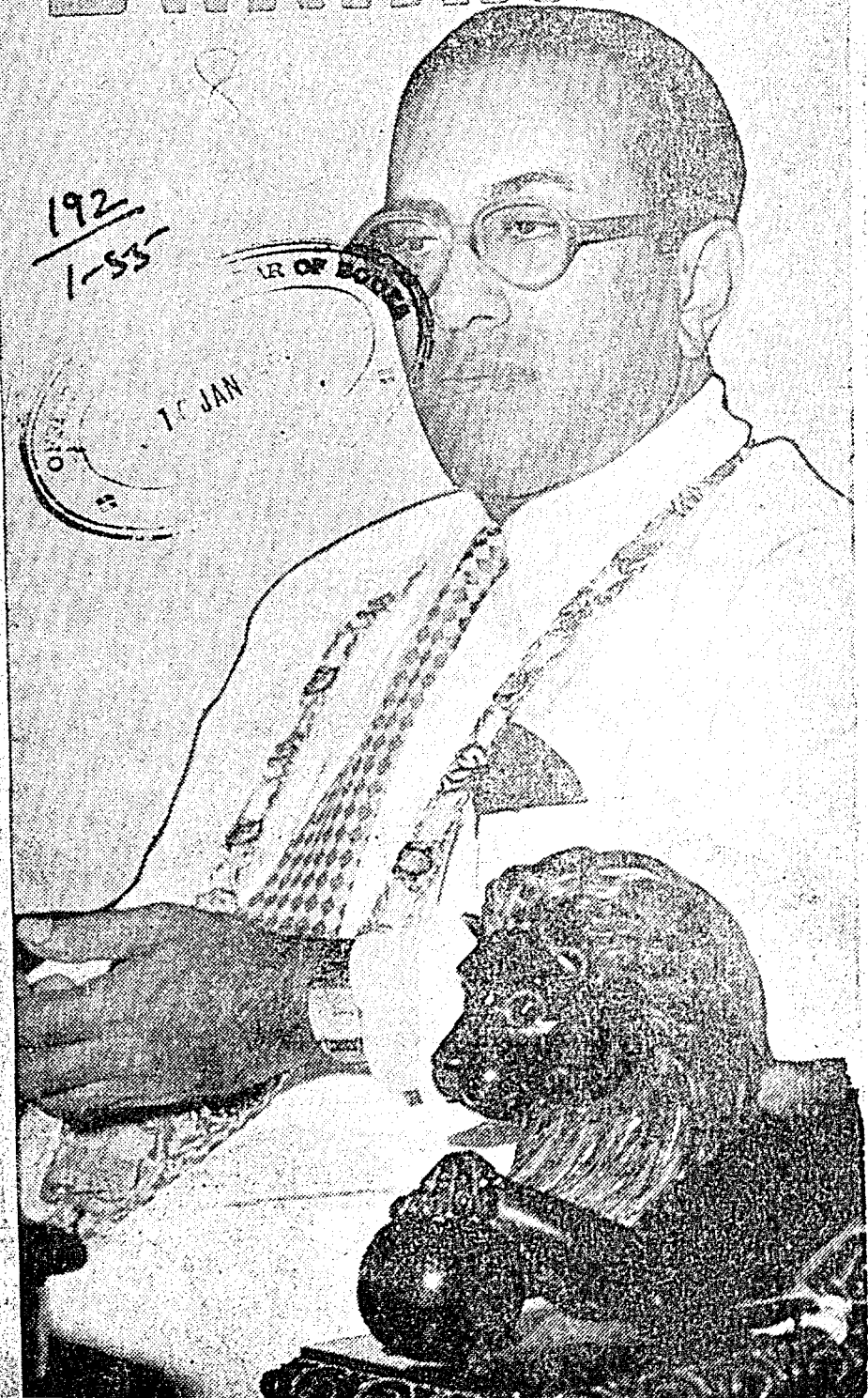


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SWATANTRA



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Vol. IX No. 44
DEC 74, 1954
IX ANNAS



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ON THE COVER:

Sri M. A. Chidambaram Chettiar, the new Mayor of Madras.

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ON THE COVER:

Smt. Padmini Chettur in Burmese costume at the 'Beauty Adorned' show in the International Evening organised by the Guild of Service at the Stanley Club on Saturday 4th instant.

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ON THE COVER:
Padmini

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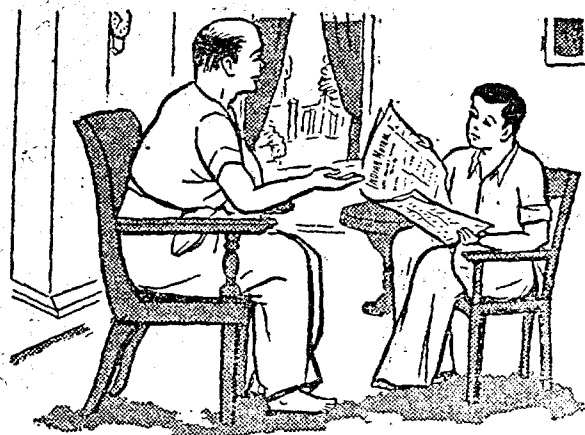
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ON THE COVER:

Kumari Sakunthala Sharma who gave a Bharata Natya Arangetral at the
Rasika Ranjani Sabha recently.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. IX. DECEMBER 4 SATURDAY 1954 No. 44

AMERICAN VIEW OF VYSHINSKY

VYSHINSKY was the Soviet's greatest diplomat abroad, and in the United Nations where he was stationed permanently in the reshuffle that took place on Stalin's death, his intelligence, talent, brilliance and energy received universal acclaim. He shone above all as an advocate. Though at the U. N. his forensic victories were few on account of the massive resistance of the American bloc, his intellectual calibre won the reluctant admiration of his opponents quite as much as his biting wit came to be dreaded. Latterly with the replacement of the old acerbities and relentless hostilities by a more conciliatory atmosphere with fruitful prospects of give and take, Vyshinsky blossomed into a social figure of considerable personal charm. Had he not been suddenly cut off just on the eve of the promise of a more gracious atmosphere of international goodwill and cordiality at the U. N., he would perhaps have lived down some of the dreadful memories connected with the earlier phases of his career. As it is, appreciation of his undoubted gifts is mixed with regrets for the barbarities of his manhood years, particularly in the American press. *The New York Times*, for example, says in an obituary notice that as a man of 37, he abandoned the humanitarian ideals of his original Menshevik Social Democratic political faith and climbed on the Bolshevik bandwagon, and thereafter "Andrei Yanuarievich Vyshinsky sent too many men unjustly to death, and

helped enslave too many millions . . . In the pursuit of his own safety and advancement, he stopped at no crime to fulfil his master's bidding." Apparently in criticism of this sort there seems to be an imperfect understanding of the absence of choice in matters of individual conduct involving the operations of the human conscience for citizens subject to totalitarian dictatorships. It is evidently forgotten that safety and advancement are not two different things but different facets of the same thing in a regime like that of the Soviet under Stalin. The man who opposed his conscience to the regime lost both safety and advancement at one stroke and was in most cases liquidated. The worst that can be said of Vyshinsky therefore is that he was no more of a martyr than ever so many other distinguished compatriots of his exposed to the terrific executive and psychological pressures of Communist dictatorship. It should not be difficult for the more enlightened among contemporary American critics to accord some sympathy to persons placed as Vyshinsky was, especially as even in democratic USA it has ceased to be safe for many citizens to desist from anti-Communism in proof of loyalty under the goad of the McCarthy persecution. Yet in the USA, we have no Stalin, only President Eisenhower!

Churchill

CHURCHILL was described by Harold Laski as one of the great anachronisms of our time. In essence

he is a Whig aristocrat of the eighteenth century and his liberalism is the aristocrat's compassion for the misery he sees, not an intellectual adaptation to the inevitability and validity of change. The real Churchill is imperialist and paternalist, pledged to the creed that his class is entitled to an eternal lien on power. The world is to him an arena furnished by Providence for the romantic exploits of the empire-builder. He often saw himself as Caesar and his best efforts of leadership were conceived in the style of battles. With deep insight Laski prophesied that Churchill's place in history will turn on whether the problems of Britain are soluble within the framework of its inherited traditions. If they are not, he predicted, Churchill will like Wellington come to be seen like "some splendid but obsolete survival of a vanished epoch." This prediction has been

largely fulfilled. The old glories of empire-building have vanished from Britain's destiny. The hopes of England for the future are no longer pinned on the veteran war leader or any of the concepts standing for human greatness in his political dictionary. In the felicitations that greeted Sir Winston on his eightieth birthday, there is universal recognition of the mighty part he played in a period of crisis, his magnificent contribution to survival, his great personal qualities like energy, vitality, courage. That in the supreme ordeal of our time no man did more to strengthen his nation and maintain its dignity is conceded by all. But his greatest admirers also admit that the momentum of the Churchillian inspiration has reached its end and it is on other and new foundations that the welfare and happiness of mankind have to be reared in future.

Sotto Voce

A LONG SPOON FOR SUPPER

SIR Winston Churchill at eighty remains as impish as ever. While the national orchestra was tuning up for a mighty symphony of praise, he let out a cat-call which has jangled the nerves of British respectability at its smuggest. He told his electors at Woodford that after the German defeat he had providently instructed General Montgomery not to destroy the weapons surrendered by the Nazis. They were to be stacked ready for use. The rate at which the Russian bear, friendly for the nonce, was ambling over Europe was so alarming that the British lion

was already calculating that the humbled German might have his uses in conceivable contingencies. The widow was prudently saving up the scraps from the funeral dinner for the wedding breakfast.

Pravda has lost no time in lashing out at the perfidy of Albion. Rather more strangely, *The Times* is scandalised equally with *The Daily Worker*. It, characteristically, blames Churchill for the inopportune revelation of ancient opportunism. It argues that the British Government would not have dared at the



time to employ the defeated Nazi troops to stem the advancing Russian horde on the mere suspicion of unfriendly intentions. The British public would have been horrified, it points out, at the mere suggestion that blood-stained Nazi hands should be employed to protect the liberties of the free world.

The chorus of dissent that *The Times* led has provoked the criticism that it was animated by the desire to compel Mr. Churchill to retire. But he knows his public. It will probably acclaim the calculated indiscretion as proof of his uncanny foresight. In a birthday tribute Lord Salter reminds us that when Hitler attacked Russia Churchill looked so far ahead as to hint that Russian friendship was not always to be counted upon. He is not therefore likely to be unduly upset by the ululations of *The Times* any more than by the loudly declared resolve of a couple of irate British matrons to withdraw their subscriptions to his birthday fund.

Mr. Churchill has latterly been thinking aloud in terms of co-existence with Communism. This turn of thought is based on a sober appraisal of realities. Even Mr. Dulles seems to realise that America may find herself almost completely isolated if she were to attempt the task of making Communism see who is master. But the woolly-headed apostles of "peaceful co-existence" in the politically immature countries of Asia have been only too ready to take the recent British declarations about co-existence at their face value. It seems to me that the British Prime Minister dropped a brick deliberately in order to jolt the amateur peace-mongers out of this Utopian mood.

Whether that was his intention or not, the whole course of British history testifies to the conviction of the British people that there is no such thing as a permanent friend or a permanent enemy. They have never bothered unduly about ideology in making tactical alliances. The British

Isles have been far less vulnerable to ideas than to Armadas. Nor have their statesmen been hag-ridden by the fear of inconsistency. When it was uncertain how the Fascist cat would jump Mr. Churchill went on serenading Il Duce with a brazenness which might have made the most hardened mediaeval *jongleur* blush. Hardly a week later he was using language about the pinchbeck Hitler which might have scandalised Billingsgate. It was all part of the game.

It is a game to which our rulers are new. But our people—or, to be more accurate, the small politically vocal fringe—have a pathetic faith in the wisdom of our happy-go-lucky diplomacy. We lack that healthy scepticism, that good-humoured phlegmatism which is so sure a prophylactic against national distempers. Good-natured but frothy idealism is no suit of armour for a weakling thrown head-long into the vortex of world rivalries. Our opinions are so little settled, our attitudes are still so far from being rooted in the depths of the psyche that we simply cannot afford the luxury of "open-mindedness."

Mr. Nehru, in one of those sudden gusts of revulsion that come upon this joyous voyager on the uncharted seas of optimism, inveighed against those who found that everything was lovely in the Russian or Chinese garden, while nothing was right in India. But who is to blame for this if not he and his Government with their non-stop cultural delegations and goodwill missions? Circumriders come back after a six weeks' junketing on the steppes with the firm conviction that they have plumbed the depths of Marxism and found the pearl of great price which shall adorn the brow of Donkeystan. And self-styled friends of China see nothing incongruous in ringing bells and swinging censers for the greater glory of God when they are not singing paeans of praise to Mao.

VICHINESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Madras Government have decided to undertake legislation for making statutory provision for the exhibition of approved films during cinema shows. Sri Subramaniam, Minister for Finance, explained in a press conference the other day why such a decision was made by the Government. He did not mince matters and was quite frank. He said that the decision was a sequel to the recent judgment of the Supreme Court in regard to the exhibition of approved films. That judgment went against the Government. Therefore change the law itself so that the judiciary may be compelled to reverse its judgment and pronounce another judgment favourable to the Government!

This method of *ad hoc* amendment of the law to correct the defeats of the Government in the courts and make them win just the cases they had been losing, does not reveal a proper respect for law and order on the part of the Government themselves. They swear by the sanctity of law and order so long as they operate in their own favour. But the moment something done by them is proved to be contrary to established law and order, well, let the law go hang, let it be changed, the Government will not abide by it otherwise! Precisely the same is the attitude of the Communists, an attitude for which they are denounced as being dangerous to society, and by none so vigorously as our Chief Minister. The Communists are extremely law-abiding citizens when the law is on their side. But when it runs counter to their wishes, as they have not as yet like Congress leaders the power of changing the law, they simply violate the law and do as they please. What is condemned in the Communists as violence is really the result of their conditional acceptance of the law and their disinclination to be bound by it when it runs contrary to their plans and intentions. If the law-

making power had vested in the Communists they would not need to indulge in any violence at all, they would twist the law suitable to every occasion to make it the hand-maiden of their purposes. Unconditional acceptance of the law as interpreted by duly constituted independent tribunals is the very basis of peaceful and orderly government eliminating every vestige of violence in democratic dispensations; and its real test comes not when the award of the tribunal is favourable to a party but when it runs adverse to it. There is little to choose between Communist defiance of the law by taking to violence and Congress defiance of the law by rising superior to it and imposing on it immediate amendments to change its independent and automatic course. When the Government figure as a party in a case tried by a court, lose the case and proceed to turn defeat into victory by amending the law, they are guilty of an abuse of power amounting to hidden violence, and however much their leaders might denounce the Communists, they will be feeding by their own example the self-same spirit of extra-constitutional irresponsibility which is at the root of all the varieties of violence for which the Communists are blamed and which is abominated in accents of horror by the Congress "democrats" as a symbol of totalitarian dictatorship.

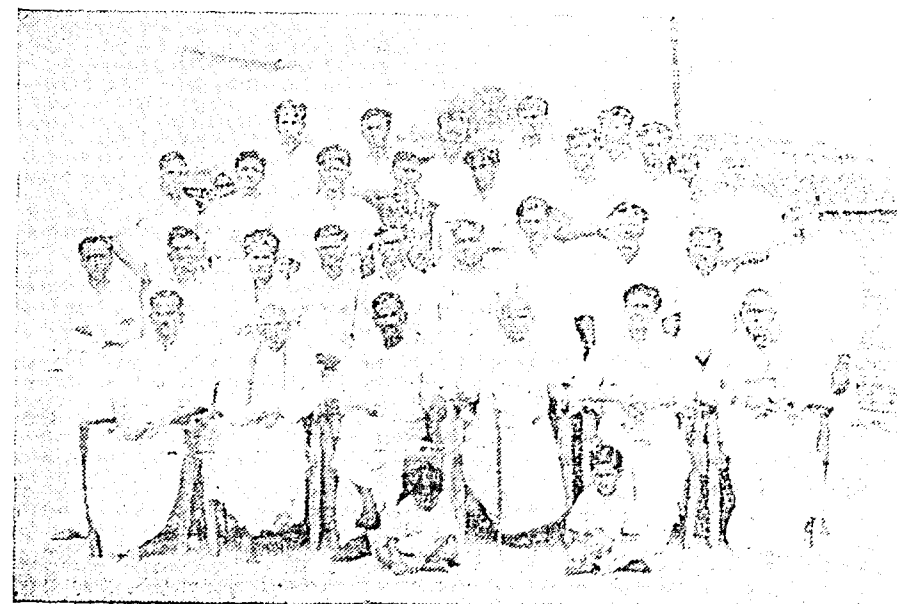
The licensing power of Government will develop into an intolerable tyranny if it is exercised as an instrument of coercion to rob people engaged in trade of their freedom of action and initiative. It is more decent to ban private enterprise outright than permit it to live in precarious misery under the infliction of burdens conceived in the business interests of the State as a competitor in the industrial field. If, as a result of the Government taking to the manufacture of soap, every retail merchant is to be forced on pain of

losing his license to take in allotted stocks of Government soap at arbitrarily fixed prices, it would be a horrible injustice because it would set up a disguised competitor as a licensing authority, combining in one and the same executive two functions that should never be allowed to get mixed up for the sake of elementary justice. In such cases it is but a question of time when the soap industry as a private enterprise is to die out. Whether it is soap or films, if there is merit in the production, bureaucratic compulsion will be scarcely necessary to bolster up sales. Our exhibitors are shrewd judges of which pictures will prove attractive to cinemagoers. They will themselves compete for the privilege of showing the approved films and pay for them competitive rates if at all there is in them the potentiality of being handled successfully from a business standpoint. On the other hand, if the approved films belong to the class of unattractive business propositions it is obviously mean on the part of the State to seek to transfer from their own shoulders to cinema houses the burden of forcing them on a reluctant

public. State pressure is unnecessary for the sale of marketable goods whose quality is their recommendation. It is inequitable if employed to promote the sale of inferior products incapable of making headway on their own merit.

If the Madras Ministry say, "We have power. We shall abuse it as nobody can prevent it. Other States have done so and we shall follow in their footsteps," (as the Finance Minister has virtually said) there is nothing that a mere journalist can do to stay their hand. The Government will have to take their stand then as a self-sufficient power beyond the pale of criticism. But if the validity of discussion and criticism as the method of government in democracy is conceded, it will have to be admitted that the licensing process is for executive convenience only, for ensuring proper hygienic and sanitary conditions and the safety requirements of the buildings utilised, and it should not be perverted into the enforcement of dictatorial commands to the prejudice of an entire community engaged in trade.

SARA



Sri G. Joshua and Sri C. Narayana Reddy at a reception in their honour organised by the Dramatic Association, Nandyal

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TIT-BITS OF AMERICAN LIFE

By Dr. P. THIRUMALA RAO

WHEN we go abroad we become the unofficial ambassadors of our country. As I was carried from Bombay to London, en route to the U. S. A., the odd feeling came over me that I knew nothing of the manners and way of life of the people in whose midst I was going to live for some time. How was I going to adjust myself to their culture, so new to me? I reassured myself with the thought that human beings, to whichever country they may belong, are essentially the same. I began to be concerned as to how best I could interpret my country to others and what I could get back from others of benefit to our people.

To know more and more, one should know more people. To live in good humour is the best way to understand others. What is appreciated in one culture is treated as a curiosity by people of another culture. When fanatics meet there is only exchange of ideas but no appreciation. When a foreigner passes through our streets many things look curious to him. One American doctor who visited Madras went back with pictures of cows wandering freely in the streets, street magicians performing tricks before crowds, of rickshaw pullers, slow moving bullock carts, heavy loads drawn on carts by men, beautifully dressed ladies in sarees, etc. For a fast moving American many of these things are curious. Likewise our notions about the West are peculiar because we have not known people there properly. Hitherto only the rich used to go abroad frequently for pleasure. When they returned they used to mimic the Westerners making themselves incongruous in their national life. Seeing these *burra sahebs* the common man used to think that in the West people only drink and dance and hardly realised how hard the women and men work there to keep up a high living standard.

When we go from one civilisation to another, it is possible for us to feel quite at home if we think that all of us are human and that we are visiting on a holiday relations in a different region. As I stood in the streets of London watching the crowds rushing post haste for Christmas eve purchases, I wondered if it was the same city where so much bombing had taken place. I talked to some boys about war. They just did not care. Everybody was minding his own business and left the war also to mind its own business. Many cars were passing the streets. Not one was big or new. Even the richest could not purchase cars for pleasure. The old Austins, push models, smoke models, were running in the streets of London. The new cars are meant for export. We in India have a better fleet of cars gorgeously running in our streets but this perhaps is no credit to our national economy. In Britain one finds all through the national character standing out. The British people act together as a single nation and suffer together as a single nation. From the King to the cobbler they live, on the same rationed bread, eggs and meat. This is why Britain could survive so much of stress and strain. From this nation of iron discipline I hopped on to the new civilisation which all the European adventurers built, that of the United States. United by Lincoln with use of force, the north and south had become one and developed as one in peace and harmony.

As the *Queen Mary* by which we sailed, steamed into New York harbour, the statue of Liberty greeted us. Then the passengers all round began to him: "That is the Empire State building, that is the Empire State building!" This building, it would appear, is the highest building in the world. Bigger than the Eiffel Tower of Paris to which Mahatma Gandhi referred in his autobiogra-

phy and of which Tolstoy wrote that it was a waste of engineering skill and labour as it was nothing but an erected mass of steel. The Empire State building has 130 flats. The top ones are rented to the television companies as they provide more favourable conditions for television transmission.

THE skyscraper is the symbol of American civilisation. From the ordinary dwelling to the Empire State building it is just a matter of storeys. Thirty to forty storeys are common in New York. If the artistic decorations in our temples reflect the craftsman's skill of hand, the skyscraper is a reflection of the human strength to organise itself to keep so much brick and mortar in erect form so as to make more room in this crowded world. Each skyscraper is a temple *gopuram* extended farther into the air!

As I came out of my ship an American official accosted me and said: "Are you the Ambassador from Indonesia, Sir?" With the U. N. headquarters located in New York there are always delegations and dignitaries to receive and bid farewell to. It is as if there is an eternal session of some institution like the Indian National Congress going on continually in New York.

American porters do not carry loads on their heads and shoulders as our porters do. The luggage received at the docks is placed on an escalator-like contraption, that is, a moving inclined plane. It rolls down slowly and the porters remove it quickly at the required point. They need not carry the luggage walking along the steps. Included in my luggage was a big leather air travel box full of bottles containing pickles which are so very precious to us Andhras. As the box containing the pickles went down at a fair speed, I gasped in anxiety for the safety of the bottles, but the porter said "O. K., O. K., relax, relax." I relaxed. But two bottles relaxed their grip over their contents and broke. After going home I patiently removed the glass particles from the pickles and never refrained from using them as

very precious possessions. Some of it I stored in the house of one of my professors in Iowa where I had an open invitation to dine when I felt like having a change. All his children called it "Dr. Rao's pickle." My host Dr. Jackson used to smell it a little and say "Very nice, very nice" with watering eyes. "Why do you fellows who live in these hot countries take very hot things?" some of his American friends would remark. "Even Mexicans take their food very hot."

There are two hotels in New York which serve Indian food. One is "India Ceylone" and the other is "Pakistan India". In these hotels one gets good puries, chappathies, rice, curd and pickles. Many Americans also come and enjoy the Indian type of food. There are many Chinese restaurants in New York which serve rice and some vegetable preparations. Many of the Chinese non-vegetarian preparations the Americans regard as great delicacies.

Hotel porters need not be paid wages by customers but tips have to be given. Tips are a part of Western civilisation. In hotels you pay 10% of the bill as tips. American hotel nomenclature is just the opposite of ours. In the States what the hotelman gives you after you eat is a cheque and what you pay is bill. Hence we say "Please give me my cheque" and we pay the dollar bill.

New York is made up of a few islands connected by underground tunnels and bridges. The whole place is divided into squares. All streets are long and in straight lines. They are numerically designated like first street, 128th street, 26th cross road etc. Hence it is easy to spot out an address. Distance is expressed as "blocks". A place is five blocks off or ten blocks off, they say. About eight blocks make one mile.

In contrast to London, New York is full of new cars. There are only big cars and no small ones. Cadillacs, Dodges, Buicks are just ordinary there. Cadillac is the pride of an American man as a mink coat is of the American woman. Both range in cost from a few thousands to many

thousands of dollars! Nothing is small in the States, a land of free internal competition, enterprise and ambitions. "Maybe I may be a Rockefeller or a Ford tomorrow, who can say?"—this is the spirit that runs in American business! A young man is initiated into life with a car, said a professor to me. "I don't know whether it is necessary but that is our way" he said. You can purchase cars from 5 thousand to 8 thousand dollars down to 50 to 60 dollars a car. Most of the cars are bought on instalment basis. Credit is the essence of American economy. Give credit, circulate goods and produce more. Help skill and talent through finance and get it all back. The credit is enormous. If you are a doctor and want to set up an office there are organisations which give you all facilities costing a few thousands of dollars to keep you going and slowly collect back the money. The taxes are heavy. The money that is collected as tax and supertax is spent towards purchasing the excess produce of the agriculturist and taking off the surplus out of the market to the Government stores to keep up the price levels and encourage agricultural production. Thus respiration and circulation are maintained in the American economy. Taxation, credit and production—these are the three foundations of American economy. With a few thousands of dollars in his hand the American gets 10 times that amount as credit and enjoys all the amenities of comfortable living.

Because of the innumerable cars, parking space is scarce. Parking spaces are hired at so much per hour near busy centres. In some streets there are stands with meters, where cars can be parked at one cent per minute. If the car is not taken off before the time limit, the vigilance 'cop' (that is how the American policeman is called) will haul the defaulter up. Oftentimes one feels disgusted over the long distances between the parking place and the destination. When there is a traffic jam in New York the confusion is terrific. You feel on such occasions that walking is safer. Petrol in American parlance is called gas. The dollar is called a buck. You get four gallons of gas for a buck.

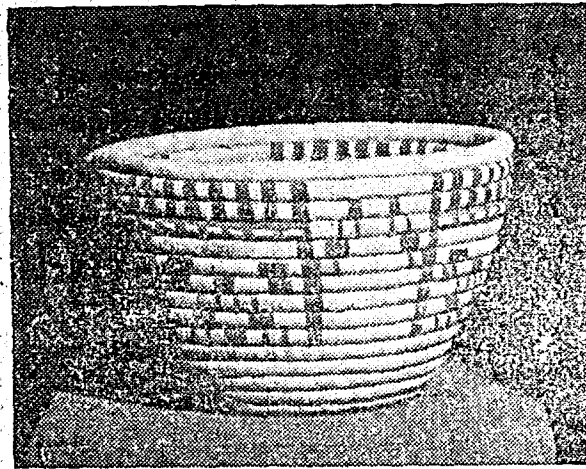
A DOLLAR in America is equivalent in emotional and economic value to a rupee in India. Till you adjust your mind it will be difficult to spend a dollar, as you will be thinking you have spent five rupees for every dollar you spend. Gradually you forget about rupees and the dollar is emotionally replaces the idea of a rupee in your mind. Of course, a dollar generally purchases relatively more comfort than a rupee! This dollar rupee emotional equation will be acquired quickly if you are earning your way or somebody else is footing your bill! But if you have to pay your way for everything in the States you feel highly pinched. The cost of living in the U. S. A. is exactly double that of England and four times that of India!

American Handcrafts Exhibition

A WORLD touring exhibition of American handcrafts will be on view in Madras from December 2 to December 20. This exhibition arranged for the first time in Madras affords an opportunity to study the enormous strides American folk arts and crafts have made, and are still making, in an era ostensibly mass-producing and mechanically minded.

Works of about 20 craftsmen on view at the Museum Centenary Hall touch every aspect of the age-old skill of handcraft, a legacy of refinements from the past. Weaving, rug-making, block-printing, enamelware, ceramics, glass, silverware, jewellery, plastic, leatherwork, knitting, woodwork and decorative sculpture are strikingly represented and explanations are provided on the panels.

The exhibition which drew large audiences in Istanbul, Ankara, Athens, Salonika, Vienna, Bombay,



One of the exhibits of the American Handcrafts Exhibition

Delhi and Calcutta is ample proof that peoples everywhere like to cherish and uphold the skills of the past even if technology has outraced them. Many rural communities in America either for pleasure or profit work assiduously to produce things of beauty and utility.

Simplicity is the keynote of the art, with very special attention to the quality of the raw material used. The raw material is not disguised as far as possible in a coat of paint and made to look like something else. Vegetable dyes are used for cloth and other fabrics with considerable success. Now as in the past days of the pioneers handmade articles are made—furniture from timber, basket from grasses, twigs and ferns and clothing from homespun flax have been responsible for articles that can't easily be supplanted by mass produces.

With the coming of the machine age the skill of the hands fell to discredit, but soon was restored to its rightful place by the reawakening of interest in old-time arts apparent in the close of the 19th century. In rural areas skillfully handmade articles were used as a medium of exchange. In more populous regions such as New England,

the handcrafts were largely reactions to stereotyped mass-produced articles. Contributing to the revival of handcrafts were the techniques evolved by Navajo Indians who among other things produced beautiful rugs with felicity.

In the 20th century the handcraft revival continued to grow. New objects and contemporary styles have been added to the older articles and forms of expression. In the countryside and later in the big cities folks got together to make things by the use of hands in an effort to contribute to the

growth of beauty and not to let hereditary talents rust. The Government helped only where the need was great. Gradually universities took to teaching of handcrafts on a specialised scale. In Berea College, Kentucky, for example, breadmaking, farming, woodwork and numerous other activities are provided in college. The income from the produce is put into college funds. The method bears a close resemblance to efforts in the smaller educational setups in India which are currently experimenting.

Since World War II, handcrafts therapy has been used widely in treating the sick and the wounded, and in rehabilitating the blind. Throughout the United States, as in India, the visually handicapped learn to weave, to make dolls, and to fashion jewellery and decorative objects from metal.

FLAG DAY

(ARMED FORCES)

DECEMBER—7

DONATE GENEROUSLY

FOR WELFARE OF
EX-SERVICEMEN

“... OVER A. I. R.”

By M. KRISHNAN

THERE is really no reason why a broadcast documentary* should be less effective than a documentary film, for sounds have as varied and certain communication as things seen, and while it is true that they are less expressive of detail this is balanced by their quick capacity for creating atmosphere. All the same, A. I. R. documentaries have usually been flops.

