have the examples of Seetha, Savithri, Damayanti, Arundhati and a galaxy of others. Above all, we have our Vedas. So it is sacrilegious to talk of divorce or

of having to be twenty-one or of breaking up the joint-family or of not marrying the uncle's daughter or of *exceptional hardship*.

First, let us begin by reassuring all those who need to be reassured that the Special Marriage Bill and other pieces of legislation governing marriage which have been passed by various states from time to time do not alter the sanctified Hindu law of Marriage. The Hindu Law of Marriage based on the Vedas and the Smritis and the utterances of sages and *mahapurushas* stands fixed and immutable. A boy can still marry at sixteen according to Mitakshara law and one whole year earlier according to Dayabhaga. After a time he can still marry another. A Hindu girl above fourteen can marry her uncle, her uncle's son or her aunt's son without being afraid of the arm of the law reaching out to grab her. The sanctity and the sacrament and the *samskara* remain inviolate. The women can still continue to be protected by their fathers in their childhood, by their husbands in their youth and by their sons in their decrepitude. The Bill only makes certain alterations in the form and conditions of civil marriage.

Next, it would be a salutary reminder to begin with that ours is not by any means the only system of marriage in the world and that other systems so various and different as to invalidate all comparison have flourished from the beginning of recorded time. They have all to a lesser or greater extent directed happily and successfully the lives and honour and habits of men and women everywhere. Marriages between brothers and sisters were the rule rather than the exception with the Persians and the Egyptians. The history of marriage is the history of human relationships. And human relationships are inherently changea-

(Continued on page 41)

NEWS AND VIEWS

Canal Waters Dispute

THE dispute between India and Pakistan over the sharing of the waters of the six rivers of the Punjab is again in the news. While arrangements are being made in Washington to continue talks on this question between representatives of the two countries under the auspices of the World Bank, and Mr. Zafrullah Khan, the Foreign Minister of Pakistan, is now on his way there, Pakistan is reported to have erected a bund across the Ravi river (which runs along the Indo-Pakistan border for some distance) at Dera Bab Nanak in West Punjab and diverted some of its waters to areas on her side. As a result 22 villages in Amritsar and Burdaspur in East Punjab have been affected and the authorities of these districts have requested the State Government to take appropriate steps to save these villages from an attack of drought.

The World Bank, it may be recalled, has been trying to mediate in this dispute, as a technical body, and had made certain proposals for sharing the waters. It is stated to have recommended that the waters of the Ravi, the Sutlej and the Beas should be enjoyed by India, while those of the Indus, the Jhelum and the Chenab should go to Pakistan. The Government of India accepted these proposals in their entirety in its desire to get an early solution of this problem so that work on irrigation schemes in East Punjab could go ahead, though, according to estimates, India will thereby get less than thirty per cent of the water of the Indus river system.

It is not yet known whether the Pakistan Government will accept the World Bank's suggestion. But the fact is she is interested in maintaining the *status quo* since she could get water from canal head-works in India, which she would lose if the proposals of the World Bank were accepted by her. Though the waters of the three rivers allotted to her will be many times more than enough to replace the supplies she is receiv-

ing from India—and a major portion of these are now going to waste—schemes will have to be executed, and she will have to spend crores of rupees on them. Naturally she prefers the existing arrangements, which, however, India cannot afford to continue, as large tracts in East Punjab, Pepsu and Rajasthan need irrigation facilities urgently.

New Opposition in Parliament

A MOVE is afoot to form a new opposition party in the House of the People consisting of all non-Communist groups. The Praja Socialist Party with 23 members in the House will be the main component of this party, which will include the Peasants and Workers' Party of Bombay led by Mr. S. S. More, the People's Democratic Front of Hyderabad which includes Dr. N. M. Jaisooriya, the Revolutionary Socialist party, the Forward Bloc and the Tamilnad Toilers' Party. The sponsors of this new party, expected to be named the People's Democratic Party, are Messrs. J. B. Kripalani and Asoka Mehta, the P. S. P. leaders, and Mr. S. S. More. It is believed that this party will have a strength of over fifty in the House and can, therefore, claim recognition as a party in Parliament when it re-assembles. To satisfy the Speaker's ruling that a party to be recognised as a party in the House must also have a national organisation and a national programme, the sponsors hope to organise the party on an all-India basis before then.

Members of the new party are also stated to have approved a 13-point programme, described as strongly leftist. The party wants the heads of States to be elected, and favours greater autonomy for the units. It is also in favour of the abolition of the Upper House in the States. In regard to taxation, it advocates the removal of all taxes on essential articles and increase of the burden on the richer sections of society. Progressive nationalisation and protection to small industrialists are other points in the programme. But the most revolutionary item concerns land

policy. The party is opposed to non-cultivators owning land. Co-operative farming is to be encouraged with a minimum price being guaranteed for agricultural products. The legal procedure is to be simplified to provide cheaper justice.

The programme is for the present of academic interest, but one good result of it is likely to be that the Government will be compelled to be more progressive than it is at present. Princes and representatives of big business are barred from becoming members of the party as also communal groups like the Hindu Mahasabha, the Jan Sangh and the Ram Rajya Parishad. But it is surprising that the Toilers' Party should have been included since it is essentially communal in origin and character and the roots of its strength are to be traced to its communal appeal. Obviously this is to raise the strength of the party to fifty.

Education in T.-C.

ONCE again Travancore-Cochin has taken the lead in educational matters. The Praja Socialist Government in that State has decided that education in the first and second forms should be free for all pupils in all schools with the reopening of schools for the 1954-55 academic year. This is the first step in the policy of the P. S. P. Government to provide free education for all children up to the age of 14 years, enunciated in the Rajpramukh's address to the Legislative Assembly on March 22 last. Though this decision is in consonance with the Directive Principle of State Policy contained in the Constitution, the Praja Socialist Party must be congratulated on the fact that the first State Government constituted by it has taken the initial step in implementing the Directive. As primary education is already free in that State, no child will have to pay any fees for the first seven years of its education. There are also no fees for admission to primary and middle school classes.

From details available night school education in Travancore-Cochin must be among the cheapest in India and, what is more, the fees are uniform throughout the State. The Govern-

ment has now fixed the fee per annum at Rs. 24 for the third form and Rs. 48 for the fourth, fifth and sixth forms, payable in eight equal instalments, besides nominal library and games fees. On the other hand, a student of the third form in an aided school in Madras City has to pay an annual fee of Rs. 55 besides special fees amounting to Rs. 5 or 6, and a student of the high school classes has to pay Rs. 80 plus Rs. 10 or 11 as special fees. The rates are reported to be somewhat lower in Government and Corporation schools and in schools in the mofussil. But the difference is not much. It is difficult to understand why such marked differences in this matter between conditions in Madras and Travancore-Cochin should prevail.

Bihar-Bengal boundary

WITH the appointment of the States Reorganisation Commission, Bengalis have decided that their final and only chance to seek a settlement of the boundary dispute with Bihar has come. In a memorandum to the Commission the West Bengal Pradesh Congress Committee has urged the inclusion in West Bengal of the areas of Purnea, up to the bed of the old Kosi, Manbhum including Parulia and Dhanbad, Santhal parganas (excluding Godda subdivision), Dhalbhum in Singbhum and part of Seraikela, in Bihar. The Committee has also claimed that North Balasore in Orissa and Gopalpara and Garo Hills in Assam should go to West Bengal. It has also contended that there are special reasons for including Cachar (in Assam) and Tripura in West Bengal. The new territories claimed are 6,724 square miles in area with a population of nearly 18 lakhs.

Whether every one of the claims of the West Bengal P. C. C. is reasonable or not, it is conceivable that at least some of them may be. When Bihar and Orissa were formed as new provinces, the British Government of those days formed them without any consideration as to language, the only factor weighing with them being administrative convenience. Some Bengali areas were then included in Bihar and Orissa and reconsidera-

tion of the boundaries might be necessary if the Commission decides for linguistic States.

Future of Delhi

IT is reported that opinion in the Congress High Command has crystallized against the continuance of Part 'C' States. The argument seems to be that these States are a heavy financial burden on the Centre and that their existence as separate units, which are not viable, is no longer justified. While it seems to have been decided to merge Ajmer with Rajasthan and Bhopal either

with Madhya Pradesh or with Madhya Bharat or divide it between the two, the case of Himachal Pradesh and Coorg is still under consideration, as these tiny States form compact cultural entities by themselves.

The only exception to the proposal to merge Part 'C' States is likely to be Delhi, which, being the capital of India, must continue to exist as a separate entity in some form or other. But it will not exist as a Part 'C' State. Instead a corporation is to be set up to administer the area. —Figaro

The Advance of Science

By M. A. KHUDDUS

MAN has begun to use science not as a promoter of culture and civilisation but as a bulwark against the dangers of his brutal ambitions and greed. The times are gone when man held himself in check in political and social activities out of a fear of God. In the medieval period the Pope was both the temporal and spiritual head of the State in European countries just as the Caliphs of the Middle East held sway in the Islamic States. But in modern times it is science and not religion which is shaping the destinies of the world.

What may be the reason behind such a phenomenal change of outlook, such an aversion to religion and an apparent indifference to God in men of today? Long long ago people were not civilised and so were bowing to Nature, whereas they have now succeeded in the conquest of Nature in all its spheres. And it is this scientific knowledge, this awareness of the Secrets of Nature and its laws which made men what they are today—defiant of Nature and of its creator.

There would have been great human happiness and progress in the world if science could bring about, by some process, purification of the soul or nobility in the human character. Distances between nations have vanished but there is no real harmony even among neigh-

bouring countries except a kind of diplomatic friendship. And it is unfortunately scientific knowledge and the use of modern weapons which helped them to increase their destructive power, investing them with a sense of security. The Americans have recently exploded two hydrogen bombs regardless of the disastrous effects on human and animal life. It is clear that the big powers are following the law of the jungle instead of the law of reason and truth. Exploding nuclear weapons is nothing but trying to destroy Nature which is so beautiful to mankind. It is only in modern scientists that such a craze for destructive knowledge prevails. Older scientists, in their inventions and discoveries, had the good of mankind at the back of their mind. They had a great sense or piety and were reluctant to undertake any experiment which would disturb the smooth working of Nature. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the laws of gravitation, expressed his surprise at the perfect unison and accuracy with which the planets moved in the heavens. He defied atheists, saying that but for the hand of the supreme being, such orderliness and harmony could not have existed in the universe. So it is wrong to suppose that science is opposed to nature and progress. We must blame only the Governments of our time for doing great harm to the world by their way of wielding science.

ART AND TECHNOLOGY

THE present has several appropriate designations. It is often called the Age of Power or the Age of Technology. A few years ago men spoke of the Age of Reason and the Age of Science. After the second world war a growing pessimism led to expressions like the Lost Age, the Age of Fear, or the Age of Nihilist Revolution. All these ideas have application to our time, but, from the viewpoint of what is to come, or what we hope may come out of present confusion, the best designation may be the Age of Criticism.

There is a popular and often shallow tendency to condemn "mere" criticism as "negative." But criticism may be of the greatest importance, depending upon its reference-points—the standards in terms of which it is offered. Useful criticism is impossible without clear self-consciousness, and the great forward movements of history go sour because men do not have sufficient awareness to recognize when a progressive force loses its positive energy and begins to eat into the fabric of civilization with the acids of aimless self-indulgence and pious pretense.

One of the primary problems of our technological society has been that we have no idea how to render the social and economic forms of this society into means to genuine culture. The shiny fruits of technology are produced without reference to cultural values and create states of mind which are oblivious to them. We find ourselves the victims of these soulless offspring of the machine—bound to continue to make them in order to feed and house ourselves, while feeling a growing suspicion and contempt for the objectives which they represent. Our theories of the good life all date from an epoch in which modern technology was in the making—when it was naively supposed that scientific and mechanical progress would at last bring on the Utopia of which philosophers and poets had vainly dreamed. An almost religious fervour was associated with these ex-

pectations, and now, as we begin to see that they are not coming true, we have nothing to fall back on, no alternative theory of the good life to give us a new hope.

Hope, then, lies in only one place—in searching criticism of the intellectual and moral foundations of our technological society. And it must be a kind of criticism which goes beyond the obvious comment that modern man has not been able to make his moral consciousness keep pace with mechanical progress, which has more to say than that the nervous tension of modern life is making neuroticism almost "natural" in our society.

It is natural for psychiatrists and novelists to lead in criticism of this sort, since both are primarily workers in the field of human motives, feelings, and thinking, and both may be called "clinicians"—the one group as healers, the other as artists. But before broad reforms can be instituted—before thoroughgoing processes of regeneration can set in—these criticisms must be repeated and explored by others on a culture-wide scale. We now have evidence of the spread of this outlook to the fields of art and technology.

Art and technology seem to be polar opposites in the cultural scheme. The arts are, so to say, the ageless aspect of any society. That is, they represent the side of human activity which, like man himself, cannot be "improved" by technology. Technology may supply the arts with techniques, but the art that is produced in a technological age does not depend upon technology for its excellence. It depends upon artists. And in an age in which the delusions common to technological enterprise set the tone of culture, the artist becomes either a revolutionary, an alienated man, or a beguiled and betrayed individual who has lost the true sense of his calling. It is a development of great significance, therefore, that fundamental criticism is now arising from both the arts and technology.

Now a book has appeared which seems to reach a fundamental outlook concerning the role of the arts in human life. One hopes there will be many such books, that Andre Malraux' *The Voices of Silence* is but the beginning of a cycle of critical synthesizing thinking on the arts.

To represent critical thinking in technology, we have a passage from a recent address by Charles Lindbergh. Lindbergh, it seems to us, is an appropriate choice in this respect. His personal stature has never been overshadowed by the machines of which he is both operator and designer. Lindbergh, we may add, is the only man we can think of who appears on the modern scene in the role of a hero—a hero, incidentally, whose most notable achievements are not connected with the mass execution of modern war.

Last January 25, Colonel Lindbergh spoke at the Aeronautical Sciences Night Dinner. Here is no blind admiration for technology, but a call to scale the exploits of science to human dimensions:

This mid-century generation we represent stands on amazing accomplishments, but faces alarming problems. We have wiped out a city with a single bomb, but how can we use this fact to heighten our civilization? We build aircraft by the tens of thousands in our factories, but what will our factories build in the character of their personnel—not only in our generation, but in our children's, and their children's? We tie all countries together, put each doorstep on a universal ocean, but how are we to direct these accomplishments to improve the basic qualities of life? In emphasizing force, efficiency, and speed, are we losing a humility, simplicity and tranquility without which we cannot indefinitely hold our own, even in worldly competition?

These are the problems of human power, of long-term survival upon earth. We have shown what man can make of science. Now it is a question of what our scientific environment will make of man, for an environment affects the form and thought of each new generation. To date, the results of science have been primarily materialistic. We have measured success by our products rather than ourselves.

I have stated a problem. You have the right to ask for a solution. I believe the solution lies in each individual, through the standards he holds; that it lies not in political parties or radical movements, but in human values and gradual trends; not in a greater complication, but in a greater simplicity of life. In other words, I believe that the solution lies within ourselves, and that we can find it nowhere else. Our parties, movements, laws, and codes are important, but they are only outward manifestations of our inward values. The excessive materialism of the modern world is a reflection of the excessive materialism in modern man. Nothing is gained by attacking the reflection; we must concentrate on the source; and in doing so, we can be successful only by bringing to our assistance the factors of trend, faith, and time. Unexpanded by the time dimension, flattened on a momentary mental screen, the chaos of our modern world is staggering. We watch assemblies and conferences bog down until we realize that man has not the wisdom to solve his problems by any sweeping, detailed plan. But when we add the scope of time, and release in it the catalyst of faith, the future clarifies, and we see that, within the bounds of natural law, man's destiny is shaped by man's desire. We desired a mechanistic civilization and we achieved one. To achieve a civilization based on human values requires the desire within ourselves. If we actually have that desire, our scientific, industrial, and military forces will fall, automatically, into line behind it, supporting with material strength the human qualities essential to over-all power and permanent survival.

But we must have more than an intellectual desire, filed away in the archives of idea. It must enter the roots of our being until it shapes our action instinctively as well as through the conscious mind, until we see the producer as more important than his product, and find it no sacrifice to renounce material standards of success—until we realize in our bones as well as our brains that the character of man still forms the essential core of lasting civilization.

Lindbergh certainly has the right to speak to our technological condition. While his criticism and proposal are in a sense "abstract," they do place first things first by insisting that technology is for man, that man is not for technology.

Turning to the arts, Andre Malraux' *The Voices of Silence* suggests that, in a similar way, the arts have lost sight of man. Malraux sets out by showing that a "museum" is a modern innovation which would have horrified the ancients. A picture or a piece of sculpture is not a "thing," but a reference to some larger meaning. Among the Chinese, he points out, "A painting was not exhibited, but unfurled before an art-lover in a fitting state of grace; its function was to deepen and enhance his communion with the universe."

Malraux makes no tirade against museums, of course; probably, like the rest of us, he finds museums useful enough. What he is concerned about is the separation of art from life and the meaning of life. In the latter part of this book—which amounts to a psychoanalysis of art—he says:

Every day the incapacity of modern civilization for giving forms to its spiritual values—even by way of Rome—becomes more apparent. Where once soared the cathedral, now rises ignominiously some pseudo-romanesque or pseudogothic edifice—or else the "modern" church, from which Christ is absent. There remains the Mass said on the mountaintop (whose insidious perils the Church was quick to realize). Indeed the only setting worthy of itself—outside the Church—that the Mass has found in our times was the barbed wire of the camps. It is a thought-provoking fact that Christianity, though it still delivers men from fear of death's extinction, and alone gives form (in the highest sense of the term) to their last end, should be so incapable today of giving its churches a style enabling Christ to be Himself in them.... Surely that little pseudo-Gothic church on Broadway, hidden among the sky-scrapers, is symbolic of the age! On the whole face of the globe the civilization that has conquered it has failed to build a temple or a tomb.

Agnosticism is no new thing; what is an agnostic culture.... The art of a living religion is not an insurance against death but man's defence against the iron hand of destiny by means of a vast communion. The nature of this communion has varied with the ages; sometimes it instilled in man a fellow-feeling for his neigh-

bour, for all who suffer, or even for all forms of life; sometimes it was of a vaguer order, sentimental or metaphysical. Our culture is the first to have lost all sense of it, and it has also lost its trust in Reason, now that the knowledge that the thinking mind is incapable of regulating even the most ordinary activities of life has come to play a leading part in our modern civilization—which, moreover, declines to regulate its irrationality. Thus, thrown back on himself, the individual realizes that he counts for pitifully little, and that even the "super-men" who once fired his enthusiasm were human, all too human. An individualism which has got beyond the stage of hedonism tends to yield to the lure of the grandiose. It was not man, the individual, nor even the Supreme Being, that Robespierre set up against Christ; it was that Leviathan, the Nation. The myth of Man—which both preceded that of the individual and outlasted it—was similarly affected. The very question "Is man dead?" carries an implication that he is Man, not a mere by-product of creative evolution, in so far as he applies himself to building up his personality in terms of what is loftiest in him—that part of his Ego which is rarely centered wholly on himself.

Malraux celebrates the creative spirit in man, and concludes:

Humanism does not consist in saying: "No animal could have done what we have done," but in declaring: "We have refused to do what the best within us willed to do, and we wish to rediscover man wherever we discover that which seeks to crush him to the dust"....

It is as though from the disasters overtaking a society which has allowed itself to grow carelessly anti-human has been born a new reverence for the human spirit. This is the inspiration of those who care for the sick at heart, the sick in mind, and it is the inspiration of patriots like Lindbergh, of artists like Malraux. One senses that the tired world waits for this inspiration to take on the flesh and blood of action, for the criticism of the modern world to become so searching that it translates itself into a new affirmation in the lives of those who are to become the leaders of the world to come.

—From *Manas*

LIFE . . .

DESIRE IN THE SUN

THERE were just four of us in the bus. The two young men, the conductor and myself. The bus stood at the terminus at the beach end. Soon it would start and wheeze and rattle along to Luz. The conductor and the driver would both disappear into the corner cafe for cups of tea. In another quarter of an hour or so it would come back to this corner. Another load of passengers would get in. It is never crowded. Nobody, one gets the impression, pays much attention to this bus service. It goes to and fro at the will and caprice and kindness of heart of the driver.

I leaned my head against the back of the seat. The nape of my neck was wet. It really was too much, this heat. You put your hand upon the seat and when you changed your position, the hand came up sticky with sweat. The skin of the face felt like leather. Nothing really mattered. The mind stirred, pregnant with apathy, to ask for a drink, to wipe off sweat or to take off shoes. The heat lay like a heavy, still blanket on the roads, on the houses, on the bus, on everything.

"When is this wretched bus going to start?" said one of the young men. It was the one with the cream silk shirt held together by gold buttons and gold cuff-links and the *veshti* with gold lace at the border an inch broad. Silk shirt, in this weather! About twenty-two, with a little moustache. Moustache, if you please. In this weather.

"In five minutes," said the conductor without shifting his position or his eyes.

"My God," said the young man, "I don't know how I am going to put up with these buses till next week. It is unendurable. No schedules. No time tables. Delay, delay all the time."

He was whipping himself into an irritation. It was too much of an effort for us even to be amused. What was happening next week, we wondered sluggishly.

"Your brother might not let you use it much," said the other young man with the dirty handkerchief round his throat. A pair of white pants rolled up at the ankle. A white shirt open at the neck and the long sleeves rolled up. Damp, oily hair falling about the head in untidy wisps. A bath, that was what he needed.

"He had better," said the other. "He is not buying it out of his money but out of the joint property."

What was it, a car? Perhaps only a motor-byke. I hoped it was a motor-byke. I felt I could like him a little if he was buying a motor-byke—next week.

"Did you say an Austin?" the other asked languidly. It didn't matter really. He expected to travel with open shirt and rolled up pants in buses all his life.

"No," said the other. "An Anglia. New, though."

Gold cuff links travelling in a fat little bug. Seats with bright plastic covers. Nice.

"No more of these wretched buses," he said again. "They are making me ill, man." He turned to the conductor and mopped his brow with a checked handkerchief. "When is this bus going to start," he asked, "or is it going to start at all?"

The conductor without shifting his position moved his head to look at my watch. But midway the attention of the head became arrested by something. When or how that car had drawn up beside the bus we did not know but there it was, like a dark green eagle with the sun shining on it. Practically everything on it gleamed. We all looked at it, dazzled. A man put his head out of the window. A fair man in a white dress and black eyebrows. His arm lay across the wheel.

"Can you tell me," he said in the coolest of tones, "where I am to turn for Nimmo Road?"

The conductor flung his arm out with an effort and pointed to the

entrance of the road which lay just behind the bus.

"Thank you," said the cool voice and the car glided off without a murmur.

"Posh!" said the young man with the gold buttons turning to his companion. "A Vauxhall. And did you see his wrist watch? Foreign. Must have cost at least two thousand rupees. I don't know where these fellows get the money from."

The other did not reply. The handkerchief had come off his throat and now was on his face. It looked even dirtier.

"These are the sort of people who minted money during the war," the other continued. "Black-marketing. I know a man whose father sent textiles worth three lakhs underground. He sold it all after the war and built four bungalows on Edward Elliotts' Road."

"Rich," murmured the other.

"But not for long, let me tell you" said the other fiercely. "Their time has come. They are going to pay through their noses, man, I will tell you that. They are going to travel in buses like everybody else. No posh cars. No watches from Switzerland. My God, did you see that watch? One day, I tell you, everyone in this country is going to have a watch like that. Every man, every bus conductor is going to have a watch like that."

The conductor wasn't impressed. He didn't want a Swiss watch. All he wanted was his cup of tea.

"Equality," said the young man, "that is what we must have. The Communists have a case, you can't deny that. One man starves and the other wears a wrist watch like that. It is not justice."

My God, I thought, a Communist. In this bus, in this weather. It really was too much.

The conductor again looked at my watch and blew a blast on his whistle loud enough to waken the dead.

The driver looked through the little window at his back with heavy eyes. The shrill blast on the whistle had penetrated his comatose consciousness somewhere and automatically

his feet were pressing things and his hands were pulling things.

"Take your feet off the seat, Sir," he said casually to the man with the gold buttons. That was the last straw.

"I will put my feet where I please" said the young man furiously.

"Rules is rules, Sir," said the driver.

"I don't care what your rules are" said the other. "What are the rules by which you run your bus service, I want to know. Once an hour, I notice."

"Once in fifteen minutes," said the driver.

"We have been in the bus for fifteen minutes," said the other, "sitting here stewing in this wretched heat and you asleep all the time."

"Feet off the seat, please," said the driver implacably.

"How dare you talk to me like that?" asked the other. "Ordering me about. What is this country coming to, I want to know," he continued addressing the bus in general, "when every driver and rickshawman and pan-wallah talks to you as if they were all your equals. You keep your place and don't you order me about. I will keep my feet just where I please. And let me tell you I happen to know one or two police inspectors very well."

The driver switched off the engine.

"You must take your feet off," he said calmly, "or get out of my bus."

"O. K. I will get out of your wretched bus," said the other getting up at once, "but remember, this is not the end of this impertinence." He turned to his friend. "Come on" he said.

But his companion was not coming on. The handkerchief fluttered feebly protesting and was still. The young man flung himself out of the bus into the full glare of the merciless heavens. The bus shot forward. We looked back and watched the young man. Soon, we thought, in this heat the silk shirt would begin to stick to him in wet patches.

And just before we turned our eyes away we saw the car like the dark green eagle gliding out of Nimmo Road and passing the young man with the silk shirt and gold buttons.

SANTHA

EDEN FIGHTS A PHANTOM

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Anthony Eden had to confess, during his conferences here on May 23-24 that a large portion of his energies at Geneva have been devoted to shadow-boxing. He has been fighting a phantom almost more menacing to the West than the solid Communist bloc. Time after time in the negotiations he has been bothered and bewildered by the same haunting menace—all the more menacing, in fact, because it is not substantial. It is, in fact, the chief threat to the Anglo-American alliance.

This threat is America's National Neurosis: the Guilt Feeling over the Loss of China. *The Times'* Washington correspondent jokingly summarized it: "China was lost, therefore somebody must have lost it." But it is no laughing matter. This national neurosis has resulted in a paralysis of will in Washington, neurotic suspiciousness of America's best friend, a distortion of unpleasant realities into neurotic day-dreams and a hint of suicidal tendencies.

Origins of a complex

THE United States reacted to the loss of China by taking on a national guilt complex. It was as if an individual watched a party of friends sink into a bottomless bog or be carried away by a raging torrent without being able to do anything about it. For anyone this would be a distressing experience and serious loss. But five years of repetitious suggestion by the 'China Lobby' and the Republican Party have converted this into a nightmare in Technicolour. The blame for the loss of China to the Communists no longer attaches to the inefficiency and corruption of the Kuomintang regime in its last stages, or to the military effectiveness of the Chinese Communists' marriage of revolutionary ideology and military expertise. According to the neurotic reconstruction of 1949, all the guilt belongs to the ineffective by-standers: the Americans who tried to help but suc-

ceeded neither diplomatically in hothousing a coalition government nor militarily in stopping the Communists by force of arms.

The witchhunt against American Far Eastern specialists, in or out of the State Department, has been part of this successful effort to implant a guilt complex. In this recreated Nightmare, people like Owen Lattimore were, it is oft repeated, guilty of tying the hands of the U. S. when it might have helped save China.

This 'brainwashing' on a national scale has worked. There seems little doubt that President Truman reacted on Korea in June 1950 with the speed he did partly because he was anxious to disprove the repeated allegation that he too had been "soft" and allowed China to slide into the bottomless pit of Communism.

Now the Vietnamese crisis has revived the tortuous self-doubts in the most intense manner. Again a Communist army is on the march. Again a non-Communist regime which America supports seems on its last legs. Again it seems impossible for the United States, despite all its wealth and power, to intervene so as to successfully reverse this trend.

Britain is concerned not only as America's senior ally but because Anthony Eden seems to be taking the place of Dean Acheson, the former U. S. Secretary of State, as the chief target of neurotic suspicion. Not only are American newspapers attacking him as a reincarnation of Neville Chamberlain, but even members of the U. S. diplomatic mission at Geneva are said to be regarding this enthusiastic advocate of the Anglo-American alliance as an object of suspicion.

The bitterness of the attack on the British Government for refusing to be rushed into military conferences on the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO) also has the flavor of a neurotic compulsion. Everyone knows of neurotic personalities who suddenly decide that a

certain thing *must* be done this minute and then get furious if everyone does not agree with their estimate.

The actions of Mr. Dulles, as the executor of American foreign policy fit with frightening accuracy into Karen Horney's definition of the "aggressive" type of neurotic in *Our Inner Conflicts* (Kegan Paul, 1946):

His feeling about himself is that he is strong, honest, and realistic, all of which is true if you look at things his way. According to his premises his estimate of himself is strictly logical, since to him ruthlessness is strength, lack of consideration for others, honesty, and a callous pursuit of one's own ends, realism . . .

There is subjective logic in the tendency of the aggressive type to reject real sympathy and friendliness as well as their counterfeits, compliance and appeasement. But it would be a mistake to assume that he cannot tell the difference. When he meets with an indubitably friendly spirit coupled with strength he is well able to recognize and respect it. The point is he believes it to be against his interest to be too discriminating in this respect. Both attitudes strike him as liabilities in the battle for survival.

Why, though, does he reject the softer human sentiments with such violence?—Why is he so contemptuous when someone shows sympathy at what he considers the wrong moment? . . . Actually, his feelings on the score of 'softness' in others are mixed. He despises it in them if it is true, but he welcomes it as well, because it leaves him all the freer to pursue his own goals. . . . The reason his reaction is so extreme is that it is prompted by his own need to fight all softer feelings within himself. . . . (pp. 68-80).

The British difficulty is that it is difficult to carry out psychological therapy for a whole nation, particularly when you are in a junior position. And it probably would not endear Mr. Eden to Mr. Dulles the next time they meet if the British Foreign Secretary suggests: "Won't you stretch out on that couch? . . ."

Escape from painful realities

THE chief problem posed by American "abnormal social psychology"—to use the phrase of Colombia professor Nathaniel Peffer in a

recent letter to the *New York Times*—is the tendency to take flight from the painful realities of the situation in Indo-China, and by doing so worsen them.

So far as the British are concerned, they agree with the American estimate that the situation in Indo-China is extremely grave—so grave, indeed, that cool heads are needed to save what can be saved. Politically and militarily the Vietminh forces are in a better position than the Chinese Communists were in say, 1947 or the North Koreans when they launched their attack in June 1950. The Vietminh, although Communist-led, is a broader political organization in the support it commands than the Chinese Communists at their most popular. Ho Chi Minh retains his stature as the father of Vietnamese nationalism; the Sun Yat-sen or Gandhi of Vietnam. And the opposition within Vietnam has none of the deep-rooted quality of Chiang Kai-shek or even Syngman Rhee. The British have too many decades of experience in prefabricating "national leaders" not to know that at present Baodai is worth very little. Of course, during its sane moments the State Department knows this very well: witness Mr. Dulles' reluctance to hold an election in Indo-China at this time because the results would undoubtedly favour the Vietminh.

Under such circumstances the British feel there are roughly three alternatives: let things continue the way they are going, with the likely result being a wholly Communist Indo-China; partition or "freeze" the situation as it is now, with at least Laos and Cambodia and possibly South Vietnam on the anti-Communist side; intervene with at least ten Western divisions with the likelihood that there will be Chinese counter-intervention and the situation will, in any case, be frozen much as it is now.

With these alternatives the British cannot understand how a sane anti-Communist would choose anything but a freezing of the present situation, retaining at least a Laos-Cambodia buffer for the anti-Com-

munists. They feel that it will be difficult enough to get this from the Communist side, which knows that time is on their side. What the British would like to have on their side is the Americans.

Instead, Mr. Dulles has ostentatiously left Geneva in a fine display of neurotic temper. And Mr. Bedell Smith, who is a comparatively calm individual, is obviously imprisoned

by the abnormal psychology prevailing in the State Department. There is no other way of explaining the insistence of the American delegation that partition, de facto or otherwise, cannot be considered and that Baodai will be backed to the hilt. American diplomacy is paralysed by fear of a future Senator questioning: "What were you doing when Indo-China was lost? . . ."

OUR POLITICAL PARTIES

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARIAR

OUR country, having been constituted into a sovereign democratic secular republic, and the party system of parliamentary government having been adopted, it is not only desirable but also necessary that people should get themselves divided into suitable political parties, so that each party may elect its own leader and put up proper candidates for the legislature. In order that all interests with their different shades of views may be represented in the legislature, this division must be not only on the basis of different professions or functions such as agriculture, industries, banking, trade and commerce, labour and other services but also on the basis of ingrained difference in general views such as conservative, liberal, radical and independent. It may be noted that, under the present system of elections to the House of the People, which is mostly territorial in character, there is no guarantee that all interests or professions or their different shades of views will be duly represented. It is no doubt true that unrepresented interests in the House of the People are given representation by nomination in the other House (Legislative Council) which is only advisory, but not in the People's House where it should be.

None of the present political parties can be considered to be divided as above. Further, with the exception of the Congress, none of the other parties can be regarded as based upon any regular constitu-

tion with any standing nominal roll of members, to show the extent of its backing by the body of voters. Nor can their leaders be recognised as properly elected by their so-called party members. In most cases, the leaders are self-elected persons who, after securing a few adherents here and there at about the time of elections, styled themselves as their heads. Even in regard to the Congress, the general impression is that it has outlived its usefulness, the object for which it was created, namely, the attainment of independence, having been achieved.

As in every other country where the party system of government is in force, people here also stand permanently divided in their general views. The Hindu Maha Sabha which is in favour of maintaining the existing order of things may be taken to represent the conservative view, the Congress which is in favour of moderate and slow reforms, the liberal view, the Socialists and Communists—the latter being only the extreme of the former—who are in favour of drastic and quick changes, the radical view, while the remaining others, who would reserve their opinions for expression with reference to the merits of each case as it may arise, the independent view.

And all that is therefore now necessary is to recognise legally all these four views of parties who are to be found in all walks of life and give them significant names as Conservative, Liberal, Radical and Independent respectively. To this end, the present electoral rolls which

should be prepared profession-war for each constituency should show in respect of each voter, in addition to other particulars, the nature of his main profession and the political party he would like to come under with reference to his general views on problems and questions likely to come up for discussion before the legislature. With electoral rolls so prepared, the Government should, by notification, call upon voters of each view in each constituency to elect their leader and also put up their own candidates for the legislature. For this purpose the Constitution Act may, if necessary be suitably amended. In amending the Constitution, opportunity may be taken to provide for the following, to make democracy a success and a reality.

(i) Minimum educational qualifications required for a voter to enable him to understand the duties and responsibilities of a voter.

(ii) Minimum educational and other qualifications required for a candidate of the legislature to enable him not only to understand his duties and responsibilities but also to follow the proceedings in the legislature and intelligently express his views on matters coming up for decision, without being a mere figurehead.

(iii) Registration of political parties and the minimum propor-

tion of voters required for their recognition.

(iv) Adequate safeguards against the members of the legislature themselves fixing their own salaries and allowances at their will and pleasure and the tendency of almost unanimously voting for their increase. In view of the members, who are to be our Legislators being no longer honorary but regular and decently salaried persons with attractive travelling and daily allowances.

(v) Penalty for failure of attendance at meetings and cessation of membership for absence from three consecutive meetings.

(vi) Minimum number of days of touring within their electoral area for educating the voters and ascertaining their grievances and also placing before them the details of work done by them in the legislature.

(vii) Treating the salaried members of the legislature just as temporary Government servants for all purposes, they being elected by the people for a temporary period for a particular service to be rendered on their behalf. It may be, that these provisions do not exist in other countries; but in an infant democracy like ours where conditions are also quite different, they are essential.

THE LAST OF THE WORLD'S ABSOLUTE MONARCHS

NEW YORK CITY: This month America plays host to one of the world's mightiest rulers. He is Haile Selassie, "Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Elect of God, King of Kings and Emperor of Ethiopia." A brooding-eyed, soft-voiced little man who governs a kingdom of approximately 12 million subjects, Selassie is the last of the world's absolute monarchs and a ruler without peer in contemporary history.

He is also one of the century's least understood figures. Far more blatant tales have been spun about him than about any other man who occupies a throne. The stories which ram home hardest among American Negroes are those which infer that Selassie is a radical bigot. Irresponsible journalists have often pictured Selassie as a man who despises Negroes, who thinks they are so much human "vermin," who calls himself a "white Aryan" and who brands coloured Americans and even Ethiopians of darker hue than himself with the obnoxious epithet—"hamites and niggers."

The national magazine, *Confidential*, said in a recent article about Selassie that when Negroes sent him money in the 1930s to aid his fight against Mussolini, "the Conquering Lion of Judah wrinkled his patrician nose in contempt and returned the donation because 'I want no money from American Negroes with whom I have nothing in common.'" The same editors accused Selassie of making many a fast buck by simply looking the other way when kidnap gangs smuggled slaves through his country for sale in the Middle East. "Selassie's cut," they claimed, "amounts to several millions a year—and his own Amharas have raided adjacent countries to carry off defenseless women and children into bondage."

The Emperor's personal life has been the subject of much conjecture. *Confidential* called him a "royal wolf with a yen for women of every hue."

It announced, in exclamation point style, that he has scouts scouring Europe and the Middle East for "lightskinned beauties that might please the eye and senses of their royal patron." It described, without mentioning any names, of course, the time when Selassie supposedly followed up one of his "yens" by appropriating the white skinned wife of an Egyptian envoy newly arrived in Ethiopia. "When the two were presented at court," said the article, "Haile Selassie almost leaped out of his velvet and gold throne with delight. His royal sceptre shaking with excitement, he called over an aide. 'I want that girl,' he whispered tersely. 'Get rid of her husband, and then bring her to my quarters.'" The command, the magazine confides, was carried out.

These are only a few of the far-fetched yarns which have been circulated about the Emperor of Ethiopia. In reality, Selassie is no royal wolf, no slave trade profiteer, no ogre, no enemy of Negroes. If he wished to be an Ethiopian "King Farouk" he could do so without secrecy. In the Middle East it is traditional for men to have many wives if their religion permits. Selassie, a Coptic Christian by choice, has only one wife—the quiet Empress Menen—to whom he is obviously devoted. It is true, like the wide majority of Ethiopians, Selassie thinks the term Negro is derogatory—an offensive hangover from the days of American slavery. He would doubtless bristle with indignation if it were applied to him. Despite his refusal to be identified as a Negro, however, he does not call himself "white" nor "Aryan." He is a member of the black race and is proud of it. But he and his people think of themselves as Ethiopians first, Africans second, and Negroes never.

That Selassie has great interest in and genuine admiration for the achievements of Negroes in the U. S. is shown by his actions. He has employed at least 20 American

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Negroes whose know-how is advancing his crusade for the modernization of Ethiopia. The editor of the Government-controlled *Ethiopian Herald* is a Negro. So is the head of the Government information service. So are some of his health officers, public school and mechanical arts teachers. The money which American coloured people sent to Selassie during the Mussolini era was not flung in their faces, but was used to buy guns and ammunition with which Ethiopians fought valiantly but vainly to drive out the invaders.

THE slave trade which Selassie is accused of aiding and abetting is a figment of someone's overactive imagination, for it was Selassie himself who outlawed slavery and slave trading in every form in his country. He became, when he issued his Emancipation Proclamation in 1942, the first Ethiopian ruler to completely stamp out this evil. Yet, for years after the law went into effect, rumours persisted that he condoned slavery, that millions of his people were in bondage. When it became obvious to everyone that this was untrue, he was then accused of closing his eyes while slaves from other countries were spirited through Ethiopia. This, too, is nonsense.

If slave trading were rampant in Ethiopia, Selassie could probably bring much more money into the royal coffers by enforcing his own anti-slavery law than he ever could by accepting bribes from dealers in human bondage. One of the milder penalties for violating this law is a \$10,000 fine. The most severe penalty is death. It would be easy and completely legal for Selassie to fine offenders and collect his money before sentencing them to death. But this temptation has never arisen; for apparently the very threat of such drastic action has served to frighten slave traders into skirting the domain of the fiery little African emperor.

Before Selassie's time slavery was an accepted way of life in Ethiopia and had been for so long that no one is certain when it really began. To abolish the system, Selassie had to face not only the fury of wealthy

feudal lords but the opposition of his church. Today he is known in his own country as the "Abraham Lincoln" of Ethiopia as well as the most progressive ruler in the modern history of the country.

When Haile Selassie returned to his throne in 1941 after five years of exile during the Italian occupation, he brought with him a great dream—one which has forced him to become the hardest working emperor ever to reign over Ethiopia. Selassie went home determined to educate his people, lift their standard of living by providing them with employment, develop a system of roads and other communication lines which would reach the most distant parts of his kingdom, thus bringing it both wealth and enlightenment.

What he has accomplished during the 13 years since his reascension has assured Selassie's place in history. When he became Regent of Ethiopia in 1916, under his former name of Ras Tafari Makonnen, there were fewer than 10 schools in the whole country. Today, there are over 500 with an enrollment in excess of 70,000. Road building is moving ahead at a furious pace. Where roads have not yet been built through the mountains, airplanes piloted by Americans and Ethiopians provide a vital link with the interior. Sites for power and irrigation dams are being scouted. Three radio stations have been erected. New health officers are being trained, and new agricultural methods are being taught to native farmers. Yet, even as he tries to propel Ethiopia into the 20th century, Selassie has been bitterly assailed by critics who admire his achievements but are puzzled by his methods. He has often been lambasted for "letting whites run his country," a conclusion which has little basis in reality. It is true that Selassie has a huge "foreign legion" of experts assisting him in his crusade to modernize Ethiopia, but no one nation rules the kingdom. Selassie is top kick there, and intends to keep things that way. For this reason alone—his fear of foreign control of his Government—he has shrewdly divided the work among representa-

tives of many countries. His police are British-trained. His army is taught by Swedes. An American supervises engineers from 22 other nations. Other Americans are advisors to the ministries of Finance and Commerce as well as to the Foreign Office. Italians man the truck lines. A Palestinian is Selassie's personal advisor. And over them all, the copper coloured emperor reigns.

Today, a formidable amount of work remains to be done in Ethiopia, potentially one of the richest of the African states. Awakened from its Rip Van Winkle slumber by a restless ruler who dreamed of progress, Ethiopia is now toiling to catch up with the rest of the world.

Most malicious of all the lies told about Emperor Selassie appeared, oddly enough, in the Negro press in 1951, when a writer suggested that Selassie had no hereditary right to the throne of Ethiopia since he was "alleged" to be "illegitimate." Actually, Selassie is recognized in his kingdom as a direct descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. He is a great grandson of Sahle Selassie, a former King, and the son of Ras Makonnen, a distinguished administrator and diplomat. In 1916, Selassie was appointed Regent to Empress Zauditu by the Council of Great Chiefs of Mark. When she died in 1930, he became Emperor and chose the name of Haile Selassie, which means "Power of Trinity." Had he not been of the Solomonic line, he would never have become Regent. Critics have also said that the Italians, rather than Selassie, did most to shake Ethiopia out of its medieval doldrums. But none of these sages were on hand to witness the chaos which existed when Mussolini's forces made their exodus from the nation. Thousands of educated had been slain. The nation's never too healthy economy had been shattered. Churches had been desecrated, clergymen intimidated, two bishops killed. Death, destruction and despair were the legacies of the Italian occupation. Even the magnificent system of roads which the Fascists built did not endure for long, but crumbled as had the might of

the dictator whose armies engineered them. Today, Selassie is erecting more permanent arteries for commerce in Ethiopia, which alone would be monuments to his reign. Some enemies of the Emperor have spread rumours that he squanders tax funds on himself, on "wine, women and song," while his subjects go without food, without sufficient clothes, without adequate housing. They do not seem to realize that a considerable portion of the Emperor's own money is used to pay for the education of Ethiopian college students abroad. They also overlook the fact that it was Selassie himself who first imposed a budgetary system on the Government. And while it is true that Selassie's palace in Addis Ababa is well appointed, he does not spend 1/1000th as much maintaining it as the English spend on Buckingham Palace alone.

Powerful though he is, Selassie has used his authority for the benefit of his people. One long time observer of Ethiopian affairs, C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, wrote in 1952: "Foreigners who have spent two or three decades here assert that the progress since Selassie became Regent has been marked, if one takes into consideration the abyss of ignorance from which the country is emerging. And with new roads, to bring its still to be exploited resources to the outside world, prosperity and the advance of Ethiopian civilization will be accelerated."

The truth about Haile Selassie is about as fantastic as any of the lies which have been told about him. No politician in the U. S. could hope to be as powerful in the U. S. as Selassie is in Ethiopia, simply because the U. S. is a democracy and Ethiopia throughout its history, has been an absolute monarchy. Selassie is above the courts, above the law, above the church. He alone can choose the men who shall help him run the country.

NO one votes in Ethiopia. No public meetings can be held without Government approval. Trade unions are banned. Newspapers are severely censored, cannot publish anything about politics and must capitalize

pronouns referring to the Emperor. Peasants must bow when the Emperor passes or face arrest. That is the way of life, and things have always been so.

HAD Selassie been a different type of individual, he might become as universally hated as Hitler and Mussolini. Instead, he is one of the few monarchs remaining today who is respected by the leaders of freedom loving nations. For Selassie, while never surrendering any of his power, has used his authority to improve his country and the welfare of his people rather than to exploit it and them. A Catholic priest, Father Leon Pouloit, wrote after working for several years in Ethiopia: "I have never heard of a monarch so intimately concerned and devoted to his people."

Thus far, Selassie has remained snug and secure in his position as "Mr. Ethiopia," yet even he seems to realize that the days of monarchy, constitutional or otherwise, are numbered. The democratic idea is gaining adherents throughout the world, even in Ethiopia where citizens have never sipped from the cup of self-government. Apparently Selassie has foreseen the change that must come. As long ago as 1931, when he drew up the constitution, he indicated that when literacy became more widespread, male suffrage would follow.

In attempting to modernize his country, Selassie has made his own position untenable. He must change as it changes, for he faces the inevitability that drastic reforms must follow in the path of progress.

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THE LANGUAGE ISSUE

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

THE language issue has again come to the fore. It raised its ugly head every other day during the budget session of the Union Parliament which ended last week, and made bad blood between the members of the north and the south in an unprecedented manner. Reviewing the session, Dr. A. Krishnaswami said in a statement that there was a growing domination of Hindi in the proceedings and that the exponents of Hindi were intolerant, fierce and fanatic. He also sounded a note of warning that it might not be possible for members from the South, who had been on the defensive, to display any longer reasonableness and sweet understanding. Similar views were expressed by South Indian members of all shades of political opinion who were nonplussed by the swashbuckling tactics of some of their North Indian compeers during the session. Sri P. T. Thanu Pillai, a Congress member, went a step further and indicated that not even an iota of consideration was shown to non-Hindi speaking people of the south during the session. He complained that simply because Hindi had been accepted as the national language, many North Indian members who could speak English often spoke in Hindi without realising the difficulties of southerners, and even translations were not made available to them.

This is, indeed, a sad commentary on our legislative proceedings, and is tantamount to reducing parliamentary democracy to *opera bouffe*. It is not only unbecoming on the part of the legislator to indulge in such unwanted expedients on the floor of the House where a special responsibility is cast on each and every member to make himself understood by as large a number of his colleagues as possible in the interests of proper transaction of business which pertains to the whole country, but it is, in a sense, a fraud on the Constitution itself. Article 343 (2) of the Constitution provides that notwithstanding the fact that Hindi is the official language of the

Union for 15 years from the commencement of the Constitution, the English language shall continue to be used for all official purposes of the Union for which it was being used immediately before such commencement." It enjoins all English-knowing members of the Union Parliament to behave themselves and avoid indulging in unseemly linguistic experiments on the floor of the House.

The language issue in India bristles with manifold difficulties and a proper solution of the problem can be had only if an approach is made on the basis of common sense, convenience and political sagacity. Unfortunately, in the battle that is raging over this issue common sense has become the first casualty. There has of late been a growing tendency on the part of many North Indian leaders, especially, those emanating from the Uttar Pradesh, to try to foist Hindi upon the rest of India as quickly as possible and by fair means or foul. Some of them, even when they tour South India on political errands, and address congregations consisting of different linguistic groups persist in speaking in Hindi, producing, thereby, an impression among the people that 'you must learn Hindi, if you want to speak to me.' Pandit Nehru struck the right note when he denounced, at a party meeting recently, that in a question of this kind, "there should be no controversy of the aggressive and bitter type."

Secondly, the language question should be reconsidered in the light of convenience having regard to the conditions prevailing in the country. The Union Home Minister pertinently pointed out that it would have been better if the whole controversy had been postponed for some time more so that the present generation would not be there, and the future generation could take a decision. This would certainly have been a wiser course, but even now, it is not too late to revise our decision. There is no denying the fact that the present generation has been brought up in a particular atmosphere and it would be an uphill task for it to find

its feet in a different atmosphere, try as it might. Our Tandon and Seth Govinda Dases, who pretend to be custodians of national consciousness and the watch-dogs of national prestige may dub the English-knowing population of the country, "the offspring of Macaulay," and may complain from the house tops that the progress in the spread of Hindi is slow, but the difficulty can be realised only when the boot is on the other leg. One would like to know how much progress has been made by our Northern comrades in compliance with the repeated requests and directives of the Congress Working Committee calling upon the people in the Hindi-speaking areas to learn at least one other Indian language. Gradualness is an inevitable law in all such matters. Nothing is gained by a policy of playing ducks and drakes with the intellectual life of the country.

Over and above all these, the language issue has a vital bearing on the political future of the country, and any controversy or action, which, even in the remotest way jeopardises the semblance of unity which we have today, should be scrupulously avoided. There is already a lurking suspicion in the minds of the people here that the north is trying to dominate the south, and as such, it is the duty of the people of the North to disabuse the mind of southerners in dealing with this language issue. Anything which savours of coercion in the spread of Hindi will engender a serious reaction which will only strengthen the hands of the disruptive forces which have been crying aloud for a separate and independent Dravidistan. The two main factors which serve at present as an insurance against centrifugal tendencies in India are the personality of Pandit Nehru and the existence of English as the medium of communication at inter-provincial level. In a land inhabited by multitudinous ethnological and linguistic groups it is of paramount importance that the man at the helm of affairs should be free from petty prejudices and regional loyalties if he is to carry the country with him. In Pandit Nehru we have one such, and many have begun

to feel, perhaps rightly too, that after him will be the deluge. He seeks to serve the country to the best of his ability, and with a catholic outlook and immense humanity holds the hearts of his people. And the English language, which today is the medium of inter-provincial intercourse, and the language of scholarship in India is another cementing force of the various constituents of India. "It is by means of English that any movement of India's good—political, social, economic and cultural—has become truly national, because English has made it possible for people in every corner of the country to understand each other, and to think and work together." Nothing is more calculated to embitter relations and sunder the links of unity between the north and the south than the hasty replacement of English by Hindi. Would it not, therefore, be political perversity to allow linguistic fanaticism to have its way in the present circumstances?

ALL these dangerous possibilities will recede into the background if a pragmatic approach to the problem is adopted with the greatest care and circumspection, and if sentiment is not allowed to get the better of our reason in the interests of the country. As Pandit Nehru rightly observed, "it is not a question to be decided by a majority of votes. It is a question of creating a certain atmosphere in the country which is favourable to the growth of what we want to grow—the national language." South India having accepted Hindi as the national language, it is incumbent on the north to respond to this gesture by making its evolution a peaceful and painless process. It is reported that three State Governments in South India have urged the Union Government to extend the 15-year time-limit by another 15 years for the introduction of Hindi as the official language of the Republic in their replies to the Union circular asking for suggestions for the amendment of the Constitution. The powers that be would do well to accede to the request and make arrangements for the amendment of Article 343 (2) of the Constitution.

East Pakistan's Wish to become Independent

HUQ'S DISPUTED INTERVIEW

There has been much controversy in the Pakistan press over an interview with Mr. Fazlul Huq published in the New York Times. A Pakistan Government Press Note issued last week stated that at a meeting which Mr. Mohamed Ali brought about between Mr. Huq and the correspondent of the New York Times, "in spite of denials by Mr. Huq, the correspondent stuck to his version and did not detract a word of it." The report of the interview with Mr. Huq, as published in the New York Times (May 23) is given below:

KARACHI, Pakistan, May 22:—The leader of East Pakistan, the largest province of Pakistan, said today it wished to become an independent state.

Fazlul Huq, Chief Minister of the province, made this statement a few hours after a closed-door meeting with Prime Minister Mohammed Ali.

Mr. Huq, an octogenarian with fifty years of political experience, including the chief ministership of his present domain when it was part of Bengal Province in undivided India, said the separation of West and East Pakistan by more than 1,000 miles of India was one reason for 42,000,000 Bengalis wanting their freedom.

At a two-hour interview, he reviewed several "cultural and economic points of disagreement" between the two zones. These included the language difference (Bengali is used in East Pakistan, Urdu in most of West Pakistan), the lack of a corridor across India other than by air, and the lack of revenue balance.

Plans Bengal Navy

DURING the election campaign earlier this year, in which Mr. Huq's United Front party defeated the nation's founding Moslem League, Mr. Huq frequently referred to the foreign exchange earnings of East Pakistani jute, which provide

the Central Government with most of its dollar and pound revenues. East Pakistan produces about 70 per cent of the world's raw jute.

Mr. Huq, who is known as the "Lion of Bengal," also said during the election tour that the people of East Bengal (East Pakistan) resented a colonial status. He referred to what he described as "favouritism" in the Central Government offices, particularly preferences given to people of Punjab Province, to the exclusion of Bengalis.

After announcing today that he would complete the formation of his ministry early next month, Mr. Huq said the Cabinet of twenty would take up the issue of autonomy for East Pakistan.

Discussing the possible partition, which would be the greatest blow to the two-nation theory in the sub-continent and conversely a victory for Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India, Mr. Huq talked about building a Bengali Navy and spoke of the province's "natural defenses."

Recent riot reviewed

HE said he had no idea of how soon autonomy could be accomplished. "However, independence will be one of the first things to be taken up by my ministry."

"There is a trend for it," he added. Asked what the reaction would be in the Central Government to a move for partition, Mr. Huq said: "Undoubtedly they will try to resist such a move. But when a man wants freedom, he wants it."

Pakistan was distracted last Saturday by the worst labour riot in her seven-year history. More than 400 persons died following an outbreak of fighting in the Adamjee jute mill in Narayanganj in East Pakistan.

A few days ago, after the Prime Minister accused Communists of instigating the riot, Mr. Huq asserted that the Communists had nothing to do with it. He said he had asked the Central Government to help the province investigate the cause of the riot.

MYTHILI

Short Story

By

Manjeri S. Isvaran

AFTER knocking about in the hot sun for a week or more, and seeing families, more than was good for one's eye or heart, in various stages of dress and undress, I finally fixed up a hole of a house, rather two holes making it up, in the hinterland of a big house which seemed to have been built in the spacious days of the Nawabs of the Carnatic. In spite of its mosquitoes and middleclass vulgarity, I have a sneaking fondness for Triplicane; for it was in this region of the city, roughly half-a-century ago, that one of my relatives in the agnatic line had settled as an emigrant from the village. Others had followed him here and carved out their little counties, but they had not consolidated their territorial and economic conquests which, if accomplished, might have been more enduring than the Pallava dynasty; their predatory reputation was only equalled by their reputation for dying in their later twenties. But I had managed to escape that critical age with a minor crisis, running a course of fever—a cross between dengue and flu—which a doctor friend of mine persisted in diagnosing as paratyphoid to ripen soon into fullblooded typhoid. Parafiddlesticks! said I, and bucked up, the ministering angel of a wife, hovering round my sick-bed. Which is letting out the secret that now, when civilization has reached its apex and marriage as an institution is assaulted and desecrated, I am a humble married man, with a married man's usual joys and tribulations in this country, as perhaps everywhere in the world.

Reverting to the house. One may, inclined to be picturesque or with a tendency for hyperbole, call it a hole or hutch, a hovel, an igloo; however

so as to make it sound as C, thus giving it a martial twang; elongated, the euphemism means a non-gazetted officer* in the government of any province, whose salary starts on a benevolent minimum of thirty rupees a month, and at the end of twenty years, reaches the most benevolent maximum of fifty-five. It can go as a simple, straightforward problem in graph in a test paper in elementary mathematics for any of the high school classes; it is indeed a Defiance Scale, potent as an experiment with Time from which Time has come out badly; it is a triumph for our bureaucratic economist who has forestalled his brother in proving the efficacy of iron-rationing more in times of peace than in times of war. For does he not still keep me in two-room tenements at a monthly rent of twelve rupees? And what was my future? A permanently lower standard of living which killed all rational criticism and raised pessimism to the level of high thinking—which is only another way of putting that profanity became my second, secret profession. Secret, yes; for had it been known, the government would have confiscated the honorarium and only paid me a percentage.

The scenes of clerical life are more intense in the domestic greenroom than before the footlights of the official stage.

Well, I have enjoyed the luxury of a digression in private, an N.G.O. cannot dream of having it in the files he has to deal with.

* During the British Raj.

I, an N.G.O., cannot, like a beggar, be a chooser. You may call a spade a spade, an ass an ass; but you can certainly call a clerk an N. G. O., slurring over the

My wife is not of the capable sort. A too capable woman forfeits all feminine charm; she falls into the disagreeable habit of asserting eternal providence and justifying the ways of woman to man. But I cannot for the life of me call Mythili the reverse of capable; only she lost its desirable modicum in her in giving birth to our first child. My parents were ardent believers in *laissez-faire*; they gave me *carte blanche* to work out the nuptial scheme of my life as I pleased. And there was no bother from my wife's side; she had only her mother living, not even an earthquake would dislodge that old widow woman from her ancestral home in the village. She had three cows and nine acres. So, no pigsty of a joint hindu family life for us. But I sometimes wished that my people or even cousins german of my wife came in and started an occasional wallow, just for a little change.

"How is the house? Are the walls whitewashed? Is the flooring dry? Is the tap all right?" asked Mythili, in a breathless series, as soon as I returned from my house hunt.

"Everything is as it should be," I replied non-committally; "the landlord seems to be a decent fellow, he is doing the necessary repairs before our occupation."

"I hope it is spacious enough."

"Oh yes, yes." Mentally I was working out the total area of four handkerchiefs.

We consulted the almanac and found out an auspicious date for moving to the new premises.

The plan for moving was sketched and confirmed. A handcart was to do two trips, the first of which was to carry my shelfful of books, sundry wooden furniture and clothes-boxes, to be preceded by my wife and child in a rickshaw. And while she boiled the milk as an augury of happy things to come in our new abode, before beginning the regular cooking, I was to do the second trip, completing the transference, to the last bit, of our earthly possessions.

And so meet me in the course of the second and final trip! I didn't

know with what things I had piled the handcart, in the hurry and excitement of the migration, but I was rudely made to know.

IT might be about eight o'clock in the morning, the hum of business was growing louder in the city streets. The cart moved on at a walking pace, with me following. Suddenly I heard a funny guffaw and noticed a man standing on the threshold of a house-door, looking at the moving cart and chortling. Near him stood a woman. Her *pan-stained* teeth were bared in amusement, obviously at what he was saying; he was pointing out to her the things heaped pellmell in the handcart; and he chortled again, the dog. I was quick to know. I went pale with anger, then purple with shame. I looked at the heaped-up things; there was the blackened oven of baked clay, gaping like a gargoye, a couple of brooms sticking out of its mouth; near it a loosening bundle of split firewood entangled in a clothesline; the pole to dust off cobwebs trailing its dishevelled beard; the charcoal tin hideous with its dent; a gunny bag of tiny tin boxes pensioned off but pressed into service again, nodding like a truncated body; buckets rattling; the wicker cradle perched like a wastepaper basket; a roll of grassmats flapping their frayed edges; then bundles made up in dirty saris—oh, how filthy, how disgusting did they appear in the light of the rising sun which exaggerated their filthiness! They had tickled that fellow who was not even a petty bourgeois. But it was an exposure of my private morals, an outrage to my dignity and honour as a householder.

I went pale with anger, purple with shame. And with the pale and purple warring on my face I left the cartman to follow in his own good time and rushed ahead.

I burst through the half-open door. I saw my wife bending over the oven, stirring the simmering milk.

"You fool! Idiot! Embossed idiot!" I shouted at her, who was responsible for my exposure.

She turned round startled.

A too capable woman forfeits all feminine charm; she falls into the disagreeable habit of asserting eternal providence and justifying the ways of woman to man . . . Thank God, Mythili is not the capable sort; her understanding is riches to me

"You embossed idiot!" I thundered again. "A donkey has better brains."

A look of utter amazement invaded her eyes, then an agony of fear. A moment more and she would have crumpled on the floor overcome.

I felt I was a cad. I realized the utter unreason of it all. I drew her to my breast and looked confused into her eyes. Quickly she caught the hint of tenderness in it and smiled all over my face, with that adorable possessive smile of hers and I was her thrall. I was resurrected.

There floated an odour of burnt milk in the air. For sympathy a cat appeared in the offing, sniffing around anxiously and licking its *petit* moustache.

"How careless of me! It has boiled over!" cried Mythili, trying to extricate herself from my clasp.

"Let it. It's a good omen," I said and held her fast.

The kitchen which seemed muddled awhile ago to my eyes suddenly achieved the wonder and ecstasy of a peepshow. The oven shimmered as in a dream, purpled with soft blue flames.

The child crowed with delight holding out its dimpled hands, and rolled over its side in the little mat on the floor. We looked at it, then looked into one another's face.

The handcart grated to a stop outside and the cartman called.

We unclasped ourselves free.

Mythili has never asked me why I burst like mad upon her on the day we moved house. Thank god, she is not the capable sort; her understanding is riches to me.



LAST YEAR'S REBELS

NOW it is Spring and the eggs are laid
And the leaves are out and small and bright
Like bunting in the short day's sunshine,

And the air is pierced with arrogant song
Ruffling the perfect feathers of contempt
Against the gathering of a rebellious throng.

From every plastic painted front door,
Round each street corner pouring noise,
Along and across all towns and villages,
Come the rebels chanting their marching songs,
Waving aloft the banners of their beliefs,
Shouting their slogans and their prophecies.

What a gay scene set among grim crowds
Blocking pavements with silent disapproval,
Dressed in black, grey, purple, mourning, yearning.

But by a chance acquaintance, who could tell
That those dead leaves had been as bright before,
Glorying thus madly few short months ago?

That as the day wears out the week the year
These colours will fade as fast, these flags fall,
The ranks thin, shadows be swept away?

Or worse that the songs which lifted the sky
Be sung indoors tuned to a lower key
With warm lamplight mingling their melancholy.

Outside, the first cold winds of Autumn moan
Against the locked front doors repainted black
And grey and purple, all down the empty streets—

Not quite empty. Neither you, nor he, nor I, still
Stand on our doorsteps flaunting a coloured flag:
But some few we'd rather kill than listen to.

IRENE COATES

(By Courtesy: POETRY PERIODICAL, Cambridge)

SOME SOUTH INDIAN AUTHORS

BY ARTUR LUNDKVIST



Artur Lundkvist

Artur Lundkvist, distinguished Swedish poet, literary critic, and writer of travel books came out to India at the close of 1949 and wrote a bestseller about the country, entitled "Indiabrand" (Albert Bonniers Forlag, Stockholm). In it he touched all the essential sides in Indian social life, the various religious communities—from Kali's dreaded sect of stranglers to the followers of Krishnamurti, once proclaimed as the new Christ. He made an interesting re-estimation of Gandhi's importance and analysed Nehru's political outlook. He dealt in detail about the Hindus—those masters in the art of passive resistance,—with the status of Indian woman, art and folk-lore, theatre and dancing, modern industry and the ancient handicraft, about the people who throng by myriads in the great cities, and about the immense expanses without a trace of man or life. "Indiabrand" testified in a splendid way what a thorough, shattering experience India is to the Westerner, how complicated and full of contradiction, undefined and unattainable it is. Lundkvist wrote the present article for the largely-circulated Swedish newspaper "Dagens Nyheter" (issuing from Stockholm) on which he works. What is published here is a gist of the original article. The English rendering has been kindly done for us by Dr. V. N. Sharma.

FROM what we hear in Bombay, there is a great isolation in the matter of social reporting and journalism—especially in South India. But from the books we have received we find no such thing. There is a deep religious tradition and also self-confidence to go forwards breaking all provincial isolation. This we can find, permanently recorded, in the book written by Sri Aurobindo, formerly a revolutionary in Bengal, and who at a later stage, of his own accord, moved to the French settlement of Pondicherry near Madras. He brings about a reconciliation between ancient thought and modern culture. This way of approach for realization Aurobindo calls Integral Yoga. In his book, *The Life Divine*, he touches this problem in a clear and fascinating manner. The famous American critic Vincent Sheean speaks very highly of the way Aurobindo approaches this universal problem to live.

Along with Aurobindo we find two outstanding writers from South India—Raja Rao and R. K. Narayan—who have been to a great extent influenced by the West: Raja Rao from France and Narayan from Indian culture. In their writings there is so much Indian tradition despite the foreign influence. At the same time these authors never missed the light thrown by Gandhiji for the revival of the Indian spirit in his fight for independence. Both uphold revolutionary ideas while giving way for the individual to find out his own strength and utilise it for the common cause the Indians are fighting for.

R. K. Narayan may in some respects be called the Indian Tchekhov and this spirit we can see in his book, *The English Teacher*, which is rather melancholic, presenting as it does the different aspects of life's problems, its struggles and ambitions and manoeuvres. Behind the uncertainty and unreality which these problems have created, the author never

forgets his place in the spiritual life for which his country stands.

The other outstanding writer we find from South India is Manjeri S. Isvaran who is famous here and who is very practical in his approach to life. These practical trends we can find in his book of poems under the title *Catguts* which represents to a certain extent an Indian approach to the thought of Eliot. His approach has a beauty which can be seen very vividly in his earlier books, *Naked Shingles* and *Angry Dust*, and in his later volumes, *Fancy Tales* and *No Ankletbells For Her*. Mr. Isvaran is a good psychologist analysing the troubles and turmoils of his people, he also shows a way out with an ambivalent sympathy. In his expression he is cut and dry which looks

like a cobra leaping out of a jasmine bush or like a precious stone, even though hidden in a mine, shining brightly. There is much symbolism in his writing and he is one with the thought and mind of the people, for he never introduces any ideas that are alien to them. We can call him an Indo-anglian writer in contrast to that commonly used expression, Anglo-Indian. There is poetry, there is melody in his prose, well-decorated with subtle motives and movements, which sounds like the music coming from the ankletbells in a dance of ecstasy.

These books give us a hope and also confidence that there is a great future for Indian writing which can excel other lands in times soon to come.

A Dissertation on Dhoti

THESE are days of sartorial reform and regulation, and if I may say so, of sartorial democracy also. The air is full of buttoned-up coats, with or without frills, churidhar pyjamas and tight-fitting pants. How well or ill one looks in them does not matter, as appearances didn't ever matter at any time, when dresses got regimented. Everyone must conform to particular modes for particular occasions. Has not the Westerner his morning suit, dinner suit and the evening suit? It is a very necessary thing, more so in a country like India where diversity is the order of the day. If we could achieve the ideal of a national diet and a national dress, which would be eaten and worn by and large along the entire stretch of our far-flung country, nearly all the fissiparous tendencies would be overcome. *Sambhar*, spelt *sambol* by Mr. John Seymour in his recent book, *Round About India*, and rice, or *chappati* and *subzi*, whatever it is, must become the common food and be catered right from the valley of Kashmir down to the land's end in Kanya Kumari. The leaders of public opinion, who have the interests of national unity and national solidarity in their hearts, would be well advised to divert a part of their time and energy to the task of evolving a

national menu. The votaries of *iddli* and *chutney* must have their views heard as much as the gourmets of *puri* and potato; and the national menu should represent the golden mean between the northern wheat and the southern rice.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, while inaugurating the Central Food Technological Research Institute at Mysore in 1950, told the scientists and the others assembled there that he "often dreamed of a strain of the rice plant emancipated from its expensive water habit . . ." and " . . . domesticated into a less expensive plant which need not depend on gigantic reservoirs of water." If that were possible, research in the direction of a national food or a foodgrain which satisfies at the same time the sentiments of the South Indian rice eater and the northern wheat consumer should not be an unavailing endeavour. It paves the way for national unity, and the discoverer's name will go down in history as one of the principal architects of such unity.

But food is a private affair; even at state banquets or big marriages it does not extend beyond the limited circle of the invitees or guests, as dress does. Food does not get that wide notice and comment as one's own dress. As you pass along your routine beaten track every day in a work suit, tweeds or in the plebeian

dhoti tucked up in the typical South Indian bachelor style, you draw the attention, casual and conscious, of the passersby. Dress is therefore a public and open business; and herein lies the greater need for streamlining the pattern and the mode for the whole country. Not that our leaders have been slow about it. Early enough official notifications and pronouncements had started appearing, setting the fashion for the ceremonial and state occasions. Before long, gone will be the days of the stiff-collared, neck-tie throttled fopperies of the last half century in India, and in their place will come buttoned-up coats, no less stiff or throttling and the tapering pyjamas. Thus changeth the old order giving place to new . . .

The need for a national dress is understandable, and the present code is also attractive. The picture of our Prime Minister in his well-made sherwani and the churidhar pyjamas shows the prescribed national dress to the greatest advantage, and any one would take to it without hesitation. There is nothing wrong with it; on some of our southern brethren, odd though it may look at first, it is interesting, even attractive. The initial embarrassment of the novelty of wearing it is the only hurdle to its popular adoption, and the way to cross it lies in more people taking to it.

The prescribed dress is of limited scope in its usage, having been confined to formal occasions, which are few in number, and the number of people attending them fewer still. What about the day-to-day, the hour-to-hour life one has to live, wearing all the time some garment or other. There is the office, the club, the field, the theatre and the whirl of social calls and visits, and why not also include the formal occasions? Certainly it could not have been the intention of the reformers that we should always appear in the prescribed pattern. They themselves have generously conceded the bush-coat as a more comfortable wear for the summer. But, alas, in this maze of clothing we all have apparently forgotten one important cloth—our time honoured *dhoti*. four cubits or

eight. It must have been a thoughtful and practical genius which evolved the *dhoti* out of barks and leaves, for it was about the earliest piece of cotton fabric worn by man, though under different names. The *dhoti*—how closely akin is the word, by a strange irony, to its creator, beautifier and destroyer, '*dhobi*'—is something in the nature of a gift of God. How simple in its appearance and design, always white and rectangular! Even *lungis* with their multi-coloured check patterns are simple enough compared to the simplest of any tailored lower garment. Simpler still is it to wear. It needs no buckles, straps, braces or belts; and it totally excludes the tailor, unless it be to mend it.

Aesthetically speaking our bordered *dhoties*, with silver lace and gold lace of any width, from a tenth of an inch to, say, three inches, with the artistic genius of the weaver woven into it, is inferior to none in their grandeur or artistry.

Let me borrow the words of an Englishman to describe the practical qualities that draw the Indian to the *dhoti*. In the book mentioned earlier, John Seymour says, "the *dhoti* is cheap, clean, cool, comfortable and graceful. If you have seen the relief with which a Westernised Indian changes from his hot tight trousers into his *dhoti* at the end of his day's work at the office, you will realise what a comfortable garment it is . . . If a mode of dress is found suitable enough to remain at the height of fashion for five thousand years there can be little wrong with it."

I WAS thinking if in the context of the dress reform now so much in the air our *dhoti* could not find a place with an official status—at least for unofficial and informal occasions. A recent photograph of Sardar Panikkar with our Chief Minister and Finance Minister, all of them wearing *dhoti* in the typical South Indian style confirmed me in my belief in the rightful claim of that piece of clothing, we in the South call *veshti*, for a place in the scheme of national dress.

S. V. RAGHAVAN

New Books

A CHARM AGAINST THE TOOTHACHE

By John Heath-Stubbs

Methuen & Co., Ltd., London

7s 6d net



John Heath-Stubbs

INSIDE of a decade beginning from the year 1939 the world of English poetry counted among its rising younger reputations the names of Vernon Watkins, F. T. Prince, Terence Tiller, G. S. Fraser, Alex Comfort, Laurie Lee, Keidrych Rhys, Alan Rook, Roy Fuller, Lawrence Whistler (who won the King's Medal for Poetry), Alun Lewis and Sidney Keyes (both of whom were killed in action in the last world-war). To this list must be added the name of John Heath-Stubbs who, as Stephen Spender has said, "is one of the few living poets other poets should read." From the point of view of influence this decade is not exciting as the one previous: of that of Auden, Day Lewis, MacNeice and Spender; or the period which witnessed the swing from the 'intellectualness' of Auden and his group to the mysterious and romantic and verbal exuberance of Dylan Thomas, George Barker, and David Gascoyne—contemporaries a little younger in years—but its achievement is of a measure that would attract any future anthologist to draw from it considerably for originality as well as variety.

John Heath-Stubbs was born in London in 1918. He spent his childhood in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, and during the year 1939-43 studied English at The Queen's College, Oxford, to which came a year after him, Sidney Keyes, as history scholar, and with whom he soon grew in terms of great intimacy, sharing "his tastes and background to an extraordinary degree," says Michael Mayer in his introductory memoir to *The Collected Poems of Sidney Keyes* (Routledge). "He (Heath-Stubbs), too, had been forced by an unhappy boyhood to create his own imaginary world—he had been nearly blind from the age of 16—and to speculate on many

of the problems that haunted Keyes' mind." Here is what he says of himself in 'Epitaph' in his latest collection of poems: *A Charm against the Toothache*:

MR. HEATH-STUBBS as you must understand
Came of a gentleman's family out of Staffordshire
Of as good blood as any in England
But he was wall-eyed and his legs too spare.
His elbows and finger-joints could bend more ways than one
And in frosty weather would creak audibly
As to delight his friends he would give demonstration
Which he might have done in public for a small fee.
Amongst the more learned persons of his time
Having had his schooling in the University of Oxford

In Anglo-Saxon Latin ornithology and crime
Yet after four years he was finally not preferred.

Orthodox in beliefs as following the English Church
Barring some heresies he would have for recreation
Yet too often left these sound principles (as I am told) in the lurch
Being troubled with idleness, lechery, pride and dissipation.

In his youth he would compose poems in prose and verse
In a classical romantic manner which was pastoral
To which the best judges of the Age were not averse
And the public also but his profit was not financial.

And the last stanza of this autobiography is touched with graceful satire:

Now having outlived his friends and most of his reputation
He is content to take his rest under these stones and grass
Not expecting but hoping that the Resurrection
Will not catch him unawares whenever it takes place.

After Oxford, he worked in various capacities: as private tutor, schoolmaster, publisher's reader; then round about 1948 he came into his full-time occupation as writer and lecturer. At present he holds the Gregory Fellowship in Poetry at the University of Leeds, a previous holder of the same also being a poet, James Kirkup, author of the *The Submerged Village*, and other collections of verse.

A Charm against the Toothache is Heath-Stubbs' fifth volume of poems; the earlier four are: *Wounded Thammuz* (1942), *Beauty and The Beast* (1944), *The Divided Ways* (1946), *The Swarming of the Bees* (1950). The very first selection of his poetry appeared in *Eight Oxford Poets*, an anthology edited by Michael Mayer and Sidney Keyes. Besides these, he has written a critique of nineteenth-century poetry; a study of the later fortunes of romanticism in English poetry, from George

Darley to W. B. Yeats—he subtitled the book, *The Darkling Plain* (1950)—the words from a line of Matthew Arnold's famous poem 'Dover Beach' supplying its name. It is a brilliant revaluation of poets by a poet whose classical erudition does not burden but brighten the material he is so meticulous about. He has translated and introduced Leopardi's poetry to the English reader—the selection is entitled *Poems From Giacomo Leopardi* (1946)—and his assessment of the Italian in relation to one of the greatest of English poets is bold with the boldness of youth and perspicacity of gift, absolutely sure of its judgment:

"Leopardi, unlike Wordsworth, is an aristocrat and a scholar. He had a finer and more delicate sensibility, I think, than the English poet, and though he sometimes falls into flatness, he is incapable of the sheer banality of Wordsworth's worst. But his range and human sympathies are, I think, narrower, and he can hardly master the power which Wordsworth, at his greatest, displays."

In addition to Leopardi he has translated the Persian poet Hafiz in *Hafiz of Shiraz: Thirty Poems*, in collaboration with Peter Avery. An impressive record for one so young—both qualitatively and quantitatively.

Critics of Heath-Stubbs' poetry have uniformly praised him for his mastery of the Dramatic monologue. Daring in his imagination, precise and profound, a great technical virtuosity is ever attendant upon his daring, precision, and profundity—a virtuosity that vibrates as it were on musical chords, reaching out to meaning that pure melody without words can attain. It is a wonder to ponder over whether his effects create his style or his style his effects—so exquisitely wrought, so well-ordered is his mind with its knowledge of primeval legends wherein Romanticism had its origin and to which his response is dynamic. In *A Charm against the Toothache*, as in his earlier volumes of poetry, the monologue type is as vital as ever, and single lines of extreme loveliness abound, instinct with the power to see the world in a grain of sand and nature in a wild flower. But the dis-

inctive feature of the present volume is that it rings with a personal note, more pronounced, more candid than that was heard in the former ones,—ironic, sarcastic, its wit sometimes wry, sometimes plangent, as in the poems, 'Address Not Known,' 'Invocations for a Traveller,' 'Memories of Paul Verlaine,' and 'A Nocturnal.' Three years or so ago, I came across a poem of his in the magazine *Nine*: he called it an Academic Ode for the induction of a Professor (or, a hope for poetry); the inducted is Cecil Day Lewis, the poet, and the occasion that clamoured for the poem was Lewis' acceptance of the post of Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Sharp-edged is the satire:

Awake, I say, Aeolian lyre, awake!
Awake, O Isis' lute, for Lewis' sake—
Which Lewis? He who wrote "Poetic Image"

Now makes the grade in the poetic scrimmage:

'Tis he, yes he, who fought for honest dreams,

Whose forehead's lit with academic gleams;

Abandoning his all-too Marxist Leah,
He beds a well-endowed Rachel here,
Whose dowry is twelve hundred pounds a year:

She, who erstwhile her laureate favours gave

Wooster, the fool, now honours Jeeves,
the knave.

John Heath-Stubbs is a poet fecund with ideas and imageries which he develops freely and at the same time passionately: "In the heart of a poem's crystal alone can the Spring come true," he says, for—

Moving away from life, and love, and lovers and the light,

Since we fell from the womb's garden into this troubled stream.

Not here, not here is our franchise:
these images of delight

Still fail and fleet and cheat us
in the context of a dream

Delight may be brief; dreams fleet and cheat; but their remembered beauty is the thing, and it is the beauty of an impeccable artistry inherent in his poems that would ultimately assure for John Heath-Stubbs a place beside the two exquisite poets—Keats and Shelley.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Democratic Socialism

By Asoka Mehta

Chetana Prakashan, Hyderabad

Rs. 3-8 as

THE theoretical foundations of a political party are very difficult to enunciate. The exigencies of day-to-day affairs, the variations in the strategy to suit different occasions and the political opportunism necessary for every party struggling for power, make it doubly difficult. But a closely knit party has to have an ideology, which should be the basis for its theory and practice. *Democratic Socialism* is the first attempt known to the present reviewer to posit such an ideology for the socialists. The lectures on the subject delivered by the author in October, 1950 were first published in book form in 1951. This is the second edition.

According to Mr. Asoka Mehta the history of Socialism has been studied in two ways. Either as the history of the personalities who shaped it, or as the history of the different schools and movements that grew up in the course of the struggles of the working class to attain power. The author does not sufficiently emphasise the close interrelation between the two methods of study. Moreover he rejects both the methods of study and approaches the background of socialism in his eminently novel fashion. According to him "you must look at socialism from the point of view of its appeal, its approach, its conception of leadership, its attitude to the state, and lastly from the point of view of its character or scope. Probably these words mean little; it will be my effort to endow them with meaning." These he calls the "five ingredients." Charts are given with numbers and the approaches of leaders of socialism from Saint Simon to Stalin are given. The author's brief history of the Socialist Movements indicates a scholarly bias.

Similarly there are chapters on the politics of socialism, the economics of socialism, socialism and culture. The author discusses the attitudes of various groups to these and if for nothing else this book can be read at least as a guide to major works

on the subject. The author has comments to offer on those works and gives them suitable introductions.

Because of the contradictions in the politics of the socialists, and because of their vacillations it is very difficult to build up a theory of Democratic Socialism since in the final analysis theory depends on practice.

The author's wide scholarship necessarily makes his approach eclectic. The bibliography at the end of the book is an indication of Mr. Mehta's acquaintance with his subject. But at the end of the book one is left wondering what after all is the ideology of 'Democratic Socialism' and he is left with a delightful feeling of vagueness about it all.

This Dear Encounter

By Catherine Hutter

A Signet Giant

New American Library, New York

35 cents

THIS DEAR ENCOUNTER is the story of the love of Philip Tanner, a doctor, and Thail Cummings, an actress. The course of their love would have run smooth but for the complications that stood in its way in the form of Tanner's wife, Angela. Not only that but the desertion of his wife by Tanner's father whom the son despises acts as a sort of load on his conscience and makes Philip obsessed with a feeling of guilt and a sense of duty to his helpless wife. Thail's family life also was not very normal what with her father's three marriages. Add to this the fact that Angela, Tanner's wife, also had an upbringing amidst much sordidness and before marrying Tanner she was the wife of a most brutal husband—and you have an idea of this novel. The problem that faces Philip and Thail is the eternal one: the right to build their happiness on the misery of another. After many searchings of the soul, and not a few struggles with their conscience they decide that their greater happiness lay in staying apart from each other. But Angela who luckily for these two had been unfaithful to her husband—during his absence taking part in the war—puts her head in gas and that is the order of release for

her husband. Thus their love, their consciences, their hearts and their minds are all satisfied, and one supposes they lived happily ever after. But really were 288 pages instead of 2880 were all that was necessary for this tale?

V. V. S.

Perennial Flowers (Anthology)

By K. M. Gururaja Rao

The Bangalore Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., Bangalore

Rs. 2

ANTHOLOGY in Greek means a gathering of flowers; it is self-evident that it is a collection of choicest poems or literary pieces. Unfortunately Mr. K. M. Gururaja Rao's *Perennial Flowers* is neither an anthology of poetry nor of prose. It is rather a collection of Quotable Quotes, to which are added some longer passages, from the works of writers like C. E. M. Joad and Martin Buber.

The purpose of an anthology is to introduce the general reader to a systematic and correct reading and understanding of literature. *Perennial Flowers* is a chaotic medley of prose pieces, spiced here and there with short verses. This promiscuous collection does no service whatsoever to the general reader, and the author is correct in calling his handiwork a "shapeless Anthology."

K. R.

Suryanamaskar

By V. Muthuswami

Solar Works, Madras

SURYANAMASKAR incorporates a series of articles on the subject by the author published in the columns of *Sunday Times*. In a brief compass, Mr. Muthuswami has emphasised the import and significance of *Suryanamaskar* "which is a unique system evolved by the genius of the Hindu sages of the past directed to synthesise the culture of the body, mind and soul the harmonious development of all of which alone will fit an individual to fulfil his role." The book serves to initiate a novice into the scientific method through illustrative poses, and is rendered complete with the proper *mantras* for incantation.

K. V.

Indians in Malaya

No Bright Future, says Ramani

MR. R. RAMANI, leading lawyer from Malaya, is on a short visit to Madras. He has been in Malaya for more than thirty years, doing his best to look after Indian interests there. He is presently a member of the Legislative Council of Malaya—not because of the two per cent Indian voters, but because he represents the entire Indian community.

Mr. Ramani is a close friend of India's Prime Minister. It was he who accompanied Pandit Nehru during the latter's Malayan tour in May, 1937. Recently when Mr. Nehru halted at Madras on his way back from Colombo to Delhi, he had a talk with Mr. Ramani on the conditions of Indians in Malaya.

I had an interview with Mr. Ramani on Friday, the 28th May, 1954, at his palatial bungalow in Mylapore. During the interview, which lasted for more than an hour, he made a rapid survey of the Malayan scene and dealt at length with the political and constitutional aspects, the economic conditions and the importance of the racial composition in Malayan life.

My first question was about the general condition of Indians in Malaya. There are 610,000 Indians in Malaya who constitute about 9 per cent of the total population. Ninety per cent of them are agricultural and plantation labourers. "At a time when Malaya is on the threshold of democracy and the utmost unity is of paramount necessity," said Mr. Ramani, "it is a sorry spectacle that the Malayan Indians have not found it possible and necessary to stand united."

Last year there were reports in the local press that a grave political crisis had developed in Malaya over the question of representation to the Indian community in the Malaya Cabinet. As a protest against the intransigence of the authorities in this matter, Mr. Ramani resigned his membership of the Federal Legisla-

ture. Now, for various reasons, he has again accepted the nomination.

Mr. Ramani was twice offered Ministership in the Malaya Cabinet, but both times he rejected the offer for reasons 'purely personal.' He characterized the Cabinet as one that should be put within inverted commas, thereby meaning that it had no absolute powers. There is now one Indian member in the Cabinet, Mr. Menon, who is in charge of the Communications portfolio.

I asked him about the so-called 'bandit trouble' in Malaya. Quick came the reply: "There are more urgent problems than that!" Mr. Ramani is of the view that this banditry trouble is bound to fade away in course of time.

I next asked him about the reported statement of Mr. Tunjku Abdur Rehman, President of the United Malayan Nationalist Organisation, at Dum Dum airport recently that Pandit Nehru should tell the Indians in Malaya not to obstruct the freedom movement in Malaya. The allegation, Mr. Ramani said, was 'fatuous, if not fantastic.' Indians had never tried to obstruct the freedom movement. Their very numerical inferiority did not permit their doing so, he added.

Mr. Ramani expressed doubts about a bright future for the Indians in Malaya. When pressed for the reason why he thought so, he said the reason was simple: "How do you expect the Indian, who forms a minority community in a growing democracy like Malaya, to be looked up to except as a member of a closely knit unit?" he asked.

—S. GOPALAKRISHNAN



It was during the impaneling of a jury the following colloquy occurred. "You are a property-holder?"

"Yes, your Honour."

"Married or single?"

"I have been married for five years, your Honour."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for five years, your Honour."

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

DISUNITY is the curse of our nation. Time and again we have come across rifts in political groups. Even the writers, the artists and film producers are not free from this curse of disunity and dissensions.

The producers of Bombay started the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association. In the beginning it was dominated by the studio-owner producers with the result that about a decade ago the independent producers formed a different association of their own. Eventually, however, the independents joined I.M.P.P.A. and almost captured it. In fact, for the last few years the independent non-studio-owners have been in charge of I.M.P.P.A.

Some of the leading producers—they are nine to be exact and all of them happen to be studio-owners as well as members of the newly started Producers' Guild—have now resigned from I.M.P.P.A. and thus given it a death blow. True, the producers who have resigned do not claim to have any 'quarrel' with I.M.P.P.A. but only desire to be 'independent.' Whatever the motive it is obvious that henceforth the producers will be divided in two camps, the Producers' Guild representing studio-owners and the I.M.P.P.A. representing the other producers. And this division will not do good to either section as it is only likely to weaken the strength of the producers who henceforth will not be able to speak with one voice.

This is no time for apportioning blame, though one could say that those who have been at the helm of I.M.P.P.A. for the last two years are to thank themselves for the present situation. At the same time one cannot also deny that the newly formed Producers' Guild with its 'exclusive' membership—Rs. 2,000

entrance fee, Rs. 500 for membership fee per month—and 'rigid' discipline can never become representative of all producers; it will always remain an 'exclusive' body representing the interests of an 'exclusive' class of producers and as such hardly able to fulfil the role of a democratic organisation.

This division amongst producers thus threatens to be a division on economic lines and whoever is responsible for this segregation amongst producers has done a great harm to the industry. For, divided the producers cannot make any progress; united they could achieve so much.

Picture of the week

WHILE on the one hand there is a move to make pictures without songs, on the other hand we come across a picture like Sadiq's *Shabab* in which the songs and music form the very essence and soul of the picture.

Never before perhaps one has come across an Indian picture in which music dominated the story, acting, direction and everything else as it does in *Shabab* which seems to be entirely conceived in terms of music.

Right from the title music, which happens to be a classical song sung by none else but Ustad Amir Ali Khan, the music—sweet, haunting, typically Indian—pervades the entire story which aptly enough deals with the life of a musician whose lullaby cured a princess of the malady of sleeplessness, and who while teaching her music fell in love with her.

As he came from a poor common family—he was a Dhobi's son—he had no right even to dream of marrying the Princess. So he was turned out; but his songs always reached the ears of the Princess and re-kindled her hope and love for him. She tried in vain to cross the barriers of society and meet her lover. She was married in all pomp and glory; but she could not forget him and his music. So when he died sleepless and suffering she rushed to him and joined him on the eternal journey.

The story itself, not very novel or original, has the charm of a love lyric; and the direction is in tune with the mood of the story and its

musical pattern. Of course, there are a few incongruities which jar on you like the use and display of the harmonium in one song and modern iron in another sequence. The cross cutting seems also at times jarring. But these shortcomings do not detract from the general effect of the picture which makes you feel as if you have been wafted into another world of music and love.

The music is an integral part of the story. The songs are not just decorative pieces but express the innermost feelings of the characters. The tunes by themselves are eloquent; and Naushad scales new heights as a composer with his beguiling score blending the classical ragas to popular rhythm in a matchless manner.

Shabab is his picture; the entire picture is dominated by songs and his music. Without his music and songs the picture would be meaningless and drab; his music gives it life and soul and lifts it to ethereal poetic heights. The photography, decor and direction is lavish and appropriate; the performances are sincere with Bharat Bhushan outstandingly good. The dialogue is pungent though at times Azmi has a tendency to be verbose; the lyrics by Shakeel are beautiful and simple.

To those who criticise Indian film music, *Shabab* will be a revelation. If the right songs of *Shabab* are not to be broadcast by A.I.R. all one can say is that A. I. R. is the loser. Dr. Keskar cannot get better songs to popularize Indian music of high standard than those semi-classical memorable songs of *Shabab*.

Personality of the week

THE foremost question discussed at the wedding of Usha Kiran was whether she will continue her career after marriage or not. Especially since she has not married any person from the film industry but just a doctor whom she knew since childhood it was but natural that the film people should pose such a query.

All indications are that Usha Kiran will continue to act in films. For, apart from the fact that she has to complete three or four pictures, she is genuinely in love with her pro-

fession. She does not act just to make money, but also to satisfy her

A few months ago when I met her at Kolhapur, I found that she was very particular about roles. And for a good role she was prepared to go to Kolhapur, or Calcutta as she did for *Shobha*.

Usha Kiran has been trained to dance and act since almost childhood. As Usha Marathe she made her debut on the Marathi stage twelve years ago in M. G. Rangnekar's play *Ashirwad* as a kid. She had an opportunity to work with Uday Shankar in *Kalpana*. She made her debut in a Gujarati film; but it was in *Wasudeo Balwant* and *Shree Krishna Darshan* that her talent was first noticed and it was her performance in *Bala Jo Jo Re* that won her stardom.

Usha Kiran is a very versatile artiste. She has played vamp and suffering woman with the same consummate artistry. With *Patita* she made her first bid for stardom in Hindi pictures and she has yet to reach the top ladder of success.

So it is hardly likely that before attaining her full glory she would bid good-bye to her acting career. On the contrary, after marrying a successful doctor she will be more careful in choosing her roles; and the quality of roles rather than just money would determine her choice. Marriage in her case appears to be just domestic change-over and as such it may not affect her career, especially since she is so keen and so interested in acting.

News of the week

S. K. OJHA went to Calcutta on Friday 28th to attend the premiere of his picture *Naaz* which took three years to complete.

Dalsukh M. Pancholi has been elected President of the Indian Motion Picture Producers Association.

Shri V. Shantaram has accepted the Government offer to act as the Chief Producer of the Films Division in the absence of Shri Bhavnani. In fact he took charge on Saturday. He will be working in an honorary capacity.

(Continued from page 8)

Do We Need A New Marriage Law?

ble. Even the contention that the basic part of human values remains unchangeable can be refuted these days. The psychologists will tell you that there are no such things as black and white but only various shades of grey. And once it is granted that the quality or texture of human relationships changes, all else should follow almost in mathematical derivation.

The institution of marriage has served various purposes and meant various things to various people at various times. Pericles exhorted the Athenian women mourning their dead sons that they must not be seen or heard but must bear more children to the state. In Hebrew practice procreation was all. There can be scarcely any famous book which is so full of references to 'seed' as the Old Testament says Margaret Cole. Westermarck also believes that it was originally for the benefit of the young that male and female continued to live together, and that therefore we may say that marriage is rooted in the family rather than the family in marriage. Demosthenes makes the point clearer. We have prostitutes for pleasure, he explains about his time, concubines for the daily care of the body and wives for the production of legitimate children as trusty caretakers of our homes. In India for a long time and in instances even today we find marriage being fundamentally an economic proposition. Maternity was so essential a part of the woman's job as wife that failure to produce was justification enough for the husband to marry again. It was during the time when people lived a clannish or communal life. According to the Bible it was the woman who brought evil into the world. So she was considered inferior and sexual enjoyment pronounced unclean and vulgar.

We talk of morality in wide, vague generalisations but morality, looked at unsentimentally and dispassionately is a pattern of conduct set by economics and statistics. These determine not only the standards of

sexual morality but the habits of marriage. It is said that one of the most widely-known customs among primitive people was the lending and borrowing of wives. The woman was a piece of property like the hunting knife and the string of beads. Polyandry was once practised in Tibet and Ceylon where the proportion of women was so low that it was a common custom for many brothers to share the same wife. We have in our own land the instance of Draupadi, if we are not afraid to strip her story of allegory. Genesis XXX tells us that Rachel was childless and she said to Jacob her husband, *Behold my maid Bilhah, go in unto her, and she shall bear upon my knees, that I may also have children by her and Bilhah bore Jacob a son. And Rachel said, God hath judged me and hath also heard my voice and hath given me a son.* And among the Kaffirs of South Africa an heir inherits not only his father's possessions but his wife whom he then rents out to other men. Miss Mary Borden also recalls in the *Technique of Marriage* the case of a Tibetan woman who threw under the attention and care of four husbands, one for each season of the year because the hill-men were too poor to afford a whole-time wife.

There was and is obviously more than one way of making a marriage work.

The eight modes of marriage which are declared to have been in vogue in ancient India have been in practice under different names in many other parts of the world. Marriage by capture or the *rakshasa* type of marriage as when Krishna carried away Rukmini from right under the noses of her family has its corollary in the abduction of Helen of Troy and the Rape of the Sabines which altered the course of Roman history. The Bible also relates (in the *Book of Judges*) how the sons of Benjamin hid in the vineyards of the daughters of Shiloh, and seizing their chance in the revelry of the moment carried them off to their homes. The Scandinavian folk tales abound in instances of capture. In the realm of poetry we read of young Lochinvar galloping away with his bride riding pillion on his horse. In Greek, to give a phono-

logical example, the word for wife is *damar* which means *prisoner of war* and is derived from *damazein* meaning *to overpower*.

Evidently, if we are prepared to delve deep enough into the history of the world we are likely to come across similarities of thought and habit in marriage over many parts of the world. The interim period from which we have drawn our own inheritance has been a period of decadence, of corruption, of the sacrifice of principle to expediency. With the change in the economic foundation of the community and the introduction of capitalism and commerce came the family phase. The family and not the community became the measure of value. The skeleton of the old habit persisted. But where there had been discipline there was rigidity. Where there had been division of labour there now was exploitation of economic weakness. Where there had been an aim and a purpose there now was a drifting. And where there had been an instinctive and unthinking identification with the community there now was a strait-laced and uninspiring code of morals. Inequality of economic status in marriage led to inequality of intellectual development which in turn led to lessening of understanding. Society fiercely insisted on monogamy. Prostitution flourished. (The history of prostitution indeed is, I think, the history of the institution of marriage). The dominant male kept his woman ignorant, uneducated, dependant and mortgaged for life to the home. To speak out, to express an opinion, to concern herself with anything outside the confines of her home was for a woman to be unfeminine. Milton, as you may remember, taught his daughters to read Greek and Latin so that they could read out the classics to him. But he took very good care to see that they did not understand a single word they read out.

It can hardly have escaped notice that conditions now obtaining in almost any country are different from those of any time within living memory. So we have to plan and think and design not in terms of precedents and conformity and usage

but of *people*. The emphasis has shifted from the clan and the family now to the individual. It is no longer necessary nor even desirable for woman to martyr herself in the cause of procreation. And man, conscious of his separate identity and individuality, is demanding from marriage other things besides maximum temptation and maximum opportunity. Emotional demands are changing. The act of love is not merely the beginning of gestation but it is an end in itself, its aim being merely pleasure. Sex, we are slowly realizing, is not just biology. At some point it directs sociology, and psychology. The growth of the human will and the entanglement of sex with the mind has made the situation a little bewildering but all the more exciting and pleasurable. Rape should soon become so rare as to be negligible as a social problem. Even the Victorian miss with her pinched waist, tight corset and fainting spells was a step ahead of her predecessor who fetched, carried and bore. And that in spite of Queen Victoria who wrote to Sir Theodore Martin that *Woman's Rights is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself*. Woman, she was convinced, would become *the most hateful, heartless and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself*, and then *where would be the protection which man was intended to give to the weaker sex?* Now we have the woman lawyer, the woman doctor, the woman legislator, the woman artist and the woman ambassador. The days when women were treated, as Havelock Ellis says, as *a mixture of angel and imbecile* are indeed over. She no longer belongs with the minor and idiot. The marriage age has risen. And now it is no longer only the young girl who seeks love and satisfaction but the adult woman also. Racine, Byron and Shakespeare belong to a period when sweet seventeen was the age of delight. The Ramayana belongs to an earlier time when there was a terrific premium on virginity. The women in the books of the late VaRa are the women of today. Marriage is no longer an affair conducted exclusively on a

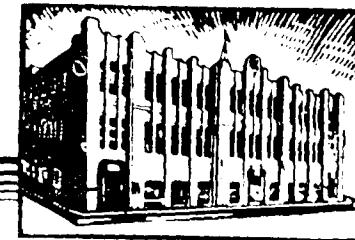
parental level. No more is knowledge of sex veiled in mystery and hush-hush. Women go to schools, colleges, offices and are entering *gainful* occupations. They have the vote, which means they have the capacity and the right to decide whom they are willing to serve. They get equal pay. They have civil rights. They have political rights. How then can we stop to wonder why what was good enough for our grandmothers is not good enough for us?

The availability of divorce is not specially exciting to the woman (I am taking the point which has upset the men most, poor souls) but the possibility of it is reassuring. The knowledge that the noose or the sea is not the only alternative is a preservative of woman's self-respect. It is just the difference between living in a closed house able only occasionally to look through the window, and having one's front door wide open. The street, gentlemen, is not a very pleasant or comfortable place to be out in. And nobody realises it more

clearly and completely than the women themselves. The home is much, much nicer. We know it. But it is good the front door should be left open so that the wind of heaven can blow through the hot-house which has been the Indian home. The Swedish, the Burmese and the Jews whose divorce and annulment laws are much easier are all notoriously constant. But changing our marriage laws alone is not enough. We must change the laws governing illegitimacy, prostitution, adoption, and inheritance suitably and homogeneously.

No nation in the world has yet evolved the perfect laws and ways of marriage among the perfect conditions. For the conditions of life are always changing. The UN can prohibit war. But it cannot regulate the relationship between men and women. It is beyond law, beyond reason, always balanced on the edge of understanding. Right now in our country it is the victim of orthodox education, orthodox religion and of muddled, fearful thinking.

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THE SWEDISH ACADEMY

By PHILIP L. LORRAINE

AT four o'clock on Thursday afternoon October the fifteenth, 1953, twelve members of the Swedish Academy sat round a long table in a white and gold rococo room above the eighteenth century Stockholm Stock Exchange. While the din of bulls and bears were dying down below them, they silently dropped twelve white ivory balls into a large Japanese pot to award Sir Winston Churchill, soldier, statesman and author, this year's Nobel prize in literature. As each man rose to go he was given a small silver medallion by secretary Dr. Anders Osterling. On one side was stamped the head of the Academy's founder King Gustav III, on the other the Academy's emblem "snille och smak"—genius and taste. From the janitor at the door medallions were exchanged for five Swedish crowns. With the coins jingling in their pockets, they crossed the mediaeval market square of Stortorget outside to dine in the Academy's own beer-cellar, the 18th century restaurant "Cyldene Freden" in Stockholm's old town.

The Swedish Academy, arbiter of the Swedish language, compiler of the proposed forty volume Swedish dictionary, patron of Swedish poets and writers, chosers of the annual Nobel prize-winner in literature, is steeped in tradition. Every Thursday at the same time for seven months a year all available members of the "eighteen immortals" of which it is composed meet in secret and private session in its headquarters in the Stockholm Stock Exchange. Once a year on December 20th, the birthday of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, a public meeting is held in the magnificent State Banqueting Hall of the Stock exchange, when learned papers are read and new members when necessary are inaugurated. The procedure is the same as laid down by its royal founder in 1786. In the presence of a glittering assembly wearing full evening dress and decorations headed by the King, the royal family, members of the court, politicians,

statesmen, and leaders of the country's thought and culture, the academicians take their places on numbered chairs at a table covered with a blue damask cloth on a raised dais in the centre of the room. In front of each member is a lighted candle and a glass of sweetened water. This year two new members will be inaugurated. 52-year-old poet, botanist, and dramatic critic Sten Selander, and 64-year-old poet and playwright Bertil Malmberg will be invited to sit in chairs number six and eighteen vacated by the deaths of explorer Sven Hedin and author Gustaf Hellstrom respectively. Chair number seventeen will this time be empty, occasioned by the death of a few months ago of its occupant Hjalmar Hammarskjold, Sweden's famous prime minister and father of the present United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold.

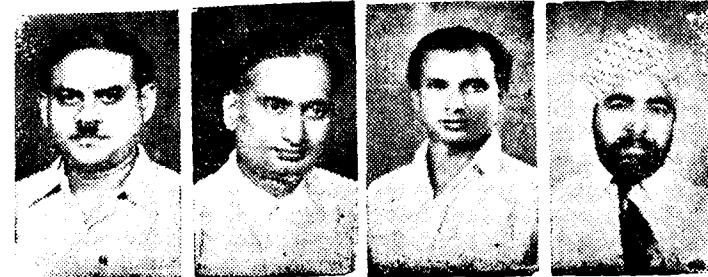
The Swedish Academy was founded in 1786 by Sweden's great patron of the arts, the culture-loving King Gustav III. Based on the principles of the French Academy of which he was a greater admirer, Gustav III himself drew up all its rules and dictated all the details of procedure which are strictly adhered to until today. This included the dispensation of medallions to each member present at every Academy meeting, which could be kept or exchanged for cash at the members' own wish. Tradition has it that he chose eighteen as the number of its occupants because he liked the ringing tones of the phrase "en av de aderton" (pronounced ar-der-ton) which in English means "one of the eighteen." Gustav selected the motto "snille och smak" himself and appointed also the first thirteen members from officials, statesmen and authors. The choice of the remaining five he left to the Academy itself which since that time has selected all its other members. Although the reigning king has the right to veto names selected he has never done so.

The objects of the Academy were to "protect the purity, vigour and nobility of the Swedish language, to compile a Swedish dictionary and grammar, and to issue publications promoting and establishing good taste in the use of the Swedish tongue." Meetings were to be informal and democratic, and all titles on these occasions were to be dropped. To this day each member irrespective of rank addresses the other as plain "Herr" or "Mister." Gustav was a stickler for order and one of his rules ordained that the responsibility of the chairman, who is changed every six months, was "to keep good order during the meetings and see that there was no quarrelling or fighting." For this latter purpose he no doubt presented the Academy with a beautiful ivory gavel one end of which bears an exquisite miniature of himself.

To ensure their financial independence he awarded the Academy the exclusive right to publish the official government gazette known as the "Post och Inrikes Tidning" considered to be the world's oldest daily newspaper and lovingly called in Sweden "Postgumman" (The old lady of the Post Office). In addition he gave them the right to collect certain government fines and tolls obtained from various royal salmon fisheries. The latter has now been exchanged for a small annual government subsidy of 2,500 crowns while the revenue from the newspaper amounting to over 300,000 crowns annually pays for the work connected with the compilation of the Swedish dictionary. The Academy has received other odd additions to its coffers from donations and bequests from time to time, the most important being the bequest of the "Gylde Freden" restaurant

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in the will of the famous Swedish painter Anders Zorn in 1919 a year before he died. With admirable logic the proceeds from the wine, beer and snaps drinking of its bibulous customers goes to the award of an annual prize amounting in former years to 12,000 crowns (to be doubled this year) to a poet or ballad writer. The prize is named after Sweden's great Gustavian ballad writer Bellman who was a great frequenter of this famous tavern. One of the recent recipients of this prize has been his modern prototype Evert Taube.

Gustav III laid down no rules as to whether Academicians should be men or women. All he said was that they were to be "persons of upright character and good habits." During the 167 years of the Academy's existence the eighteen chairs have held 149 occupants of which two were women. One was the world famous novelist and Nobel prize-winner Selma Lagerlof, and the other was Elin Wagner, great Swedish feminist and writer. Only one member has ever been expelled. He was Gustav III's courtier the brilliant soldier Gustaf Mauritz Armfelt. He had to relinquish chair number fourteen when his patron was assassinated in 1792 in the Stockholm Opera House and he fell out of favour with the succeeding government and had to flee the country. He was re-installed in chair number seventeen in 1805, and had the distinction of being the only academician ever to have occupied two seats.

In general each chair has its own tradition. Chair number three for instance has been occupied by such orientalist as John Adam Tingstad and by its present holder Professor H. S. Nyberg. On chair number seven which was occupied by the poet Esaias Tegner now sits the poet and Nobel prize-winner Par Lagerkvist. But there is no special rule. On chair number twelve sat the polar explorer Erik Nordenskiöld, while Sven Hedin the asiatic explorer sat on chair number six. The youngest member of the Academy and the only one who is self-taught is the present holder of chair number fifteen, the one-time tramp, seaman and 49-year-

old poet Harry Martinson. The first time the latter ever wore a dress suit was when he was inaugurated at the December 20th public meeting in 1949.

The compilation of the Swedish dictionary is one of the principal and most important tasks of the Swedish Academy. After a considerable amount of headaches, mostly financial, the work was methodically begun under a special sub-committee in 1896. A team of twelve experts under the direction of Professor Pelle Holm now handles the job from a series of rooms attached to the University Library in Lund. New words are listed on more than six million bits of paper and checked and cross-checked forty times before final insertion in the printed edition. So far twenty volumes up to the letter "P" have been completed. Each year one half of a new volume is ready, and there are ten more volumes to complete. "If all goes well," says Professor Holm who himself has been engaged with the dictionary since 1913, "the last letter will be finished in 1973. And then, he adds with a sigh, "we shall perhaps have to begin again."

The other big function of the Academy is the annual choice of the Nobel prize-winner in literature. For this purpose three members of the Academy are deputed to read the works of recommended candidates and report on their findings to at least a two-third full session of the Academy. To help them the Nobel Institute has provided the Academy with a library of nearly 100,000 works by modern authors which is housed in rooms adjoining the Academy offices above the Stockholm Stock Exchange.

The remaining functions of the Academy is the award of the Bellman Prize previously mentioned. It also assists from its remaining funds the material wants of needy poets and writers of which there is a long and anonymous list, and propagates the spreading of Swedish literary culture by grants and scholarships to public literary societies and organisations. The guiding principle is as Gustav III put it—"genius and taste."—NNF

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Headmasters Of Rural Board Schools

Sir,—While most of us are aware of the major difficulties in the way of educational progress, certain impediments may escape our notice. The great scarcity of trained teachers, especially in the rural high schools, is well understood; but the fact that many of those schools also suffer from want of competent headmasters or headmistresses is not so familiarly known.

Most of these rural high schools are managed by the local bodies. Till recently, as per Government orders, only school assistants, having at least a total of ten years' service in the concerned local body along with other qualifications, were recruited as heads of institutions. The Government have now relaxed this rule and assistants with only seven years of service can be promoted as heads of institutions. Extension of service to retired headmasters and headmistresses is also to be freely given. With all this relaxation of rules, certain local bodies are still unable to find enough number of assistants in their service, for promotion as heads of institutions.

Evidently, the Government of Madras felt that they could not relax the regulations further, without facing a markedly serious deterioration in educational standards. In March this year, the Government published certain proposed amendments to the rules relating to these posts under local bodies, mainly intending to facilitate the recruitment to this cadre of teachers with longer experience and greater efficiency. It is proposed for this purpose to take into account the previous service, if any, of assistants under private managements, who may have chosen or who may choose to enter service under the local bodies. This amendment will recognise the merits of assistants with long periods of service under private agencies but who have only recently entered service under the local bodies. Their recruitment as heads of institutions cannot but have a salutary effect on educational standards in the rural high schools. It appears that certain vested interests in district

boards, etc., are opposing this entirely wholesome move, under the pretext that the rights of younger men in their service will be jeopardised. If this is true, from the educational point of view, it can only be called a very short-sighted policy. If educational institutions are to be controlled by young men with only two or three years of service as assistants, their efficiency is bound to suffer.

The total qualifying period of service should not be further relaxed. Efficiency and experience and not merely priority of entry into the service of the local body should be taken into account for appointment as heads of institutions. The Government should insist on open recruitment for these posts under the local bodies, of assistants of proved efficiency from privately managed high schools.

X.

Coimbatore.

Mrs. Santha Rungachary's Letter To Vigneswara

Sir,—With reference to Mrs. Santha Rungachary's letter to Vigneswara, I shall be glad if you can publish the following in your esteemed weekly:

To those who have been educated to confuse God and Science and to think that the belief "God has created man" is fallacious, Marriage is only a legalised prostitution and not a sacrament. With the discovery their Science-God has made they can have pleasure without responsibility, and Marriage can result when contraception fails. They cannot but welcome divorce.

I am reminded of a conversation between an Indian and a European, who were colleagues in a college. The Englishman said, "You see, Mr. Iyer, we have got a great privilege in our country of marrying those whom we love." The Indian smiled and replied: "Yes, but we have got a greater privilege in India of loving those whom we marry." It may be that the number of frustrated wives are more than the number of hen-pecked husbands. But in course of time education (not within inverted commas) will restore to women their rightful place in society.

Marriage is a bondage and it is made in Heaven. Pathivrathya Dharma is the greatest Indian contribution. Instead of educating the people to work it properly, scrapping it is nothing but imitating the West. In passing the Special Marriage Bill, we are throwing away the child in our anxiety to wash the

tub. We can only pray that the proverbial gibe: "Your children and my children are quarrelling with our children" does not come true in India and Divorce should become a dead law.

V. SWAMINATHAN

(ii)

Sir,—I hope these few lines will be noted by Mrs. Santha Rungachary. I heartily concur with the instinctive impulses of Mrs. Santha so nicely expressed in her letter. Yet, her categorically and indiscriminately calling the men in the human race as always milling to subdue and enslave the other sex, is rather regrettable.

In these ultra-modern days, nothing can be static. And upholding unnecessary views and practices favourable to one side (the men) in the name of virtue is not befitting.

VILAYATI RAM

(iii)

Sir,—Mrs. Santha Rungachary's letter to Vighneswara (Swatantra, May 15) would have been read by the younger generation with sympathy and encouragement, not to say interest.

However, certain aspects of the case have been totally ignored by her. The general trend of her letter is the protest of an individual against the cruel infliction of outworn conventions by an unsympathetic society. Her standpoint is that of an aggrieved intelligent woman of the upper classes and it closely approaches that of Ibsen. Hers is a revolt, not a revolution. She tends to forget that the benefits of the piece of legislation contemplated may not at all reach millions of her uneducated sisters wallowing in misery, who may not even get informed about their rights. So long as divorce as a right is not accompanied by economic independence for women, the ordinary woman of this country will not resort even to the mere mention of divorce as a threat, because of the terrible prospects awaiting her and perhaps her children also. This is not to decry the present reform altogether but only to say that the reform will mostly be resorted to by people whom Mr. Aldous Huxley has so ably pictured in his play "Permutations among

the Nightingales"—a class of people who would wish to replace the game of chess by one of marriage.

M. KALYANI

(iv)

Sir,—Mrs. Santha Rungachary's letter in your issue of 22-5-'54 raises points of great import to the future of our country and our race. Please be good enough to give me an opportunity of setting them out briefly so that your readers may have right ideas on the points involved.

Individualism and competition, self assertion and self expression are the characteristic features of Western Civilisation. These give it immense striking power to achieve immediate results but their long-term effects are disastrous. So Tagore said of it "It is not the glory of the dawn. It is the glare of a conflagration."

Group-life and self repression, restraint and self effacement are the characteristic features of our civilisation as well as of China's civilisation. These do not give such immediate and spectacular results but they endow the Community with immense vitality and in the long run they are capable of taking it to highest pinnacles of progress and prosperity and achievement.

"Time will show what will go over board" says Rungachary. It has already shown—not once or twice but over and over again in the course of History and it will show again and again if necessary. Ideas of individual's pleasure or pain are not the guide to greatness. Paradoxically they often head only to their opposites.

The British have left ruling us but they have left behind them a sufficient number of people converted to the ideas of their civilisation, who with fanatic zeal are continuing their work of "civilising the natives" and bringing them into line with Western civilisation. Of this 3 per cent of our population who are the English educated India, we who represent the 97 per cent real India can only say and pray "God, save us from our friends," as we did in the old days when our inferiority-complexed "reformers" joined hands with the British to destroy the institutions of our Civilisation.

K. G. BABU RAO

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. IX. June 12, 1954. No. 19.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	5
SIDELIGHTS	6
THERE'S NOTHING IN DRIVING	7
NEWS AND VIEWS	9
COLOUR IS NOT A CRUTCH	12
IN TRAVANCORE-COCHIN TODAY	14
BEVAN UNGAGGED	17
COMPETITIVE SPORTS: A VIEWPOINT	22
AFGHANISTAN TODAY	24
MUSIC: RISING MUSICIANS	27
MURDER OF A GENIUS	28
ALL FOR LOVE	30
SO MUCH BLOOD! (True Story)	31
CATCHING THE TRAIN; STRIFE (Poems)	
Vighneswara	5
Saka	6
Santha Rungachary	7
Figaro	9
P. G. Krishnayya's Service	12
G. S. Bhargava	14
Andrew Roth	17
J. A. Rodrigues	22
Dan Kurzman	24
P. Srinivasa Iyer	27
Manjula	28
A. M. S. Satyamurti	30
Shikha	31
Manjeri S. Isvaran;	
K. Bhageswar Sarma	33
M. Krishnan	34
C. H. V. Pathy	37
V. P. Sathe	40
Kausika	42
NEW BOOKS (Reviews)	46
T. S. BALAKRISHNA SASTRIAR	47
CORRESPONDENCE	

ON THE COVER:

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan laying the Foundation Stone of the New Accountant General's Office, Madras

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.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year: Inland, Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. IX.

JUNE 12 SATURDAY 1954

No. 19

AFFRONT TO DEMOCRACY

UNDER the caption "Troubles in Pakistan" *The New York Times* writes:

The so-called "Lion of Bengal" (Fazlul Huq) has been forced out of office and his Cabinet dissolved. For the time being "Governor's rule" has been proclaimed and units of the Pakistan Army and Navy have been dispatched to keep order. This may seem on the face of it to be a reversal of the democratic process, since Fazlul Huq won a sweeping election victory in the recent East Pakistan balloting and won it on the basis of opposition to the Moslem League and the Karachi Government.

The New York Times then proceeds to argue that though "this may seem on the face of it to be a reversal of the democratic process," in reality it is not so, and "there are other and deeper issues behind this show of strength by Karachi." One of these issues, we are told, was Communist political intervention in the elections in favour of the "United Front" organisation of Mr. Fazlul Huq: "The Communists elected a substantial number of party members and members of front organisations to the Assembly." Secondly, it is alleged against Mr. Fazlul Huq that after the elections he made a series of self-contradictory statements and actually committed himself to the independence of the East from the West. "At that point," we are informed, "he (Mr. Fazlul Huq) left the Prime Minister with no alternative if Pakistan was to continue to be united and attempt to be strong." "We are interested in that union and in that strength," concludes *The New York*

Times. "We want our Pakistani friends to enjoy the security of a prosperous and viable state, economic and political."

The New York Times is probably the most authoritative exponent of American domestic and foreign policies, indeed of the American way of life. Its comments may be taken to be as authentic an exposition of the American way of dealing with Asian affairs as can be hoped for in the brief compass of a few hundred words. Their effect is far from favourable from the standpoint of commending the American way to Asian intelligence. Fear of Communism has in the United States poisoned the whole atmosphere of politics, and helped to arm with special powers tyrannical inquisitors who with their witch-hunts have destroyed the peace and liberties of citizens. The Indian conception of democracy is in some respects saner than the American. It has provided no scope for the rise of a McCarthy. Pandit Nehru is not less sensitive to the peril of the world conquest to which the leaders of the Kremlin aspire than President Eisenhower. But the Indian Prime Minister realises, none better, that Communism cannot be fought with military weapons. To resort to undemocratic methods to put down the Communists is to sanctify the latter with a martyrdom which they will only be too ready to exploit to improve their standing with the people. American assistance to Karachi to destroy a constitutional regime that was based

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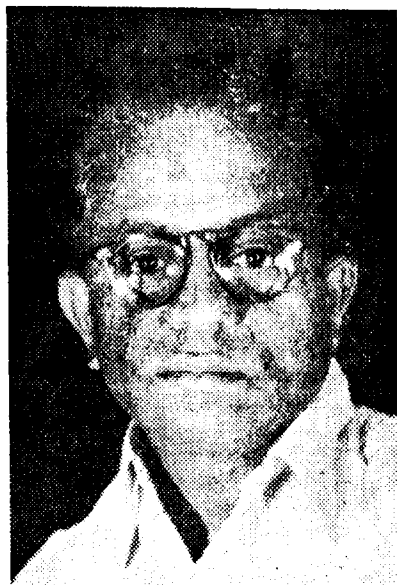
solely on the verdict of the polls in East Bengal, has weakened democracy in Asia far more than any consolidation of Communist effort or achievement could have done. It has lost them the right to leadership as upholders of democracy. More. It has deprived them of the respect of nations and peoples pledged to the democratic faith.

Finance for Industry

A sad state of affairs in the industrial sector is disclosed in the report of the Shroff Committee published last week. Development in this sector has not been satisfactory, and the Committee have explained at length the reasons for it. As prominent among these reasons may be cited the frequent minatory utterances of leaders in authority about the prospects of nationalisation in industry, dishonest handling of industrial enterprises by unscrupulous managements given to excessive profiteering, and the heavy raids on the capital market made by the Government themselves for the financing of their Five Year Plans and other projects. For the removal of the inhibitory effect of these factors the Committee have made several very reasonable recommendations. They have suggested, for example, a relaxation of the law governing insurance companies so as to permit them to invest a larger percentage of their funds in private industrial undertakings. They have also emphasised the value of special institutions like the Industrial Finance Corporations for providing additional capital resources to deserving industries. There have been instances in the past of gross abuse of power by Ministers in charge of industries under cover of State aid. We wish the Shroff Committee had thought out a device for the periodical check and punishment of misdeeds of this kind.

A solvent national economy can be built only on profitable industries. When expense exceeds producti-

vity, the industry concerned is bound to collapse. The recent suspension of work by the Madras Tramway Company may be attributed to the combined effects of legislation and labour leadership. We have labour legislation copied direct from the advanced West of which the burden in terms of expense is far in excess of what our undeveloped industries can bear. Our labour leadership, driven by crude politics and vote-catching frenzy, lacks the right insight to decide the limit of safety in the formulation of demands for benefits. They have been wholly without a conscience in the matter of teaching labour its duties and infusing in it pride of discipline and craftsmanship so as to enhance its dignity and value through heightened productivity. The chapter in the Shroff Committee Report dealing with these aspects of industry is worth careful study by our labour leaders and Ministers.



Sri A. Arunachalam, who has been elected as the first President of the newly formed Federation of Indian Photography.

Sotto Voce

★
POLITICAL CUCKOO.



ESTABLISHED institutions of every sort have their secret cupboards. And the gate-crasher who has glimpsed the skeleton inside lives comfortably on the discreet use of that knowledge for the rest of his natural term. The Congress has been no exception to the rule. The 'Nationalist Muslim' always reminded me of a college teacher in the first decade of the century who declared that he remained a Hindu in order better to serve the cause of Christ. Such men make the best of both worlds; though this brand of broad-mindedness is hardly to be preferred to the narrowmindedness of the British episcopals who berated Queen Elizabeth for courteously attending a Buddhist religious service.

That is by the way. We were following the confused trail of the Congress. The other day a Congressman was returned at a by-election in the South. The leader of the Justice Party, a sport, was gallant enough to deprecate the calumnious propaganda which apparently had been carried on against that gentleman. The suggestion, it seems, was that he was a Justicite in disguise. Actually there is no need for disguise at all: few men have prospered more under the Congress in power than some who were the pillars and props of the old Justice Party and who originated the witch hunt which E. V. R. and 'Anna' are carrying on to its logical conclusion.

It is the so-called Congressman, whether in or out of office, who today thinks it necessary effectively to disguise his original colour. So much so, the Blackshirt organisations have

magnanimously offered a truce to their white capped brothers who have captured the citadel of power. Good friends of the new Chief Minister of Madras assure you that he has purged his Ministry of the Brahman element in order that he may more effectively befriend that community. One can only suppose that the ways of love, like those of God, are inscrutable. Look at the new devices installed for the double decantation of Brahmans from the professional colleges, and the supersession of a police officer of outstanding integrity and efficiency, whose only sin seems to be his sacred thread—or perhaps his culture?