I think the reason for this lies in the inheritance of unfortunate traditions from the past, for which the present programme planners are not responsible. In the early days of A. I. R., influenced by what was thought to be the Western and enlightened mode of devising a documentary, certain rigid conventions were evolved. No one seemed to realise that these, in themselves, did not assure the success of a documentary, that they merely represented a technically difficult style of design which was best used sparingly.

Let me explain just what I mean. A documentary is often concerned with historical incidents and events, always with the actuality of something rather than with interpretation, criticism or comment. Therefore, the simple narrative style is peculiarly suited to it, for it has dignity and strength. However, the ‘documentarians’ of A. I. R. felt it was best to tell the story in a series of dramatic episodes. No doubt this technique has its uses, but to convert narrative monologue into dramatic dialogue does not, necessarily, improve presentation. The dramatic mode of presentation will succeed only if the lines are written and spoken with much skill, verisimilitude and restraint—with literary poise and not the ability to attitudi-

nise. This was not appreciated in the early days of A. I. R. It was decreed that the only way to do a documentary was through a series of highly dramatic sequences, and its fundamental preoccupation with actuality was forgotten.

The result was the documentary on China, broadcast in 1942. This may be fairly taken as the archetype of A. I. R. documentaries. The solemn tones and melodramatic verbiage of its dialogues only served to make it sound bombastic, ridiculous and unreal. The truest comment on it was made by a high officer of A. I. R. who remarked in a deep, booming voice, after listening attentively to the broadcast, “Come the Dawn!” Too many A. I. R. documentaries have begun, metaphorically, with “Come the Dawn!”

All this is not idle reminiscence. The much-advertised documentary on Madurai (‘Nannadakkudai’), broadcast from Tiruchi on the night of November 27, did not suggest in its first few minutes that here, at last, was a true documentary being broadcast; the fake-classical musical preludes, the ecstatic dialogue, the speculative comment, they were all there. But soon it was possible to forget the twin voices of the speakers and singers in the topical information supplied. It was said this broadcast was “based on the research material supplied by Sri R. Panchanathan Pillai”, but there were very few esoteric passages in the feature—a thing that made it all the more interesting to one who knew Madurai. I still think the topographic details and recitals of history and legend would have been much more effective if the straight narrative had been used. And I was surprised by certain stresses and omissions in fact and legend. For instance, the poet featured (Madurai, you remember, has great literary traditions, it was the seat of the Last Sangam) was Valluvar and not Nakkirar! Thirumalai Nayakan’s

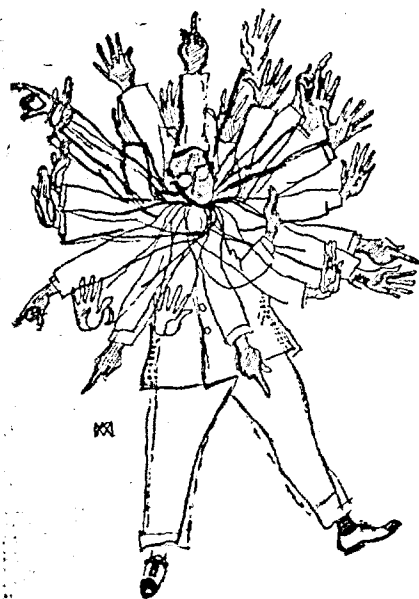
* I note that A. I. R. prefers to use this word in an adjectival way, and to term such broadcasts ‘documentary features’. I cannot find the word, as a noun, in my ancient dictionary, but even if it is not so found in modern dictionaries, no matter—it will be, soon.

Mahal and Vandiyoar Theppakulam were too casually mentioned—isn't it an interesting fact that these square architectural features have the same dimensions as the square outer walls of the Meenakshi temple? Anyway it is a fact that sweeter tender coconuts than what one gets at Vandiyoar Theppakulam are hard to come by anywhere—it is facts that lend virtue to a documentary.

The Meenakshi temple was accorded prominence in the feature, very properly. Unhappily, I have no gods to pray to, but I have spent too many blazing summer afternoons within the spacious, gracious, cool courtyards of the shrine to feel no touch of sentiment when I heard the temple bells and the Pujari's incantations. The tunes played on the stone pillars (especially the very charming Thiruppukhazh verse played on the figurine of Rati in the Hall of the Thousand Pillars) were most impressive. A. I. R., Tiruchi, can justly be proud of this splendid documentary.

★

SOMEHOW it has so happened that I have never seen Mr. M. A. Chidambaram, our new Mayor. He is



in excellent company in this, for I have seen very few of our public men. But this places me at a disadvantage when I want to draw his likeness, especially as I have irretrievably lost the copy of my newspaper carrying his photograph. However, it is with assurance that I offer you my portrait of the Mayor, for I know that it has the quality of all truly great portraiture—it goes beyond superficials, to the very soul of the man. I drew this quite spontaneously, immediately after listening to the Mayor's broadcast to the Citizens, on November 24. And I am very sure this is Mr. M. A. Chidambaram, whatever he looks like in the flesh.

The last word reminds me that I have, possibly, provided him with more substance than he has. That is entirely his fault. No one can be associated with the word 'corporation' and expect to be drawn slim.

In his broadcast address Mr. Chidambaram made eight main points, and several subsidiary ones. I have got them all carefully noted down, but let's not go into them. Widely different as these points were, there was a sameness about them, an insistent protestation of financial inability to better things that surprised me, for I have paid all taxes cheerfully for twenty-five years, with no return. Whether it was the problem of water supply, or beggars, or slums, the Mayor had the same answer to them all—no funds. Let not any citizen expect any improvement on any municipal front—the corporation has no funds. During his broadcast the Mayor held up denying hands all around himself, but sometimes he pointed, for apparently he is familiar with administrative routine and knows that one must "point to the source" when some expense is urgently necessary and one has no funds. He pointed to the Government, to the Citizen, to Private Charity.

The position seems pretty grim.

★

THE A. I. R. Women's Programmes are meant for housewives and not for househusbands. I know this well, and I also know that it is un-

gallant, caddish and outrageous for a mere man to criticise anything so exclusively womanly. But don't you think a Tamil programme should be in Tamil, even if it is a Women's Programme?

Well, it is in Tamil, if you insist on being literal. It is not the language of the script that I object to, but the way it is read out. I will name no names and give no particulars, not because I am belatedly gallant but since I am a coward and have no wish to incur further discredit and animosity. But I must say the way some of the scripts were read, in these programmes, distinctly conveyed the impression that the broadcaster was a non-Tamilian, or else was illiterate. The punctuations and pauses did not follow the sentences or the meaning of what was being said. Sometimes a sentence stopped in the middle and was. Resumed after a leisurely halt; and sometimes a sentence ran on well into. The next. And the enunciation was vile. It was all like that.

Doesn't someone who can speak Tamil look into these things in A. I. R., Madras?

Does Mr. Keskar, who will not commercialise art and fancies A. I. R. as the fountain-head not only of all art but of all information as well, know that all of us have been avidly listening to a Brylcream-sponsored programme from Ceylon for the past several mornings? I hope this will make him sad, and I hope this will set him thinking. Surely it should be as easy for A. I. R. to relay the commentary on the Anglo-Australian Tests as it is for Radio Ceylon. And we do not want to listen to vapid accounts of what Mr. Alagesan said and thought on some woolly uninteresting topic when there is a Test on. We want the scores, and we want details.

When will A. I. R. realise that listeners don't want to hear what Mr. Alagesan said or thought, even if the august organisation is above purveying hot news? If a governmental personage wishes to get into the news, he must say or do things that have news-value. This vacuous repetition of dull speeches and sentiments is not news.

ARCHITECT OF THE ATOMIC AGE: DR. ENRICO FERMI

THE untimely death of Dr. Enrico Fermi makes specially significant the anniversary of the first nuclear chain reaction.

The first nuclear chain reaction, regarded by many scientists throughout the world as the dawn of the atomic age, was achieved in Chicago, Illinois just twelve years ago, on December 2, 1942.

The atomic reactor in which this pioneer experiment was carried out was designed and constructed under the direction of the late Dr. Enrico Fermi, Italian-born nuclear physicist of outstanding achievement, who is sometimes called the "architect of the atomic age."

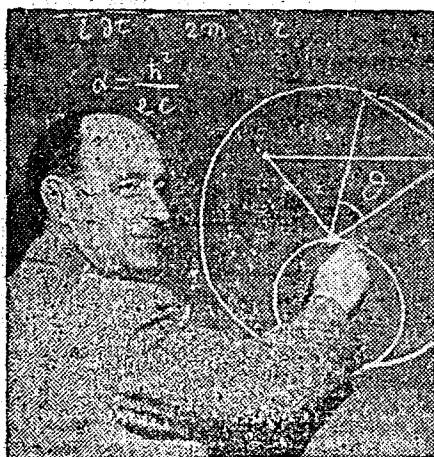
It was in recognition of his success in achieving "the controlled nuclear chain reaction" that Dr. Fermi was

the first scientist to receive (November 16, 1954) the Special Award of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission for "especially meritorious contributions" in the field of atomic energy.

Shortly before his death, Dr. Fermi spoke of the atomic future. He said:

"I believe truthfully that the conquest of atomic energy may be widely used to produce not destruction but an age of plenty for the human race."

Atomic reactors, which were pioneered by Dr. Fermi and his associates, are one of the most important factors in the peacetime use of atomic energy. They are atomic furnaces in which uranium or other fissionable material is used to create heat energy. This is done by splitting or fissioning uranium atoms. The splitting of one atom produces tiny particles called neutrons, which in turn split other atoms. The process, which generates intense heat, can be continued as long as desired.



Dr. Enrico Fermi

In applying atomic energy to peaceful uses, atomic reactors are now used for the large-scale production of radioactive isotopes or radio-isotopes. These are ordinary chemical elements that have been made radioactive by bombarding them with neutrons in an atomic reactor. They are extremely valuable peaceful products of atomic energy.

Radio-isotopes have given science a tool comparable to the invention of the microscope. They have already enabled scientists to make outstanding advances in the diagnosis and treatment of disease, including some forms of cancer; in agricultural research to improve food plants and increase crop yields; in improving industrial quality-control and cost-reducing instruments; and in extending the scope of scientific research in many fields.

Large atomic reactors for the production of electricity are now being built in the United States and Great Britain, and it is expected that additional reactors for this purpose will be built in other countries in the course of the next few years.

In these reactors heat is generated by splitting the atom. The heat is then used to make fine steam, which operates turbines and electrical generators. Atomic-electric power plants are the same as conventional power plants, except for the fact that uranium replaces coal or oil as fuel.

Discussing this use of atomic energy recently, in commenting on the "constructive applications of atomic science that may come to fruition" when President Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace plan is carried out, Dr. Fermi said:

"Probably the most important development will be the production of atomic power for industry. The small weight of nuclear fuel will be especially valuable in areas of the world far removed from deposits of natural fuels, where the long distance transportation weighs heavily on the final cost of the power."

Construction of atomic reactors will be aided, it is expected, by the uranium contributed by the United States and Great Britain to the International Atomic Agency now being organized.

Such small reactors will be of great value, scientists say, for the production of radio-isotopes and also for experimental research work to advance man's knowledge of the atom and its peaceful applications.

The history-making first reactor, which paved the way for present-day models, was of fairly simple construction. Dr. Fermi, who has supervised the design of the reactor, was in charge of its construction.

During the 12 years that have passed since then the world has seen the atom become a powerful instrument of destruction and an increasingly valuable contributor of peaceful benefits. Every possible effort is now being made by the United States, Great Britain, and other free world nations to convert the atom into the peaceful and invaluable servant of mankind. India has already offered to contribute quantities of Thorium to the International Agency.

In all the free world there is no responsible leader today who does not fervently echo the late Dr. Fermi's deep-seated conviction that "the conquest of atomic energy may be widely used to produce . . . an age of plenty for the human race."

DEFEAT OF PATERNALISM IN UGANDA

By ANDREW ROTH

LIBERAL paternalism has met its Waterloo in Uganda.

Its humiliation was symbolized by the reception given the British Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, when he only half-admitted publicly that he had been wrong in withdrawing recognition from the Kabaka of Uganda, Frederick Mutesa II, and exiling him.

When Sir Andrew Cohen arrived in full plumed uniform to address the Grand Lukiko, or Parliament, of Buganda on November 16 the largest crowd in living memory had surrounded the building. Under a blazing sun, upwards of 7,000 people had poured into Kampala, capital of Buganda, by bicycle, bus, lorry and car. They had been demanding, with increasing intensity, the return of the exiled Kabaka ever since Sir Andrew suddenly exiled him a year ago. For months rumours had been circulating that he would be returned soon and each disappointment had intensified feeling until the previously suspect Kabaka had become a nationalist hero and the liberal Governor been converted into a symbol of the whitest imperialist reaction.

The Governor had driven up in complete silence. As "God Save the Queen" was played many outside the grass-roofed hall refused to stand. Sir Andrew then began to outline the new proposals to the Parliament of Buganda, the key quarter of the Uganda protectorate.

It would have been a difficult speech for him under any circumstances because he had to eat his own words and those he had put into the mouth of the then Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton, now Lord Chandos: that the Kabaka would "never" return.

Sir Andrew began to read, in English, the conditions under which the Kabaka might return from his London exile while an interpreter

translated his speech into the native Luganda. He explained that if a new Constitution, now drawn up, is accepted by Buganda's Parliament, that Parliament will be able, nine months later, to decide whether to have back the exiled Kabaka, or choose a new one.

At that point pandemonium broke loose. The crowd outside seemed to understand that the Governor was still persisting in his effort to have a new Kabaka chosen despite the Buganda Parliament's unanimous refusal. There were cries of "Get out", "We want Mutesa", "Don't accept the recommendations," "The Governor is trying to make himself king".

Through a loudspeaker Premier Kavuna appealed for calm. Sir Andrew wiped his face with a handkerchief and said: "I have a complicated speech and a thick uniform. Please try to make the speech as easy as possible." His immediate auditors in the Grand Lukiko waited politely. Sir Andrew tried again, but the crowd drowned him out again. There were shouts of "Stop reading that nonsense." The British Resident in Buganda, Anthony Richards, advised him to give up.

Taut-faced, burly Sir Andrew picked up his plumed hat and stormed out. At the door he snapped to an aide: "Table my statement; anyway they can read it later." On his way out the crowd stoned him, spat at him, and tried to overturn his car.

He told a press conference shortly thereafter: "I will not be diverted from matters of vital importance to the future of this country by the ill-mannered action of irresponsible crowds!"

Liberal Paternalism vs. Unenlightened Nationalism

This broad streak of paternalistic arrogance also shone through during

his press conference some nine months ago, on February 23. His journalist audience knew him as a man reputed to be the best and most liberal of the Colonial Office specialists on Africa. As chief of the whole African Division of the Colonial Office from 1947 until the end of 1951, he was chiefly responsible for the progress made in Britain's African colonies during that period—including the grant of ministerial government to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. He has been the pin-up boy of the Fabian Colonial Bureau. His appointment as Governor of the protectorate of Uganda, suggested by Labourite Colonial Secretary James Griffiths and executed by Conservative Oliver Lyttelton was to show that he could carry out in the field the liberal ideals he had advocated from Whitehall. "Sir Andrew Cohen," echoed Oliver Lyttelton, "is a man of a long record of fruitful and enlightened work for Africans, a man of wide and liberal views, of outstanding ability and intellectual force."

But throughout his press conference the brilliant Sir Andrew demonstrated over and over again that his liberalism was thoroughly paternalistic. He knew best what was good for the people of Uganda and they should take his advice as if graven on stone tablets. At one point he said that "if the Kabaka had shown any of the degree of trust that I was entitled to expect, this situation need never have arisen." He did not think the Kabaka "reliable." Asked whether the majority of the people of Buganda wanted their Kabaka back, he agreed they did. Should not their opinion prevail? an American journalist asked. "It's almost like the question, 'Have you stopped beating your wife?'" answered Sir Andrew, "I don't think the opinion of the people can always prevail."

Slightly astounded by this, I tried to pin down his attitude. Am I right, I asked him, in summarizing your position thus: if it is a choice between enlightened paternalism and unenlightened nationalism you feel that enlightened paternalism should

win out. He objected slightly to my formulation, but agreed that it was substantially correct.

The Crisis of Modernization

It was precisely this paternalistic attitude which created the crisis because even the most liberal Governor, intensely devoted to the economic and political advance of a country must carry its inhabitants with him if he wants to avoid a clash. It is an act of the most criminal arrogance to push to one side the conclusions that the people of Uganda draw from events in South Africa, Central Africa, and Kenya.

Sir Andrew Cohen felt that he was bringing the benefits of development to a country quite prosperous by African standards, but still underdeveloped in terms of its immense potential. According to Sir Andrew "the form of government" for an eventually independent Uganda "must be strong enough to give the country the means of standing on its own feet and manning and paying for the services which the people need."

This, he decided, meant a unitary government because in his opinion there are "too few capable people" to man the subdivisions of a federal structure. This was bound to run against the grain, particularly of the advanced people of Buganda, whose kingdom and Parliament run back for over three hundred years. It was bound to strengthen the suspicion that Uganda was being made a unitary state because it would then be easier for a handful of Britons to control and influence it at the centre.

Sir Andrew was also determined to industrialize Uganda. He felt this necessary in order to pay for a self-sustaining government and to diversify its economy, now dependent on the export of cotton and coffee. There was no doubt about its potential. No less an authority than the *Financial Times* affirmed on May 24, 1954:

"The possibilities of investment in Uganda, with its rich natural resources, a relatively prosperous African population, and an almost undeveloped economy are considerable."

Copper and cobalt are to be produced by late 1956 from Kilembe Mine, with a smelter at work in Jinja. The great Owen Falls hydroelectric project, inaugurated by the Queen last spring, will attract textile and chemical industries.

To Sir Andrew this is a natural and desirable development and Uganda must be altered to suit. "We have to rely on outside capital and know-how, and capital must have its proper reward or else there will be no capital," he insists.

To him the suspicions of Uganda Africans are "understandable" but not "justified." They see industries providing mainly contracts for Indian builders and jobs for European technicians, from the hated South Africa. Until the crisis over the Kabaka there was comparatively little Black-White tension in Uganda. But Whites were clearly beings from another planet who whizzed by in automobiles and to whom the Africans were supposed to doff their caps. The extent to which these White settlers have taken on the *Übermensch* attitude of White settlers elsewhere in Africa was noted by the *Observer's* correspondent Cyril Falls while travelling in a Uganda train:

"The Whites in the dining car accept their food, and the waiter's anxiety to please, with an overlordly indifference; it does not appear that the children are trained to say 'thank you.' In the paper we bought at the Nairobi bookstall there was an interview with an African recently returned from London in which he spoke with amazement of the politeness of the English in their own land."

Little wonder that the people of Uganda, who have been assured that Uganda is to remain an African state like Nigeria rather than a mixed state like Kenya, have looked suspiciously at the influx of more White *Bwanas* (masters) even as industrial technicians.

Smouldering suspicions flared up into flaming fears in July 1953 when the then Conservative Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, mentioned the possibility of an East African Federation

in an after-dinner speech. "Federation" is a scare word for Uganda Africans because it conjures up the fate of the Nyasaland Africans handed over to the White settlers of Southern Rhodesia by Central African Federation. Although the Colonial Office immediately insisted that there would be no federation imposed on an unwilling people, the nagging distrust remained.

The Showdown

The clash between African suspicions and western modernization was fought out between two Cambridge men in November 1953. On one side was Sir Andrew Cohen, the brilliant liberal paternalist, on the other the Kabaka, Frederick Mutesa II. Sir Andrew Cohen undoubtedly saw it as the struggle of the modern versus the feudal. After all, when the Kabaka was crowned on his eighteenth birthday, he was presented with a ring which made him the husband of the whole Baganda people of Buganda, numbering over a million. His ritual overlordship is indicated by such names as Ssaalengo, "Father of the Twins," and Nnamunswa, the "Queen Ant."

The Governor wanted constitutional reforms, such as the broadening of the Central Legislative Council, on which White settlers sit. The new young nationalist intellectuals of Buganda thought this was the thin edge of the wedge and resisted. They countered by getting the Lukiko or Parliament to demand to pull their kingdom of Buganda out of Uganda altogether.

This placed a new pressure on the mild-mannered Kabaka. In the past he could rely on his authority to get his own way in the Lukiko, but this position no longer obtained. If he wanted to survive in the newly awakened Buganda, he had to voice its demands even where, as in the case of separating Buganda from the rest of Uganda, he knew that this would be turned down flat.

Sir Andrew Cohen tried to persuade the Kabaka to go back to the Lukiko and speak in favour of the Governor's reforms. The Kabaka

refused. He complained that he was being placed in an impossible position. If he carried out the Governor's wishes, he would fail to carry his own people with him and would risk being deposed by them.

On the other hand, if he carried out the wishes of his people, he would be deposed by the Governor.

Faced with this dilemma, he preferred to be deposed by the British Raj. When Sir Andrew, in effect, told him: "Obey the Government or else" he made the refusal which meant an abrupt exile.

What even such a distinguished paternalist as Sir Andrew apparently could not realize was that the exiling of the Kabaka at the hands of the British authorities would suddenly convert him into a nationalist symbol. The Kabaka had previously earned much unpopularity by play-boy scheming. By expressing his people's fears—and being sacked for doing so—he has become a nationalist here overnight.

II RETREAT FROM "NEVER"

The crisis in Uganda has demonstrated again that it is as difficult to convince a liberal paternalist of the error of his ways as the most benighted reactionary. Probably more difficult because he *knows* he knows best for the people.

The withdrawal of recognition and exiling of the Kabaka on November 30, 1953 produced an immediate effect. Even educated people in Buganda fell physically ill when they heard of his banishment. His own sister suffered a heart attack and died.

Part of the shock came from the ritual significance of his position. Many women in Buganda complained they had been sterile since the "source of their fertility" had been removed. Missionaries testify that women really did become sterile through a type of hysteria.

But the most important factor has been the Kabaka's emergence not only as the symbol of nationalist unity in Buganda, but in the whole of Uganda. Last January the rulers of the other three kingdoms of

Uganda asked that he be restored to the throne. A delegation of Buganda's five most distinguished men, headed by its Chief Justice, came to London last January to try to persuade the British Government to overrule the Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen.

"If the Governor imagines," predicted Chief Justice A. Mugwanya, "that the Baganda will ever consider replacing the Kabaka he is profoundly mistaken."

This moderate delegation was puzzled. "Why," asked Mr. Mugwanya, "did Mr. Lyttelton slam the door against further negotiations when the delegation had offered to compromise on all the points at issue?"

It is striking that the delegation made the two proposals which have since actually helped to resolve the crisis. They proposed widening the negotiations to include revision of the outdated treaties on which the Kabaka was banished. They also suggested that a Royal Commission should "get to the bottom of this strange affair."

Pre-Fabricating a New Kabaka

Instead of compromising, Sir Andrew followed the traditional path of the liberal paternalist: he tried to prefabricate a new Kabaka more amenable to his intentions.

When the first payment of the banished Kabaka's £8,000 allowance was to be made, it was delayed, according to *The Times* of April 23, 1954, "until the Kabaka agreed to enter into an undertaking to renounce his rights to be ruler of Buganda and not to return to Uganda without the consent of the British Government." This polite blackmail was withdrawn after a court action.

In Buganda itself, the Governor and his local Resident were even more active. E. M. K. Mulira, who came to London as a representative of the Lukiko, told us about these efforts last June.

"It should be clearly understood that the British Government has no power to elect a new Kabaka or to depose an existing one. Therefore, when the British withdrew recognition from Kabaka

Mutesa II on November 30th, 1953, and banished him, the Baganda could still regard him as their Kabaka because they themselves had not deposed him and it is only they, through their Lukiko, who can do so.

"... After the Lukiko passed a resolution refusing to elect a new Kabaka, the Resident ... tried to go direct to members of the Lukiko and persuade them to go back on their resolution. He has also backed elements in the country who are endeavouring to go against the wishes and decisions of the Lukiko in this matter ...

"... There is one prince, George Mawanda (the Kabaka's elder half-brother) whose ambition is to take the throne, but he knows pretty well that the Lukiko mean what their resolution says. He has three members of the extended royal family to support him, but has aroused extreme annoyance and opposition amongst the other princes and princesses of the immediate royal family.

"... In March 1954 the Resident told the Regents of Buganda that these four individuals should attend the meeting of ... chiefs he was going to address on the future of the Kabakaship, although these four people have neither the administrative nor political right to take part in affairs of the State ...

"In their last desperation, the three followers of this prince wrote to the Resident expressing their wish to have a new Kabaka elected, whereupon the Resident called a secret meeting in his house, of about 15 people generally known as Government "stooges" and, he in the chair, they discussed ways and means of persuading the people to agree to elect another Kabaka ... Afterwards his three supporters went to interview the Governor.

"When the members of the royal family heard of this, seven of them went and saw the three relatives who were the movers of this campaign ... and asked them on what authority they were doing this. At that meeting feelings ran high and blows were exchanged ..."

Just about the time this story was being told in London, the accused Resident helped confirm it by sending a letter to the Regents instructing them to dismiss all the palace retainers except those required for traditional services, allegedly to cut expenses.

Then Damali, 23-year old Queen of Buganda, who had been left behind

in the royal palace, was asked to vacate it. The Resident objected to her activities. She had been communicating with the county chiefs, asking for their support, until forbidden to do so. She attended services at churches of all denominations during the two-day period of "mourning" for the Kabaka in February. But she was not at any of the official functions attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the royal visit.

"What interpretation must the people place on these events?" asked the Lukiko's representative, E. M. K. Mulira. "Their immediate reaction is that the Government is trying to empty the palace in preparation for another Kabaka."

The Resident also fired eight "disloyal" chiefs in Buganda.

Nationalism through Boycott

The power of the banished Kabaka as a nationalist symbol was demonstrated by the diversion of the boycott introduced on May 1 by the Uganda National Congress, the principal nationalist organization.

The boycott was originally called for three months in protest against deportation ordinances, especially as applied against its vice-president, Mr. Kiwanuka. The public was called upon to stop buying anything except bare necessities and to boycott European stores completely. The boycott was rather quickly organized. At its peak soft drink sales were down 12%, bread down 20% and piecegoods, 35%. A few people began to appear in clothes of the traditional barkcloth. Then a number of nationalist enthusiasts began bringing heavy social pressure to bear on those not "playing the game." On May 3rd the Government proclaimed an emergency to "prevent intimidation" and suspended three newspapers.

The Uganda National Congress found it advisable, to keep the boycott going, to associate with it the campaign for the return of the Kabaka.

The Church Missionary Society called attention to the impact of the

boycott and the campaign for the Kabaka in the non-material realm:

"A direct result of the unhappy state of affairs obtaining in Buganda today is that not only have congregations in many churches shrunk almost to vanishing point, but social relations between Black and White in the church have been in many cases seriously affected."

Rescue from Paternalism

Sir Andrew Cohen and the British Government were rescued from the dangerous blind alley into which his paternalism had led by the shy Australian historian, Sir Keith Hancock, whose three month mission has helped Britain and Buganda to make a fresh start.

It is typical that although Sir Andrew himself asked Sir Keith to undertake a mission to untangle the tangled constitutional web, he almost wrecked it by his "fatherly" meddling. The Lukiko was asked to appoint a committee of ten to meet Sir Keith Hancock. Among those they named was the American Negro, Dr. Ralph Bunche, and Dr. Kalibala, who was born in Uganda but is now an American citizen. Sir Andrew not only vetoed these two names but also told the Lukiko that it did not know its business and had elected an unrepresentative committee. Several of the committee, including three members of the delegation which had visited Britain, resigned in protest against Sir Andrew's "high-handedness" and "dictatorial" manner. They subsequently withdrew their resignations when Sir Andrew's objection to Dr. Kalibala was withdrawn and Sir Keith Hancock clarified his objectives and method of operation.

Sir Keith Hancock's approach when he arrived on June 23 delighted the people of Buganda. "I have been called an Independent expert," he stated. "I do not like the word 'expert'. It implies that I know all the answers. But I do very much like the word, 'independent' because it means that I am not in anybody's pocket."

An Australian friend described him thus, explaining why the people of Buganda took to him: "He has a pas-

sionate interest in hearing other people's opinions and in trying to understand them, and by sympathy and enthusiasm and encouragement he draws out the meaning and intentions of those with whom he is talking.

At the end of his three-month mission, Sir Keith had succeeded in getting both the Governor and the Buganda delegation to agree to what are known as the "Namirembe recommendations" from the place where the final stages of the conference took place. These would make the Kabaka a constitutional monarch—thus avoiding last year's crisis—retaining all his traditional titles and dignities. The Buganda Government's increased responsibilities are to be borne by ministers elected by the Lukiko. They, and not the Kabaka, are to be the link with the Central Government of Uganda. Buganda accepts its place as an integral part of Uganda. (The Central Legislative Council of Uganda is to have more power and a larger proportion of Africans.

There was only one thing wrong with these proposals. There was little chance that they would be accepted by the Lukiko, and very little that they would be worked at all if Buganda did not simultaneously get the Kabaka back. But to do this after both the Governor and the Colonial Secretary had said "never" was to throw doubt on the pro-consular word, by which empires are bound together.

An obscure and misunderstood judicial decision on November 4 gave the British Government its "out". On that day the Chief Justice of Uganda gave his decision on a case brought to test the legality of the British Government's action in withdrawing recognition from the Kabaka. The judgment was that the British Government was entitled to withdraw recognition but, in fact, had done so under the wrong article of the 1900 treaty.

Under the misleading shouted summary, "Government made mistake!" the people of Buganda leapt sensa-

tionally to the conclusion that they had won a great victory. They began an orgy of celebrations which went on for days thereafter. People streamed in their thousands to the Kabaka's palace, standing before it singing patriotic songs and cheering madly whenever the exiled Kabaka's wife appeared on the balcony.

It was clear that after that demonstration anything short of agreement to the Kabaka's return meant an end to any possibility of friendly British-Buganda relations.

For days the British Cabinet wrestled with its conscience and sense of expediency. Sir Andrew Cohen was called back to London and an emergency meeting was held at the Colonial Office on November 7 with the new Empire-minded Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd and the Attorney-General Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller on hand. To encourage

them, perhaps, *The Times* printed, on November 9, a letter from the warden of a Christian college in Uganda: "With such a people to reverse a decision is not a loss of face; it is not a sign of weakness, but rather of strength, to do the right thing for a given moment."