No wonder that the Harijan chelas of the Congress with so many object lessons before them should have achieved sophistication so rapidly. Time was when the Rajas and the Rettamalai Srinivasans, who had flourished under the old bureaucracy, pointed the finger of scorn at their brethren who worshipped at the Gandhian shrine. It was before the guilt-complex had got the Congress High Command by the throat. The Harijan Congressmen were meek and mild and rather given to snivelling copiously into their pocket handkerchiefs. "We are very grateful to our caste-brethren for all that they have done for us, but wish they would do more"—that was the favourite line. It was Dr. Ambedkar who discovered the art of holding the Congress in fee.

I must say that Mr. Jagjivan Ram has proved an apt pupil of that *soi-distant* mentor. He remained

(Continued on page 43)

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Chief Minister of Madras was asked at a press conference about the Government's decision to increase the number of marks for personality test from 50 to 100 for candidates seeking admission to professional colleges in the State. Sri Kamaraj Nadar said, reports *The Mail*, "Why should it be explained why the marks were increased or decreased?" This is one of those extremely innocent-looking questions like the ones that babies without inhibitions of any sort just learning to lisp love to ask their mothers at feeding time—questions like What is God, What is Truth, Where did I come from?—that are so extraordinarily difficult to answer. It is a fundamental question that goes to the very root of existence of an administrator. It has therefore to be answered and cannot be evaded.

The Chief Minister of a State is a public figure. His decisions on matters of administration are not like the private concerns of ordinary persons that do not affect other people. They affect many others, and according as they are wise or not they make them happy or miserable. The happiness of the governed is a promise that is given at election time by politicians seeking their votes in order to secure through their support the right to rule. Successful contenders at the polls for the right to rule are under an obligation to explain their major decisions and prove them necessary for the good of the people. That is why they have a regular department, the publicity department, charged with the work of explaining the decisions of the Government to the people.

Now to the Chief Minister's question: "Why should it be explained why the marks were increased or decreased?" It should be explained because the explanation is basic, inextricably related to Sri Kamaraj's right to rule as Chief Minister, and included in the promise that Government will promote the good of the people which is the basis of that

right. The attempt to enhance the importance of the personality test is no new thing. Sri A. B. Shetty made it last year with all the vigour of his hatred of merit because merit is confused in his mind with certain persons whom he does not like. But at that time Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao was Education Minister and he put up a brave fight against Sri Shetty's fantastic crusade. It does not appear that the material admitted to professional colleges last year has proved any the worse for the rejection of Sri Shetty's demand for doubling the marks allotted for the personality test. We have on the other hand Sri Rajagopalachari's assurance that it has been found to be "uniformly excellent."

What is called personality is very elusive and it cannot be cornered and assessed with any measure of accuracy by any body of men however intelligent in an interview or two. Sri Kamaraj himself who has risen to the highest position in the State, would have been shut out of his whole career and barred from everything good and useful if his chances had depended on any personality test of the sort that his Government have now decided to impose on others. Good doctors and engineers are made by qualities far different from any that can be detected in an *ad hoc* way by interviewing committees, and the proposed changes are certainly not justified by any considerations that will appeal to reasonable men genuinely interested in our standards of professional education. C. R.'s comment on them is damning. He thinks they are designed only to create seats in the professional colleges for discretionary distribution by Ministers. C. R. knows a thing or two about administration, and in a case of this kind, Sri Kamaraj will be well advised to be guided by C. R.'s experience and admonition rather than by the anti-social pulls of the less reliable among his Cabinet colleagues.

SAK

THERE'S NOTHING IN DRIVING —IF YOU KNOW HOW,

says Santha Rungachary

FOR three days last week I learnt driving. A car, I mean. A long time ago when I was at the age when a fall would merely have bent my bones, I learnt cycling. It was all a matter of balance, said my brother who taught me. He was the boy who learnt swimming by consenting to be pushed into the stream with a rope round his middle. Having been brought up on such orthodox methods, he applied the same to me without compunction. He put me on the seat of the bicycle, took a deep breath and pushed with the concentration of energy and muscle of a hundred and ten pounds of growing brawn and—let go. I got along fine until I suddenly became aware that he had left me to the mercy of my own resources. And it just happened to synchronise with the moment of realisation that I did not know what to do with a bicycle if it came to a stop. I crouched over the handlebars for an eternity dimly conscious that there was something ahead of me. And it was only when I was right on top of it that I realised what it was. It was a herd of buffaloes.

It was an unforgettable experience.

It is all a question of presence of mind and nerve, said the friend who kindly undertook to teach me to drive a car. He is small and round and is the kind of person we read about who can drive with his eyes closed and his hands tied together at his back. But before he decided to martyr himself, various friends took me aside to offer various suggestions. I must go to a *maidan* first, said one, and learn what is what. Another had a tried and trusted method. I was to get into the driver's seat and put myself in the hands of an expert driver and relax and forget about the whole thing. But I wasn't quite taken up with the idea of relaxing and forgetting the whole thing in the hands of an expert driver. Another said I was first to learn the intricacies of

the mechanics of it, in fact to learn to *repair* the car before I learnt to drive it. No, said yet another, the only way to learn to get the better of a car was to get into the vehicle with a champion driver by my side and come right down Pycrofts' Road from the Express Offices to the Beach end at rush hour on top gear.

The *maidan* idea appealed to me most. I chose my *maidan* with special care. It had a row of giant trees on one side and a hibiscus hedge on two others. It was a huge place within a stone's throw of a good general practitioner. Quite ideal, in fact.

For a start I was taught just where what was and how it worked and what had to be pressed and what had to be pulled and why. When it was all over and I was in the proper stage of confusion, my friend suggested that I keep the car moving.

"Just do as I tell you," he said. "When I say something do it *at once*. That is the first thing you must learn, to follow instructions. And whenever you are in doubt, just stop."

Well, I started off with a fine flourish. It is easy, you know, once you get the hang of the thing.

"Turn right," said my friend.

I stopped the car.

"Whose right?" I asked.

"Yours and mine," said my friend.

I sorted that one out and kept going.

"Right again," said my friend, "and go faster."

I kept going right. Ten minutes passed. I was still at it.

"I think," I said mildly, "we are going around in a circle."

There was no future in it as far as I could see.

"O. K." said my friend. "Let me see you go straight."

I headed towards the hibiscus hedge. There was a good hundred yards to go. I pressed lightly on the accelerator.

NEWS AND VIEWS

"Do you think," I asked conversationally just to show I was taking the whole thing in my stride, "the French India merger is going to be any trouble?"

"No," said my friend. "Stop waving around. Keep the wheel steady."

"Pity," I said, "they don't seem to be seeing eye to eye with us in Paris."

"They will in time," said my friend. "Stop fiddling with the gears."

"Do you suppose," I said, "all this agitation . . ."

"Stop!" said my friend.

I pressed viciously on the accelerator.

The hibiscus hedge now lay all around us.

"I asked you to stop," said my friend holding his head.

"But not suddenly like that," I protested. "Not without any notice whatsoever. You asked me to go straight in the first place."

It was his fault, of course. Any of my acquaintances could have told him that the one thing I never learnt to do was to go straight.

My friend decided to take me on to the road at the next lesson.

"Just keep your eyes on the road," he said, "and forget about the French India situation. And don't take a turning without changing into third gear or if necessary into first. And watch out for the signals from other cars. And when you come to a cross-roads just come to a dead stop. We will cross that bridge when we come to it."

"What bridge?" I said.

"Never mind," he said. "And don't keep on messing around with the gear. And take your foot off the clutch when you have done with the gears."

I stopped the car.

"Do you mean to tell me," I demanded of him, "that I am expected to remember all these things?"

"At least," he said, "remember some of them. I will remember the rest."

I took off my shoes and felt for the gadgets at my feet.

"I don't know," I commented just to show him I wasn't bearing any grudge, "how you can drive with your boots on."

"Some people," said my friend, "drive with their boots on."

I started the car but that was all I did. My friend took over from his seat beside me. He took me through the meanest streets in the city and he honked my way dizzily past ox-carts, mofussil buses and road repair signs. He pulled the sides of the car together and passed through spaces I wouldn't have ventured into on a bicycle, he raced ten-ton trucks and beat them. He rushed past old women and ran the car over children and lambs without even giving them a scratch. He waved to friends in other cars and kept up a running commentary on the little things in our run-about which must be attended to as soon as possible. I gave up the struggle after the first few minutes. From where I sat I began to take a pretty dim view of things. Off and on I found the steering-wheel snatched from right under my hands but I was long past caring. When I had no wheel to hold on to I simply held on to my friend. At last I heard the sound of the sea and knew we were somewhere on the Beach Road. If I had found myself going on the sands I wouldn't have been a bit surprised.

"It is all over," said my friend peeling my hands off his arm. "You can now open your eyes."

"Where am I?" I asked weakly, feeling like the fifth of November.

"Tomorrow," said my friend, "you will feel better."

On the contrary, I felt far from better the next day. When the car came I wished I had given in to my nocturnal impulse and written my will and made my peace with God.

"Just a moment," I said. "I want to say good-bye to the children."

Calmly and sedately I drove down the Beach Road at a steady ten miles an hour on third gear and then turned into Mount Road. That was my mistake. Before I knew where I was I found myself in the thickest traffic jam I had ever seen. A policeman shouted at me and darted towards my side.

"Which way do you want to go?" he asked breathing hard.

(Continued on page 44)

Nepal's Affairs

THERE are indications that all is not well in the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, our northern neighbour. Evidence of this came in the form of demonstrations in Khatmandu against visiting Indian Parliamentarians recently. These demonstrations also show that at least some of the parties in Nepal would not hesitate to whip up anti-Indian feelings among the people to achieve their own ends. What is surprising is that some of the parties like the Nepali National Congress, which were behind these protests, recognise the need for the closest ties between India and their country. It is still doubtful whether any considerable section of the people believe in the wild charges of Indian interference in Nepal's internal affairs made by these parties in view of the traditional and long-standing friendship between India and Nepal. Nor could the people of that country have forgotten so soon the assistance India gave to the democratic movement there.

It is understandable that some of the Ranas displaced from power should bear a grudge against India. But it is surprising that the leaders of the more responsible opposition parties should join hands with them. The Government of Nepal has been accused of surrendering to India because it follows the same policy in international affairs as India. Another charge is that the presence of an Indian military mission and some senior Indian officials to reorganise the army and the administration of the kingdom constitutes interference by India. Since the need for reorganising the administration is recognised by all reasonable parties obviously the nearest country from where experienced persons can be obtained to carry out the reorganisation is India. Nor is their complaint concerning the agreement on the Kosi project, which will benefit both countries, genuine. Not only does Nepal stand to gain from the Kosi project, but India has also promised her assist-

ance in carrying out several other smaller schemes. India has also agreed to refund excise duty on Indian manufactures exported to Nepal.

These acts of the Indian Government are far from unfriendly to Nepal. The Nepali Congress and the Gurkha Parishad, instead of trying to create anti-Indian feelings, would have done well to concentrate on the real drawbacks of the present Government and wrest control of the administration in a democratic manner. To tell the truth, the Government of Mr. M. P. Koirala has not been able to fulfil its pledges regarding land reform and other matters. Nor has the process of democratisation gone apace. These are genuine grievances and it is natural that opposition parties should be given to feelings of frustration. But at least part of the responsibility for this rests on these parties themselves on account of their opportunist tactics and unconstructive criticism.

M. P. Minister resigns

MR. R. K. PATIL, Development Minister of Madhya Pradesh, has resigned from the Cabinet. But curiously enough, neither he nor the Chief Minister, Mr. Ravishankar Shukla, has come out with any explanation as is usual in such cases. Report, however, has it that the Secretary to the Development Department was not agreeable to Mr. Patil's ideas on planning and development being tried in practice and sought the support of the Chief Minister to sabotage the Minister's plans. Mr. Shukla is rumoured to have offered to relieve Mr. Patil of the difficult task of looking after the development of the State and give him some other portfolio. This was a double dose of defeat and humiliation which no honourable person could take with equanimity. What makes the whole matter worse is the fact that when Mr. Patil appealed to Mr. Nehru against the unjust treatment meted out to him by the Chief Minister, Mr. Nehru (whose favourite Mr. Patil was

at one time) declined to intervene. And so Mr. Patil, who resigned from the I.C.S. for the sake of the country, now finds himself ousted from office by a civilian. What must be even more galling to him is that there is no other Minister who would stand by him. Perhaps the others feel relieved at his exit. For, it has been alleged that he was considered a "kill-joy," talking of principles and issues and distracting politicians in the "cosy enjoyment of office."

Rajasthan Congress

THE Congress Party in Rajasthan, as in many other States, is now torn by an internal crisis. The trouble there is over admission to the Congress Party in the Assembly of 19 jagirdar M. L. A.s who, along with other jagirdars, had filed petitions in the Supreme Court challenging the validity of the State Government's Jagirdari Resumption Act. The Court declared certain provisions invalid and petitions questioning cer-

tain other provisions are now pending in the courts. Meanwhile, the State Assembly is considering a Bill to amend the original Act to overcome the objections upheld by the Supreme Court.

But suddenly, due to change of heart or for some other reason, the jagirdars agreed to withdraw their opposition to the new Bill and also the suits filed in the courts against the original Act. The 19 jagirdar members of the Assembly also expressed a desire to become members of the Congress. They also undertook to co-operate with the Government in the implementation of the Jagirdari Resumption Act and to surrender their estates when called upon to do so. The President of the Pradesh Congress Committee agreed to their request on their fulfilling the conditions laid down by him, but the members of the Committee recently adopted a resolution declaring that the jagirdar M. L. A.s should be admitted to the Congress only on

their agreeing to surrender beforehand their jagirs. The P. C. C. President not unnaturally felt that his assurance to the concerned jagirdars was being flouted and offered to resign his office. But, on Pandit Nehru's intervention, he is stated to have agreed to withdraw it and the whole matter is to be considered afresh by the P. C. C.

Land revenue surcharge in Punjab

YET another State in India to levy a surcharge on land revenue to cover its budget deficit is the Punjab. The Governor of that State has issued an ordinance levying the surcharge with effect from the Rabi harvest of the agricultural year 1953-54. But the new levy is not applicable to Amritsar and Gurgaon districts and the Kulu sub-division of Kangar district. It is to be levied on landowners owning more than five acres in the State, the surcharge amounting to one-quarter of the land revenue if the holding does not exceed 30 acres and two-fifths where the holding is more than 30 acres. The surcharge will continue to be levied so long as the present rates of land revenue assessment continue.

Prohibition Committee for Delhi

THE Government of Delhi State is reported to have set up a Prohibition Committee with Mr. Shiv Charan Gupta, Deputy Minister, as Chairman. The main business of this body, which consists of five other non-officials, with three officials as advisers, will be to advise the Government on the introduction of Prohibition in the State. It will be the duty of the Committee to examine the financial implications of the prohibition of liquor and to suggest alternative sources of revenue to make up the loss in revenue. In its deliberations, the Committee will have the advantage of knowing the experience of States where Prohibition is in force and the financial, moral and social consequences of introducing the reform.

It will not be wrong to describe the appointment of the Committee as the

first step in introducing Prohibition in Delhi. Unlike other States, as Delhi happens to be the capital of the country, the introduction of Prohibition all on a sudden will not be possible. The capital's cosmopolitan character and the presence of a large number of foreign diplomats there make complete Prohibition an impossibility. Partial Prohibition will leave much scope for smugglers and illicit manufacturers and traders and will be impracticable without sufficient police precautions against such activities. It is, therefore, necessary that the State Government should consider the extent to which and the form in which Prohibition should be enforced. It will be the task of the Committee to consider the difficulties in the way and make suitable recommendations.

An example from Gujarat

FROM Ahmedabad comes news of how the people of a backward tribe of Gujarat, the Thakardas, have opened a new chapter in their life by giving up liquor, tea and their primitive way of living. One fine day, it is reported, the Thakardas decided to give up their thoughtless way of living and settled down to a quiet, organised and purposeful life. They saved up all the money they would have squandered on liquor and smoking and built with it new houses and dug a new well in the village to ensure an assured source of water supply.

The conditions in many of India's villages, where King Liquor reigns or where Prohibition is being but imperfectly enforced, is not very different from the way of life the Thakardas gave up. It was indeed a miracle that these people decided voluntarily to turn a new leaf, but such miracles cannot happen in every one of India's seven lakh villages. But the example of the Thakardas deserves to be given wide publicity so that every villager comes to know the benefits they have derived from abandoning their old habits.—*Figaro*

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR FINANCIAL OPERATIONS AS AT

31st December 1953

Our Policyholders number	1,16,923
Life Assurances in Force exceed	Rs. 26,96,57,000
Total Assets exceed	Rs. 8,37,53,000
Total Income exceed	Rs. 1,48,69,000
Life Assurance Fund	Rs. 7,48,98,593
Total Claims paid in 1953	Rs. 40,00,256

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COLOUR IS NOT A CRUTCH

NEW YORK CITY: The following are some editorial excerpts from the Negro Press on the Segregation Ruling of the Supreme Court:

The Amsterdam News: The Supreme Court decision is the greatest victory for the Negro people since the Emancipation Proclamation. It will alleviate racial troubles in many fields other than education.

The Pittsburgh Courier: The conscience of America has spoken through its constitutional voice . . . This clarion announcement will also stun and silence America's Communist traducers behind the Iron Curtain. It will effectively impress upon millions of coloured people in Asia and Africa the fact that idealism and social morality can and do prevail in the United States, regardless of race, creed or colour.

The Chicago Defender: Neither the atom bomb nor the hydrogen bomb will ever be as meaningful to our democracy as the unanimous declaration of the Supreme Court that racial segregation violates the spirit and the letter of our Constitution. This means the beginning of the end of the dual society in American life and the system of segregation which supported it.

Atlanta Daily World: This case has attracted world attention. Its import will be of great significance in these trying times when democracy itself is struggling to envision a free world. It will strengthen the position of our nation in carrying out the imposed duties of world leadership. Coming at this particular time, the decision serves as a boost to the spirit of democracy; it accelerates the faith of the intense devoutness in minorities who have long believed in and trusted the courts. However, it has added significance to the citizens of Georgia, who are now confronted with a proposed state constitutional amendment to turn the schools from public to private hands, in the event the court did just what it has done. We now predict the defeat of the amendment.

Two coloured men were standing on a sidewalk watching workmen who were putting up a giant office building across the street. "Now, why don't our folks build something like that?" asked one of the men. "With what," countered the other. "Our hands?" "Oh, some of us have money. We build taverns and churches. We buy big cars," said the other. "Chicken feed! Negroes haven't anything. White folks have all the money. You know that. Take you and me for instance. We are black, so we stand here on the sidewalk, wishing. If we were white, say brother, you'd be over there running one of those machines, building. I'd be a prospective tenant sitting behind some big desk waiting. Our uncle, he'd be sunning himself down in Florida, figuring how he could make another million so he could build another building." Both men laughed. "Man!" said the first, "what I could do if I was white!"

Both brothers are living in a dream world. The fact is that being white is somewhat overrated. White skin and blue eyes, fortunately, do not insure happiness; neither do they solve all of life's problems. If the conversation of the men on the sidewalk was correct, all of the white people in the world would be rich and all of the black people would be poor. But there are white slums and white beggars on the streets. There are white people on relief. There are also black millionaires. Like Negroes, whites have more poor among them than wealthy. Colour and race, it seems are not all important for either economic security or happiness.

The fact is that today the Negro can no longer use his race as a crutch. Nor can he blame his failure to succeed on the amount of pigment in his skin or the curl in his hair. There is not one major field of endeavour in which the Negro has not excelled.

Racial barriers have not completely disappeared, nor can the problems Negroes face every day because of

existing prejudices and overt discrimination be minimized. But neither can we afford not to point up the progress that has been made in recent years in the area of Negro and white relationships. The happy truth is that the importance of race is passing out of the picture so rapidly in the business and industrial world that many Negroes are not aware that it is no longer paramount. Thus, far too many are hindering their advancement by gearing their thinking and living to an antiquated concept.

Regretting is a waste of time. This is an age of doing. For Negroes to spend precious moments regretting that they are black, believing that with the magic of whiteness they could be rich and great, is disastrous to both the individual and his race. Today wealth and acclaim come in four convenient colours: red, white, yellow and black.

The Negro has not always been so free. Dependency was his lot for the best part of 300 years. During his first two centuries in America, his only comfort was religion. Heavily he leaned on his Jesus. Following Reconstruction days he was obliged to look to his white friends for his daily bread. During the depression of the 30s a disproportionately large number of unemployed Negroes leaned on shovel handles until times got better.

Now the worst days are over. Americans, both black and white, are living on the fat of the land. With spiritual assurance and a fairly firm grip on material possessions, the Negro can at last stand on his own two feet. He can throw away his crutches. He has come of age. He need no longer be dependent upon others; neither can he continue to blame his inability to succeed on race and colour. The practice of stressing the negative side of life has become such a habit with many Negroes that they are totally unaware of the avenues open to them—

many of which have never been closed. Adult educational opportunities mostly free, are practically unlimited. There are scholarships specifically available to minorities. Low cost lectures, fine concerts, art galleries and libraries offer a wealth of knowledge for those who take the trouble to seek it.

Just as the handicapped make full use of the normal facilities they possess in order to make up for their shortcomings, so should the Negro make full use of unsegregated facilities in order to make up the handicap of prejudice. All minorities based on sex, religion or race are handicapped by prejudices. Negroes have no monopoly on them.

Mrs. M. McLeod Behtune is all the greater because she so magnificently overcame the handicap of being black as well as being a woman. She is truly an inspiration to the younger generation. When Lena Horne became the darling of stage and screen, Negroes said that she was accepted because she was fair. Yet the current night club rage, Eartha Kitt, the girl selected as "prom date" by students at Yale University, is by any standard, dark. Ten years ago Eartha would have been laughed out of the room had she announced to a group of her friends that she might some day be the sweetheart of a large American university. But today she considers the selection as just another honour tossed her way and she "stood up" the boys at Yale, claiming she was just too busy to come to their dance.

Look at the roster of successful Negroes. It is studded with names of those who have not only overcome the prejudice of colour, but have also conquered physical handicaps. There was the slave boy Blind Tom, a musical prodigy, Peg Leg Bates, the one legged dancing star. W. C. Handy, one of Tin Pan Alley's greatest, who though blind, operates a thriving music house.—P. G. Krishnappa's Service.

In Travancore-Cochin Today

By G. S. BHARGAVA

AN ounce of practice, it is said, is better than a ton of precept. It is the logic of this axiom that helped the Congress to counter Opposition criticism of its policies and programme at the time of the last General election. Congressmen could convincingly argue that while it was easy to pick holes in what others did it was difficult to do things. That none of the Opposition parties was in power at that time strengthened the Congress case.

The situation will be different at the next elections, thanks to the formation of a minority P. S. P. Government in Travancore-Cochin. Of the Opposition parties, at least the P. S. P. can in future claim that its policies are not so impracticable as they are made out to be and that, in Travancore-Cochin, it has shown itself to be capable of achieving things which predecessor Congress Governments failed to, while, in reply Congressmen can return the compliment that P. S. P. failings in office prove that administration is a difficult task. In this way, political conflict will tend to be more realistic and practical than ideological.

This is essentially the reason why the eyes of political-minded people all over the country are rivetted on Travancore-Cochin. Every single act of the Government is viewed with political significance and comparisons tried not merely with the former governments in the State but with other Congress Governments also.

While the P. S. P. Government has never tried to conceal its minority character and consequent dependence on the support of a large section of the legislators, be they Congressmen or Communists, it has not so far compromised any of its principles or policies for the sake of that support. Critics have pointed to the new Government's retention of Prohibition in two of the districts of the State as a sop to the Congress. In reality, it is nothing of the kind. If the implementing of Prohibition in Travan-

core-Cochin of Congress days was any indication, it meant that the Congress Government never took it seriously. It was the present Chief Minister, Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai, as the first Congress Chief Minister of Travancore, who introduced Prohibition in the two districts it is in vogue today. That was in 1948. The successor Congress Governments not only did not extend it to other parts of the State but were also lax in enforcing it. Till the P. S. P. Government took over two months ago, liquor was being openly sold in the dry areas, including the capital city of Trivandrum, as what were called "essences" or medicinal preparations. Now all such loopholes have been plugged and the enforcement is nearly perfect.

Prohibition is an article of faith with the Chief Minister, Pattom Thanu Pillai, and there is nothing in the P. S. P. election manifesto or policy statement to make him change his opinion. In addition to the argument of moral good which supporters of Prohibition normally put forward, Pattom cites an economic reason why drink should be banned. The excise revenue of the State, he explained to me, is mostly derived from the lower middle class and the working class and non-availability of liquor will make these families spend that money on more useful and less harmful items. But illicit distillation must be put down with a heavy hand, he emphasised. Otherwise, the very purpose of Prohibition will be defeated.

Moreover, P. S. P., as a party, has never opposed the principle of temperance. In the Bhil areas of Madhya Bharat, it is the P. S. P. which is campaigning for the introduction of Prohibition, for drink has been a curse on the aboriginal families. Much of the P. S. P. criticism of the Bombay Government's Prohibition policy is directed against the way it is enforced, entailing loss in revenue and large-scale illicit distillation at the same time.

Though not involving fundamental ideological issues, some of the actions of the P. S. P. Government in Travancore-Cochin have tended to present the predecessor Congress regime in a bad light and, if the

charge of P. S. P. appeasement of the Congress were true, would never have been persisted in. The most glaring example was the decision to erect a *pucca* monument to Gandhiji at the place where his ashes were immersed at Cape Camorin. An apology for a monument now stands there, without any inscription on it and in a badly neglected state. The area around is full of weeds and bushes in wild growth and is also being used as a public lavatory. Being at a lower level than the road, the ground becomes a cesspool in rainy season.

One of the first acts of the P. S. P. Government was to sanction a lakh of rupees for a *real* monument to Gandhiji at the place and the Chief Minister has also issued an appeal for public contributions to supplement the money. Work has already started on the project which includes a garden and a bathing ghat at the place.

Similarly, the firmness with which the P. S. P. Government is dealing with a tourist organisation, called the Travel Bureau, which was hitherto managing the travellers' bungalows and former State-run hotels, brings into bold relief the inaction of the former Government in this respect. The Bureau was organised by some prominent Congressmen and on account of that the Congress Ministry could not collect from it dues amounting to over a lakh and half of rupees, representing the rents for the buildings. The hotels were also in a bad way and there was not a tourist to the State who did not complain about it. So long a rope was given to the management that it was thought the Bureau was immune from Government punitive action. It was therefore a pleasant surprise when the P. S. P. Government suddenly struck early last month and took over possession of the bungalows and hotels from the Bureau. Action is also under way for the recovery of the dues from it. The Government has decided to run by itself two of the hotels, the Posh Mascot Hotel in Trivandrum and the Cape Hotel.

More than anywhere else in India, unemployment and under-employment constitute the thorniest problems in Travancore-Cochin. With

2,500 people per square mile it is of course beyond the scope of the State Government to solve it radically. Short of emigration, there is perhaps no cure also for it, but the Government is taking short-term steps to relieve the situation. These are of two kinds: prevention of aggravation of unemployment and creation of more employment opportunities. When the P. S. P. Government took over about ten weeks ago, 40 cashew-nut factories situated along the coast and employing over 25,000 workers, were closed on account of shortage of raw material which is imported from East Africa. The market is controlled by Bombay businessmen who were able to dictate terms on account of internecine competition among the factories. The new Government suggested that the factory managements should form themselves into a corporation to deal concertedly with the businessmen controlling the cashew-nut market and the idea worked. Today, all the factories have reopened and the retrenched workers have been absorbed. Similarly prompt and stringent action by the Government prevented the closure of the only sugar factory in the State, the Pampa River Sugar Factory, the management of which wanted to shift it to more congenial Madras. The opposition of the workers was of no avail, whereupon the Government intervened and made it clear to the factory management that the State would take over the factory if the move to shift it elsewhere was persisted in.

ON the positive side, active assistance is being given to the handloom industry, the most important cottage industry in the State, to find more jobs for the under-employed weavers.

But the first major achievement of the Government was on the food front. Thanks to the co-operation of the Centre, the price of rice available at six ounces per head at the ration was reduced, the subsidy costing the Government a lakh of rupees a day. Of the annual loss of Rs. 360 lakhs this will mean, the Centre has offered to make good Rs. 200 lakhs. Over and above the six ounces, unlimited

quantities of rice are available in the open market, where too the price is fixed much below the former black market rate. Food procurement has been abolished with the result that supply and demand relationship has tended to keep the free market within control. Hoarding and black-marketing have disappeared. The Communist criticism of the food policy that it was benefitting the big landlords had no relation to reality because in actual practice the rich landowners have lost heavily on account of the fall in the free market price of rice. Secondly, even the proverbially short public memory has not forgotten that the self-same Communists had demanded the end of procurement during the last Congress Government days!

SCHOOL children are the other beneficiaries of the P. S. P. rule in Travancore-Cochin. As a first step towards abolition of tuition fees in the middle school classes, reduction of fees has been announced in some classes, making the fees charged in middle schools uniform throughout the State. (Till now fees in the former Cochin State areas were less than that in the Travancore areas). Free education is also being extended to a middle school class. Text books which are a real burden on the parents in Travancore-Cochin, because of their large number even at the elementary school stage, are now sought to be made less in number and will be standardised in respect of their contents. Hitherto, though the books were published by the Government no care was taken to look into the contents of the books, with the result that a history book was stated to contain the howler that Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated in Calcutta! Five years after the integration of Travancore and Cochin, geography books are still in vogue which say the two are separate princely States! These are being naturally rectified. Towards reform of the education system, 100 basic schools are being opened this month to provide vocational training to the youth.

Another well-received action of the Government was the reversal of the

old practice of insisting on a clean bill from the police before appointing a person selected for Government service by the Public Service Commission. This was leading to blackmail and political prejudice marring many a promising career. It has now been decided that not the political past of a candidate but his conduct after employment will govern his prospects in service.

All over the State panchayats had been elected on adult franchise and though one year has elapsed since their inception they are still without adequate funds and work. It is now proposed to invest them with greater authority such as control over local schools, village roads and communications, sanitation, etc. Extra funds are also being put at their disposal to enable them to function freely and effectively.

As for curbing corruption, while so much is heard about it everywhere so little is done in actual practice. Ministers are trying to set an example by their own behaviour. Legislators are being actively discouraged from approaching officialdom for favours and rules framed for receiving representations embodying public grievances. People, however influential and highly placed, cannot crowd at the Secretariat now as before.

Disparity in incomes in Government is being narrowed down by replacing, whenever an opportunity arises, highly paid officers loaned by the Centre and other States by men from the State cadre. The motive behind this is primarily economy in administration. For instance, the former Chief Secretary to the State Government, an I. C. S. man, who has now reverted to the Madras cadre to which he belongs, is replaced by a senior member from the State cadre on perhaps one-third of the former's salary. Efforts will also be made to raise the salaries of the low-paid staff.

In short, here is a government which has shown itself capable of grappling with the intricate problems confronting it and is proving itself to be a good government first and a party government next.

BEVAN UNGAGGED

By ANDREW ROTH

AN 80-year-old lady is behind the decision of the National Executive of the Labour Party's decision to 'ungag' the Bevanites and other opponents of the official decision to support German rearmament. This old lady took a sheaf of petitions opposing German rearmament—sponsored by the new Bevanite 'Union for Democratic Control'—and got the signatures of 95 out of every 100 persons she approached in her Midlands home.

It is this mass opposition to German rearmament at this time which made the rightwing leaders of the Labour Party pause, to the intense disappointment of those who were encouraging them from the outside. *The Times* scorchingly compared Messrs. Attlee, Morrison and Gaitskell to the Duke of Plaza Toro, alleging "they found it less exciting to lead their army from behind." German rearmament, *The Times* insisted, is like income tax, a medicine that no one likes but has to take. It ignored the argument that the medicine may be more lethal than the disease.

The anti-Bevanites in the leadership of the Labour Party agree with the central thesis of *The Times* and the Foreign Office, that German rearmament is unfortunately necessary to counterbalance the Soviet lead in military manpower. At Strasbourg the day before the National Executive decision to permit all Labour Party members to oppose German rearmament as individuals, Herbert Morrison predicted that Western Europe and particularly France would be "bitterly sorry" if it failed to admit West Germany into the European Defense Community. Unless Germany were admitted to the EDC, in which it would be hedged about with limitations, Germany will inevitably rearm with or without limitations.

The 'Shadow Cabinet,' the Parliamentary Labour Party and the National Executive of the Labour Party

had all voted in favour of German rearmament within the EDC, although by fairly narrow margins, particularly in the Parliamentary Labour Party. Mr. Gaitskell, in particular, had been speaking in the country about the necessity for making it "absolutely clear that any attack will meet with firm, united and effective defense, (which) will deter the would-be aggressor and thus safeguard peace." On this basis he heartily endorsed German rearmament and the SEATO pact.

The leaders of this outlook appeared to be arming themselves for a showdown with the Bevanites when, on May 10, they severely tightened discipline in a specially convened meeting of the National Executive. They voted that hereafter whenever a decision is made by the National Executive, any dissenting member of the executive has to keep his mouth shut on the subject or resign, "unless otherwise decided by the National Executive Committee itself."

Most interpreters dismissed this last phrase as the normal escape hatch provided to the large pacifist minority within the Labour Party and there was widespread rubbing of hands in anticipation of seeing Mr. Bevan's head roll. Mr. Bevan, said the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent, had been given "the choice of either accepting majority decisions of the executive or resigning from it." The *Daily Express* gleefully published a photograph of Mr. Bevan with a gag superimposed. *The Times* sententiously pointed out that without "a neat excision of Mr. Bevan and his closest associates" the dominant Labour Party "leadership can certainly not move on issues of policy." But *The Times* admitted, "Nevertheless, the left and the right must coexist if the alliance of trade unions and constituency Labour Parties is to survive."

The difficulty for Hugh Gaitskell, Denis Healey, George Brown and other violently anti-Bevanite M.P.s

who helped push Herbert Morrison (who needed little pushing) and Clement Attlee into a precipitate vote in favour of German rearmament is that they chose absolutely the worst issue on which to force a showdown with the Bevanites. In their almost psychopathic dislike for Bevan—he has the ability to stir really deep dislike—they had forgotten that there are very many people in this country who dislike Bevan but who dislike having armed Germans very much more.

THE last three months has seen virtually every trade union and co-operative meeting, with one small exception, come down strongly against German rearmament. The powerful Amalgamated Engineering Union, the Shopworkers, the Cooperative Party all voted overwhelmingly against rearmament for Germany. It is not only the deep-rooted emotional mistrust of the Germans, based on the bitter experiences of two wars, but the fear that German divisions will put new weapons in the hands of Mr. Dulles who is mistrusted almost as much as the Germans. It is only the psychopathic dislike for Mr. Bevan which could have led the anti-Bevanites to choose to fight him under circumstances in which they are compelled to defend armed Germans and high-strung Mr. Dulles and Bevan is left to draw on the reservoir of anti-Nazism and the general feeling that this is a time for negotiation rather than provocation. The Union for Democratic Control, which has lately come under Bevanite influence, has distributed 50,000 anti-rearmament petitions, signed among others by Aneurin Bevan, Harold Wilson and Ian Mikardo, and due to be submitted to Parliament on June 15.

Although he seems to have lost his touch of late, few would hitherto have accused Herbert Morrison of being a poor politician. But he was rescued from splitting the Labour Party on this issue by some of the right wing trade unionists. They felt that there is little point in splitting the movement on German rearmament. The Labour movement is narrowly committed to German rearmament, they agree, but only on condi-

tion that it be within EDC. Since EDC has not yet been ratified, and seems unlikely to be ratified by France, why should the Labour Party tear itself asunder on the basis of an assumption? Let things coast until the Party conference in September, by when things will be clearer. This cooler temper by the rightwing trade unionists did not signify any diminution in their loathing for Aneurin Bevan. It simply emphasized that trade union leaders cannot attain the statesmanlike dis-embodiment from all popular feeling. They cannot ignore the fact that the most moderate trade unionists frequently are immoderately anti-German rearmament, and trade union leaders are less able to ignore trade unionists than political leaders of advanced years seen able to ignore the feelings within the Labour Party.

There was, therefore, a strange alliance at the National Executive meeting of May 26. The main resolution, carried by 13 votes to 12, was put forward by a rightwing trade union leader and supported by the Bevanites (minus Bevan, who was away with a chill). This resolution held "that the issue of German rearmament shall be declared exempt as a matter of individual conscience from the rule that National Executive Committee members could not publicly disagree with a majority decision of the National Executive. Mr. Bevan and others who agree with him in opposing rearmament of Germany can once again air their views on its iniquities, but they can only do this as individuals. They cannot do it jointly, conspiratorially, editorially or even on a platform erected by more than one.

On the other hand the National Executive is going to put its pro-rearmament position before a series of regional conferences addressed only by those who support German rearmament. And a pamphlet favouring German rearmament is also to be published. No one seriously expects this to change many minds among the rank-and-file members of the Labour Party. It might have convinced a few people if this attempt had been made before a decision was rammed through. But now it is

widely considered as a shamefaced sop by those who tried to commit the movement without a popular mandate.

The leading Bevanites are unable to lead a crusade against rearmament collectively but there is nothing to stop the Union for Democratic Control from doing it on their behalf. The result is that when regional conferences are held, the speaker will support German rearmament while the floor will consist substantially of those who organized petition campaigns against it.

Perhaps the most amusing situation is that of the young editor of *Tribune*, Robert J. Edwards. His editorial board consists of leading Bevanites—M. Ps. Michael Foot, J. P. W. Mallalieu and Jennie Lee (Mrs. Aneurin Bevan). Since it has been suggested that these M.P.s might be called to account if anything improper appears in *Tribune*, he humorously bemoaned the fact: "One false move from me, and their political careers are finito, on the scrap heap, caput." He warned readers to "dehydrate their letters."

"If any of you feel, for example, that one or two statesmen have been behaving like adolescents, keep the thought to yourselves."

"I am left with a single consolation," mused Edwards. "As the man who can wreck the Left-wing by a skilfully inserted personal attack, real or imagined, I have now become the power behind the throne."

"This seems as good a time as any to put in a one-man wage claim . . ."

And Aneurin Bevan has one consolation for being the only Bevanite on the eight-man Labour Party delegation going to China in August. He can use the long hours of travelling to win other members of the delegation around to opposing German rearmament without being accused of 'conspiracy.'



Evangelists, Good-Time Girls and Locomen

IN many ways Britain today can best be understood as a country of gentle frustrations which are long

suppressed and which sometimes emerge in a quite unexpected form.

It is not a country of tremendous frustrations. At the top of the social pyramid there are many who look back longingly to the Victorian era when the Empire was large and scarcely threatened and great wealth lightly taxed. But a fair bit of the empire remains. And, recent statistics tend to emphasize, there has not been the levelling down of family wealth that the wealthy hand-wringers tend to suggest. The Oxford Institute of Statistics has just made a study of the distribution of property ownership in 1950-51 as compared with 1936. The basis of this study is the estimate of the value of private estates assessed for death duties by the Inland Revenue.

The great lesson which emerges from the statistics is that there was a considerable redistribution of income under the Labour Government but not of capital assets. Thus, the article estimates that in 1950 over 20 million of Britain's 50 millions had net assets of £100 or less—only one million less than in the depressed years of 1936-8. In 1950-51 over 2,600,000 had total capital assets of £2,000 or over. This was more than twice the number with such assets in 1936, but since the pound approximately halved in value between 1936 and 1951 we find approximately the same situation in 1951 as existed in 1936. This carries through much of the scale. Twice as many people in 1951 had assets of £10,000 to £25,000 as had them in 1936. It is only when one gets to the top of the economic scale that one finds that death duties has somewhat squashed down the economic-social pyramid. In 1951 18,000 people had capital worth over £100,000 while 16,000 were listed in the same category in 1936. To put it another way, the number of people who today have assets which would have been worth over £50,000 in 1936 values has shrunk from 41,000 to 18,000.

Although the Welfare State, continued in substance by the Conservatives, and full employment have eliminated the bottom levels of poverty, there is a considerable

amount of genteel poverty bordering on slow starvation, particularly among those wholly or substantially dependent upon pensions, as Norman Mackenzie has shown in an admirable series of articles in the *New Statesman*.

But the bulk of the working class has left behind the menace of long unemployment and want of food. It has secured a bottom level which is certainly not adequate in terms of pensioners but provides a floor. The frustrations are now of a gentler nature. Sometimes it is an aspect of inequality in the father's job, a desire for glamour on the part of a young daughter. They are the gentler frustrations of a society which has smoothed of its worst rough edge.

In a sense the hysterical adulation now manifest by a portion of the population toward the Royal Family, the totally unexpected success of the American evangelist Billy Graham, the growing problem of the teen-age good-time girl, and even the strike of the railwaymen over the problem of lodging turns are the bubbles on the surface produced by gently simmering but nevertheless real if minor frustrations.

The astounding success of Billy Graham, the American evangelist, is a case in point. His arrival here three months ago resembled a Christian entering a Roman arena. British pressmen in their droves were determined to poke fun at this presumptuous outsider who was coming over here, they suggested, to turn respectable Britons into a lot of California-styled Holy Rollers.

Twelve weeks later, after almost 2,000,000 people had gone to one or another of his meetings—including 120,000 at his final open-air meeting in a pouring rain—the tone of the press and all comment had changed. Graham has apparently converted or restored the faith of some 40,000 persons in Christianity and won the praise of many, particularly in the Church of England, who were at least aloof. At his final meeting representatives of all the leading churches attended and the Archbishop of Canterbury himself gave the final benediction.

What brought almost 2,000,000 to hear this alien preacher in a country where church attendance has become negligible? Graham is no spell-binder. But he does have an earnest simplicity which combines a modification of the old evangelistic techniques with the smoothness of modern advertising.

HE has avoided almost all the errors that an American evangelist could make. He arrived here attacking socialism, but this was quickly explained away as being a misprint for secularism as soon as it was realized that half of Britain votes for a party that is nominally at least socialist in aim.

He has won over by his personal simplicity and sincerity most of his opponents, including "Cassandra" (William Connor) of the *Daily Mirror*.

But probably the key to his success with those who came to hear him was his appeal to the fears and misgivings and want of direction in many hearts. He was able to convince many in his audience that if only they would "accept Jesus" they could feel safe and light-hearted.

"Why does Billy Graham have this impact?" asked the *Daily Mirror* only to answer itself: "Because he does not interpret religion in terms of old battles, bloodletting and sacrifice in ancient history. He interprets in terms of today's problems—and in today's language."

"The Church is too busy preaching to the converted few to go out after the many without a faith. But Graham reaches the masses. He welcomes the curious, the flippant, the unbelieving the young."

One group of young people about which you feel something constructive should be done is the growing number of younger glamour-seeking girls one sees waiting around places like Piccadilly Circus or other rendezvous where they can meet American servicemen.

This chasing after young American servicemen by young British girls is not simply the commercial camp-following of the older and cynical prostitute. It is the British equivalent

of the teen-age American girls who try to hitch-hike to Hollywood or the provincial French girl who seeks the gay life of Paris. It is the effort to get out of the limited and real world encompassed by the lives of their parents to find the glamour and excitement portrayed in the cinema or trashy novelettes. American servicemen are the escape hatch because they have the money and the interest in young girls and drinking and dancing that these so-called good-time girls find wanting among the British boys of their own background.

THE welfare officers who have studied these girls say that they come from a wide variety of backgrounds. But they lump together all those between 14 and 17 found in the streets or cafes late at night without means of support save those provided by their boy friends. They usually have an unsatisfactory situation either in school or at work. They refuse to accept the social code that controls the behaviour of the majority of girls of their age. They ignore the risks of their actions: pregnancy, venereal diseases, exploitation by pimps, commitment to an approved school or probation home. They are lumped together in the courts as persons Beyond Control or in Need of Care and Protection.

Suzanne Turpin, the chief character in *Fetch Her Away*, the new and highly realistic novel of Ruth Adam is just such a girl. Suzanne is more than a handful. She is quixotic, independent, and self-willed. Her defiance smolders despite everything that is done for her by the court welfare officers.

This novel shows the widespread example of how such a good-time girl can be produced by a broken home: in her case a brutal and drunken father. But in the novel young Suzanne, who gets into trouble with a Navy youth and becomes pregnant, manages to pitch herself into marriage and her mother aids in solving her problems.

In real life, however, such a girl quite often and quite unfairly winds up in a home for mental defectives. There are, of course, a number of

other places where she can be sent. She can be sent to her own home, under supervision. She can be sent, with her own consent, to an Approved Hostel from which she goes out to work. She can also be sent, with her consent, to an Approved Home in which she lives and works for not more than a year under closer supervision than can be given in a hostel. Or, it is possible under the 1927 Mental Deficiency Act, to commit her to a home for mental defectives if she has "arrested or incomplete development of mind"—very loose definition indeed. But all supply drab restraint where she craves freedom and glamour.

The strikes of the railway locomotive men and their assistants illustrates another of the gentle frustrations of Britain, this time among the middle-aged skilled workers. The general press handling of the strike has been so shocking that, during a radio debate on public questions, most of the speakers had to admit they did not know why the locomen were striking.

Clearly there was a serious reason because a body of predominantly middle-aged family men known for their dependability do not strike—without any strike pay—for eleven days without any reason.

The basic background reason is dual: the disappointment of the average British worker with the impersonal character of the great corporations like the British Transport Commission in which the nationalized industries have been consigned. The other is the basic drive of the skilled or better-off British workman to have the settled family life of the lower middleclass, tending his garden in the evening, dropping in at the local pub for a pint, and the like.

The specific quarrel is about wages and conditions. Since February the railway unions have been negotiating for an improved wage scale and improved efficiency on the railways, with the understanding that the two would go together. Skilled locomotive men are particularly badly paid comparatively. The unions emerged from these negotiations

committed to new 'lodging turns'—that is an overnight stop at a railway hostel so that the same crew could bring back another train—but no new wage scale.

The lodging turns are something which were accepted before the war, when one in twenty turns on this railway was a 'lodging turn.' But during the war they were virtually abandoned so that the men could be home during air-raids. Now the effort is to increase them slightly to improve efficiency.

But the railwaymen do not like staying away from home in the drab railway hostels unless there are important compensations in pay. They see little reason why they should make sacrifices of conditions

without increases in pay in a society still dominated by the profit motive. And they feel that if they give in at this stage the number of lodging turns will greatly increase. Not a little of their resentment is directed at their trade union leaders who committed them to this without adequate consultation.

The railway strike is not a really dramatic story then because it is illustrative of the gentle frustrations which characterize Britain during this period. It is a period of calm with people able to get excited only in small sections and in a comparatively restrained way. But it is a mistake to misjudge this restraint for an absence of feeling or complete passivity.

Competitive Sport: A Viewpoint

THE future sociologist, documenting the major fads and fashions of our age, will doubtless draw attention to our passion for competitive sport. It may now be safely maintained that never before in the history of mankind, was so much time, money and energy expended in the pursuit of sporting honours as in our own times. Competitions held at provincial, national and international level serve to keep rivalry between sportsmen and athletes at fever-pitch; by a slow but sure process, a cult of athleticism has been created universally.

Contrary to the general trend of thought, this devotion to athletics is coming to be identified with as many harmful consequences as good ones. More than one critic has raised doubts about the supposedly unmixed blessings of intensive training and specialisation in athletics, and it might be shown that this scepticism is not without reason. The time has come for an accurate revaluation of athletics as a whole, whereby physical exercises and sporting activity will be consigned to their proper place in the national programme. The resulting evaluation must be compatible with the

end of all athletic activity and must fit squarely into the generally accepted grading of human endeavour.

It has become increasingly evident of late that the race for supremacy in every form of sporting activity has robbed most of us of a sane outlook on the scope and ultimate purpose of sports in general. A most typical illustration of this grave misjudgment is the manner in which our generation has exalted and idolised cricket. Those who have given thought to the matter must certainly feel uneasy at the fantastic amount of expenditure and publicity given to this sport. When all the shouting and tumult dies down, there will be few who will not feel something wrong about the intrinsic importance of this sport on the one hand and the resources spent on it on the other.

In a noteworthy speech delivered at the University of Aberdeen a few years ago, the late Lord Wavell asked for moderation in cricket as in everything else. Reaction to his speech was varied; typical of the Indian criticism advanced were a number of explosive and indignant letters to the editor of a reputed daily, deploring the speech, for 'attacking the king of outdoor games with impunity.' Be this as it may, sound social ethics demand that we look into this pertinent problem

without prejudice and give to it its just due.

What safer tenet could be made use of for balanced judgment than the purpose of sports and athletics in general? About this, there can be no two opinions. It has been unanimously agreed that sports form a necessary part of man's activity, because they enable him to keep healthy physically. This physical excellence endowing his mental activity with vigour and freshness which in its turn makes for sane living. The import of the Latin maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body) is too well known to need emphasis here. It follows therefore that athletics and sports do not constitute ends in themselves but are only means to an end, that end being the physical and mental health of man. This being so, can it be rightly maintained that the athleticism we have come to know is properly limited by this purpose?

A glance at the international situation as well as a diagnosis of our own Indian attitude will convince us of the distorted pattern we have built. Everywhere, the prize for victory seems to be the guiding factor; all talk of sanity of sporting policy and consequential remedial adjustment is scattered to the winds. The dictates of right reason will tell us that once we have admitted use of the instrumentality of sport as a means of attaining and improving health, it follows that we should concentrate more on the uplift of the national health as a whole, by encouraging the participation of all and sundry in physical exercises of every sort. This means that more gymnasiums, tracks, fields and other forms of sporting equipment should be placed at the disposal of the general public. A greater number of open spaces in urban centres, (rightly called the lungs of the cities), may also be provided for use. Such a policy would be in

keeping with the nature and purpose of athletics and would naturally lead to increased national prosperity.

How different is this from the ideal we have set ourselves! We think we have reached the optimum in athletic pursuits if someone jumps a set of hurdles in a split second less than somebody else does, or stays a few more seconds under water than some Frenchman once did! The technique of athletics has here come to be an end in itself, with the result that a few paragons of athletic perfection are produced while the rest of the people carry deformed and unhealthy bodies, and continue to be devoid of any facility for exercise and improvement. In some cases, even the need for proper physical development is not felt.

LET it not be misconstrued that this is an attempt to belittle all competitive effort in the realm of sport. On the contrary this spirit deserves every encouragement. Healthy rivalry inculcates a fighting temperament, good sportsmanship, concentration and a beneficial competitive outlook. All that is desired is that a just proportion be maintained between man's sporting activity and his corporate existence as a whole, that the danger of specialization on the part of a few against the neglect of the many be avoided, and that it always be borne in mind that athletics and sports are not ends in themselves but only means to a specified end.

A firm grasp of these principles will enable us to devise an appropriate method of co-ordination between sport and man's ordinary business of life. If our policy towards athletics and every variety of sport is built on these sound foundations, we might envisage a vigorous and healthy nation in the near future, as prosperous in the intellectual realm as in the equally important sphere of physical fitness.

J. A. RODRIGUES

AFGHANISTAN TODAY

By DAN KURZMAN

Even the more isolated areas of this landlocked nation aren't immune to ambitious plans to make up for lost time.

LONG-SLUMBERING Afghanistan, insulated from modern Western influences since medieval days, is today reclaiming its withered deserts and valleys as part of a great, all-out effort to catch up with the 20th century. A mooted confederation with Pakistan which, if achieved, would join the two lands forming a key defence area south of the Soviet Union, might increase the number of progressive developments now under way.

Strategically bordered by Iran on the west, Russia on the north and Pakistan on the east and south, this nearly forgotten landlocked nation was the centre of Oriental culture during the Middle Ages, when it was the main trade link between East and West. But the country was laid waste by Genghis Khan in the 12th century and by Tamerlane in the 14th, catastrophes from which it never recovered.

During the last stagnant century, she played the role of a buffer between Russia and British India, a position which deprived her of the economic and technical benefits reserved for colonized areas. Her leaders now hope to condense these lost centuries of progress into a decade or two.

The focal point of this tremendous telescoping operation is the U. S.-backed development and resettlement project in the Helmand river valley in south-central Afghanistan. Before the Mongol wave of destruction, this area was a fertile farming paradise on which the economic well-being of the whole country was based. Its reclamation, started six years ago and scheduled for completion in 15 years, is expected to mean a new era of national prosperity.

Sixty thousand nomads will be hitching ploughs to their camels and donkeys, and eventually to tractors, working 800,000 acres of newly irrigated farmland. The nation's hungry

people will have new and better food to add to their present meagre and monotonous diet. And the rhythmic grinding sounds of factory machinery will resound incongruously through hundreds of crumbling mud and straw villages that will gradually develop into new, modern towns.

Since 1946, the Afghan Government has spent \$60,000,000 on this gigantic scheme, which is patterned after the Tennessee Valley Authority. This has been supplemented by a \$21,000,000 loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank and large-scale technical aid under the U. S. Point Four programme. An Idaho company is directing construction work.

Nomads settle down

AFGHANISTAN is accepting U. S. help despite the critical glare of Soviet eyes constantly watching from the north, a glower to which her officially neutralist leaders are usually very sensitive. This is indicative of the determination of these leaders to plunge ahead with modernization at almost any cost.

Two huge dams—the Arghandab and the Kajakai—have already been completed, and an ancient canal system, now being reopened and improved, will soon provide the whole arid area with life-giving irrigation arteries. The drilling of wells to tap underground streams will further augment the water supply.

The development programme will provide a more abundant and stable water supply throughout the year, while preventing floods, which for centuries have played havoc. This will permit the large-scale cultivation (two crops a year) of sugar, cotton and oil-producing plants, as well as increased yields of wheat, fruits and vegetables. The replacement of primitive caravan routes with wide paved roads will facilitate the swift transportation of these products to the nation's markets.

Besides augmenting the national food supply, these measures will mean higher farm incomes, increased exports and new raw materials for agricultural industries.

A second basic aim of the project is to permit the settlement of nomadic families. By devoting most of their time to sheep and camel raising, these desert wanderers, who represent a substantial segment of the population, have helped to keep the nation's farm economy off balance—a fact felt with particular harshness in hungry drought years.

Moreover, they have suffered greatly since the war from their inability to sell their own produce at prices proportionate to the rising values of foodstuffs and other consumer goods, including imported items. They have also been hit hard by a serious reduction on the nation's grazing surface caused by over-grazing and poor land management methods.

The projected settlement plan will both add to the farm population and free extensive areas for efficient grazing by cutting down the number of migratory herds and permitting the cultivation of fodder on the newly worked lands.

About 30 Point Four officials are now in the field explaining to tribal chieftains the "mysteries" of modern agricultural and animal husbandry techniques. These native leaders are in turn spreading this knowledge among several thousand nomadic families who have already been assigned experimental plots under a Government subsistence programme.

These new settlers, who will own their farms after a dozen or so years when their earnings will permit them to pay taxes, are being encouraged to learn through practical application the "magical" farming methods of which they had initially been extremely sceptical. Proud of their first achievements on the only land they ever worked as their own, they have abandoned for good their homeless, aimless lives of the past.

Eventually, new electric power plants based on the Helmand river project will supply numerous industries, including cotton ginning mills,

vegetable oil refineries, fruit processing plants, tanneries, foundries, canneries and factories producing cement, glass, soap, woodwork and automobile bodies.

These and other virgin industries, officials point out, will provide lucrative investment opportunities for foreign businessmen. At the same time, as modernization sets in, the nation will gradually become a bigger and more sustained market for foreign industrial products.

Headquarters for the implementation of this ambitious blueprint for prosperity is the historic town of Kandahar on the northern fringe of the Helmand desert. This ancient business centre, founded by Alexander the Great, is situated closer to a seaport (Karachi) than any other Afghan city. It is thus in constant commercial contact with the outside world, which receives from this country some of the finest fruit and wool produced anywhere.

Ancient meets modern

TODAY Westerners are no novelty in this once fabulously rich medieval city, target of nine conquering invaders in the last 1,000 years. An entire community of U. S. technicians and their families has mushroomed here. At first, in 1946, these odd foreigners, particularly the bare-faced ladies, were looked upon with suspicion. It was not unusual for an envious veiled native woman to walk up to an American girl and kick her in the shin. But in the last few years the Afghans have come to accept and respect the strange Western customs. Many have volunteered to work with the Yankees on the nearby dam projects and have absorbed engineering techniques with amazing speed. It is common now for an American to be greeted on the streets with a "Hi, Joe."

If Kandahar is only today beginning to breathe in the unfamiliar, confusing scent of Western civilization, the capital city of Kabul in north-eastern Afghanistan—where Ministers have been zealously drawing up the national modernization plans now being implemented—is undergoing a transformation started in the 1930's, when the country was

first opened to foreign diplomatic missions.

Here in this city of intrigue, where British and Russian agents plotted fruitlessly for more than a century to win control of a stubbornly independent people, the conflict between the ancient and the modern is strikingly apparent.

Along the broad paved highways of the town sleek official cars speed past lumbering camels and donkeys, cutting across dusty, depressing streets perfumed with the fragrance of rose gardens hidden behind high mud walls. Men in slickly tailored modern dress saunter easily in the sunshine, their veiled wives trailing a few feet behind. Windowless adobe shacks, shaded by stick-supported canopies of slender branches and dried foliage, stand pitifully etched against a backdrop of large, well constructed buildings. In the dirt-floored bazaars, blond Westerners mingle with olive-skinned, traditionally clad natives.

Even the more isolated areas of Afghanistan have not been immune to the recent spread of Western influences. The ancient walled city of Herat, for instance, which before its destruction by the Mongols was the leading centre of Eastern art and literature, seldom has the opportunity to play host to Westerners. For to reach this historic town, situated about 100 miles east of the Iranian border and 50 miles south of the Russian frontier, one must travel almost 500 miles over unpaved road from the Persian city of Meshed or twice that far over even worse roads from Kabul. So rare are Western visitors that it is impossible for one to walk the narrow dirty streets of the town without being surrounded by curious, gawking natives.

Wilderness Waldorf

YET, on arriving here in the middle of the night after hours of exhausting spinetwisting travel in an over-jammed mail truck, one is startlingly confronted with the almost magical realization of the

traditional adventurer's fairly-tale dream—a palace in the wilderness. A sleepy, raggedly dressed boy emerges to carry his baggage and leads him into a luxurious interior resplendent with enormous rugs, plush draperies, finely carved walnut and silk-cushioned furniture and even a white-enamelled grand piano. Then he is led to his room, large, clean, elegantly furnished, and served a cup of tea.

The story behind the presence of this miniature Waldorf-Astoria amid the pompous ruins of a city still buried in the distant past: the mayor visited Europe shortly after the war and returned with plans for this Afghan version of Western ticker-tape hospitality.

"If any Westerner is willing to undergo the rigours of our present transportation system to get here," he will tell you, "the least he deserves is a taste of the comforts he has sacrificed—even if the hotel does remain almost empty most of the year."

Parallel to plans for the physical modernization of the country, a blueprint for educational advancement has been formulated by Kabul officials. About 16 per cent of the national budget is being devoted to construction of new schools, overseas scholarships and other training projects. It is hoped that within a few years the great majority of Afghans will be literate. Hardly four per cent can write and read today.

The Government is convinced that education is the only effective means of breaking the tremendous power of the mullahs (priests) in the villages. These holdovers from the Middle Ages are bitterly opposed to Western influences for fear they will eat away the foundations of their theocratic dictatorship.

Anyone visiting Afghanistan today will agree with the mullahs that they have good reason to worry. —NNF.

Music: Rising Musicians

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

STUDENTS of music, the future musicians, the custodians of our art-treasure, ought to remember some of the facts mentioned in my last article. They would do well to bear in mind some of the points brought in here also, because this article happens to be more or less a continuation of the last one.

Hearing is a subtler process than seeing. An impressive picture, a good printing, a good scene or even a visit to a place—these often dwell longer in our minds than a sound or music of the same variety. Students can understand this very easily, if they attend a music performance and try to recollect all the ragas and their alapana and all the Kirtanas and other forms. They are apt to forget several details in a performance while the actual picture of the platform and performer and audience would not be missed by the mind's eye for a longer time than in the case of hearing. The canon of appreciation or judgment has to be very active and alert in the case of sound forms.

Distinction is easy enough when we see. When we see the flora we take into consideration the shapes of trees, the shapes of leaves and their spread or arrangement on the branches, the flowers, their pattern, colour and other peculiarities—all these things are even unconsciously observed by us. The fauna is likewise differentiated having regard to the shape, colour, gait of the body and other characteristics of its varieties. In the case of the people we observe all the above qualities plus the dress and characteristics of the individuals. That is how we are able to cope up with the details of vision.

The same keenness of observation has to be employed by the students of music, while listening. The particular effect of the same kind of music, coming from different voices, the difference between the male and female voices—a shriek, a shrill scream, a bold, melodious and mellifluous voice or musical sound has got to be differentiated. The effect of

the same music or even raga, while singing or playing an instrument has to be noticed. This kind of study has not been undertaken satisfactorily till now by our artists. It gives one a correct estimate in the study of tone.

The above study is like comparing different types of a picture. The same picture may be a photograph, a painting, a water-colour study, a pencil-sketch or a line drawing. An art student must not only be able to distinguish the several aspects of the picture, but he should be able to imbibe the details of the various versions. This would enable him to compare and contrast one version with another, so that he would have clear views and ideas about them.

This is what is exactly required of a music student. He should have clear views of musical expressions both in voices and instruments. The same 'Gamapa' in *Anandabhairavi* and *Dhanyasi* is different. The very same 'Gamapa' in *Sankarabharanam*, *Mayamalavagoula* and *Harikambhoji* is also different. A study in comparison and contrast alone would reveal to him the subtle vibrations and tonal differences. No wonder if it leads him on to the study of Northern and South-Indian types of music also.

Herein lies the hope for the future. A musician may not hope to attain a high degree in all branches of study of the art. Some may specialise in raga singing, some in Kirtana rendering, some others in Swara and Pallavi singing. But all should have clear and correct views about the various aspects of music and express them also. That is the kind of development that we should wish to see in our rising musicians.

"Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy . . . giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature . . . and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions?"—DOSTOEVSKI—*The Brothers Karamazov*

MURDER OF A GENIUS

A YEAR or so ago, on September 10, 1952 to be exact, my wife and I ordered a refrigerator for our home.

A week later, we got a letter from Freeze & Shiver Ltd., to say that the particular model my wife wanted was not immediately available, and would we mind waiting two months till the next shipment to choose our colour.

My wife had set her heart on a light blue model which did look dreamy in the folder, but when after three months the shipment arrived, she found that each of those refrigerators was a cream-white. I discouraged her waiting for the next shipment and sent a cheque to Freeze & Shiver with a letter asking them to deliver a cream-white specimen straightaway. I also said in the letter that since my wife and I were in the habit of going out together, would they tell us before they actually brought it round, so that we might be there to receive it.

The following month, they made six abortive calls. We were not at home, and they took the refrigerator back, sending us a bill for Rs. 12 everytime. Six times and seventy-two rupees.

The seventh time I refused to pay the bill, the worm having turned. There was a hurt silence on the part of M/s Freeze & Shiver Ltd., for a month, but I refused to budge, even when my wife threatened to go home to her mother. They think I have no guts, do they?

Towards the end of the fifth week, two strange men, looking like escaped convicts, more or less broke into our home and sat around in the drawing-room. When I recovered my voice and asked them gently to what I owed the honour of their distinguished presence, one fellow spat on the carpet and the other put up his booted legs on a chair before they said that they were to fix the refrigerator.

"But it hasn't come yet," shrieked my wife. I put a hand on her shoulder to steady her.

"That's O. K. We'll wait," said the other man, spitting again.

Hour after hour passed. They smoked strong cheroots, and drank the tea my wife was frightened enough to make for them. At one o'clock, the four of us had lunch. A little past three in the afternoon, there was a clattering and a holloaing at our gate, and when we ran to look, there were Freeze & Shiver men (with F & S in red on the backs of their overalls) pushing a big crate up the verandah steps with crowbars. Of course the crowbars were lifting tiles out of the verandah, but the refrigerator had to be got inside the house. In half an hour, the crate was in our dining-room and they set to work to break it open.

My wife fainted when she saw what it was that emerged, cream-white, out of the crate. It was not a cream-white refrigerator, but a cream-white cooker. We had a cooker already, and what we should do with two cookers, unless I started cooking for myself separately, was beyond my understanding. The evening was not a success, even after the workmen left. They refused to take the cooker back, saying that it was exactly what they had been instructed to deliver at our house, and wasn't our house No. 13, Pumpkin Street?

I started corresponding again with Freeze & Shiver Ltd. After a month of letter-writing, I got them to admit reluctantly that perhaps they had sent me the cooker instead of sending it to No. 13, Bumpkin St., and wasn't the mistake a natural one to make? If such mistakes were not made, how dull life would be, and so on. They promised to look into the matter without a moment's delay.

A month later, the same workmen who had deposited the crate in our house, drew up at the gate with a bigger crate, and prodding it inside with their crowbars, displaced the tiles to repair which I had paid Rs. 17 the previous month. The cooker-crate was rolled out, and at last the refrigerator emerged, cream-white, out of the second crate. But alas! it did not emerge in one piece, it was all neatly packed in its several parts in the crate. I did not know a thing about putting anything together,

though I am fairly good at pulling anything apart, and we had to wait a fortnight before Freeze & Shiver sent some "experts" to fix our refrigerator.

The experts took three days even to settle down to work, but I cannot blame them entirely for the slackness, as I am afraid my wife, who had by now gone totally out of her mind, began to spoil them. They of course had their food with us, and slept on the sofas in the drawing-room, smoking my cigarettes, using my soap and razor and towel without shyness. But she need not have made ice-cream for them everyday, nor given them huge glasses of Ovaltine before they retired. I would have talked to her, but for the fact that her mental balance in those days was a ridiculously easy one to upset. Poor thing, she was broken like a butterfly on the wheel.

On the fourth day, the experts put the refrigerator together. It looked alright, except that the creamwhite had been chipped off in several places. Its door was open when they took us in to look at it, and my wife closed it with a satisfying click. When she tried to open it, however, it stuck. Nothing that the experts could do in the following week could budge that door. They left, promising to send us the Inspector, who they said, was a refrigeratory genius.

Before the Inspector arrived, we got a bill from Freeze & Shiver for Rs. 330, being the wages of five men

for eleven days at six rupees per day per expert. My wife thought that this was very moderate, since even unskilled workers got three to four rupees a day.

To me, the bill was the last straw. I dug up an old hatchet we had from the lumber room and sat an hour every morning sharpening it. In a week, it was sharp enough even for an Inspector with genius.

The genius arrived on Saturday morning. My wife gave him an omelette and a huge glass of Ovaltine before he went to work. I must say that the fellow knew his job. In four hours he had got the door open and fixed it so that it would open and shut without trouble. When I saw that the door was working properly, I got my hatchet and clove the skull of the Inspector into two with it. I had to cut up his body into several bits before I could stow the Inspector inside the refrigerator. This was gruesome, but my blood was up. That bill for the experts!

Yes, the Police came to ask me questions. They were easy to get rid of. I praised the Inspector, told them that he had fixed the door in ten minutes, and then left, without even staying to tea. Of course nobody looks for a dead body inside a refrigerator.

Next week, I received a bill for Rs. 25 from Freeze & Shiver Ltd., being the charges for the services of the Inspector to repair the door of my refrigerator.

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All for Love

IN all the love stories of the world, the story reflects not the 'sex-life,' but the fate of a noble soul. Robert Lynd who makes this observation adds: "It is the sufferings of lovers, their fidelity, and their desperate struggle in the hands of destiny, that fit them to be immortal figures in literature."

It is the female beauty that draws man like a magnet. He at first admires it; but later his admiration is transformed into love—a longing to possess the beautiful. Beauty encourages man to drink more and more cups of it and finally throws him into a stupor from which he seldom recovers. It is Sita's charm that dazzled Ravana, the demon-king, to abduct her. Such a devotee of Siva and an expert in the fine arts as Ravana fell down from his high pedestal, shorn of power, strength, skill and, at last, even life—all for the beauty of a woman! What dejection and misery Menelaus was made to suffer when Paris had stolen Helen away! Helen, the most beautiful lady of her time, was the cause of a long and dreary war that ruined Troy in the end.

Cleopatra was so fascinating that Caesar, one may easily imagine, became a slave to her charm. The conqueror was taken captive by the conquered Queen. At Caesar's death, Antony fell a victim to her charms. He fell under her spell so completely that he decided to live with her as her acknowledged lover. The neglect of his duty to Rome as one of the triumvirates, of duty to his wife, sister of Octavius Caesar, so enraged the latter that he marched against Egypt with a large force. Antony, when he was forsaken by Cleopatra for whom he had sacrificed his all (even his honour), and by the Egyptians who fled from the battlefield instead of helping him, became desperate. The only thing left for him was to fall on his own sword and die an ignoble death: one who had been Caesar's friend. Octavius next tried to capture Cleopatra but, luckily for him, she too, like Antony, had put a period for her life.

Enslavement to beauty is not the

only curse of lovers. Their innocence and want of sagacity make them court more trouble. When lovers meet, their companionship, they fancy, constitutes a thing of un-mixed joy which nobody can shake. They live in a world of their own and are oblivious to the extraneous forces that are at work against them. Also when they hear anything sad or bad about the loved ones, they allow themselves to go to extremes. The world appears wicked to them, they feel lonely and so decide to die.

Why should Romeo take poison thinking that his beloved Juliet had died? Had he waited he could have known the good intentions of the Friar and the feigned death of Juliet. Then what made him act rashly? Her supposed death affected him so much that he was left in a forlorn state, which drove him to his doom. He had to yield to "a greater power than we can contradict." Juliet's life too ended tragically on account of Romeo's rash act.

The Persian bard, Nizami, in his *Khosru and Shireen*, shows that a young sculptor (Ferhad) loved the princess, Shireen. The King commanded him to build a channel across the river with decorations, to woo his daughter. The sculptor succeeded in his venture but was stupefied when he heard the false report of Shireen's death. Giving credence to the report he committed suicide. One may well imagine what could have been the feelings of poor Shireen when she had heard the real report of her lover's death. The sculptor had not the prudence to know that the report might have been mischief played by man. He could not but act impulsively.

The fate of a noble soul draws not only our sympathy but our admiration. Love links persons together but collapses in the midst of transient joy. The lovers are simple, pure and faithful to each other and die for the sake of love. Such being its potency, the poet sings of the glory of love thus:

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain,
And sweet is death that puts an end
to pain."

A. M. S. SATYAMURTI

SO MUCH BLOOD!

True Story

By

Shikha

RAJI gurgled happily. She was alone. Grandmother had gone out, perhaps to deliver the washing. And now she was her own mistress. Ah! it was

good to be free! She could do whatever she liked, go wherever she wanted; there was no Granny to scold, to say, "don't do . . . don't go . . ."

The smooth forehead wrinkled with the efforts her three-year-old brain was making to find out the best way to spend this golden hour: what should she do? Go to the fields and pluck those forbidden red berries? To go there she would have to pass that horrid dog of her neighbours. He was a most disagreeable brute and barked furiously when anybody passed near him. No, she didn't like that, that was out of question. Then? Drag the stool near the cupboard, climb on it and see what Granny had kept on the top shelf? Last time she had found there some *mysorepak* and devoured it. It was so sweet and tasty; but, alas, Granny had spanked her well when she had discovered its loss. Oh, how her body had ached afterwards! No, she wouldn't do that, and be beaten again . . .

[She went out and stood by the edge of the road to watch for passing motor vehicles. She loved them. She had never ridden a motor car, but she had been in a bus. She and her mother had come by a big, green, bus. It had something small and round near the driver's seat, which, when he pressed with his big hands, made a lot of noise. The fat man sitting in front of her had given her lozenges. Her mother had gone back in a red bus some days ago. Ah! A beautiful car was coming! It was green. She loved green, and red. This car had come only yesterday. The people who came in it were staying in the big house at the end of the street. It was a strange house.

Nobody lived there. Different people came and went all the time. Granny had said it was . . . Oh, what was it? A bungalow for people who come and go. She had

gone there earlier in the morning after Granny had left for the river with her large bundle of clothes. She had stood and watched a little boy in the courtyard. He was eating something nice. She had gone on staring at him to find out what exactly it was. His mother had come out of the house and seeing her, had given her something to eat. It was delicious! Her mouth watered at the memory of it. She had never eaten anything like it before. Then Granny had come there and she had got afraid that she would be beaten. But Granny had just smiled at the little boy and gone inside the house. She had returned after a while with a bundle of clothes for washing, and taken her home.

Raji felt bored after a while and returned to the cottage. She would prepare something for Granny as a surprise; she would cook brinjals, Granny liked them. Softly humming a tune to herself, she started cutting one. Her hand slipped and got a cut; blood trickled freely from her thumb. "Ooo—" she cried out in pain. "Ooo, Amma . . . Amma . . ."

"What have you done to yourself, child?" asked Yellamma, seeing her little granddaughter crying. She had just come in. "Granny!" sobbed Raji, louder than before.

"Oh, so much blood!" exclaimed Yellamma. "This child will be the death of me! I leave her alone for a moment and she goes and does herself something or other," she wailed. She washed the child's wound and tied a torn piece of cloth over it. "So much blood!" she repeated. Blood! The word was new

Sitting by the lantern her Granny was doing something . . .

to Raji. She picked it up immediately as she would a new toy. "Blood! Blood!" she muttered, "blood . . . blood . . ."

Yellamma gave the child half a bowl of boiled *ragi* and after she had eaten it, put her to bed though the sun had not yet set. She sat near her, stroking her back and told her a bedtime story.

Raji closed her eyes. Visions of shiny cars and buses floated before her. They were all red, red like blood, blood flowing from her thumb. "Blood! Blood!" she murmured sleepily.

"What are you saying, little one?"
"Blood! Blood!"

★

WHEN Raji woke up it was night. She stretched out her hand in the dark and felt for her Granny. But Granny was not there. Afraid at finding herself alone in the dark room, she sat up. She could see a faint gleam of light coming from the shed in the backyard. Granny must be there.

She got up and went with uncertain steps. The door of the shed was closed. She peeped through the small hole at the lower right end of the door. Yes, Granny was there. Sitting by the lantern she was doing something. Raji peeped closer. She was cutting something. Oh, Granny was cutting up a little boy! The little boy whose mother had given her that delicious sweet to eat! And there was so much blood, so much blood on the floor. "Blood! Blood!" she said under her breath. Granny must have heard something, for she looked up, and Raji moved from the door quickly and noiselessly. She had been terrified at the look on Granny's face when she had turned. She crept back to the house and waited. She was seized with a nameless fear. She sat dumb.

After a little while a sound of the splashing of water came from the shed.

The door opened. Raji crept back to her bed.

After a long time Granny came in. Raji lay motionless, with eyes closed. She was afraid that if she offended Granny in any way, Granny might

cut her to pieces, as she had just done that little boy.

Granny sat down in the farthest corner of the room and started doing something. Raji slightly opened her eyes and watched. Granny had opened the back part of the old time-piece and was putting some shining objects in it. Raji remembered that the little boy had worn some glittering things in his ears and around his neck. She lay still like a frightened mouse.

★

MENON, the District Superintendent of Police, was extremely worried. He had not yet been able to trace the little son of the touring officer, who was missing since the previous evening. The boy's parents were frantic with grief. They suspected foul play. The boy had costly jewellery on his person on the day he disappeared.

Menon had checked and rechecked the names of all those who had come to the Dak Bungalow after the officer's arrival. He himself had conducted the cross-examination. The police had kept a vigilant eye in the market for stolen jewellery. But nothing had come to light.

Late in the evening, Menon was returning in his car, weary and distracted after one more fruitless effort. Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk; lost in his train of thoughts, he had almost run over a little girl! He looked at the girl. He remembered her as the child with the washerwoman he had examined earlier in the day. She was so terribly frightened that he got down to reassure her. She looked at him and then at the car. The car was a beautiful shiny red.

"Blood! Blood!" muttered the little one.

Menon pricked up his ears. He turned to the constable beside him. He also seemed to be struck by the same thought. They went in, Menon holding the child by hand.

"You should take better care of the little girl," he told Yellamma, "she was right in the middle of the road and was nearly run over!"

"Blood! Blood!" muttered Raji, "so much blood!"

Yellamma started. But quickly recovering herself said:

"Naughty child! She goes and cuts her thumb, and when I say 'so much blood' seeing the blood flowing, she has nothing better to do but to go on muttering. 'Blood! Blood!' all the time."

Menon considered: the sudden start had not been lost on him; but the explanation seemed plausible—he could see the girl's thumb was bandaged. Besides, there was not a shred of evidence against the poor woman.

"Blood! Blood!" muttered Raji again. "Whose blood, child?" asked Menon, taking her hand in his.

Raji saw the shining diamond ring on his finger and remembered the glittering objects her grandmother had put in the timepiece. "Gold, shining!" she whispered to herself.

Menon alone heard it. "Gold? Where is it?" he asked.

"There!" she pointed at the old timepiece.

Suspecting something, Yellamma said sharply: "Keep quiet, child." She turned to Menon. "Please don't pay any attention to her, *Doraigaru*; she is somewhat wild in the head," and she smiled patronisingly at Raji.

"What is wrong with this time-piece? It seems to have stopped!" said Menon, picking it up. In a moment he had deftly opened it. He looked inside and turned to the constable. The jewels were there! *Gold! Shining!*

★

RAJI was back at her mother's house.

She told her playmates how Granny had been taken by the big policeman in a shiny red car. Granny had not wanted to go and had shrieked and kicked. That was strange, for the car was beautiful, red, blood! blood!

The big policeman was very fine. He had given her a glittering yellow disc and a lot of silver too. They were with her mother. He had said that it was a prize for being a good little girl. Of course, she would always be a good girl, because bad little boys and girls were sometimes cut to pieces . . . And the big policeman had given her a big box, so big.

It was full of nice things to eat; they called them peppermints.

Yes, she liked the big policeman, he was really nice.

★ CATCHING THE TRAIN

LIKE a monstrous cephalopod with tumultuous piston and rod from the platform I saw into the station's maw the Night Mail draw.

From all around me the crush of passengers made a rush to the doors of the moving train, prior admittance to gain.

And then of a sudden I heard a something that twisted and stirred horror in the depths of my heart, terror that had no map nor chart.

It was a human shriek, inhuman yet that cry, quick to a mouse's squeak thinned plaintively, while wheel after wheel, cold tornados of steel thundered by, and I heard a man inchily die pitched across the rail beneath the Night Mail: a diminuendo wail hushed in hacked flesh and scrunched bone, and none to mourn.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

STRIFE

PAINTING, painting, painting—

The sun shines red
And cries out for blood—
With eyes red green and blue,
Yellow, mellow, soft of hue.

Counting and recounting, painting and bleating,

Hope never abating!

Divine inspiration

In morbid respiration.

Creating, Creating!

"Very deep, think;

when it comes to, blink!

Cannot but slink."

That's what they think.

Lightning; lightning; frightening!

"Precocious! subconscious!

Mediocre, obnoxious!"

Jerky murky canvas

What others call "an ass!"

Painting, painting, waiting—

"Deep thought and glowing colour!

Ah! Oho! A lot of valour! ! !"

Wait a millennium for your hour,

'Old master' for ever!

Painting, creating, waiting and creating—
No, never, never retreating.

K. BHAGESWAR SARMA

"... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

IN May it is spring in our plains. Great forest trees burst redly into bloom, the mango is in fruit and a cool, occasional, blessed south wind relieves the all-consuming heat. The 'tonk...tonk...tonk' of the copper-smith punctuates the fierce noon, the fervid love calls of koels assail the day and night, and the school-educational voice of A. I. R. is stilled, for the schools are closed.

May, then, is an opportune month to review A. I. R.'s school broadcasts; the educational lull after the educational effort is conducive to detached appraisal. By a coincidence, I did have occasion during the past month to think several times of these broadcasts. And the one impression I have is that they are a wasted effort.

It was in 1953, I think, that the Educational Broadcasts pamphlet of A. I. R. (for Madras, Tiruchi and Vijayawada) proudly announced that over a thousand schools were listening in to the Tamil and Telugu school broadcasts. I do not know how A.I.R. got these figures—I believe there is some contact with the D. P.I.'s office, and no doubt the figures were verified by the radio licenses issued to schools. I realise the value of figures; I will not say: "there are lies, damned lies, and statistics." But by an equally scientific process, random inquiry, I am satisfied that these figures are false, to the extent to which the suggestion of falsehood is false.

Of course I am not accusing A. I. R. of cooking up figures. In fact I am not accusing A. I. R. of anything excepting persistent futile effort. The pamphlet for July—October 1953 says: "This year opens with a high total of 1,100 schools in Madras State which have written to us to say that they use the Educational Broadcasts regularly, thanks to the effort of the Education Department of the State Government, without which such phenomenal increase in the schools with listening facilities would not have been possible." A very cautiously worded

sentence, which does not claim any achievement either for A. I. R. or the Madras Education Department, but which nevertheless conveys a compliment from the former to the latter! But note how the very caution of the sentence betrays an awareness of the difference between a school having 'listening facilities' or its writing to say that it listens in regularly to the broadcasts and finds them most instructive, and its listening in actually. My point is that probably only some 10% of these 1,100 schools listen in regularly to the educational broadcasts, in spite of what they tell A. I. R. or the Education Department.

How do I know? Because I took the pains, during the 1953-54 school year, to make inquiries of some 20 schools, spread far apart over the Madras State area. I am not at liberty to divulge the names of these schools or of the people who gave me my information, but may assure readers that the verification was unbiased and thorough and that all these schools were among the 1,100 mentioned by the pamphlet. It is true that 20 out of 1,100 is not a representative fraction, but in a random check this fraction has value, as anyone familiar with scientific methods will appreciate. Moreover, every allowance has been made for the smallness of the fraction, as borne out by the estimate that some 10% of the 1,100 schools probably listen in to these broadcasts.

Not one of the schools I investigated listened in regularly to any A. I. R. educational programme. In some, because of pressure from above (circulars from the D. P. I.'s office?), a few broadcasts were listened to and the fact carefully recorded. In 2 schools the receiving set was not in working order. Perhaps the most significant detail was that in the majority of these schools the receiving set was so located that the students could have no access to it—in the staff room or even in the head-master's room.

The last location intrigues me. Why does a receiving set intended for the use of students find refuge in the *sanctum sanctorum*? Does the head-master, in his moments of rare privacy, sit relaxed besides the set tuning it softly, ever so softly, listening furtively to the forbidden "illumi-geet" of Radio Ceylon? "Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant"—but I fear it is only my incurably romantic imagination that invests head-masters with such frail humanity. No doubt the receiving set was there because it had to be somewhere and this was a safe place for it, where no one would twiddle its knobs or actually use it, to the possible detriment of the precious possession.

The pity of it all is that these educational broadcasts are taken so seriously by A. I. R., so carefully planned and executed, and they have no audience! I can testify to the care and knowledge that go to make these talks, for I listened to some of them during 1953-54. The one criticism that can be made about them, generally, is that they are packed too tight with information. God knows that our young scholars have to cram hard enough, with the florid syllabus they follow, and to be popular with them educational broadcasts should not be so grimly like classroom lectures. However, that is not the point. The point is that I was able to listen to these talks only because I was not a schoolboy and was free to do what I liked between 12-30 and 1-00, 2-15 and 2-45, and 4-00 and 4-30 hours, post-meridian. I would earnestly suggest to A. I. R. that they find out how many classes in each school group of their 1,100 schools are free between these hours, and how the students utilise that freedom.

Unless there is closer association between A. I. R. and the Education Departments of the various States, whereby one period per day or every other day is devoted by each school to educational broadcasts as part of the extra-curricular activity of the school, I fear the educational effort of A. I. R. will continue to be wasted. Of course it is possible to reach the same end by 'negotiation' with the

representatives of these schools, but I am afraid it is not a simple question of gaining the good-will of the schools and coming to terms with them; I do not see how the schools



can afford to devote time to these broadcasts unless the Education Departments help by relaxing the curriculum, or unless they find time at the expense of some other equally valuable extra-curricular activity, already established in the school.



LISTENING conditions were far from ideal for the last National Programme concert of May where I heard it. My host's receiving set was past its prime, the skies were overcast and sullen, and the powerful Bull Terrier of the house found Chowdiah strangely exciting—dogs, you know, are sometimes taken that way by the violin. I can, therefore, give you only an estimate of the experience. I am willing to believe that most of the unmelodious sounds I heard during the earlier part of the programme were due to listening conditions, but even so I thought the seven-stringed violin theatrical in passages and Chowdiah's grip on the redundant catgut not too sure at times.

But who am I to say this, from so far away and with atmospheric and other disturbances interrupting my

appraisal of the recital? I do not know who clap at the end of each song in the National Programme recitals—I had thought they were people taken along by each performer to lend moral support and zest to the occasion, but I was recently and haughtily informed by an A. I. R.

official that they are a "real, informed and live audience," by which I understand that they are the elite of virile Delhi connoisseurs specially invited by A. I. R. to these concerts. And how they clapped at the end of Chowdiah's mangling of the piece in Hamsadhwani!

The Negro Press in the United States

THE Supreme Court's unanimous ruling abolishing segregation in U. S. public schools climaxes an age-long fight for equality. Freedom of speech guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution is in no small way responsible for this achievement. The Negro press in America, thriving on this freedom, has been lauded by the non-Negro press for its continuous adherence to the principles laid down by U. S. founding fathers.

Most of the Negro publications endorse the "credo for the Negro press." Among its clauses are: "I will knowingly print nothing with malice nor permit the exploitation of my columns by self-seekers and narrow special interests. I shall mould public opinion in the interest of all things constructive." Another section of the credo reads: "I shall be a crusader and an advocate, a mirror and a record, a herald and a spotlight, and I shall not falter." Enjoying the freedom of the press in America, Negro editors often discuss racial problems.

There are about 280 Negro publications in the United States. The newspapers and magazines—two thirds of them are weeklies—have a total circulation of close to 3,000,000. Twenty-seven exceed 20,000 each.

Negro newspapers are led in circulation by the *Courier*, published in Pittsburgh, with 280,000 copies distributed over 13 editions. The *Defender*, a weekly published in Chicago, has a circulation of about 200,000. The *Afro-American* appears not only in Baltimore, its home town, but also in three other States. The Baltimore edition alone has a circulation of over 125,000.

Of the illustrated magazines *Ebony* is the most successful. This stream-

lined monthly, published in Chicago, has a circulation of more than 320,000. *Ebony* and *Our World*, published in New York City, often print 60 pages, with two-colour covers. Popular weekly newspapers, like the *Amsterdam News* (published in New York City, circulation 70,000), the *Journal and Guide* (published in Virginia, circulation 63,000), and *Courier* usually have from 20 to 32 pages. Since they have only a small percentage of space sold to advertisers, their customers are richly rewarded for their 10 and 15 cents.

Ebony, which has a larger circulation than any other Negro publication, is published by John H. Johnson, the publisher of another successful Negro monthly, *Negro Digest*. This magazine with a circulation of 100,000 was started in 1952. Articles by Mrs. Roosevelt and other outstanding Americans in a series called "If I Were A Negro," brought this pocket-size magazine national attention. The profits enabled the 27-year old publisher to undertake *Ebony*.

Ebony's editors show the American Negro as an average citizen with most of the interests of white people. *Ebony* and *Negro Digest* are owned and produced almost entirely by Negroes, but the firm declared that inclusion of about 10 percent white personnel, several in executive positions, is in the interest of democracy.

Besides the weeklies and magazines with mass circulation, there are more than 100 small weeklies in the United States.

All these figures showing the strength of the Negro press clearly prove that the 15,000,000 people who constitute the Negro population of America are well served with news and views. More important, the non-Negro population has an interesting media of information to turn to.

Trends in Indian Journalism

By C. H. V. PATHY

THE publication of the report by the Indian Press Commission this month will inevitably focus attention on the Indian newspaper industry. There will be a revived interest in journalism and one can expect the publication of a few books based on the data furnished by the Press Commission's report. As it is there are very few books published which may be said to do even scant justice to this fascinating subject.

I propose in this short article to notice some of the trends visible in present-day newspapers in this country. The most predominant feature is that the visual appeal of newspapers has changed beyond recognition in the last five decades. In printing, get-up and presentation of news, we are not behind the most up-to-date newspapers produced in the western countries. Way back at the beginning of the present century, there were no rotary presses and the composing was done by hand. Readers used to complain of ink sticking to their fingers when they handled the daily sheets. News display was practically unknown and telegrams were bunched together, merely classified as Indian, Foreign, etc. No newspapers had any features and pictorial journalism was unknown.

All this has changed now. *The Statesman* was the first to instal a rotary press and linotype machine in 1907. And for the first time, readers had the thrill of getting into contact with soft, absorbent paper, called newsprint, which could come out unsmeared from the giant printing press. Other papers copied *The Statesman* and today, in every city in India, we have up-to-date rotary printing presses and batteries of linotype machines. The display of news saves the reader the trouble of wading through columns to land on important items.

The retention of advertisements on the front page is becoming an

archaic practice. There is an almost new format to the paper. No more are there dry, stuffy-looking pages. Above all, photographic journalism has taken giant strides. Whereas formerly the provincial newspapers reflected the undulating preoccupations of the countryside on the one hand and the high lights of the gentry's social round, even the mofussil press has adapted itself to the broad consequences of an economic revolution. Front-page display of news has become a common feature in almost all the newspapers. Colour printing seems to have come to stay.

Press tables at public functions and the spot covering reporter banging his typewriter on a curbstone as a platform have become familiar sights when big stories break out at stray places.

Thousands of readers condemned to do their daily reading in over-crowded vehicles or suburban trains, often in a tired state, naturally demand a disturbingly high proportion of aids to escape into unreality. That is why the visual aspect of the newspapers is of importance. The splash features are keyed up with current events and amplify and provide the background for what is carried in the news columns. Technicians such as printers, photographers and electricians do not normally exert any influence except in rare cases. The technicians' skill and the level of development of their technique play an important part in determining the layout, such as the effective handling of headlines and photographs and the use of clear type founts.

Human interest is what the people like to gossip about and popular dailies find that human interest news attracts the greatest number of readers, and accordingly write up their news items with a human interest slant and give prominence to them. The forerunner of the human interest was Northcliffe's discovery that one of the best ways to interest his readers was to add the picture of a pretty girl or somehow bring feminine appeal into the story. The recent Farouk episode and the sen-

sational manner it was displayed in print and picture is a sign of the times.

Cartoons and comic strips have added spice to the reading public. While copying the best in the west, Indian newspapers show a distinct preference for the British technique.

The speed of journalistic work has greatly increased in recent years. The development of the trunk telephone, multichannel cables and radioed pictures, road and air travel have rendered the organising and collecting of newspaper material more competitive and more strenuous. But on top of that, competitive distribution of manufactured newspaper has changed the hours of productive editorial work, necessitating more work in less time. Although journalists enjoy working fast, they have tended in recent years to attempt to do more than what they can do with competence. There is an optimum limit for every process in a given time, including the process of thinking, writing and sub-editing, given a talented performer.

Many of the key jobs in newspapers demand stupendous nervous strain. Evening paper sub-editing can only be done with ability between the ages of 20 and 35. Many middle-aged sub-editors have died who could have survived in another calling. Superannuated Government servants are kept in service. The army pensions off people after a certain age. But there is no provision for the more valiant servants of a newspaper, who bearing the heaviest loads in early life cannot continue to do so for a further thirty years. That they are not always cruelly discharged as they used to be is no answer. They continue their employment in a false position, humiliated because they can no longer do at 50 what they did at 30.

It is a healthy sign that on all sides we behold the growth of new forces in the Indian Press and the birth of new ambitions. The scope of editorial work has been constantly expanding. Special staff writers have multiplied. Once they were almost confined to sports and finance; now their numbers include

experts on international affairs, military and naval problems, aeronautics, the cinema, radio, motoring and insurance, not to mention political commentators, industrial and labour correspondents, humourists, gossip writers and columnists.

Not only is the modern quality paper with its clean, well-defined pages a better job technically than in 1900, but it is also better written. As elsewhere, so in this industry, modern journalism has responded to the accelerated pace of life and the general trend towards simplicity by evolving a more lucid, direct style of expression in both news and views. Pompous journalistic writing has long since vanished. The Press has been quickening its tempo by the faster printing of newspapers and their faster distribution, by the more rapid transmission of news and pictures and by despatching reporters and special correspondents to important news centres.

The popular dailies, with their restless and heavier make-ups, their array of pictures and in a few instances, deliberate broadening of appeal, have followed a path of evolution of their own. In the last decade, the principal change to be noticed is a greater aliveness and seriousness in the leader pages and in the choice of subjects, the increased public interest in foreign affairs and vital national issues and in some papers, more virile leader writing. We may have a new technical revolution, we shall see many changes in content but the trend will be towards more variety, towards a newspaper that caters shrewdly for the widening interest of the masses, towards the newspapers that specially aim at a higher level of literary taste and a higher degree of objectivity in the presentation of news.

A well-known journalist, dealing with modern trends in the Indian Press has the following observations to make: "In the pre-Gandhian era of our politics, our journalism was pedestrian, learned and intended to argue out the Englishman with a lot of logic and statistics at the elbow. In the Gandhian era, we delved deep into fundamentals and naturally,

leader writing appeared to be a kind of daily cannonading, requiring no particular intellectual effort. The change into freedom conditions switches us back to methods of learning and scholarship and more sober methods of expression. We are being called upon to deal with constructive problems of unprecedented variety. While we are nowhere near the standard of foreign newspapers in the matter of features, we are doing in this line much better than before with material improvement."

One of the effects of the war has been to rescue the Indian newspaper industry from the chronic impecuniosness which used to be its fate in the pre-war years. Newspapers incorporating the latest technique of production have become fairly good propositions, at the same time demanding careful attention to all that is of value in life and society. The series of political transformations engendered by the passing of the Indian Independence Act have thrown on them additional responsibilities, while at the same time they have accentuated the need for good, authoritative newspapers.

One of the most perceptible trends has been a change in the habit of the reading public. An entire new generation has arisen with new tastes and new demands. The habit of beginning with leading articles and exercising the lungs in effective discussions of the editor's views has disappeared even in Madras which is the region of the conscientious newspaper reader.

In the not distant future, adult suffrage will make it incumbent on the public to understand thoroughly everything in and around their areas, to follow public affairs with some measure of knowledge, to be able to relate provincial affairs to the wider affairs of the Union and to fix their place in the world of international affairs. Verily, newspapers with their larger visual appeal have come to the rescue of an eager, expectant public, vastly greater in numbers than before, with maps, cartoons, pictorial and economic information and other easily digestible material so that the citizen may follow his

affairs easily and use his power to the advantage of his country.

It is thus foreseeable that we shall shortly have a number of new periodicals emerging and trying to catch and fix the attention of the public. English for a long time will have pride of place in the country. Experience has taught us that, though individual readers may not write to that effect, the readers are always grateful to a newspaper that will take some pains to classify, edit and present a connected whole of the news of the day or the week, with appropriate background knowledge provided. This task has become in the new era now upon us immensely more important, seeing how much depends on the citizen's intelligent understanding of the happenings round about him. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, newspapers certainly can help a lot in keeping the citizen vigilant. This is the most essential part of the journalist's avocation.

BOOKS BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

The Doors of Perception	Rs. 4- 8 as
The Perennial Philosophy	Rs. 11- 4 as
Themes and Variations	Rs. 9- 6 as
Ends and Means	Rs. 5-10 as
Point Counterpoint	Rs. 6- 6 as
The Jesting Pilate	Rs. 6- 6 as
Eyeless in Gaza	Rs. 6- 6 as
Olive Tree	Rs. 5-10 as
Ape and Essence	Rs. 5-10 as
Those Barren Leaves	Rs. 5-10 as
Mortal Coils	Rs. 5-10 as

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

WHENEVER Hollywood has tried to present a story with an oriental background it has failed to be authentic, true to the oriental ways of life and it has shown a complete lack of understanding and sympathy for the oriental people, their culture and their character. The orient is still the land of mystery and splendour, savagery and brutality to Hollywood; if you don't believe me see the trailer of 20th Century Fox's new cinemascope film "King Of The Khyber Rifles" which describes India as a *strange land of mystery*.

When I saw the trailer, I wondered how our censor could pass it, and now after seeing the picture, I fail to comprehend how any self-respecting Indian could allow this picture to be shown in India. For, this picture is supposed to relate the story of India of 1857 when the Britishers completed 100 years of their rule. The picture is a glorification of the British at the cost of Indians who are shown to be loyal servants as usual. Their loyalty was shaken not by any upsurge for independence as we have been taught by our leaders like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru but by a wrong assumption that the grease applied to cartridges contained ham or beef and as such was sacrilegious. At least that is the impression we get from this picture and we also learn for the first time that the women of Frontier Province did not observe *pardah* in 1857 and that they wore sarees and not *shalwar* and *kameez*.

There are several hundred other things one can "learn" from this picture about Indians, their history, their attire and their way of life. These things will come as a revelation as they are absolutely different from anything we have read so far in our history books.

Indeed, in the light of this picture perhaps the history of the 1857 rebellion will have to be re-written. For the Hollywood 'research' has thrown an entirely new light on the events of 1857. To Hollywood must go a special medal for re-writing Indian History; but the greatest tragedy is that Indians who should know their history better could accept this Hollywood version of 1857. When our Government was prompt enough to ban "Peking Express" because of consideration for the Chinese Government one expected that our censors would not certify a picture which is a complete travesty of truth.

The censors have amazed me by passing this picture which contains dances—so-called Indian dances—of the type that are generally disallowed in Indian pictures. Had the same picture been made by an Indian, I am sure it would never have been passed. Then why this special favouritism to Hollywood, and that too for making a stupid and disgraceful picture about India and showing it to the world.

The picture deserves not only to be banned in India as it hurts the very sentiments and ideals we have nurtured about 1857, the first war of liberation against British rulers, but to be withdrawn from circulation all over the world for its travesty of history.

Picture of the week

THE story of Hindu Muslim unity would appear to be outmoded today after the partition and subsequent riots in both India and Pakistan. And yet no one can deny that such a unity is not only desirable but essential in secular India.

Hence, the Marathi motion picture version of Sane Guruji's short story depicting the intense and immortal friendship between two children—Shashi a Hindu and Amin, a Muslim—has a special significance of its own. Sane Guruji who believed that children were like flowers and should be treated as such depicts in *Shashi* the story of a child whose parents always ill-treated him and resented his friendship with a Muslim boy Amin. The more Shashi's

father tried to separate him from Amin who was his school-mate, the more inseparable they became. Ultimately Shashi's father took him away to another town in the hope that this separation would end the friendship.

But this segregation proved of no avail and the two friends always yearned for one another. If they were not allowed to meet in life, they met in death.

These two children were absolutely unaware of the communal and class distinction; their friendship was pure and human, transcending all man-made artificial barriers. Their friendship was manifested by acts of kindness and their desire to help each other; and it has been presented on the screen very effectively through simple but touching incidents. The episode in which Amin prepares a mattress for his friend and carries it all the way to Bilaspur walking on foot for several days is most touching.

Sane Guruji reveals a sympathetic understanding of children and their attitude to life and in transcribing his emotional story to the screen, producer Seth Maganlal Motilal and director Junnarkar have achieved commendable success. They have been true to the spirit of the original story of two children dreaming of reaching the moon and the stars; and they have translated their dream on celluloid poetically with the help of cartoon, trick photography and Gevacolour. Even the portrayals are uniformly good, though one wishes that Junnarkar had chosen a boy with better diction to play the role of Shashi. Similarly, the characterization of Shashi's mother is rather vague; had she been shown more sympathetic and understanding towards her son, like the parents of Amin, the story would have been more balanced. The portrayal of a village school teacher by Raja Pandit is brilliant.

It would be a great pity if the appeal of a picture with a theme of nation-wide importance is restricted

only to Marathi-knowing audiences. It is a picture which in my opinion should be shown to children all over the country as it is undoubtedly an ideal film for the Indian children with an excellent moral for them as well as their guardians and teachers.

Personality of the week

WHILE most of the commercial film producers have been decrying the Government's rule of compulsory exhibition of approved short films and newsreels, V. Shantaram, the moving spirit behind the newly formed Producers' Guild in Bombay, has always been a keen supporter of the Government's policy in making documentary films and newsreels. Indeed, unlike other producers, he has been always a supporter of government control as is evident from the fact that as a member of the Enquiry Committee he supported the suggestion for the formation of the Film Council and Production Code Administration with statutory powers. Besides, he has been taking keen interest in the productions of the Films Division as a member of the Advisory Board which scrutinizes the shorts made by the Films Division.

Hence it was but natural that when Bhavnani left, the Government should ask V. Shantaram to take over charge as Chief Producer. And in spite of his own commitments it is gratifying to note that Shantaram has accepted the assignment in the spirit of national service.

To Shantaram, this is not a new job. During the war days, for about two years he was the chief of "Films of India" and during his regime he did produce some remarkable shorts, the most noteworthy being the short he made on the Cripps Mission in 1942. Now after twelve years, he will be producing documentary films again and though he will be working for only six months there is no doubt that he will leave behind his imprint on some of the productions of the Films Division and give it a new filip.

New Books

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

By ANDRE GIDE

Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy
Cassell & Co., Ltd., London
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DENIS SAURAT, Professor of French Language and Literature in the University of London, makes the observation that the sum and substance of Gide's writings is out and out his own self. "A *moi* which has not achieved any cohesion, and which, nevertheless, presents itself on a stage as being everybody's *moi*. Up to a point this claim is justified. Every reader of Gide finds, and fairly often, much of his own self in what is thus presented; mostly parts of himself that the reader has decided long since had better be kept under, and which have become non-important through disuse." This is clearly a wrong assessment for whatever is concerned with one's self cannot become non-important through disuse; suppression or quiescence of parts or aspects of it, if not aimed towards the achievement of harmony, is apt to have disastrous effects on the individual's life. And Gide, pre-eminently, aimed at harmony; he had a free mind—though not a great mind—in the words of E. M. Forster, "and free minds are as rare as great." The act of acute observation distorts the object observed and the principle holds good in the matter of understanding of a creative artist; it is his personality mirrored in his works that is of the greatest significance and not his *person* who is the producer—the purveyor, as seen *physically* by those who are censorious of him and of whom perhaps Denis Saurat is one. Andre Gide was a revealer and not a suppresser. His *moi* had charm, and charm was what he was most pleased with and what gave him his power and integrity.

The School for Wives, which under the French title *L'Ecole des Femmes* first appeared twenty-five years ago,



Andre Gide

has marriage for its theme. The reading public must be familiar with the English version published earlier; *Robert* and *Genevieve* under the same titles giving the husband's "defensive point of view," and the daughter's consideration of the problem ("the third panel of a triptych," Gide calls it), in relation to her parents respectively, are presented in the English garb for the first time.

A man marries for love a girl of twenty. Some years after he finds that his wife is no longer the girl of the original aura. How does this discovery affect him? And that if he is a Catholic.

"You say I am not the man you thought. But then you are not the woman I thought, either. How is it possible ever to know if one really is the person one thinks one is." (*The School for Wives*.)

"She was the woman I loved. And as long as she loved me, she tried to

resemble my idol and adorned herself with the virtues I believed her to possess and which she knew would please me. As long as she loved me she was not concerned to know herself; her one desire was to lose herself in me . . ." (*Robert*)

I had long candidly believed that in order to have children it was necessary to be married. And yet I knew they were the natural result of intimate relations between the sexes. My mother had thought it right to inform me of this and to tell me that human beings in this respect did not differ from animals. But I associated these intimate relations so closely with the state of marriage that I did not think them possible without it. And yet I knew that sometimes men and women lived together without being married." (*Genevieve*)

These three quotations serve as a three-pronged fork to probe an unhappy marriage by the characters involved in it, and Gide analyses the conflict, from the centre of his being, and this his work in its finish, as his other works, establishes him as a resplendent humanist whose

(Continued from page 5)

rather inconspicuous in the days when Ambedkar held the stage, thus revealing much horse-sense. But Ambedkar badly blundered when, in his megalomania, he decided that faith was a commodity that could be hawked in a Dutch auction. When he thus cast away his political clothes even the ever-deferential Nehru Government came to see that he had no detonators in his pocket. And that was Jagjivan Ram's opportunity. He strode forth as the hot-gospeller of economic equality for Harijans.

The saturnine grimness with which he carries on his crusade, like Ahab pursuing the Great White Whale, is not to be softened by the offer of lollipops. A Harijan Minister for Hindu Religious Endowments, for all that he has gone into the Holy of Holies at Chidambaram to assert his equality "in the eye of God," is no longer even a seven days' wonder.

puissance comes from his attractive ego.

MITRA

See India: Guide to South India
(Madras & Andhra)

The Tourist Traffic Branch
Ministry of Transport, New Delhi
8 as.

THE Government of India which has issued previously, separate pamphlets on cities like Lucknow and Amritsar, has now issued a guide to the entire South India in a hundred-page book. This guide catalogues the important cities of the South, a few of their sights of interest, and the rail routes. The traveller is introduced, to a vast area of 1,27,000 square miles, inhabiting which is a population of 57 millions. The appendices give the tourist an idea of the places of stay and things worth buying at various cities. The production of the guide is good, though the illustrations are not enough to catch the eye of the tourist.

K. R.

Mr. Jagjivan Ram will have nothing less than Revolution. It may be bloodless, if you like, but if it turns out to be bloody you will have only yourself to thank for it, as he tells the cowering caste-Hindus.

He has, like all supermen, a masterful way with facts. Not for him the half-lights, the hesitant 'ifs' and 'buts' of the conscientious coward. Some time ago, in the course of a whirlwind tour of the South, he told the mirasdars to cut and run while there was yet time. Now he has been putting the fear of God into the burgesses of Indore who must see that Revolution must follow, as the night the day, "if people who produced were not assured of their meal." It is curious, but most arm-chair prophets of Revolution seem to be upborne by the cheerful conviction that they will not be there when it comes.

VIGNESWARA

(Continued from page 8)

"Right, I think," I said. "Why?"
"Will you make up your mind?" he said through set teeth as if the strain of talking to me was more than he could bear.

I stopped the car for the *n*th time since I left home a thousand years before.

"Don't you shout at me like that," I said clearly and loudly so that everybody could hear. "What do you suppose you are here for? Why don't you do something about this traffic jam instead of shouting at defenceless females? I have got a L board in front of my car in case you haven't noticed. Go and do something. Just look at it." I pointed to the cars on my right, cars on my left, cars behind me and cars practically blocking the road on the other side.

"Do?" he roared. "What am I to do? You are causing the jam."

Well, what do you know!

"Let us get out of here," I said in disgust. "I want to go on a road which is broad and has no turnings and no cars and no pedestrians and preferably no policemen."

"Well," said my friend thoughtfully, "we might have to wait for a curfew."

He took me on to Poonamallee High Road. Every inch of space in my line of vision was filled to capacity with moving objects.

"Here we are," said my friend. "This is practically deserted. You just step on the accelerator."

I stepped and saved a cyclist by a hair's-breadth.

"Don't shake the car," said my friend. "Keep the wheel steady and have your foot ready to jam the brake down if necessary, that is all. And just relax."

Relax, relax. Certainly—with my nerves and wits tangled up into one tight knot in the middle of my stomach. It was all just a question of nerves. Just a question of common sense, precision timing, quick judgment and alert eye-sight and automatic action. Just a question of balance of mind, as my friend had said. I pulled in my breath indignantly. Did he say *balance of mind*? My brother had said it was a matter

of balance, I remembered. Who had mentioned the *mind* then?

"Now," my friend was saying, "when you come to that policeman, slow down and take your cue from him. It is a cross-roads."

"Just a minute," I said.

"Yes?"

"Did you say," I asked slowly, "that I must have *balance of mind* to drive a car?"

"For goodness' sake," said my friend, "will you keep your mind on the car?"

Well, he had mentioned *mind* again, I thought, as gingerly I sidled up to the policeman missing his foot by a bare inch.

"I want to turn right here," I said, "if it is alright with you."

The policeman gave a startled gasp and flung his arms about. I passed through triumphantly to a veritable acclamation of horns from various cars all evidently waiting to take their cues from the policeman.

But that was nothing to what followed. I had curved round that policeman only to come on to a road where for some inexplicable reason the police had arranged for a mobilisation of all public vehicles in the city. Every car and bus and rickshaw and what else have you was on that darned road all going in different directions.

"I want to get out of here," I said in a daze. "What do I do?"

"Keep moving," said my friend. "That is the only thing which will save our lives."

So I kept moving. I kept on at a steady pace. I wasn't going to rush headlong and go straight to the morgue. I pressed my horn once every fifteen seconds. I let rickshaws and cycles overtake me.

"You had better change into first gear," said my friend.

I pressed the horn and changed into first. A foot behind me another car changed gears without de-clutching. I pressed the horn again. Behind me the other pressed its horn. I moved forward and changed into second gear. Behind me the gear was changed again without de-clutching. I pressed the horn. So did the other car.

"This is getting on my nerves," I said. "Why can't that man overtake

me and be done with it?"

"Keep going," said my friend, "and don't turn and look at me."

I veered towards the left three times in the next fifty yards or so to let the other car pass me. But the other car also veered and kept steadily behind.

"What is he trying to do," I said wildly, "run me down?"

I ran the car up the pavement a little on the left and stopped. And I just waited long enough to hear the wheels of the other car going up the pavement. Then I bounded out and walked back thinking up nice long polysyllabic words. My friend who was a couple of feet ahead of me suddenly stopped and pointed to the front end of the other car. Flapping gallantly in the wind was a L sign. And as we stared a woman opened the door of the other car and putting out her head and one bare foot looked at us hopefully. A man sat by her side holding his head in his hands. An emergency perhaps, I thought.

"Did you want to pass us?" I asked with a feeling of premonition.

"Oh, no," she said.

"Then for goodness' sake" I said, "what on earth were you trying to do?"

"I was just trying to follow you," she said. "I thought the best way to learn would be to keep close behind you and do exactly what you did."

I have now stopped learning. It is just no use. For one thing our roads are too narrow. And the tempers of the drivers of other cars are just disgraceful. I can't take my time and amble along a city road without at least a dozen drivers rushing me from both sides and positively leaning on their horns. And what is really horrifying is that in this city there are far too many pedestrians. And most of them, I am alarmed to say, are quite, quite deaf. And have you ever seen anywhere as many pregnant women as you see in this fertile city? When I drive they come out on to the street in droves. Positively in droves.

From hereon I am going to sit in the back seat and let my husband drive me—even if it is only to desperation.



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T. S. Balakrishna Sastriar

BY KAUSIKA

"I AM jealous of the harikatha artist," said Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, while making his presidential remarks at a harikatha kalakshepam in the city last month. "I am not enamoured of a musician, or a platform speaker, or a discourser, but I am always jealous of a harikatha artist," he further emphasised.

In these days when the arts are blowing their loudest trumpets, it is significant that harikatha has fallen into bad days. The reason is not far to seek. A harikatha artist has to be a specialist in a number of branches. He must be learned in the classics, proficient in music and an admirable story-teller with the virtue of exposition enhanced by histrionic faculty. If withal he possesses a commanding personality, and an up-to-date knowledge of the events of the day, he certainly adds to his qualities. To obtain such an all-round skill, it is evident, one has to go through very hard schooling sitting at the feet of various masters. No wonder the number of really talented harikatha artists is few. No wonder again if C. R. felt jealous of a learned harikatha artist like Sri T. S. Balakrishna Sastriar.

Balakrishna Sastriar's exposition of the time-honoured, untiring theme of the Ramayana has been the pleasure and excitement of the people of Teynampet and Alwarpet for the past four months. When he began his exposition of the great epic there were only a few people at the Sri Balasubramaniaswamy temple, the venue. But as time wore on and the beauty of his expositions caught the ears of people, more came thronging in. The curious and the casual visitors remained to become part of the regular audience.

That Balakrishna Sastriar was a success as an expositor at the Teynampet temple is no surprise in the context of his accomplishments. His father, Sri Sambamurthy Sastriar, who died in 1935 after more than 25 years in the harikatha field, was well-known in the city of Madras and outside for his admirable discourses

on Ramayana and Mahabharata. While training his son, Balakrishna Sastriar, and his younger brother, who provides the background music to the former—the father determined that they should attain proficiency in music also, and put them under the training of Vidwan Mudikondan Sabhapathy Iyer. Balakrishna Sastriar, after the demise of his father, when he himself was but eighteen years old, underwent training under Sri Somadeva Sarma, the well-known scholar.

Balakrishna Sastriar possesses a rich, vibrant voice, an inheritance from his father, that literally laughs at the mike. With little effort he is able to carry his music and his words to the farthest ends of the auditorium. With this fundamental advantage he expounds his story with telling effect. His unfolding of the events in the life of Sri Rama, who had come upon the earth to demonstrate to the world the dharmic path that a man should tread, captures the hearts of the hearer and sublimates his life at least for a few moments. Sastriar's approach to the great epic is that of a bhakta and not that of a critic; never, not even once, does he depart from the theme to question the events or the characters and to give controversial interpretations. The appeal of his story-telling is to the heart, which keeps the audience, glued to their seats, while his music, his recitations from the various masters—Valmiki, Kambar, Tulsidas, Arunachala Kavi, Thiagaraja, to cite a few—and his humorous asides, act as aides to embellish and elevate his harikatha.

There is another advantage that Balakrishna Sastriar possesses—university education: he is a graduate and is employed in the Imperial Bank of India. As such he displays a broad outlook and shows an appreciation of the times; he eschews all references to caste and communal differences. In fact in the kalakshepam just finished, he had to address an audience of highly cosmopolitan composition and it stands to his credit that not once was he accused of painting one community to the disadvantage of another.

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.

Admissions into Andhra Medical College

Sir,—It has been notified that for admission to the Andhra Medical College, only the Intermediate Group marks will be taken into consideration and no notice of higher qualifications would be taken. It is unfair to give such a treatment to better qualified candidates. At least 25 per cent of the seats should be reserved for candidates with higher qualifications.

Secondly, candidates whose fathers or paternal grandfathers had no university education would be given preference. This amounts to a negation of equal opportunities. Why should a candidate be at a disadvantage on account of his father's or grandfather's literacy? The illiterate rich are better off than the literate poor. We have to do away with such empirical methods of selection.

Lastly, the interview of candidates and the marks awarded for the Personality test (which by the way, have been doubled up to 100 marks by the new Madras Government) can only be a partiality test to the interviewing committee. All conceivable methods of obliterating 'merit' as revealed by University examinations are adopted to make the 'selection' look just and equitable while the personal element can secretly do the worst havoc.

The business of interviewing candidates should be abandoned as its purpose tends to be 'unholy.'

FAIR-PLAY

Marripudi

The Leap-frog lie

Sir,—No lie is so difficult to smother as the leap-frog lie.

In his book "Nehru—the Lotus Eater—from Kashmir," Mr. D. F. Karaka, last year, made the highly imaginative statement that Nehru, intoxicated by popular applause, without consulting his colleagues, promised the people of Kashmir, in a public meeting at Srinagar that after liberation of Kashmir by the Indian army, they would be free to choose their form of government. A year later, this statement, has been repeated in an article in Karaka's magazine by Sri H. V. Kamath.

The truth of the matter is that months before Nehru spoke at Srinagar, the Government of India, on the eve of sending troops into Kashmir, had declared that after Kashmir had been cleared of raiders, the people of Kashmir would freely decide the question of accession. This promise made by his Government after due deliberation Nehru was explaining at the public meeting. Nehru was not floating on emotion, but had securely moored himself on the advice of his Cabinet.

Nehru's Ministry in which was the astute Sardar Patel could not, at that time, decently take up any other attitude on the question of accession. The Nawab of Junagadh had acceded to Pakistan and India had taken up the stand that it was the people, and not the princes, who had to decide the question of accession. The Nizam was hesitating between independence and accession, and here also India could not leave the question to the will of the ruler.

The question of plebiscite was expressly mooted in 1949 by the U. N. O. Commission. Nehru then laid down conditions to which he has stuck ever since. Karaka who in *The Current* two years back asked for the withdrawal of Indian troops from Kashmir, has in the meanwhile turned a somersault and is now for India permanently holding Kashmir, without allowing a plebiscite to be held. This is not vacillation, but oscillation from one extreme to another. Neither can America, (which insists on the retention of American troops in Korea during the contemplated All-Korea elections, but nevertheless wants the Chinese troops to withdraw), blame India for the identical position she has taken up in Kashmir.

Our friends evidently believe that a lie repeated with the perseverance of Bruce, will go down the public throat. A repudiation of Karaka's statement was sent to *The Current* shortly after the publication of his book, but it was not published.

M. MADHAVA RAO

Mangalore

Government Servants and Elections

Sir,—The recent directive on this subject issued by the Government of Madras that although a Government servant is legally entitled to propose or second nominations to legislatures he should not do so save on pain of facing disciplinary action under Rule 20 (2) of the Government Servants' Conduct Rules, is unsound and unsustainable. The right to propose and second such nominations has been granted by the Representation of the People Act to all citizens, and

Government servants as such have not been discriminated against in that behalf. This has now been recognised and upheld by our Supreme Court in **Raj Krushna v. Binod**, A. I. R. 1954 S. C. 202. It is noteworthy that this privilege has been granted under an Act of the Indian Parliament, and it is therefore not within the province of the State legislature and much less of the State executive to seek to curtail this right by means of an executive fiat. It is a well-recognised legal principle that there can be no lawful and enforceable contract either by mutual consent or unilaterally or by the exercise of coercion for the purpose of defeating or overriding statutory provisions. It is axiomatic that the conditions of service including regulations governing the conduct of Government servants should be found and worked out within the four corners of the Constitution of the country, and the law of the land. A citizen by becoming a Government servant does not ipso facto render himself subject to extra-constitutional disabilities or to regulations un-enacted. We are not for the present concerned whether the proposing or seconding by a Government servant involves any 'public expression' of his political views and whether such expression of view amounts to any 'reprehensible' conduct. Whatever it be, without getting the Act amended suitably by the Central legislature, the recent directive by the Government of Madras running counter, as it does, to the ruling of the Supreme Court, besides being ill-advised, is bad in law and cannot be upheld. It is also worthy of note that the Government Servants' Conduct Rules were issued under Section 241 of the Government of India Act, 1935, which left the question of the services entirely to the discretion of the executive and under which the legislature had no voice in such matters. But under Article 309

of the Constitution it is the legislature that has the final say and that possesses the power to enact appropriate legislation subject to the provisions of the Constitution which grants a number of fundamental rights which had no place in the Government of India Act.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government Servants'
Association, Madurai.

Private Patronage of Painters

Sir,—The trouble in this country today is not that patrons of painters have been exacting or tasteless but that there are so few of them. The rich who formerly (some decades ago) gave proper encouragement to artists of genius, have frivolously abandoned a function that provides a principal excuse for their existence. They lavishly spend their money on other things such as hospitals and Universities—a duty that could be performed equally well by public bodies—but with few exceptions, they have rigorously refrained from patronising contemporary painters and sculptors. Today, artists in this country, are appreciated only by those with a profound love of art for art's sake. And such persons have been found among writers, civil servants, and professional men rather than among the nobility or the non-veaux riches.

In this connection, I read with interest, in *Swatantra* of May 15, about Sri K. C. S. Panikker who has left for Europe to study painting. It was very nice of the Chief Minister, Sri Kamaraj, to have presided over the function arranged by the Kerala Samaj to give a reception to the talented artist. Let us all hope that the new Ministry will give proper encouragement moral as well as material, to painters of distinction, like Sri Panikker. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
MOTHER (<i>Sketch</i>)	8
LIFE IN A KIBUTZ IN ISRAEL	9
PROMOTING HIGH FOOD PRICES IN HYDERABAD	
INDIANS IN MAURITIUS	12
MARRIAGE AND MORALS	13
BENGAL EXPLODES SEATO	14
ABDUL GAMUL NASSER	17
LASKI ON THE CRISIS OF OUR TIMES	20
IT'S ADMISSION TIME!	22
LAND REFORM ON RIGHT LINES	24
POLITICIANS AND EDUCATIONAL POLICIES	26
PIXIELATED! (<i>Short Story</i>)	28
NEW BOOKS (<i>Reviews</i>)	30
HERE RAM! (<i>Poem</i>)	33
IS PROHIBITION A FAILURE?	35
FILMS	36
CONQUEST OF TROPICAL DISEASES	38
ON TELLING A STORY	41
CORRESPONDENCE	45
	47
Vighneswara	
Saka	
H. V. Ram Gopal	
Kamala Apparao	
K. S. S.	
S. Gopalakrishnan	
S. Rajagopalan	
Andrew Roth	
Dan Kurzman	
M. P. R. Reddy	
N. Ganga Ram	
M. V. Sastry	
C. Rangarajan	
Rama Srinivasan	
M. Govindan	
G. Srinivasaraghavachariar	
V. P. Sathe	
Sir Philip Manson-Bahr	
S. Amudachary	

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Subscription rates (including postage); for one year: Inland, Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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I could have danced all night...

WHEN I heard the applause at the final curtain, I was the happiest girl alive. And when the clapping changed to cheers I could have gone on dancing all night. My joy was complete when the judges awarded me the first prize and I came back on the stage to receive my gold medal. The first person to congratulate me was my master who said proudly to my mother, 'Who would recognize her as the same delicate girl I started to train two years ago?' Mother couldn't speak she was so thrilled.

What my master had said was perfectly true. Two years ago I didn't have the energy to dance for more than fifteen minutes. Mother even asked our doctor, 'Nothing to worry about,' he told her after a complete examination, 'What she needs is a regular *balanced* diet which includes, above all, fats. *Pure, fresh* fat is an essential part of our daily diet because it helps supply the energy we need everyday.'