On November 16, the Colonial Office finally agreed to give in. It announced—simultaneously with Sir Andrew in Kampala—that the Kabaka could go back 9 months after the Lukiko has adopted the new constitutional reforms. But Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd could not admit it was "a change of policy." He hid it beneath Whitehall verbiage: "What has happened is that there has been a change of situation which has created both the opportunity and need for a new approach." The new approach, it is to be hoped, will have little in common with paternalism, no matter how liberal.

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THE CHANGING FACE OF SOCIALISM

By RAMSWARUP

SOcialism is a great force in the world. Its ideas have permeated the thoughts of even those known as reactionaries. Thus its influence is wider than is represented by organised Socialist or Labour parties of the world. In fact sometimes Socialist ideas are better embodied by non-Socialist parties and countries than by the Socialist ones. As Philip Morgan, the Secretary of the British Labour Party of Great Britain, has admitted the American administration is more progressive than many of the Socialist countries of Europe.

Recently Socialism has been acquiring a different connotation. The process of change is not yet complete, but the trend shows that the movement is in the right direction and that the tempo will be maintained. Historically, Socialism was collectivist; now it has room also for private enterprise and voluntary co-operative activities. In the past it was megalomaniac: it thought in terms of big aggregates of men uniting to operate mechanical giants whether in industry or in agriculture; now it is responding to decentralised, small-scale production also. Historically, Socialism had a tendency to reject political democracy as some sort of subterfuge of the owning class; now Socialism increasingly recognizes the value of democracy. In the past, Socialism had leaned towards violent upheavals; but at present it is tending towards a more pacific development.

The change has come not only in the Socialist economic doctrines and political theories of action, but also in its philosophy. In its early beginnings Socialism was religious in inspiration. It was not even secular. It simply felt for the poor and was opposed to the pompousness, waste and callousness of the rich, and it sought to establish the kingdom of Heaven on earth by greater fellow

feeling and more equitable distribution of God's wealth.

But the 18th and 19th centuries gave birth to a new phenomenon which swamped all thought including Socialism. New fashions in thought came into prominence. Materialism, Darwinism, Positivism and Secularism coloured all thinking. While on the one hand they nourished a new sense of humanism and liberalism, and a demand for equality, justice and human rights, on the other, they also nourished the belief in a new economic determinism, social collectivism and human engineering. Not only God was banished, but even man's secularist ends were conceived too mechanically. Marxism came and classified all human aspirations, explained the mechanics of human actions, mapped out the course of all human history and determined its future lines of development. It put its stamp on all Socialist thought even when individual Socialist parties continued to give a fight to parties which claimed for themselves the monopoly of marxism.

Incompatibility of Socialism and Communism

That variety of Socialism which represents the mechanistic, Darwinistic, reductionist phase of human thought, and has not outgrown it yet, is Communism. It claims to be scientific; but it is true only of one aspect of science, the aspect that studies dead matter and the physical side of man's existence, the aspect which is utilised (but which should never be utilised) in manipulating men in the mass, in imposing on them the ideals of the lower level of consciousness; but the claim is quite untrue of the aspect which has to do with creating new values and realizing old ones.

Communism is a powerful force in the contemporary world. The slogans of equality and prosperity provide the

bait, the ideation, the emotional fervour; Moscow provides the sinews, the discipline, the instrumentalities and the party line.

Today, the incompatibility of Socialism and Communism is coming to the fore. Socialism is shedding the Communism influence, though it still clings to its verbiage. In approach it is giving up Communist dogmatism and the Communist sense of finality and is becoming more empirical. In philosophy it is not yet theistic, but it is less materialist. Its morality has no divine sanction but it also does not derive from social expediency.

While Socialism is becoming less rigid, its understanding of the world is still too old-fashioned. While it rightly regards Soviet Communism as a distortion of itself, it is yet blind to the fact that capitalism, its enemy of yore, is already dead. Its thinking is still too schematic, too Bevanite. For example, it fails to see that American capitalism is no capitalism, but is a new phenomenon, a new "transcendent" economy, which goes beyond the traditional facts and concepts of capitalism. But there is a tendency to see new facts in terms of old habits of thought. That explains why to the Socialists the world seems to be divided between three blocs, the one represented by American capitalism, the other represented by Russian Communism and the third represented by emerging Socialism. Who belongs to the last bloc is not yet known. Sometimes it includes all those who oppose the first two blocs; sometimes it excludes even Socialist parties and countries because their claim to Socialism is not recognised by fellow Socialists.

It is being realised that socialisation is not equal to nationalisation, that there can be nationalisation of industries without socialisation of income. On the other hand, in certain countries, there is no socialisation of industries, but there is socialisation of income. How this is achieved is a fascinating study. In Soviet Russia, a motor car factory belongs to the workers, but the cars belong to the managers and Government functionaries; in America, an

automobile factory belongs to capitalists like Mr. Henry Ford, but the cars belong to the workers.

The Indian Socialist Party

Socialism in India is not indigenous. Its modern form was imported from without. And within limits there is no harm in it. Cultural exchange and plagiarism between different countries is a fact true of all periods, particularly of the modern period. It could take place in two ways. Either it starts as an indigenous movement imbibing and assimilating external influences, too powerful to be ignored otherwise, or those influences get an artificial hold in the body politic and in due course get absorbed. Whatever the initial impulse, if this assimilation or acclimatization does not take place, there is grave danger and destruction.

Indian Socialism is still too much loaded with controversies and concepts that were part of the European milieu, but it is trying to acquire a face of its own. It is trying to adapt Western Socialist concepts to Asian conditions. It is giving up its industrial bias, and giving its thought to agricultural problems as well. Jayaprakash symbolises this trend of Indian Socialism. But the past hangovers are still not without force. In fact, their power is indicated by the fact that Jayaprakash has to work for the Bhoodan outside the Socialist party. It is regarded with suspicion and even hostility by certain quite important elements in the Socialist party. Bhoodan is still too primitive for their industrial bias, too peaceful and constructive for their agitational taste, too diffused, "coalitionist" and inclusive for their group politics and outlook.

Like their Western counterpart, Indian Socialists are also acquiring a new respect for democracy. Democracy is no longer dismissed as a bourgeois fraud, though many Socialists have a capacity to miss democracy where it operates. They have a talent for spotting out undemocratic expressions of democracy rather than for perceiving democratic ones and democratic forces. Though they rightly see the in-

compatibility of Socialism with Communism, they do not yet fully perceive their kinship and community of purpose with other democratic parties and countries. Everything outside the Socialist fold is equally bad or equally irrelevant. They have yet to realize that democracy may be the best part of Democratic Socialism.

There is an exaggerated tendency to name-calling. It is first directed against those outside the Socialist fold, but very soon it includes the party members also. Thus while the Socialist party needs discussion the most—as Socialism is a growing creed—creative discussion becomes difficult. The atmosphere becomes surcharged with suspicion and recrimination, a fact to which Jayaprakash recently referred so feelingly.

These are critical observations to make. But credit must be given to the Socialist party for many things. The process of adaptation has been quick. Not many parties can claim such fast re-thinking. While some of the Congress leaders are discovering new virtues in Communism, and forging new bonds with Communist countries, the Socialist party has been breaking away from the Soviet myth. It has shown more awareness of the Communist danger than any other party in India; and it has done more than any other party in exposing this danger. The Socialist movement still retains its youth and idealism. And though it makes it more

susceptible to slogans, it may yet prove a great national asset.

The Socialist movement is nationalist with international affiliations. Though its nationalism is too political and internationalism too national, it may be the beginning of a new synthesis which is badly needed. The Indian leadership has not been able to shake off old memories, and therefore helped Moscow to fan anti-West bias through her local branch. Even our pan-Asian slogan is not based on greater co-operation among such Asian countries as have similar problems and similar aspiration, but it is essentially based on hostility against the West on a new tolerance, illusion and approval of Communism. Let us hope that internationalism will become one of the important planks of the Indian Socialist party as it once was of all worthwhile Socialism. Today, nationalism is not enough; we must rise above narrow loyalties.

The Socialists could offer another synthesis—between past traditions and present realities. In India there are parties which either live too much in the past, or are too much occupied with the present and the future. The Socialist party itself belongs to the latter category. Such divorce and one-sidedness is not healthy. Let us hope the Socialists will move forward into the future by basing their present programmes on an understanding of India's past tradition and culture.

DISPROPORTIONATE SENTENCES

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

MR. JUSTICE BALAKRISHNA IYER at the Madras High Court has just administered a well-timed warning to the administrators of criminal law not to forget their obligations to society and the community at large. Enhancing a sentence in a criminal case, His Lordship dis-counted weakness and sloppy sentimentalism in awarding sentences for serious offences. A boy had committed theft in a village house in North Arcot district and the owner and another took him to the police station; but on the way they tied his hands together, wrapped pieces of cloth around them, poured kerosine and set fire to the cloth. The boy received burns and was treated in a hospital as an in-patient for 12 days. Thereupon the two were chargesheeted and tried before the Assistant Sessions Judge. Amazingly enough, the Additional police prosecutor conceded that it was a trivial affair and equally amazingly the Assistant Sessions Judge let off the companion, but sentenced the main accused to imprisonment till the rising of the court and a fine of Rs. 25. Indignation was rightly expressed at the High Court as to how such a serious offence which might have made a cripple of the boy could be dealt with so lightly; and ultimately the accused was sentenced to a year's rigorous imprisonment. That offences of this kind are by no means uncommon has been vouched for by the report of another case from Chingleput decided almost simultaneously. Two children, a girl aged 12 and a boy aged 10, were suspected of stealing a two anna piece and had had their hands dipped in boiling cowdung water. The Assistant Sessions Judge warned off the accused under Section 562 Cr. P. C.

A country's title to recognition of its progressive administration depends not only on its economic and political stability but also on the rigour and certainty of its criminal law. And if today England scores

over all other nations in this regard, it is due to its almost fool-proof machinery to combat evil and evil-doers. No jurisprudence offers so many safeguards to the accused under a criminal charge, and yet it is true to say that a criminal seldom fails to get his or her deserts. A large part of the credit for such an achievement must go to the British judges, who have been functioning as the custodians of law and order to a much greater degree than the administration or the public. Recently some of them have pleaded for the stiffening of the criminal laws, including even a provision for whipping; and it was on account of their solid backing that the death penalty for murder still exists in Britain.

It may seem unprofitable to assess the contribution made by the British judges in India towards the administration of justice but one aspect of it can scarcely be forgotten. They have given a tone and vigour to the system of dealing with crimes and criminals, which have still not been completely eradicated. True it was that when dealing with "political" offenders, a good deal of vengeance and cruelty had been displayed, but speaking of the other normal crimes, they had seldom departed from the view that serious crimes needed serious penalties. The District Magistrate knew the pulse of the criminals in his area. The Sessions Judges and the High Court perused every judgement in a criminal case, and they themselves moved whenever an offender was let off or dealt with leniently irrespective of whether the Government, the press or the people had agitated in this behalf. This system of "perusing calendars" still obtains; and it is because of such an arrangement that cases like the present have come up before the High Court. Even newspaper reports had been acted upon, and a Calcutta Judge once brought to book a European planter who had flogged a labourer to death.

In recent times, more especially in the post-Independence period, the rigour of the previous era has abated considerably and India's Home

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Minister complained the other day at Bhopal in a mood of subdued resentment that our criminal courts have become courts of acquittals. It is a matter of common knowledge that some such feeling has been responsible for the move to tighten up the criminal procedural laws. The attitude of the Government as of the people must undergo a radical change, if conditions in India are to approximate to those in Britain. The recent gaol delivery on the eve of the inauguration of the Andhra State is an example in point. Public apathy to come forward and give evidence has now become very marked, and one does not know where it will all lead to, especially when grave offences require eye witnesses for being established.

Crime is increasing both in urban and rural areas, notwithstanding prohibition and the other ameliorative measures. Newspaper reports furnish ample material to show that in the villages the argument by the sword settles agrarian disputes. In urban areas, more especially in cities like Madras, rash driving has become quite commonplace. On 22nd November 1954 three boys aged, 7, 8 and 9 residing in different localities in the city were run over and killed by three motor cars near their places of residence. That this should happen even after the closure of the trams, shows that there is something wrong somewhere. The law as to rash driving and killing is apparently a contributory factor; and it is becoming next to impossible to apprehend the erring drivers, or bring them to book. Even in the few cases they are tried and convicted, the sentence is only a fine which the offender is at all time willing to pay. Some years ago in Madras a well placed European was chargesheeted for rash driving in which a few pedestrians were killed. The case evoked great excitement; but that did not prevent condign punishment being meted out to him, which, in addition to heavy imprisonment involved also a substantial fine, out of which a decent compensation was made available to be awarded to the dependents of the victims.

In cases of this type, the actual running over is but the least part of the crime. The speed fiends more often than not give the slip and do not mind what happens to the victim; neither do they report to the police or to the hospital. Section 12 of the English Road Traffic Act punished a person driving a motor vehicle on a road without due care or attention or without reasonable consideration for the other persons on the road. That Act has been bodily engrafted in the Motor Vehicles Act in our country, but this provision has been omitted. It is time that the law is altered so as to render all acts which establish negligence as well as callousness towards the victim punishable with imprisonment and fine, which must be substantial.

It goes without saying that any improvement in the administration of the laws requires public interest and public co-operation. Members of the legal profession are under a special obligation in this regard. The Boston lawyers have banded themselves together to fight out crime in America, and it behoves their brethren in this country to follow suit. Alongside associations like the Civil Liberties Union, one would like to see started organisations to keep a watch over every criminal trial which occasions a miscarriage of justice both from the point of view of the accused and of society as well. Recent discussions on the contemplated amendment of the Criminal Procedure Code however make one very pessimistic: but it is time that leaders of the bar as well as of public opinion leave off all talk of police zoolium or highhandedness and address themselves to the task of seeing that those who rob, murder and commit the oldest sins in the newest kind of ways are not left scot free.

★

*There was an old man with a beard
who said: "It is just as I
feared!"—*

Two Owls, and a Hen

Four Larks and a Wren

*Have all made their nest in my
beard!"*

We clambered away, leaving Ramappa sitting where he was, unmindful of us . . .

.....Short Story.....★

END OF A HERO

By Michael Lobo

THAT the gods we erect for ourselves have clay feet is often distressingly brought home to us. At some moment or other the clay crumbles, and down comes the golden god and grovels in the dust. One such shock which moved me to the centre of my being was when Ramappa, my childhood hero, toppled from his pedestal. The fall was painfully sudden and inexplicable then, but the experiences of later years have given to his story a moral and a meaning, and perhaps made me wary when I meet a woman.

Ramappa the stonecutter was a strong man: when he swung his heavy axe and made the stone chips fly high, the muscles on his back and arms rippled and bulged. He effortlessly lifted the large cut stones which we could not so much as move. When he rested after four hours of continuous work cutting and heaving the hard limestone, he would let us climb all over him and test his muscles; we never could dig our fingers into his flesh which was like tempered steel.

He was a likeable man, not given to talking, a strong, silent man. It was said that he was hot-tempered and terrible when angered, but that was a side we never saw of him, until the very last. On our holidays from school we used to sit for long hours on the edge of the quarry and watch his steady rhythmic strokes. He was a neat worker. He would smoothly plane the surface of the stone stratum, and then he would cut the first stone. This was always a delicate job, and since the limestone was brittle, the careless worker often broke the first stone. But

Ramappa had a rare skill. He made the edges of this first stone wider, he cut the sides deep down, and when a crevice had been formed all round a rectangular slab of stone, with two or three deft sloping strokes he would lift it up entire. Then a more careful planing, and the stone was picked up and placed at a far end of the quarry, the first of a pile which in a week would fill three or four carts and be taken away by the builders.

Once the first stone was cut the rest was smooth work. The three sides would be cut into, and a sharp stroke at the open side would dislodge the stone. The planing of the sides was a neat job and as the wide flat blade of the angular axe skimmed over the stone it left a surface as smooth as that of polished wood.

RAMAPPA'S work was fascinating to watch. We sat at the quarry dangling our feet over its edge, with a blade of grass in our mouth and absently plucking the tiny wild flowers, and admired the rhythm of his movements. Every new stone was a new adventure. We watched the beads of perspiration swell on his brow; every few minutes he would sweep them clear in one broad gesture and bend once more to his work.

When he stopped his work for luncheon, we trooped with him to the house where on the verandah at the back he ate the food he had brought with him in the morning. We hurried through our meal and rushed back to him. For this was the time we were waiting for: the half hour between his lunch and his siesta during which he unbent himself, opened

his mouth and told us stories. He told us folk tales, stories from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, but most we loved him tell us stories of giants and strong men. He had an unhurried raconteur's style; he told tales in instalments, and when his half hour was done, Scherezade like, he closed his mouth, stretched himself on the floor and dropped off to sleep. We had to wait the next day for the continuation. We never felt annoyed at the interruption for it was a part of our day's timetable. Even when we went to school, we came back during the break for luncheon and for an instalment of Ramappa's stories.

ON dry summer days, Ramappa took his nap under a spreading banyan tree near the quarry. We sat on the low hanging branches, while he lay on the ground in the warm caressing breezes of the day, and his stories carried us away across the centuries, into fairy lands and pre-historic times.

For over a year Ramappa remained our hero. We were perpetually enthralled by his stories and his feats of strength. Father used to ask his help when anything heavy was to be moved. When heavily laden carts got stuck in the mud of the narrow lane which led to the house, it was Ramappa who went to the rescue of the desperate cartmen, and putting his shoulder to the wheel, released it from the rut with a giant's heave. And one day happened the most exciting adventure of all. The stone had been heaped high in large numbers and his builder's men came to cart them away. There was much noise and activity, and we children gathered around to watch the stir. Ramappa supervised the sale. He counted the stones, planed those chipped, and gave a helping hand to the men. Suddenly there was a scream. On lifting a stone at the bottom of a pile, a man had exposed a knot of adders, several of them, black, thick, coiled in sleep, but now leaping up in rage. Terror held us hypnotised. But Ramappa, who had in his hand his trusted stoneaxe, before we realised his intent, brought

it down upon the reptiles, and, with a few well aimed strokes, killed them.

It was a glorious feat, and we were still astounded by his fearlessness and presence of mind when we poked together the severed dead snakes and lit a bonfire and burnt them to cinders. It was a tale which we told our openmouthed schoolmates for many a day, and crowds of them went home from school in a detour by our house in order to catch a glimpse of Ramappa, the hero.

But everything changed when one unlucky day Ramappa got married. On that day Father, Mother, and all of us went across the fields beyond the town where Ramappa lived, and sat through the evening eating sweets under a decorated pandal in the din of drums and trumpets, and watched our suddenly grown shy Ramappa sitting beside a pretty girl who now and then raised her bent, flower-decked head, and coyly glanced around and at her new Lord. "That girl is a minx," said our Father as we returned home, "it's a case of Samson and Delilah." "Hush, dear, not before the children," answered Mother in a worried voice; and though we then did not understand what was a minx or who were Samson and Delilah, we felt that Father did not think much of Ramappa's wife. But we were pleasurably excited and thought of Ramappa and his bride as a pair of romantic lovers from one of his own stories, and more specifically as Nala and Damayanti, whose story the sentimental Ramappa had been telling us in the preceding week until his marriage interrupted it.

YET, we too soon had cause to dislike her, for the immediate result of the marriage was the stoppage of our afternoon storytelling. When Ramappa came back to work, shy and self-conscious, a few days later, he came emptyhanded, without his meal basket; and all through the morning we saw that his heart was not in his work. At noon came his wife with his luncheon. She was dressed prettily in a red sari, her hair was decked with white sungandhi flowers

whose perfume was wafted in the air, and her mouth was provocatively red with betel juice. She walked liltily, and we felt uncomfortable in her presence. We also felt that Ramappa did not want us there. We went home by ourselves, and Ramappa, instead of coming to the house, stayed behind with his wife under the warm shade of the trees.

So it went on for many weeks. We came home for luncheon, hung around hoping that Ramappa's wife would go away early, but she stayed, and every day we went back disappointed to school. Ramappa's work too had slackened, and he broke off for luncheon not as before when the whistle of the big mill across the river blared out the mid-day hour, but whenever he heard the jingle of the silver anklets that loaded the feet of his soft-stepping wife as she came to the quarry.

But gradually there was a change. The builder gave him a talking to, and Ramappa went back to his stricter hours of work. He worked late and hard to finish overdue contracts. His wife came as usual and stayed with him during his off-time, but he sent her away earlier every day. There seemed to be quarrels between them. Then after some time, she came, stayed by him wordlessly while he ate, and immediately went away. When we saw this happen for some days, we were pleased in our childish way because we thought that Ramappa would come back to us and tell us his magic stories as before. We diffidently went to where he sat under the banyan tree, but he did not seem to notice us. He had a disturbed, faraway look in his eyes, and we crept silently away. After some weeks of this, he came to the house and slept on the verandah. We noticed that now his wife came quite early, much before twelve o'clock, and seemed anxious to go away as soon as possible. Husband and wife did not speak to each other, and while Ramappa had a hangdog look of sadness about him, his wife seemed, even to our childhood perception, to be living a secret, an exciting life of her own.

Finally, one day, seeing us sitting and hopefully waiting for him when he came to the house for his siesta, Ramappa smiled at our reproachfully expectant faces, and said, "All right, I'll tell you a story. Which one shall I tell?" "The story of Nala and Damayanti," piped one of us. "Remember, you were telling it to us before your wedding day and you did not finish it." Ramappa appeared momentarily to pale; he dully repeated, "Nala and Damayanti." Only when we all joined in with our pleas did he continue, haltingly and tonelessly, the story of the faithful wife. As it ended, Mother shouted to us from inside the house that it was time to go back to school, and we clambered to our feet and hurried away, leaving Ramappa sitting where he was, unmindful of us, of everything around him; and fixedly staring into vacancy.

WHEN we came back later in the evening, tragedy had swept in. It seemed that after we returned to school, Ramappa sat on the verandah for a long time and then, suddenly, got up and went away. When Mother looked some time after she did not see Ramappa near the quarry, or hear the regular sound of his axe. With a sharp premonition, she came out to investigate. The toolshed was open and Ramappa had gone away with the axe. Mother sent men after him in hot haste, but they arrived too late.

When Ramappa returned home unexpectedly early that afternoon, he surprised his wife in someone else's arms. With that precision and quickness to act which he had exhibited with the adders, Ramappa cut off the heads of his unfaithful wife and her paramour. He quietly surrendered himself to the police after that.

We cried bitterly that night and went supperless to bed. Somehow, we knew not in what fashion, we felt that our having pressed him to tell us the story of the faithful Damayanti had caused this terrible killing.

We saw Ramappa only once after that. On a side of the hill on which stood our school was the district

court, and there Ramappa was brought to trial. We could not go to it because it was during school hours, but on the last day we ran away from school and hung around the court till Ramappa was led out, a condemned man, handcuffed, between two policemen. We did not at first recognise in this lean, unkempt man walking drunkenly, the cheerful, handsome, strong hero of our acquaintance. But he saw us, and

after a slow moment of recollection, he smiled at us, not sadly, but with that frank companionship which we had shared. We ran up to him and clung to him and, calling his name, wept loudly: and he also broke down and sobbed. The policemen had wet eyes and the crowd around us were silent with sympathy. Then the policemen separated us, and Ramappa entered the van, and that was the last we saw of him.

GARDEN AT DUSK

HALF-HIDDEN the plants, brides behind veils;
Their glories masked, but for the white roses;
These, the moon fallen down in white flakes,
Trapped, and worn on her bosom, unquiet
With passion. How, in the conspiring dusk,
She waits, the garden waits, for her lover

—the lazy night air!

She knows: when he comes, he will but stay
To brush with the faintest of kisses her hair;
Not Adonis with the twin pink-tipped charms
Of his goddess, so reluctant, so prude;
She knows: when she tries to gather him close,
Lightly he'll laugh and escape, her lover

—the lazy night air!

M. P. BHASKARAN

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K. MAHADEVAN

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FOR THE STATUS QUO IN KASHMIR

By M. MADHAVA RAU

SUHRAWARDY, the future hope of the political reformer in Pakistan, has referred to a pre-partition understanding between India and Pakistan, according to which Kashmir was to go to the latter. He reminds us of an old man who went to see a drama and fell asleep when a couple was ardently making love. When, waking up, he sees the lady in the arms of another man, he thinks there must be some mistake of identity, blissfully unaware that the loving couple whom he saw, had fallen out during his sleep. Mountbatten's notional partition between India and Pakistan, which Suhrawardy evidently studied, left no scope for the accession of Kashmir to India as there was no contiguity between the two, due to mountain walls shutting off residuary India from Kashmir. The Radcliffe award however changed matters entirely. Cis-Ravi Gurudaspur came to India, and gave her easy communication with Kashmir by the Pathankot-Jammu route. Sardar Patel who wanted to secure Hyderabad peacefully hinted to Pakistan that India would have no objection to Pakistan securing the accession of Kashmir, provided the Paks recognized that Hyderabad must be made to join the Indian Union. The planners of Pakistan however wanted Hyderabad to become an independent kingdom (which would be called Usmanistan) having an *entente cordiale*, if not a treaty of alliance, with Pakistan. They wanted Kashmir to be within Pakistan, and Hyderabad to be outside India. They played for heavy stakes, hoping for support from the Anglo-American bloc, and have lost heavily. Today Usmanistan is an ugly remembrance like Guy Fawkes' gunpowder plot; and Indian troops are in firm grip of Kashmir, where they have conquered not only the terrain, but the heart of the Kashmiri, by sharing with him their food and medicines. Suhrawardy perhaps remembers the notional partition of

the Mountbatten scheme, and the hopes of the Indians and Paks which it aroused, and has too hazy an idea of the events that destroyed these hopes, when he went out of office into the wilderness.

Lord Mountbatten asked the Maharaja of Kashmir to encourage the holding of public meetings in various parts of the State, and await the guidance which the people give him in the matter of accession. The Maharaja however wanted to flirt both with India and Pakistan, and to remain unmarried to either State in the end, like good old Queen Bess. Jinnah got impatient, and sent the Frontier marauders to despoil the damsel, so that she might be frightened into marriage with him. This had exactly the contrary effect, as the damsel went into the arms of the rival for protection. Has Suhrawardy got any explanation to offer why, if it was understood that Kashmir was to accede to Pakistan, Jinnah was so very foolishly hasty as to endeavour to precipitate the accession by sending robbers in Pakistan trucks? Nehru watched with alert patience, and at the psychological moment, struck swiftly, by sending troops by air. Though international stories have rarely a moral ending, the present day story of Kashmir has one—the lover who tried a marriage by capture has failed ignominiously, while the lover who patiently waited till the damsel garlanded him of her own accord is living happily with her.

Now Pakistan wants that the real wishes of the damsel should be ascertained by a free verdict. Pakistan wants the Indian troops to be withdrawn when the lady's wishes are ascertained. What guarantee is there that the attempt at marriage by capture will not be repeated when Indian troops are withdrawn? Then again the maiden must not be intoxicated when she deliberates on the choice. If heady alcohol should not be used, is it not even more imperative that the lady's brain should not be fuddled by the intoxication of religious passion? In the name of civilized humanity the scenes which were enacted in the plebescite of the North West Frontier Province, with Mullahs

standing at the entrance to the plebescite booth with a Koran in one hand, and an idol in another, must not be allowed to be repeated. Pakistan which hopes to win only by inflaming religious passions will not however consent to exclusion of the religious appeal.

IF Pakistan wants to be on friendly terms with India, she ought to give a quietus to the question of Kashmir. She has secured one-third of the area of Kashmir, which is larger than the area she has secured of undivided India—and this area is rich in minerals, bauxite having already been discovered near Gilgit. She has one-fourth of the population, which is also larger than the proportion of population she has secured of old India. She has not been able to develop this territory, which is seething with discontent. India is pouring 40,000 tourists into Kashmir this year; this will mean at least Rs. 6 crores to the craftsmen, the boatmen, and the taxi drivers of the Kashmir valley. After the construction of the Bannihal tunnel, this number is expected to increase to at least 60,000. With the aid of Indian subvention, Kashmir is building roads, hospitals, schools and bungalows for tourists. The community projects are working in full swing. 30,000 acres of fertile land will be reclaimed from the Wular and other lakes. Channels will be opened from the Jhelum at Srinagar which will drain off surplus water from the Jhelum, thus preventing floods, and also providing facilities for irrigation. There are proposals to continue the Pathankot-Mukherian Railway through Jammu. Indian money is flowing like water into Kashmir, while Azad Kashmir lies neglected, and economic distress is rampant. Pakistan might well hesitate to spend money in Kashmir, when the same money may reclaim the swamps of East Bengal and make this part of Pakistan the rice bowl of Asia instead of Thailand and Indo-China.

It is moreover clear that Kashmiris on both sides of the cease fire line want to maintain the identity of their State. This, so far as India

is concerned, is in consonance with the recognized lines of established constitutional law and practice, while it is certain that Azad Kashmir will be a serious obstacle to the newly projected consolidation of West Pakistan. Pakistan has integrated Gilgit and Baltistan into centrally administered territory, but Mirpur and Muzaffarpur will kick against such integration. Some sort of camouflage might be tried in the present small Azad Kashmir, but if its area is extended Pakistan will be compelled to give substantial autonomy—and this will set a bad example to Sind and the Frontier Province, which may refuse to fall in with the West Pakistan scheme of amalgamation.

From the standpoint of definite popular sympathy it goes without saying that Jammu and Ladakh are overwhelmingly for remaining with India. From Jammu to Ladakh, the passage lies through the valley of Kashmir. India will be thus bound to retain in any event that portion of the valley which is needed to connect Jammu with Ladakh. If the rest of the vale has to be given to Pakistan some sort of arbitrary line like the 38th Parallel in Korea will have to be devised with all its inconveniences, and the unending misery it will bring to people on both sides of the line.