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SWATANTRA

Vol. IX. JUNE 19 SATURDAY 1954 No. 20

A WARNING, NOT AN EXAMPLE

SRI K. R. KARANT is as ardent an advocate of linguistic States as any to be found in the country. He declared some ten days ago that when he was a student he had no consciousness of separateness from class and college mates born to languages other than his own. Such a consciousness is a comparatively recent phenomenon in the life of our educational institutions. It is a reflection of the larger life outside and it owes its birth to the movement for linguistic States. Thanks to the formation of the Andhra State, Andhras and Tamils are now in a position to compare notes between things as they existed *before* the partition and *after*. In the composite Madras State prior to Andhra separation there was no feeling of exclusive rights over any territory in the State on the part of any community living in it. The composite State helped towards a mutual identity of interests between Andhras and Tamils, and from that, it was but an easy step for both to extend the same sort of fraternal outlook to other settlers like Kannadigas, Gujeratis and Maharashtrians. But the division of the composite State into two States, one of them linguistic and the other nearly so, has accentuated differences where unity prevailed before. Andhras are not as much at home in Madras as they used to be, nor are the Tamils in Andhra. Each of the two communities has now acquired in the other's State, if not the legal status, at least

the practical disabilities of alienness. Inter-sectional unity has given place to dissensions heightened occasionally into discord.

We are aware that the separation has benefitted certain classes. It has created new posts. Some who were in the wilderness have become Ministers. Clerks have become superintendents, and superintendents assistant secretaries. Many new buildings have sprung up. The beneficiaries of these changes will naturally trace the benefit they have achieved to the new State itself that has been fashioned, and swear by it. But the common people, especially in Andhra, who had hoped for so much from a State of their own, have had their eyes opened. Disillusionment, rather than joy, is the popular attitude to the new Andhra Government today. They are depressed by the chaos which has replaced the administration of the old composite State days, and there is no doubt that substantial sections of the population would be quite gratified if the history of the past year could be undone and the Andhra State merged back into the larger entity out of which it has sprung.

This result is no doubt due to a large extent to the character of the personnel of the new Andhra Government. They have falsified all the expectations that the Andhras had cherished over a period of nearly forty years while the movement for the Andhra State was getting progressively stronger. Associated as

they have been with the first State deliberately formed on linguistic lines, their record has seemed to serve as a warning rather than an example. It is significant that opinion in Hyderabad which only a short while ago was distinctly in favour of Visalandhra, has of late taken a quick turn towards advocacy of two Telugu States. This can only mean that the ways of the Andhra Government, within its very brief tenure of existence, have repelled the Telugus in the adjacent State of Hyderabad and they are now very anxious not to be administratively integrated with Andhra into a single State. According to knowledgeable political surveyors, the Andhra State is the worst governed State in India today, and it has provoked considerable misgivings about the potentialities of linguistic division in the minds of the wary and the circumspect.

The movement of revolt against linguistic division is led by Sri S. K. Patil, President of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee. It could not have an abler leader. The indisputable facts of contemporary history, even within the few months of existence of the Andhra State, go to endorse Sri Patil's admonition that the sentiment of national unity

is as yet tender in the country and the advent of linguistic States is certain to dilute and weaken it to the peril of our freedom and security. But though a doughty fighter, he seems to be content for the nonce with a limited attempt to salvage Bombay City, with its multiple languages and variegated cosmopolitanism, from the debilitating onrush of the linguism cult. It may be that he is disheartened by the noise of crowds that has filled the atmosphere of politics since Sri Potti Sriramulu's death with a perfect fury of contention, with all the air of fervid patriotism, for the right of linguistic determinism. But wise men will not yield to popular clamour when it runs counter to national survival. Let the leaders of India reckon their duty now in the light of the great words of the first architect of America's greatness on a similar occasion of trial: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Sotto Voce

★

TOOL-USING ILLITERATES



THE good fairy who, under the impressive disguise of a learned Doctor of Islamic Law, presides over the destinies of Indian education,

has been working overtime. The days when Maulana Azad could complain that Education was being treated as the Cinderella among State activities

are happily past. What with the Finance Minister's adventurous decision to go in for deficit financing and the Planning Commission's discovery that the one way to keep him on his toes is to spend the money as fast as he gathers it in, Maulana Saheb has plenty of cash to throw about. And he has launched on a career of imperial largesse.

He began with an experiment in killing two birds with one stone. The States were to be paid substantial subsidies for employing unemployed graduates as teachers. Now, a subsidy is a fatally fascinating thing. It appeals irresistibly to the gambler that lurks in almost every one of us. The Government of India's subsidy had strings attached to it. But, then, so had the various State Governments' subsidies for digging wells. Withal, there are precious few wells to show for the millions of money that have been scattered with both hands. Likewise the adventurous States that open schools to accommodate unemployed graduates may quietly drop them the moment the Centre's bounty ceases.

It is a nice question for bureaucratic casuists to debate, whether it is better to be joyously improvident in an attempt to appear progressive or to refuse to rise to the bait even at the risk of lying under the imputation of mugwumpery. We have been reminded that even when the Centre has dangled substantial sums before the States for forwarding its favourite schemes—as for example, Basic education—not all States have shown enterprise enough to take advantage of the offer. But Madras is in this respect among the progressive few. And it is quite on the cards that it will enthusiastically participate in the latest spending game devised by the builders of our Planned Paradise.

In a way it may be said that she is bound in honour to do this, since the inspiration for the opening of five hundred multi-purpose high schools, on which the Government of India have decided, came from the

Secondary Education Commission over which a distinguished Madrasite presided. The idea of having high schools offering diversified courses is, of course, nothing new. And the Commission itself was particularly anxious to disclaim any originality. Indeed it seemed so weighed down by its sense of realism that it would not say that existing schools should be compelled to convert themselves into the multi-purpose Higher Secondary schools, which it tentatively offered as a solution of educated unemployment.

The Commission's Report looked, in fact, like a non-starter. The diffidence of the authors seemed to ask for its being speeded to its pigeon-hole. And the appointment of another peripatetic Committee composed of secondary education experts, both indigenous and imported, to study the technical aspects of the question at home and abroad, suggested that we were following the classical precedent of founding new committees on the debris of the old. It was not perhaps wholly a fortunate fluke that the Maulana's eagle eye alighted on this particular recommendation of the Secondary Education Commission as a fit object for the exercise of bounty. Has not Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar explained that he fell in love with comprehensive schools, having seen them at work in Kashmir?

From Kashmir come all things beautiful. But it is news to me that it has effected an educational revolution. It has a number of handicrafts for which there used to be a certain demand among foreign tourists. It is just possible that these are being taught in the multi-purpose schools. But they might be taught even better in the craftsmen's homes under the immemorial apprentice system. That apart, there was an existent demand for the Kashmir products. Are we sure that the vocational education our multi-purpose schools will impart will create new markets and new avenues of employment for the craftsmen they train? Have the

(Continued on page 7)

SIDELIGHTS ::

SOME years ago an Indian doctor interested in scientific research went to England on a Government of India scholarship of £400 tenable for a year. Before the year was out his work attracted the attention of a professor at a British university. The professor secured for him a scholarship of double the value at his university. He was given a laboratory to work in to which he had independent access at any hour of the day or night. His researches in this laboratory won the regard of another professor at an American university. Soon after, he was drafted to the American university on exceedingly liberal terms. In England and America the professors dominate the universities. Distinguished themselves, their effort to expand the boundaries of knowledge is unrelenting. Their search for talent is tireless. It has broken through all sentimental prejudices of a traditional type. The professors are the guardians of initiative at the universities. They make the admissions. They award the prizes. The system has justified itself. The discoveries of British and American doctors and scientists have not only benefited their countries in war and peace, they have revolutionised life on this planet and enriched it with new opportunities for sensational development.

The highest objective of the universities is extension of the frontiers of knowledge. It is not the thousands of alumni that manage to get degrees and pass out that shape the life of their generation. It is the one man of genius in a million, the sort of man who is born in an unpredictable environment and cannot be located in advance with the aid of rules. If a university eliminates the rare prospective genius by the rules it makes, it has missed its real purpose, and merely assumed a grand name to cover second-rate activities. The search for talent has to be vigilant, persistent, honest and sincere if talent is not to evade the

universities and perish on barren soil.

Nature balances her gifts. Brain and beauty do not always go together. Some of the greatest benefactors of humanity are not physically prepossessing. Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar is acknowledged by all to be a master of medicine. But I doubt if he would have got good marks in a personality test like the one now set up by the Madras Government to regulate admissions to the medical colleges. The external attributes that help a person to make a good impression on others constitute what is ordinarily described as personality. They are of value in certain professions. A good salesman, or a good insurance agent is useless without *personality* as it provides the very basis for an approach to business, without which he cannot get going at all. But why should a would-be doctor be pestered with stupid requirements as to his personal appearance, flair for sports, extra-curricular activities and the like that have nothing to do at all with the question of professional competence? Nobody who calls in a doctor is influenced by his brawn and muscle, physical measurements or the runs he has made on a cricket field. Why should these totally irrelevant considerations be worked up into a principle of selection when admissions have to be made to a medical or other college?

We want doctors to save life. We want engineers to harness natural resources for human benefit. One Fleming with the discovery of penicillin has brought relief from pain and suffering to the whole of humanity. One like him, if he had been of South India, would probably have been shut out of the Madras Medical College on the ground that another whose father was an illiterate had to be preferred. The rules of our Ministry for the regulation of admissions to the professional colleges are totally unrelated to the object of making good doctors and engineers. They seem specially framed to elimi-



Shakuntala Shrinagesh chiefly known as a BBC broadcaster for her appearances in "Asian Club," a weekly discussion programme. She came into particular prominence in an edition which included as guest speakers the BBC's Director-General, Sir Ian Jacob, and the Director of its External Broadcasts, Mr. J. B. Clark, on the occasion of the twenty-first anniversary of the inauguration of the External Services. She made her television debut as chairman of "Asian Club" when it was televised to mark this same anniversary. —Courtesy BBC

nate and give no chance just to that one man in a million, that rare gem of genius born once in a whole generation. He might belong to the wrong district. He might not have personality enough to satisfy the selection committee. Or his parents might not be uneducated enough! (This requirement of uneducated parentage seems to have been set aside this year.)

The present system of recruiting students for scientific pursuits in universities seethes with political fallacies destructive of genuine advancement in knowledge. A lot of the money spent, like heavy rain on a rocky soil, produces no fruit. The politicians and their nominees cannot be trusted to feed with care and skill the nurseries of intellectual

growth and scientific research in the country. If our freedom has not flowered into joy for all, it is because the Ministers in power have failed to place the public weal high above minor personal, family or clannish interests. There is no hope for the future if the educational institutions are not removed from the grasp of unprincipled political sovereignty. The supremacy of the teacher in his own field must be established if academic and scientific institutions are to be real spring-boards of adventure for mastery of new secrets of skill and knowledge from nature. The teachers and professors alone should admit or deny admission to schools and colleges. None else is competent to fit the congenial talent with the appropriate opportunity. It is an indignity to the integrity of the teaching process that *ad hoc* committees that exist for a week or fortnight and are not heard of afterwards, should be elevated above all those whose lives are given to teaching, as more fitted to regulate admissions to educational institutions.

SAKA

(Continued from page 5)

purely vocational schools and Schools of Technology we have in fairly large numbers been such shining successes that we shall be warranted in introducing vocationalism into secondary schools also?

While the training of hand and eye is good, a philosophy that decries all education except in so far as it is narrowly useful may do grave and irreparable damage to progress. The contempt for academic learning that our politicians are propagating and our educationists are abetting is logically bound to convert us into a nation of tool-using illiterates. What is wrong with our secondary education is not that it is excessively literary but that it is fast flying away from all standards. If secondary education is to be really a complete education for the average citizen, it must become more liberal and academic, not less.

VIGNESWARA

LIFE IN A KIBUTZ IN ISRAEL

By KAMALA APPARAO



MOTHER

In the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man—
So sang the Poet, and a Mother to one, is, as the saying goes, a Divinity seen, in her
holiness and capacity for love and forgiveness the same as the unseen. Utter the
word and what an immensity of tenderness speaks in the utterance!

TO Martin Buber or Charles Gide the kibutz might be a path into Utopia but from the point of view of co-operators, collectivists and Socialists it is an experiment that has succeeded, a new idea and its realisation. By means of the kibutz and such other experiments the men and women in Israel have worked hard to build their life right from the sands of the desert.

The economy of the kibutz is that of comprehensive co-operation where collective working and living is practised, and property and produce are shared by all, "to each according to his need, from each according to his ability." For the philosophical roots one has to go back to Socialism, the youth movement in Europe, the revolutionary Russia of 1920 and the Zionist movement. It was not a matter of chance that the kibutz sprang up in the biblical land of Israel from which the Jews were driven away, the new Israel to which they have returned from different corners of the globe. Centuries of suffering and persecution turned them into pioneers and seekers of revolutionary ways and new ideas. Zionists came in groups as early as 1919, be it from Russia, Germany, Poland, Iraq or Yemen and set about the active colonisation of Palestine.

Kibutz is the Hebrew word for collective settlement. The historical reasons that have helped to give shape to the kibutz were economic necessity, security and defence and the Socialist inspiration of the twenties. It was economically necessary to cultivate for the survival of the small group of settlers who lived surrounded by hostile Arabs and indifferent English neighbours. They had to live in groups not only for security reasons but also because no man alone could eke out a living from the hard sand. Sociologically the healthy vigorous farm life helped to rehabilitate the merchants and traders

who came from the ghettos of big cities.

Through the Zionist movement Jewish people in different parts of the world formed themselves into groups and received preparatory training in the kibutz. The training included modern methods of agriculture, learning Hebrew and the history and geography of Israel, and the sociology of learning how to live together. Such preparatory groups were formed in USA and Argentina and other countries.

The principle basically behind the kibutz is that all land belonged to the Jewish National Fund, hence there was no room for private property. When the settlers were limited in numbers it was necessary for everyone to work in order to build their country, so work became an important feature. And because of the scarcity of available materials, it was necessary to share and depend on each other for mutual aid.

The preparatory trained group and some more new "haverim" or comrades who joined later, with the land, tools, minimum living equipment and a small working capital—all provided by the Jewish National Fund,—established themselves usually on a barren piece of land. During the first days of pitching their tents there was much singing and dancing to enthuse themselves. Obstacles were usually many like not being used to agricultural manual work, the hot climate, lack of water, and personal adjustment to the communal life. They had to work very hard bringing water from long distances and with meagre comforts, but the spirit was high and slowly they irrigated the lands. They grew to be flourishing settlements, selling agricultural produce to the outside markets. Gradually buildings came and schools for the children, farm machinery and greater supplies of water.

With the emergence of Eretz-Israel the settlements received fresh impetus and help from the State. With mass immigration it was a blessing to divert some of them to the settlements. The parentless children found a haven in the settlements.

SINCE the new State of Israel aimed to be self-sufficient in food and had to lessen its heavy foreign debt, it was necessary to have more people engaged in agriculture to produce more. It is to the credit of these settlements that in 1950, 90% of cultivation was done co-operatively and there were 214 collective settlements with a population of 64,029 cultivating 10% of the irrigated soil or 258,329 acres. (Other forms of co-operative settlement numbered 193 with a population of 51,657). It was not uncommon to find that many prominent men and women were lent by the kibutzm to serve as ministers and in other public capacities.

The kibutzm are planned according to the latest modern rural architecture, with the school and other public buildings in the centre. Around these are the residential houses and the cowshed, the machine shop, the veterinary clinic, and grain store, and around them the fields and orchards.

The principle on which the pattern of life is based is work. It is interesting to note that the chief qualification for membership is ability to work and invariably expulsion is due to the shirking of work. The status of the member and his social reception depend on the type and amount of work he puts in. Every adult, man or woman, has to put in eight hours of work or sometimes more if necessary. Children from the age of nine work for a limited number of hours and as they grow older the hours of work are gradually increased. Work in a kibutzm has special characteristics. One does not work for a boss. Secondly, work is not done for economic returns for the individual. Thirdly work, especially manual work, is very idealized. Work is allotted to each person by a committee in charge of it and it is more or less

on a permanent basis unless by its nature it requires change.

All unpleasant work like dish-washing, cleaning and keeping guard is shared by all members by turns. The work includes both services for the members and work for production. There is not much social status attached to the type of work and there is no difference shown in status between manual and intellectual workers. In the beginning there was not much variety in the work, but with the growth of the settlements and with the introduction of industry the scope increased for choice between different types of work. There is guidance and no supervision over work and from the workers' point of view the work is a pleasure and not a burden.

The needs of the haverim like food, shelter, clothes and recreation, are all provided by the settlement. Food in the kibutzm is very simple and wholesome and cooked in the community kitchen. The meals are taken together and the dining room is a meeting place for all occasions. Since many of the activities are done communally most of the buildings are for common purposes. Each couple gets a room and in some of the richer settlements, a bathroom. Single members also get a room if available or share it with another comrade. Clothes are given to each member by a committee which is in charge of it. After a hard day's work there is very little time for recreation and entertainment. Lectures, debates, study classes, singing and dancing, visiting dramatic groups and cinemas are arranged in the evenings. The health requirements of the members are well looked after. Every settlement has a clinic with a doctor and a nurse. If necessary the patients are sent to the hospital by the settlement. Excellent care is taken of the expectant mother and special food is given to her and all her hospital expenses are paid. With the kibutzm becoming stabler economically, it has become a common practice to aid the parents of the members or invite the parents to live in the kibutzm.

The general management is done by a committee elected by the gene-

ral assembly. Committees are elected to be in charge of different tasks like finance, production, education, health and cultural activities. The general assembly is not only the principal means of voicing opinions but it is also the judiciary and administrative body.

The most radical change has been effected in social life by this way of collective living. The traditional family unit to which one is used in ordinary society is absent and the economic bond is enlarged beyond the family to the whole kibutzm. Love between man and woman is free of material considerations and is not compelled by traditional codes and customs. It is beyond the scope of the group to interfere in the personal relationship between two people.

The children are brought up communally by the settlement and live together in age groups apart from their parents. This does not mean that the children are not allowed to see their parents, only there is more free movement of getting together of the children. To the child the whole settlement is the social unit and not his family and his parents are those whom he loves without any hindrance. The collective bringing up of the children has been one of the most controversial points in the life of the kibutzm. The modifications in the family relationship however have not brought about any weakening of emotional bonds. As the cost of maintaining children is a social responsibility, parenthood is planned to suit the economy of the kibutzm.

THE education of the children is done according to progressive and modern methods. The system of schooling depends of course to a large extent upon the social environment and the collective life. Competition in the school is reduced to a minimum and feelings of envy and jealousy are reduced among the

children. Nursery school and middle school education is found in each settlement and when one settlement has not enough pupils or teachers for a particular class, a number of kibutzm join together. After high school some are sent for special training outside the kibutzm and are taught to become teachers, nurses and experts in other fields. The influence of this way of life is seen in the all-round development of the children. They are not hampered by material and other insecurities in their growth to maturity. The kibutzm is isolated in its way of life as well as by its being primarily agricultural, removed far away from the cities and towns. There is however a keen sense of political consciousness and controversies in the kibutzm have arisen due to this factor. The kibutzm take sides with the two main political trends in Israel—the Mapam pro-Soviet left-wing Socialists and the Mapai right wing Socialists who constitute the party running the government. Sometimes splits have occurred in the same kibutzm on political grounds.

In spite of the hopeful realisation of new features of work and life, and a new culture arising out of complete co-operation, there are some who say with justification that the kibutzm is an artificial experiment isolated from the general society, and it will not bring about any social change for the general mass of people. The kibutzm in Israel has accomplished a historical role of rural colonisation and reconstruction and trained townspeople to become farmers. To society and the world it has done the service of showing that there is another way of life and it has given courage to those fighting for social and economic change. It has given concrete realisation to the idea that "with security and comradeship" there is a more complete development of human genius.

The State of Israel has been the work primarily of the Jews of eastern Europe, especially of Russia, Poland, and Lithuania. From their ranks came nearly all the visionaries of Zionism except Herzl and Nordau, nearly all the early leaders, spokesmen, statesmen, and pioneers. In 1948, when the Jewish State was proclaimed, Jews of Russian and Polish stock formed about one half of its population.—ISAAC DEUTSCHER, in *The Reporter*

Promoting high food prices in Hyderabad

By K. S. S.

WHILE the Union Food Minister, Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, is proclaiming from the house-tops that India has produced "more rice than we can consume" and that the enormous surplus of foodgrains at our disposal should be taken advantage of to bring down the food prices and the general cost of living, Hyderabad's Supply Minister, Dr. M. Chenna Reddy, is deliberately pursuing a policy of "feeding the prices." The Union Food Minister with his national outlook has adopted the attitude that the surplus food production which the country has achieved after so many years of hard effort, presents an opportunity to "break this vicious circle of high prices" from which the people have been suffering ever since the outbreak of the last World War, and advised the State Governments to reduce official procurement prices commensurate with the fall in open market prices because, in the first place, unless the food prices are brought down, the prices of other commodities cannot be expected to decline and secondly, it is not only unwise but also impossible to ensure to the producers a statutorily fixed high price when the open market is "tumbling down." It is the misfortune of the people of Hyderabad that they have as their Supply and Agriculture Minister a person with feudal interests who would do anything to boost up the profits of big landlords under the pretext of safeguarding the genuine economic interests of "agriculturists."

The short-sighted policies of Dr. Chenna Reddy have ruined the chances of relief being given to the public from high prices. Even long before the abolition of controls and rationing was contemplated, Dr. Chenna Reddy was seized with a misplaced concern for the interests of the agricultural producers and with an unreasonable apprehension that prices would fall to uneconomic levels; he declared far in advance of the lifting of controls in the State that he would not reduce the official procurement price even if the open

market prices might fall as a result of the harvesting of bumper crops. When controls and rationing were abolished it was absurd to continue procurement, especially in a State like Hyderabad which cannot be expected to have any exportable surplus, having just recovered from a 12-year chronic state of acute food scarcity, especially rice scarcity. Even if there was a surplus over and above the quantity required for internal consumption, it should have been allowed to have a beneficial effect on prices. But when the food situation showed this year rosy signs of improvement, the Minister almost got panicky lest the food prices should fall and benefit the common man. He immediately took to bulk withdrawal of foodgrains from the open market under the pretext of building up stocks for future emergency. He hastily stepped up procurement operations and procured a large quantity of rice at the high official price, even though there was a prospect of the open market prices registering a handsome fall. The procurement on such a scale in the changed circumstances indeed assumed the proportions of hoarding of the sort that had created artificial scarcity in the past and accentuated the inflationary trends. Not content with this, the Minister has introduced what he calls the "voluntary procurement system" by which producers are given permission to deposit their stocks in the Government godowns "if they are unable to get prices equal to the controlled rates." Under the misconceived policy of superfluous, unwarranted and harmful procurement, it is only big landlords that stand to benefit because they alone possess the intelligence and the resources to take advantage of the higher price offered by the State and the small cultivators have not much to spare. The result of this procurement has been that agricultural producers, especially big landlords, are reaping more profits than they would have obtained in the open market, and the Government paid out of the general revenues more than what was necessary to the producers. What right has the Government to squander the tax-

payers' money in this extravagant fashion, especially when by doing so the Government perpetuates inflationary trends to the detriment of the common man?

Nobody would think of dissuading the Government from undertaking rescue operations if really the food prices fall to such an extent as to prove uneconomic to the producers. But the pity is there has not been even a pretence of a disinterested enquiry to find out whether the fall in prices has really been uneconomic to the producers, except a vague cry emanating from feudal interests. In Hyderabad it is a myth arbitrarily created by the Supply Minister. He never bothered to wait and watch the

price developments but made an advance declaration that he would not reduce official procurement prices, come what may. He even held the opinion that the food prices before the abolition of controls were themselves uneconomic to the producers!

In view of the immense harm such short-sighted feeding of prices may cause to the general interests of the public it is highly desirable that the Union Food Minister should institute an enquiry and determine for each State what constitutes the economic price for the producers and how far, if at all, would a State Government be justified in subsidising the producers.

INDIANS IN MAURITIUS

By S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

MAURITIUS is again in the news. The Earl of Munster, British Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Colonies is on a visit to that colony to "acquaint himself personally with the colony and its problems." He is the first British Minister to visit the colony since 1938.

His visit to Mauritius follows the rejection of a request by the Mauritius Legislative Council to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, that he should receive a deputation to discuss changes in the colony's Constitution (which was awarded in 1947 by the then Labour Colonial Secretary).

Mauritius has a population of half a million and, by a happy coincidence, produces exactly half a million metric tons of sugar. A glance at the latest Census report shows that there are today 2,50,000 Hindus (2,11,000 Sanatanists, 30,000 Arya Samajists, 13,000 Kabir Panthis, 7,700 Buddhists). Exactly half of the country is Hindu. Add to the 2 lakhs and a half of Hindus some 80,000 Muslims and you reach the figure 3,30,000. Formerly, the percentage of Indians in this colony was 63. Now, it has risen to 66.

These Indo-Mauritians who are now 3,30,000 strong, numbered only 2,65,000 in 1944. The total population in 1944 was 4,20,000. The rise in

the number of Indo-Mauritians is out of proportion when compared with that in the population at large. Hence the decrease in the general or non-Asian population that has fallen from 34 percent in 1944 to 32 percent in 1953.

The Indo-Mauritians live in the rural areas. They are the backbone of the sugar industry. The well-to-do are almost all to be found on the plateau known as Curepipe. Out of 369 palatial buildings scattered all over the island 148 are found in Curepipe alone. Curepipe is the home of French, Indian and coloured capitalists. It is interesting to remember that the first Commissioner for the Government of India lived in that town.

A general election was held in Mauritius in August 1948, and as many as 11 Indo-Mauritians were returned. In that election, the Labour Party was rocketed to power, ousting the French aristocracy whose families had run the island since Britain took it from Napoleon in 1810. Last year also general elections were held and 12 Indo-Mauritians were elected.

It is hoped that the British Minister, the Earl of Munster, during his sojourn in Mauritius, would discuss with the members of the Legislative Council about the changes in the Mauritius Constitution that would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the people of that country towards greater political self-expression.

Marriage and Morals

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

RECENT discussions on the above topic in the columns of this journal have disclosed an interesting variety of views; and the essay "Do we need a new marriage law?" is well worth pondering over by those interested in building up a civilisation based on a uniform moral code applicable to both man and woman. The controversy has been occasioned by the Special Marriage Bill now on the anvil of the Central Legislature and its special clause providing for divorce by mutual consent. The Bill is meant to legalise a particular type of "Gandharva" union, which with the increasing tempo of modern civilisation and the impact of the fair sex in what have hitherto been male enclaves, is likely to be availed of increasingly in the years to come. These marriages however carry with them their own instability, and hence it is good that the State has come forward to provide for annulment and for an honourable annulment at that.

Marriage has existed since creation but certain fundamentals have persisted amongst all the nationals throughout the ages. The first of them is the ideal of monogamy for either spouse, and the second is an attitude of conservatism and rigidity, which induces a disinclination to seek a bride or a groom outside one's tribe or totem. Even with the impact of modern means of communication and the commingling of the various peoples with opportunities for inter-racial and inter-religious combinations induced by joint living, mixed marriages have ever been a rarity. Speaking especially of Europe, America and India in recent epochs, Kipling's famous dictum about the East and the West has been abundantly corroborated in matrimony. The number of foreign wives to Indian husbands is negligible and of Indian wives to foreign husbands is practically nil. The same remarks apply also to Hindus, Muslims and Christians. Measures like the Special Marriage Bill, are at best enabling laws, and no one need see in them anything more than that. Provisions

for divorce for such unions are expedient inasmuch as the chances of discord are comparatively high. If anything, support for this view is to be found in the example and experience of the enlightend countries. In America, for instance, religion is still the focal point for a happy marriage. Statistics have proved that mixed marriages, inter-racial and inter-religious unions, have not been "marital successes." In Michigan, divorce has worked out at 4.4% if the couples were Catholics, at 6% if Protestants: but at 20.5% if the husbands were Catholics and the wives Protestants. Not unnaturally therefore Mr. Martin H. Newmeyer in his "Social Problems and the Changing Society" (1953) has concluded that inter-faith marriages are more likely to lead to maladjustment and divorce; and he sums up that "marriages of mates with considerable difference of religious interest and participation, are more fragile than marriages with no religious dissimilarities."

Divorce facilities being thus a *sine qua non* of these irregular matings, it is but meet that they should provide for an honourable means of escape. Indian divorce laws have been fashioned on the English model, but there is no reason why certain provisions, of which public opinion in England including high judicial pronouncements, has been extremely critical, should be incorporated verbatim quite out of tune with popular notions and sentiments. The divorce courts in England have become hotbeds of squalor and perjury and that is because the spouses have to satisfy definite conditions for annulment. In far too many cases, evidence tends to become manufactured, (which in legal parlance is known as hotel evidence). That is why the Haldane Society of Jurists have, after deep consideration, recommended divorce by mutual consent whereby the couple can make a joint application for separation. The judge hears them in chambers and if satisfied that they have consented freely to that course without any pressure or undue influence annuls their marriage, after providing suitably for the children, if any. This, it goes without saying, would

be an ideal method inasmuch as it avoids the publicity and blackmail which divorce proceedings invariably generate, especially when allegations of adultery are freely indulged in. Those who oppose this very salutary provision know not what odium a couple who want to separate honourably, have to incur under the present condition of the laws. Perhaps a case decided by the Madras High Court recently might afford a telling example. The couple belonged to the higher strata of society. The marriage was settled by correspondence and by exchange of photos. On the wedding day it was discovered that the groom was much older and even otherwise the parties were ill-matched. Very soon afterwards the wife petitioned for divorce on the ground that the husband was guilty of an unnatural offence on her, which in law affords a ground for divorce. Her version was disbelieved and the petition was dismissed. A year later, she again applied for separation on the ground that he had committed adultery with another woman. The husband retaliated by pleading that she had committed adultery with three named persons. After a protracted trial, both the versions were disbelieved and divorce was refused: which in effect meant that notwithstanding all that had happened, the couple have to get on anyhow. If divorce could have been obtained on the basis of mutual consent much of the publicity, bad feeling and expense would have been avoided, and third parties would not have been dragged in unnecessarily. The legal conscience is not shocked when a man is allowed to say "I cannot pay my debts," and his "civil death" is caused thereby. Why should it be, when a man or woman says, "I am not able to get on with my spouse."

The argument that the easier the facilities, the greater would be the number of divorces appears to be illusory. In respect of Muslims, annulment is the easiest and yet it cannot be contended that divorce is resorted to every day. The fact is that a number of factors enter into it, and one can hardly do better than examine the trends in a country like

America which registers the highest percentage in the world, from 50,000 in 1900 to 385,000 in 1950. Mr. Martin H. Newmeyer observes that there is a close correlation between divorce and the length of the marriage, the presence of children and the occupation of the breadwinner. The most vulnerable period is the first five years. The rate diminishes with the length or duration of the marriage. A considerable majority of broken homes occurs in childless families; in other words, as the number of children increases the chances of divorce decreases. An occupational study, he says, also reveals a high rate amongst commercial travellers, actors, musicians and in labour groups, both skilled and unskilled. Threefourths are occasioned by men, the main causes being cruelty, desertion and adultery. Desertion is said to be a male characteristic and an urban phenomenon. Even in the case of death, widows do not remarry with the same frequency as widowers. These observations which have been made in regard to a society wherein there is perfect equality in moral standards, are helpful in dispelling any fears that the divorce provisions will be abused in countries like India with a long tradition of wifely devotion.

Man is by instinct polygamous, said a writer. But it is curious how in the process of time, infractions of chastity on the part of the male have been summarily condoned. For instance, the Hindu sages have promised highest bliss for the female *pativrata*, even as Milton exclaimed that so dear to Heaven is saintly chastity that when a soul is found sincerely so, a thousand liveried angels lackey her. What about the *eka patnivrata*, the man with a single spouse? Valmiki fills up the void when, through the distracted parents of the Rishi Kumar who had been killed by an arrow, he makes mention of the heaven reserved for the sadhus, the *tapaswins*, and *agnihotri* and the *ekapatnivrata*. His own hero was an ideal husband. Away from Sita, he spent all his days in anguish, ate no meat, drank no stimulant, cast away fruits and flowers, sleep and

comfort, and swallowed his meagre fare at the close of the day.

In the modern work-a-day world, Ramas and Harischandras are rare but Dushyantas abound in plenty. God made the marriage but man made it polygamous. Every nation has to reckon with it, and even in a purely religious country like India, the problem of the superseded wife is still an unsolved paradox. She is here, there and everywhere; in cottages and palaces, in the middle classes and in the moneyed classes and literally in the houses of the prince and the peasant. Even amongst respectable and literate communities, before the advent of the bigamy laws, there was probably one deserted wife in every five families. Society did not look askance at it. The writer knew of a man who married and left behind five wives whom he had married at intervals of three years, and of another, a Government employee who had married three and left them all to sue him in

the High Court for maintenance. And the reasons for abandonment were too trivial and galling. It all depended on the caprice of the in-laws of the unfortunate girl or woman, and in at least two cases the reasons were unmentionable. The evil is all-round and has infected all grades of society. Just recently it has been given out that certain senior officers of the Central Government have snapped their matrimonial ties all too suddenly in favour of newcomers. These transgressions are permitted under our very noses, and yet how few of us are stung by them? Let those who cavil at every legislation meant to secure a fair deal to either spouse, consider and think of the wronged wife, who is cast away unceremoniously without end. After all, no nation can thrive on a "strait laced and uninspiring code of morals," and if India the home of all religions cannot set these inequalities and injustices aright, where then is the hope for humanity?

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BENGAL EXPLODES SEATO

By ANDREW ROTH

IT is more than a generation since the term "Bengali terrorist" has evoked a dread and menacing figure in the minds of those Britons concerned with maintaining the ramparts of empire in South Asia. But the world has shrunk so that the new outbreak of terror and counter-terror in East Bengal causes concern now not only in Whitehall but worries strategic planners in the Pentagon and produces delighted chuckles in the Kremlin.

The bloody riots, train derailments, arrests and dismissal of governments that have disfigured East Bengal these past weeks have knocked the props out from under American strategic plans for South Asia.

Pakistan has been the pivot of America's strategic hopes. Its manpower was to fill the gaps left by the shortage of American and British fighting men to man the ramparts against the spread of Communism to South Asia.

In the Middle East Moslem Pakistan has already helped buttress the sagging Western position by joining with Turkey as an intermediary between the Arab states and the West. Instead of the Middle East Treaty Organization, which has been still-born, Pakistan had been actively supporting a network of alliances and understandings. Already Pakistan, Turkey and Iraq are linked and collectively supported by the United States and Britain.

There has also been speculation about Pakistan's help for the much-mooted Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO). Pakistan has not yet been formally involved in SEATO. But Pakistani diplomats have encouraged American strategists in the belief that East Pakistan might serve to buttress Southeast Asia, much as the Pakistan Government, based on West Pakistan, has already proved itself diplomatically helpful in the Middle East.

The crisis in East Pakistan has, however, shown the danger for both

sides of a premature military alliance between a powerful western power and a young reactionary and unstable South Asian government. It suggests that you can no more found a military cordon on weak regimes like Pakistan's than you can build skyscrapers on young bamboo poles. You destroy your supports long before you erect your structure.

Instead of being able to help the west, Pakistan will be lucky to survive in one piece. The very act of offering itself to fill President Eisenhower's call for Asian manpower—the famous "let it be Asians against Asians"—has sharpened Pakistan's internal crisis. Like Korea and Indochina it has now to play out its internal drama on an international stage. The U. S. is backing the Central Government, based on West Pakistan. India and the Communists sympathize with the deposed provincial government of East Pakistan.

The resulting tensions may well cut Pakistan in half. It will certainly further increase U.S.-Indian friction. It makes nonsense of hopes for Pakistan "backing" for SEATO.

Problems Galore

EVEN without international complications East Pakistan's crisis would be tough to handle. It represents the juncture of two crises typical in newly-independent countries of South Asia. The first is the decay of the governing party—in Pakistan the Moslem League—which succeeded in securing independence but has since become an increasingly incompetent and corrupt defender of an unsatisfactory *status quo*. The second is the demand for "fair shares" by the more backward provinces of an unequally developed country.

The Moslem League government of charming young Prime Minister Mohammed Ali is basically a clique controlling the machinery of government and the governing party. Most of its members are not even members of the Constituent Assembly, and

show no desire to face an electorate. The Prime Minister himself owes his position not to any local support but to the fact that he is a Bengali and was thought to have Washington's support and—because of his long absence from Pakistan—few local enemies. The Foreign Minister, Sir Zafrullah Khan, is one of the most cordially detested men in Pakistan, partly because he is the leading member of the suspect and unorthodox Ahmediya sect but substantially because he opposed the formation of Pakistan and his loyalty, even now, is suspected to be with the West. The government also has brilliant and able technicians like the Finance Minister who has the same name as the Prime Minister. But none are popular politicians. And by prolonging the writing of the Constitution for seven years they have managed to avoid demonstrating their unpopularity until the recent East Pakistan elections.

In East Pakistan, however, more than the Moslem League's unpopularity was at stake. There was added to it the feeling of East Pakistanis that they have been treated as a virtual colony by the Central Government based on West Pakistan.

Pakistan's struggling new Central Government has sought to make up East Pakistan's deficiencies but treated the Bengalis as rather backward cousins. I remember talking to a young Punjabi civil servant in 1950 who had just been assigned to Bengal; he reacted to the assignment much as a Western civil servant being sent out to a remote African station.

The Bengalis rather resent this attitude. They complain that these Punjabis or men from the U. P. sent to govern them are more 'foreign' than the Bengali Hindus whose domination the establishment of Pakistan was meant to end. "They may be Pakistanis," Bengalis complain, "but they do not look like Bengali Moslems, they do not eat like Bengali Moslems, they do not speak like Bengali Moslems." It was the worst irritant of all that the new Central Government attempted to impose Urdu—better known in West Pakistan—as

the national language instead of the beloved Bengali.

Even Central Government help came to be looked at with suspicion. New jute and paper industries have been built with government support, but mainly by West Pakistan capital. And managers and workers from outside the province—in which there are already millions of unemployed—came to take many of the jobs.

"We earn most of Pakistan's money overseas with our jute," complain Bengalis, "but it is spent mostly for West Pakistan." This suspicion was especially marked during the 1951-53 period of import austerity caused by the drop in jute and cotton prices.

Finally, the Bengalis have never been as anti-Indian as the West Pakistanis. Kashmir is 1,000 miles away.

The joke in 1947 was that the two wings of Pakistan are held together by the common worship of Allah and a common hatred of India. Increasingly these have been counterbalanced by the Bengali sense of grievance.

Electoral Explosion

THESE grievances exploded in March during East Bengal's provincial elections. This was virtually half a general election since 42 millions of Pakistan's 76 millions were involved.

The issue was clearly the governing Moslem League *versus* The Rest. The Rest in East Pakistan was the United Front, a hotch-potch of non-League Moslems, Hindus and some leftwingers, including Communists. This has been led by the 80-year-old Fazlul Huq, the slightly mangy "Lion of Bengal." He is seconded by Shaheed Suhrawardy, a canny conservative opportunist consumed by the ambition of becoming Pakistan's Prime Minister. Symptomatic of the rising new generation of Bengalis is Maulana Abdul Hamid Bhashani, who has come increasingly under the influence of the hotblooded young Bengali student leaders who have provided the main driving force of the United Front.

The Moslem League poured everything into the East Bengal elections,

knowing its national and international reputation was at stake. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, a Bengali himself, was given an attentive hearing. Huge crowds gathered to hear Miss Fatimah Jinnah, sister of the revered founder of Pakistan, warn that an anti-League government in East Pakistan might split the country in half.

The East Bengalis then proceeded to give the Moslem League perhaps the most humiliating beating ever suffered by a governing party. Of the 309 seats at stake, the League could win only 9, while the United Front won 237. The League's provincial Chief Minister, Nural Amin, was soundly trounced in his own home town by a teen-age student leader. Most of the new United Front Legislators are under 30 years of age.

The victorious United Front demanded the dissolution of the central Constituent Assembly, claiming its 45-League-nominated Bengalis represented no one but themselves. It demanded a considerable increase in autonomy for East Pakistan; only foreign affairs, defense and currency would remain in Central hands. It came out flatly against accepting American aid.

Prime Minister Mohammed Ali tried to conciliate the people of his home province by allowing Bengali to be an official language. But he refused to dissolve the Constituent Assembly because he knew this would mean the end of Moslem League rule in Pakistan. He refused to take United Front leaders into the Central Government. He was afraid of losing his American support.

The Riots

THE United Front, furious at being turned down, played into his hands. It continued to agitate wildly for "Bengal for the Bengalis," forgetting it was now responsible for law and order in the province. While riots mounted in factory towns, the parties making up the United Front engaged in an unsightly squabble for

seats in the sprawling cabinet of Fazlul Huq.

The explosion which gave Karachi its final excuse was at the giant new Adamjee jute mills near Dacca. Fights broke out between Bengalis and non-Bengalis. The new United Front government delayed in sending in police. Before the riots were suppressed over 400 bodies were picked out of the drainage ditches.

Called to Karachi, Fazlul Huq goaded the Central Government by speaking fraternally to Indians at Calcutta and telling the *New York Times* and *Reuters* that he was thinking of complete independence for East Bengal, including a Bengali navy.

The Prime Minister, ignoring his threat of civil war, deposed Fazlul Huq as a "traitor" to Pakistan. He installed tough Major General Iskander Mirza to suppress "disruptive forces and enemy agents." Scores of arrests followed, mainly directed against Communists and their close supporters.

Actually the situation is playing right into the Communists' hands. They can now pose as supporters of a weak but democratically-elected government against an authoritarian and undemocratic clique supported by the United States. Of such are South Asia's anti-Communist bulwarks to be built!

This Pakistan experience has underlined the advice given on SEATO by the British: in South Asia it is frequently wiser to make haste slowly and not pile too many burdens on those too frail to sustain them. For others the principal lesson is the danger of the West's allying itself with unpopular and ultra-conservative governments, giving the Communists the facade of defending popular rights. It may take longer to win the support of popular governments in South Asia because, like India's, they tend to be quasi-neutralist. But the explosion in East Pakistan would tend to suggest that it is worth waiting for.

Abdul Gamul Nasser: Premier of Egypt

BY DAN KURZMAN

LESS than three years ago Egypt was a boiling cauldron of discontent and frustration. King Farouk and the Wafd party landlords were steeped in graft, corruption and gambling-house champagne; officially inspired anti-British terrorism in the Suez canal zone was at its height; and millions of impoverished, diseased fellaheen wallowed in misery without hope of salvation. The Black Saturday explosion of January 26, 1952, was the tragic, if natural, result: mobs went berserk and burned down a part of their own beloved Cairo.

When order was finally restored, an impulsive young army officer, bursting with bitterness against those who had driven his people to this madness, brooded over the scorched ruins that so aptly symbolized Egypt's utter moral degeneration. Seven months later, this man—Col. Abdul Gamul Nasser—was to start building on this ashen foundation a new Egypt.

Yet even after the coup d'etat which overthrew Farouk and stripped the corrupt politicians of power and titles, the world was not to hear for a long while of the remarkable "brain" behind it all. Thirty-six-year-old Nasser and his 10 fellow junior officers who planned the coup feared the nation would hesitate to follow a group of unknown "youngsters." Therefore, they solicited the "front man" services of highly respected, honest Gen. Mohammed Naguib and were content to direct their revolution from behind the scenes.

The circumstances of Nasser's eventual "promotion" from assistant premier to premier last March are revealing of the man's character—his shrewdness, his flexibility, his basic trust in the people whose lot he has sworn to improve. Naguib, who had achieved considerable influence in the revolutionary council of young

officers because of his tremendous hold on the people, was flattered by one of these men into believing he was the nation's true messiah. He was then persuaded that Egypt's revolution was over and that the time had come for a return to parliamentary life. The officer who convinced him of this was, it has turned out, a Communist who apparently wanted to revert to the anti-British anarchy of the past.

First Cut of the Knife

WHEN Naguib demanded before the council that the government be turned over to the civilian politicians, he was immediately deposed and Nasser became premier. But, unable to buck Naguib's popularity, the tall, handsome colonel brought the general back into the fold and permitted him to issue orders as he wished. Nasser acquiesced in all of them, or so it seemed. He let the fact sink into the public's mind that it was he and not Naguib who stood for continuation of the revolution that promised to modernize Egypt's feudal economic and social system.

As he had calculated—at tremendous risk—the people caught on. Overnight, sentiment switched to Nasser. And just as swiftly, the youthful revolutionary took over power again, not precariously against the people's will as he might have, but with their support. Even Naguib has since realized his error and solidly backs his chief. Nasser had scored another coup.

The son of a postal clerk, Nasser performed no prophetic feats of academic brilliance in his early school days. He admits to having spent far more time devouring American western movies than maths or history books. But his instinct for leadership and the defiance of authority has never been lacking. When he was 16, he helped organize the students of Cairo's El Nahda school in a demonstration against British rule. Shortly afterwards he led a student riot at the university in Giza in which two demonstrators were killed by police. Nasser, who still bears a scar

from a blow he received in that incident, was expelled from school, but was reinstated after the other students went on a protest strike.

He then devoted himself to serious study for the first time, and at 18 was accepted as a cadet in the Royal Military Academy. Six years later, in February, 1942, a wartime incident occurred that was to have a vital bearing on his, and as it has turned out, Egypt's future. The British, fearful lest the Egyptian government throw its support to Rommel, who was then threatening Alexandria, broke into Abdin palace with tanks and forced King Farouk to accept Wafdist Nahas Pasha as premier. Nasser wrote to his brother soon after: "I'm glad for this incident. This cut of the knife has given life back to our young officers." And at that moment he began his search among these young officers for those who would one day run Egypt with him.

"I trained and brought up all the officers in the Free Movement," he now relates. "I spent 10 years on them. I tested them all without their knowing it."

If any of Nasser's carefully nurtured partners ever had doubts of the wisdom of open revolt, these uncertainties were dispelled by the Palestine war, in which the colonel himself was wounded in the shoulder. They saw their men die in a war they didn't want—and to a large extent as the result of the sale to the army by Farouk's corrupt friends of defective ammunition.

When the Naguib-Nasser regime first came to power, few could believe that it was any more honest than its myriad self-seeking predecessors. But within a few months the crooked politicians were rounded up for trial, feudal landlords were served notice that they could retain only 200 acres of land apiece, the rest to be distributed among the peasants, and other reforms were announced.

Not Liked by Arab Leaders

ALTHOUGH some progress has been made, Nasser and his colleagues haven't had an easy time carrying out these measures. "We began to seek advice," the premier says of the government's early efforts. "I visited universities and talked to professors, but no one submitted an idea; instead, everyone submitted himself. If we had followed all that we heard we would have killed all men and destroyed all ideas."

Nasser, though still seeking his ideological way, appears to be a man of democratic leanings. He considers his dictatorial regime a temporary necessity to be dissolved as soon as the feudal nature of Egypt's society has been changed and the educational level of the people raised sufficiently to permit democracy to function effectively. His desire to remain out of the limelight until recently and his modest living habits—he resides with his wife and four children in a five-room army cottage—testifies to his disinterest in publicity.

Nasser's reasonably rational approach to emotional issues is reflected in his attitudes toward the Suez and Palestine questions. Though he feels as intensely about the British occupation of the Suez zone as any Egyptian, he has been careful to avoid issuing ultimatums. He has, instead, dangled before Western eyes the prospect of Arab co-operation on regional defence matters. As for the Palestine controversy, he harbours no hatred toward the Israelis and would probably conclude peace with them without delay if he were not reluctant to alienate his own people and the other Arab countries.

As it is, many Arab leaders are not over-fond of him. They well realize that his reforms may eventually spark economic, political and social revolution throughout the Middle East, as did the French revolution in Western Europe. And that would mean an end to "rule by exploitation."—NMF.

Laski on the Crisis of Our Times

M. P. R. REDDY

A profound political thinker and one of the leading social democratic theoreticians of our epoch, Harold Laski has left an indelible impress of his brilliant intellect upon the social and political problems of our time. Both on account of his intellectual gifts and his passion for social justice he was for many years regarded as a veritable enfant terrible on both sides of the Atlantic. An ardent democrat and internationalist, he dedicated every power of his mind and every pulsation of his heart to the sacred cause of human happiness and improvement. One of the most fluent speakers and writers of his time, he was a fanatically conscientious idealist, winning laurels at Oxford. The young prodigy took the tremendous step of renouncing his ancestral Judaism and contracting a secret marriage braving the perils of disinheritance and social ostracism.

While still at the threshold of his academic career his humanitarian sympathies and liberal political philosophy led him to boldly support the famous Boston police strike which roused a storm of indignation against him. Talking of his American experience he said: "When I was at Harvard the famous Boston police strike occurred. President Lowell at once offered the services of the University to the City. It seemed to me one ought to know why the police were striking before we accepted the view that the City was right. Accordingly I took pains to discover what had led to the strike and found that it was the outcome of long accumulated grievances met without sympathy or insight. I ventured to say so and there broke about my head a storm of indignation in which I was described as almost everything from a villain who seduced youth to a Bolshevik who preached revolution."

Kingsley Martin, his biographer, is eminently right in saying that his real influence will live in the hearts and minds of the hosts of pupils

whom he stimulated enormously and who occupied no mean positions in later life in the social and political revolution of our time. Laski made a precocious start as a political thinker, in his early twenties, by publishing the "Problem of Sovereignty" (1927) and "Authority in the Modern State" (1919) which reveal his encyclopaedic knowledge of world history and outstanding powers of theoretical disquisition. He began with the Marxian analysis of the liberal State as the instrument of coercion of a property-owning class, and revolutions by consent. His criticism of capitalist democracy was marked by the materialist interpretation of the principles of sovereignty, while he drew the saving resilience of his political philosophy from the force of English tradition and his deep respect for parliamentary institutions. He summed up his experience of the United States as follows: "I came back from America convinced that liberty has no meaning save in the context of equality and I had begun to understand that equality also had no meaning unless the instruments of production are socially owned. Capitalism in its phase of contradiction will reject no principle however vulnerable in its effort to retain the power of the State in its hands. That has been the experience of Leon Blum in France, and it has been also the experience of Mr. Roosevelt in the United States." In his earlier treatises on the functions of the modern State Laski urged the advantages of a pluralistic State and of devolution of authority in order to transform the bourgeois State from being a shield of existing property relations into one of utilitarian value to society.

He expounded with masterly analysis his doctrine of Socialist political theory in his classic "Grammar of Politics" (1925) in which he argued with devastating logic his main thesis that the great stumbling bloc in the way of realising the Benthamite goal of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" was the private ownership of the means of production. He affirmed that government by persuasion was invariably a more creative adventure than gov-

ernment by violence. Kingsley Martin rightly describes Laski as a Marxist who would not go the whole hog (for which reason he was despised and denounced by the Kremlin when he was pathetically trying to woo it in the days of the Popular Front).

In his "Parliamentary Government in England" (1938) he offered a thorough and detailed criticism of modern parliamentary institutions and expressed the pertinent doubt whether the existing basis of political systems can be preserved under the impact of the powerful politico-economic crisis of the present epoch. In his "Reflection on the Revolution of our Time" (1943) he made a sympathetic study of the Soviet experiment and of the significance of the Russian Revolution for the future of mankind. But he did not fear to indict the Stalinist Thermidor which harnessed political dictatorship, economic statism and Russian nationalism in a prancing trioka. He exposed the inhuman psychology behind the mass purges and mass executions (despite the pledges of the Constitution of 1936). The system which permitted arbitrary arrest, long imprisonment and even executions without trial, and unheard of restrictions on the circulation of foreign literature, was fundamentally degenerate; for in Russia "there is no writ of habeas corpus, no right to subpoena witnesses, no right to a professional defence, with ample time to rebut the charges in the case of alleged political crime. The death penalty may be imposed for injury to or theft of collective property; and even "teasing, mocking, or persecuting" a shock-worker may under Article 58 of the Criminal Code assure "wrecking" and so punishable with death. There is no justification of these things in a new democracy or under a new civilisation.

Paying a handsome tribute to his co-thinker Laski, John Strachy, former Minister of the Attlee Cabinet writes in the *New Statesman and Nation*: "The deepest layer of his mind undoubtedly rested upon the main nineteenth century Manchester radical, rationalist, Benthamite tradition. Laski had done not a little to create that mental climate which enabled

the British Labour Party to build a working planned economy based upon the conception of the Welfare State and revivify British democracy with a considerable redistribution of national income." He tried to solve the great issue in the world today whether or not it is possible to break the arbitrary power of monopoly capital by democratic means. This central dilemma of our epoch was one of the unresolved conundrums of Laski's remarkable genius. He battered down the Chinese walls of bourgeois thought, but struggled hard to find out a compromise between Fabianism and Marxism. To quote Strachy again: "He who supposes that an Englishman of the present day can find his way either to intellectual certainty or political consistency without doubts, hesitations and errors, shows little appreciation of the gravity or complexity of the present situation."

In his magnum opus "American Democracy" Laski writes boldly and bluntly about the uglier aspects of American society exposing the invisible government of millionaires and bosses and its inability to solve the inherent contradictions of moribund capitalism. While admiring the practical commonsense and creative culture and the achievements of her scholars and scientists, he gives us a picture of the subordination of the churches to the mill-owners in the South who pay their ministers to dole out opinion to their employees. He vividly describes the miserable plight of the harassed Negroes and Jews and pours out unconcealed anger against anti-semitism which he characterises as "the search in a disintegrating society for a scape-goat."

Laski appreciates the value of Jeffersonian tradition and the liberal policies of Roosevelt and doubts whether the invisible government of finance-capital will ever allow internal consumption to overtake production. Faced with the demands of re-armament, he asks, will it ever tolerate the taxation required to raise the standard of living of the rural under-dog? Regarding the American propaganda about their paradise of "classless capitalism" Laski describes

as an eye-witness the misery of the exploited rural proletariat and the share-croppers in the crowded southern States, the sufferings of the small tenant farmers and the five millions of homeless labourers who wander over the continent reaping the harvests of the mechanised farms. He forecasts that at this rate America will follow a policy of economic imperialism, not indeed by annexation but by penetration in an attempt to solve the internal contra-

diction of capitalist economy. His criticism of capitalist democracy is clearly stated in this passage: "In the United States the record of his (Big Businessman's) political activities is a sorry one; he reduced its legislatures to the position of a dubious instrument of his zeal for gain. City government and State government are the spoils alternately lost and won by groups devoid of any principles save the degree of corruption they represented."

It's Admission Time!

NO more do the imposing and majestic structures of educational institutions like Colleges present (as they did during the summer vacation) a desolate appearance. With the advent of yet another academic year, they are now full of life, humming with activity. They will be in full swing when this 'admission time' comes to a close and regular classes begin.

One cannot, during this admission time, go through those corridors of the colleges (near the Principal's room and the College office) without bumping against parents belonging to different walks of life: lawyers, doctors, businessmen, teachers, poor NGO's and other Government officials,—all endeavouring in right earnest to obtain an interview with the most important personality of the season namely the Principal.

Poor innocent folk! When they start from their homes their faces are bright with optimism. Naturally so, as they are in possession, besides the SSLC book, conduct, character and transfer certificates, marks list, an invaluable letter (or two) of recommendation from highly influential persons like Ministers, Secretaries, and/or from those who know or claim to know intimately the particular Principal. They are led to think that these are more than sufficient to crown them with success in their mission—of getting for their sons a First Group instead of the "insipid, useless Third Group;" an Honours Course instead of a mere

Pass course; or just admission to the college (if their sons have just scraped through the examination). All that remains yet to be done is, they think, to throw the trump card that is the recommendation letter before the Principal. Disappointment awaits a good number of them unfortunately. Things are not as easy and simple as they had pleasantly imagined. The Principal seems inaccessible.

But if you are a little shrewd and practical, you do not straightaway join the queue but approach the peon instead; you resort to the backdoor method. Incidentally, this peon who on ordinary days was ever ready to volunteer his services if he felt sure that you would throw away a two-anna piece is today a very different person. He is a stiff-necked Lord Attendant who hurries about hither and thither and does not even give oral replies to your anxious queries but points out to the queue. However, you thrust a currency note into his palm and it does work a wonder. Within a couple of minutes, without any formalities whatsoever, you are directly ushered into the principal's room, thereby giving rise to jealous, protesting murmurs from the 'queueing humanity' waiting outside in the musty corridor.

The Principal is very courteous to you. And how sweetly and nicely does he talk to you! You are very impressed and you begin to take an immense liking for him. Everything seems to go well,—you are almost sure to succeed, so you feel, when he puts that embarrassing question:

"What's your son's total?" You are put out. You think to yourself that if your son had scored a decent total you won't be there abegging. You put on a 'Binaca smile' and explain to him in a roundabout fashion, how your son would have come out in flying colours had he not on the eve of the University Examination contracted that wretched flu or not concentrated too much on extra-curricular activities or games. Or you throw all the blame on the present system of imparting education and its system of examinations. Now you notice that the Principal has become businesslike: he is changed. He plainly tells you: "I'm sorry, Mr. S—. If you insist I can give you Third Group." But you protest that he has given a First Group even to those who have got less number of marks than your son and when you are about to cite an instance in point, the Principal cuts in with a "Well—" which is but a polite way of telling you that it is time you went out. Or he sends you out 'promising' to put your son's name in the waiting list.

Dejected, you come out of the room. You curse yourself for having begotten such a son. You curse your son also. You tell him: "See, to how much trouble I'm put . . . The Principal is right. How can he admit duffers like you?" And then you point out to him, a 14-year-old, "with maternal washing not quite effaced from his cheek" (as Lamb would say) who has got admission to the First Group without experiencing any difficulty—because of his brilliant total.

You try one or two more colleges. In case you meet with the same result, you begin to feel convinced that after all the Third Group is not as bad as people seem to think, and turning a little philosophic reflect that if your son is destined to become great (like Radhakrishnan who studied humanities) he will become great, no matter whatever or whichever group or course he takes at College.

N. GANGA RAM

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP

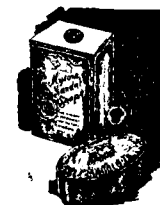
This is the Secret of the wonderful Perfume of this Soap of Supreme Quality, a perfume that has a "Delightful Cling" for a long time after the Toilet

USE

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP

Government Soap Factory,
BANGALORE.

MEMBER, I. S. T. M. A.



Land Reform On Right Lines

By M. V. SASTRY

PARTIES vie with one another in their demagogic promises to achieve land reform. Supposedly responsible men are not handicapped by reticence. Party politicians talk through their hats, so to say, these days when they deal with this question. At best, it is just sentimental but arrant nonsense. *It is the widest problem involving and indicating a total reorganisation of social relations.* Its solution should not be allowed to depend on the off-hand and irresponsible statements of half-baked and ill-educated party-men, be they Ministers or party bosses. *It is not a problem which should be tackled at State level.* A well thought out, uniform and certain policy and an unequivocal statement thereof by a national authority is indicated.

There is already so much confusion extant which is resulting in sporadic disturbances in the existing economy without any corresponding benefit to the community. Nobody knows where he stands or what is going to happen. All sorts of unhealthy and devious courses are resorted to by the landlord as well as the tenant. The tendency is either to conserve or to grab, neither of which is wholesome. This is the result of uncertainty and immature statements of policy. Haphazard ventures result in the squandering of public funds and waste of official effort and national energy. Public apathy towards anything that is sponsored by Government remains.

Land reform is an integral and major part of the larger problem relating to the redistribution of wealth for the purpose of increasing the general standard of living. It means therefore that what we are primarily concerned with is the increase of the purchasing power of the millions that live on land. This implies the production of increased wealth without which it can only mean redistribution of poverty.

It is absurd to seek to settle this question which needs expert treat-

ment, with the demagogic and sentimental slogan—'Land to the tiller of soil.' Who, of all, is the tiller? What are you going to give him? What is he going to do with it? And, primarily and fundamentally, how and to what extent is his condition going to be improved thereby? Lastly, what is the total benefit in terms of the community? If schemes are sought to be put through before finding sensible answers to some of these questions, it can only result in making scapegoats of certain sections of the community and in achieving an unequal dislocation and disturbance of existing relations, without making any difference in principle. It would only be a step backward, and much greater effort may be needed thereafter to achieve a balanced and equitable economy.

Therefore the first myth that needs to be blown up is the reactionary slogan—'Land to the tiller of the soil.' If private ownership is felt to be an evil, the way to eradicate it is surely not by creating a country-wide army of small peasant proprietors. On the other hand, that would pave the way for highly reactionary, possibilities. It must result in a greater economic set-back, consequent on the fragmentation of holding and its necessary sequel, a decrease in the general output.

When we talk of the tiller, the further question arises—Is the tiller remaining a tiller? I suppose the land granted to political sufferers at least was expected to remain with the tiller. Is that so in fact? It is within the experience of any co-operative official working schemes of land colonisation, that the person whom he expects to till hardly remains to be the tiller for any length of time, once the grant is effected.

Even as it is, it is found to be so very difficult to introduce the principle of cooperation for increasing the unit of production. Would it become any easier by further fragmentation? We will only succeed in denying ourselves the contribution of modern science and fail to achieve the maximum exploitation of available land for the production of in-

creased wealth which is the basis and pre-condition for general progress. Ultimately, we may find ourselves voting for the exceedingly stupid proposition that the best way of solving the unemployment problem is to employ ten persons on a job which can profitably be done by a single individual in lesser time.