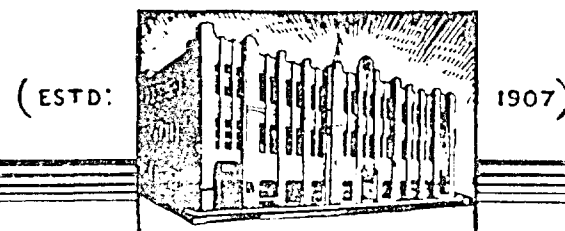
Zafrulla Khan stated at Lake Success that the Pak army came up to halt the Indian army at the strategic line of defence for Pakistan. The ceasefire line, a little distance from Uri, represents a slight Pak advance beyond this line, as in the December that preceded the ceasefire, the Bannihal pass was blocked and Indian troops had to fall back for want of reinforcements. Pakistan's defence will not thus be affected, if the cease fire line stands. Kashmir may be said to form the breastplate of Pakistan, and the helmet of India. The breastplate stands; out of the triple plate of the helmet, the outermost plate formed by the mountains of Baltistan has passed into Pak possession. But India will not disturb the peace by seeking restoration of this. The defence of Pakis-

tan, it is clear, does not necessitate her advancing beyond the line which she now holds.

Finally the argument has been advanced that India may divert the waters of the Chenab into the Ravi and thus affect the water supply of the Punjab. This diversion, even if feasible, will cost more than Rs. 300 crores for carrying Chenab waters through bored tunnels and difficult aqueducts over 70 miles of difficult terrain. When the World Bank award has saved the Bhakra and Harike dams, and these and other comparatively cheap schemes, like the damming of upper Jumna will give enough water to East Punjab, India will not be so insane as to attempt to divert the Chenab at the cost of a huge sum.

From whatever point of view we study the question—the economic welfare or the sentimental inclinations of the people—strategic considerations of defence, or engineering considerations of irrigation potential,

Pakistan ought not to covet the portion of Kashmir which has become part of the Indian Union. The question of plebescite will present insoluble difficulties—Pakistan can succeed only by rousing religious passions, which will vitiate as badly as wine or money, the calm judgment that the citizen is expected to give in a plebescite. It would be wise on the part of both countries to consent to the cease fire line being converted into a permanent boundary line, with minor rectifications necessitated by convenience of communications, or in consideration of other popular amenities. Every man of peace and goodwill is inclined to ask the question which Deshmukh, like an emissary of the olive branch is reported to have asked the Cairo interviewer: "Why a plebescite?" Why disturb the process under which this raider-troubled valley is being converted into a beautiful and happy garden by Kashmir's leaders with the generous help of India?



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POST OFFICE SAMACHAR

By D. S. EDWARDS

WHILE it is not at all my intention to belittle or disparage the achievements of the Indian Post and Telegraph Department, especially in the recent years, in trying to provide better and increasing amenities to the general public, it has, nevertheless, to be mentioned, although diffidently, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the powers that be, that there is scope—a good deal of scope—for improvement, particularly in the printing and stationery branch of this much boosted utility department. My recent experiences have strengthened me in the conviction that the gentlemen who run this branch of the department need goading up, and if you will pardon my using the American lingo, a helluva lot of goading up, at that!

The other day, dear reader, I entered a post office to send off a telegram. In the past we used to have good large-sized telegraph forms. They have now been replaced by smaller ones, and one has to use both sides of the forms. I have no doubt that the department economy expert is at the back of this wonderful reformation!

Well, I wrote out the telegram, handed it in, got my receipt and left for the bus stop. Just as I was boarding the bus, a telegraph messenger came running and told me that I had gone off with part of my telegram! I thought the fellow had gone clean off his head. He bade me show the receipt, however, and it was then that I realised the cause of all this hullabaloo. Four words of the precious telegram I had written out so laboriously were on the back of the telegram receipt!

I'm a mild man by nature, I assure you, but like all men of a generous nature, I do have cyclonic potentialities. I went back to the post office in not a very pleasant mood; and arrived there, I proceeded to impart to the harassed clerk a piece of my mind. The poor man apologised. What else could he do?

The Stationery Arm of the P and T Department should have seen to it that they printed their forms properly. As it was, the front and back portions matched so imperfectly that when the clerk tore off the receipt, he had necessarily to tear off part of my telegram unintentionally. When I had calmed down, I felt sorry for the poor fellow. In my irate mood I had not minced my words!

While I was on a roving mission to Madhya Pradesh, a few months back, I had occasion to send off a telegram to *Virudhunagar*. The telegraph clerk, after poring over the pages of the P and T Guide told me rather condescendingly that there was no such place and enquired if it was a small village. I assured him that *Virudhunagar* was quite a big place, an important business centre to be correct. I went on to tell him further that the Chief Minister of Madras hailed from that town. The clerk was duly impressed. Further laborious reference followed, which elicited the information that the correct spelling should be *Virundhunagar*. I was beginning to feel a bit hot under the collar, but I managed to keep a straight face. I politely agreed that if I ever managed to keep my sanity and reach a friend of mine in the town under discussion, I would certainly get a *virundhu* (meaning *feast* in Tamil), but all the same, I was quite definite the name was *Virudhunagar*. The clerk demurred, but on my polite suggestion that the printing might be wrong, the telegram was accepted for *Virudhunagar*; but that was not to be the end of the matter.

I got a note from the post office, later in the day informing me that the telegram was being held up by the central transit telegraph office, as the office of destination of the telegram was not according to the Guide and enquiring if the telegram could be forwarded to *Virundhunagar*. The telegram had been an important one, and all this delay had

already defeated its purpose. I wrote back they could transmit the telegram to hell, if they so liked, but as far as I was concerned the office of destination was *Virudhunagar* and not *Virundhunagar*! The telegram did manage to reach *Virudhunagar*, despite the pious assurances of the P and T Department that such a town did not exist, but that was after a couple of days. The guys at the central telegraph must have realised at last that their holy book, the P and T Guide, might have erred, after all!

A similar experience when I wanted to send a telegram to Neyyoor, made me suspect that something was wrong with the 'holy book' after all! I asked the counter clerk to give me the book, and he handed me the 1952 edition of the Guide. I remembered that in the bad Britisher's days we used to have fresh editions twice a year, in February and August. My polite enquiry on this point elicited the reply that with the dawn of independence this wasteful practice had been put an end to, and I was assured that the 1952 edition was the current one! I was also able to gather that the 1952 edition was actually supplied only in 1954 and till then they relied on the 1950 edition! The information was quite revealing!

MY curiosity having been aroused, I sat down on the uncomfortable bench provided for the public, and despite the aggravating activities of the P and T bugs which luxuriated in the many crevices and gaps so thoughtfully provided for in that ancient piece of furniture, I did manage to thumb through the pages of the 'holy book.'

Being a native of Madras, I naturally turned to names of offices in Madras City. I was amused to come across the entry 'MADRAS BRODISE ROAD'. It should have been *BRODIES ROAD*. Further down came the entry 'Madras Choolai (delivery from *VEPORY*)'. It should have been *VEPERY*, not *VEPORY*. *MADRAS NUNGAMBAKAM* according to this precious edition was *MADRAS NUNGAMBAKAN*. *MADRAS WALTAX ROAD* had apparently been renamed

WALLTAR ROAD! The P and T printing department has been tarring things nicely, indeed! I found the revealing information that Madras Vepery and Madras Perambur had been assigned the same delivery zone number, namely Madras 7. Perambur should have been Madras 11.

I was now really interested. I delved further. *TISAIYANVILLAI* was misprinted as *TISALYANVILLAI*. *Mandalamanickam*, a village post office was shown as under the jurisdiction of *KAMUT* post office. The correct name should have been *KAMUTI*. *NEYYATTINKARA CUTCHERY* had degenerated into *NEYYATTINKORA CUTCHERY*.

In less than fifteen minutes time, I had traced more than fifty mistakes in printing. I was simply staggered at this extraordinary feat of the printing branch of the P and T Department!

As I walked back to my residence, the realisation came to me that the P and T officials relied on this wonderful book for the correct discharge of the duties entrusted to them. I could well imagine the amount of headache and confusion, not to mention the probable delay to postal articles, such a capricious reference book could cause. I had now found one of the main causes for delays to correspondence and telegrams. The wonder was how the hardpressed postal employees managed to carry on with so few mistakes, handicapped as they are with such an utterly useless, misleading reference book. In my heart I found a new admiration for the poor P and T worker who was doing an admirable job, indeed, under the circumstances.

When I retired to bed that night, I came to the conclusion that the *EFFICIENCY DRIVES* the department has been conducting unnecessarily inside the post offices during the last few years, had they been conducted among the complacent officers, somewhere higher up, particularly in the printing and stationery section, would have been more fruitful, at least in so far as the long-suffering public are concerned.

SRI SARADA DEVI: The Holy Mother

Srimata Sri-maharajni Srimat-simhasanesvari

Chidagni-kunda-sambhuta Deva-karya-samudyata.

—Lalitasahasranama

BHASKARANANDA, the celebrated expositor of *Srividya*, commenting on *Sri-mata* (Holy Mother), the first name in the *Lalita-sahasranama*, observes: "Usually the mother is called upon in times of distress; but our natural mothers are not capable of removing the three kinds of pain (*tapa-traya*) . . . The greatest mother of the world is she who is able to remove the endless misery of transmigratory existence." The most striking element in the life of Sri Sarada Devi, known as the Holy Mother, was her spontaneous motherliness. This quality was palpable to anyone who came in contact with her. None ever turned back without receiving her love and blessings. Hindus, Muslims and Christians, men, women and children, easterners and westerners felt in her presence that unselfish motherly love which knew not the provincialism of religion, race or social status. Like pure love, which is indescribable, the life of Holy Mother, bereft of extraordinary events, baffles our attempts to picture it. The immense impression produced by her rests wholly on her life. As a simple Brahmin girl, at home in the spiritual tradition of India, she fashioned her inner being after the image of Sri Ramakrishna in a manner almost unequalled.

Holy Mother was born at Jayarambati in the district of Bankura (West Bengal) on December 22, 1853. Her father was Ramachandra Mukhopadhyaya, and her mother Shyama Sundari Devi, who were pious and kind-hearted. She was given in marriage to Sri Ramakrishna at the tender age of six. She not only practised intense *sadhana* at the feet of her lord, but also served him and his disciples with complete



The Holy Mother

self-effacement. After the passing away of Sri Ramakrishna, she took upon herself the role of the teacher and ministered to the spiritual needs of hundreds of persons. She formed, as it were, the nucleus around which Ramakrishna Math and Mission developed. He passed away on July 21, 1920, in her Calcutta residence.

The Twofold Tradition

From immemorial times India has recognized the paths of *pravritti* and *nivritti* as the two stabilising forces of society. If the former represents all the activities connected with *artha*, *kama* and *dharma*, the latter symbolizes the cessation of all secular activities which leads one to *moksha*, the liberation. Though the two paths are common to both men and women, it can be seen that the path of *nivritti* had more votaries among men than women. Changing political conditions, social disabilities and male domination are responsible for the discontinuance of *nivritti* tradition among women. India produced great women when they enjoyed complete freedom. Ghosha, Lopamudra and Surya were the seers of several hymns of the *Rigveda*.

Gargi, a famous *brahmavadini*, challenged the sage Yajnavalkya in the court of King Janaka. Down the corridor of time we see glorious pictures of Sanghamitta, Andal, and Mira, who renounced everything for the sake of the Divine. At a time when India was handicapped by the sad plight of its women, the noble ideals of Indian womanhood found their fulfilment in the Holy Mother. Directly in the line of the *Vedic rishikas*, she has affirmed the values of austerity, purity, modesty, and motherliness.

The Divine Couple

The marital relationship is one of great complexity. The harmony of conjugal life is based on mutual respect, equality and self-control. Incompatibility will wreck the home life if spiritual and moral values are disregarded. History has on its record the cases of great men and women for whom the married life was an anathema. Their entry into the wider sphere was possible only after separation. In the Holy Mother Sri Ramakrishna found an equal in every respect. "Do you want to drag me down into *maya*?" he asked her. "Why should I do that?" she replied, "I have come only to help you in your spiritual quest." To Sri Ramakrishna there was no difference between his own mother and the Holy Mother. He saw the presence of the Divine Mother in all women, whether noble or fallen. Their mutual attitude signifies the triumph of the spirit over the flesh and the recognition and identity of the divine element which is untainted by the physical impurities. Has not Yajnavalkya declared that "not for love of the wife is a wife dear, but for the love of the *atman* a wife is dear." Christian mystics call this *copula spiritualis*, a love union in spirit.

Holy Mother And Modern Women

After years of subjection the women of India have attained equal status with men. The impact of modern education and western culture has opened new horizons. Woman's world is no longer limited to her home. They are helping men in

the reconstruction of India in social, political and cultural spheres. Old laws relating to marriage and inheritance are changing with amazing rapidity. On the whole, the women of India have attained a new status undreamt before. To a great extent the future of India depends on the ideals her daughters now choose; for they train the future generation, and consequently in their hands lies the power to save men from the evils of our age. The question is whether, in their new position, they will maintain the ideals of Indian womanhood, embodied in the lives of Sita, Savitri, Gargi and Maitreyi, or imitate the western mode of life. Here the life of Holy Mother precisely serves as an exemplar to guide Indian womanhood. Though there is an underlying unity in the culture-patterns of different civilizations, each civilization has a central idea, a core, which gives spiritual support to those born to it. If we forget this, our thought and actions will lose their significance and vitality; this is the most disastrous thing that could ever happen to a nation. The women of India have to play their role without forgetting they are born to an Indian environment. In India women are honoured and worshipped for feminine virtues and not for feminist activities. Holy Mother has aptly said:

You see, the only ornament of a woman is her modesty . . . Women should not get angry so easily. They must practise forbearance. They should have patience and try to put up with parents or husbands in spite of difficulties.

Holy Mother never wanted to force the girls to marry against their wish. She said:

Is it not misery to remain in lifelong slavery to another and always dance to his tune. Though there was some risk in being a celibate, still, if one was not inclined to lead a married life, one should not be forced into it and subjected to lifelong worldliness. Those girls that are drawn to the ideal of complete renunciation should be encouraged to lead a celibate life.

She always exhorted her women disciples to strive for the ultimate goal of human existence, namely, the

realm of peace and beatitude. "My child," she told a devotee, "you have been extremely fortunate in getting this human birth. Have intense devotion to God. How can one achieve anything without efforts? You must devote some time for prayer even in the midst of the busiest hours of the day." It is no wonder Sister Nivedita described Holy Mother as "Sri Ramakrishna's final word as to the ideal of Indian womanhood."

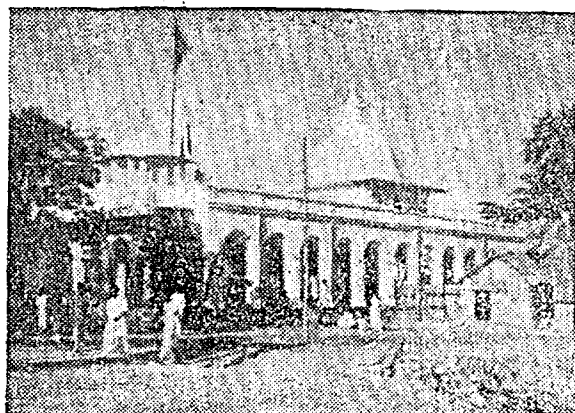
Her Teaching

What did Holy Mother teach? Evidently she taught more by her life than by lectures or writings. Still some of her valuable teachings in the form of conversations have been recorded by her disciples. They are suffused with the inspiring message of Sri Ramakrishna. A simple answer to a casual question offers a solution to the staggering problems of our distraught era. She firmly believed that Sri Ramakrishna was an *avatar* who had assumed human body to remove the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. Time and again she reminded her disciples that Sri Ramakrishna was the embodiment of *Siva* and *Sakti*.

She used to say that intense *sadhana* as well as divine grace are necessary for the vision of the Divine. "Nothing can be achieved without His Grace," she told a disciple, "we have observed so many spiritual disciplines but nothing whatsoever is of much avail . . . O man, take refuge in God."

Regarding the concentration of mind the Holy Mother said:

Repeating the name of God once, when the mind is controlled, is equivalent to a million repetitions when the mind is away from God. You may repeat the name of God for the whole day, but if the mind be elsewhere, that does not produce much result. The



Temple at the birthplace of the Holy Mother at Jayarambati

repetition of name must be accompanied by concentration.

To a woman who could not appreciate the path of renunciation, she said:

Why so much attraction for worldly life? Why so much animal propensity? What sort of happiness do you derive from it; Can you not even conceive in dream a pure ideal of life? This misery of the world has been gnawing into my bones.

Spiritual life becomes a farce without a sound ethical basis. The basic principles of all ethics are truth and non-violence. Holy Mother said:

One should not hurt others even by words. One must not speak even an unpleasant truth unnecessarily. By indulging in rude words one's nature becomes rude . . . Sri Ramakrishna used to say, 'One should not ask a lame person how he became lame.'

The sweet, delicate and almost subtle figure of the Holy Mother has been overshadowed by the dynamic personality of Sri Ramakrishna. Perhaps we are too near to understand the significance of her life. Rightly did Swami Vivekananda say, "You have not understood the wonderful significance of Mother's life—none of you. But gradually you will." Sri Sarada Devi, the Holy Mother, who came to fulfil a divine mission, reigns over our hearts and serves as a guiding star to humanity.

New Books

THE CAPTIVE MIND

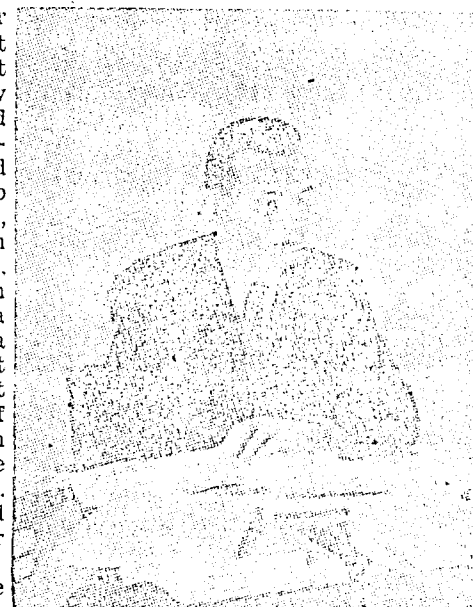
BY CZESLAW MILOSZ

Secker & Warburg Ltd., London

18s net

OF all the testaments of despair that the post-war Communist world has inspired, this is the most significant. We have had many books by men who had renounced Communism; by men who had literally fled from Communism; and there was published some years ago the posthumous diary of a man who, caught in the grip of the New Faith and tortured but unable to let go, had desperately wrought his own destruction. But this book by a native of the Baltic States and a State-recognised poet of Communist Poland is not written from any point of no return, not from the safety of the other camp as it were, but from a point between the two worlds where his faith has not yet dropped anchor. He is truly one of the dispossessed of the world. He is still poised for flight, but where is there to go?

The book takes the reader into the world inhabited by the intellectuals of Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest and Budapest. The victim is not so much the individual as the *mind* of man. It is many minds or rather the various types of minds which became converted into the one type of mind. He draws four types of mind, four writers, each of them very human and in a way likeable, with a man's faults and a man's strength, and he shows us how slowly, irretrievably and with little outward struggle, the individual becomes the type. The author tries to prove, however, that there is a conflict, but that human nature being what it is, each man makes up his own palliatives, applies his own balsam to the wounds of his spirit, as he goes. So along with outward success, with money, a beautiful house and all comforts that the State can provide for its conformists, there exists deep in his consciousness a self-contempt and barren hope so



Czeslaw Milosz

humiliating that a writer's greatest fear is to be left alone with a blank sheet of paper before him.

The author was in Poland when the Russians came and liberated the country. But to him the story of the liberation which was presented to the world as a fact of history has another side to it. He knows the real facts because he was there, standing outside a peasant's hut when the first contingent of Russian troops led by a woman entered Warsaw. He remembers the kilometer-high column of smoke which stood over the city during the whole of the two-months long Warsaw uprising and the German retaliatory fury which killed two hundred thousand people on the streets. He remembers too how the Russians

stood on the other bank of the river, smoking and watching the citizens being mowed down. When the Red Army at last marched in, the city was literally empty. It was liberation. It was the beginning of the revolution, a revolution which was to be without a shadow of revolutionary dynamics, a revolution carried out entirely by official decree. Through six years of Communist rule Milosz was first a free-lance writer, then a cultural attache at the Embassy of the Warsaw Government in Washington and later in Paris. He was never a member of the Party. How a non-member of the Party could have held a high diplomatic post in the Government of the Party is a mystery which the author explains as part of the *Method* followed by the *New Faith*. It is the 20th century crusade. Conformity is its watchword. Always is being exerted the pressure to conform, not abruptly, not crudely, but in gradual stages, subtly and insidiously. It is a crusade fought by the whole Party simultaneously. The longing for harmony and happiness present in every man, which is drawn to its finest intensity in the intellectual, slowly kindles in him the need to conform. And according to how much his work means to him, the intellectual transforms this need by an excruciatingly painful process of self-deception into the desire to conform. *Diamat*—or Dialectical Materialism—creates social and political conditions in which a man ceases to think and write otherwise than as necessary. Whole chapters of the book are more a treatise on human nature under pressure than on the agency which creates and applies the pressure. Because the objective conditions under which he once lived have disappeared, the writer even comes to believe that his work would be artistically poor if he did not acquire some subjective control over himself. This subjective control, he realises much later, is being all the time kept in working order by pressure from above through—the Word. He is hedged in by standards set in conformity with Party principles—there is to be no allegory in his work, no psycho-analysis, no

prying into the motives of Man and no streams of consciousness, no high tragedy, no exuberance of emotion, no erotic display; new interpretation is heresy. *They do not know how one pays*, cries the author—*those abroad do not know. They do not know what one buys, and at what price*. Loud, violent, clear, biased—that is the general standard of manner and matter which would be approved. The Word is the most important thing in Stalinism. Constantly, continuously, the people are exposed to a barrage of words, in the Press, on the radio, in films, from platforms. Under the impact of this cascade of sound the artist or the writer passes from the stage of critical realism to that of socialist realism. The difference between propaganda and literature disappears. Among the people the barrier between penal and non-penal deeds and the curtain—however flimsy—between the Man and the Citizen is torn down. Life becomes words and catch-phrases—*Diamat*, *Socialist Realism*, *Cosmopolitanism*, *Historic Lag*. An inn loses its appeal, says the author, when it becomes a point of collective nourishment.

But every man has within him something which the State cannot take away. There is in every man the memory of other days, the memory of traditions, of simple principles and truths lisped by childish lips, of lessons about heroes and saints of history learnt at school, the memory of another time when life was not so noisy. This secret treasure-house inside him makes of every intellectual in the people's democracies a schizophrenic. This disparity between the memory of the past and the awareness of the present he keeps to himself and presents an outward face of acquiescence. This ability the author calls by the word *Ketman* taken from the Persian to mean the art of concealing one's inner self, the art of dissimulation. *Ketman*, we learn, is almost an institution in a people's democracy. Most deviations in a Communist country, the author feels, are only accidental unmaskings of *Ketman*.

The book is permeated with an almost palpable agony of indecision:

combined with a feeling of guilt. This feeling of guilt is the malady of all modern intellectuals, especially those who at some stage or other of their lives had come in contact with Communists or Communism. Milosz is against the Terror which, instead of Death, had replaced the decay of pre-war Europe. There is no doubt about that. He finds unbearable the human climate of a peoples' democracy. He finds it unbearable and indescribable. If Hell, he says, should guarantee its lodgers all the comfort and beauty and food and amusement that men could want, but condemn them to breathe in this aura forever, that would be punishment enough. He is against the New Faith. It has a core of falseness, it has nothing to offer his spirit, its aberrations would one day bring about its downfall. Its achievements have no aesthetic value: It produces types—types of people, types of cities, types of art. Its ethical standards are puritanical. Every man is a potential informer. Men are not considered individuals but functions of social forces. The overwhelming emotion in a peoples' democracy, the author feels, is hatred. The peasants with their middle-class mentality, hate; the workers with Party tools as trade union leaders, with no higher authority to apply to because they themselves are the State, the highest authority, hate; the people leading a life of collective rhythm, hate. Everybody considers himself the victim of a historic situation. There is no religion except that dispensed by the Orthodox Church which is allied to the Party. Their mode of thinking offers no man any spiritual satisfaction. *Christ is a new man*, said Justinian Marina, a Rumanian patriarch. *The new man is the Soviet man. So Christ is a Soviet man*.

Milosz is against the New Faith. But he is not yet for anything. The West, he feels, holds its own particular brand of terror. It too demands conformity, compromise. He cannot take this so-called Free World seriously because it is a world which has not suffered as he himself has suffered. Capitalism being the product of economic conditions

like Nazism, must go the same way eventually. The West, he knows, starves its artists and squanders its talent. Its society is unequal. It has produced very little that has stood the test of time. Its only hope almost is its system of laws which protects the citizen from the State. The Eastern intellectual's attitude towards the West, he confesses, is complicated and not reducible to formulas of sympathy or antipathy. *It is somewhat like disappointed love*.

What the author never denies throughout the book is his conviction that the Socialist concept is just and right. Capitalism is decadent. If Central European intellectuals are asked what they want they would undoubtedly reply that they want a system with a Socialist economy but one in which man need not struggle desperately in the snake-like embrace of the *Method*. But what the author wants to know is; *Why won't the equation work out as it should, when every step is logical? Do we have to use non-Euclidian geometry on material as classic, as adaptable and as plastic as a human being?* We are able to see that the very suffering of the intellectual under Communist *Diamat* gives him a new sense of perspective. He begins to think of the New Faith as something which is not permanent, which is a phase in evolution. He begins to think of it as the preceding step to another kind of world order. He looks to the West for this next step. What they seek in the West is something, perhaps a great new writer, a new social philosophy, an artistic movement, a scientific discovery or new principles of painting or music. The validity of Communism, they have been told, can be proved only when the work of Communism is completed. The goal is world conversion. When that goal is attained the State machine will automatically wither away. But, says Milosz with the first accent of sarcasm in the book, if one dared to visualise the stage of fully-realised Communism, that holy of holies, that paradise of the proletariat, one would perhaps

find it not unlike the United States in periods of full employment.

Czeslaw Milosz is typical of the 20th century intellectual who has come to a halt at the cross-roads of history, wondering which side lay the road leading to the haven where he can belong without having to conform.

A Dictionary of South Indian Music and Musicians: Vol. 1 (A to F)

By P. Sambamoorthy

The Indian Music Publishing House,
4, Bunder Street, Malras 1

Rs. 7

A REFERENCE book giving the meaning of the numerous terms and expressions used in our music has been a greatly felt want. The idea of a dictionary of music and musicians is entirely new to us and any attempt at such a compilation—pioneering as it is—is bound to be beset with difficulties. For one thing several terms have come into use in the long course of years and it is well-nigh impossible to collect all of them. Another handicap is one cannot very well define any of our ragas precisely in two or three sentences or describe it merely under the mela classification or arohana-avarohana krama. No one is better qualified than Prof. P. Sambamoorthy, who as teacher, research worker, and musicologist has rendered a quarter of a century of service to music, to attempt at such a work. This work, undertaken singlehanded, indeed does credit to him.

This volume, the first of four, covers A to F and includes lakshanas of ragas with illustrative kritis where necessary, biographical notes on composers and musicians, definitions of talas, musical terms and descriptions of musical instruments. It is profusely illustrated—carrying pictures of musical personalities and instruments and sculptures of interest. Some ragas and personalities of Hindustani music and terms used in English music, have also been included though the title of the book does not cover these.

That the subject-matter for a work

of this kind is so vast and cannot be deemed to have been exhausted is proved by the fact that the author has had to add a substantial supplement and addenda to this volume. But, one feels that notes against certain ragas included differing points of view. *Abheri* is usually defined as a janya of mela 20 (*Nata Bhairavi*), and not mela 22. Syama Sastri's piece *Ninnuvina Marigalada* is also rendered on this basis. *Chitta Ranjani* is described as a janya of mela 19 (*Jankaradhwani*) (though rendered under mela 22) and *Nadatanum* is also sung strictly in conformity. There is a version of the kriti '*Kamalaptakula*' (*Brindavana-saranga*) stressing the arohana 's g r m p n s'. The tradition of Dikshitar seems, however, to be entirely different as is seen in the rendering of '*Rangapura Vihara*.' *Balahamsa* has also the avarohana usage 's n d p m g r s.' *Andhali*, as seen in the kriti '*Abhimanamu*' does also have the usage 's r g m' as *Gaula* itself has. *Bhupala* would seem to be only a janya of *Todi* if the raga malika '*Nitya Kalyani*' is an example. *Ahiri* is one of those ragas that defy classification under any mela. Like *Begada* or *Atana*, its bhava has to be learnt by good listening and experience. *Dvijavanti* is also a similar case. They cannot be described in a text book, least of all defined under the melakarta scheme. This aspect should be mentioned against such ragas.

The author gives *Devamrutha Varshini* as the raga of the kriti '*Evarani Nirnayinchirira*.' The raga is mentioned as *Nada Chintamani* by others. It would be interesting to know if there is any difference between the two ragas. The author draws a distinction between ragas *Aparupam* and *Apurupam* mentioning a pada as recorded in the former and the kriti '*Entavedukundu*' in the latter. One would like to know what the first raga is like and how *Saraswati Manohari* came to replace the name of the raga of the second piece. The author has no doubt quoted the textual authorities for some of the ragas. In the case of others, he has perhaps recorded the

current practice. To the student of music and musical history it would be useful to know of variations. A book of reference of this kind should contain all details on a subject for the benefit of generations coming after us. These are thoughts that occur to a reader and could perhaps be considered while revising and enlarging next edition.

The volume is well got-up and music-lovers will look forward to the subsequent ones in the series.

Good Neighbours

By Mary Agnes Hamilton

Casement Booklet No. 27

Casement Publications,

Oak Chambers,

11, Oak Lane, Bombay 1

6 As

THE history of England has been a relatively uneventful one. Though separated only by a narrow

strip of water from the mainland of Europe its career has not been marked by violent upheavals like the French Revolution or the religious wars characteristic of Germany. The nature of the Englishman has to a great extent been responsible for this peaceful history. Though phlegmatic by temperament and as a race not given to violent outbursts of emotion or sentimental sloppery the English have always risen as one man to defend their isles against marauders and stood four square for freedom and liberty of the individual. Mrs. Hamilton in her book, *Good Neighbours* emphasises those qualities of resilience, respect for democracy and interest in social living which have helped the English to become the great nation they now are, and reiterates the need for vigilance and work to maintain the leadership that that country has attained in the comity of nations.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THOUGH more than once the censors have denied any change in their policy, the producers are finding it more and more difficult to get their pictures passed. A picture passed by censors without a single cut is an exception while as a rule every certificate is adorned with a triangle suggesting cuts.

After *Badshah* and *Barati* the pictures for which the producers had to wage a battle are *Mangu*, *Chandni Chowk* and *Raftar*. Thanks to the long delay in discussions and final ratification, the distributors of *Chandni Chowk* had to postpone the release and lose the theatre in Bombay just by one day. In the case of both *Mangu* and *Raftar*, re-shooting was necessary; out of these *Mangu* has been granted certificate but the fate of *Raftar* is still undecided.

The most disquieting news on the censor front, however, is the reported stand taken by some of the members of the advisory panel in the case of Sohrab Modi's *Mirza Ghalib* as a result of which the picture is now being shown to the revising committee. And apparently it will take some weeks before the fate of *Mirza Ghalib* is decided. Meanwhile the release will have to be postponed.

Indeed, though there is a shortage of theatres in a city like Bombay, many theatres are being forced to revive old films because the release of the pictures already booked is being held up as the pictures have not received the censor certificate.

In his press conference in Bombay Shri S. S. Vasan, the chief of the Film Federation expressed the view that if the censors persisted in their present attitude it would involve the producers in a loss of seve-

ral lakhs of rupees. Censors in Bombay are "terrorising the film industry" averred Shri Vasan. This view is shared by foreign film distributors in Bombay who are finding it even more difficult than Indian producers to get their pictures passed intact. Either they are mercilessly cut as in the case of *Casanova's Big Night* or altogether banned as in the case of *Dial M for Murder*.

To improve the situation, it is necessary that the censors and the producers should have perfect understanding. A joint conference, in which the issue could be discussed from both sides, would help matters very much.

Picture of the week

Thanks to rather conflicting reports from the North, it was with certain misgivings that I went to see Gemini's latest megnum opus *Bahut Din Huwe* last Thursday night at a trade show which was attended by many leading film personalities of Bombay. And that is why, perhaps, I found the picture itself better than I had expected it to be.

Bahut Din Huwe is the kind of story that grandmothers tell their grandchildren. It could as well be called a children's film; for, based on popular legends it presents them in a plausible manner with the aid of superb craftsmanship and spectacular production values.

An adult, intelligent picturegoer may find the story incredible and hence uninteresting; and yet even he would find the spectacle, dances and the grand production enjoyable and even entertaining.

Indeed, as a work of filmcraft, *Bahut Din Huwe* will be remembered for "Bahut Din". For, never before not even in *Chandralekha* Vasan had attained this lavishness, splendour and beauty of spectacle as in this picture; never before was trick photography used in so slick and effective a manner in an Indian picture as in this picture. For sheer spectacle, the charge of the elephants, the grand wedding procession and the bewitching dance in Maya-nagari are matchless. And because of the

manner in which even the most incredible things are presented on the screen, they appear to be credible and give an illusion of reality.

Bahut Din Huwe is the story of Chandrakanta who was born as a blessing of Nagaraja on condition that she would live and her mother would die. After her mother's death, the stepmother tries to kill her; but her henchmen taking pity rear her in the jungle. Carried away by floods she is picked up by a Brahmin and brought home; there despite the persecution by the Brahmin's wife she is brought up and grows into a beautiful maiden and is eventually married to a king, Anand Sen.

Bhadra Chamud, a magician king, casts an evil eye on her and like Ravana he kidnaps Chandrakanta. When her husband attacks Bhadra Chamund he and his soldiers are turned into statues of stone by magic while Chandrakanta languishes in jail. Her son later comes to their rescue and climbs the mountains to find the parrot who holds the secret of Bhadra Chamund's life.

A fairy tale glorifying the Indian woman's chastity and the son's duty, *Bahut Din Huwe* is a picture which should appeal to children and women unless they too have lost faith in fairy tales of the old legends. As a picture it is one of the best productions to emanate out of Gemini Studio. True, its music is not very catchy and its songs and dialogue are rather pedestrian; its acting however is good, without being distinguished. In a way, it is mainly a triumph for Vasan the producer and not for any other individual.

Personality of the week

During his one week's stay in Bombay Shri S. S. Vasan dominated all discussions and events in the film world of Bombay. He had come to Bombay to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the Film Federation as well as the premiere of his picture *Bahut Din Huwe*.

Perhaps his very first public engagement after arrival was the inauguration function of the children's film festival. What a pity he did not show his own picture at the

festival! Surely, his picture deserved to be incorporated in such a festival and would have brought unadulterated joy to the children.

On the trade front he was called upon again and again to discuss the problem of approved films aggravated by the decision of the exhibitors in the South to suspend their exhibition. In Bombay, the opinion in the film industry seems to be sharply divided on this issue; but most of the people seemed to agree that in the interest of the public it was essential that the 'educational' and informative approved films must be shown. The dispute, if any, was on the terms on which they should be shown. While the extremists demanded that the Government should pay hire for the screening of 'approved' shorts, Shri Vasan advocated the compromise formula that neither the Government nor the exhibitor should charge any hire for showing 'approved' films. This solution may find favour with the exhibitors, but the Government which incurs an expenditure of several lakhs of rupees is hardly likely to accept this solution.

Shri Vasan flayed the censors for what he called their terrorising policy. At a reception held in honour of Acharya Atre, he criticised his colleagues for raising a controversy over the Government's grant of award to a picture produced in a regional language as against the national language.

And he tried to make a strong bid for greater unity in the industry itself by inviting the newly formed Producers' Guild to join the Federation. In fact, the very first thing Shri Vasan did after his arrival in Bombay was to contact Shri Shantaram, the President of the Guild. Later, at a dinner given by Shri Mehboob, the same proposal was discussed. It is now hoped that these negotiations will bear fruit and prove successful; in fact the name of Shantaram is being hinted at as the next chairman of the Federation.

Thus, from many angles the visit of Shri Vasan to Bombay was very significant and eventful.

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.

Need for Censorship

Sir,—There has been a hue and cry of late about censorship. It is pointed out by certain VIP's of the cinema world that in ancient India censorship was unknown and that it is alien to our civilisation. This interpretation of independence is wholly misleading. Independence has its own obligations. It is by obligations rather than by absolute freedom that we can measure the civilisation of a country. Censorship is a matter of utmost necessity in the case of cinemas which provide visual education mostly to young minds not yet fully formed. In a Welfare State which has just emerged from foreign rule, much thought should be bestowed on how best to educate ourselves and how best to annihilate tendencies towards unruly behaviour. If man does not voluntarily submit himself to restraints, society will have to go to the winds. Unbridled thirst for non-censorship will eventually land us into unmistakable trouble.

The teeming millions stand in need of entertainment. They do not want education. There are no doubt separate institutions imparting education, but the greater part of the public are denied the advantage of education through these institutions due to the prohibitive cost. It therefore devolves upon the Welfare State to inculcate good habits through educative methods in the form of entertainment. People will not ordinarily volunteer themselves to be educated. Education should be instilled under the guise of entertainment. If this is accepted, surely today's cinemas must be reckoned as very poor attempts in the matter of educating the people.

Recently we read about certain persons connected with film world who moved heaven and earth to get relieved from the obligation of having to exhibit a reel or two of the Government of India's publicity films. These people who can now go their own way, have been guarded by a judgment of the Supreme Court against any more inroads on their "fundamental rights." This reluctance to exhibit to the people what they are legitimately entitled to, is very much to

be regretted, as the Government of India publicity reels are decidedly better than a great deal of the other stuff forced on the poor cinemagoers.

Censorship, as at present constituted, is very limited in its scope. Any stable Government has to enforce certain rules in the exhibition of films. Otherwise, social disorder, chaos and confusion will ensue.

Film magnates, financiers, directors, producers, and, last but not least, actors have a very great part to play in this field. It is now up to them to play their respective parts chivalrously and not grouse at decent attempts to bridle them. to make them turn on a straight path.

V. RAMABHADRAN

Voluntary Labour and Nation Building

Sir,—The use of voluntary labour for nation-building is quite common in Socialist countries. The Webbs in their monumental work "Soviet Communism—A New Civilisation" refer to the UDARNIKI (shock brigades) who voluntarily undertake to give more and better service or to perform special tasks. Voluntary labour is a social obligation incumbent on all good citizens. The Webbs point out: "Everybody is now expected as a matter of course to undertake, in addition to the occupation for which he receives a wage or salary, some active social service in his free time..." Voluntary labour has many points in its favour. It develops a keen sense of participation in the nation-building activity. It enables nation-building to be done at a reduced money cost. It promotes the organising abilities of the public. The Government of India should be congratulated on their efforts to promote voluntary labour. But here is one fundamental difference between a volunteer in a Socialist State and a volunteer in our country. The volunteer works with a clear conscience in the Socialist country. He increases the total real income of the country without depriving his neighbour of his bread, for full employment is ensured by the State. I wonder whether the same can be said of voluntary labour in India. Will it be too much to say that a day's voluntary manual labour by a student or by a well-paid white collar professor deprives the underdog of his day's employment? The plea for voluntary labour in the absence of an assurance of full employment will work hardship on the most depressed section of society. Will the Government realise their responsibility towards the unemployed before they appeal for voluntary labour for nation-building?

G. PARTHASARATHI

Kavali

SWATANTRA

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EXPLOSIVE DANGER SPOT

AMERICAN statesmen can ill afford to be indifferent to happenings in South Africa if they do not wish to see both Asia and Africa swamped by Communism. The crisis that we foresee is on account of the election of Mr. Johannes G. Strydom to succeed Dr. Malan as Prime Minister of South Africa. Dr. Malan's policies were scarcely actuated by a spirit of peace. He was a controversial figure pledged to racial discrimination and his objective was the conversion of South Africa into a republic dominated by the whites, with the moderating influence of the British Government and other Commonwealth countries completely eliminated. Mr. Strydom is more extreme in the pursuit of the racial discrimination policies comprehensively termed *apartheid*, associated with the name of Dr. Malan, than their originator himself. This is what he once said in Parliament:

"Coloureds who are on the common roll with Europeans to-day must be separated and given separate representation, and Negro representatives in this house (the Assembly) must be eliminated. The Indians must be regarded as outsiders who cannot enjoy political rights in South Africa."

Repeatedly Mr. Strydom has said in Parliament: "South Africa can only remain white if the vote remains in the hands of the dominant section—the Europeans." The new South African Premier is younger and more energetic than the old and less burdened with scruples and hesitations. His advent is therefore likely to be followed up by an even more

ruthless campaign of dispossession and disfranchisement at the cost of Africans and Indians than Dr. Malan dared to prosecute in his most extreme measures in pursuit of *apartheid*.

The spectacle of South Africa being converted thus into a white kingdom with no political rights for the native population, is not likely to be acquiesced in tamely, by the people of Africa or Asia. This is an explosive situation which will give the Communists of Moscow and Peking an opportunity to head a movement of coloured people for liberation from white tyranny. If the inspiration of such a movement captures the imagination of the people of Africa and Asia, nothing that Britain or the U. S. A. can do thereafter, will be able to wean them away from it. The existing power blocs will be recast and two new ones will take their place. One of the two new blocs will consist of all the Asiatic and African countries, and no leader of these countries will be able to stand out or plead for neutrality. The possibilities of war will be gravely enhanced in a world divided on the basis of colour, with Russia playing the role of champion of freedom, and striving to save the South African victims of white tyranny and other similarly exposed coloured people from the slavery threatening of encompassing them.

It is in South Africa that the battle between Communism and the Western democracies will be determined. If Britain and the U. S. A. want to save

the world for democracy, they must fight their first round with Mr. Strydom. They must be first in the field as protectors of the threatened victims of *apartheid* if the Communists are to be checkmated in time and prevented from rallying more than half the people of the world against the dreaded spectre of white domination.

"Approved Films"

MANY of the films called "approved films" are made by the Films Division of the Government of India. Till recently Sri Shantaram was Honorary Chief Producer of the Films Division. Here is what he says of

the price to be charged for exhibition of the films:

"Taking into consideration the expenses of the exhibitors in electricity, labour, carbons and time involved in the exhibition of these approved films, it would be only fair that the Government does not charge the exhibitors for these short reels—particularly when they are purely of the publicity, education and informative types."

These views of a producer of renown intimately connected with the Films Division, have an authoritativeness that can be disputed by none. It is to be hoped that the Government will give full weight to them in the further stages of the legislative enterprise on which they have embarked rashly, evidently without adequate consideration.

Sotto Voce

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QUACK IN OFFICE



THE ritual dismemberment of the carcass of Hinduism is proceeding according to plan. Having put on the statute book the Special Marriage Act for the benefit of those 'Progressives' who have no use for Manu and Apastamba and yet are not prepared to give up their prescriptive right to the label of 'Hindu,' the legislature in its infinite mercy has turned its attention to the compulsory reclamation of the muggumps. The simple-minded might wonder why there was need for all that parade of 'option' if the option was nothing more than Hobson's choice. But that is politics.

Others have asked why the benefit

of the Hindu Marriage and Divorce Bill, which is so simple and comprehensive in its nature, should be selfishly reserved for Hindus only, why Muslims, Christians, Buddhists *et hoc* should not be enabled equally to rejoice in the ampler freedom it confers. But here too comes in politics. A sprightly blue-stocking from Madhya Pradesh exuded that unworldly benevolence which is so characteristic of the tribe when she wondered what was wrong in making the Hindus march (with the persuasion of the legislative whip if need be) in the van of progress. The poor backward Muslims would no doubt catch up in time if, meanwhile, we give them enough education.

The good lady has apparently not heard or perhaps would prefer not to take notice of the much more realistic explanation given by the Prime Minister for not roping in the Muslims, Christians and other influential and extremely vocal communities into a common Civil Code. He has pleaded "political reasons," without beating about the bush. In other words he knew that the mullahs of India and the Shariat politicians of Pakistan would be down upon him in an avalanche and he did not like the prospect at all. So he rationalised his reluctance and remembered his secularism. But that same secularism displays a fanatical ruthlessness which no sacerdotal religion ever equalled when it comes to remoulding Hinduism in its own unlovely image.

The Government invests the authority derived from its mechanical majority with the humanitarian halo of the surgeon's knife. The analogy presupposes that the surgeon knows his job reasonably well, that he is not embarked upon some private research of his own with little regard for the comfort or safety of the guineapig, more, that he has the authority of the patient thus to lay violent hands on him even if those hands be friendly. Now, the pretence of a doctor's mandate is preposterous. The cold feet developed by the Congress over the Hindu Code on the eve of the last elections is conclusive on this matter.

Even more patently absurd is the claim of the self-appointed doctor that he knows his job. If any set of nominal Hindus may with justice be described as knowing nothing of the deep psychological and emotional foundations on which the Hindu faith rests it is the present ruling clique and its yes-men. Mr. Nehru ostentatiously parades his freedom from religious 'prejudice' of every kind. The one thing he has been consistently anxious not to be found doing is lending himself, even from sheer courtesy, to any form of ceremonial

observance that might remotely suggest his affiliations with Hinduism. He may in all honesty believe that he is, by his legislative experiments, helping to evolve a new type, the international man who has outgrown all inhibiting faith. But there would be little Hinduism left in the process.

It is hardly surprising that in so fantastic a set-up the Christian, the Muslim and the Communist should be most enthusiastic and active in aiding and abetting our Hindu secularists' good work. But what intrigued me was the striking unanimity with which a pious Christian and a militant Communist, both of the fair sex by the way, agreed in objecting to the raising of the marriage age. That age, under the Sarda Act, is 15 for girls and 18 for boys. The Select Committee on the present Bill decided, by way of making its own contribution to the redemption of the benighted, that the age must be raised to 16 and 21 respectively.

Both the Christian and the Communist think that this is too much of a good thing. They remember that, while many girls in towns remain unmarried long past the statutory marriage age, the position is very different in the villages. There the poor illiterates by and large stick to the much lower sastric age. And it won't do, think these prudent ladies, to put up their backs. For the poor illiterates have votes. They are the vast majority in this country and they might make themselves nasty at election time. But Mr. Nehru is not to be deterred by such base considerations. Besides, has he not seen the blazing love in their eyes as they surged around him wherever he went? "So let us make a new law for the greater glory of Progress. If it remains a dead letter and the people become a bit more demoralised, well, you must remember that things have a habit of becoming worse before they become better!"

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

KALKI'S death was very sudden and its unexpectedness increased the shock of it to his many friends. It must have been hastened by the terrific wear and tear of running a weekly. In daily newspapers the strain of work is diluted to some extent by the hustle of it. Each day brings with it its obvious topic and all the material, gathered from many sources, lies ready at hand awaiting disposal. Intelligent rejection of comparatively unimportant items from a vast stock of information contributed by vigilant collectors from all over the world, constitutes the major part of editorial responsibility in the daily papers. But in the running of weeklies the material itself has to be created that has to be fashioned into readable print. The aid of hectic devices to make up for lack of interest is neither feasible nor dependable. The raw materials of production consist solely of a sheet of paper and a pen. It is extraordinary how quickly the week comes round. We have watches and clocks that seem to indicate that there is a common measure of time applicable to all people, but in reality the experience of time is an entirely individual experience, and the sense of swiftness or leisureliness packed into it is never the same for any two persons. Pandit Nehru's day consists of twenty four hours for calculation purposes as yours and mine also does. But the intensity of work with which it is filled makes it consume more energy and also pass off like lightning. Very busy people scarcely notice the passing of time whereas holiday makers are driven to desperate shifts to make it move at all. There is nothing like an eternal holiday to make time stand virtually still, and its most burdensome effects are felt by none so much as by pensioners when they have not learnt how to empty their vast reserves of leisure with some outlet of action.

Kalki was one of the busiest members of his profession in the country.

His literary output was of phenomenal bulk. Its quality lay in fascinating the reader with an insatiable interest that demanded more instalments of it. This gave him his power as a story-teller. He was a most successful employer of the serial story for building up not only circulation but also a sustained inter-communion between reader and writer in the sphere of weekly journalism. He carried the magic of the written word as far as it lay in its power to go. With the mere lure of literary attraction he was able to raise the popularity of his journal to a level which even some of the big sensational dailies could not reach without the impetus of lavish cash prizes in crossword puzzle competitions.

He was a singularly gifted political pamphleteer. With the charm of his style he forced people to read what he wrote, and the Congress-mindedness of Tamil Nadu, distinguishing it from neighbouring States, must be attributed in no small measure to the vigour and power of his political writing. It is not as a rule given to journalists to be survived by their heroes, as in the course of inexorable professional duties, something or other crops up to invest the most glamorous heroes with feet of clay. But Kalki was fortunate. He gave his devotion to Rajaji and never wavered. One does not know if he agreed with Rajaji in all matters. Perhaps not, as such perfect synchronisation of mind with mind is not compatible with any reasonable conception of individual judgment. The excess of diversity over uniformity is so patent in every variety of human relationship that if agreement is to be insisted upon as a condition of loyalty, then that sort of loyalty may not last very long. But Kalki's regard for C. R. was proof against all ordinary limitations. He understood however that the expression of dissent is a trial of conscience inseparable from the practice of a profession like journalism where merit cannot

flourish without freedom of judgment. On the last occasion (some weeks ago) when I met him he referred to my periodical criticisms of Rajaji and said he took them as evidence of "rectitude"—as so great a "sacrifice" could not be thought of otherwise—the sacrifice of having to avow a difference of faith with a leader like Rajaji.

Kalki represents a blend of attributes imparted by the diversified characters of the leading personages associated with it. From the editor who gave it its name it acquired journalistic distinction. Standing behind it like an unseen Providence, Rajaji gave it prestige and influence and sound advice to tide over difficulties. Executive drive and business competence, without which no

journalistic enterprise can flourish and develop, were the contributions of Sri Sadasivam. The late T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar was the benevolent mentor of the circle, illuminating it, as long as he lived, with the light of his scholarship and bestowing on it unremitting paternal care. Over the whole institution like a guardian angel presided Sri-mathi M. S. Subbulakshmi, a veritable Lakshmi and Saraswati combined, enriching it with the gracious atmosphere of dance, music and the fine arts. This fine company of congenial spirits sustained its first great affliction when T. K. C. passed away. Now comes its second, even more stunning bereavement.

SAKA

Municipal Government In The Doldrums

BY "ARVEE"

IT is now commonly admitted that the general reaction to the dissolution of the Andhra Legislature is one of widespread relief rather than disappointment. In this connection one feels that it would have been fine if all the municipal councils had also been dissolved, for even a casual study of municipal administration in various towns and cities of Andhra, will not fail to reveal the fact that these also deserve dissolution.

The state of local administration does not generally attract attention on the state level. But the fact remains that defective local government affects the common citizen a great deal more than defective State government. There is sad lack of concern on the part of our leaders as well as the Government to renovate the present structure of municipal administration.

In Andhra, municipal administration everywhere is in the doldrums. It would not be an exaggeration to say that it is actually at a standstill in most places. There is a no-confidence motion pending against practi-

cally every municipal chairman, and in some cases it has been passed, but there seems to be always a method to stay proceedings indefinitely in these matters. Nothing gets settled and municipal law seems to have been so devised as to allow more violation than observance.

The abuses and absurdities perpetrated during elections are enormous. It is an open secret that during the last municipal elections liquor in large quantities was sold and bought in every place. More votes have been bought with illicit liquor and a few rupees of pocket money, than by any other means. In many cases money was openly distributed right in front of polling booths in order to attract votes.

It is still worse after the elections are over. There is generally a gap of nearly three months between the council election and the election of the chairman in municipalities. This leaves enough time for all sorts of malpractices. Councillors are sold and bought as in an auction, and as the day of election approaches the prices shoot up, especially when there are two distinct parties and the decisive votes lie with a few independents. In order that the councillors

(Continued on page 14)

CONSOLIDATION OF PEACE: ASIAN DEFENCE

By V. K. NARASIMHAN

IT is interesting to reflect how much the pattern of international relations has changed in Asia since 1939. So many of the countries of Asia were under foreign rule—that before World War Two the defence of Asia could only have one meaning—the defence of European colonial possessions in Asia. Barring Japan and Thailand, there was hardly a single independent country east of the Indus. China, divided by civil war and ravaged by the Japanese invaders, scarcely existed as a significant entity. India, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia, Indo-China were all under different degrees of colonial rule. When the Japanese swept through a great deal of this area like a hurricane, they destroyed for ever the myth of the white man's superiority. It is one of the strange paradoxes of history that the strident advance of Japanese imperialism should have paved the way for the elimination of Western imperialism from Asia.

The advent of Indian Independence in 1947 marked the beginning of a new epoch in Asia. The British withdrawal from Burma and Ceylon, followed by the Dutch exit from Indonesia—thanks to the intervention of the United Nations and the pressure of Asian opinion—meant that for the first time for over a hundred years the countries of South-east Asia, containing a total population of over six hundred million people, had become masters of their own destiny. The full significance of this historic development is yet to be appreciated by the West. A failure to appreciate the aims and attitudes of the newly freed countries of South-east Asia is likely to lead to a wholly unnecessary rift between these countries and the West.

The dangers of such a rift may be seen in the reactions of the South-East Asian countries to the so-called South East Asian Collective Defence

Treaty signed in September last at Manila. This treaty, which was signed by representatives of the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines and Thailand, is conceived of as a regional defence treaty for collective defence of South-East Asia and the South-West Pacific. Like other regional defence agreements in recent years, the Manila treaty mentions the United Nations Charter and proclaims the faith of the signatories in equality of rights and self-determination of peoples and their desire "to live in peace with all peoples and all governments." The treaty is intended to provide the basis for collective action in the event of aggression against any of the signatory countries or in the area designated by the signatory countries. An extra-ordinary feature of the agreement is the provision in a protocol to the treaty under which any threat to the states of Cambodia and Laos and Southern Vietnam will call for consultation by the treaty countries for taking collective measures. How far this clause is compatible with the provisions of the Geneva Agreement on Indo-China—to which France and Britain are parties—is a matter for consideration. The Manila treaty also provides for extending to other countries the treaty provisions by collective agreement among the members. The treaty area is defined as "the general area of South-East Asia including the entire territories of the Asian parties to the agreement," and the general area of the South-west Pacific upto 21 to 31 degrees north latitude. (Thus Hongkong and Formosa are outside the treaty area). The treaty provides also for mutual economic help. By a special proviso to the treaty, the United States delegation made it clear that its obligations under the treaty would be confined to action in the event of Com-

munist aggression. In the event of aggression from any other quarter, the U. S. is obliged only to consult the other members. This proviso, more than any other clause of the treaty, demonstrates beyond doubt that the SEATO treaty is primarily directed against the Chinese Communists. The Americans have never concealed their opposition to the Communist regime and in their view the main threat to peace in the Far East comes only from the Communists. The American Government have for long been working out a policy of containment of Communism and the Manila treaty is one of the instruments for the carrying out of that policy.

It is an obvious strain on language to describe the Manila treaty as a *South-east Asia collective defence* treaty. Only three Asian countries were represented at Manila, while the major countries of the area, viz., India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia did not take part in the conference. Pakistan is yet to ratify the treaty though her representative signed the treaty at Manila. So far, only Thailand, Australia and Britain have ratified the treaty.

As a regional defence agreement, the Manila treaty can hardly be placed in the same category as the North Atlantic Treaty. Not only the major countries of the region are out of it, but the majority of the signatories are countries from outside the region. India's objection to the Manila treaty stems mainly from the fact that it represents an attempt to extend and intensify the cold war between the East and the West. India's role in a world more and more sharply divided between the Western powers led by the United States and the Soviet bloc of countries led by the USSR has been twofold. One is to extend the area of countries outside the two combinations—what Pandit Nehru has described as an area of peace. Mr. Nehru's neutralism has meant preventing countries like India from being sucked into the vortex of one or other of the two opposing power blocs, but it has not stopped there. Mr. Nehru has also tried to pursue

a policy which would lessen the antagonism between the two power blocs, and reduce the dangers of an armed conflict, which will not only affect the warring nations but also the neutral countries.

There is thus a fundamental difference between the Nehru approach and the Dulles approach to the problems of Asian defence. While the Dulles policy concentrates on military alliances and defensive measures to stem the advancing tide of Communism, Mr. Nehru is seeking to explore, through negotiations and understanding, the basis of peaceful co-existence between countries that have different social systems. It will be noted that President Eisenhower also recently declared his faith in peaceful co-existence as the only alternative to war but the difference between the American and the Indian approach to this question is that while Americans believe that you can bargain with the Soviet bloc only from positions of strength, Mr. Nehru would like to proceed on the basis of trust and mutual confidence.

So far as peace in Asia is concerned, the position of Communist China is crucial. However disagreeable it may be to contemplate the success of the Communists over so vast a country as China, the fact has to be faced that the Chinese Communists have given that sorely ravaged country the first unified and stable government it has had for many centuries. Mr. Nehru has returned after his recent visit to China with the impression that the Chinese Communists genuinely desire peace. The Chinese Premier, when he was in India in January last, signed a declaration with Mr. Nehru in which both of them have proclaimed their adherence to what have come to be known as the five principles. These principles are: mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty, non-aggression, non-interference in each other's internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit, and peaceful co-existence. These principles were reiterated in a joint declaration by Mr. Chou En-lai and U Nu, the Burmese Premier, at Rangoon.

HOW far the Red Chinese adherence to these principles is sincere is a question on which there is bound to be difference of opinion but no useful purpose will be served by doubting the intentions of the Chinese even before they are put to the test and by banging the door against co-operation with them, which can have only the result of making the Chinese even more closely allied to the Soviet Union and even more dependent on it. The success of the Communists in China is not something that has been achieved overnight by a palace revolution. The Chinese Communists have been a powerful force in the country's national movement for over 30 years. If all the enormous American military aid and endless pouring out of dollars could not enable Chiang Kai-shek to retain his hold on the mainland of China, is it conceivable that he could at any time in the future overthrow the Communists and rehabilitate himself on the mainland? Foreign delegations, like the British Labour Delegation which visited China recently as well as Indian visitors, have remarked that on the whole the Communists have established an efficient and incorruptible government and that the country is having peace and economic progress on a scale it has never known before. Whatever one's views about the merits and demerits of the Communist system, it cannot be denied that by and large the Chinese Communists have secured wide mass support. No international policy can claim to be realistic which regards the Chinese Communists as a temporary regime which can be thrown out in the near future. When the Prime Ministers of the Colombo powers, viz., India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon, called for the admission of Communist China to the United Nations as a step towards promotion of peace in Asia, they were not enamoured of Communism. It is well known that in all these countries the Governments are giving no quarter to the subversive activities of the Communists. None of these countries can be less anxious to stem the tide of Communist aggression than the United States, but historic

experience shows that aggression does not come only from the Communist countries.

The emphasis in the Nehru approach is on lessening the tension at every point of conflict in Asia and widening the area of peace. To the extent that India has been able to exert her influence in international councils, we may be legitimately proud of the fact that she has successfully promoted the cause of peace and understanding. The truce in Indo-China, which ended the disastrous seven-year war between the French and the Viet-Minh, is undoubtedly a great achievement.

The potential danger spots in Asia today are Korea, Formosa, Thailand and Indo-China. At all these points the Chinese Communists' Policy will be a crucial factor. There is a genuine apprehension in Thailand over Communist China's aims not only because there are nearly three million Chinese in Thailand who may be regarded as a potential fifth column but also because Communist China has given asylum to the former Thai Premier, Pridi Panomyong, who has been broadcasting from the Peking Radio inciting the Thai people to overthrow the Government and "drive out the American imperialists." The large Chinese minorities in Malaya and Indonesia constitute a very tough political problem for both these countries. The new Chinese constitution provides for elections to the Chinese Parliament from among overseas Chinese. If Chinese abroad, wherever they may be, are to retain their Chinese nationality and citizenship it is obvious that the countries in which they reside could treat them only as foreigners. Unless the position of these overseas Chinese is properly defined, there is every possibility of serious difficulties in the future.

It would be foolish to blind oneself to the dangers that are inherent in the existing set-up in Asia, but it would be equally unwise to exaggerate these dangers. The American policy by its excessive preoccupation with anti-Communism and military measures to implement it, has hardly any appeal for the bulk of the Asian

people. Mr. Chester Bowles, former American Ambassador in India and a very shrewd student of the Asian scene, in a searching analysis of American policy in Asia, wrote: "An American-inspired, American-managed, American-dominated defence programme in Asia is a political dead end . . . We have been lavish with our expenditures of money, military equipment, earnestness and goodwill. But we have failed to build an effective American-directed, anti-Communist front, and our failure has been greatest in the crucially important crescent of South-east Asia and the Middle East. The reason for this failure is that our objective lies outside the range of political possibility. The lesson that we should learn is not that the Asians are ingrates or pro-Communist, but that American direction of an anti-Communist front is precisely what those countries will not permit. Further efforts along these lines are doomed to fail."