The logical implications of the first Five-Year Plan which is an expert document, need to be worked out without political interference. It is not a plea for temporizing. It is just true that we gain no fruitful end by hustling either.

The following premises are granted: (quoted from the First Five-year Plan):

(a) A mere redistribution of existing wealth would impair the well-being of certain sections of society without sensibly improving the lot of the rest.

(b) Agriculture is still the mainstay of about 70% of the population, and productivity in this vital sector is exceedingly low.

(c) The key to economic progress is capital formation.

(d) Cooperation started as a means of ensuring for the poorly equipped citizen advantages which better-placed persons were able to command by their own individual resources. *It is an indispensable instrument of planned economic action in a democracy.*

(e) The interests involved are intermediaries; large owners; small and middle owners; tenants-at-will; and landless workers. And action affecting one interest must necessarily give something to or take something away from the others. *As social and economic adjustments are made, a new social order will take the place of the old.*

(f) The basic condition for increase in agricultural production is increase in the unit of management of land. This can be achieved by cooperative management at the village level. *The village panchayat*

should become the agency both for land reform and for land management in the village.

The real alternatives to private ownership are only two: co-operative ownership, and State ownership.

As the 'State' can never replace the 'individual,' the principle of co-operation has to be preferred any day, because it alone is capable of promoting the general well-being of the community without killing individual initiative and responsibility, retaining in a large measure some wholesome decentralization.

When a cooperative economy is recognized to be the only alternative, there is no intermediate stage in which a variation of private ownership, through a process of fixation of the upper limit for land-holding, etc., is possible, necessary or desirable.

There are various types of co-operatives and the type suitable for the conditions obtaining in any particular locality may be chosen for that locality. For instance, 'The Tenant Farming' society is the easiest and best to promote in any village. While it starts as the unit which comprehends both the owners and those living on the land the ultimate and declared aim should be to promote it as the very agency or unit which shall hold the land in the village. After a stated period—say, ten or fifteen years, during which the owners may be expected to, as they necessarily have to, fit themselves into the scheme of the village co-operative, private ownership should be made to cease altogether. The various processes like marketing of the produce, etc., come to be operated through the village co-operative.

Effective control by the State also becomes considerably easier, because it helps to determine more accurately the margin between production and consumption, and adjust its own taxation policy or other measures accordingly.

Politicians and Educational Policies

By C. RANGARAJAN

IN his presidential address to the Madras State Educational Conference held recently in Tanjore, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar referred to what he termed as 'the problem of interference by men in political authority in the sphere of education' and characterised it as 'the most serious difficulty' in the way of educational progress in this country. Not long ago, Dr. Mudaliar made similar observations while speaking on the floor of the Madras Legislative Council. These observations are significant, for they come from an eminent educationist who has recently enlarged his activities into the sphere of politics also. To a casual observer these observations may seem to be very convincing and reasonable. But on a closer study it will be seen that this contention, if stretched a little and applied to other fields also, will make democracy almost impossible. The scope and extent of the work of politicians in democracy is as wide as human life itself and their work has necessarily to touch every aspect of it. To claim that men in the educational sphere alone should determine educational policies is to knock out the very basis of the democratic system of government.

Parties and party politicians are the necessary adjuncts of democratic government. The top politicians of the majority party in the legislature shape the policies of the government. They are finally the architects of the policies of the government in the various fields. The modern political State exercises functions which were not part of it, say, a century ago. The State is no longer a passive spectator but an active participant in the economic life of the nation. It is the duty of the State now to maintain social justice and to provide educational, medical and other facilities as cheaply as possible to all the sections of the population. Education in a progressive State is an important portfolio of the government and at all stages of education, whether primary, secondary or col-

legiate, the main responsibility is that of the State to provide adequate educational facilities to all the members of the State. Private institutions come into the picture, but they solve only a fraction of the problem. The chief responsibility in this sphere is that of the State and this is an important fact which has to be borne in mind when we discuss the right or otherwise of the politicians to decide on matters educational.

Will it be legitimate and reasonable to tell the politicians "Keep your hands off matters educational" when the responsibility for the provision of educational facilities is squarely laid on the shoulders of the government? "Attempts to force the pace of educational reform by the directives of political authority," observes the Vice-Chancellor, "will bring about serious repercussions." It is not clear from his address as to who should initiate these reforms if not the men in political authority. If educational reforms have to come, they must come only from men in political authority. There is no other alternative agency. And reform in any field has to flow only from the government and those who can determine them are the politicians who are at the helm of affairs. If the educationists can claim that educational policies must only be determined by them, can it not be asked with equal force by other professional people that they alone will determine the policies affecting them? Can we leave the lawyers to decide the legal reforms and the medical men to decide medical reforms? Where will all this lead to? If the contention of Dr. Mudaliar is granted, it must apply with equal force to all other spheres and ultimately the question can be asked 'Where is the politician and where is democracy?' It will make democracy a mockery, an impossible thing. If such autonomous powers were to be given to every group, there will be no need for the representatives of the people to sit together and decide. The whole contention of the Vice-Chancellor violates the basic principle of democracy that any policy

must be determined by the representatives of ALL the sections of the population sitting together. The one thing that can be legitimately claimed is that the politicians should take the advice of the educationists before introducing educational reforms. But the work of the educationists at best can only be of an advisory nature. The ultimate responsibility is on the politicians. In recent years in this State certain educational reforms had been introduced simply by the orders of the executive authority without even consulting the legislature. These are instances where the government swayed from the path of democratic procedure. It is wrong to argue from these instances that the power to introduce educational reforms must be taken away from the hands of politicians. It is a function which can be exercised only by them and not by others.

Education is a matter in which every citizen is interested. It affects him and his family. When educational reforms are being introduced it is therefore very necessary to consult all the sections of the population and elicit their opinions. Not only men in the educational field but every citizen has a right to be consulted on such matters. The government should wait for these opinions and then frame the policies. The men in the educational sphere have an additional qualification for giving advice since they are intimately connected with the problem. A popular government would do well to take their advice and guidance but beyond that it cannot go. It cannot abdicate one of its important functions and leave it to another body.

Such a divorce as is foreseen by the Vice-Chancellor will not work in the general interests of the people. Not all educationists are agreed on any one policy. There are as many dif-

ferences among the educationists as there are outside. It is finally the function of the government to choose the reform which they consider to be the best and the 'interference' of politicians is not undesirable but is very necessary. Nay, to call it interference is to misunderstand the scope and work of politicians. It is as much a part of the functions of a politician to interest himself in educational policies as it is to interest himself in the internal administration or the foreign affairs of the country. A section of the population under democracy cannot be allowed to shape the policies with which it is associated. A successful democracy needs an educated and enlightened electorate who will be able to deal dispassionately with all the problems and policies facing the government. I am not advocating the maxim that educationists should not take part in politics. There have been great many instances when educationists have played a notable role in politics. Had not Prof. Laski functioned at the same time as the Chairman of the Labour Party and as a Professor? As a matter of fact he brought credit and distinction to both the positions he occupied. Prof. Dalton and Mr. Hugh Gaitskill are other examples of professor-politicians. These instances indicate that in democracy every citizen has a right to give expression to his opinions on any matter facing the government. There can be no restriction on this very basic right. If the politicians do not interest themselves in educational policies, it is only a failing on their part and not a matter for credit. Educational policies have assumed a new importance in this country only because of the increased interest shown by the politicians. Let us hope that this increased interest will flow into fruitful channels.

Lying is the acme of evil. White lies are non-existent, for a lie is wholly a lie; falsehood is the personification of evil; Satan has two names; he is called Satan, and he is called the Father of Lies.

Maternal love! Love which is never forgotten; it is a miraculous bread which God distributes and multiplies; it is a table ever spread in the home; a banquet of which each member of the family has a share, yet each enjoys it undivided.—VICTOR HUGO

PIXIELATED!

Short Story—

By

Rama Srinivasan

IT was like any other day that had been or was to be. And yet if you wish to know why that day was different from other days, you will have to ask

Murty. To this day, to him and to his wife Vidya, that day's happenings are an unsolved mystery; intriguing when pondered over, amusing in retrospect, but extremely unpleasant in actual experience. They wonder if on that day the gods had been negligent in their management of human beings. Or had those two been the victims of some divine prank?

Murty and Vidya were newly wed, married but for one year, and up till recently their life had been a pleasant cruise. But of late small breezes and petty storms, no longer mere lover's tiffs, had disturbed the smooth sailing. Their daily bickerings grew. On the last day of the month, when it seemed as if one such petty quarrel was going to end in a pitched battle, he pacified her after a great deal of coaxing before matters came to a head, and took her to the cinema night show.

It was nearly 1-30 A.M., when they returned home. Murty flung himself on his bed and was snoring away in no time. But Vidya tossed about restlessly, brooding over the change in her husband's behaviour. It was a long time before she dropped off to sleep, due to sheer fatigue. She was not roused from her slumber when the milkman came at 6 a.m., and when he called again at 7 a.m., she got up in fluster.

She heralded the morning by upbraiding the milkman for generously diluting the milk with water.

"Oh dear! I know the lady next door is a regular she-devil. But I thought this one was all right. I

seem to have been mistaken," thought the milkman.

"Yes, it needs some one like the lady next door to keep you in your place. Just because

I have spared my voice and not shouted myself hoarse at you, don't think I don't know of your dishonesty. Let me be a she-devil. I don't care. But why don't you be honest?" she shouted at him.

The milkman was dumbstruck when she thus correctly guessed his thoughts. He quietly slunk away.

That day of all days, when she had got up late, and had to do her work in a hurry, everything went wrong. The milk that boiled over, the kitchen stove that protested against being lighted, everything combined to reduce her to the verge of tears. Had the servantmaid to choose this auspicious moment to ask for her wages? Vidya gave her an unpalatable piece of her mind.

"Mistress seems to have had a quarrel with the master. She is venting her anger on me. Wonder what they quarrelled about," thought the maid.

"How is it any of your business whether I had a quarrel with the master or not? Go and attend to the work you are paid to do," Vidya fumed at her.

The maid was stunned into open-mouthed wonder. She was too shocked to press for her wages, and went off to continue her work.

Murty came into the kitchen yawning. "Have you any idea what the time is, Vidya? Didn't I tell you I have to go early to the office today? Why didn't you wake me up?"

Vidya who was fanning away at the kitchen stove, flared up. "Haven't I had enough to bother me since the

morning? Have you also come to pick a quarrel with me?" she cried.

Murty clenched his teeth and kept quiet. "After all she gets up before I do in the morning. Just because I asked her why she did not wake me up, it is no reason for her to snap at me like this. Well, I shall not be in her tender mercies any longer. I must get an alarm clock this very evening," he thought.

"Oh do get an alarm clock by all means. It would suit me fine," said she.

Murty gaped. He wondered if he had uttered his thoughts like a fool. He silently took the cup of coffee she handed him.

"I know you are thinking that the office canteen coffee is much better than this. Why don't you find out how they prepare coffee, and let me know?" she remarked angrily.

Murty was struck with wonder. Surely this time he had not babbled his thoughts! How could he, since he was sipping his coffee!

"Did I say anything now? Why do you shout at me like this?" he asked her.

"As if you need say anything! As if I don't know!" she cried.

Murty thought it safe to go away to have his bath.

The kitchen stove was still smoking but Vidya's anger was blazing. That day's cooking was rotten. Cooking had never been one of her accomplishments. But that day it was bad even for her standards. Murty saw the temper she was in, and decided that silence was the golden thing. He started gulping down the food. But how was he to hold his thoughts in rein?

"Mother is such a wonderful cook. Why can't Vidya learn something from her? But how can I suggest it to her, when she bites my head off before I utter a word?" thought he.

"Yes, quite so. Why don't you write to your mother today asking her to come at once? I shall also write to my mother asking her not to come now," announced she.

"Oh, is her mother coming? Not again!" he prayed silently. Once she

were here he would not get the opportunity even to talk to Vidya. And if he took her out, the mother would decide to give them the pleasure of her company.

"Dear me! Look at the person who is worried he would not get the opportunity to talk to me! As if I don't know what wonderful conversations we have. And how is your mother any better than mine, I should love to know. If she comes, I won't get the opportunity even to stir out of the house," she rattled off in one breath.

Murty got to his feet hurriedly and went away to wash his hands.

Vidya went up to the gate to give the usual sendoff to her husband to the office. It was then that they saw that lady walking along the road. She was not really beautiful but she was dressed extremely well and cut a striking figure. Murty turned to look at Vidya. Her hair was falling all over her face; her eyes were red with weeping; there was a streak of coal across her cheek. To see that woman after such a sight... Murty whistled silently to himself... Vidya broke in on his thoughts.

"Well, get that woman to cook in our marvellous kitchen with the wonderful firewood that you have bought. Then we will know how good-looking she is. And what makes you think I can't dress up as well as she, if you get me clothes like those she is wearing? But what is the point in telling you? If you loved me in the least..."

She ran into the house crying. Murty walked towards the bus stop, a storm raging inside him.

UNABLE to concentrate on her work after her husband left, Vidya paused to consider that morning's incidents. It was only now that she actually realised that she had been able to read other people's thoughts. The possession of this unnatural power that people often long for, only convinced her that her husband did not love her. The two hours' bitter experience of the morning made her dread the perils that the future held in store for their domestic happiness.

Murty was equally unable to concentrate on his work. How on earth

Had the Gods been lax in their management of human beings? Or had they been using them as playthings? Or had Puck played one of his pranks on them?

had Vidya come to possess the ability to read his mind? Howevermuch he loved her, how were they to have any domestic peace or happiness. when she possessed such a terrible power? He would not be able to call his soul his own! And she had concluded that he did not love her!

Perhaps the trouble would have been avoided if he had told her of the promotion he had obtained, but of which he had kept her in the dark, wishing to spring a surprise on her with his increased salary. It was the extra work on this account which had resulted in his coming home very late almost every day during the month and had directly led to most of the quarrels with her. Now it was too late to think of it but he hoped the surprise he had in store for her would restore her to her usual good humour.

IN the evening he collected his increased salary and went straight to the fashionable shopping centre. He haunted from shop to shop till he

found a sari like the woman they saw in the morning had been wearing. On that and other accessories he spent the entire increase he had got in his salary. By the time he returned home it was past 8 p.m.

When he entered the house he heard the cooking utensils clattering in the kitchen. She had been quarrelling with him for coming home late for nearly a month. Returning even later was certainly not the answer to that. She seemed in a terrific temper. He laughed to himself when he thought of the things he had bought. Perhaps they would bring about a change of mood in her!

He heard a sudden piercing scream from the kitchen. He rushed in to see that Vidya had overturned the hot water kettle on her feet. He caught hold of her and gently made her lie down. Vidya was writhing with agony, but he was suffering almost as much as she. So much so that she almost smiled and forgot her own misery when she read his thoughts. In a flash she realised the reason for his coming home late the whole month, and also the surprise he had lovingly held in store for her. How wrong she had been to doubt his love, she thought, as she fainted.

The doctor had come and gone. When at last Vidya recovered her consciousness, she found Murty sitting by her side, looking a picture of misery. He heaved a sigh of intense relief when she opened her eyes.

"Poor dear! Were you terribly scared?" she asked, smilingly.

"After doing almost everything to drive me out of my mind I suppose you would laugh," he remarked lovingly.

Both were silent for a while, and suddenly they burst out laughing—at the realisation of the same thing. Vidya's mysterious power had vanished as suddenly as it had come!

How were they to explain the whole strange happening? Surely both of them had not been dreaming: Had the gods been lax in their management of human beings? Or had they been using them as playthings? Or had Puck played one of his pranks on them, and was he now laughing somewhere; "Lord what fools these mortals be!"

New Books

TRUTH ABOUT DARTMOOR

By

George Dendrickson & Frederic Thomas

Victor Gollancz, London

12s 6d

WHEN the Commons discussed prisons, Mr. Chuter Ede, Labour's last Home Secretary, said Dartmoor should be blown to bits. Mr. George Benson, chairman of the Hansard League for Penal Reform, on the other hand, pleaded its retention.

I have never been in Dartmoor, either as visitor or prisoner, but I have received hundreds of letters from men who have done time there, and all suggest it is the last word in human humiliation.

Thirty years ago the report of the Prison Systems Enquiry Committee, of which I was one of the secretaries, published censored extracts from the letters of prisoners in Dartmoor. They were the most poignant heart-cries which I have ever heard.

Over the years two of them haunt my mind. One, written by a convict in the eighth year of his sentence, read:

Can't sleep, can't read, can't rest; oh, Christ!

Another read:

For God's sake and your own, and for the sake of us all, stretch out a brotherly hand, and pluck me from this brand of hell.

I will add a third:

My bitterest enemy I would not send to prison. Never... This place makes curses and sots of men. Some may say it is the men, not the place. Partly, let them do a lagging and find how quick all bad qualities come to the surface. I can now safely reveal how these extracts reached us. A prisoner was given the task of repairing the roof of the Governor's office. Instead of making the hole smaller he made it larger! He let himself in and when he climbed back the record book of censored passages was under his arm.

Two ex-convicts have now written the truth about Dartmoor. Both are frank about their criminal records. George Dendrickson began to thieve when getting half-a-crown a week as a builders' apprentice. Fred Thomas began "screwing" in the hard thirties. The best evidence of their intention to live straight in future is the publication of his book, with its revelation of Dartmoor scandals. If they ever got back there, their lives would indeed be hell.

Prison officers and their wives are indignant about this book. I have the utmost sympathy with the prison officers. They have a thankless job and are the victims of the prison system as much as the convicts. But I think they are protesting too much.

The charges against some of the men are: harsh speech, beating up of prisoners, bribery, and homo-sexuality.

I could give evidence on all these charges except the last. Harsh and bullying speech is common: how could it be otherwise? I have heard the beating up of a boy in the next cell to me. From time to time officers have been found guilty of accepting bribes to smuggle tobacco or other contraband to prisoners.

As for homo-sexuality, the authors say that the great majority of warders have no time for prisoners addicted to this abnormality; the unnatural conditions at Dartmoor and the unlimited opportunities encourage the few who are "queer."

The warders' wives are angered by one paragraph, in which George Dendrickson remarks that some of them will have cause to remember him during the brief and hectic period when, as a builder, he got a job repairing their houses.

When I read this paragraph, I pen-

NEW BOOKS

Life So Far: An autobiography by Wilson Harris Rs. 15-12 as Selected Letters of Flaubert Edited and with introduction by Francis Steegmuller

Rs. 13- 8 as

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Rs. 7-14 as

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Jerusalem Journey by H. F. M. Prescott Rs. 13- 8 as

Best Stories of Peter Cheyney Edited by Viola Garvin

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K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road, Mylapore, MADRAS 4.

cilled a question mark in the margin. It sounded like masculine boasting and particularly like masculine prisoners' boasting. But why should the warders' wives be so excited?

I hope the prison officers get the enquiry they are demanding. It ought to end with the charges made against a few of them in this book. It should end with an examination of the whole Dartmoor regime.

This is the real theme of *Truth About Dartmoor*. "An archaic institution," says the authors, "where the labour of prisoners is wasted on futile tasks and the labour of warders is wasted in imposing unnecessary restrictions."

They prove their case and give alternatives, many of which are sound. Surprisingly they are on the side of Mr. George Benson rather than Mr. Chuter Ede.

But they would blow the prison system to bits.

FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.

One Two Three . . . Infinity

By George Gamow

A Mentor Book

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THE last fifty years have seen spectacular changes in almost all the basic sciences. The foundations of physics have been shaken and old theories have had to give place to new in the light of the contradictions revealed by experiments and the inability of old hypotheses to explain newly discovered facts. The Michelson-Morley experiment which proved the *ether* to be non-existent was the first sign that all was not well with the old physics. From then on physics has undergone revolutionary changes and it needed a genius of the stature of Einstein to bring order into the state of chaos prevailing. The special and general theories of relativity of Einstein and Max Planck's quantum physics, were the two fundamental concepts which resolved many of the contradictions inherent in the old physics. From the discovery of the electron by Thomson,

and the classic work of Rutherford, Wilson, Pauli and others to the final explosion of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima, physics has taken breath-taking strides. The origin of life, of the solar system and the problem of the expanding universe, are other vexed questions which have been taxing the minds of the great men of science all over the world. Whether space is finite or infinite, curved or not are also matters of importance.

The new concepts of physics have naturally had their effects on amateur philosophers who have not been slow to talk of the complete disappearance of matter and to indulge in other wild speculations. The Marxists also had something to say in the matter and their ablest representative was Caudwell whose *Crisis in Physics* deals with the philosophical implications of the crisis and can be recommended to any reader wishing to know the Marxist view.

Is it necessary for the non-technical man to have a grasp of these immense problems facing science? Yes. In so far as it helps him to participate and exert his strength in the cause of peace and the constructive use of science it is not only necessary for him but it is his essential duty to try to know about the questions facing the scientist. In the issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* for January 1954 Gerard Piel writes in 'Science and the Next Fifty Years': "There has developed a gap between technology and science, on the one hand, and common understanding on the other. It is a gap in the communications of our society which challenges the underlying assumptions of the democratic process . . . Clearly, if the citizens of our country are to govern themselves wisely, they must acquire a better understanding of science." Further on he says: "Without doubt, future historians will find that it was during our lifetime, in the popularization of the rational outlook upon the world among citizens in all professions and occupations, that science has its greatest impact upon the life of mankind."

Towards the bridging of the "gap between technology and science" and the "common understanding" not a

little has been done by Prof. Gamow. His book *One, Two Three . . . Infinity* is about the best summary of the present state of scientific knowledge. He discusses every important aspect of modern physics and in the chapter on modern alchemy traces the search for the fundamental particles and gives a brief explanation of the principles underlying the working of the atom bomb. But he ends it on a hopeful note by giving a glimpse of the constructive and peaceful potentialities of the atom. He peels off the mystery surrounding concepts like the fourth dimension and curvature of space and shows how they are within the realms of understanding of everyone, with a little effort. He avoids the twin errors of over-simplification of facts and overawing the reader by sensationalizing things. With an eminently commonsense approach to the subject he avoids unhealthy philosophical speculation. Only he could have desisted the temptation of jumping off from a discussion of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy to a lecture on free will and determinism. The quaint figures by the author are always entertaining and enlightening and never obtrusive. And I shall close with one word of warning to the reader. If he expects to get everything ready-made and predigested he will be sadly mistaken. It requires an equal effort on his part to get the best out of this book, and the effort, let me assure him, would be richly rewarded.

V. V. S.

Shopping in India

Published by the Tourist Traffic Bureau

Ministry of Transport, New Delhi

Price: Rs. 3-8 as

THIS is a fine guide book to the traveller regarding shopping in almost all the important cities of India. This brochure is profusely illustrated with choice selections, covering all parts of the country. It will prove to be of practical use to the opulent tourist, as it gives worthwhile tips regarding design and quality, the Best Buys, where and how much, in a general way.

As the text of this guide is prepared by an American traveller one need not be surprised by tips like 'Don't wear a hat, or you're a marked sucker for higher prices,' and the tall passage about "Navaratna hara" being better known in India as a "beggar's necklace" or "tiny elephant gods named Ganesh!"

Though, the publication is fine with its colourful illustrations one feels sad after going through its pages. Because in this nylon-age and plastic-culture we Indians entirely forgot our own richness of culture. This guide, is an eye opener to the tourist, as well as to our foreign-made sisters and brothers.

Guide to Kashmir

The Tourist Traffic Branch

Ministry of Transport, New Delhi

Re. 1.

THIS pamphlet on Kashmir is interestingly produced though, one doubts, its practical value to the traveller. It points out the places of interest, places of stay and some other details regarding clothing and expenses. The photographic reproduction of the scenery of this paradise of the East is satisfactory; the price of the pamphlet is rather high.

K. R.



HARE RAM!

HISTORY'S womb bleeding
With treacherous abortion
Pushed me out. The placenta
Stuck on the inner valves.

Praise the Lord!
Doom I escaped
Leaking through the epitaph
That proclaimed my original sin.

Ves. he held the pistol
Firing once, twice, thrice.
His trigger-finger plucked out
Hare Ram from my soul.

Oozing blood, I lay
In my mother's lap
The world in catharsis
Whimpered!

Now I come to narrate
The story in full
I was the gun he held;
And the bullets he fired!

M. GOVINDAN

Is Prohibition A Failure?

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARIAR

AS a revenue official connected with the administration of Abkari and other revenues under the British regime and as a magistrate dealing with evasions and violations of laws relating to them, I can assert that Prohibition is not a failure.

There are, no doubt, persons who think otherwise and they come under one or the other of the following classes; but their views cannot be regarded as either sound or proper for the following reasons:

(1) Opponents of or seceders from the Congress, who object to Prohibition simply because it is sponsored by the Congress, and some members of the Opposition in the legislature, who consider it their duty to say something against everything initiated by the party in power. In regard to the opposition of these people, comment is needless.

(2) Persons who, while conceding that all intoxicants are bad, consider toddy as a food and as one giving some immediate relief to the fatigued body after hard labour and also enabling the person to forget his woes and sorrows for the time being. But these people have failed to take note of medical evidence against their views and also the ill effects of the beverage which reduces a sane human being to a temporary wild beast to the great annoyance and danger of the people of his own household and also of those in the neighbourhood.

(3) People who, while believing all intoxicants baneful, still want Prohibition to be scrapped for the simple reason that it has not proved as successful as it should, in spite of all efforts made by Government by way of providing counter attractions and appointment of a huge Prohibition staff. But, if only these people should note the evasions and violations of various other civil, criminal, social and fiscal laws in spite of the punishments provided, ranging from fine to sentence of death, the evasions and violations under Prohibition law will pale into insignificance. A Madras

daily, which is evidently against Prohibition, recently referred to the large number of Prohibition offences detected in the year 1952-53, which numbered 135,897 for the composite Madras State. This number, no doubt, looks very large. But considered with reference to the extensive area of the State and to the large number of persons weaned away from the drink habit even by the defective operation of Prohibition law, which may be some millions, it will be quite insignificant. It is unsafe, if not wrong, to draw any inference as to the failure of Prohibition from the mere number of offences alone.

(4) Legislators, who want Prohibition to be scrapped for the reason that it has resulted in a considerable loss of revenue, which the Government can now ill afford to forego. But they have failed to realise how wrong it is for any enlightened Government to make money from the very immoral source, which is considered as bad as earning money by immoral traffic in women by establishment of brothels. It should be further noted that as against a few crores of rupees lost by Government, there have been four to five times that amount gained by drunkards' families, which now go a great way towards their maintenance in these bad days of soaring high prices. These advocates of revenue will also do well to remember that Abkari and other laws relating to intoxicants were enacted originally, not for the purpose of revenue but for putting down the vice by making it as costly as possible by imposition of heavy duties and taxes, which however failed in its purpose.

(5) Even the very persons long addicted to this vice, though they themselves are unable to give up the bad habit, feel glad that Prohibition is saving at least the future generation. It will thus appear that the people who oppose Prohibition form, after all, an infinite small number of the total population.

The only persons who could and should object to Prohibition are the existing class of addicts, the owners of toddy yielding trees, the manufacturers and vendors of liquor who

lost a good income and the toddy tappers who have lost their hereditary profession. But none of these has come forward with objections evidently feeling that Prohibition is, after all, good for the country at large. One good thing that Prohibition has done is that it has prevented further recruits to a large extent.

It should be admitted that, in spite of Prohibition, illicit tapping and manufacture of liquors are still going on. But they are not as extensive or numerous as during the pre-Prohibition days. They are now confined to some big cities and industrial centres where the vice still persists and the existing Prohibition staff is inadequate or inefficient. Further, the present Government policy providing counter-attractions and for eradication of this evil by way of looking to the people for voluntary co-operation has proved a failure. The only persons who could find out and report evasions and violations of Prohibition law, more especially in villages, are the village headman, village accountant, village watchman, the village police officer, owner or occupier of land and the agent of any owner or occupier in charge of the management of that land. But these are not made legally responsible for reporting Prohibition offences just as they are required to do in the case of offences specified in Section 45 of the Criminal Procedure Code. Some of the village officers, when asked, actually stated that they were not reporting Prohibition offences because they were not bound to report them as other offences specified in the Village Officers' Manual, though they were assisting Prohibition officers when they visit the village for enquiry. It is, no doubt, true that there are two sections as below in the Madras Prohibition Act. But they have remained a dead letter as evidenced by the absence practically of

any criminal prosecutions under those sections.

36. Every official employed by the Provincial Government or by any local body, other than a police or Prohibition officer, shall be bound to give immediate information at the nearest police station or to a Prohibition officer, of all breaches of any of the provisions of this Act, which may come to his knowledge, and all such officials shall be bound to take all reasonable measures in their power to prevent the commission of any such breaches which they may know or have reason to believe are about or likely to be committed.

37. All zamindars, proprietors, tenants, undertenants and cultivators, who own or hold land, house property on or in which there shall be any tapping for toddy or manufacture of liquor or intoxicating drugs shall in the absence of reasonable excuse be bound to give notice of the same to a Magistrate or to a Prohibition officer or to an officer of the police or revenue department immediately the same shall have come to their knowledge.

If Prohibition should succeed, the law should be made clearer, and fresh instructions issued, fixing the responsibility of reporting Prohibition offences upon the several classes of village officers and land holders on pain of sentence, under Section 176 of the Indian Penal Code, of fine extending to one thousand rupees or simple imprisonment extending to six months or with both as are provided for offences specified in Section 45 of the Criminal Procedure Code. With a stricter enforcement of law rendered clearer and gradual exit of the present generation of confirmed addicts who somehow manage to evade laws, the drink evil will almost become a thing of the past.

With human nature as it is, evasion and violation of law, varying with the extent of control, are inevitable but they cannot warrant a repeal of the law.

The idea of right exists in the human mind, and lays itself out in the equilibrium of Nature, in the qualities and periods of our system, in the level of seas, in the action and reaction of forces. Nothing is allowed to exceed or absorb the rest; if it do, it is disease, and is quickly destroyed. It was an early discovery of the mind—this beneficent rule. Strength enters just as much as the moral element prevails.—EMERSON

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Box Office Goddess is perhaps more fickle and unpredictable than the monsoon! There are two recent instances which prove how wrong the judgement of our experts is, how unpredictable is the success of a motion picture.

The first instance is that of *Shaheed-E-Azam Bhagatsingh*. The producer of this picture has gone round and shown his picture to many distributors. They saw it and refused to buy it fearing it would flop. They had no hope at all about its success and some of them would not pay even a very low price as they thought it was a risk to invest anything on this picture. The poor producer could not cover all the territories and released the picture only in East Punjab. And, lo, the miracle happened. The picture proved a tremendous success. The very distributors who had spurned his offers now sought him and were ready to pay double and treble the price which they had once refused. Now the producer could have his terms. Like the weather forecasters, the distributors whose judgement guides the destiny of producers proved absolutely wrong in this case and strengthened the belief of those who think that the motion picture business is a pure gamble where the quality of a product has nothing to do with its success.

Another instance is that of a Marathi picture *Purushachi Jaat*. Till the release day the producer could not secure a distributor who could put faith in the picture. He released the picture with great difficulty on his own in Poona and surprisingly enough the picture proved to be a hit. Now the distributors are scrambling for it.

Every picture is a potential hit until proved otherwise at the box

office. And often the least expected pictures prove hits while the most expected films turn out to be flops. This uncertainty makes the film business risky, exciting and always hopeful.

Personality of the week

TWO Hollywood stars in Bombay have stolen the limelight of publicity this week. They are Lew Ayres and Danny Kaye.

While Danny Kaye is the Ambassador at large for the United Nations "International Children's Emergency Fund" which is producing a picture of UNICEF about starving and ragged children, Lew Ayres is producing a documentary film on different religions absolutely on his own.

Danny Kaye was lionized by film stars and the Paramount organisation which held a reception in his honour. Lew Ayres has been left severely alone by the stars as well as the distributors of Hollywood pictures in Bombay. And there is a reason for this difference in attitudes.

Today Danny Kaye is very popular. Moreover, Paramount is soon releasing his latest film and by publicizing his visit to India, Paramount would be giving a boost to their own product. Lew Ayres is not so popular now; only perhaps the students of serious films remember him. And as he is not featured in any forthcoming Hollywood film, the distributors are hardly interested in boosting him.

Danny Kaye's mission is noble and deserves support. But I felt that his two days' stay in a city which has many organisations for children was too short. It is a great pity that in this short stay he did not contact any of these organisations. In fact one got the impression that Danny Kaye met everybody in Bombay except the "starving and ragged" children about whom he is making a film!

Danny born in 1913 is perhaps one of the most popular comedians all over the world. His most popular picture is perhaps *Walter Mitty*.

Lew Ayres, on the other hand, is an older star. He took the film world by storm about twenty four years ago when he appeared in *All Quiet On The Western Front*, Remarque's anti-war novel. At that time the picture was hailed for its forceful condemnation of war; but within a decade the world plunged into another war. Lew Ayres stuck to his role. He refused to fight. He was a pacifist—a conscientious objector. For this reason, he was humiliated and ridiculed. But his courage in risking popularity for conviction is really admirable. Later he did serve in the war—not as a fighter but as a priest.

It was his desire for peace that has made him take up this new assignment of producing a documentary on all religions which would help people to have a better understanding of each other's religion. For his noble self-imposed mission, Lew Ayres deserves all support and success.

In a way both Danny Kaye and Lew Ayres are serving the cause of humanity. And it is a matter for gratification that Hollywood stars who mainly figure in romances and divorces should also undertake such missions in the larger interest of mankind.

Picture of the week

PATRIOTISM, it was feared, had lost all box office appeal. The success of *Bhagatsingh* has proved that fear wrong. And even in a purely fictitious picture like *Watan* set against the background of some Arab country, it is interesting to record that the patriotic sentiments expressed in the form of pedantic theatrical Urdu dialogue evoke warm applause from the audience. In fact, the dialogue is perhaps the only popular feature of this film.

Crudely made and hurriedly produced with limited resources, with all its faults, Falcon Films' *Watan* has one saving grace. It has some life in it and as such the proceedings never become dull and colourless.

The story is nothing new. It is the story of the revolt of a subject people against the tyrant ruler. A romantic triangle between the

daughter of the old revolutionary, the young rebel and the princess—the tyrant's sister—lends dramatic interest to the story. While the idea of conflict between love of woman and love of country is dynamic, it has not been properly exploited. The princess joins the lover as against her brother too soon and too easily. Similarly the espionage of Surya Kumari is insipid and does not create the expected thrills.

Indeed, one fails to see the point in casting Surya Kumari who does not dance well, whose dialogue is dubbed. Trilok Kapoor does adequately a role obviously designed for Ranjan. Munawar has dignity but seems to have no zest for acting. Nirupa surprises by her diction and gives comparatively the best performance aided by the theatrical acting of Nazir and Jayant. Gope puts over one son adequately.

The songs by Shewan also cash in on patriotism, the last chorus song picturized with stock shots is most appealing.

News of the week

SHAMMI KAPOOR will play the role of a 'dandy' as a guest artiste in Raj Kapoor's *Shri 420*.

Rahi, Do Bigha Zamin, Awara and *Andhiyan* are the four pictures so far selected by the Soviet Union for exhibition in their country.

Keshav Talpade, a well known director and producer and Rustom Bharuch, partner of Imperial Film Co., which produced the first talkie film in India, died last week.



It was his first great speech, and he wanted to make it tell—something to label him for once and all as the greatest orator since ever.

His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning. He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen. but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original.

He quickly thought of something better, then he shouted—

"Don't, fellow-countrymen and citizens, I beg you, don't wait till the house takes fire before you summon the firemen."

PEACEFUL USE OF THE ATOM FOOD PRESERVATION

ONE of the many peaceful uses of the atom which is currently being intensively studied is the use of atomic radiations to preserve food. Scientists have found that such radiations can effectively destroy the micro-organisms that cause food to deteriorate.

Successful development of a practical and economical method of using atomic radiations for this purpose would make it possible to preserve fresh foods of all kinds for long periods without the necessity of refrigeration or of canning.

Research in this field has been conducted during the past few years by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission and at many colleges and universities in the United States. Much of the university research has been sponsored by the Commission, which has as a major purpose the development of increasing numbers of peaceful and beneficial uses of atomic energy.

In its own studies the Commission has experimented chiefly with fresh vegetables. Visitors to its Brookhaven National Laboratory at Upton, New York, can see there a number of two-year-old potatoes. Some have been subjected to atomic radiation and are in excellent condition. Others, not so treated are, as would be expected, withered beyond any use.

Similar experiments have been successful with onions, in which bacteria causing decay were destroyed by controlled radiation.

Other research in this field is being conducted at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where scientists are planning to use nuclear reactor waste products to sterilise and thus preserve food. Such wastes contain large amounts of radioactivity.

Sponsored by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, Professor Bernard E. Proctor and his assistant, Dr. Samuel A. Goldblith, will measure the strength of the food-sterilising gamma rays produced by the atomic

waste and will study the effect these rays have on various foods.

A comprehensive five-year research programme, which has as its aim the development of economically practical methods of atomic food preservation, has just been started by the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps, in cooperation with 15 U. S. colleges and universities.

This very important project is being directed by an American of Chinese descent. He is Dr. Ralph Sui, who was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, of Chinese parents who came from Canton. He was graduated from the University of Hawaii and studied for a doctor's degree in Chemistry at the California Institute of Technology.

As technical director for the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps, Dr. Sui is in charge of research on the handling and preservation of the vast stores of food distributed to the U. S. Army posts in the United States and overseas.

Dr. Sui says that research has developed to the stage where large-scale tests in the atomic preservation of food can now be made. He describes the possibilities as "revolutionary in food preservation methods," but emphasises that it may be five years or more before the process can be perfected.

Experiments by Dr. Sui's group will test the effectiveness of atomic radiation in preserving meats, fruits and vegetables over long periods of time and without refrigeration. Dr. Sui points out that gamma rays emitted from various radioactive substances can preserve food for a long time even at warm temperatures.

Several problems must still be solved. One is a change in the taste of some foods caused by radiation. This is apparently no more serious, however, than changes of taste due to cooking them before canning them.

The research will also endeavour to discover the best method of radiation. Substances used for radiation will be supplied by the Atomic Energy Commission and will consist of the most plentiful substances that can produce gamma rays in an effective form.

CONQUEST OF TROPICAL DISEASES

By Sir PHILIP MANSON-BAHR

Malaria, sleeping sickness, yellow fever—these are but a few of the many dread diseases against which scientists and doctors have been waging a ceaseless war.

In this special article, an expert on tropical diseases reviews what has already been achieved.

Sir Philip Manson-Bahr visited India recently.

WHEN some 50 years ago the mosquito-transmission of malaria had been proved beyond doubt, its eradication at that time appeared comparatively simple. It spelt, in fact, the destruction of mosquitoes wherever malaria was rife, though it soon had to be accepted that this was an impossible task.

As the result of intensive studies by entomologists in many lands it became evident that for some biological reasons only a comparatively small number of anopheline mosquitoes are capable of transmitting malaria from man to man, and that each of these favours certain breeding places and maintains peculiar feeding habits, so that by concentrating attacks upon them, within the limits of their own peculiar haunts, some success might be obtained. This method was aptly termed "species sanitation."

The operative procedures entailed in carrying out these measures differed widely in different countries. In Malaya, for example, some species have been to a great extent eliminated by altering the environment of their breeding waters. Some are partial to shade and concealment; others court the sunlight, and so on. At the present time anti-malarial campaigns have been completely revolutionised by the application of D. D. T., an insecticide which has proved itself to be the most efficient weapon yet discovered.

Throughout the whole of Equatorial Africa, *Anopheles gambiae*, a common as well as the most dangerous carrier of malaria, flourishes in almost every collection of water, however polluted or foul. Until two years

ago the possibility of eradication of this small insect from such an immense area appeared fantastic, but now with the example of the successful campaigns in Sudan and Upper Egypt and with the introduction of other insecticides, such as gammaxane, malaria is rapidly becoming a rarity.

Malaria, indeed, is receding wherever the spraying of mosquito breeding-grounds is being undertaken. It was recently announced that the island of Cyprus has been freed from the menace after a D. D. T. campaign which has served as a model for the world.

In British Guiana, Dr. George Giglioli has been almost equally successful in an even more remarkable feat, but there he had to deal with vast alluvial plains with rice and cane-fields, swamps and waterways stretching for hundreds of miles. The brunt of this attack was directed against the two most dangerous species—*Anopheles darlingi* and *A. aquasalis*—by spraying huts and dwelling houses which they frequented with D. D. T. In spite of the fact that both these dangerous species have entirely different breeding habits—one breeds in fresh water, the other in brackish—within the space of two years they have been brought to the verge of extinction and concurrently malaria has practically disappeared.

Sleeping sickness

WHEN we turn to trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness, there is also a stirring tale to tell. The trypanosome is a small tadpole-like creature which lives in the blood and is transmitted by vicious and blood-

thirsty tsetse flies. These insects are confined to Equatorial Africa, and wherever they abound they spell death to man and his domestic animals.

It is estimated that of the 65 million residents of tropical Africa no fewer than 2,000,000 are infected with the deadly trypanosome. On account of this, only two-fifths of the enormous territory of Tanganyika is suitable for settlement and development; the rest is one vast fly-belt. Some 21 species of tsetse are known to science, of which some six are adapted to the conveyance of the germ of sleeping sickness; and it has now been discovered that for each species of fly certain plant associations and climatic conditions are essential in order that it may flourish.

The fight against sleeping sickness has been long and protracted. Whole populations have been transplanted from danger areas, and the ingenuity of many devoted entomologists has been taxed to the utmost to discover methods of controlling the fly. Vast

schemes for destroying their breeding places have been put into execution. D. D. T. "smoke" spread by aircraft has, indeed, achieved some local and temporary success. Powerful curative drugs, such as antrypol and tryparsamide, have been discovered and freely used; but the battle is not yet won.

The epic of the Anchau corridor has now been told. The market town of Anchau in North Nigeria in the Emirate of Zahaia has always constituted a hot-bed of sleeping sickness and, owing to its filthy and insanitary state, a danger to the community. To free this area from sleeping sickness, 700 square miles of country had to be cleared of bush, and, within the space of 10 years, the local population had been resettled in a new town with model wells and market-places. Cattle, pigs and poultry have been introduced, and flourish there. The cesspit which constituted old Anchau has now been transformed into a settlement aptly termed Takalafiya or "Walk in Health." For this magnificent achievement Dr. H. M. Lester, Dr. T. A. M. Nash and Dr. Kenneth Morris must be given full and generous credit.

Conquest of yellow fever

THE story of the conquest of yellow fever has been one of constant and heroic endeavour in which British scientists have played a leading part and one in which valuable British lives have been sacrificed. A hundred years ago yellow fever in epidemic form swept across the West Indies and the South American continent, and from time to time broke out also in West and Central Africa.

The germ cause has been found to be an ultramicroscopic virus which is present in the blood in the first three days of the fever and is disseminated from the sick to the healthy by a gaily marked "tiger mosquito" *Aedes aegypti*. Fortunately this is a domestic insect abounding in the haunts of man, especially in large towns, whence it can be easily ousted by D. D. T. This has now been done in many parts of South America and West Africa, so that with its disappearance yellow fever has been

banished from the main centres of population.

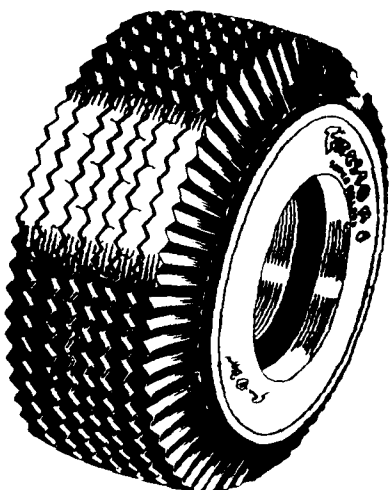
With the development of irrigation and cultivation bilharziasis is spreading throughout the continent of Africa. The bilharzia (so-called after its discoverer, Bilharz—and familiarly nicknamed "Bill Harris" by British troops) is a worm, just under half-an-inch in length which lives securely within blood vessels. Here the female produces a great number of hard-shelled eggs which are shed outside the body in the excreta and, when passed in water, give rise to a motile ciliated creature which burrows into the liver of certain freshwater snails which abound in streams, ponds, rivers, reservoirs and other collections of water.

In this organ an elaborate reproduction takes place, the final phase of which is the cercaria, a small thread-like creature with a bifid tail which swims actively in water for about two days. This, now a juvenile bilharzia worm, is attracted to man and, by burrowing through the skin, enters the body and settles

down within the portal vein. It is obvious that in the extermination of these peculiar snails, which constitute the host of the bilharzia parasite, lies the only hope of curtailing its ravages. This is a gigantic task which entails the draining of streams, ponds and water-ways in an unceasing destruction of these molluscs with sulphate of copper.

This brief account is a story of the manner in which the defeat of the main tropical diseases has been, or is being, brought about. It is probably true that, perhaps with the exception of leprosy, we now possess efficient drugs which are antidotes for them all. This is the lynch-pin upon which the health, prosperity and happiness of millions of people depend. For this happy solution a tribute should be paid to members of Britain's Colonial Medical Service, who, unread and unsung, sometimes subjected to unjust and uninformed criticism, have laboured on, often amidst uncongenial surroundings, such as can hardly be realised by many.

Firestone



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JVZ-4

Robots as pets

"MOST people, especially most women, have wished at some time to own a robot. We can have machines already which will peel and wash our potatoes, but when shall we have a machine which will undress and bath our babies, let alone mind them and teach them to talk? And should we like it if we had it?" said Kathleen Nott, the writer and critic, broadcasting in the BBC's General Overseas Service. Just any robot would not do; the ideal would have to be a perfect mechanical substitute for the human servant, devoted, preferably dumb and unable to answer back. Robots so far were disciplined by their creators, but "Suppose that robots developed minds of their own, why should we expect their characters to be moral anyway according to our standards? And why should we expect their personalities to be agreeable?" said Mrs. Nott.

She felt that it was nonsense to talk about the monsters of science fiction getting the upper hand of humanity but it was impossible to look at some modern electronic gadgets without misgivings. She herself did not regard robots as monsters, because she had a certain familiarity with them, as she was married to an electronic engineer, a man who dealt with radar and the kind of mathematical machine known as an "electronic brain." Besides doing odd repair jobs about the house, her husband took frequent busman's holidays and built himself all kinds of robots. "We have had under our roof at one time an electronic cat, an electronic crow and an electronic cuckoo," said Mrs. Nott. "I am speaking, of course, of the noises which these creatures emit and in all of these robots the imitation was surprisingly accurate. Slightly more startling to guests was a human voice, also produced entirely by valves, which said, 'Hallo, boy,' to them, irrespective of their sex. It sounded a little elderly due to a suggestion of toothlessness and it may

have dropped its aitches, but there was no doubt about what it meant." The cuckoo caused chaos in the Air Ministry of a foreign power to which her husband was attached as consultant. The Air Commodore had an inter-office communication system enabling him to press a button and shout at his secretary. One day when the chief pressed his button he had no reply from his secretary and the apparatus merely said "Cuckoo!" Although there was no possible doubt as to the perpetrator of the joke, relations fortunately remained friendly and the Air Commodore spent the rest of the day in demonstrating his new robot pet.

These mechanical pets came and went and bits of them could always be used to make others "which is more than you can say for rabbits or hamsters," said Mrs. Nott. The market in Government surplus apparatus had been a blessing to them, for the back streets of Soho were full of shops displaying quantities of radio and electronic gear which were nothing but junk to the non-technical mind but treasure to her husband and his cronies. Their pets so far have been manageable but something in a higher stage of evolution now seemed to be coming up, one that looked as if it might have a will of its own and come into the monster class. So far it was alluded to as a dumb waiter but this was not strictly true. "What is going to happen, I understand," she said, "is that when we are giving a party an object about the size of a coal-scuttle, with a small tray built into its head, will start moving round the room, offering drinks or snacks. If refused, it will emit a rude noise and pass on to the next guest." The newest of all was a robot called Dudley. "You wouldn't think he could do much harm or much good," said Mrs. Nott, "as his only occupation will be playing games like noughts-and-crosses with any children who may call. But my husband says he has got built-in arrangements for cheating. Really, some machines have no moral sense whatsoever!"—BBC

On Telling A Story

I have a vivacious grand-daughter aged 4 years. She is very inquisitive by nature and she is very fond of hearing stories. She is very much attached to her grand parents, particularly me. She must have found me a good story teller. When we retire to bed, she is very happy as it is her story time. As her grand-mother had taken her to attend a discourse on Sithakalyanam, the previous day, she wanted me to tell her the story of the Ramayana.

I began by saying that Dasaratha had three wives. She asked me "How many wives have you? There is only the grand-mother, where are the other two?"

"No. No. Only kings marry more than one wife," I said. "Dasaratha was sixty thousand years old, when he felt that he had no son."

"Four sons were born to Dasaratha, by name Rama, Bharatha, Lakshmana and Satrughna. Rama and Lakshmana were great friends, so also Bharatha and Satrughna."

"Why were they so divided? Will there be any fight between them?"

"No. No, they were all very loving towards each other. One day, Sage Viswamitra came to King Dasaratha and asked him to send Rama with him to fight the Rakshasas in the forest."

"Who are Rakshasas?"

"They are demons."

"Will not Rama be afraid of them? Why did not his father refuse to send him?"

"Dasaratha was unwilling to send his son at first, but as Viswamitra became angry and Dasaratha was afraid he would curse him, he sent his son Rama with Lakshmana."

"Did they go walking or in a chariot?"

"They went walking."

"How can two young boys go in the forest walking? Where did they sleep in the night? Were they not afraid of lions and tigers?"

"No. They were gods."

"You said they were the sons of Dasaratha. How can a man be a god?"

"That is a divine secret. You do not know. Dasaratha himself did not know of it."

"What did they eat in the forest? Did they not feel hungry?"

"You are putting unnecessary questions. Do you want to listen to the story of Rama's marriage with Seetha or not?"

"Yes—and then what happened?"

"Rama and Lakshmana killed the demons. Then Viswamitra took them to the kingdom of Mithila where Seetha was living."

"Who was the king there?"

"His name was Janaka and his daughter was Seetha. Janaka said he will give his daughter in marriage only to him who can bend a big bow kept in a heavy box."

"Did you bend a bow before you married grand-mother?"

"No. No. Such conditions are not imposed for us."

"Did Rama wish to marry Seetha?"

"Oh! Yes, they had seen and liked each other very much."

"If Rama had not bent the bow, could he have married Seetha? Such a condition should not have been imposed. You said it was a very big bow."

"Rama was very strong and as he tried to bend the bow, it broke into two and made a big noise."

"Then what happened? King Janaka wanted Rama only to bend the bow. Why did he break it? Did King Janaka refuse to give Seetha in marriage to Rama?"

"No, he was very pleased and he was happy that Seetha could now marry Rama."

"And so, Rama and Seetha were married?"

"Was there band for the procession after the marriage?"

"Oh! yes, there must have been."

"Why does grandmother say if there is no band for a marriage, it is useless?"

"It was because there was no band for her marriage procession."

There was silence. I turned round and found that my grand-daughter had closed her eyes in gentle sleep, pleasantly dreaming of Seetha's marriage.

S. AMUDACHARY

IN DESPERATE FLIGHT

K. S. Viswanathan, Professor of English, Vijaya College, Bangalore, writes:

I casually went to a free reading room in Gandhi Bazaar. While I was reading some newspapers my attention was diverted by a very tall, old and weak gentleman who had come there to refer to the Mysore Gazette. Someone in the reading room informed him that it was not available there. The elderly gentleman who could scarcely walk a few yards, feeling disappointed, explained why he was in need of the Mysore Gazette. He dwelt at length on his pathetic efforts for the past three years to get a suitable job to his daughter. Belonging as I do to the teaching profession and interested as I am in social service I evinced some interest in the talk of the gentleman. On finding me a sympathetic listener he took me into his confidence and explained in detail the history of his family. It appears he was once in very prosperous circumstances, having had the privilege of being a director of a limited company, a member of the Representative Assembly, a Municipal Chairman, a Taluk Board Vice-President and so on. Time was when he used to pay about Rs. 3,000 land revenue. But owing to fluctuations of fortune he lost everything. He contracted paralysis and blood-pressure some time ago. I was visibly moved when I saw this emaciated and crippled gentleman aged 85 with numerous certificates relating to his daughter, with a bottle in his pocket containing medicine for high blood-pressure, lamenting his lot and entreating people to suggest a suitable job for her. I was deeply impressed with his learning, especially in Sanskrit, in the course of my conversation with him.

He gave me a most heart-rending and pathetic account of his efforts to find employment for his talented daughter. I gathered that the gentleman's daughter has passed the 'B.A. (Hons.) degree examination of Mysore University. I saw the testimonials and they speak highly of her attainments and character.

But she could not get a permanent job even in a high school. I was deeply moved when I learned that some middle school sometime ago had offered her a temporary job! It is a sad commentary on our times that a talented, accomplished Honours graduate (in English) should be in such desperate straits. On a close scrutiny of the testimonials of this lady I find that she obtained a first class in S. S. L. C., second class in Intermediate and third class in Hons. I am convinced that had better facilities and comforts been available she would have passed her examinations with greater credit. I understand that she had no textbooks with her during her educational career, not to speak of her great difficulty in paying college fees. That she managed to pass such a tough examination bears eloquent testimony not only to her intellectual calibre but also to her steadiness, steadfastness and strength of will.

Hers is a case typical of the large class of frustrated intellectuals in our country who can be very useful but who are unfortunately without work. A problem of major magnitude in our country is to lend a helping hand to this class. It is earnestly hoped that our Government which is so keen on the implementation of the ideal of a Welfare State will bestow some thought on this much neglected problem and devise ways and means of relieving the acute distress of this group.

★

MUCH BABIED

The teacher was interested in the announcement by a little girl pupil that she had a new baby brother.

"And what is the baby's name?" the teacher asked.

"Aaron," was the reply.

A few days later the teacher inquired about Aaron, but the little girl regarded her in perplexity.

"Aaron?" she asked.

"Your baby brother," the teacher prompted.

Understanding dawned upon the child's face.

"Oh, Aaron!" she exclaimed. "That was a mistake. It's Moses. Pa and Ma checked up and found we had an Aaron."

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.

Headmasters of District Board Schools

Sir,—X's suggestion of open recruitment of headmasters of District Board high schools hits against the prospects of assistants who may have put in five or six years of service in the District Board and who may be eligible for the headmasters' posts in a year or two by virtue of their merit and record of work. No District Board will appoint young men with only two or three years of service. If any District Board recommends the appointment of persons with one or two years less than the minimum fixed, the District Board's recommendation should be accepted, and the Government should not upset the Board's autonomy.

There is no criterion by which efficiency of teachers in private schools for qualifying to serve as headmasters could be judged. The mere length of service in private schools cannot establish a claim for appointment as headmasters in a District Board, superseding the just claims of the senior men in the District Board.

Again Clause 7 (3) in the Teachers' Service Agreement stands in the way of teachers in private schools applying for jobs elsewhere, the penalty being immediate dismissal. It is not prudence for teachers in private schools to take the risk of being included in a panel.

The dearth of headmasters can be solved by dispensing with the requirement that the headmaster of a middle school with third form as the highest class should be an L. T. While several high schools are rotting for want of L.T.'s to handle the higher forms in principal subjects, experienced L.T.'s are serving as headmasters of third form middle schools. This is tragic waste.

It is not desirable to continue superannuated headmasters for more than a year or two, after their fifty-fifth year. Most superannuated headmasters lean on some chosen assistants for carrying on their teaching and administrative work. In South India, at any rate most teachers do not possess the physical and the mental stamina to pursue the onerous teaching work to an advanced age.

I would appeal to teachers in private schools whose lot has been bettered con-

siderably in recent years not to deprive their brethren in the District Board of the fruit of their service in the District Board.

Y.

Coimbatore

"The Retort Courteous"

Sir,—Mrs. Rungachari has written a letter and Vighneshwara has "retorted" to it. If you read them together, you find that Vighneshwara has not met any of Mrs. Rungachari's arguments.

It is irrelevant that Chandramathi, Damayanthi and Nalayani should have been brought into this discussion. All of them acted as they did from a sense of Dharma deeply felt in themselves and not because of any legal compulsion. The moral of their stories may be that women should follow a certain pattern of behaviour, but it is not that men should hold them by inhuman laws.

Mrs. Rungachari asks "Must we drag in religion and must we not learn from science?" Vighneshwara is a bit naive here to bring in the Brahman. Our present attitude to marriage is not based on the concept of Brahman (undisputed by science) but on some of the "shibboleths" that have been exploded by science such as superiority of the male, fear of hell, retribution etc. The Brahman can still rule the universe after the Divorce Act is passed.

Judges don't have to be Deputy-Providence to decide a divorce case. It is Vighneshwara who believes marriage is made in Heaven and should be divinely unmade. It is a contract and can be decided by any judge who can interpret man-made laws.

NARASIMHAN

Bombay.

Shri Morarji Desai

Sir,—I am desired to correct a factual error which has appeared in the article "UNIQUENESS OF MORARJI DESAI" written by Shri V. Raghaviah in the issue of Swatantra dated the 29th May 1954, viz., Shri Morarji Desai does not spin for two hours but does it for half-an-hour, except on tours when it is not always possible or convenient to do so.

V. Y. TONPE,

Secretary to Chief Minister, Government of Bombay.

Sri T. Prakasam

Sir,—Perhaps nobody is a greater admirer of Sri T. Prakasam than Saka, but his recent tirade against Andhra Kesari and his Cabinet colleagues is a clear indication of the frustration in the minds of Sri Prakasam's erstwhile admirers. The results of the administration under his Chief Ministership in the new-born

Andhra State are far from satisfactory. The policies and programmes of his Government on major issues are against the ideals for which he stood for many long years.

Perhaps the day may not be far off when the charges which he hurled against former Andhra Ministers of the composite Madras State like Messrs. Gopala Reddi, Kala Venkata Rao and H. Sitarama Reddi will recoil against him. It is a pity, indeed, that Sri Prakasam and Sri Viswanatham should have had a "great fall" like Humpty and Dumpty in the couplet.

It was due to the labours of Sri P. V. G. Raju, Raja of Vizianagaram, that both Prakasam and Viswanatham were brought into the fold of the Praja Socialist Party. It was also due to the influence of Sri Raju that Sri Prakasam was given the chance to represent Sringeri constituency. But to the great surprise of many, Sri Prakasam as well as Sri Viswanatham unceremoniously deserted the party more for their self-advancement than in the interest of the public. Sri Prakasam failed to achieve what his old comrade Sri Thanu Pillai could achieve in T. C. State. Had Sri Prakasam and Sri Viswanatham followed the mandate of the P. S. P. National Executive, the Praja Socialist Party would have come into power in Andhra State just as in T. C.

M. V. NARASINGA RAO
Vizianagaram

Gambling in Cross-words

Sir,—Today, the craving for gambling in cross-words has become common to all sections and all ages in the community. Wins in these cross-words as a general rule, are not incorporated into the household budget, but are spent on a wireless or a brooze-up or a holiday. These 'mush-

room' cross-words invade middle-class households to such an extent that sufficient money is not put aside for necessities such as food, clothes, rent, etc.

If any worthwhile check is to be put on this, the only agency that can effect it is the State. So, I hope the Government will take immediate steps to put an end to this cross-word business which has become one of the largest and most profitable industries in the country, touching probably more people in their daily lives and thoughts than any other.

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

Egmore

Pungannur Administration

Sir,—We heard of Pungannur administration in folk lore and have survived to experience it in the infant Andhra State. The departmental offices at Madras, the Secretariat at Kurnool, the Governor at Waltair and the Ministers, wherever they please, have contributed considerably to red tapism. The public feel desperate.

On application for copies of a G. O. and memo the State of Madras forwarded the required document to Kurnool on 7th April 1954 and intimated the fact to me. I have written to the authorities at Kurnool and again to the Minister at Waltair—all to no purpose till now.

The extension of electricity to Kavali was sanctioned and separate staff began to work from January 1954. As yet we find only a few poles planted and no progress worth the name has been achieved. The Kavali sub court was sanctioned but necessary notification is not made till now.

How and when will this State function promptly and efficiently?

M. V. KRISHNA RAO

Kavali

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. IX. June 26, 1954. No. 21

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
NOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
ANGLO-U. S. RIFT	9
CHOU EN-LAI	10
CHLORELLA: KEY TO WORLD PLENTY	13
IN THE MOVIELAND	15
ASYLUM IN BRITAIN	17
STORM OVER MCCARTHY	20
BRITISH POLICY AT GENEVA	24
SHORT CUTS	25
SILT AND GOLD (Short Story)	27
CHU YUAN: AN ANCIENT CHINESE	
POET-HERO	31
THE EASTERN SCENE	33
ABOUT A "DEAD LANGUAGE"	36
"TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS" (Poem)	37
ELEMENTS OF JAPANESE ETIQUETTE	38
NEW BOOKS (Review)	41
LIFE: A LESSON IN HUMANITY	43
FILMS	45
CORRESPONDENCE	47
Vighneswara	
Saka	
Fenner Brockway	
Mark Gayn	
Joseph C. Keeley	
A. Muthuswami	
Andrew Roth	
F. G. Krishnayya's Service	
Guy Wint	
Manjula	
M. Rizvon	
K. G. Warriar	
St. Laurent	
W. Wolff	
George Kurien	
Winburn T. Thomas	
Santha	
V. P. Sathe	

ON THE COVER:

Sri C. D. Deshmukh and Srimathi Durgabai Deshmukh photographed on the occasion of their visit to Madras last week.