This article, contributed to the American Quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*, appeared a few days before the Manila conference. Despite Mr. Bowles' warning, the American Government have gone ahead with a defence treaty from which the major South-east Asian countries have stood out and which has met with criticism from India, Burma and Indonesia. What is most irritating to Asian sentiment in the American method is the manner in which the attitudes and comments of the countries most vitally concerned are ignored. This is doubly unfortunate because the South-East Asian countries are fundamentally believers in democracy and freedom and in those ideals for which the American nation has stood throughout its long history. The Colombo powers regret nothing more profoundly than a break with the West. Their primary anxiety today is to prevent a global conflict by acting as a bridge between the West and the Soviet bloc. It would be a great tragedy if their aims and policies are misunderstood and the western powers go ahead with their plans for the collective defence

of South East Asia ignoring the major countries of the region. This is not the way either to promote collective defence or to protect peace.

INDIA, for her part, must continue resolutely to pursue her present policy in and outside the United Nations. She cannot accept the present dichotomy of power blocs as permanent or irreconcilable. Neither alliances nor a race in armaments will ensure security or peace. Holding the belief that both peace and prosperity are indivisible, India must seek to strengthen the authority of the United Nations by bringing into it all the countries that are now outside it and by making it an effective forum for the settlement of international disputes. It is a happy sign that within the past few weeks we have had several important developments which point towards a lessening of tension and better prospects of East-West understanding. India must hope that out of these developments will emerge some understanding between the U. S. and the Soviet which will lift the dark shadow of atomic war that has been menacingly hanging over the peoples of the world ever since the cold war started.

—A. I. R.



Sir Josiah Stamp, the economist, tells a story about a candidate for parliamentary honors who, canvassing a constituency, caught sight of two small children hand in hand before their cottage door, their mother standing slightly in the background.

Anxious to do the right thing, and struck by the similarity of their appearance, he inquired if they were twins.

"No, Sir," they answered.

Then upon asking them how old they were, both replied that they were five.

"Dear me, both five, and not twins! How do you manage that?"

"Please, Sir, we are triplets," was the answer. "Billy's indoors."

SEVEN DANGERS CONFRONTING INDIA AND THE WORLD

Mr. Richard Gregg is a Harvard graduate who thirty years ago spent four years in India to study Gandhi's methods at first hand. The results of his investigations as expressed in his writings are analysed by Manas, and are reproduced here. The fundamental human situation in economic and socio-moral terms is the real theme of all his writing.

TWO years ago, the Navajivan Press of Ahmedabad, India, original publishers of the works of Gandhi, issued a small book, "Which Way Lies Hope?", by Richard B. Gregg. The book is a simple comparison of four socio-political philosophies—"Capitalism, Communism, Socialism, and Gandhiji's Programme." The publishers asked Gregg to write this book because of a previous, slighter study of similar character. Gregg is a Harvard graduate, an attorney and business man who has practiced corporation law and acted as a consultant and advisor in the field of industrial relations. Early in his career, a business trip took him to India. Years later, during a railway strike in Chicago, he came across an article on Gandhi which made such an impression on him that, in 1925, he went to India to study Gandhi's methods at first hand. He stayed there four years, seven months of which were spent with Gandhi at his ashram. One result of these developing interests and experiences was publication of *The Power of Non-Violence*, a widely influential book. Another result is the volume, *Which Way Lies Hope?*

Not that there is anything uniquely "new" or unheard-of in this book. It represents rather a thesis, largely Gandhi's which now comes to comprehensible maturity. In other words, Mr. Gregg has all the big battalions on his side—the big battalions of the future, if not the present. For this work is not a moralistic treatise. It is a philosophical treatise which turns out to be enormously practical, and supported by the best of modern research in many fields. From the viewpoint of the

specialist, it has the defect of simplicity, but the average reader will welcome its simplicity, brevity, and clarity. If enough "average readers" will read books of this sort, and gain confidence in their opinions, it might even become possible for the specialists and experts to let go of the old assumptions of political and economic orthodoxy and recognize the practical truths in the Gandhian point of view.

Gregg starts out by listing what he regards as India's major problems. We quote them, not because of our interest in India, but because they happen also to be the problems of the rest of the world. Even if some of them are more acute in India than elsewhere, they are still the world's major problems as well:

1. The combination, on the one hand, of soil erosion, destruction of humus, and leaching out of minerals from the soil, and on the other hand, increasing overpopulation. This combination can result only in vaster starvation than has yet been experienced.
2. Violence, including both war and civil strife, physical violence and violence by economic, political or religious oppression.
3. Grossly unequal distribution of power as between classes, castes, groups and individuals, between city and country.
4. Overvaluation of great size in organizations, especially in the realms of politics, finance, industry and commerce. This is sometimes called megalomania.
5. Failure, among leaders especially, to realize that in every realm of activity, the means chosen to reach a given end must, if success is desired, be consistent with the end desired.
6. The idea, among leaders especially, that governments or corporations

or other large organizations need not obey moral laws recognized as applicable to an individual.

7. The loss, among leaders and book-educated people, of faith in the existence and supreme power of spiritual unity.

It is possible, of course, to take heart because Mr. Gregg comes out for something like "spiritual unity." What needs to be pointed out, however, is that mention of spiritual unity or any sort of "transcendental values" by no means assures a sound analysis. What is impressive, here, is that spiritual values and the idea of an inner unity appear in this book not merely because he thinks they are good things to talk about, but because his analysis makes them necessary. They have, that is, a scientific, not a moralistic, role in his discussion.

We are not going to say very much about Mr. Gregg's comparison of economic systems and theories, nor offer a systematic presentation of Gandhian doctrines. Actually, the book is only briefly concerned with these systems. What Mr. Gregg is really writing about is the fundamental human situation in economic and socio-moral terms. As he shows, Communism retains all the fundamental attributes of Capitalism excepting the emphasis on private property and competition, and these two factors, while, ideologically of supreme importance, are actually without much power to alter the fate of the modern industrial economy.

What are the other attributes which Capitalism and Communism possess in common? Gregg lists them:

- (1) increasing technology and industrialism, (2) ever-increasing division of labour, (3) ever-increasing commerce, (4) urbanization, (5) money valuation and control of most things and activities, (6) reliance on the money profit motive as the surest and best stimulus to action, (7) extensive use of organized violence in the form of police, armies, navies, and air forces.

Of the seven dangers or problems confronting India and the world, the

most immediately important is hunger, growing out of the exhaustion of land and increasing population. Orthodox economists preach industrialization to a desperately poor agricultural country. Gandhi and Gregg reply "No!" They point out that industrialization—industrialization beyond the natural pace of economic development—will bring disaster. The argument is simple. While more factories would give more people jobs, this would not produce more food. It would create goods which the Indian people have no money to buy. If India seeks foreign instead of domestic markets, she will enter world competition, and at a time when her efficiency is unlikely to equal that of other countries with more experience and greater productive plant. Meanwhile, her agricultural situation is not improved by attracting peasants away from the land and turning them into factory workers—after the example of Western industrial nations.

Well, then, it will be said, why not industrialize farming methods and obtain greater food production? Mr. Gregg replies:

There are several objections to that. First, it is uneconomical to use tractors on tiny plots of land. They are so expensive that no peasant or group of peasants could buy one. Chemical fertilizers undoubtedly stimulate the soil, but the stimulus fairly soon decreases; more and more has to be applied each year to get the same result; the soil organisms decrease; plant diseases increase; expenses rise. Steel mold-board plows which turn over the soil expose too much of the soil to the hot tropical sun, thus killing too many of the soil bacteria and other microscopic life on which the life and health of vegetation depend. It is no mere coincidence that soil erosion in America has advanced with the increase in technology in farming. Methods that are continuously effective in temperate climates with moderate precipitation distributed evenly through the year are dangerous if applied to tropical lands with monsoon rainfall. Even European methods applied indiscriminately to American conditions did much injury to the soil . . .

The densely populated countries, in order to have enough food to live on, must maintain a village economy,

must base their whole economy not on industrialism but on agriculture. . . . Farm tractors may be useful temporarily in a few situations. But not for India as a whole. All agricultural statistics show that hand labour produces more food per acre than does machine cultivation. It is high production per acre that India must have, because that means the greatest possible total.

The United States, where much farm machinery and chemical fertilizers are used, does not have high average production of wheat per acre. . . . The United States has high production per farm worker. Its vast total production is due not to high production per acre but to vast acreage.

Gregg, of course, like Gandhi, advocates improvement of farm implements, and he has a number of things to recommend. Actually, Gandhi believed in technology, so long as it did not distort the life of the people.

The United States does not as yet have anything like India's food and population problem, but soil erosion on the vastest scale in history afflicts all the countries of the world except England and Western Europe (where mild temperatures and moderate rains afford natural conservation). One third of the arable top soil of the United States has already been washed into the sea and erosion in America is continuing at a greater rate than the conservation steps taken to stop it can control. As Gregg says:

During floods in the Missouri River basin in July, 1947, it was estimated that more than 115,000,000 tons of rich top soil were carried off by the rain. In the United States as a whole soil erosion is now spoiling 500,000 acres of good land every year. If erosion were to continue at its present rate, by the end of the present century over three quarters of its fertile soil would be lost.

THE fact is that world food supply is not keeping pace with population growth. Nations which used to export food in large quantities are no longer doing so. They need the food at home and they are not raising enough to export. The United States once exported beef, but now Americans

eat beef from the Argentine. The decline in American food exports is a long-term trend. At one time, Canada and the United States accounted for about 75 per cent of the total grain shipments of the world, but growing population and land erosion are reversing this trend. Actually, American food exports began to decline in 1900. From 1929 to 1941, the United States bought more food abroad than she sold abroad. The war brought a boom in grain exports, but in 1945 the trend to decrease again set in.

Exports of rice to rice-eating peoples are also waning. World rice production in 1948-49 was 2 per cent below the pre-war average, yet the rice exported in that period was less than half the amount shipped before the war. Food, in other words, is being eaten more and more where it is grown or raised. Asia produces about 40 per cent of the total food supply of the world, but exports only 2 per cent.

Times have changed. It is no longer easy for an industrial country to get rich on manufactured articles and buy the food needed by her industrial workers. The tremendous growth in the population of the world—68,000 more are born every day, with a current net increase of about 1 per cent a year—plus the mining of the soil by wasteful methods of agriculture have created a problem that cannot be met with money or manufactured goods. Gregg says:

For these reasons the past successes of industrialism are not a valid argument for the further industrialization of India. She cannot import endless food from abroad as did Britain and Europe in their heyday. By the export of manufactured goods, India will soon thereby be able to buy very little food from the outside, for that outside exportable food supply is steadily and inevitably shrinking. And the export of hides and bones of her cattle, in payment for outside food, only robs her soil of calcium and phosphorus, and lowers the fertility of her soil and hence her own food production. Export of minerals and fibres would help a little of course. But jute products are the only fibres which would not meet severe competition from outside.

The modern industrial society is under examination. For the economic processes of such a society, politics or ideology is virtually irrelevant. The water table of a region drained by great pumps for industrial farming will go down under either capitalist or communist auspices. The soil will erode and lose its essential nutrients wherever the methods are of a sort to produce these results. Industrialism is voracious, bringing improvident consumption accompanied by incalculable waste. To take a single instance:

Streams are polluted and poisoned by city sewage, by coal mining, oil fields, food processing, paper pulp mills, steel plants, all textile industries and chemical industries. This pollution kills all fish in the streams and makes the water unfit for any domestic or agricultural use.

Industrialism brings great concentration of population—in cities which warp and stunt the lives of all but the very rich who live in them—and the rich are usually warped by their riches. The "appetite" of the institutions of a modern city is almost incredible. For example:

Only one Sunday edition of the "New York Times" . . . requires ten acres of big trees to supply the necessary wood pulp for its paper. There are many other newspapers of equal size in the United States and 52 Sundays in every year, to say nothing of the week days and all the other uses of paper.

By sheer bigness, we might add, the major economic institutions tend to crowd out all but others equally big. In the case of newspapers, for example, it is well known that powerful publishers acquire paper mills to assure an adequate supply of newsprint. If the smaller papers—the country weeklies and small dailies—can't get paper, they go out of business. Thus, as a by-product of the "efficiency" of bigness, you get something that starts out as economic monopoly and ends as cultural monopoly—of the press.

It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that social psychologists have been looking rather closely at the implications of industrialism. The following passage cites a widely recognized and quoted authority:

Capitalism (—and Communism, eager to copy Capitalist techniques, is doing, and will do, the same—) is consuming coal, petroleum and minerals of all kinds at a prodigious and profligate rate. The U. S. Steel Corporation has nearly exhausted the iron ore of the United States, and is now importing great quantities of iron ore from Newfoundland. Industrialism and urbanization are gravely weakening family life and consequently the basis of morals and the cohesion of society. As Elton Mayo (in "The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization") pointed out, "Our theory of civilization acts on the assumption that if technical and material advancement is maintained, human cooperation will somehow be inevitable." But "collaboration in an industrial society cannot be left to chance." Constant and rapid change in industrial processes has deprived workers of long continuing constant working relationship through which effective communication and collaboration were secured . . .

In an industrial society the social order has ceased to be established, and instead it rests upon a capacity for rapid adaptiveness to change. "Modern civilization for approximately two centuries has done nothing to extend and develop human cooperative capacities, and, indeed, in the sacred name of the sciences of material development has unwittingly done much to discourage teamwork and the development of social skill." Active spontaneous co-operation by all in the work of the world is vital to civilized order and activity. "Social life resembles biological in at least one aspect; when normal process ceases, pathological growth begins." "We are technically competent as no other age in history has been; and we combine this with utter social incompetence."

THERE are about 80 pages in Mr. Gregg's book. In them he draws up his sweeping indictment of the industrial civilization of the West, in an effort to dissuade India, from imitating what promises to be the most disastrous failure of history. But the book is not all criticism and analysis. The author's patient reasoning rests in a matrix of constructive suggestion and comment, and the Western reader may take courage from the extensive bibliography at the end, which shows that the best minds of our time are busy working on all these problems. The value

of Mr. Gregg's volume lies in its assemblage of facts from diverse sources, and in his fitting them together in simple language for the average reader of India.

One passage, toward the beginning, seems a happy solution of the problem created by Rousseau's idea of the "general will," which modern critics insist does not and cannot exist, and who charge Rousseau, along with Hegel, of having helped to rationalize the "Organic State" and its totalitarian habits. Gregg writes:

It is true that the integrations and relations between men in a group or society are not so close, so thorough, so sensitively poised and so delicate as are the mental, moral and physical elements in an individual human being. Society is not yet a real organism. As an abstract entity, society does not have a conscience. "A corporation does not have a soul." But the immoral acts of a society will ruin its character and eventually destroy it, as surely as if it were a person. Hence, if society is ever to improve, it is all the more important that the leaders, when acting on behalf of their group and of society, should be all the more scrupulous and particular to act sensitively and closely to all moral laws. A conflict in the heart and mind of a leader in regard to loyalties between personal morality and group interests creates in him a schizophrenia that may even in some cases lead to insanity. It is true that in group action there are often complex and conflicting interests. To see one's way clearly is often exceedingly difficult, and mistakes will be made. But spiritual and moral principles have been known a long while and are fairly simple. It is the clutter of compromises and evil inheritances from the past which make the greatest difficulty. If history teaches anything, it is that moral failures by the leaders of groups are a grave danger to society.

Here is a kind of common sense that recalls Ferrero's attack on the popular delusion that the achievement of justice and peace through the democratic process is "easy." The realization of social ideals is terribly difficult, and, looking around at the modern world, it is now possible to appreciate as we never have before the wisdom of such men as Lao-tse, Marcus Aurelius, and a few others who seem to have under-

stood the enormous practical problems of maintaining a social order. Today, we begin to tire of people who rush into print with blueprints for the Good Society. The Good Society, one suspects, cannot be blueprinted at all, or even "planned," except by indirection.

IT is philosophy which gives to the leaders of men the integrity they need to choose wisely and to give intelligent guidance to their fellows. And it is philosophy which the people need in order to recognize wise decisions and to support the leaders who embody moral strength. Gregg finds the cement of human solidarity in the assumption of a deep unity, sometimes spoken of as "spiritual":

We assume that underneath all the phenomena and forces of the outer world there is a subtle unity . . . It is because of this all-embracing unity that we speak of our universe. Along with this goes another assumption as to "the uniformity of natural law."

And if we ponder still further we recognize that we also assume that there is a still deeper unity that bridges and ties together all those forces and phenomena of nature with the intangible, invisible, subtle inner world of ourselves, the world of thoughts, feelings, sentiments, fears, hopes, and aspirations. If there were no such bond between inner and outer, we would be unable to understand anything of the outer world at all.

This deepest of all unities and of all assumptions is unprovable, but we rest upon it our lives and actions and beliefs. It has been recognized by thoughtful people of every race and age all through history . . . It is what we call spirit. The search for understanding and experience of it is what is known as religion or metaphysical tradition. To recognize the existence of assumptions, to accept the assumption which gives the most meaning to life and explains most problems is then thoroughly scientific and modern.

It comes to this, that the pioneer thinkers of the modern world are on the verge of recognizing that it is scientific to be philosophical—that the unity we want for our lives can only grow out of a unity of heart and mind in understanding, a unity within ourselves, and with others. This is an old truth, now viably reborn.

CHURCHILL'S TACTICS TO SPLIT LABOUR

By ANDREW ROTH

"WHAT on earth made him say it?" is the query put by *The Times*.

The question, of course, applied to Sir Winston's disclosure, during his birthday party at Woodford, that in the final stages of the European campaign in 1945 he had cabled Lord Montgomery to stock the arms captured from the Nazis carefully "so that they could easily be issued again to the German soldiers whom we should have to work with if the Soviet advance continued."

This disclosure was as much a bombshell in Britain in November, 1954 as was his Fulton, Missouri speech to Americans in February, 1945. However tough-minded the Cabinet and Foreign Office may remain, there has been a substantial softening of the popular attitude towards the Russians. The British man in the street finds it difficult to hate men who play football so well, export ballet dancers, or run such dramatic long-distance races on British soil. And the recent Soviet loosening up on visas for British newsmen, allowing them to travel almost anywhere, has eliminated much of the sinister mystery which attached to life behind the 'Iron Curtain', as Churchill dubbed it.

Sir Winston's disclosure was denounced by an amazing chorus: ranging from the *Daily Worker* to *The Times*. Some of these papers undoubtedly wanted to use this "blunder" to force his retirement. But even the *Manchester Guardian*, which came to his defence, admitted that "Sir Winston's reminiscence was certainly ill-advised."

Disclosure by design

Let no one think that Sir Winston's disclosure was the reminiscent musings—the unguarded thoughts-out-loud—of an old man. For long decades Sir Winston has prepared his

public speeches with great care. Even apparently 'impromptu' speeches are usually prepared with great care in advance. All the more so during this week of birthday celebrations with the eyes—and film cameras—of the world on him. The text of this one was apparently available the day before. Therefore, if this renowned amateur bricklayer "dropped a brick" it was a deliberate one, even if not immediately obvious.

Many British politicians and pressmen, who have been engaging for months in the futile guessing game of anticipating when Sir Winston will retire, had looked forward to this particular occasion in his constituency for some sort of hint.

Those who have studied Sir Winston Churchill's career know what a tender spot he has for the constituency of Woodford which he has represented in Parliament for the last 30 years. In 1924 it rescued him from what Sir Winston has always considered the worst nightmare: the horror of being out of the political swim.

When the Liberal-Conservative Coalition Government broke up in 1922, Churchill campaigned again as a Liberal with Conservative support for the constituency of Dundee.

But Dundee decisively rejected him, returning him fourth in the poll, with only 20,000 of 110,000 votes. The seat went to Scrymgeour, a Prohibitionist, with E. D. Morel, the famous anti-colonial Labour publicist, the runner up. Willie Gallacher, the Communist, finished last. Churchill lost although he was in fighting form. Labourites and Communists, he insisted, were twin-headed monsters. "Mr. Gallacher," he said, "is only Mr. Morel with the courage of his convictions, and Trotsky is only Mr. Gallacher with the power to murder those whom he cannot convince." Trotsky had once made the

mistake of referring contemptuously to Churchill.

Churchill sought to get back into Parliament in the 1923 election, fighting West Leicester as a Liberal. But he was defeated by 4,000 votes by F. W. Pethick Lawrence, later Lord Pethick Lawrence.

Churchill then decided to jump off the battered Liberal bandwagon and regain the refurbished Conservative political machine which he had deserted in 1904, just before its crushing 1906 defeat. He first attacked the Liberal decision to support the minority Labour Government and, a month after his defeat as a Liberal at Leicester, was making desperate efforts to get accepted by the Conservative Party. He had only recently attacked it as the "party of great vested interests" which stood for "sentiment by the bucketful, patriotism by the imperial pint, the open hand at the Exchequer, the open door at the public house, dear food for the million, cheap labour for the millions."

Churchill just missed the official Conservative endorsement for the Westminster by-election in January, 1924, because the local Conservative association endorsed Captain Nicholson, of the famous gin family. But the popular Conservative press backed him as a Constitutionalist or unofficial Tory and gave him the lime-light, helped by his circus-style publicity organised by Brenden Bracken, now Lord Bracken, managing director of the *Financial Times*. Sir Winston's target as the symbol of sinister Socialism was none other than Fenner Brockway. Brockway was supported by George Bernard Shaw, who wrote: "Mr. Churchill's programme is simply war with Russia."

When Churchill was nosed out by the official Conservative by 43 votes, "Mr. Churchills hands dropped," Brockway recalls. "He had set his heart on winning this election; it was to be his great comeback to politics . . . I know no man who more fully expresses in changing features and gestures the moods he feels; on this occasion he was the embodiment of disappointment and frustration."

Later that year, however, Churchill took three major steps toward paradise. He was adopted by his present safely Conservative suburb of London as its official candidate. He was able to campaign uninhibitedly against the Bolshevik menace; this was the famous 'Zinoviev Letter' election based on a forged letter attributed to the Secretary of the Comintern suggesting there were links between the Macdonald Labour Government and the Communists. Churchill soared to oratorical heights, charging that MacDonald was "demonstrating a sense of comradeship with the foul, filthy butchers of Moscow."

"They (the Communists) write from their Praesidium or centre of control, in order that germ cells shall be established in our regiments and on our ships, that propaganda shall be developed in our streets and villages. They write to order that preparations shall be made for bloody revolt to be started and for civil war, flames and carnage to disturb and defile our streets . . ."

This oratory sent the appropriate shivers down the well-dressed backs of the citizens of his constituency and Sir Winston was returned not only to Parliament, but went right into the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

More than an echo

When Sir Winston spoke on November 23 at Woodford, celebrating "my first 30 years as your Member"—thus shattering any suggestion of retirement—he was doing more than evoke a pale shadow of his early virulent hatred of the Bolsheviks.

He was playing the Party game. At a private meeting of Conservative M.P.s some months ago, Sir Winston said that one of the objects of the Conservatives should be to let the two wings of the Labour Party "grind themselves to dust," presumably as the Liberals once ground themselves to death.

Sir Winston contributed to this directly, at Woodford, by making a head-on attack on the Labour Party for the exclusion of seven M.P.s for breaking Party discipline. He con-

trasted the Labour Party's attempts to impose discipline with the freedom he himself had enjoyed when he attacked the National Government's mild Indian reforms for five years in the early thirties and later when he persisted in his warnings about the menace of Hitler.

The cohesion of the postwar Conservatives, he said proudly, sprang from a sense of duty rather than from vehement party discipline. Their opponents seemed to be throwing an emphasis on parliamentary discipline which was not usual in House of Commons life and not harmonious with the character of Britain's world-famous institutions.

"In fact, one of the dangers of democracy is that it should become a machine-made possession of the party caucus. Of course, a very high degree of loyalty is needed by all parties, but the modern Conservative . . . Party seems to get that by comradeship and conviction rather than by heresy-hunting and expulsions."

Widening the wedge

Having needled the Attlee-Morrison-Gaitskell wing of the Labour Party for their authoritarianism, he went on to needle their opponents by defending the rearmament of Germany in what must be considered a calculatedly outrageous manner, simultaneously commending himself as the most foreseeing and realistic defender of Britain's world position.

He recalled proudly his warning at Fulton, Missouri, and his Zurich call to bring Germany back into the fold shortly thereafter. He recollected also his 1950 warning that a rearmed Germany was needed for the defence of Western Europe.

Then, to prove his prescience and needle his extreme opponents, he made the disclosure which brought some mild cries of "shame, shame" even from his well-bred audience:

"Even before the war had ended and while the Germans were surrendering by hundreds and thousands and our streets were crowded with cheering people, I telegraphed to Lord Montgomery directing him to be careful in collecting the German arms to stack them so

that they could easily be issued again to the German soldiers whom we should have to work with if the Soviet advance continued."

This was undoubtedly intended partly to widen the wedge between the two wings of the Labour Party. Sir Winston knows, from their wartime association, that Mr. Attlee fully shares his own personal aversion to the Russian Communists, even if he does not express it quite so flamboyantly, and was fully committed to keeping the Soviets out of Western Europe in 1945. In fact, Mr. Attlee's aversion for the Russian "barbarians" seems all the more strong since his recent trip, in contrast with his sympathetic understanding for the Chinese Communists.

Sir Winston banked on Attlee's not attacking him, for fear of Sir Winston's countering by disclosing Attlee's own part in the "stop Russia" precautions of 1945. This proved correct. The next day, Mr. Attlee had the opportunity of asking what is called a "private notice question" which gets special priority, about the Woodford speech. But he did not take it, despite pressure by a number of Labour M.P.s.

Instead, Sir Winston was questioned by Sydney Silverman, extreme Left-pacifist M. P. who on the very night of Sir Winston's speech—was excluded from the Parliamentary Labour Party with five others for voting against German rearmament against strict party orders. Sydney Silverman, and perhaps one other excluded M. P., may not be permitted to return to the fold of the Parliamentary Labour Party because, however hard-headed and brilliant a Parliamentarian on internal British affairs, he consistently shows what the *Manchester Guardian* describes as "sloppy pro-Russian sentimentalism" on events in Communist states.

Also quick on the offensive against Sir Winston was red-haired, intense Barbara Castle, a leading woman Bevanite, who announced that she had cancelled her contribution to Sir

Winston's birthday fund on reading his speech.

In short, Sir Winston has provoked a split reaction in the Labour Party by his provocative speech, with Mr. Attlee and company keeping a pregnant silence while the Labour left attacks him strongly.

Competition with Mendes-France?

There is another target which almost all commentators have overlooked in their analyses of Sir Winston's disclosure: France's Prime Minister, Mendes-France.

It is often forgotten that on the day before Sir Winston made his speech, M. Mendes-France—at the climax of his very successful visit to the United States—made a speech to the United Nations calling for a Big Four meeting in Paris in May. This would be after the ratifications of the Western European Union agreements but before they are put into effect.

Whatever the immediate disagreements over timing, the Mendes-

France success in the U. S. and his initiative threatened what Sir Winston believes is Britain's greatest advantage and one which he himself has won for it: its status as America's premier ally in Europe, able by its special position to exercise a special influence and initiative.

By calling attention to his hard-headed foresight, even when the rest of the world was sloppily pro-Russian, Sir Winston may well have wanted to remind the Americans that he is still their best ally. And he may well have felt that such a disclosure would provoke the touchy Russians and thus weaken Mendes-France's chances of pointing the way to a European settlement. After all, what right has a young *parvenu* to start organising peace settlements when the Grand Old Man of Atlantic strategy is attempting to cap his career with such a crowning achievement?

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JVZ-4

PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY

By D. R. RAJAGOPAL

THE question of the peaceful applications of atomic energy and its paramount importance has been increasingly engaging the attention of world statesmen and scientists as evidenced in the recent animated serious discussion in the political committee of the General Assembly United Nations Organisation meeting in its present sitting. The news of the offer of 100 kilogrammes of fissionable material to serve as fuel in experimental reactors in other countries by the United States Atomic Energy Commission and the offer of 20 kilos of fissionable atomic material by the government of United Kingdom to be earmarked for use in atomic reactors (as per dispatches of Reuter of November 15 and 16) has spotlighted once again the vital question of the peaceful applications of atomic energy. This has come right in the heels of the announcement of the Eisenhower Atomic Bank Plan and on the significant achievements of the Soviet Union in the task of the harnessing the immense powers of nuclear energy for really constructive purposes. There is more in the air—indicating thereby the supreme importance and tremendous significance attached to this ticklish problem which has been eluding an amicable solution for nearly a decade—in the news that the Soviet Union has a plan for a projected scientific conference next summer on peaceful applications of atomic energy.

With timely significance the leader of the delegation from India to the UN Mr. Krishna Menon has made a constructive plea that immediate applications of atomic energy for peaceful constructive purposes should be launched by countries in possession of vast sources of nuclear energy notwithstanding the fact that there is no immediate agreement on the burning question of the prohibition of the atomic and other nuclear

weapons and on their production by the major powers of the world.

The Soviet Union has successfully built up an atomic power plant capable of generating 5000 kilowatts of electricity. This announcement is of cardinal importance to humanity. Man for the first time with his engineering skill and scientific insight has been able to practically demonstrate the tremendous uses of atomic energy for peaceful industrial purposes. World attention has been focussed on the immense benefit that humanity could derive by the release of atomic energy for the progressive advance of society in the diverse fields of industry, agriculture, technology, medicine, etc.

Dr. Aldirovich, the Soviet nuclear scientist, announcing the news of the peacetime applications of atomic energy in the Soviet Union in the columns of the *Literary Gazette* says that the first atomic industrial plant "without heavy physical labour" has been set up for generation of electricity of five thousand kilowatts and says that it would eventually "free man for creative activity." Further it has been announced that atomic power plants capable of producing 50,000 to 100,000 kilowatts of electricity are being built up by Soviet scientists and engineers. The Soviet nuclear scientist says that in sharp contrast to this the USA is concentrating its efforts "on the atomic arms race."

Elaborating the working details of the world's first atomic power plant in his country Dr. Aldirovich says that "100,000 kilowatt atomic power, plant would need between 200 to 250 grammes of uranium daily." This "small consumption of atomic fuel" is especially important for regions which are far away from coal, oil and water resources. Expounding the future uses of the atomic energy he says that nuclear physics would help

medicine "to free houses of microbes, to sterilise food products and destroy infectious diseases." Also, "the question of interplanetary travel and aircraft with indefinite range had come within the bounds of possibility."