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.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year: Inland, Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. IX.

JUNE 26 SATURDAY 1954

No. 21

THE AMERICAN TRAVAIL

"It is not readily understood that a nation should take so enlightened a view of its own self-interest that it does much for others without seeking for itself any extension of its political power or national domain. Our motives are sometimes openly suspected." With these words Secretary Dulles concluded a masterly analysis of the international situation which he presented to the annual convention of the Rotary International which met at Seattle, Washington, a fortnight ago. The lament of Mr. Dulles is quite natural. For according to any objective standard, the beneficial effects of American leadership since the second world war must be pronounced not merely impressive but positively sensational. During this period the Western colonial powers gave complete independence to over 600 million people now constituting 10 independent nations. It is noteworthy that in this same period the Soviet power extended its despotism over as many millions depriving 11 nations that were once free of their independence. On the economic side, American assistance to the war-devastated countries of Europe and the poverty-stricken areas of Asia has been gigantic in magnitude. Some idea of the extent of American aid to other countries may be gauged from the steep rise in recent years in the American national debt. In 1917 the American national debt was about 3,000 million dollars. It stands now at the colossal figure of 260,000 million. No nation in the whole history

of the world has poured out so much wealth for the rehabilitation of the backward outside its area, or striven so gallantly to expand the area of freedom on the surface of the earth as the Americans have done in the past ten years. And yet, as Mr. Dulles himself says, their role is misconceived and their motives are suspected. In other words, American foreign policy has proved to be a failure.

China and Indo-China provided hitherto the characteristic examples of American foreign policy. In both the countries the Governments backed by American power were corrupt and degenerate. The American Government supported them militarily and financially as they seemed to be the only bulwarks capable of withstanding the march of Communism. But it somehow turned out that the very support given by the U. S. to Chiang Kai-shek hastened his doom, just as the American backing of the French in Indo-China strengthened the power of Ho Chi Minh. In these two countries, in their anxiety to check Communism, the Americans made alliances with disreputable Governments that had lost public goodwill, and in course of time they themselves came to share in the popular illwill that was the lot of their allies. Panic over Communism has thrown Americans out of balance. And in the chaos of confusion caused by that panic, they have been hurting themselves more than they have been thwarting the Communists. The recent official ban

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on Dr. Oppenheimer is a characteristic example of American self-destruction in the domestic sphere of the same sort that has been in evidence in the realm of foreign policy since the end of the war, under the devitalising effects produced by the dread of Communism. Dr. Oppenheimer is the one man who did more than any other to make America superior in military might to Russia by applying the power of science to the technique of U. S. warfare. It is simple commonsense that such a one should be cherished as the greatest safety asset of the nation. But he has been pronounced a security risk! Only an administration thrown out of sanity by unreasonable fear could have arrived at so monstrous a conclusion.

For all their outpourings of aid Americans have slipped from the moral leadership of the world, because panic has deranged them, and in the face of danger they have got into the habit of acting just as the Communists would love to see

them act. The whisper of the word *Communism* seems to have the potency of putting their judgment to flight. Somebody said in East Bengal that Mr. Huq had truck with Communists. It was enough to put the American diplomatic machinery in Pakistan into instant action, and the activity did not cease until the democratic regime of Mr. Huq was deposed.

India would have gone Communist by now if, dreading Communism, the Americans had backed the British. But Mr. Attlee who was British Prime Minister then and Mr. Roosevelt the then American President were wise enough to realise that only the immediate withdrawal of the British could save India from Communist sway. This lesson which the Americans learned ten years ago took them to the height of glory as the most respected nation in Asia and the world. That lesson they proved incapable of acting upon in subsequent years. They must relearn it now, to recapture their prestige and moral supremacy.

Sotto Voce

★

GILDED SERFDOM



YOUR son appearing for the I. A. S. examination in 1950 may have to answer the following preliminary questionnaire. "If you are unmarried, will you marry, with your Minister's approval, a woman who was born in a different religion, in a different caste or (if you are a Brahman) in the same *gotra*, in that order of preference? If you should be free to marry again, will you undertake to

marry, and marry only a widow, in the same order of preference? And whatever your personal law will you pledge yourself not to take a second wife when the first is living? N. B.:—There will be divorce on tap."

The second set of stipulations may run somewhat thus. "Will you abjure the practice of untouchability and fight it tooth and nail? Do you rea-

lise this means that if any member of your family practises untouchability you should deny him hospitality and protection?" The reader will have no difficulty in framing other sets of questions which the Governments in power in the next decade may ask of their employees, according to their political complexion. They may make the wearing of khadder a penal offence and treat refusal to take a convivial glass as an anti-social act. *

On one thing all parties in this country which have even a remote chance of success at the hustings seem agreed upon. It is that Government servants are to be treated as a class by themselves. On the one hand they must be content to be segregated from the rest of the community and regarded as movable assets of the Government in office, rather more so than the office furniture, for instance, in the Secretariat. On the other hand the Governments will, as the Lord promised in the *Bhagavad Gita* "look after their *yogakshema*." They will have special privileges,—free medicine, free education, free travel, almost free everything—which the rest of the community must be content to envy from afar. *

But while these free gifts may increase the attractions of Government service, those that are signed and sealed of the tribe may well feel much as Faust did about his compact as the years flew by and his sins accumulated. We all know what an alien the Indian official was among his own people in the days of the British regime. Even if he was no more than a stipendiary magistrate he, and of course his wife, enjoyed the deference born of fear with which they were received in public places and in chance encounters by their neighbours. But the poor man knew only too well that they mocked at him and traduced him behind his back, while they grudged him his luck. *

Occasionally they felt a twinge of pity too: they remembered he was a mere cog in the machine. And in moments of generous rage they tended to blame the alien oppressor

even for the sins of his Indian underlings. Thus no single act of the British Government did more to make them hated than the ukase issued to Government servants during the non-co-operation campaigns, that they must not give food and shelter to any of the disaffected, even if it should be wife or son. Be sure that a "popular Government" trying to isolate its servants from their natural environment will not be looked upon more kindly. *

In the old days the unscrupulous bureaucrat tended to be a sadist; today he may turn opportunist. The better sort find themselves often manoeuvred into equivocal positions by reason of their being called upon to play the politician. The campaign for Government loans, for instance, is being conducted with as much rigour as were the old war loans. But the official is much less sure of himself when he applies the screw. And so he practises 'open diplomacy'. A rural merchant, interested in getting a bridge built, chances upon the official concerned in a railway compartment, and promptly pushes his suit. And the official tells him with a broad smile and a slow wink at the other occupants of the compartment: "Double your loan subscription, and you will get orders tomorrow!" *

The queering of responsibility is the prime administrative sin. The official ought not to turn canvasser for any cause, however worthy; Conduct Rules which permit this are the very negation of professional ethics. Having done his job, he ought to be free to live his life like any other citizen. He may not do, any more than another man, those things that are not lawful, whether it be the practice of untouchability in public places or bigamy where it is an offence. To ask him to pledge himself not to do what is unlawful is to insult him. To deny him the right to do what is lawful would be an intolerable infringement of liberty. Another Government which believed in Mormonism might tomorrow ask him to marry four wives!

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

ONE Dhananjaya, writing in the Telugu weekly *Vauhini*, takes SWATANTRA to task for daring to comment on Sardar Latchanna's toddy-tapping Satyagraha. He seems to think that this journal has dedicated itself to the vilification of the Krishikar Lok Party and the debunking of its Sardar. It has no such objective. Its attitude to parties does not fall into any set, pre-ordained fixity of judgment, nor is it formed in advance of events. It is formed in the light of the behaviour of parties as important issues connected with public welfare come up before them for discussion and decision. The misdemeanours of private individuals do not, at any rate should not, come within the orbit of journalistic scrutiny. But public men and parties invite criticism on themselves by the very fact of their being public. They should expect and not resent criticism if they have any pretension to be democratic, as democracy is government by discussion, and criticism is the method of discussion with which the press, an instrument of democracy, performs one of its valuable functions. It is no answer to any criticism in the press to declare that the critic is not a perfect being, or that he is a partisan, or that he is actuated by unworthy considerations or motives of profit or self-interest. We all have our failings. When they rise to anti-social levels the courts are there to safeguard the interests of society by enquiring, taking evidence and awarding suitable punishments. But the credit of no political party is advanced by allegations of discreditable record elsewhere that encroach on the function of the courts and have the effect besides of diverting attention from the issues raised. There is none in the world against whom some fault or other cannot be found. But it does not follow that every charge made is justified by reality. Politicians and leaders of political parties are, by virtue of their vocation, under a

specific obligation to meet reasonable criticism on relevant topics connected with their attitudes in a calm and reasonable way without falling into violent-tempered diatribes impugning the good faith of those questioning the wisdom of their policies or seeking further elucidation of their content and purpose.

The charge that SWATANTRA is interested in a partisan spirit in running down the Krishikar Lok Party is wholly groundless. I have had a long association extending over nearly twenty-five years with the renowned Krishikar Lok leader, Professor Ranga. At one time, in his periodical visits to the city, he would think of staying nowhere else, though creature comforts in our house were excessively meagre. I have many pleasant recollections of his plans and projects, his enthusiasms, his excited narratives of the indefatigable tours over the whole country that he indulged in, his feats of authorship and publishing ventures, and his ambitious designs to tie up all the continents together in his organisational endeavour to mobilise the power and grievances of the workers and peasants. In those days he was eternally boiling with an irrepressible admiration for Mrs. Ranga. The happiness of it would frequently burst through sleep; and he would wake up round about midnight, as with a beatific vision of delight, and wake me up too, and shout "Mrs. Ranga! By Jove! What a woman!" The momentum of old associations should have bound me for ever in life-long appreciation of Professor Ranga with his charming blend of the uninhibited happy school boy and the extremely sophisticated adult organiser. But such continuity of unblemished loyalty does not belong to the profession of journalism.

This is a profession in which one should have neither friends nor foes if thereby perfect independence of judgment is liable to be disturbed.

There are no doubt journalists and journalists. Some are happily constituted, and have no difficulty in greeting every incoming Chief Minister with rose garlands. Theirs is an attitude of fixed adulation for power as such, and whoever comes by power, they promptly set about with untiring zeal to win his favour. I am told that a prominent personage of the newspaper world who distinguished himself with exuberant plaudits in burning almost daily incense before C. R. when he was Chief Minister, was literally the very first to rush with flowers to Sri Kamaraj's house to felicitate him when he succeeded C. R. as leader. It is really when power does not overpower that the task of a journalist comes to be charged with electric blasts that tend to expose him to all sorts of dangers and imperil his very existence.

I have lost many good friends when they became Ministers or otherwise attained positions of influence and responsibility. There have not been many men capable of keeping their heads and taking political power easily in their stride in these six years or so of Congress rule. In the case of Pandit Nehru there has been a diminution of the old buoyancy on account of the limitations of executive responsibility. But the man has remained unspoiled. His love of humanity and interest in good causes continue to be as fresh as ever. There have been some others, like Sri T. T. Krishnamachari, Sivashanmukham Pillai and Kamaraj Nadar, of whom it can be safely asserted that office has not corrupted them in any way. But the generality of Congress Ministers have turned out to be sore disappointments when they got the chance to rule. One repels all with arrogance. Another forgets duty, public, decency, justice, and is solely absorbed in advancing the fortunes of some disreputable relative who ought not to be allowed within miles of the premises of any Government office. A third exalts a

class-mate over the heads of all seniors. A fourth and a fifth perceive in despondency their chance to further power and spend every iota of their energy in fomenting it. The bungling of experience can be overcome. But there is no hope against maladministration having its origin in defects of character and deliberate abuses of power. If there is so little to show for our years of freedom, it is not because our Ministers are not intelligent enough. It is largely because they could not exercise power with integrity. They placed smaller interests over larger ones. They over-regionalised regionalism and dealt similarly with other dividing cults. They have killed the basis for good that lies in merit, and instead of prosperity they have given us the ashes of discord. Their regimes constitute a challenge to journalism. The challenge cannot be met unless the softer considerations of friendship are laid aside before the inexorable dictates of public duty.

As for Sardar Latchanna, there is no doubt that he is one of the very few members of the Andhra legislature with an intimate contact with the life of the masses. He has risen by service and hard work and not by influence. His resignation of the office of Minister was accidental, and even if he had not so resigned, he would not have been any the less genuine. Nobody can fail to be impressed by his simplicity, robustness and rusticity and his gift of companionship with common people. But his campaign of Satyagraha for the right of toddy-tapping is fantastic. It makes no meaning to some of us who laboured for a different type of Satyagraha to get the drink demon exorcised. I for one still bear on my person the marks and effects of rough handling by the police for picketing, and from the perspective of that experience, which is the same as that of the whole Gandhian tradition of social welfare, Sri Latchanna's present campaign of "Satyagraha" seems topsy-turvy and makes no sense.

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POWER 		10,87,000 kwts.	7,24,000 kwts.
NEW ROADS 		870 miles	447 miles
COTTON PIECE-GOODS 		982 m. yards (Additional production per year).	1,163 m. yards
COMMUNITY PRO- JECTS AND RURAL EXTN. SCHEME 		1,20,000 (villages)	48,750 (villages)
NEW SCHOOLS 		49,695	29,723
NEW HOSPITALS 		996	609

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INVEST IN INDIA'S FUTURE

ANGLO-U. S. RIFT

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M. P.

THERE is deep significance in the rift between British and American policies at Geneva. The difference in views would be serious if they referred only to Indo-China. In fact, they denote a cleavage in the approach of the two Governments to the whole problem of the Communist countries.

America was cynical from the first. It never believed that the Geneva Conference would succeed. If Mr. Dulles, and subsequently Mr. Bedell Smith, did nothing to sabotage the conference, they certainly did nothing to assist it. They concentrated not on achieving peace, but on preparing more effective military action after the negotiations broke down. When, despite their indifference, it appeared that the conference would succeed in bringing about a Cease Fire, they turned their attention to the realisation of a military pact to prevent Communist advance in other Asian countries.

British influence, on the other hand, has been exerted solely on the side of peace. I am a political opponent of Mr. Anthony Eden, but I should say if peace comes to Indo-China, it will be due more to his constructive persistence than to the influence of any other delegate. One must pay tribute to M. Molotov, who first suggested the basis on which the talks for a Cease Fire between the French and Viet Minh commanders began, and to Mr. Krishna Menon, who clearly had a considerable influence behind the scenes; but the major personal contribution was made by the British Foreign Secretary.

Why? There were reasons for expecting that a British Conservative Government would be more rigid in its opposition to Ho Chi Minh than the American Government. British Conservatism is historically identified with Imperialism, whilst America, which won its own independence in a revolutionary war against Britain, is proud of its anti-Colonial-

ism. In not-distant Malaya Britain is still engaged in a conflict against Communist rebels, who would undoubtedly be encouraged by the recognition of the Ho Chi Minh administration. France is neighbour to Britain, and Mr. Eden is certainly not less desirous than Mr. Dulles to save her at this moment from humiliation. Nor can it be doubted that the British Conservative Government is just as deeply opposed to Communism as is America. Then how comes it about that Mr. Eden has been a reconciler whilst Mr. Dulles has appeared intransigent?

Perhaps the first answer is British public opinion. Not one in ten of our population would support military intervention in Indo-China, and Mr. Eden no less than Mr. Dulles understands that that is the only way France could be saved if the war goes on. "Not a man, not a gun, not a plane" is the mood of the overwhelming majority of the British population.

Secondly, the British Government is probably more aware of the dangers of world war following a Western intervention in Indo-China. Chinese support for Ho Chi Minh would be stepped up, and that would mean war with China. Russia would then be involved. World war would be upon us.

World War would be the end of Britain. With their vast spaces, America, Russia and China might survive; but not Britain. Our island stands between America and Russia. From American air-bases on our territory the Hydrogen bomb would be carried to Russia. Swift would be the retort—and twenty H. Bombs could devastate our entire territory.

Britain will not lightly invite that fate. The object of our Governments, both Labour and Conservative, (and both mistaken in my view) has been to build up vast armed strength in association with America so that Russia would be compelled to negotiate. In the minds of our

people, peace, not war, was the aim. We will negotiate to the last minute rather than have war. That has been Mr. Eden's determination at Geneva.

Finally, Britain is Commonwealth-conscious, and the Commonwealth includes India, Ceylon, Pakistan. Mr. Eden is well aware that they would not support intervention behind French Colonialism in Indo-China nor the extended war against China, and later Russia, which would follow. Britain will not risk the Commonwealth for Indo-China. Mr. Eden is therefore doing his utmost to achieve peace.

There is still danger in the situation, however. Our Conservative Government may be led to endorse the American idea of a military pact in Asia. That will largely depend upon the attitude of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia. I believe there is sufficient British opinion which is Asian-conscious to prevent any military alliance which excludes these Asian nations.

But it is the more enduring significance of the conflict of British and American opinion at Geneva which should be pondered by far-seeing minds. The causes of this difference are not temporary. They apply not only to Indo-China. They would apply to other disputes which may arise.

CHOU EN-LAI

By MARK GAYN

A COMPACT and grave-miened Chinese who looks 20 years younger than his mid-50's has supplied a new name for front-page headlines. Almost overnight, Chou En-lai has emerged as a key figure in the crucial debate on world peace and war. And nothing perhaps could be more indicative of his rise than the fact that, while at the Geneva conference this spring, he was attended by a larger staff than Molotov, was assigned a more luxurious villa, spoke with a more authoritative voice, and was trailed by a larger army of Western reporters.

When in a recent article I said that British foreign policy would increasingly approximate to that of India's independence of the American and Russian power blocs, I had in mind the considerations stated above. I do not want to exaggerate. Britain's links with America are still strong and, if West German rearmament goes through, they will become stronger.

But our public opinion does not share America's obsession about the dangers of Communism. Our people are deeply concerned about the danger of world war. We do not want to destroy the Commonwealth. In practice, these factors will lead to increasing independence from America.

Within the Labour Party, the tendency towards a foreign policy distinctive from both the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. is strong. I did not expect Mr. Eden to be the first Foreign Secretary to reflect this attitude in practice. He would, of course, repudiate the political philosophy of the "Third Camp" or the "Third Area of Peace," as Mrs. Pandit has described it. But that Mr. Eden should have served as the bridge between Russia and America at Geneva is proof of how strong are the facts of the situation which make Britain a Reconciler rather than Partisan.

To a degree, the West's fascination with Chou is rooted in China's emergence as a great military power. As Peking's Premier and Foreign Minister, he speaks for a regime that for four years has kept the West at bay in Korea, and is now challenging it in Indo-China. But this is not the whole story. This quiet-spoken man in a severe dark tunic is a tremendously colourful personality in his own right. In a nutshell, he is a conspirator de luxe who has become a world statesman.

The West's "discovery" of Chou is long overdue. Though he spent perhaps a sixth of his life in the underground, carried a \$100,000 price tag on his head, and for years lived in

a cave, he has been an Asiatic history-maker for close to three decades. As a political plotter he has few rivals and, though he is a civilian, there is many an army general in the West whom he could instruct in the mechanics and strategy of war. Few Westerners know him, but those who do are highly impressed. No less a person than General George C. Marshall thought Chou a superb negotiator. All in all, he is quite a man.

What makes Chou so improbable is that he is the only "blueblood" in the small, tight band of peasants and workers who run Red China. Chou was born in a highly literate and prosperous mandarin family, which could afford to send him to schools in Japan and France. Had there been no revolutionary turmoil at the end of World War I, he might have become a wealthy Shanghai merchant or a playboy. As it was, the turmoil swept China, and caught Chou. Then a student at Tientsin, he took part in anti-government and anti-Western demonstrations, and was rewarded with a year in prison.

Loves Bourgeois Joys

WHEN he came out, the family shipped him to Paris where he turned to conspiracy. Even before Mao Tse-tung and others met in Shanghai to form the Chinese Communist Party, Chou had organized a similar Socialist Youth League in France. Within a year, he was chief of all the extreme Chinese leftist groups in Europe.

By 1924, when Moscow made friends with Chiang Kai-shek, Chou was already so widely known that he was ordered home. Appointed political head of the famous Whampoa Military Academy, directed by Chiang, Chou also took time out to form secret Communist cells in the young Nationalist army. In 1926, when Chiang launched his triumphal drive north, Chou was made political commissar of the First army.

When Chou told me the story of these days, in the course of an incredible 12-hour interview at a remote Chinese town, he laughed. "Chiang and I," he said, "were good



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friends. You see, Chiang is an opportunist!" But neither of the good friends trusted the other. In 1927 Chou slipped away to the underground Communist headquarters in enemy-held Shanghai to report his suspicions. The doubts were justified. Chiang made a secret deal with the merchants of Shanghai, broke with the Communists, and began a vast round-up of Reds. Along with thousands of others, Chou was caught in the net, but managed to slip out.

After that came a seven-year spell of cloak-and-dagger work; with occasional visits to Moscow. Once Chou spent a year in the Shanghai underground, as a co-ordinator of all Red armed groups in China. Through most of this period, Chou—then still around 30—helped to run the Chinese Communist Party as Moscow wished it run. In fact, he often outranked Mao Tse-tung.

Superficially at least, Chou is the most Westernized and "reasonable" of what is now the "Big Four" in Peking. He had seen the West; he loves the bourgeois joys of dancing, the theatre and the fine arts; and he readily talks of compromise. But the appearances are deceptive. Chou's mind, I discovered in my talks with him, is insulated with Red misconceptions about the West, and with a distrust and hatred for the "imperialist" countries.

He is convinced that capitalism is doomed, and that it will collapse in the next economic depression. The last time I met him, he told me he was studying closely radio reports of the New York stock market quotations for signs of an imminent collapse. In fact, he had expected a depression in the United States as early as 1946.

Major Prophet In Asia

WASHINGTON'S goal, he told me, was to dominate the world. The first objectives were the "colonial" countries in Asia, such as Japan and the Philippines. After that came the U. S.'s own allies, such as Britain, France and Canada, their markets, and their possessions. Washington sought to capture con-

trol of these countries, Chou insisted, by frightening everybody with the threat of Communism. Such a policy, however, he argued, was antagonizing ever larger masses in all these non-Communist countries. "The inevitable end is America's political isolation."

A close look at Chou's recent speeches shows his view has not changed, nor has his rancour. He still sees Washington as trying to "colonize" its allies, and crush the "progressive" countries, such as Red China. He feels China is a mighty power that cannot be beaten, and certainly cannot be frightened by threats. And there are many signs that he sees China as Russia's equal on the world scene, and Mao—rather than Stalin or Malemkov—as the major prophet in Asia.

Few things, indeed, could be more significant than the fact that the blue-print for China he expounded to me in Yenan is now being offered by Ho Chi Minh as the programme for Indo-China—complete with the land reform, the end of "imperialist" influence, and perhaps a coalition government. The Viet Minh, he said recently, cannot be crushed for exactly the same reason that the Communists could not be beaten in China; they kept their ear close to the villages.

Those who have met Mao Tse-tung feel there is an air of greatness about him. Chou, who will also remain in Chinese history will do so for other reasons. He is a tremendously capable administrator, a top-rate negotiator, whose suavity conceals a sledge-hammer; and a dynamic man with a faith. He might make concessions to the gyrations of the party line; he might argue with Moscow; but he will remain a Communist. The fact that he is the best dancer in official Peking or that he and his wife (who is also a veteran, and top-ranking Communist) are a charming couple, does not make him any less dangerous. He may not understand the historical processes in the West, or even its passion for freedom, but he knows where and how to probe for Western weaknesses.—(NNF)

CHLORELLA: KEY TO WORLD PLENTY

By JOSEPH C. KEELEY

A tiny, one-celled plant which multiplies rapidly and which thrives under widely-differing conditions one day may supply part of the food and energy needs of the earth's population.

IN the past decade or two, so many seeming impossibilities have been performed in laboratories that people are prone to accept them as a matter of course. Science has developed drugs which add years to life. It has provided amazing things to wear, and the means of travelling at fantastic speeds. Now scientists are on the verge of developing something which can have more far-reaching consequences than all the rest. The new development is likely to eliminate one of the major causes of wars—hunger and the pressures which are generated when great masses of people cannot get enough to eat.

The factor making possible such a phenomenal situation is chlorella, a single-celled plant which lives in fresh water. Most persons have seen it floating as scum on ponds. As an alga, it occupies the lowest position in the plant kingdom, and its insignificance is reflected in its size. Magnified 3,000 times, *Chlorella pyrenoidosa* (the proper scientific term for the species of alga which shows the greatest scientific promise) would be about as big as an eyeball.

The unusual feature about chlorella is that it is virtually all nutrition. There is no waste in roots, leaves or stems. It contains more protein than the edible portions of higher plants and also contains fats and carbohydrates. Also it contains the 10 essential amino acids, plus all the health-giving vitamins except C. Since chlorella does not require much room for growth, an area slightly over 1,000 square miles could grow enough to provide the world's population with half its protein requirements.

Chlorella can multiply amazingly, creating seven times its own volume in a day. Also, it can easily be persu-

aded to change its own composition. It is a veritable weed in hardness, being able to thrive under a wide range of conditions. Such traits have made this plant a favourite experimental material for scientists for 60 years. In the past few years, the experiments have been increased because of important new facts learned through tools made available from atomic piles.

Chlorella moved out of the test-tube stage in 1948 when the Stanford Research Institute started work on specifications for a large-scale culture plant. A similar project got under way in Germany at about the same time. During 1951, a great step forward was taken when a pilot plant for the Carnegie Institute was constructed at Cambridge, Massachusetts. This plant showed that the large-scale culture of algae was technically feasible, with a possible annual yield of 17½ tons an acre.

Highly realistic studies are being carried on in Japan, Germany, the Netherlands, Venezuela, England and the United States. In the latter nation, several large corporations devoted to food processing are interested in chlorella. Much of the present work concerns the care and feeding of chlorella cells in outdoor ponds and in indoor tanks. The major food requirement of the algae is carbon dioxide. Sunlight is necessary, but not too much of it, and the temperature range can vary from close to freezing to 102.2 degrees Fahrenheit. Within these limits, chlorella can be grown and harvested continuously.

While scientists and cooks are studying ways of making it appealing to the human palate, chlorella is likely to provide other high-protein food, particularly meat, because of

its potential value for animal feeding. Dr. Vannevar Bush, outstanding American scientist, discussing large-scale culture, gave an indication of how this might happen when he said, "It is hoped that such a development may take the form, ultimately, of a multitude of individually owned, relatively small establishments, perhaps combining the culture of algae with utilisation of the product for animal feeding on the spot."

Equally intriguing are chlorella's possibilities in another field. Today, Americans burn about 29,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline in automobiles every year, and conservationists estimate that known supplies of petroleum, at the steadily accelerating rate it is being used, will last only a few decades. What then, Chlorella may come to the rescue as a potent factor in energy production. One prediction, possibly overenthusiastic, is that all the food and energy needs of the world's population could be supplied by the chlorella grown on an area equal to less than 10 per cent of the earth's land surface.

This is possible, scientists maintain, because chlorella is a highly efficient collector of solar energy. The coal and oil used today gathered their energy from the sun long ages ago. Using the sun's energy seized by growing algae last month or last year seems as feasible as utilising solar energy acquired by plants which grew in prehistoric times.

Important though this is, the world's primary problem is food. Even today, there is not enough to go around, and the result is that only one-third of humanity has an adequate diet. Most of them were brought into cultivation by primitive man, and while they have been made to yield more and better food, they do not fulfill all needs.

In contrast, chlorella cells are fast-working, efficient food-making units, containing within themselves the pigments necessary for photosynthesis and storing materials formed in the process. Photosynthesis is what causes green plants, with the aid of sunlight and the green pigment known as chlorophyll, to convert car-

bon dioxide and water into energy-bearing substances.

Credited with being the first to glimpse the inner recesses of photosynthesis are Drs. Samuel Ruben and Martin Kamen. In 1939, at the University of California, they used radioactive carbon as a tracer to find out what went on in growing plants. They used carbon-11, but because this element remains radioactive for only a few minutes, results were limited. Then they discovered a better tool in carbon-14, which has a radioactive life of thousands of years. However, there was little carbon-14 available.

When the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission started shipping carbon-14 to scientists, photosynthesis projects were started at the University in St. Louis, the Kettering Foundation and the University of California.

Eventually, large bodies of water may be walled for the production of chlorella on a mammoth scale, with giant harvesting plants operating along the shores, or there may be miles of huge plastic tubes coiling around the countryside, filled with water seeded with chlorella. While this may seem fantastic, there are many scientists who do not think it is. After all, they say, it was not until 1939 that utilisation of atomic energy became even theoretically possible. Now, they believe that they may have the key to defeat mankind's worst enemy—hunger.

—From *Coronet*

WORLD TOBACCO TRADE

WORLD exports of unmanufactured tobacco during 1953 totalled 1,291 million pounds, about 10 per cent above 1952 and the third highest on record in the postwar period, the U. S. Department of Agriculture has announced.

The postwar record was set in 1951 when world exports reached 1,304 millions pounds.

The United States continued as the world's leading tobacco exporter in 1953, the department reported. Its exports totalled 516,357,000 pounds, 30 per cent above 1952 and comprised about 40 per cent of the world total.

In the Movieland

By

A. MUTHUSWAMI

IN the middle of this month a very significant event in the annals of the South Indian film history took place. I refer to the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Film Federation of India at the Gemini Studios under the chairmanship of Mr. S. S. Vasan.

A few years ago, if anybody had suggested that prominent film people of Bombay or Calcutta would make a journey all the way to Madras to discuss matters connected with films, that person would certainly have made himself an object of ridicule. If further he had the temerity to suggest that such a meeting would be presided over by a South Indian he would be surely considered to have parted company with his reason. Yet such a miracle has happened.

For this universally held belief of the backwardness of Madras in matters film the reason is not far to seek. When pictures began to talk, naturally the Madras films were made in the languages prevalent here, that is, mostly in Tamil and Telugu. Such pictures had no release scope in any other part of India and the opinion gained ground that Indian pictures meant only pictures made either in Bombay or Calcutta and very often people referred to Tamil and Telugu pictures with a certain air of condescension and sometimes also with sneer.

All this has now changed. To-day Madras occupies, if not the pre-eminent place, at least a position equal to that of Bombay and Calcutta in the film map of the world, and the meeting of the members of the Film Federation at Gemini is symptomatic of the change.

This unique position in the Indian film world is mostly due to the initiative and endeavours of Mr. Vasan.

He conceived the big idea of making his *Chandraleka* in Hindi and the success of this picture made the film men of Bombay and Calcutta who came to scoff sit up and take notice. The success of *Chandraleka* was kept up by Gemini by a series of brilliant pictures.

After two days' deliberation, the committee has passed a number of resolutions. They deal with the conclusions of the Government of India recently published on the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee of 1951. To assess intelligently the merit of these resolutions, it seems to me that a fundamental film factor should be clearly understood.

A film to exist at all presupposes two sets of people. There should be first, a set of people to see the film, that is, the audience; and secondly, a set of people to make them. The audience go to films seeking entertainment and producers engage in creating films to make money. These are basic facts. In addition, every where in the world, the film has to contend with a third category of people demanding a say in its films exhibition and production, and that is the government. The reason advanced by government everywhere for their intervention has been that it is their right to maintain the taste of the people from descending into vulgarity and to prevent film-makers from pandering to the vitiated taste of the film goers in their eagerness to make as much money as possible.

Governmental intervention has taken many forms. In fact there are as many forms as there are governments in existence but they can be classified roughly under two main categories. In totalitarian countries, the government exercises a rigid control over every branch, of the film industry in production, distribution and exhibition. The people, that is the audience, have no say whatever and have to content themselves with seeing what the governments consider best and suitable for them. Elsewhere, the various branches of film are under private management: the governments have devised various

forms of control. This control varies from country to country.

India is not a totalitarian country and if the pronouncements of our leaders mean anything at all, it is not likely that it would ever become one. Under the circumstances, governmental attitude to the Indian film industry can at best be only that of a guide correcting, as a last resort, what is patently wrong and likely to lower public taste.

To define what is desirable public taste is in itself a very difficult problem. A lot of personal predilections enter clouding a right judgment on this issue. A man with reforming zeal is the most unlikely person who can be expected to come to a balanced judgment on this much discussed problem. Most of our politicians are nothing if not reformers.

A careful reading of the report of the Film Enquiry Committee, will show that this urge for reform colours every one of its recommendations. No where is this more evident than in the proposal regarding the formation of a Film Council. The report says that this Council "will give the industry, the necessary stimulus and inspiration to regulate its affairs on healthy and constructive lines, ensure that organizationally it functions in an efficient and business-like manner, ensure professional conduct and discipline in its various branches and enforce standards of quality which would make the film a cultural agent and an instrument of healthy entertainment." This reminds me of the common saying that you can take the horse to drink but how can you make it drink.

Calmer considerations seem to have convinced the government of the utopian nature of the advantages which the members of the Film Enquiry Committee sanguinely expect would flow from the mere institution of the Film Council. In their decision they have wisely dropped the proposal to set up this statutory Film Council. In its place they have suggested the setting up of a National Film Board which will direct and supervise two subordinate organisations: a Film Production Bureau and

a Film Institute. The Film Production Bureau, the Government expect, will give advice on scripts, will provide guidance to producers on various aspects of production, for example story, scenario, artistic talent, cost of estimates etc. It will also provide the nucleus of a library and research service.

The film institute, they contemplate, will give instructions in the various technical branches of picture production, that is in direction, cinematography, sound engineering, editing, developing and printing etc.

In addition, the government propose that the function of the Central Board of Film Censors should be taken over by the proposed Film Board.

It was to consider these decisions of the Government of India that the Executive Committee of the Film Federation met in Madras. In contrast to the utopian recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee and the reforming zeal evident in the conclusions of the Government of India it is heartening to find that a sense of realism and an intelligent appreciation of the basic film factors characterise the resolutions of the Federation Committee. The dropping of the idea of a Statutory Film Council is welcomed by the Federation in one resolution. In another, it is wisely suggested that the contemplated National Film Board would be useful only if its recommendations are advisory. It is also rightly contended that the mingling of censorship with the other activities of the National Film Board would create difficulties.

Even years of picture production hardly give one an insight into what sort of stories are likely to capture popular fancy. To make the members of the film Board an authority on the suitability of stories for film production is to claim omniscience to a Government official, which is manifestly absurd.

If Government would only heed and act up to these resolutions in a cooperative way, a good foundation for the progress of the Indian Film industry would have been well and truly laid.

ASYLUM IN BRITAIN

By ANDREW ROTH

THE extent to which Britain is willing to grant asylum to victims of the American witch-hunt is being put to an open test by a pair of quiet-spoken American doctors. The country which gave asylum to Karl Marx and Friederich Engels is being put on the spot over a 26-year-old American doctor who freely admits to having been a Communist for two years in the United States.

It is a test of Britain's tradition of asylum which is being forced on it by the United States, not one which Britain sought. For years the British have sought to be as liberal as they can to persecuted Americans, provided that they do not do Britons out of jobs, nor create friction between the British and American governments.

The American Government has precipitated a showdown over Britain's under-the-counter liberalism by demanding that Dr. J. H. Cort return to the States, allegedly to fulfill his military service. The U. S. Embassy informed the Home Office that Dr. Cort had left the U. S. with the intention of evading national service, a charge for which, under the McCarran Act, he can be deprived of citizenship. The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, conscious of the wide public displeasure expressed over the draft evasion of a young British racing driver, initially agreed with the American Embassy and told Dr. Cort and his wife that he should prepare to leave Britain at the end of June. Then the storm broke.

The sequence of events is as follows: Dr. Joseph Cort arrived in Britain in June 1951 after completing medical school at Yale University. Accompanying him was his wife Ruth, whom he had met while they were both studying at Yale. There they had both been active in the Association of Internes and Medical Students, advocating health insurance and a national health service in the United States. He, in addition, joined the Communist Party in 1949, remaining in it until 1951.

On completing their medical education, the Corts decided to accept a research fellowship at Cambridge University. Cort's special interest had been in electrolyte metabolism and kidney physiology and R. A. McCance at Cambridge is one of the outstanding scientists in this field. Dr. Cort had come in contact with him in 1948-9 when he spent a year studying at Cambridge.

The Corts arrived in England in May 1951, with a valid joint passport. He had been examined for selective service in 1948 but turned down because of residual poliomyelitis. Before leaving the U. S., Cort insists, he registered with the authorities before he was legally compelled to so that he might be able to travel in time. He says he asked the army authorities and the Yale University consultant on military service whether there were any formalities in leaving for his post, and was told that there were none, and that he could leave.

On November 28, 1951 the U. S. Embassy asked him to bring in his passport. Asked why, they said that they could disclose no reason but that they should hand in their passports for one valid only for a return journey to the States. "I was very loth to comply," says Dr. Cort, "since I had only been in my Fellowship for three months, and I had also registered as a research student at Cambridge. My legal adviser informed me that there was no legal compulsion in the request, and since I had very little reason to expect that scientific employment would be available for me under present conditions in the U. S. I did not comply with the request. In June 1952, my passport expired. I applied for renewal of permit to stay, and the Home Office granted this with full knowledge of my status."

In the spring of 1953 the Corts began to receive clippings from American newspapers as the Congressional Committee on Un-American Acti-

vities began investigating Communism on various American university campuses. "In the course of their hearings at Yale and in Boston, many of my old acquaintances were asked if they knew me, I being identified as a member of 'a secret Communist cell' at Yale . . . All of my friends who refused legally to testify were dismissed from University posts except one at Harvard. There, the University refused to dismiss him, but the Massachusetts authorities have indicted him for violating his oath to the University and the state, even though the University is not the complainant, and he is awaiting trial at present."

"Because of these considerations I considered that I would find it impossible to continue my scientific and medical career in the United States, and I applied in December 1952 for a lectureship in Physiology at the University of Birmingham, a permanent position. This post was awarded to me in February 1953." The Corts moved to Birmingham, Mrs. Cort became a house physician at Queen Elizabeth's hospital there. The Home Office again renewed their permit to stay when their second year of residence was up in May 1953. They liked the quiet life of Britain and decided to become British citizens when their five years of residence was up.

THEN the blow fell. "In December 1953, I was called to the Criminal Investigation Department of the Birmingham Police to have a message from the U. S. Embassy read out to me and to have a reply taken." The American authorities charged him with violating U. S. laws in leaving the U. S. without permission for the purpose of evading national service and that he had refused to obey legally binding call-up orders.

He admits to having refused to answer call-up orders. "In March 1953, I received an order to appear for examination and induction into the U. S. Army either in America or Germany. I again took legal advice, and was informed that under British and international law I could only receive notice of intention, but that no legally binding notice could be served on me by a foreign govern-

ment in the United Kingdom, and that my only legal obligation was to report for service upon returning to the jurisdiction of the demanding authority. I therefore did not report as ordered. The order was repeated several times, despite the fact that my parents informed the U. S. authorities of my legal position."

By this time he was under no illusion that he was being called back because the U. S. Army craved his scientific abilities. The U. S. Army had begun its loyalty oath programme under which all candidates for call-up and commission are required to list all political organizations with which they have been connected. "If membership of any organization on the official 'subversive list' was admitted," Dr. Cort points out, "past or present, or if the candidate legally refused to fill in the form, he was called up as a private, regardless of medical qualifications or experience. Two of my friends so indicted have subsequently undergone court-martial for subversive activity supposedly undertaken before military service, and one has been dishonorably discharged. Recalling the Army aftermath of the McCarthy publicity of the 'pink dentist' Cort added: "Last month, the U. S. Army's policy was changed, so that former and present communists and 'subversives' are not allowed into the armed services at all."

He was notified by the Home Office that they were consulting with the U. S. Embassy on his alleged evasion of military service. In March 1954, the Home Office informed him that he would not be permitted to stay beyond June 30 and that if the U. S. revoked his citizenship before then, he might be asked to leave earlier.

The authorities at Birmingham University grew quite agitated about this and the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Prof. A. V. Hill and others made representations on his behalf. A. Wedgwood Benn, the son of Lord Stansgate, asked for political asylum for them.

The Home Office's reply was disturbing to many. The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, replied

that political asylum is only considered when life is endangered. He added that it would be a "dangerous precedent" to allow Dr. Cort to remain here.

Others, who prize Britain's civil liberties, feel that it will establish a "dangerous precedent" to allow the Corts to be deported. Britain is a remarkable country. Not only is there no written constitution, but many of its strongest liberal traditions are simply traditions, established by the balance between official and public pressures. Thus, in deportation proceedings, the Home Secretary has *absolute* powers to deport aliens, which cannot be challenged in the courts—unlike the U. S. where an alien ordered deported can fight these proceedings in the courts literally for years.

Britain, luckily, has an active body of M.P.s. and others who will act against what they consider to be an infringement of British civil liberties. The Home Secretary has agreed to see a delegation of M. Ps., led by Mr. Wedgwood Benn. The Association of Scientific Workers is considering action. A number of individuals active in the '30s in protection of intellectuals threatened by European fascism are thinking of reactivating themselves to aid American intellectuals who fall victim to the witchhunt.

One of the interesting aspects of the Cort case is that he is being defended by the National Council for Civil Liberties, a predominantly leftwing organization which has a long and honorable record of fighting for civil liberties in the British tradition. As a result it is widely tolerated and even supported by orthodox Labour people who would not ordinarily touch an organization also supported by the Communists.

Despite this support, the Council insists on excluding the question of American policies from its view and argues only on the question of British civil liberties. "The policy being pursued by the Home Office is in complete contrast to this country's whole tradition of granting political asylum and threatens the position of every political refugee,"

the Council protested. "The suggestion that a man deprived of citizenship by his country of origin thereby loses the right to stay in Britain destroys the whole basis of political asylum. If this principle were adopted, any foreign Government could compel the removal of any of its citizens by the simple process of withdrawing citizenship. Finally, the suggestion that this country will grant political asylum only in those cases where life itself is endangered is, in our opinion, entirely without precedent."

THE Corts have had a fairly sympathetic response from the British press, particularly in view of the fact that thus far only their side of the case has been heard. After Ritchie Calder 'broke' the story in the *News Chronicle*, the Corts had a well-attended press conference where they were treated with deference and courtesy by the press corps, including Americans such as Joseph Newman of the New York *Herald-Tribune* who is apparently trying to rebuild his reputation as an expert on Communist conspiracies.

The Conservative *Sunday Times* has given an extensive summary of the Corts' plight and the mass circulation *Sunday Pictorial* joined with *Reynolds News* in sympathetic support. "In Britain," said the 'Pic' such a past may be laughed off as a student activity. In the United States the Red Mark sticks . . . It will appear to the public this morning that Britain is just kicking out a couple of people who say they want political asylum. The Home Secretary should clear that up with a statement—promptly."

Reynolds was obviously impressed by Dr. Cort's statement: "We like Britain and we have found a freedom here that we did not enjoy in the United States."

Said Harry Barker, Secretary of the Birmingham Trades Council: "The long arm of McCarthyism must not be allowed to stretch out into this country. When people come from eastern Europe and say they are being persecuted we welcome them, and we should do the same if they come from the West."

STORM OVER McCARTHY

WASHINGTON: During the last four weeks with the help of the new media called Television, Senator Joseph McCarthy is being seen by millions of Americans in action right in their homes. This indeed has been a blessing in disguise.

One cannot remain indifferent to Joe McCarthy in one's living room. He is an abrasive man, and he is recklessly transparent.

The country did not know him before, despite all the headlines. Now it has seen him. It has had a startling but accurate presentation of his ideas, his tactics, his immense physical power, and it is at least basing its judgments now on first hand observation. The things that have hurt him and cost him support are his manner and his manners. People are still clearly divided on the substance of the charges and the counter charges between him and the Army, but on one thing there seems little division: the Senator from Wisconsin is a bad mannered man.

No session ever goes by without somebody being cut down by his sharp tongue. Testimony can go along smoothly for an hour, but as soon as the Wisconsin Senator enters it, there is usually a quarrel.

We present here the views of the two great parties, the Republican and the Democratic, on McCarthy's future.

Republican view—Here are the opinions of a Republican editor:

The most significant development in the dispute between Sen. J. R. McCarthy and Army Secretary R. T. Stevens is taking place this week out of the range of the television cameras, behind closed doors at the White House.

President Eisenhower no longer is merely an interested bystander in the controversy. He has assumed command of the anti-McCarthy forces in the Republican Party, throwing all the power and prestige of his office into the fight. Thus, the dis-

pute between McCarthy and Stevens no longer is simply a dispute between two Republicans. McCarthy is now up against the entire Republican leadership, from the President down.

The President tried for many months to make McCarthy a member of his "team." Although he didn't particularly care for the way McCarthy sometimes operated, he did wholeheartedly approve of the Senator's stated objective—to drive Communists from the government—and he, therefore, saw no reason why they couldn't work together.

Disillusionment was long in coming, and it came gradually. McCarthy's attack on his appointment of Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to Moscow gave the President his first jolt, but it did not discourage him even momentarily. He persisted in his efforts to win the Senator's co-operation by every means. All the while, he was receiving conflicting advice from his aides. Some urged him to bend over backward to avoid a full scale battle with McCarthy, for such a rift, they argued, could only hurt the party. Moreover, they said, to millions of voters McCarthy personified the issue of Communism and was a tremendous party asset. Others told him that McCarthy had become a disruptive influence within the GOP and a major menace to his Administration. Unchecked, he eventually would destroy the Administration, they insisted.

The original leader of the anti-McCarthy group was C. D. Jackson, then a Presidential assistant. After he quit Washington, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. moved into the forefront of the fight. Lodge was supported by Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's favourite brother, by industrialist Paul Hoffman, and by R. Cutler, major domo of the National Security Council. Step by step McCarthy's attacks on Administration officials forced the President to stiffen in his opposition to him. The anti-McCarthy forces finally prevailed when the Senator touched Mr. Eisen-

hower's most sensitive nerve by accusing the Army of "coddling Communists." As a man who had spent almost his entire life in the Army, the President considered the charge thoroughly preposterous. He decided that McCarthy's critics were right when they said the Senator was not really concerned about Communism, but was using the issue of Communism as a springboard for personal publicity.

Mr. Eisenhower is not out to purge McCarthy. He wants to isolate him from the Republican Party and cut down his size. His first step toward achieving this goal was to ask the Republican National Committee not to co-operate with the Wisconsin Republican in any way.

The President, in addition, has given the green light to his Cabinet to hit back hard whenever McCarthy attacks them. Hereafter, every Administration official who gets into a tangle with him can count on the same solid White House support that Stevens gets.

Some Republican leaders are far from happy about Mr. Eisenhower's decision to fight McCarthy, and they are still working behind the scenes to heal the rift between the President and the Senator. One of them is Senator E. Dirksen of Illinois. However, those who know Mr. Eisenhower best are convinced that Dirksen's peacemaking efforts cannot succeed. The President has developed such a dislike to McCarthy, they say, that he turns red with anger whenever the man's name is mentioned.

McCarthy himself does not appear fully aware of what has been happening. He still thinks he can avoid an irreparable break with the President, at least until election day.

McCarthy does realize that his fight with Stevens has cost him a good deal of his popularity and that it has created an impossible situation for him. He cannot hope to win without hurting the Administration and the Republican Party. "This is the first time I've been in a fight which I can't afford to lose but which I don't want to win," he said.

What he doesn't recognize is how powerful a force Mr. Eisenhower is amassing against him and the firmness of the President's opposition.

THE fact that McCarthy thinks he can avoid a break with the President doesn't mean that he isn't prepared for a break. On the contrary, the Senator already is storing up ammunition for it. Publicly, he still says that he supports the President. Privately, he refers to him constantly—and not only among intimates—as "The Democrat President."

McCarthy's view of his activities is quite different from the President's. He conceives of himself as a man with a mission to reform the party. He has no desire to lead a third party and no presidential ambitions. He wants only to rid the Administration of influences which he considers "New Dealish." He finds these influences particularly pervasive in foreign policy. He believes that "a holdover New Deal" foreign policy is losing Americans the cold war in Asia.

McCarthy is convinced the great majority of Republicans will support him in his efforts to purge the Administration, even if that leads to a knockdown fight with the President. He points to his mail—7,000 to 8,000 letters a day, or about one third of all the mail handled by the Senate Post Office. And he notes that he gets between 20 to 30 requests to speak a day. The Gallup Poll shows that his popularity has slipped three percentage points, to 35, since early April, with 50 per cent of Republicans still for him. A newspaper survey, however, puts McCarthy followers considerably ahead of opponents, on the basis of letters received.

What McCarthy has not yet taken into consideration is Mr. Eisenhower's decision to isolate him from the party. The Republican National Committee has no alternative except to swing behind Mr. Eisenhower, for the President, after all, is the leader of the party and the National Committee can hardly repudiate him. Many Republican leaders on Capitol Hill will have to shun McCarthy, too, for the same reason.

THUS, McCarthy eventually will find himself fighting a lonely battle so far as his party is concerned. He will have a forum—the Senate—and a following—the people who inundate him with letters every day—but he will not have any organizational backing. The organization will be against him. Whether he can win with that setup is problematical.

The cease-fire was over; the peace talks had failed. And now the war between Senator J. R. McCarthy and Army Sec. R. T. Stevens was raging again in full fury. For both sides, it had become total war. Neither would accept any settlement short of unconditional surrender, and both were confident of victory.

After a week long recess, televised hearings resumed with Stevens in the chair, insisting that he alone was responsible for the charge that McCarthy and subcommittee counsel Roy Cohn had sought favoured treatment for Pvt. G. David Schine, a former unpaid sub-committee consultant.

McCarthy, for his part, contended that White House aides really "instigated" the charges. Swapping sharp words with Stevens, he stormed: "You can't cover up for anyone by accepting the responsibility." Stevens barked back: "I'm not trying to cover up."

Throughout the debate, questioning skirted around the area marked out of bounds by the President's directive forbidding Army counsel J. G. Adams to reveal details of the January 21 conference at the Justice Department where Presidential advisers discussed the Schine case.

McCarthy got Stevens to go so far as to testify that John Adams told him that Sherman Adams, Presidential adviser, had "suggested" that a written memorandum on the Schine case be prepared. Stevens, however, insisted that "suggestions" coming from Sherman Adams were not taken by him as orders.

During the recess, Republican leaders had tried to persuade President Eisenhower to withdraw his order. All their efforts had failed. Unyielding in his opposition to McCarthy,

the President not only rejected all suggestions for a compromise, he went out of his way to make it clear that he was definitely and finally on Sec. Stevens's side. Going to Charlotte for a speech commemorating Mecklenburg county's break with England in 1775 he took Stevens along and kept him at his side during the ceremonies. The ovation for Stevens, who did not speak, was second only to that accorded the President. When the President spoke of his confidence in "our armed services from their secretaries and high commanders on down to the last private in the ranks," the crowd got the allusion and applauded heartily.

Next day, at his press conference, he announced firmly that he would neither rescind nor relax his order, expressing astonishment that anyone might question the Constitutional separation of the Executive and Legislative branches, or that anyone might use the order as an excuse for calling off the hearings. His position was that the public hearings should go on, "let the chips fall where they may."

The issue of whether transcripts of monitored phone calls could be put into the record created another headache for the sub-committee. Republicans agreed to the use of such transcripts as were read and approved by Sen. McCarthy, Sec. Stevens, and others involved in the particular conversation under discussion. Democrats balked at this, proclaiming an "all or nothing" policy of publication. Sen. Karl E. Mundt, South Dakota Republican and acting chairman, saw in this difference of policy the likelihood that none of the conversations would ever get into the record.

Meanwhile, the developments had heartened Sec. Stevens. After refusing all the week to make any comment he opened up at Miles City and publicly thanked the President for his support in the controversy. He told a stockmen's convention: "I am always asked the same two questions: Am I sorry I have gone to Washington, and am I going to resign? The answer to both is a strong no."

Democratic View—A Democratic editor gives the following pungent opinion:

It is now four years since the antics and adventures of the Junior Senator from Wisconsin have thrown the nation into confusion, endangered its sanity, challenged its freedoms and compromised its world position . . .

Those four years have been climaxed by a display of cynicism by the would-be fuehrer and his Republican committee allies which it would be hard to parallel in our history.

Millions have watched the TV screen day after day with a feeling of heartsickness because, time after time, the gutter tactics of the Wisconsin dead-end kid have gone unrebutted by both Sen. Mundt and Ray Jenkins who, as chairman and counsel for the hearings, have the duty of keeping them somewhat fair. Many of those millions must feel as I do when I accuse McCarthy and Co., as I propose to do:

I accuse McCarthy of planning a desperate thrust toward dictatorial power, by the techniques of Hitlerism, using the passions of hatred and fear, with the aim of getting control of American atomic strength . . . I accuse his Republican committee colleagues—Mundt, Dirksen, Sworzhak and Potter—of cowardice and blindness beyond the call of party duty in their efforts to protect him from the consequences of his own acts . . .

I accuse McCarthy of recklessly slinging around charges of "Communism" against anyone and everyone who dares to criticize or oppose him. I accuse him of using his usurped committee power to blackmail the Army, and I accuse his Republican colleagues on the committee of preparing to whitewash him with a four vote committee report whose conclusions have been decided even before

the text has been written or all the evidence heard . . .

I accuse McCarthy of an "I Am The Committee" arrogance of attitude toward the other committee members, treating them with contemptuous neglect and studious insult—keeping them in the dark about the lines of investigation, the identity of the "witnesses," the nature of the "evidence." I accuse him of treating the committee as if it were his personal property, and as if his omnipotent sway over it were his personal and unalterable prerogative . . .

I accuse him of trying to equip "his" committee with the kind of built-in "fuehrer" principle which, if he ever got the power, he would extend to every phase of American life . . . I accuse McCarthy of mapping a planned assault not on the Communists, who are only his pretended targets, but on the great institutions that safeguard freedom and order in a democracy—a government of law, an Army whose principle is equal treatment, a free press and radio . . .

I accuse him of trying either to rule or ruin these strategic centers of power in a democracy . . .

I accuse him of singling out the newspapers, Republican and Democratic alike, that are the symbols of steadfast opposition toward any Fascist usurpation of power, and subjecting them to a campaign that combines the propaganda techniques of a Goebbels with the venom of an adder . . .

I accuse him of applying to men like Edward Murrow, Joseph and Stewart Alsop, and James A. Wechsler the standard totalitarian technique of trying to ruin their careers in order to break their spirit. I accuse him, happily, of failing miserably in every case . . .

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

In politics, unlike personal relations, the saying 'two is company, three is none' is the very opposite of the truth. Where eight great powers, or even three great powers, can be gathered together, it is less difficult to manage a co-operative government of the world than where we can muster no more than two.—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

British Policy At Geneva

By GUY WINT

IN the welter of the proceedings at the Geneva conference—which are bound to become more complex the longer the conference lasts—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.

Cause of wars

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.

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.

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.

Colombo 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 been 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 Vietnam.

Short Cuts

That morning I saw in the papers that Dr. Leanstick's new book was published, and I picked up the telephone to place an order for it at the bookseller's.

A girl's voice came over the wire. Her accent was terribly refined. She sounded like several BBC. announcers with appendicitis.

"Secretary to the Maharani speaking," she said.

I jumped out of my chair but clung to the phone.

"What! Which Maharani?"

"Secretary to the Maharani of Fungistan speaking."

"Does the Maharani sell books?" I asked, thinking that she, with the cuts in privy purses all over the country, might have opened a bookshop of her own.

The voice at the other end suddenly lost its poise. After a shriek, phrases jerked over the line: "What the devil do you mean. Do you know whom you are speaking to . . . the boulder . . . mighty clever, are you . . ."

Replacing the receiver, I cut her rhapsody short.

I rang the number of my bookseller's again and waited hopefully.

"Secretary to the Maharani . . ." I hurriedly put the phone down. Not daring to trust again to my dialling, I called the Exchange.

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.

"Hullo," said she.

"Hullo! Please give me Tomes and Gomes, the booksellers 3203."

"You are through."

"Hullo," I said. "Is that Tomes and Gomes?"

"No. Hokes and Dokes. Undertakers. Shall we come over. Street and number, please."

I shuddered and disconnected. Try the Exchange again, I thought. Perhaps I should be a little persuasive.

"Hullo."

"Hullo," I said. "now don't think that I am angry or anything, but you know I got some undertakers and not the booksellers. Please get me Tomes and Gomes, 3203."

"You are through, Mister."

"Your grandmother was a goose. Your grandfather was a stinker. Your cousin . . ." It was very offensive. I thought of legal proceedings and wanted the Exchange as a witness.

"Did you hear that?"

She cut him off.

"Please, on my knees I beg you, get me Tomes and Gomes. They are just round the corner. I could walk there in six or seven minutes, but what is the use of having a phone and not being able to use it? Please, do get me Tomes and Gomes, 3203, please." I was nearly in tears.

"You are through to Gomes and Tomes," she said.

I heard nothing for a long while. Then, a soft voice:

"Yes, dearest, yes my dove . . . no, my chicken . . . yes, my duck . . . at five, my sweet . . . no, my pet . . . can't get away before 4.30 you know . . . always, sweetest . . . no, my love . . ."

"Very funny," I shouted to the Exchange.

She cut me off.

My wrath against the telephone system boiled over. They may not get the number I want, but I shall keep them busy. I will make them sweat for it, the numskulls!

I picked up the phone and said in the sweetest voice that I could manage:

"Won't you please get me chieftain Polo-Pongo of the Upper Congo?"

"Fifteen minutes, please," she said.

"Take a day," I replied, airily.

Fifteen minutes later, exactly to the second, a horrible masculine voice came over the wire. He sounded like a dozen Congo tribes on the warpath. The voice thundered: "Polo-Pongo speaking."

The world swam around me, or I swam around it, I could not say which. Blood of my dead ancestors! they had Polo-Pongo on the phone! Fifteen minutes ago, I had not known that there was a chieftain of that name in the Congo or anywhere else. And now there was a creature thus called. He had a phone and I could

get him to speak to me easier than I could get the booksellers a furlong away. At that terrible moment it was a Churchillian phrase that rose from the subconscious to my rescue: "Snatch from the heart of defeat the will to victory!"

"Great chieftain of the Mighty Congo!" I said, "hunter without peer and beloved of his people!"

The effect was good. "Dat zaunds naiz," said Polo Pongo. "O helper of the weak, flesheater without compare, do this your admirer a favour!"

"You speech naiz. What de fabour:"

"Please, mighty lord of many wives, ring up Tomes and Gomes, Marikad 3203, South India, and tell them to send me a copy of Dr. Leanstick's latest book, 'The Future of the Banana.' won't you?"

"What yer name?"

"Tell them to send it round to 272, Boris Karloff Road, Marikad."

"I bill, I bill."

"Thank you, Polo-Pongo, thank you."

It only remains to be said that when the book arrived the same evening. I found it was Dr. Drumstick's latest book, "The Butchers of Panama." Perhaps Polo-Pongo's pronunciation had misled the booksellers. I took the book back myself, walking the furlong between my flat and the premises of Tomes and Gomes, booksellers.

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GILT AND GOLD

Short Story

By

M. Rizvon

THE sun was at its hottest in the April afternoon, when Gopal turned the bend of the asphalted road and entered the offices of "Sunshine Automobiles, Tiruchirapalli." These were housed in one of the most modern structures in the town, and as he stepped into its green, distemper-coated lounge a pleasant whiff of air, lashed out by the whirling ceiling-fan, greeted him. He heaved a sigh of relief, and drawing a ragged silken handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the flowing perspiration off his lined brow, his dark smooth-shaven face, and his grizzled well-trimmed moustache. His eye located the Anglo-Indian receptionist who sat at a file-littered table in a corner of the place. And going to her, he held out his yellowed card, printed years ago, in his ill-spent youth.

The bespectacled young girl looked up brusquely and darted at him the usual question, "You want to see the Chief, sir?"

"Yes, for a half-hour, if he could spare the time."

"I'll send in your card. Would you mind waiting?"

Gopal fumbled for words for a direct reply. He meekly put in, "will it take long?"

"I can't say. He's in conference with some American experts and the deal he's at, is important. At the least it might take an hour."

"That's not very long. And after all," he mumbled to himself, "what's the use of my time? . . . I'll wait," he concluded in a decisive air.

"There's a seat for you!" She pointed to one of the mauve-covered settees arranged across the other end of the place, and resumed her work.

Gopal crossed to the comfortable corner and threw his lean and jerky frame into the seat assigned to him. He felt at ease and for once his jagged nerves seemed to

be all right. He took a journal from the neat pile on the table, and looked into it with a care-free air. But something in it caught his attention and with the muscles of his face taut, he sat erect and gave the object of his interest a closer attention.

The journal was a trade magazine brought out by the largest automobile federation in South India and its most important feature for the month was an illustrated article on the growth and development, over a period of twenty years, of Sunshine Automobiles, from the single-unit garage to the premier auto distributing and reconditioning organisation in South India, and it paid glowing tributes to the firm's sole proprietor, his erstwhile colleague and school-mate, Vijay Rajan.

Gopal looked at the excellent photograph of the up and coming entrepreneur and he turned pale. His hands shook, and he felt his heart beat faster. And once again in his mind the doubt he had fought so hard to conquer, all through morning and the preceding month, came out to assail his hesitant hopes: Would Vijay receive him with a cordial air? Would Vijay treat him as his old and intimate friend? Or, would he remind himself of the grave injustice he, Gopal, had done him in his youth and turn the impoverished man of middle age out of his doors? Gopal felt his expectations sink to their lowest.

He had come to ask his friend—who was now the possessor of over ten million rupees, whose well-

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equipped garages and gasoline stations were thriving and expanding all over the South, and whose donations to public-welfare schemes ran into fabulous six-figure cheques—for a modest monetary aid. He would not call it by any other name; for it was not alms, as Gopal was not yet a beggar; and it was not loan, as Gopal never intended to repay it. It was at best a compensation—as Gopal views it—which a rich business magnate ought to pay to a former friend who had the same education, training and ambition as himself, but whom fate had glued to the lowest rung!

Gopal thought that with the reputation for unselfishness Vijay had built up in the last two decades, he would give him at least a thousand rupees, which might suffice to meet his immediate needs: the clearance of dues owed to the grocer, the milkman, the landlord, the silk-merchant, and the doctor who treated his consumptive wife. He had always believed that bachelor as Vijay was, every married man had a right to his property and, he, Gopal, had the best claim to a little part of it, as he was the only surviving friend the premier industrialist had. But the word 'friend' gave him a jolt. Was he indeed the most loyal and affectionate friend Vijay had had? Had he ever shown the shy and reserved youth that Vijay was at the time of their closest intimacy, the kindness and unselfish regard due to him? Gopal felt his heart-beats rise like hammer-strokes and he covered his eyes with his hands. The wrong he had done to Vijay was unforgettable indeed—a permanent black patch on his conscience, whose insufferable torture should hasten his oncoming end.

Gopal threw back the magazine on the table before him and lighted a cheap cigarette.

HIS thoughts fled back over his past and the poignant memory came to him of the carefree days he had spent in his ancestral home, and the easy access he had found to the fulfilment of all his needs. He had been the only son of a middling rich mirasdar and was assured of a steady

and unabating income flowing into his hands as soon as he inherited the family-estates. And this fact had made him the most sought-after patron—much higher than just 'friend'—while he was yet a boy in the high school. But no classmate had so evoked his admiration as Vijay—a bus driver's son. Gopal had been much impressed by the lad's independence of spirit, his studious and even temperament, and the determination, he showed in every pursuit which he never expressed to anyone but which was manifest in all his acts. Gopal had almost forced his friendship on him and had swept him off his feet by a show of affection that overwhelmed the boy. Together they passed out of the high school, entered college, took their degrees, he in Arts and Vijay in Commerce, and obtained employment in a government bureau. Both of them bereft of parents now, they had to rely on each other's advice for the shaping of their lives. Vijay had filled his part very well. But when the time came for Gopal to advise him on the most vital question of his youthful friend's life, Gopal had knowingly given him wrong and ruinous advice.

Gopal bit his lips as he thought of it all, and the shame he inwardly felt expressed itself on his face. He recalled Vijay had never been popular with the other sex as he himself had been. And the inexperienced youth whose attention was concentrated almost entirely on the official side of his life, had never gone after any romantic escapades. But as God's reward for his chastity the officer who headed the Bureau in which he served, happened to be of his own community and sub-caste and the shrewd gentleman had interested himself in him and marked him out as prospective bridegroom to his accomplished daughter, Vinodini. The officer hailed from a distinguished family and so great was the impression made on him by Vijay's capabilities, that without so much as the stirring of a finger on his part, Vijay was invited to the officer's suburban residence and accorded the privilege of a family friend. Events moved fast and in due course, his engagement to Vinodini was

announced. Preparations for the auspicious day on which the wedding was to take place were taken up and the news was well received everywhere.

But the one exception in the well-pleased crowd that thronged round Vijay at the office to offer him 'congrats.' was Gopal. His own ambitions had long centred on Vinodini who headed the select society girls of the town. And he resented to the point of vileness, his friend's luck in securing the hand of so desirable a girl. He therefore took on himself the role of the devil and dinned into the believing ears of his unsuspecting friend false stories casting aspersions on Vinodini's unimpeachable character. "She's notorious . . ." he lied to Vijay, "you would not believe it. She has a horde of admirers and all of them are highly placed. You for one would never be able to hold a tight rein over her, my boy. Take care! I'm telling this to you because it is incumbent on me as a loyal friend to warn you from falling into a bottomless pit. Save yourself while there is yet time. You need a loving wife, not a glamorous show-girl."

Gopal chuckled to himself as he recollected the success he had met with in this vile campaign. Vijay believed every word of what he said, and placing implicit faith in his friendly counsel, acted up to his advice. "What a fool of a youth! He threw away the most lovable gift of God, and all because of a scheming friend," Gopal muttered to himself in unashamed exultation, and felt pity for the unfortunate fellow. For Vijay broke off the engagement, resigned his post, and took up a low-paid job in the bus company from which his father had retired and died. He forgot all his old associations and threw himself heart and soul into his work. He was soon raised to managerial responsibilities and in time he launched out on his own and met with immediate success. His story since then, Gopal admitted with a touch of regret, had been of rich fulfilment.

But Gopal had found fulfilment too. For, while Vijay lost himself in

the new environs he had entered, Gopal had slyly and unobtrusively stepped into the place vacated by him. He gained the good graces of the officer and in the following months, the marriage was celebrated with near regal pomp of the brilliant official, Gopal, and the society queen, Vinodini. It was considered *the* social event of the year and photographs of the profusely garlanded bridal couple found prominent place in all newspapers. Vijay was no doubt informed of all this. To him it must have come as a stab in the back. But he never gave Gopal any occasion to find out the keen resentment he felt. He did not attend the wedding and he never wrote to his venomous friend. Gopal ran into him a number of times, on the main road, at the select restaurants, and at the railway junctions; but Vijay always found some means of avoiding him. He would duck into a neighbouring shop as though to make some immediate purchases, or would feign engrossing conversation with some man who happened to be next to him. One day while Gopal and Vinodini were returning from one of their frequent trips to Madras, the couple confronted him at arm's length at the railway station. And the reaction of this impact on Vijay was astonishing to behold: the colour drained off his countenance and for a moment he seemed to be paralysed. The next instant, however, he looked past them at a train entering the platform, and ignoring them completely, hurried away, turning his back for ever on what had been the most distressing episode of his life.

SINCE then there had been many upheavals in Gopal's home. His father-in-law, the retired civil servant, passed away leaving them no legacy worth the name. And he had to part with his ancestral estate as an onset of extravagance threatened his total extinction from the 'Social Register' of the town. And in due course, as charges of maladministration were levelled at him and proved beyond doubt, he was relieved of his post. That was a signal for penury to creep in, like a hungry wolf, into their household. They ran into debts, pawned away all their belong-

ings and were on the point of being rendered paupers when Vinodini who had heroically fought this reverse in her husband's fortunes, took to bed with pthisis. Each passing day deprived her of her lingering strength, took the bloom out of her cheeks and accentuated the dark hollows around her once lustrous eyes. And the fear stole into Gopal's unrepentant heart that death might snatch away from him the one being on whom he had lavished his all and who had so richly rewarded his love. Despair seizing him from all around, he had gulped in his pride and blanketed his misgivings and had resolved to approach, of all people, his former friend Vijay Rajan and beseech his forgiveness and timely aid.

"Mr. Gopal," drawled the Anglo-Indian receptionist, to him, "you may go in now. The chief is waiting for you."

GOPAL rose, as one waking from a sombre dream. He threw a weary, dejected glance at himself, his shaking hands, his out-moded clothes of faded tweed, his patched unpolished shoes. With difficulty, he suppressed a sob. And slowly, he walked to the door the obliging girl held open for him.

He found Vijay seated at his wide table, the picture of a sober, industrious businessman. He rose at the sight of Gopal and held out his hand.

"Ah, Gopal," he said in a full voice, "it is good to see you again. You are welcome."

Gopal found himself too unsteady by emotion to make a fitting reply. He faltered and mustering all his energy, he rushed to Vijay's table, seized hold of his hands, and raised them to his eyes, crying hoarsely:—

"Vijay, noble Vijay, for God's sake forgive me. I'd been such a traitor to you. Forgive me . . ."

Vijay allowed him time to give vent to his repentant soul. He raised Gopal's head and bade him to be seated. And when Gopal looked up meekly to read the expression in his friend's eyes, he saw that a veil of tears had gathered over them, and there was a distant, heart-rending appeal in them, which vanished as

they met his glance.

"Does pardon retrieve one's losses, Gopal? Or does it do any other good? We'd rather forget the past." Vijay's voice was steady and subdued.

"But I'm selfish again, Vijay." Gopal squealed. "I ask your pardon for my own sake. For I cannot bear the torturing thought that even on my death-bed the memory of my misdeed should come to me and render the last breath more difficult to heave out . . ."

Vijay looked at him full in the face. And a light seemed to shine in his eyes. "Well if that could be any consolation to you," he said in an unemotional tone. "Rest assured I forgive you. I harbour no more resentment against you." And in token of conciliation he held out his hand and Gopal grasped it in gratitude.

Vijay sat back in his chair and asked Gopal for news about Vinodini and himself.

"I'm all but a pauper now," Gopal squeaked in a nervous, hesitant tone, "my wife is a T. B.-patient, and our only daughter, Sarojini, is studying in a charity school . . ."

"Yes, I remember," Vijay put in. "I'd been to her school for the Founder's Day, and she came on top of the fifth standard, and in sports she was the champion among the ten-year-olds. She's such a sweet child. I fell in love with her there and then . . . I was in fact thinking of seeing you in this connection . . ."

Gopal made no reply and sensing the purpose behind his visit, Vijay urged him to make a clean breast of everything. And when Gopal finished narration of an exaggerated account of Vinodini's ill-health and his own helplessness, Vijay reflected for some time and at last made a proposal which Gopal was glad to accept.

"I'm all set to assist you, Gopal. For you see I owe an obligation to Vinodini. Her father was such a gentleman and he was of such immense help to me in those days of my inexperienced youth. But I broke his heart. To make good this wrong I'll bear any expenses involved in helping her recovery. You may take

her to a good sanatorium and I'll instruct my Secretary to remit you an adequate sum every month . . ."

Gopal listened to this in ecstasy. He rose with effulgent praise and came out with another gesture of gratitude. But Vijay asked him to resume his seat and continued:

"There is however one condition I would ask you to accept. And that is to let me adopt Sarojini. You see, as a bachelor in his old age I have none to whom I can leave what I have acquired in a lifetime. I have thought over all who have laid claim to my love and affection. But none has appealed so strongly to my paternal instincts, none has impressed me so much, as your sweet child. I have decided to declare her my legal heir and I ask you to execute a legal deed enabling me to adopt Sarojini as my daughter. I hope you or Vinodini would have no objections to make."

Gopal was far from objecting to the gilt-edged offer. To him it was a Godsend that his daughter should

inherit all the millions owned by Vijay Rajan, the premier industrialist of South India. And he had no lack of faith in Vijay's proving to be a devoted and affectionate father to Sarojini. He readily gave in, and invoking divine blessings upon his noblehearted friend, he hurried away to convey the great news to his wife.

As the door closed behind him, Vijay took up the pencil he had laid aside a while ago, and turned to the papers awaiting disposal at his hands. They constituted the normal routine of his business and there was no novelty about them. But today as he ran his eye through them and scrutinised them, he found a renewed interest in them and deep inside his heart he felt the lappings of a genuine and unmistakable happiness.

He felt like a wanderer returning home, like an artist finding his ideal expression to the aspirations of years, and his soul brimmed with satisfaction.

Chu Yuan: An Ancient Chinese Poet-Hero

CHU YUAN (340-278 B.C.) was a great Chinese poet, patriot and people's hero. His life was a tragedy. Banished for his loyalty from the court by his beloved king he took his life by drowning. But his country and people sympathised with him and all China has bemoaned his fate for the past two thousand years. Even today they commemorate his death by a colourful festival. Dragon-boat races are conducted all over China and the people make a special variety of dumpling to mark the occasion. This festival has crossed the Chinese frontiers and is celebrated in Korea, Japan, Viet Nam and even in distant Malaya.

Kuo Mo-jo, an authority on Chu Yuan and an eminent scholar in ancient Chinese history has dramatised this incident in Chu Yuan's life. His play *Chu Yuan* depicts the pathetic story of how the Knight Chu Yuan, who enjoyed the high position of "Left Minister" of King Hual of Chu was discredited at court by Queen Cheng Hsiu, the favourite concubine of the king.

Chang Yi, a messenger from the powerful neighbouring kingdom of Chin, had come with false promises of territory in return for an alliance against the friendly state of Chi. Honest, patriotic Chu Yuan advised the king against this and suggested internal political reforms to strengthen the country against aggression. But the fickle-minded queen and the corrupt official Chin Shang, Chu Yuan's political rival, plotted against the noble Knight and brought about his downfall. They made the incompetent and gullible king believe a cock-and-bull story that the knight was madly in love with the queen and got him dismissed by the king as a raving lunatic. They even tried to kill him secretly in prison when indignant Chu Yuan publicly exposed the treacherous intentions of Chang Yi. But luckily for Chu Yuan his affectionate and brave maidservant, Chan Chuan and a guard saved him.

The play was first published in China in 1942. It is quite masterly written and portrays vividly the great personality of Chu Yuan. The integrity of the man, his noble-minded patriotism, his love for his king and his people, his scholarship

and poetic genius—all these stand in complete contrast to the inefficiency of the king and corruptness of the flattering, self-seeking officials who surrounded him. The play touches a note of profound pathos when Chahn Chuan, the maidservant, after bravely defying the cruel queen innocently sacrifices her life for her master and her country. She is the living symbol of the common patriotic Chinese woman and can be said to be the link between Chu Yuan and his people. The author has tried to create in her the liberated Woman of a New China, who is conscious of her role as a patriotic citizen. Yet the play is highly reminiscent of ancient China. The ritual (wherein some of Chu Yuan's own lines from *Requiem* are chanted), invoking the spirit of Chu Yuan to return to his body and give him his reason is a colourful ceremony and gives the proper setting to the story.

The play is a good example of how an ancient theme can be adapted to the needs of modern society and made into a good piece of art.

Li Sao and Others Poems of Chu Yuan is a companion volume to this play. All Chu Yuan's known poems except *Tien Wen* (The Riddles) are included in this collection.

Of these *Li Sao* (The Lament) is the longest and the most important and is supposed to have been written when Chu Yuan was in exile. This is a highly imaginative poem which describes the poet's quest for mental peace and his final disillusionment.

Eleven odes, nine elegies and three other poems attributed to Chu Yuan make up the rest of the collection. The odes, written while things went well with the poet, are all dedicated to the numerous gods of the Chinese and can be compared to the *kirtanas* in our own languages. The elegies and *Requiem*, the last in the collection, are more appealing to the foreign reader and give him a good idea of the poet and the land of his day. They were written during the period of exile and voice the wrath, anguish and despair of a soul misunderstood, maligned and disgraced. He says:

Exiled, I look back and yearn,
Homeward when shall I return?
To their Old Nests Birds will fly,
Foxes face the Hill to die,
Blameless, I was sent away,
Still this rankles Night and Day.
(*Leaving the Capital*)

Full of a patriotic fervour the poems tell us of the great love which Chu Yuan bore his people and of the efforts he made to bring about reforms in the state:

The People's Sufferings move my Heart,
Our Land I cannot leave.

(*Stray Thoughts*)
I taught the People in the ancient Ways,
And codified new Clauses of the Law.
(*Recalling the Past*)

Though disillusioned and despairing of all hopes Chu Yuan would not stoop to falsehood and flattery. Rather he was prepared to die for the sake of truth:

I seek the Hermit's Mountain high,
Where starved a Saint of Old.

My Resolution is unchanged,
My Heart no Anguish wrings.

(*The Ill-Wind*)

Chu Yuan used the common terms and the popular tunes of his people in writing his poems. Kuo Mo-Jo says that "he initiated a revolution in ancient Chinese poetry and his influence has made itself felt in Chinese literature for the past two thousand years."

These poems testify to the greatness of this Chinese poet who lived during the Golden Age of his country's civilisation. The high lyric qualities, rich and beautiful imagery, wealth of observation, imagination and finally sincerity, the test of any true classic, have achieved for Chu Yuan a rank among the greatest poets of China. And no wonder that his people love him even after two thousand years.

To the foreign reader, however, unacquainted with the myths and legends of ancient China the poems are rather difficult to understand. The purpose of the translation would have been more fully achieved if the publishers had given some footnotes to the copious allusions in them, though this would have made the volume a bit bulky.

—K. G. WARRIER

THE EASTERN SCENE

Impressions Of St. Laurent, Prime Minister Of Canada

ONE important fact we all know from statistical reports is that there are more people in India, Pakistan and Ceylon than twice the combined populations of the United States, the United Kingdom and Canada. But it is one thing to read that the population of the Indian sub-continent is about 445 million people and quite another to see something of how they live and work and conduct their common affairs.

We in the western world are apt to think of world affairs in terms of the free nations of Europe and North America on the one side and the Communist-dominated world on the other. I suppose it is natural for us to think of South and South East Asia as an area whose people also have to choose one side or the other in the so-called "cold war" and who should be just as much concerned about the outcome of that cold war as we are.

No doubt the consequences of a Communist victory over the West if that could happen would be very serious for the people of Asia in the long run, but it is not reasonable to expect the peoples of Asia to see the importance of these matters from the same angle that we do.

What has happened to countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, Austria and other nations of Eastern Europe is something that has real meaning for us, but the enslavement of these countries cannot have the same immediate significance for the vast multitudes of these people of Asia.

Many millions of them may never have even heard of most of those countries and they have had very little contact and not much experience with Soviet Russia at any time. It is equally true that they know little about North America, but they do know that the main language used in North America is English and that most of its people are of Western European origin and their memories of their relations with Western Europeans are not altogether happy. It would be less than frank to say that their experience with European domination has left them without any suspicions even about us in North America. And it is important for us to realize that the peoples of Southern Asia, because they have had so little direct experience of Russian Imperialism, Communism or otherwise, are not inoculated as we are against the

false ideas and illusory promises of Communist propaganda. On the other hand, they are apt to associate the whole western world with the former Imperialism they resented so deeply and unless we can show them that we really want to be their friends and to treat them as equals we can hardly expect to enjoy their sympathy and enlist their support—for the kind of peaceful world we are seeking to achieve.

Nevertheless, the nations of Southern Asia are bound to play an increasingly important part in world affairs. For some time I have been deeply impressed, and I am sure you have too, with the great and growing importance of these ancient Eastern civilizations which are striving to adapt themselves to this twentieth century.

It seemed clear to me that their power and influence would be certain to increase, and that in terms of our own self-interest we should seize every opportunity that presents itself to strengthen the bonds of goodwill and mutual understanding with them. Canada has a special opportunity because, like these nations, we too have emerged from a colonial status to a status of equality in the Commonwealth, and that common experience is itself a basis for mutual understanding.

My visit was certainly a rewarding one to me. I found traditions and achievements going back thousands of years which make our own history seem, by comparison, like a creation of yesterday. I was struck by the realization that the spiritual and philosophical insight, which has always been one of the glories of the East, is still a living reality.

And side by side with this ancient cultural inheritance are the new forces which are beginning to stir Asia in this period of history. The most powerful of these is a national sentiment, and closely associated with it, the insistence on the recognition of racial equality. In every part of the East this double force is at work driving men in new directions. One feels that in every part of the East the desire for national independence goes hand in hand with a new sense of the dignity of the individual and the equality of all men, regardless of origin or colour.

This feature of the Eastern scene is one which we in the West can neglect

only at our peril. The peoples of Asia, who have so recently thrown off what they consider the last vestiges of colonial domination, are determined to manage their own affairs without interference. And I am confirmed in the view that no long-term solution of Asian relations with the West will be possible which does not carry with it full recognition of the common human brotherhood of all men in all countries.

The desire for a more distinct national identity and this new sense of the importance of the individual present a great challenge to the New Asian nations of our Commonwealth. One of the most important tasks with which they are faced at the present time is to assure an adequate supply of food, clothing, and shelter to meet the minimum basic needs of their many millions of human beings. It is by assisting them to meet this challenge, and at the same time encouraging them in their effort to achieve the goals I have mentioned, that we can demonstrate our friendship and goodwill toward them. Even before my recent tour, I had frequently asserted that we could not afford to overlook these vast areas of Asia, where mass poverty prevails and where there is not much use in talking about the abstract advantages of political freedom to men and women who are perpetually hungry.

If we hope to have real security in the world—and unless it is world-wide we are not apt to have it for ourselves—I am convinced we must, in a true spirit of equality and co-operation, join in a world-wide concerted effort to help the peoples of Asia secure greater material advantages and the hope of a better future for themselves.

One of the ways—and there are several both official and non-official ways—in which we in the West are helping our Asian friends is through the Colombo Plan. A basic feature of the Colombo Plan is that the recipients themselves choose the projects on which the funds are to be spent. Another important feature of the Plan is that, as far as possible, assistance should not be a temporary expedient which would at most afford relief of a temporary situation, though a lot of that has had to be done and has been done. But as a general policy each contribution is made with the aim of enabling the recipients eventually to improve their facilities to meet their own needs.

In Pakistan, for one instance, we are helping to construct a cement plant. At a cost of about five million dollars a plant and machinery will be manufactured in Canada and erected at Thal by

a Canadian contractor. The entire project will be completed in two years and the annual production of 100,000 metric tons of cement will be used to provide housing and irrigation canals, which will in turn make it possible to improve the living conditions and increase many times the production of the huge Thal valley.

At Peshawar in Pakistan, I met Mr. A. E. Palmer of Lethbridge, Alberta, who has been in Pakistan for about two years now, as the Director of the Provincial Agricultural Research Stations for the Northwest Frontier Province. He explained the work that is being done in that area and gave me quite an encouraging report. He said he was confident that through seed selection and improved methods the Pakistanis in that area will be able to double or even treble their yield of wheat and also diversify and increase the production of other crops.

In Peshawar I also met a Pakistani engineer who is in charge of the construction of the Warsak Dam project to which we are contributing. He and some of the Canadian engineers working on this project told me that a huge triangular area of over 93,000 acres will be reclaimed for agricultural purposes and that 155,000 kilowatts of electrical energy will be produced each year.

A project somewhat similar to the Warsak Dam in Pakistan and with similar aims is the Mayurakshi Dam in India.

Torontonians will be interested particularly in a contribution of \$4,500,000 to the Bombay State Transport system. This money was spent on buses and trucks, which were shipped from Canada and which were very badly needed to permit the economic system of the area to function better. Of course the citizens of Bombay still have a long way to go to attain the standard of the residents of this city (Toronto) who can boast of the first subway in Canada, and, I understand, one of the most modern in the world; but in Bombay, as in Toronto, improved transport is a much needed and helpful contribution to greater economic efficiency.

I would not like you to get the impression that the Colombo Plan of itself will solve the problems of Asia. Far from it. Half of our total national budget spent in aid and assistance, if it could be properly spent that way, would not even scratch the surface. All these developmental projects are only a small addition to the vast amount of work which will have to be done by the people themselves to improve the economies of Southern Asia. What these projects do is to give sympathy, encouragement, example and incentive to these peoples:

in their tremendous undertakings to help themselves.

The greatest need is to improve agricultural processes and increase food production and inevitably the great bulk of that work must be carried out by the people themselves. While we can assist, the people who live in those countries must—and they want to—control their own destinies and work out their own salvation.

Since I got home on March 17 I have read a most interesting article, *Irrigation and India's Food Problem*, in the March issue of the *Canadian Geographical Journal*. It is written by the Rev. R. M. Bennett who was for years an engineer officer in the Indian Army and later a Baptist missionary in India and is now Secretary of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

He concludes with these words:

"This is the beginning of a new age in India. It can be an age of very great advance. India is the acknowledged political leader in Asia. If we in the West have the courage of our convictions and the imagination to grasp this day of opportunity with sympathy and understanding, by standing with India, it could mean the expansion of freedom and opportunity for a greater proportion of the world's population than ever before."

The people of Southern Asia, like the people of Canada—and the average person is not much different the world over, he has the same hopes and aspirations—these people are engaged in a high enterprise of national development. To carry that enterprise to a successful conclusion they too need stability and peace in the world. I said a moment ago that Westerners were regarded with suspicion in Asia but that does not mean that the people there do not want peace and stability as much as we do and are not willing to work with us in achieving those ends, once we can convince them we are on the right road. But we cannot expect them to assume that our way is always the right way.

The views of the governments and people in Southern Asia on the way they can most usefully help to maintain world peace are not all identical with the views of the government and people of Canada on the efforts which Canada can most usefully make.

But we should not forget that until we signed the North Atlantic Treaty, we in North America had generally held the view that it was preferable not to make precise commitments in advance as to the action we would have to take if ever there was an outbreak of war. That was

our traditional position until six or seven years ago. That seems to be India's position now. And I do not think we in Canada have any more right today to urge India to change its policy than we had in June, 1940, when the western world was crashing about our ears, to urge the United States to change its policy.

The countries I had the privilege of visiting are in the throes of what we hope will continue to be a peaceful revolution and they are, so far as I could gather, determined to make their revolution by democratic and peaceful means. The leaders of those countries are apt to succeed only if the masses of the people see with their own eyes that their economic and social conditions are improving and are likely to continue to improve.

I have seen something of the poverty of an average Indian village. I walked through the muddy lanes of such a village and into the dark mud houses. I went on to visit a village nearby where a community project had been established and where the villagers, with government assistance, were working together to improve their living conditions and to increase their production. There was already clear evidence of great improvement.

I began to realize what a stupendous undertaking it is to raise the living standards of the 300 million villagers of India. But I also began to understand that the magnitude of this task should not be thought of in terms of one nation comprising 300 million villagers but in the more manageable terms of 500 thousand separate villages. That is a lot of villages but each one of these villages is an individual community and the plan is for each individual community to do for itself what has been done in each of the already improved villages. It can be done provided each gets the same technical assistance from the government, and, in particular, provided it gets the help and inspiration of an enthusiastic and dedicated local official.

The enthusiasm and determination and realistic approach of all the planning authorities, both central and local, is such as to justify the hope that these ancient nations will succeed in their war against the poverty, the diseases and the ignorance so widespread amongst those great masses of our fellow human beings. The cost of their victory in that war is bound to be great. As Mr. Nehru said of his own country, this generation of Indians must accept a lifetime of hard labour, but it is apt to be very rewarding labour.

The task of these countries will be immeasurably easier provided there is a reasonable level of peace and stability in the world, and provided we in the West do lend a helping hand and do display in our dealings with them sympathy, insight and understanding.

Of course it is only too true that in the East there is poverty, poverty more extensive and more pervasive than anything we in the West have known for centuries. But one also sees much beauty, beauty of old buildings, beauty of the countryside, beauty of the people themselves. One sees in some of the devoutly religious Asian people, serenity seldom seen in the West.

I venture to suggest that one of the best ways we can make sure that serenity becomes a more common quality than it is now is to try to understand the people of the East and treat them as we ourselves want to be treated. We will thus be helping to enlist their sympathies in the great struggle to strengthen the prospects of keeping this a world where men and women of every conti-

nent can live their lives in freedom and in peace.

Mr. Eisenhower said recently in a speech to the American Newspaper Publishers Association that never has there been a more compelling and rewarding time than the present to labour for a cooperative peace based upon international understanding. One way for us to do our part towards that goal of international understanding is to build up and retain the goodwill and friendly confidence of the great new nations of Southern Asia.

They are our partners in the Commonwealth; a Commonwealth of free and equal nations of many races and many continents. I venture to repeat about this partnership the words Mr. Bennett used about our relations with India: "It could mean the expansion of freedom and opportunity for a greater proportion of the world's population than ever before."

I hope, with my whole heart, that it will.—*Excerpts from speech at the annual meeting of the Canadian Press, Toronto.*

these groups became, in the course of the centuries, even alien to each other for the lack of communication. But the Hebrew language itself never died out: Prayers and holy services were always held in the old Hebrew language and it is the use—to these days—that on every Shabbat or Holiday chapters of the Thora (the Law, the Bible) are read during holy services, not at random or by selection but in strict sequence from the beginning of the scroll to the end. Adequate sections spread the complete reading over one year, and the congregation followed and follows the reading though the language of their daily life became the language of their host countries.

Children of Jewish families were taught Hebrew, be it for the most important prayers and their meaning or for ritual benedictions etc., every Jew knew that the Hebrew language existed, that it was there, although its use in daily life degenerated almost completely except, of course, for Rabbinical and scientific research work—until in about 1890 the Zionist movement started its far reaching activities. Since then the Hebrew language has been com-

pletely revived; in Israel, it is the official language of daily life; literature redeveloped to fresh bloom and fruit, and not only this; the language of the schools and colleges is Hebrew—besides of the languages needed for the contacts with the outer world.

In Israel, with a population of 1½ million inhabitants, there are five (perhaps more now) daily newspapers in Hebrew, quite apart from the usual weeklies and monthlies, professional, entertainment, or art.* Handbills and posters are printed in Hebrew and so are concert, theatre and railway tickets and, of course, postal and other official forms. For the benefit of newcomers and tourists some of these are bi-or trilingual i.e. Hebrew, Arabic and English. Outstanding scientific textbooks are still read and taught in the original languages—not unlike in India. It all seems a Tower of Babel with one remarkable exception: the people understand each other and Hebrew is dominant.

Some ultra-orthodox circles are in disfavour of the secularisation of a language which they call "Lashon Hakodesh," the Holy Language which in their opinion should only be used in connection with faith, religious, divine service and adequate research work. This is a point of view but real life cannot be framed, and the Hebrew language once more is fully alive in all walks of life. The Hebrew newspapers bring the same often very unholy news like any paper in any language all over the globe; tooth paste, fountain pens, second hand cameras etc. are advertised in Hebrew; announcements of theatre, concerts and films are appearing in Hebrew, and if it offers sometimes great difficulties to transcribe foreign names like Rajagopalachari, Churchill or Chateaubriand it is all there in Hebrew characters.

In an exhibition to propagate Tozeret Haaretz (which is the equi-

* Side by side with the Hebrew papers there exist and grow the following dailies: one English, two Hungarian, one French, two German, one Arabic, two Yiddish, one Ladino.

valent for Swadeshi) ingenious people had taken to pieces a motor car, and each part from carburettor to a screw had a Hebrew name and signification. This may seem exaggerated for daily life: in Hebrew workshops as well as in Indian workshops you will hear the respective mother tongues, say Hebrew, Telugu, Tamil, etc. nicely interrupted by words like carburettor, piston ring, and ignition plug. And I even know of emergency concoctions: the plural masculine ends in Hebrew in . . . im; so when it was not so easy to find quickly a Hebrew equivalent for the men at the ships' winches they were just called 'winchmanim'; and you hear as well words like 'autobussim'. Nevermind this. Modern words like telephone etc., do not exist in Sanskrit nor in Hebrew, but adequate words are possible in the way of 'distance speaker' as a rough and quick example.

The revival of the Hebrew language is a natural and phenomenal combine of sentimental feelings plus absolute necessity; those elders who had their schooling in the diaspora will still use the language of their host countries for some time to come—a natural trend especially in cases of emergency, but the Hebrew is dominating. And not only this: fresh original literature and poetry sprang up in the Hebrew language and besides it, the great classics of all countries are available in excellent Hebrew translations, inclusive of Omar Kavyam and Aurobindo. Shakespeare and Mozart have been performed in a Hebrew version; it goes on and on in a natural development.



"TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS"

WE hated the glare of the sun on the withered corn, we dreaded the strangled cries of the newly born. But those times are past, now the fields are green, green with flood water, and the child cries no more.

GEORGE KURIEN

About A "Dead Language"

BY W. WOLFF

IN SWATANTRA No. 16 of May 22nd, 1954, Mr. B. Venugopalan propagates and wishes for the revival of the venerable language of Sanskrit. The interesting article inspired me to report on an equally venerable and millenium old language that has virtually and practically been revived, namely the Hebrew Language. It is the original language of the Bible, the Book of the Prophets, the Talmud, and other holy books, a language spoken in those days by Moses, by Jehoshua and by their people.

Since the dispersion of the Jews in the Roman times—about 2000 years ago—they settled in almost every corner of the world and adopted the languages of those countries in which they found shelter; a natural evolution, and a necessary one for the contact with their hosts and for daily breadwinning professions as well as art and science.

The necessity of adopting the languages of their respective host countries becomes more evident if we consider that the Jews dispersed in comparatively small groups, and

ELEMENTS OF JAPANESE ETIQUETTE

By WINBURN T. THOMAS

FAN KUA, a Chinese historian of the third century, wrote concerning Japan that the "people generally go barefooted, and show their respect to others in the form they adopt in squatting." This explanation of the niceties of Japanese culture is no less inadequate than are the efforts of most foreigners to conduct themselves with due propriety with the Japanese. While the graciousness of the manners of the nationals is the result of training since birth, it is not impossible for strangers to develop a proficiency in Japanese etiquette. A few simple rules, if practised frequently, will lend the facility one desires to possess for going in and out of Japanese homes. Let us take up these principles in the order that one needs them as he goes into a Japanese house.

If the visitor has approached a house at which there is no bell, he may push open the lattice doorway and call out "Goman-kudasai" (if a man) or "Gomen-Kudasai mase" (if a woman). When the maid comes to the entrance the guest tells her his name and waits until she returns to bid him enter.

Before going into the house, one must always remove the shoes. The native 'geta' are easily donned and removed. Foreign shoes are a bit more bothersome. One who lives in Japan often learns the secret of the Japanese—how to put shoes on and off without untying them. Standing on the stone step, with your back to the house, step out of the shoes, leaving them close together. Luggage may be left in the entrance room. Once inside the house, assume the standing position. To practice this, place both legs together with the ankles joined and the toes slightly separated. The knees should be kept straight, and the abdomen perpendicular. The hands should remain in the same position as when walking,

slightly cupped with palms against the legs, the fingers lightly closed pointing downward and in. Then in following the maid to the interior, one's walk should be as graceful as possible. This looks easier and far less complicated than it actually is when one begins to practise the art of gliding along as the Japanese do it. Take the standing position, with both legs together. Cup the hands slightly and place the palms against the thigh, the fingers barely touching. Then select a point straight in front and walk towards it, doing so naturally and keeping the toes pointing straight ahead. While walking, care should be taken to always step over the threshold and mat boards.

Process of sitting down

MOST difficult to execute gracefully is the process of sitting down. Enter the reception room behind the maid, and prepare to be seated at the indicated place. If no place is pointed out remember that nearest the Tokonoma is regarded as the most honoured seat. To sit there unasked would be the highest presumption. Stand behind the flat pillow (zabuton) with the legs together. Place the hands upon the knees lightly, then draw the right foot back (ladies a half foot and gentlemen a whole foot's length) and cause the body to sink slowly down. Your knees will naturally bend together and the right one first touches the ends of the pillow. Fall on the right knee, then on the left, then using closed hands to assist in the movement, push forward until the toes are completely on the pillow. Unless the cushion has been especially constructed large, the foreigner's knees will usually protrude beyond the front edge.

To adjust the body to the sitting position separate the knees slightly,

placing the left big toe on the right one, throwing the body weight on the two of them. Then cup the hands on the thighs as when walking. When tired, the positions of the toes may be varied. The polite hostess will usually invite you to place yourself at ease, which you may do by crossing your legs in front. Strictly formal occasions require, however, that the above described position be maintained until there is occasion for arising.

When this is necessary, place the hands at the sides on the pillow, stand on the knees and slowly slip backwards until the toes are clear. Then resting the hands on the lap, bring the left foot forward until the thigh is parallel with the floor. In no case, is it permissible to stand on the "zabuton," or to walk on them. One follows the same courtesies about walking behind and before others as in the West, always behind if possible, but if necessarily in front of others while seated, then bowing slightly and begging their pardon.

Admire decorations

IT is the polite thing after having entered a Japanese house to go directly to the decorated portions, and after bowing to admire the articles which have been placed there for your appreciation. These decorations are usually centered in the "tokonoma," a recess with a slightly elevated platform somewhere in the parlour. Originally, Buddhists hung a portrait of Buddha in their study rooms, placed a piece of board underneath and offered incense: Formerly, the hanging scroll would be a picture of the Buddha with candlesticks, incense burner, and flower vases beneath. This arrangement is varied today, however, to suit the tastes of the host and the probable desires of the guests. The harmony of the scroll, the other ornaments, and the flowers, are representative of unity. It is this feeling the arrangement aims to induce in those who occupy the room.

The "tokonoma" viewed, then go to

the "shoin," the place where reading and writing materials are kept, and thence to the "tokonwaki," the broken line shelf on which ornaments of varying types are placed. Only before the "tokonoma," however, should one bow. There may be other items of interest in the room, such as screens or pictures which one may stand or sit before and admire, according to his tastes.

When standing to make a bow is a comparatively simple matter. But one need not be misled into believing it is too easy. If one fails to use the proper degree of politeness in bowing to another, he may be considered uncultured. To make the bow, assume the standing position, look at the person for an instant to whom you are bowing then bend the upper part of the body gently. The back should be kept rigid and usually bent about thirty degrees from the waist, although one may go deeper to show more respect.

To make the bow while in a sitting position one does not arise. Instead, the hands are placed in front of the body with the elbows barely touching the knees. Without changing the sitting position, bend the upper part of the body gently until the face comes within three inches of the matting. The bow should be so timed that an exhalation and inhalation of breath completes the process. The bending, the stop and lifting of the body each requires a third of the time.

Tea Etiquette

WHEN tea is served either by the maid or the hostess, its mode of acceptance is dependent upon the type of dish on which it is served. If on an ordinary saucer, then take up the cup with the right hand, place it on the palm of the left hand and drink. When finished, return the cup to the saucer with the right hand. If served on a high stand, take the knob of the cover in the right hand, turn it over holding the left side with the left hand and the right side with the right hand, and

put the cover on the right side of the high stand. Then pick up the tea as stated above.

For cake, one should usually carry paper on his person. Generally, the hostess provides paper for foreign guests. Place the paper on the floor in front of the right knee then with the chopsticks in the right hand transfer a portion of the cake to the paper, being careful to choose the one on top or nearest the guest. Place the paper and cake on the palm of the left hand, and break into small pieces so that it can be eaten one bit at a mouthful.

Never leave a partly consumed cake behind but wrap it in the paper and put it in your pocket, or hand-bag. If another guest is present one must apologise if he helps himself first, saying "osaki-ni" when taking the cake.

In order to enter a room when the

sliding door (fusuma) is closed, stand at an acute angle to the panel, bend the body slightly forward showing the attitude of respect. Place the nearer hand in the small hole (hikite) and open the panel about three inches. Then place the other hand on the edge of the "fusuma" and open it sufficiently to pass through. Enter the room without stepping on the threshold, then take the same position as before and repeat the process reversing the order. For the wooded "shoji," use the same procedure, save if there is no "hikite" the frame may be used instead.

When ready to leave, tell the hostess you are departing, move off the pillow, bow and stand. When ready to go out, bow again to all who came to the "genkwan" to see you off.

—NMF.

New Books

AS IT HAPPENED

By C. R. Attlee, P.C., O.M., C.H.
William Heinemann Ltd., London
16s net

WHEN Attlee was elected leader of the Labour Party after George Lansbury's resignation, a writer in the *Daily Mail* said, "I don't think he will hold it long." The remark was an indication of surprise over the attainment by Mr. Attlee of the position of Leader of the Opposition which carried with it the possibility of his becoming Prime Minister. Mr. Attlee did not seem to the writer to be big enough for the position that had devolved on him. On the other hand, quite a different estimate of Mr. Attlee is conveyed by Francis Williams in his book *The Triple Challenge*, published six years ago. Francis Williams had worked with Mr. Attlee as a member of his personal staff when he was Deputy Prime Minister in Churchill's War Cabinet, and was in intimate personal contact with him for more than two years. According to Francis Williams, Attlee is "one of the most considerable and formidable figures in British political history." He holds that "there is, in politics, no immaculate conception of success" and "Attlee's election as leader of the Labour Party was not simply an accident." It was no more an accident than his "retention of it for longer than any other man in the history of the Labour Party."

Between these two conflicting viewpoints, where does the reality lie? Attlee himself helps solve this question in his autobiography, *As It Happened*. Ordinarily it is not easy to present a correct picture of oneself to others. Prestige, which dies hard in the least vain, tends to mix up fact with illusion. In the involuntary urge to make a good impression, authenticity is lost. But Attlee is that rarity, an introvert. His strength lies in his gift for unsparing introspection. He appears modest because of his avoidance of the limelight. But he has very high and



C. R. Attlee

exacting conceptions of duty, and where they lead he goes, and no personal interest is ever allowed to come in the way. Once when he was Prime Minister, he summarily dismissed a colleague, simply remarking "You do not measure up to a Minister's job." His honesty is ruthless, and it is as hard on himself as on others charged with public duties. These qualities impart to his autobiography a unique distinction. It combines factual exactitude with exacting self-analysis and the objective detachment of the impersonal historian. Mr. Attlee is no master of style. His powers of expression are patently limited. The same turn of phrase recurs with monotonous frequency. But an intrinsic simplicity that seeks no flourishes or embellishments of style to make itself attractive, shines

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through the whole artless narrative and invests it with a grace and charm that the most accomplished masters of prose might envy. Mr. Attlee stands revealed in his autobiography as a great man with a secure place in history though there is not a line in it devoted to the boosting of his own claims as a leader or statesman. He takes himself casually throughout. It is the work to be done that demands all the attention. In the impact of the casualness in matters of self on unremitting concentration with regard to concerns of public welfare, a personality of almost heroic integrity and stature is unfolded.

Attlee came of a good Tory family in affluent circumstances. The family's conception of what was due to itself led him at first to give of his leisure to social work. The impetus of the adventure forced him in course of time to think of social service in terms of an integral philosophy. After this it was not possible to devote to the poor fractions of time saved from the practice of a profession. Service of the poor became a full-time occupation to Mr. Attlee. He was no longer interested in income or personal success. He gave up his work at the Bar and went to live in the East End of London. In his book *The Labour Party in Perspective* Mr. Attlee wrote: "Anyone who has been brought up in a conventional home will know the difficult adjustment necessary for the member of the family who chooses another faith. He has to effect a revolution in all his conceptions." Mr. Attlee effected that revolution. Into the squalid lives of the East End people with whom he lived he brought fun and colour. He made with them lasting friendships. One of his friends of these days was Griffiths. They kept house together. When Attlee came out of the army and had not much money and no job, Griffiths took great care of him. Twenty years later when Attlee was Prime Minister, Griffiths was an honoured guest at Chequers along with the Cabinet Ministers at the wedding reception of one of Mr. Attlee's daughters.

The years at the East End were formatively the best part of Mr.

Attlee's life. They laid the foundation for his immense popularity, his national reputation for integrity and his repeated success in elections to Parliament with ever-increasing majorities. They prepared him for the leadership of the Labour Party. And when it came, and along with it power, it was the comprehension of human needs that he gained in those years that enabled him to outrank many of his brilliant predecessors in administrative achievement. It was Mr. Attlee's vision that saved India for the British Commonwealth. Had he not realised the urgency of Indian emancipation for world peace, the fate of Indo-China would have come upon India and by now the country would have been half lost to the Communists. The liberation of India and other Asian countries was, with Attlee, not the outcome of a stray impulse but a deliberate policy born of deep conviction. "Communism," he writes in this autobiography, "has little appeal to peoples enjoying a comparatively high standard of life . . . (it) appears to many of the peoples of Asia as a liberating force. An attempt to maintain the old colonialism, would, I am sure, have immensely aided the Communist attack on Asia."

In the elimination of poverty and the removal of unemployment the record of the Labour Government during Mr. Attlee's Prime Ministership, has perhaps not been exceeded anywhere in the world outside the United States where conditions are not comparable. By no means extraordinary in intellectual attainments, Mr. Attlee did a world of good to millions to an extent that far more spectacular Prime Ministers could not approach. This was made possible by his scrupulous conscientiousness. He has a sense of duty. He used no power of the State for personal or family benefit. He was indifferent to money. Politicians who want to give a good account of themselves when they reach positions of power and responsibility have a lot to learn from the examples of rectitude and just behaviour with which this autobiography of Mr. Attlee is profusely illustrated.

K. S. R.

LIFE . . .

A LESSON IN HUMANITY

ON our street lived a young beggar suffering from leprosy. He was not merely a sick beggar. He was an outcast—from himself. He was perhaps in his twenties and looked even younger. But years ago he had lost what none of us, well or ill, can afford to lose, his hope. With it had gone his faith and his fear. He lived on our street. It was literally his home. He slept by the roadside. Where he ate or when or what was a mystery. All that I had ever seen him do was sit at the side of the road facing the wall. I do not think time mattered to him—except perhaps in that it seemed the one thing that passed.

His disease was too far gone even for pity. His feet were mere stumps and many of his fingers were absorbed through to his knuckles. He never talked. He sometimes walked up and down the road looking at the houses and the people. He was the loneliest man on our street. I would come out of my house to throw the leaf away on which I had eaten or to get into my car or to call the fruit vendor in and he would be there on the street—looking. He sometimes even smiled at me. It was a wistful smile. It was the smile of the boy who had died in him years ago. It was a smile with a shadow. Whatever I offered him it gave me no satisfaction and I know it gave him no pleasure.

I sometimes spoke to him. He answered slowly, briefly, with a smile on his face. I asked him once why he did not go to a hospital.

"Me?" he said in gentle reproach.

"Have you no people?" I asked him. "Isn't there *somebody*?"

He shook his head. All his movements were gentle. "Gone," he said.

"Dead?"

"No," he said, "gone."

"You can't mean," I said, "they have all left you?"

"Mother died" he said.

The unspoken conviction was that if his mother had not died, *she* would not have left him.

"What could the others do?" he said.

What could anybody do? The answer lies not in the minds and hearts of men but in the laboratories of the world. But I did not need to tell him that. He knew, and had retired from life consequent on that knowledge. Now there was nothing left, not even bitterness. He was not waiting for anything sitting by the roadside. Not even for death. This was a burden, he felt, which he would have to carry on his soul beyond the grave. He was just waiting. There was nothing else to do.

I got into the habit of giving him things to ease a trifle the load on my heart. In vain. If I had heard him rant or grumble, if I had seen him cry, if I had thought he was envious, angry, embittered, it would have made the impact of the very fact of his existence on my conscience less terrible to bear. But there he was, a fellow human being suspended in a spiritual vacuum of his and our communal making, living a life of quiet desperation, in the dirt and dust of our street. His presence made of every breath I took a mockery and a reproach.

One day I gave him an old shirt. The day after as I walked past him on the road I saw him struggling to put it on. I stood there looking. I must go and help him, I thought, but I continued to stand there doing nothing. And then something happened which turned my heart over with shame. An aged, bad-tempered beggar-woman in rags who was passing by stopped beside the boy and murmuring something incoherent pulled the shirt over his head with a brusque movement and went on her way.

Many times after that when I passed the sick boy on the street I saw the aged beggar woman sitting

not far away. They spoke only occasionally, but instead of one man sitting facing the wall there were now two of them. The old woman was a decrepit old thing, more wretchedly off than the boy, except that she was not sick. Her joints were stiff with age. She begged for a living and, one could see, hardly managed to keep her torn and tattered body and soul together.

Last week, suddenly, the young boy stood on the street outside my house again. Obsessed by the daily preoccupations of civilised living I had not noticed either the boy or his aged companion for some weeks. Now he looked fresher, his face had a better colour.

"I haven't seen much of you recently," I said, curiously glad to see him again.

"I have been going to the hospital," he said.

"For treatment?" I asked, unable to believe my ears.

"Yes. Every Tuesday they give me an injection."

The man had risen above his mutilation.

I was wordless as he moved away. And I was still standing there when minutes later the old beggar-woman came tottering along and stood muttering outside my door. As I looked into the pitiful eyes in that old, wrinkled face, eyes full of the desperate wisdom born of living in filth and hunger and want and nakedness for a whole life-time, I could not but recognise that selflessly and unquestioningly she had risen above me in human grace and dignity. And I saw as clearly as if I had seen it written down in a book that what that young desperate boy suffered from, more cruel than his leprosy, was loneliness. And that what he had needed and what I had not given him, was not more money or old clothes or food but human companionship, somebody who was prepared to stand even if for an instant beside him by the roadside and look through his



C. S. Lalitha who has come out successful in the B. Sc. Degree Examination of the Madras University standing first in the State in Home Science.

eyes down the long road to his eternity.

SANTHA



A pompous physician who was inclined to criticize others was watching a stone-mason build a fence for his neighbour, and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said, "Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."

A few minutes after an alarm of fire was given in a hotel, one of the guests joined the group that was watching the fire, and chaffed them on their apparent excitement. "There was nothing to be excited about," he said. "I took my time about dressing, lighted a cigarette; didn't like the knot in my necktie, so tied it over again—that's how cool I was."

"Fine," one of his friends remarked, "but why didn't you put on your trousers?"

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THIRTEEN thousand women who have appealed to Pandit Nehru to take action to 'control the evil of cinema' have done a great injustice to the cinema which has done more good than harm to the people. They have alleged that the cinema: (i) incites juveniles into precocious sexual habits; (ii) and is a major cause of incitement to crime and general unsettlement of society.

If these allegations are true, indeed all the cinema houses should be closed down forthwith. After all, if our State Governments could ban liquor at the loss of several crores of rupees to the exchequer, then whatever the financial loss, the cinema too should be prohibited. But before taking any such drastic action, it is necessary to investigate dispassionately how far these allegations are true and one is sure that any thorough investigation will expose the fallacy of these allegations. Moreover, the Film Enquiry Committee's report reveals how exaggerated these allegations are. In this connection it is worth noting that the Enquiry Committee has recorded the observation that "There has been considerable unanimity among the witnesses that those most liable to be thrown off their balance by the influence of the cinema are those whose home life has not been satisfactory and on whom, parental instruction or influence has been deficient." Surely, these thirteen thousand mothers are blaming the cinema for their own faults and inability to guide their children properly.

In any case, Indian films are hardly to be blamed for the evil and it is hoped that the Film Federation, the Producers Guild and other bodies will lose no time in counteracting this propaganda against films by collecting signatures of thirteen lakhs of women in their support.

Picture of the week

THE Bombay Talkies Workers' Union are to be congratulated on making such a fine picture as *Badbaan*. They have truly kept up the traditions set by the late founder of Bombay Talkies—Himansu Rai. And it must be also said to the credit of the stars and the author-director Phani Majumdar, that they have worked whole-heartedly and contributed their best talent to make *Badbaan* a really first-rate film.

The two most distinguishing features of this film are the story and the performance. The story of a fisherman's son adopted by a magistrate provides a rather daring psychological study. For, educated in a city, Naren, the fisherman's son, learns on the eve of his wedding to Bina, a sophisticated and charming girl, that he is just the son of a fisherman who died in a storm. He goes back to his village and people and is not ready to sacrifice them even for the love of his girl. The sophisticated girl marries him and comes to the village; but unlike her husband, she feels out of place and cannot even stand the odour of fish. There he meets another girl, Mohania, a fisherman's daughter, who has a different concept of life; and in spite of himself Naren is drawn to this girl when his wife goes away to the city.

This conflict raging within the soul of Naren who by upbringing and education belongs to Bina and whose natural instinct and birth draw him to Mohania is beautifully portrayed and forms the dramatic core of the story. Shanker, a city youth who loves Bina, lends poignancy to this quadrangle of love.

In the beginning the story moves rather slowly and fails to grip; but once the love tangle develops, it grips your interest till the final fade-out. The repetition of storms could have been avoided by eliminating the first sequence altogether and stressing the main theme. Indeed, a lot of footage has been wasted on introductory scenes. Then the character played by Shaikh Mukhtar also appears superfluous.

Dev Anand as Naren, Meena Kumari as Bina, Usha Kiran as Mohania and Ashok Kumar as Shanker. the passive, silent lover contribute outstanding portrayals; but the acting honours go to Meena Kumari who in the last few sequences rises to great heights. Bipin Gupta, Gope, Shivraj, Jairaj, Leela Chitnis and Shaikh Mukhtar shine in the supporting cast.

While the background music is excellent, the songs are not catchy. With popular music *Badbaan* would have been a great hit. Similarly, though the direction by Phani Mazumdar is competent and the screenplay by Nabendu Ghosh well constructed, both of them have failed at places to keep the proceedings lively. The story has a repeated tendency to drag; and that is the only shortcoming in an otherwise excellent picture in all aspects.

The technicians of Bombay Talkies have done their job admirably well; and the workers have given it all the production values it merited. *Badbaan* is thus a most commendable effort of the workers of Bombay Talkies.

Personality of the week

BE-SPECTACLED, fair, soft-spoken, educated film magnate Shri Tarachand Bharjatiya is in the news again not because his latest acquisition from South viz. *Manohar* is doing excellent business in Calcutta and Delhi but because he has decided to launch a production concern of his own.

Starting his career as the manager of a distribution office in the South, Tarachandji has achieved many distinctions in his illustrious career. It is only a decade ago that he started a distribution concern of his own; and during this period, he has spread his activities all over India and even Pakistan. Today he is perhaps the only distributor with offices in every circuit in India as well as Pakistan.

To him goes the credit for introducing pictures made in the South to the Northern Indian audiences. And his faith in pictures from the South is very old; he has always been

toying with the idea of transcribing some of the well-known Tamil and Telugu pictures in Hindi. Years ago he had shown in Bombay a picture called *Swargaseema* starring Bhanumathi with this idea in mind. But then the idea did not materialize. Later when Vasani made *Chandralakha* the idea did materialize and since then we have had a steady flow of pictures from the South. But as luck would have it, almost all the successful pictures from the South have been distributed by Tarachandji.

With his vast distribution organization today he is the leading distributor handling more pictures than any other concern. There is hardly any important picture which is not distributed by him for one territory or other. As a result he has made a first-hand study of the box office and the diverse public taste which enables him to judge the merit of pictures correctly.

Now he would apply this knowledge with greater benefit as a producer of his own pictures. With the chain of his own distribution offices to exploit them he has an added advantage over other producers. And so it is hardly surprising that he should decide to go all out for production. Aptly enough, he has chosen Madras as the venue of his production activity. For, in Madras he thinks that he will be able to make the right kind of pictures in the right atmosphere. Of course, he will engage artistes from Bombay; but he believes that these artistes would be able to do better work in Madras than Bombay. He is launching his first production very soon. One wishes him success in his new venture.

News of the week

THE muhurat of Suhail Art Productions *Dr. Vishram* based on a story by Arvind Gokhale and directed by Raja Paranjpe who play the principal role along with Usha Kiran, Shashikala and Kamal Mehra was performed on Wednesday the 16th June at Modern Studios.

On the same day Najam Naqvi launched Kardar's *Safad Jhat*, starring Nimmi, Agha and others.

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.

Admission To Professional Colleges

(i)

Sir,—Your remarks on the new rules of the Madras Government for admission to professional colleges are, I am afraid, based on an erroneous conception of the role that considerations other than academic play in the field of professional education. Eminent educationists have always held that mere bookish knowledge is not enough for the successful pursuit of a professional career. The essential qualities needed by anyone who chooses a professional career in life are qualities such as mental agility and presence of mind which can seldom be attained through books. Indeed it is quite surprising that while selection of candidates on the basis of fitness of personality are accepted as axiomatic for such examinations as I. A. S., their efficacy should be denied and even misinterpreted in the case of selection of candidates for professional colleges where these qualities are most needed.

The only serious point made against the rules which contemplate selection of candidates by committees, is that these committees will be susceptible to external influences resulting in favouritism. There is really no substance in this criticism. It is unreasonable and even mischievous to pass judgment on the nature of the constitution of these committees even before they have been constituted. This type of criticism arises out of irrational inhibitions fed and nurtured by prejudices of the most undemocratic character. There is no valid reason why these committees which will consist of men of great eminence and integrity would not conduct themselves in an impartial manner.

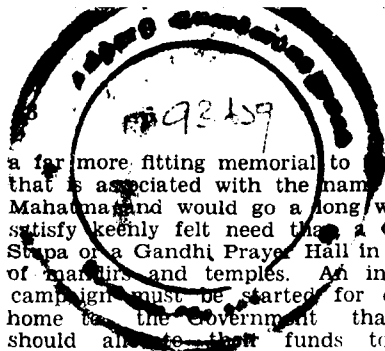
Another point requires attention. It must be clear to those who have followed the trend of events in the field of education through, say the past two centuries, that there is a vested interest in our educational system which has grown remarkably in recent times. This process if left unchecked will result in the total annihilation of those who have

so far been neglected. The glowing enthusiasm with which the new rules have been received is an indication of the fact that people are no longer prepared to tolerate the perpetuation of vested interests in education. The Madras Government deserve to be congratulated on the bold step they have taken, for it is a step in the right direction which will give a fair deal to the socially and educationally disabled communities in our State.

R. J. AHAMED

(ii)

Sir,—A spate of correspondence has appeared in the Press on the subject of 'Personality Test' in respect of admissions to professional colleges run by the State. But it is really distressing to find that none among such correspondents, has chosen to unmask the root cause of a problem the failure to solve which has placed the State Government in the most unenviable position of resorting to the undemocratic method of weeding out meritorious candidates on the plea of shortage of accommodation. It might appear paradoxical that those who have been discussing vociferously about the implications of the Government's decision to have a 'Personality Test' concerning admissions of students to medical or engineering courses, are persons who do not have even the remotest chance of sending their children to such institutions where the cost involved in undergoing the training is beyond the reach of an average middle and lower middle class family. Instead of wasting their time and energy in whipping up a campaign of hatred against the Government for the course they have adopted, however obnoxious it might be, such persons would do well to ponder over the reasons which have impelled the popular Government to adopt the highly reprehensible course of restricting the facilities for medical and engineering training. It is not generally realised that Government, by reason of a lack of sense of priorities in spending the monies entrusted to its care, is literally frittering away the available resources in the implementation of its pet schemes like Prohibition involving a heavy loss of excise revenue, and abolition of zamindaris by paying a fabulous compensation to persons who least need it so urgently. The proposal to construct a Gandhi Stupa, in a corner of Madras City at a huge cost of Rs. 4 lakhs is a monumental example of the callous indifference of the Government towards the essential needs and requirements of the community which remain as unsolved as they were when the present ruling party was elevated to power. A 'Gandhi Memorial Hospital' would be



a far more fitting memorial to the glory that is associated with the name of the Mahatma and would go a long way to satisfy the keenly felt need for a Gandhi Stupa or a Gandhi Prayer Hall in a land of monuments and temples. An intensive campaign must be started for driving home to the Government that they should allocate their funds to programmes which will provide more hospitals, more schools and more houses to a population in dire need of them.

V. RANGA CHARY

"A Warning, Not An Example"

Sir,—Not long ago, *Swatantra* made a bitter crusade against the administrative policies and Ministers of the Andhra State which is hardly nine months old.

Now, in the leading article of June 19 under the above caption, *Swatantra*, while arguing against the redistribution of States on a linguistic basis, attacks the very formation and existence of the Andhra State and says:

"But the common people especially in Andhra who had hoped for so much from a State of their own have had their eyes opened. Disillusionment rather than joy, is the popular attitude to the new Government today. They are depressed by the chaos which has

replaced the administration of the old composite State days, and there is no doubt that substantial sections of the population would be quite gratified if the history of the past could be undone and the Andhra State merged back into the larger entity out of which it has sprung."

It is a pity that *Swatantra* should bemoan with disillusionment the affairs of the Andhra State to such an extent. The formation of the Andhra State can in itself be traced to the irresponsible attitude of the leaders belonging to the majority community of the composite Madras State.

To argue that the Andhra State should merge back with Madras State for a doubtful enjoyment of improved administration the taste of which the Andhras had well enjoyed, is just like saying that India should welcome back British Raj to establish improved administration.

No self-respecting Andhra, however disheartened and depressed he may be with the present situation, will accept this view and join those whose very domination the establishment of the Andhra State was meant to end.

No doubt the Andhras are disillusioned and depressed at present. But hope has not abandoned them that the times will change and they can root out those who are using the State for the betterment of personal advantages.

At the present juncture *Swatantra's* remarks, while pleasing those who opposed the formation of the Andhra State, will only dishearten the Andhras further and turn them to passivity, which will be the greatest dis-service any journal could do to a people.

It is earnestly hoped that *Swatantra* will abandon such bitter attacks and continue to lead with constructive criticism.

K. G. ACHARYA

Vijayawada

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EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

"Education is impossible in many parts of the United States today because free inquiry and free discussion are impossible . . .

Teachers are not merely afraid of being fired; they are afraid of getting into trouble, with resultant damage to their professional prospects and their standing in their communities. You don't have to fire many teachers to intimidate them all. The entire teaching profession in the United States is now intimidated."

—*Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, former President of the University of Chicago*