Dr. Balabonov, a prominent member of the Institute of Physics at the Soviet Academy of Science has forecast "that atomic power stations could produce cheaper electric current than a station working on coal, oil or water." Dr. Balabonov forecast that atomic power would be used in the near future for driving planes, ships and railway engines. While the world coal and oil reserves would be exhausted in 200 to 300 years, rough estimates indicate that the uranium reserves of the world would be adequate to supply atomic power for industrial purposes for many thousands of years."

The achievement of the Soviet Union has put the question of the possibilities of the peaceful applications of atomic energy in diverse fields into sharp relief in striking contrast to the incalculable havoc it could cause as a military weapon in a possible global conflagration.

In October last year Mr. Thomas Murray of the US Atomic Energy Commission announced that the Westinghouse Electrical Corporation had been awarded a contract for the construction of an atomic reactor to generate 60,000 kilowatts of electric power. Out of the total American atomic energy budget of 2,425 million dollars, some 43.6 million dollars are allocated to nuclear reactor development including the development of a reactor for submarines. In the United Kingdom where, according to Sir David Eccles, Minister of Works, nine-tenths of the annual budget of 50 million pounds has gone into atomic weapons development and production, two atomic-power projects are planned—one under construction at Calder Hall, Cumberland, designed to generate 40,000 kilowatts and the other at Dounreay in Caithness, for research on a more advanced "breeder" type of reactor to produce 50,000 kilowatts.

The very large amount of energy

produced from a given amount of uranium (U235) is the most striking feature of atomic energy. Scientific calculations have shown that one pound of the atomic fuel produces as much heat as 13,000 tons of coal. Like the conventional fires the nuclear 'fires' are also 'chain' reactions except that they don't require oxygen but when they have to be kindled the temperature required is of the order of millions of degrees. Nuclear 'fires' produced in this way are called thermonuclear reaction and they constitute the basis of the hydrogen bomb. The fuel materials that can be 'burnt' are the two isotopes of hydrogen called deuterium and tritium. The immediate peaceful applications of the thermonuclear reactions are still unknown.

It has been calculated by nuclear scientists that not only nuclear power will prove cheap for areas far away from coal resources but also that countries like the United Kingdom will be immensely benefited by nuclear power on account of its amazing cheapness. The official estimates for the cost of coal for electricity production in 1952 amounted to 0.43 pence per unit. According to the calculations of Dr. W. H. Zinin, Director of the Agronne National Laboratory, Chicago, the cost of the nuclear fuel in a generator in which only U235 is burnt is 0.3 pence per unit (Bulletin of Atomic Scientists Vol. IX, p. 171) and with 'breeding' the cost is calculated to be as low as 0.01 pence per unit. In a 'breeder' reactor the cost will be negligible. The cost the nuclear reactor will entail will be three times the cost of the conventional boiler of the usual type of power station. But it will prove economical despite the cost in view of its immense utility in the long run and also because the coal deposits are required for other purposes in vital and increasingly in chemical and metallurgical industries.

A nuclear reactor so designed as to operate in a two gallon drum has been mentioned by Sir John Cockcroft. It has been estimated that such a reactor with appropriate shieldings would prove economical in

a ship propulsion. Further it has been calculated by nuclear scientists that for a reactor to develop 20,000 horse-power at 25 per cent efficiency would require the consumption of less than 50lb fuel per annum. An atomic powered locomotive will be specially serviceable over a long stretch of desert as in Africa.

THE uses of fission products are very many. A nuclear power station producing electric power at a rate of 100,000 kilowatts for a year could yield fission products which when extracted would have radioactive strength of 10 million grams of radium. The radiations from fission products could be used as an alternative to present heat treatment methods for food sterilization and pest eradication. In a 100,000 kilowatt atomic power station the fission products extracted after one year's operation would be sufficient to sterilize 10,000 gallons of milk or 80 tons of canned meat per day and to treat about 2,000 grains per day for insect disinfection. A generator of this type is estimated to supply the requirements of a city of 100,000 population. Plastics could be given more useful properties by exposure to radiation and they could be made to become more hard and more resistant to heat when treated with radiation. It has been calculated by nuclear scientists that it is possible to build up plants for the production of some kind of plastics alongside the nuclear reactor stations. In batteries where only tiny currents are required for delicate experiments radio-isotope batteries with the application of the radiation from fission products from a 100,000 kilowatt atomic power station is possible. Important scientific data on solar and cosmic radiations unobtainable on earth could be obtained on an artificial satellite surrounding the earth at a height of about 1000 miles and for energising electrical equipment carried in rockets for such work, radio-isotope batteries have been suggested.

It is clear that the peaceful applications of atomic energy can have a great transforming effect on the mode of life of the people in the future. Bountiful supplies of cheap power



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KILLING THE KILLER

By LONG TOM

I READ with interest the article on Capital Punishment in one of your recent issues. I agree with your contributor and before I add anything I want to set down the very valuable opinion of an eminent English judge who is against the abolition of the death penalty. Mass of evidence poured in before the Royal Commission for and against, yet England has not found it convenient to do away with the extreme penalty of law.

Sir Travers Humphreys, P.C., one of Britain's greatest criminal judges and a distinguished jurist asks why we should assume that a few years in prison will change the nature of a man capable of killing another person if the motive was strong enough. He adds that criminals sentenced to imprisonment again and again regularly return to crime on their release, almost invariably to the same class of crime. He catalogues some dastardly murders and asserts that the murderers were rightly hanged. He says: "The necessity of preventing him (or to a very small extent deterring others) from doing the same or a similar act on a future occasion. In theory a sentence of imprisonment for life would have the same effect. But in practice no such sentence is ever carried out." He regrets here the interference of the Home Secretary.

He further adds: "I am by no means overlooking the seriousness of keeping a youngish man in prison for the remaining term of his natural life. Personally I should regard such a sentence as much more cruel than the painless and instantaneous ending of life which we call hanging. It is because there is no other

What has been achieved in the Soviet Union is also practically possible elsewhere too provided the mad race for production of atomic war weapons is stopped forthwith.

The atom, once a curse, could be a blessing to mankind.

method known to me of ensuring that the crime of murder shall not be repeated—at least by that individual—that I have referred to it as the only possible alternative to hanging a murderer."

The famous judge gives also one illustration as to how life today is held cheaply by a number of criminals. "I want your money. I do not desire to kill you but I must have your money and if you resist me I shall use the weapon which I have provided for the purpose, be it pistol, bludgeon or cosh. If you lose your life, you must blame your bad luck." "Such is the argument" he says "of men who go about usually in gangs holding up bank messengers employed to carry money, jewellers, night-watchmen and others known or suspected of having money. Why then are we so squeamish about the life of such a man? I would not object to sympathy for his innocent relatives. But while everything is done to help the accused who is there who gives a thought to the widow, the children, the relatives or dependents of the man who is murdered? What Government department exists to look after their interests or to help them?" He concludes: "When, after everything is done to ensure to the accused a fair trial, if the jury is satisfied that the man they are trying is guilty of a brutal murder, then let the law take its course."

Whatever may be said by the eminent jurists of the West, in India the case is strong for the abolition of the death penalty. The infant Republic can take courage in its hands and set an example to the world as it has done in many other directions. Illiteracy is appalling and many murders are the cause of un-

balance of mind. Drink, party factions and women are the main if not some of the causes and calculated, coldblooded murders as in the West are rare in India.

The average Indian soaked in years of Hindu dharmic tradition generally shrinks from infliction of any kind of pain and loathes the very idea of murder. The true objects of penal legislation are the prevention of crimes and the reformation of criminals. The State has no right to subject the offender to pain or annoyance of any kind simply for the purpose of vengeance. It can restrain and not chastise him and any infliction of unnecessary suffering upon him is an infringement upon his rights as a human being. Life imprisonment of the murderer will quite suffice and the State should not do away with such men as an example or on the ground of the cost of their long upkeep in prisons.

If the State resorts to execution it would be guilty of the same sort of deliberate killing which if committed by others is condemned as a crime. One other stale argument is that the death penalty constitutes the most effective deterrent. No man ought to be punished for any crime simply for the purpose of deterring others. If any criminal deserves such treatment it must be solely on his own account and not on account of others who have not yet committed any offence. Statistics have shown that murderers are not held back by fear of the dire consequences. The State

desires to impress on the minds of the people the sacredness of human life and by capital punishment it commits the very crime which it condemns on the part of its citizens.

Under Henry VIII 72,000 thieves were hanged and yet robbery on the highways prevailed and the suburbs of the principal cities were infested by mercenary assassins. Russia under the Tsars abolished the death penalty. Even as early as 1845 the Michigan State, in 1851 the State of Rhode Island, in 1853 Wisconsin, and in 1887, Maine abolished the capital punishment and there was no increase but there was a definite decrease in the number of murders as shown by irrefutable figures.

Capital punishment is based upon an erroneous conception of the true nature of man. It fails to take into consideration the fact that there is a vast diversity in the mental and moral constitutions of different individuals and it makes no allowance whatever for the differences in the circumstances by which they are surrounded. It establishes a uniform rule of conduct for all and holds each to the same degree of responsibility for its violation just as though each had the same moral sense and the same strength of character. Man acts under the influence of causes which he did not create and is controlled by motives which exist independently of him and for which he is in no way accountable. So murderers should be treated as abnormally diseased persons and treated accordingly.

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NARENDRA DEVA: New Leader of Praja Socialists

By P. D. TANDON

THE "Ajatshatru" of Indian politics has been elected chairman of the Praja Socialist Party which urgently needs a person who can keep the party together and offer a genuine alternative to the Congress. He is one of those rare men whose intellect and emotions are always well in balance. He has hardly ever offended any one by being dogmatic or fanatic in his political or personal views. He himself recently admitted at Nagpur that he was a Marxist but his Marxism was evolutionary and not rigid. He knows how to adjust things and understand and accommodate others, and always tries to strike a balance between opposite views in order to produce a practical and workable solution for difficult problems. He is a strict disciplinarian, but believes in free and frank discussions, because he is convinced that ideological debates are conducive to the healthy growth of political parties. He has an abhorrence for personally ambitious people who put their interest before the interests of the party and the country. He hates personal rivalries and narrow partisanship. This is why as long as he was in Congress, he was above suspicion and his political integrity no one doubted. In the Praja Socialist Party he occupies a unique position and every one trusts him and has faith in his ability and scholarship.

To be in politics and not have enemies is rare. It is a privilege which very few enjoy. Acharya Narendra Deva is one of them. This profound scholar and able politician enjoys the respect not only of those who agree with his politics, but also of those who differ with him. He does not allow politics to intervene with personal relationship and in the Congress also he has a large number of friends and admirers who never say a harsh word of him. Jawaharlal Nehru has great affection and regard

for Narendra Deva and whenever Nehru knows that he is in Delhi, he wants to meet him and often invites him to stay with him. It was at his request that Narendra Deva agreed to join the official delegation to China. Some of his comrades would have been happy, had he not lent prestige to the official delegation by joining it. "Why did you agree to go to China as a member of the official delegation? Certain members of your party did not like it very much," asked a few friends. With a disarming smile, he said, "You see, I just could not refuse the offer when old friends pressed me." This reluctance to say "No" to anybody is at once his strength and weakness. He is so generous, so kind-hearted and so accommodating, that he feels that he must oblige others. This is interpreted as a sign of weakness by some friends, but Acharya Narendra Deva prefers to be weak and oblige others, rather than be strong and say "No" and disappoint people. Clean and abstemious in living, modest and considerate in behaviour, generous and understanding in friendship, Acharya Narendra Deva is a safe counsellor and an enlightened leader.

After a fairly long tour of European countries, Acharya Narendra Deva has returned to India with new vigour and new hopes. He has come home with stronger faith in democratic socialism. Addressing the first public meeting in Poona after his return, he emphatically asserted that democratic socialism was the only answer to communism and capitalism. The Acharya is greatly concerned about the youth of the country. He is their true friend and real guide. Their problems always worry him.

In the course of a letter to me from Austria, he recently wrote:

"I shall do my little bit for the Socialist Youth Movement, but it is obvious I cannot do the propagandist part of it. I attach great importance to it. I have no doubt in my mind that in the present situation of the world when there is disequilibrium and destruction of moral values and unrest amongst

the youth, it becomes the special duty of the Government and the political parties to take the youth in hand and to make them feel that they are being looked after. We in India have neglected them so far."

There is no doubt that the youth in India have been neglected and their problems are getting complicated. Unless the Government and the politicians heed the advice of the Acharya and attend carefully to the problems of the youth they cannot make them feel their responsibility in building up a new India.

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

The world of scholars has suffered a loss by Narendra Deva's straying into politics. He is a scholarly type. He is never more happy than when teaching or reading. He is a high

class academician, completely free from the professorial humbug which characterizes a number of professors. He carries the weight of learning like a flower on his head and hardly ever believes that he is "know-all". He is ever willing to learn even from his students. He is a good conversationalist and a very patient listener. In his company you never feel scared of his scholarship. He makes the humblest feel comfortable in his presence. He has high regard for common courtesies and decorum. He is one of the most cultured of men. "He is a profound scholar, a persuasive orator and a proficient linguist. Acharya Narendra Deva is the high priest of socialism in India; an intellectual among intellectuals, a preceptor amongst patriots. Admirers and critics alike may dispute among themselves whether this gaunt, grey veteran of a hundred freedom battles could not have served his country more in the temple of learning than in the dusty cockpit of politics but no one will deny that the Acharya has enriched public life by his mature wisdom and high idealism."

When he left the Congress along with his Socialist comrades, there was widespread regret in the U. P. at the Acharya's going out of the Congress fold. On that occasion, the secretary of the Uttar Pradesh P. C. C. sent him a letter requesting him to revise his decision and not leave the Congress. The Acharya sent a reply which was marked for its high dignity. He said: "At a time when all sorts of motives are being attributed to us and we are being accused of disrupting the Congress, and when some men in authority and influence are even holding out threats of dire destruction, it is heartening to know that at least the highest executive authority of the Congress in these provinces appreciates the motives which have actuated us to take this step. . . . It is a great solace to us to know that in this unjust and unkind world, at least, our erstwhile comrades-in-arms while disapproving of our decision are willing to judge us with

"charity and recognise our past services."

Narendra Deva is one of the country's greatest orators in Hindi, English and Urdu. His torrential eloquence is extremely impressive. It is not mere sentiments that lend weight to his speeches, but deep scholarship and learning. He keeps his audiences spell-bound and the pitch of his talks is always high.

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

In 1921, due to the pressure of friends, particularly of Jawaharlal Nehru, he joined Kashi Vidyapith, a national institution with patriotic traditions. After five years, he became its principal and was called "Acharya". Narendra Deva's father, Babu Baldeo Prasad was a successful lawyer and was keen that his son also should stick to law, but Narendra Deva got engulfed in the stormy sea of politics and had no time for the profession. He was keen to be an archaeologist, but in 1913 when he passed his M.A. examination, he realised that he could not be that. In 1915 he took up the secretaryship of the Fyzabad Home Rule League. He attended the Calcutta Congress session in 1906 as a

visitor. There he heard the speeches of Aurobindo Ghose and Bepin Chander Pal. He listened to the famous addresses of Aurobindo Ghose on "Tenets of the New Party". He did not attend the Congress session at Allahabad in 1910 though he was a student there, because extremists had been expelled from the Congress.

Narendra Deva was always a good student. When the All India Congress Socialist Party was formed, he presided over its Patna conference. Since then he has been a guiding light for Indian Socialists. His address at the Patna session of the party was masterly and created a stir. For many years he was a kisan leader and did considerable work for the peasantry in U. P. He was twice elected president of All India Kisan Sabha and Presided over its sessions at Gaya and Bedual in 1939 and 1942 respectively.

Gandhiji was very fond of Narendra Deva. He had once proposed his name for the presidentship of the Congress, but the Working Committee decided on another leader. Even Subhas Bose had requested Narendra Deva to be on his working committee, when he was against so many of his Congress colleagues. In 1942 Gandhiji treated Narendra Deva for asthma and he was almost cured. During those days Narendra Deva and Gandhiji came into close contact and greatly admired each other.

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

"Paro, our pilgrimage has been undertaken and fulfilled in the best possible manner . . ."

.....Short Story.....★

THE PILGRIMAGE

By B. Panduranga Rao

★ THE old woman sat near the small, crude oven, cooking the evening meal. She fed the fire with dry twigs and stirred it into a blaze. The ragged, yellow light flickered all over the rude interior of the hut, revealing its mud walls and cowdung-coated earthen floor. A rickety bamboo cot bearing an outspread bed stood in one corner; pots, pans and a few rusty garden implements lay about in picturesque profusion in another. Softly, the old woman hummed a rustic ballad to herself.

There was a shuffling of feet outside and with a hoarse creaking the door swung open and Bhola, the old woman's husband, entered carrying a large empty basket, which he proceeded to throw in a corner. He sat down beside her and removed his sweat-stained turban.

"The Gods have been kind to us again, Paro," he said. "You know what? I have sold the entire lot of the vegetables today. I wouldn't say it was a good bargain," he felt around his waist and brought forth a small heap of coins from the folds of his dhoti, "but then, in these hard times one has to be contented with what one gets."

As Paro smiled in agreement, he spread out the coins on his outstretched palm and looked at them with an expression of childish possessiveness. Knitting his brows in mock concentration, he began to count the day's proceeds. Paro watched him with frank, ill-concealed amusement as he made several laborious but futile attempts and finally give up the effort with a shrug of his shoulders, scratching his bald head in dismay. He selected

four or five coins and handed them over to his wife.

"Now, that would suffice for our household expenses until tomorrow evening, and these," he said, pointing to the coins remaining with him, "will go to our Pilgrimage Fund".

He rose to his feet and walked to a small pot, suspended from a rafter in the thatched roof. He shook the pot as if to reassure himself of the contents and when a metallic jingle sounded from within, he grinned. One by one he dropped the coins in his palm into the pot and every now and then he made a charcoal mark on the wall nearby, where there was already a neat array of previous marks. It was Bhola's own queer, intricate mathematical system designed to keep track of the steadily growing worth of his Pilgrimage Fund.

Paro stared at her husband's bent head and hunched-up shoulders with a queer wistfulness. When he turned round, she gazed at him in reprobation.

"I know how much this pilgrimage of ours means to you," she said. "But why these severe austerities? Why this tightening of the belt till it hurts? For the last one month or more, you've been going to the market every single day without respite. Once in a while, you ought to rest your tired aged limbs for a day or two. After all, our pilgrimage can afford to wait without your having to slave yourself like this."

Bhola paused in the act of drawing a charcoal line on the wall and surveyed her, a hint of compassion in his eyes.

"Paro, you are being too sentimental in your old age. Your anxiety for my comfort seems to have become an obsession with you." He came and sat down near her and laid a hand on her shoulder. "My good Paro, don't you worry about me. I am quite all right. And I'm getting all the rest that I possibly need. Any further inactivity would mean mere sloth. Moreover, you do see how imperative it is that I should work as I have never worked before, don't you?"

Paro did not answer. She became strangely quiet and contemplative. Bhola arose and began to pace the floor, his mind far, far away, delving into the forgotten past and into the uncertain future. Before his eyes there seemed to float a sort of mystic dream.

"I am a broken-down old creak, with one foot in the grave and so are you, Paro, if you will forgive my saying so. We are now in the evening of our lives. We have lived our lives as happily and dutifully as we could—you have been a great wife, Paro, indeed a great one." He talked hoarsely, yet with ease and geniality. "And this proposed pilgrimage of ours is our conception of rounding off our earthly existence. That was what our forefathers did and that is exactly what we are going to do. Look, Paro, the Full Moon is exactly fifteen days from today, so Panditji back in the town told me. On that auspicious day," he emphasized every word, "on that eventful day, we shall pack our things, leave this beloved home and garden which have sustained us all these years, and embark on our pilgrimage. By that time," he crossed over to the wall bearing the charcoal markings, "these lines will have reached here," he pointed to the lowest part of the wall where it merged with the floor. "And that is enough to take care of our expenses. Are you happy, Paro?"

He turned towards her with grave, intent eyes. She sat staring sightlessly into the fire. Quickly, she looked up at her husband and her face broke into a broad, toothless grin extending from ear to ear.

BHOLA was midway through the act of removing his shirt when he suddenly stopped dead. Was it his fancy, or was that indeed a faint cry—low, gentle but very distinct—that had come floating through the half-open door? Vaguely baffled, he went to the door and flung it open. Outside it was twilight, a deep, murky twilight.

He stood framed in the doorway while Paro, light-footed as a cat, followed. The faint cry came again; this time it came clearly a few feet ahead of him. Peering into the darkness in the direction of the sound, he suddenly stiffened.

There, leaning against a tree, lay the huddled form of a man!

Bhola stared at it breathlessly. His heart was beating tumultuously. The next instant he passed swiftly forward and bent over the prostrate figure. The man was lying on his side; his features were hardly distinguishable in the darkness, but he was breathing stertorously and was groaning in agony. When Bhola placed his hand on the man's brow he was astonished to feel it burning hot. His mind was one mass of conflicting emotions. Without further ado, he carried the body into the hut.

He placed it on the cot with tenderness. In the gusty light of the fire, he saw it was that of a young man, hardly above thirty. His clothes were torn, his hands were scratched and he was muddy and dishevelled. But, for all his unprepossessing appearance, he bore the stamp of respectable lineage.

What concerned Bhola was that this man who was burning with fever was in dire need of quick, medical aid. With a brief, hasty word to Paro, he dashed out to fetch a Doctor.

The sick man had not regained consciousness. The Doctor, after a hasty but meticulous examination, rose to go.

"This is a bad case of tropical fever," was his verdict. "Be very careful and see that he is nursed properly. Who's he? Your son?"

Bhola took one look at the sick young man—forn and helpless. "Yes," he stammered.

The Doctor wrote out a lengthy prescription. "Get these medicines from my dispensary as quickly as you can. And," he added deliberately, with a dubious glance at the rude interior of the hut and at the decrepit old couple, "see that you bring money with you to pay the bill."

★

THANKS to Bhola's and Paro's careful attention and nursing, the fever left the young man on the sixth day. He was now aware of all that had happened and of how he came to be in their home. In the morning, while Bhola was filling his basket with the vegetables which Paro had gathered from their garden, the stranger tossed restlessly on his bed for some considerable time, half-rose and addressed him.

"Chachaji," he murmured, "I am now quite well. Please allow me to go. I cannot bear imposing myself on you in this manner any more."

Bhola raised a restraining hand and shook his head drearily.

"No, no. You aren't well yet. See how emaciated you have become owing to the fever. Now, don't strain yourself talking. There is a lot of time for it. I will bring your medicines when I return in the evening, and some luscious apples and oranges—the Doctor has asked me to give you lot of fruits. Now you lie quite still, and we will talk in the evening."

The heavy basket perched precariously on his head, Bhola left for the market. He smiled a little wanly, but he had an odd, persistent feeling that something was wrong with the stranger.

★

"IT isn't that I resent remaining here, chacha," said the young man that night when Bhola had concluded his supper and was seated at the bedside with his hookah. "You don't seem to realize that all your mercy and kindness is wasted on this wretched inebriate," he said,

thumping his chest, "this heartless devil." There was a note of bitterness in his voice. He placed his hands over his eyes as though to shut out something upon which he could not bear to look. Then suddenly, he burst into uncontrolled hysterical sobs, while Bhola sat looking at him with a puzzled expression of kind enquiry, his hookah lying forgotten in his hand.

After what seemed ages, the young man pulled himself together. By gentle persuasion, Bhola managed to ferret out his story. It transpired that he had a wife and a child—"the best wife in the world and the sweetest kid that you have ever set your eyes upon, now that I am sane enough to appreciate the fact." He was employed in a down-town firm and for a while he was getting along fine. But, at heart, he was of a volatile temperament and was tiring of the blighting sameness of the dull, daily round of life. The love of excitement which hurls reason from its throne took possession of him and he craved for a bounding, virile life, full of excitement. In his attempt to reconcile his ambition for getting-rich-quick to his limited income, he took to gambling. The rest of the story was easily told. He lost heavily and was scattered out of his wits to keep the wolf away from the door. He somehow knew that his was a broken life, yet he did not heed his prescience and plunged headlong into debts. As an antidote to his worries, he took to drinking and fell into the obnoxious habit of getting wild and obstreperous when drunk, beating his wife on every conceivable occasion for no apparent reason. The wife, the good soul that she was, bore these humiliations and tribulations without protest, while the child, whenever its father was near, stood at a safe distance and stared at its violent parent with red-rimmed eyes full of fear and aversion. His decadence was complete.

On the night when he had entered Bhola's life, a feeling of sincere repentance had overwhelmed him. Memories of his past misdeeds had come surging into his brain. But the

remembrance of his own folly had irked his masculine vanity to such an extent that he had decided to cut himself adrift from all that had once been dear to him, and run away from his home, instead of having to face the dreadful prospect of showing his guilty face to his wife. In wilful disregard of the fever that had gripped him, he had walked on madly, till he fell down in a swoon at Bhola's doorstep.

The young man, at the conclusion of his story, drew a long sigh as if he was relieved of some unbearable burden. For a long time, a complete silence fell. Then:

"Now that you have heard my story, do you still want that I should continue to remain here?" he shot the question at the old man suddenly.

There was an instant pause as Bhola studied him with a frank and absorbed curiosity, as if the young man was a child pathetic in its waywardness. His story excited sympathy. It was clear to him that the stranger was in deadly earnest and that he meant every word he said. Something in his tone seemed to ask for gratitude.

Bhola looked at his melancholy face. No hard word, no curt question came from him. His lips remained sealed for a long time as if he was reluctant to talk. He covertly studied the young man who bore his scrutiny with a steady composure for a brief time. And then, all of a sudden the man burst into a storm of weeping.

★
EXACTLY a fortnight after his sojourn at Bhola's, the young man, restored to health and a fresh lease of life, took his leave of the old couple.

"Chachaji," he said, his pale eyes sparkling, "I scarcely know how to repay you for all that you have done for me—this battered human derelict. I had always been under the mistaken notion that a man could run straight only if he's rich. But your spontaneous kindness has shown me that there is yet goodness remaining in this world—only it has to be sought for in the right direction.

Chachaji, you have indeed opened my eyes to a sensitive realisation of the act of living."

Bhola attempted to say something but no word came.

"I seem to see before me," continued the young man, carried away by his own eloquence, "a wide, wide vista of endless opportunities for virtuous living. I am going back to my wife and child, Chachaji. I'm sure that good woman will welcome back her erring husband—"

"You aren't such a bad man, my son," said Bhola, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "as you are a weak one. You are every whit a good man as any other. It is only that you let your imagination run away with you. You never realized that pleasure, unlike pain, always wears a mask. In your mad pursuit after excitement, you blinded yourself to your duties and fell upon bad ways."

He placed a gentle hand upon the young man's shoulder and, warming to his subject, continued:

"Unlike me, you have a lot at stake, my son. As for me and my old woman here, we have no children of our own, no responsibilities, except one—a pilgrimage to Kashi. But, as for you, you've a wife and child. You owe a duty to them and very often you are called upon to make petty sacrifices for their sake. Give up all your old vices, son, and go back to your home and live as virtuously as you can in future. That is the only way you can repay me for my trifling services."

A succession of sobs was the only answer vouchsafed to Bhola. But he somehow knew that his thrust had really gone home and that the young man was impressed.

The latter, without another word, bent down and touched the feet of the old couple in respectful obeisance and, as he did so, his tears were dried by the glow of a great resolve.

★
IT was full-moon night—the night when Bhola and Paro had planned to embark on their pilgrimage.

But their things still lay strewn about as before, unpacked; and not the slightest indication of any preparation for the journey was visible.

Beside the oven fire, sat the old couple, their faces as serene as they always had been. Bhola's wrinkled face showed a dignified calm in keeping with his venerable appearance. Suddenly, as Paro watched, Bhola rose and went to the hanging money-pot. He thrust his hand into its interior and felt only its rough bottom. Then, with a smile, he turned the pot upside down. One solitary coin fell out on the mud floor.

"Paro, our pilgrimage has been

undertaken and fulfilled in the best possible manner. While you and I are here stationary, immobile, someone else has undertaken it for us—the young man!"

Bhola's voice was quivering with emotion.

"He has gone on pilgrimage, on our behalf—a pilgrimage to a cleaner and better life—a pilgrimage to a desolate home in order to bring light and happiness there."

The slightly glazed look in the eyes of Bhola and Paro might have been a mere reflection from the luminance shed by the full-moon, the pilgrim moon, so dear to their hearts.



SHOULD YOU DEPART

WHEN all the world is silent and there is
No sound around; O, Sleep, why do you part
From me alone, before my eyes you kiss?
When in the midst of darkness, I apart
From joy am laid, I curse you, Sleep, who never
Cares to cool my eyes all hot with tears—
My mind is shadowed with the gloom—O sever
It from me—I'm fed only with fears.
Sweet Sleep, Oh, how I long for you!
Yet why should you depart? How long should I
Slumberless lie with thoughts of painful hue
Crowding around, creeping slowly by?
Oh, Sleep, you are the only friend and comfort
I can have, and yet should you depart?

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE

Autumn Reading Number

November 1954 Volume I No. 10

Edited by JOHN LEHMANN

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REVIEWING the first number of *The London Magazine* which was published in February 1954 we wrote in the pages of this Journal: "Instances are all too rare of creative artists being successful editors also. The happy combination can come only from a catholicity of outlook. And these imaginative writers when they cease to hold office as editors on the extinction of their journals do not stand in danger of losing their personality." John Lehmann is such a personality and what he did as editor of *Penguin New Writing* in the way of presenting the work of authors of established reputation and discovering new talent, he is continuing to do successfully through *The London Magazine*, which with this enlarged Autumn Reading Number, completes the tenth month in its career of service to literature.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Conspiring with him how to load and bless . . . thus Keats in his Ode to Autumn and Lehmann, in his Foreword to the present issue of the Magazine, transfers the qualities of Autumn to publisher, bookseller, and author, respectively. But to all the three the season is a gamble, with its innumerable publications in fiction, poetry, drama, *belles lettres*, not to speak of the Special Literary Supplements issued by the leading periodicals, and Lehmann makes a touching reference to the passing of *John O' London's* which in the old days published a special Autumn Number, "and many will be sadder



John Lehmann

this year for its absence. Reflecting on the fate of a long established and long loved journal that fulfilled a unique function in popularizing serious literature, now liquidated with drastic suddenness by its owners while its circulation was still reported to be 50,000, my eye fell on this entry in Flaubert's Dictionary of *Accepted Ideas*: 'AFFAIRS (BUSINESS). Come first. The most important thing in life. Be-all and end-all.' Flaubert, of course, was writing a hundred years ago." The verities of life have been, especially after the Hitler war, rapidly giving place to vanities and fashions and the eye has come to be concentrated on the brass of business and the hand to polish it evermore.

The Autumn Number of *The London Magazine*, on its poetic side carries W. H. Auden ('Winds') and William Plomer ('Anglo-Swiss')—both remarkably good. Auden very rarely lets his poetic public down; 'Winds' captures one of the moods so characteristic of him: something com-

mon is invested with the vigour and unexpectedness of the extraordinary:

Winds make weather; weather
Is what nasty people are
Nasty about and the nice
Show a common joy in observing:
When I seek an image
For our Authentic City,
(Across what brigs of dread,
Down what gloomy galleries,
Must we stagger or crawl
Before we may cry—O look!?)
I see old men in hall-ways
Tapping their barometers,
Or a lawn over which,
The first thing after breakfast,
A paterfamilias
Hurries to inspect his rain-gauge.

In 'Consider the Lilies,' a long story, Aldous Huxley has drawn beautifully the characters of an ineffectual middle-aged woman, Mrs. de Cabassole—"a mound of fifty-year old flesh" to whom "Seventy-two percent of the stock of the Kerbs Packing Corporation had given . . . inalienable rights to everything," and a frustrated young woman whom the former had picked up from a German slum and "paid for her training as a masseuse," and *thinks* she has given her a mother's love. Bettina—for that is the young woman's name—finds her fulfilment with Martin who works as a gardener which brings him money enough to eat while enabling him to work for his Ph.D.; finds a love "that had not yet ventured beyond tenderness, of a consummation that was only the intimacy of sleep on a single pillow." Quite expected of him, for Aldous Huxley never seems to get over his obsession with the biological function of reproduction, with babies—a baby here, "the bellowing lump of protoplasm, *the machine for converting milk into dirty diapers*," and he ends his story significantly, a child asking Bettina: "Do you think you're going to have a baby? . . . Because that's what Mummy said. You feel sick to your stomach." Bettina finally comes to the sanctuary—Huxley makes her come—of Mrs. de Cabassole's capacious maternal bosom, and her 'profound' remark that men are all the same—deceivers ever. Only

Bettina knows, so helpless, so virginal, in a passion of sobbing. The fine stylist that Huxley is, terse, vital, in many places in the story he writes as an adolescent author drunk with words, with a predilection for purple patches. There is a passage—Bettina sunbathing—which is strongly reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence's short story 'Sun,' and when Huxley says "Her lover was the sun," both sun and lover are words on a printed page, whereas the sun of Lawrence is magnificent, procreative, "the sun in heaven, blue-molten with his white fire edges, throwing off fire." 'The Strawberry Mark' by Alberto Moravia is second-rate Moravia, with a difference, his usual, exploding sexuality subjugated. Cyril Connolly writes on Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*—starting with the forthright comment (and keeping up his forthrightness and critical lambency) that the "*Liber Amoris* is a record of the most unfortunate love story in literature from Propertius' meeting with Cynthia to Baudelaire's with Jeanne Duval . . . It remains a *pièce unique*, a romantic catastrophe"—such an anti-climax—this unfortunate infatuation for a "lodging-house hussy," in the life of one of the most brilliant critics and essayists in English literature. Among the Book Reviews—a sumptuous section, and we should say that this makes for the enlarged reading of the Magazine—Cecil Day Lewis on W. B. Yeats is interesting and illuminating, dealing with *The Letters of W. B. Yeats*, edited by Allan Wade (Rupert Hart-Davis) and *The Identity of Yeats*, by Richard Ellmann (Macmillan). Altogether, a number of distinction. But we are still waiting for the prodigy that *The London Magazine* would stable.

An Introduction to Public Relations
By A. V. Rajeswara Rau
Department of Information and
Public Relations
Hyderabad

THE importance of Public Relations is not fully realized in India yet. The art of Public Relations is misconstrued by the Information bosses as blatant propaganda

for the Government which they serve. An enlightened public will not simply take for granted what they are told by the Government though Press Notes and other media of publicity, unless backed by truth. In this context the author's reiteration that it is a mistaken notion to look upon openness as a weakness of administrative policy is apt. He rightly observes that "truthfulness is an essential element of Public Relations. The presentation of facts must not only be full and frank but also accurate and direct. A situation must be described as it is and not as you think it should be to win approbation of the public."

Journalism can be considered as a search for truth. The Public Relations Officer should be of help in this quest and not an obstruction. The author's suggestion that the officer in charge of Information and Public Relations should be in a position to state facts authoritatively and hence be directly in touch with the head of the Government is quite appropriate. It has been the experience of many that the Information Bureaus merely act as post offices. They must be in a position to disseminate authoritative and correlated information. Public Relation work in spheres outside the Government is also briefly referred to in the book, which throws some useful hints for better relations between the Government and the people.

The Chief Minister of Hyderabad, Sri B. Ramakrishna Rao has, in his Foreword, rightly remarked that the Monograph is a mere "introduction" to Public Relations. And the reader is not expected to find in it any new thesis propounded. The bibliography, giving a list of books on Public Relations, should be useful.

TAMIL

Vellikkizhamal: Short Stories

By Ki. Raa.

Kalaimagal Karyalayam

Mylapore, Madras 4

Rs. 2

THAT the Tamil short story has come into its own is undisputed now. In the past twenty years

many of the practitioners of the short story have widened its field, deepened it considerably, and added in many ways to its richness. One such practitioner of the short story in Tamil is **Ki. Raa.**

whose name was associated with *Manikkodi* in its palmiest short story days. Ki. Raa. has been writing short stories now for eighteen years and this collection contains stories written in the early as well as the later periods.

All the stories in this collection are distinguished by an intelligent approach and swift and often dramatic action. The eighth story, entitled 'A Big Marriage,' though not the best of the twenty, illustrates the technique of Ki. Raa. at his best.

Not all the stories in this collection are as sensational or so melodramatic. The story entitled 'Dumb Fellow' tells of a fellow who claimed to be dumb, was a faithful retainer and won the affection of the master, the mistress and the child of the house. The mistress suspects the fellow of feigning dumbness as she says that she heard him cry out to the child at a moment of crisis. The master too hears, or thinks he hears the fellow singing and gives him an ultimatum. The dumb fellow disappears, and there the story ends. But the way the story is narrated, the dumb fellow is likely to disturb the imagination of the readers a long time after they have finished reading the story.

This collection offers rich and varied fare to the discerning reader.



Ki. Raa.

KALKI

Some Reminiscences

BY "BHARATAN"

IT was way back—twenty five years ago, I was on a visit to the Gandhi Ashram, Tiruchengode, accompanying a good friend of mine who was a research scholar then, and who was conducting a rural survey. The Ashram was then under the inspiring stewardship of Rajaji who had collected a number of selfless young workers under him. We, a small group of young men in Madras, were then actively interested in propagating Prohibition which was one of the main missions Rajaji had launched at that time. In the Ashram we were introduced to a young man who, we learnt, was conducting the journal *Vimochanam* which was devoted to the cause of Prohibition. He invited us for lunch to his cottage and we had a hearty meal and an interesting discussion. This was Krishnamurthi—who was even then becoming famous with his pen!

Little could I dream then that my host in Gandhi Ashram was to become my revered *Guru* to inspire me, guide me and encourage me in the art of writing in Tamil. A few years later, the name *Kalki* became a household word in every Tamil home. I was one of those who became an ardent admirer of his writings and it became a suppressed ambition in me to write in Tamil, but I knew I did not have the necessary knowledge or equipment. But Kalki's writings in *Ananda Vikatan* gave me the inspiration and one fine day I ventured to put my pen to paper and wrote my first sketch in Tamil and mailed it to the Editor. I had my own misgivings and I thought that it had little chance of being published, for it was my first attempt and I



Kalki

knew it must be found wanting. But imagine my surprise when I saw my very first attempt in print! Evidently Kalki did not think it was altogether useless. And actually he praised my attempt. This was how he brought out young and unknown writers and gave them encouragement. Today countless young and not-so-young writers owe their position to Kalki.

It was sometime later that Kalki was instrumental in fulfilling one of my early ambitions of becoming a journalist. At that time, I was engaged in Khadi work; it was a few days before Deepavali and I was busy selling Khadi; Kalki had been giving me all help in propagating Khadi, through the columns of *Ananda Vikatan*. One evening just a few days before Deepavali, amidst the rush of customers I espied the two great founders of *Ananda Vikatan*, Kalki and Sri Vasan. Happy in the thought that I had bagged

two good customers I rattled off my sales talk to them. They finished their purchase—which was considerable—in a few minutes; and then Kalki casually asked me, could I come for a drive with them to the Marina. I almost declined the pleasure, but both Kalki and Sri Vasan assured me they would drop me back in a few minutes. I was puzzled and I followed them. On the Marina, having settled ourselves on the stone seats, it was Kalki who opened the subject, which opened a new life for me. They were converting the *Ananda Vikatan* which was then a tri-monthly into a weekly, he said; would I join them? This completely took my breath away. I asked them, join as what? Then Kalki told me he would like me to join the editorial staff. I could only give a gasp. "But . . ." I stammered. For how could I ever be considered good enough for that kind of job! But Kalki put me at ease and asked me to think over it and let them have a reply in a day or two—and he expected it to be yes. What else could it have been? I considered it an honour—the proud moment of fulfilment of my ambition. Later, when I had joined the paper, friends used to be surprised and asked me with wonder: "Can you write in Tamil?" My reply was: "That was what I too used to wonder." It was Kalki who discovered I could also write in Tamil, before I ever discovered it myself; and he has discovered hundreds of Tamil writers, who today owe not a little to him.

It was a pleasure and inspiration to work with the great writer. Though he was the Editor, he never made me, or the others on the editorial staff feel he was wielding any editorial authority. He gave us always his gentle encouragement, even when what we wrote was wanting in many respects. There were times when one ran dry of ideas or lacked the mood to express properly; and at times one had to reel off something for the week's issue. Several times I have produced things which I thought might find their way to the W. P. B. But Kalki as the Editor never rejected even such feeble

efforts. Sometimes, surprisingly, he used to praise an article which the writer himself considered very mediocre. He never failed to encourage his staff to draw on their own resources and produce their best; and he succeeded in bringing out their best, not by severe editorial slashing but by the gentle art of proper appreciation. This instilled confidence in every one of us and inspired us to give our best.

Kalki was always after new talent and he could spot it where it was even dormant. Within the last two decades Tamil has been enriched not only by Kalki's own great works, but by the variegated writing talent he has discovered and presented to the Tamil world of literature.

While Kalki has endeared himself to thousands of Tamilians through his writings, those like the present writer, who have had the privilege and good fortune to have been his close associates, cherished him as a great friend, philosopher and guide. The number of people he has helped in various ways is legion. He had a gentle nature, a generous heart and always a kind word for everybody. To his intimate friends, he was one of the family, and a great source of strength and help.

The causes that he took up and propagated were all good and deserving; and invariably he gave them the magic touch of success. Whether it was Prohibition, or the Tamil Isai movement or an election campaign or memorials for the departed great he used his powerful pen and forceful personality with sincerity and vigour. But the smaller causes received equal sympathy and attention from him. Whether it be a purse to a deserving man of letters or his family, or whether it was for an unknown institution doing good public service, he readily came forward not only espousing their cause through his paper, but by taking personal interest in organising the work and helping it through. Even to the last breath, these public causes received his attention; and in spite of his failing health he could be found participating in meetings and functions organised for these public causes in

distant and remote places—for he felt it his duty to do so. The very last such public function he attended, at a time when he had temporarily recovered from serious illness, was a function where a small purse was presented for the Gandhi Memorial Mandap Fund. He virtually killed himself in the discharge of his public duties.

Kalki's distinction as a writer was not merely as a popular story writer, novelist and humourist. His views as a critic of music, dance, drama and films, earned wide respect and they reflected not merely the aesthetic point of view but the common man's point largely. Often his frank and outspoken views might not have been palatable to some, but they were the fearless expression of his correct judgment, which was accepted by connoisseurs, critics, and common men alike. While he gave praise and

encouragement where they were due, he would not spare the spurious, the ugly and the low class in art. Many a young aspirant in the field of the fine arts has been brought to the limelight by him. And even the foremost artistes have benefitted often by his critical appreciation or remarks.

Kalki was indeed a great institution. His loss is irreparable. It is a great personal loss to many; it is a gap in the literary field and public life, hard to fill.

What is the memorial we, who owe so much to him, could raise for the man who raised great memorials? His name should be perpetuated by an institution which will train and foster young journalists and writers in Tamil. Let this institution be the cultural centre whence his spirit will radiate its lasting glory.

THE OXFORD UNION

ONE of the great debating societies of the world is the Oxford Union, founded in the 1820's by a small group of University undergraduates, mainly from Balliol and Magdalen Colleges. The Union has about two thousand members actually resident in Oxford and it is open only to men. Efforts have been made in recent years to allow women to be admitted but male prejudice has prevailed.

The Union and its functions were lovingly pictured by Raghavan Iyer in a series of talks on university life which he gave in the BBC's "London Calling Asia" programme before he went home to India. He described the great Debating Hall, with its imposing array of portraits and busts, where a debate is held every Thursday evening. At 8-15 p.m. the President, Librarian, Treasurer and Secretary enter in full evening dress and after the formal private business has been dealt with the main topic is debated by six principal speakers, the last two very often being distinguished visitors who are occasionally members of Her Ma-

jesty's Government. These speeches reach an exceptionally high level.

The motions for debate in the Union are chosen by the President; they are generally serious and often political but about one in four is completely frivolous. "The Union respects both wit and argument, humour and sincerity. If anything, it has shown in recent years a preference for the intelligent and forceful debater rather than the purveyor of epigrams and jokes. There have, however, always been two strands in the Union's long and rich debating tradition—the compelling power of Gladstone and the captivating manner of Hilaire Belloc," said Iyer. To hold any office in the Oxford Union is a rare honour. Some of those who have held this important office have maintained the Union's very high prestige on leaving the University to enter the outside world. Iyer thought that even less active members than the President would concede that the Union might teach a man anything from the art of condensation to the accomplishment of debating deportment. He modestly omitted to mention that he himself had been this year's President.

Screening of "Approved" Films

By R. M. SESHADRI, I.C.S. (Retd.)

YOUR 'Sidelights' in SWATANTRA, December 4th, deals with the proposed bill of the Madras Government to introduce compulsion upon cinema theatres to take in, incessantly, films supplied by the Government and to pay for the privilege of showing them, whether the theatre-owners like them or not. You make two points—both of which, it appears to me, are important in their enunciation of public policy.

You say that it is not right for Government to get behind a judicial decision and circumvent what has been held lawless by fresh legislation. You make a second point that licensing should stop short with elimination of injuries likely to arise from the conduct of the business licensed. This, if I may say so, is sound sense and sound law. But I would like to take up this point where you left it, and complete the circle.

It is obvious that the use of licensing mechanism to carry out positive policies, at the expense of the relevant business, will provide equally a facile and cheap copy book for succeeding Governments and legislatures. We have had samples in this country of how and for what purposes the mechanism of satyagraha and fasting has been employed. Once the edge of public sensitiveness to the wrong of the means adopted is dulled under the magic phrase 'public good,' what is there to prevent parties which succeed to power from employing the regulatory mechanism of licensing as an engine for regimentation of thinking and voting? If the Government fail to see the red light now, they will have only themselves to thank for what the future may bring.

Constitution and conscience alike require a vigilant awareness of the character of the means employed. If the means are bad, it does not cease to be so, by reason of the good of the end sought to be attained. The distinction of democracy, to my mind,

lies in the capacity not to lose one's sense of moral values relative to the means in the glitter of the desired end. Once the principle is conceded that licensing policy can travel into mandatory regions enjoining on licencees positive contributory exactions towards 'public good,' there is no limit to the over-mastering regulatory power of the executive. It is precisely in order that this be kept under check that the Constitution held personal freedom basic and legislative invasion the exception, an exception needing to be defended on challenge.

Liberty is not merely immunity from physical restraint. It is also the freedom to conduct your business as you like, subject only to legislative or executive intervention for removing abuses impinging on others. It is the freedom to contract, the right to select the party to contract with and the right to select the goods to be contracted about—above all, the right to free negotiation and to settle terms unhampered and unafraid. These are attributes of liberty and every one of these was forfeit, forfeit at the instance of the Government—more is the pity. What the Government said was "You MUST take my films—take them every day, every show—take whatever I give—take at whatever prices I charge—else, perish." They devised a formula of their own for computing the charge. It worked to 1% of gross for some, 2% for others, which means 20% of net return to some and 40% to others. This the Government could raise both prospectively and retrospectively. In this manner, it was left to a democratic country with a Constitution embodying a charter of personal rights to do what no country in the world, excepting totalitarian countries, has done or thought of doing—to impose enforced sale of goods like enforced labour, at prices dictated by the sellers, under cover of licensing.

The test had perforce to be made right up to the highest court of the land and a decision obtained, not to secure a verdict on the exhibition of news-reels but to obtain a vindication of the guarantee of freedom.

Liberty in the hands of a person may, at a point, become licence. Likewise, the execution of even a welfare policy may become, at a point totalitarian and tyrannical in the hands of a Government. This was why the issue had to be joined, an issue which is of the texture of democracy and of the essence of free life. For, if freedom is to be inviolate, on what does it depend more than on abstention from the tendency to employ unconnected means for ungermane purposes, from converting the power to control into a power to requisition and from expanding the right to regulate into a right to acquire?

What is the solution? Sri S. S. Vasan, President of the Film Federation of India, has given a solution. "Free films—free screening time", he says. This does not mean that the Government can manufacture the films free. Nor does it mean that the theatre-owner can exhibit them free from incurring any expenditure. To the Government of India, allowing for all the leakage and lapses noticed by the Estimates Sub-Committee of the Lok Sabha, the maintenance of the Films Division costs roughly about Rs. 22 lakhs. To the exhibi-

tor, the expenditure per month for running the additional films lasting, say, 1½th of the total screening time—will be approximately Rs. 400-Rs. 600 per month, Rs. 400 in the mofussil and Rs. 600 in the city. This represents only the proportion of the expenses attributable to the running time occupied by these films and has no reference to the investment which, logically speaking, will have to figure in the matter, seeing that the requisitioning is going to be permanent. Mr. Vasan's solution is a call on one side to the Government to agree to expend the sum of Rs. 22 lakhs or, with tightening up, less for providing these films and, on the other side, to the exhibitors to agree to expend (speaking only of the ratio of running expenditure) Rs. 400-Rs. 600 per month on the screening of these films. There is little doubt that once the obnoxious element of compulsion is removed the Federation with its organisational power can deliver the goods.

Whatever the solution, whichever shape and form it may take, one thing is certain. Nothing solves which makes a casualty of freedom.

The B. B. C. Today

A NEW publication, the BBC Handbook, 1955, contains the answers to most questions that are asked about the BBC, sets forth its aims and achievements and explains the way in which its wheels go round.

The BBC today, thirty-two years after its inception as a public service in November, 1922, is a complex organisation with world-wide ramifications. It has tremendous responsibilities as a disseminator of news, information and entertainment both at home and overseas, and a staff of nearly thirteen thousand people strives to see that these responsibilities are shouldered capably and effectively. The Handbook explains the BBC's constitution and the obligations of its Charter, lists its Chairman and Board of Governors, explains some of the workings of its programme departments, External

Services, Television Services and many of the subsidiary sections which, while not in the public eye, are yet vitally necessary to keep the huge machine running.

Some facts contained in the Handbook are that the BBC broadcasts in forty-three languages other than the domestic ones of English, Gaelic and Welsh, that half the adult population of the United Kingdom listens to at least one news bulletin a day and that more than nine hundred bulletins are broadcast every week, approximately six hundred and fifty of them being in foreign languages. Productions of sound drama alone average about a thousand a year. The most significant fact of all these is that more than thirty million people in the United Kingdom and some two hundred million in other countries heard or saw the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II through the BBC's broadcasts and recordings.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS AND BEASTS



By P. SHANTHARAM RAU

MAN prides himself in the possession of a remarkable voice which can be trained to sing melodiously. He has also the unique distinction of being the only animal capable of producing articulate sounds to convey ideas in the form of speech. But many animals can produce characteristic sounds to signify a mood or convey a purpose. The so-called "dumb" animals are, therefore, not really silent, but have a language of their own! But no linguist has yet been able to master it.

Most of the mammals produce various kinds of sounds expressing moods and wants. Then there are the birds—the most artistic of creatures, well-known for their melodious voices. The world would definitely be a poorer and drearier place to live in, without the melody of the *koel* and the *myna* or the sweet songs of the nightingale and the thrush. The musical notes of birds are enchanting. Birds are the greatest musicians among animals. They employ their voices to warn off rivals from their territories, to beckon their friends in a cooperative venture, or more often to call their mates to whom they sing amorous songs.

Among reptiles, the crocodiles grunt when irritated. The familiar wall lizard or gecko makes a characteristic clucking noise which is usually a call for the mate. Superstitious people among us have tried to ingeniously interpret this call of the gecko in diverse ways, and learned treatises have been written on this theme! But to predict the future events of a man's life on the

basis of the sounds made by this lizard is most irrational!

Among the amphibians, the frogs are notorious for their loud croaking during the rainy season, which is their breeding period. Among common frogs (*Rana*), only the male is capable of producing sound, which is amplified by two resonators. These resonators are a pair of vocal sacs hanging down from the floor of the mouth. The female is incapable of making a sound, but silently responds to the call of her mate. Among the Surinam toads (*Pipa*) the male produces a remarkable metallic call-note during the breeding season. The tree-frogs (*hylidae*) are noted for their loud voices which are intensified by greatly distended vocal sacs in the region of the throat. The American cricket-frog is a tiny frog which is said to chirp merrily like a cricket, even in captivity.

Fishes are the most remarkable sound-producers. The popular belief that fishes have no voice is erroneous. We find that many fishes are capable of vocal efforts which are, however, not comparable to the voices of mammals and birds. In spite of the difficulties and risks involved in trying to listen to their voices by remaining under water for long periods, we have an interesting literature on the sounds produced by various fishes. Most bony fishes (*teleosts*) produce one kind of sound or other. The Gurnards are known to make varied sounds like grunting, crowing or snoring. The growling Gourami and the barking Conger Eel are so called because of the kinds of sounds they produce.

The Drummer-fishes of the Mediterranean and subtropical seas produce loud sounds which have mystified hearers. These sounds can be heard from the depths of the ocean if one places one's ear on the surface of the water. The sounds are described as rising sometimes into the tones of an organ, or sinking low to the melody of a harp. At other times, the sounds are like those of tinkling bells or of a continuous roll of drums. The male Drummer is said to have a louder voice than the female.

The Eagle-fish of the Mediterranean produces a loud drumming noise by which fishermen are able to locate its shoals. The loud and curious sounds produced by these fishes appear to have given rise to the legendary Greek myth of the "Song of the Sirens" mentioned in Homeric fables. These collective sounds may be a call for the assembling of shoals.

Sounds are produced by fishes in different ways: by smacking of the lips, rubbing the body spines together or in their sockets, pushing out water through the gills or, by vibrations of the wall of the air-bladder by special muscles. It is, however, difficult to ascertain how some of the sounds are actually produced and whether they are due to vocal organs or due to accidental and abnormal causes. The simplest sounds are known to be produced by the expulsion of air from the air-bladder and such sounds include the grunting and gurgling noises made by fishes when taken out of water. Many carps make characteristic breathing and murmuring sounds in a similar way. Loaches are said to make sounds by rapid expulsion of air bubbles through the anal opening. Many fishes like the horse-mackerel, sun-fishes etc., produce harsh noises by rubbing together the teeth inside the pharynx. Many other stridulating organs, producing sound by friction, have been observed among fishes.

The auditory mechanism of fishes which enables them to hear is not fully known. An American cat-fish

(*Amiurus*) is known to respond to a whistle like a dog! It looks as if most fishes do not possess any apparatus for appreciating the wavelengths which we can hear. But it is possible that they may be able to detect in other ways the phenomenon which we call sound, when it is conveyed through the medium of water. Water also serves as a better medium for transmission of sound than the atmosphere.

The purpose of the sounds produced by fishes may be varied. They may be used to frighten away enemies, or attract friends. But they are more often used in courting, during the breeding season, when most fishes are known to become more actively vocal. During this period the sounds produced are also louder and hence may be regarded as expressing the feeling of the fish.

Insects form another group of animals in which sounds are frequently produced. On the subject of sound-production in insects the literature available is vast. No insect possesses a true voice, but many of them are capable of producing sounds of different kinds and intensity. In many of them sound production is the prerogative of the males while in others the females are capable of producing feebler sounds than the males. Sometimes both sexes are equally loud. The significance of the sounds produced by insects is not easy to determine. But it is known that in many insects sounds are definitely concerned with the attraction of the sexes for mating. In others, they are meant to convey definite intelligence such as recognition, danger, etc., to other members of the species.

A number of insects produce sounds by tapping some part of their body against external objects. Certain beetles burrowing into wood-work and furniture make tapping sounds which are believed to be in the nature of a sex-call. Some species of soldier termites are known to strike their heads against the floor of their habitation producing characteristic sounds. In some species, this tapping of the body is done in a rhythmic

mical manner and simultaneously by a large number of insects. Such sounds serve as warning signals indicating danger to other members of the community. Many other insects make sounds by the friction of one part of the body against another part, and such sounds are said to be produced by stridulation. The commonest examples are the locusts, grasshoppers and their allies which produce chirping sounds either by rubbing together their wings or by rubbing the wings against the enlarged hind limbs. In most beetles, stridulation appears to serve both sexes as a mutual call. Beetles are also known to stridulate under various emotions as in anger or defiance, distress or fear. One male beetle is said to stridulate to encourage the female to work! Humming and buzzing noises are produced by house flies, bees etc., by vibrations of their wings. The Cicadas—the noisiest of

insects—produce a continuous shrill screeching note with the help of a pair of shell like drums vibrated by the action of powerful muscles and situated at the base of the abdomen. Besides these, there are diverse modes of sound-production among insects and many of them have the capacity to produce several kinds of noises.

In the history of man's culture and civilization, the spoken word had, and still has, a dominant part to play. But Man has advanced from this primitive mode of communication by speech to the more successful stage in which he also uses the written word to convey his thoughts to the community. But we cannot afford to ignore the fact that among the animals, sounds, inarticulate as they are, still continue to be a vehicle for conveying information and feelings.

(Continued from page 7)

thus bought may not change sides, they are often kept in some secret place beyond the reach of seducers and brought out only a few minutes before the election-time. In one case that I know three councillors were hidden in a place 150 miles away during which period they were supplied with all conveniences and were brought to the scene of election only a few moments before voting time. The matter was taken to a court and on a technical point the election of chairman was held invalid. An appeal was made to a higher court and now after three years the matter is still pending in the courts! If one more year elapses like this the term of office of the chairman would come to an end!

The ever present sense of insecurity makes smooth administration impossible. A lot of public money is being wasted periodically over these elections and it has given birth to bunches of professional local politicians everywhere who thrive on

keeping up factions. The individual factions and animosities are mainly personal and often violent. Instances have come to light of defeated candidates wreaking vengeance by burning down entire villages in which their victors were interested.

Over 50 per cent of the income of these municipalities is spent on day to day administration, while the amount spent on social welfare is less than 10 per cent. The councils are filled with people who know next to nothing of administrative responsibility and are concerned only about extracting personal favours for themselves.

A thorough clean-up of the entire set-up of these municipalities and recodification of municipal law are urgently needed and call for top priority. It is time the Government appointed an expert-committee to go into the working of these local bodies and remould the entire structure before the next election-time arrives and put an end to this stinking drain on the public purse.

THE FIRST TEST

By P. N. S.

ABOUT a fortnight ago began another series of test matches between England and Australia which will hold the attention of the cricketing world. Since that day in far-off 1877, when the first of all test matches was played at Melbourne, many other cricketing nations have entered the arena and have distinguished themselves. However, the Anglo-Australian tests stir the imagination as no other contests do, and, with the history of the battle for the Ashes behind them, are taken to provide the quintessence of cricket. Lovers of the game, while they follow the fortunes of the tests through T. V., radio and the press, are apt to range themselves on opposite sides and shout themselves hoarse in support of Len Hutton or Ian Johnson, while a few Wavellians cast amused smiles at all this foolishness.

It is needless to point out that Anglo-Australian test matches have wandered away from the ideal of playing for mere pleasure and have become grim struggles with the atmosphere so surcharged that a spark is all that is needed for ugly consequences. It might be recalled that, during one series played before the second world war, so much bitterness was engendered that the players scarcely talked or exchanged greetings. Fortunately, this was the only instance in which cricket definitely ceased to be a sport. Since then, in spite of the grimness of the struggle, test matches do possess vestiges of the spirit in which the first test was played in Melbourne in 1877.

The Englishmen were touring the colonies for the fourth time under the captaincy of James Lillywhite, who himself footed the expenses, including guaranteed payment for each player, and in the end pocketed the profit from the gate money. It is highly interesting to note that only 12 members made up the touring sides in those days. Those were indeed "tough days of cricket" and players were expected to stand up to the strain of going through the

matches without rest. The English teams were also so strong that in many cases the colonial sides that opposed them consisted of more than eleven players, sometimes even of 22! The colonies during Lillywhite's tour, emboldened and encouraged by experience, formed a Combined Australian Eleven, made up of players from Victoria and New South Wales, to meet the might of the Englishmen. However, due to some misunderstandings between Victoria, that sponsored the match, and the New South Wales Association, the colonies could not put forward their best team; while Spofforth, the "Demon," of New South Wales, refused to play without W. L. Murdoch, his team wicket-keeper, being also chosen, and this could not be arranged. The selectors chose J. McC. Blackham of Melbourne and incidentally gave to the game the greatest amateur wicket-keeper of all time.

The English team was: H. Jupp, T. Emmett, H. Charlwood, J. Selby, J. Lillywhite, (captain) T. Armitage, J. Southerton, A. Greenwood, G. Ulyett, A. Hill, A. Shaw, and E. Pooley, (wicket-keeper). As Pooley was injured the Englishmen had to substitute Selby and Jupp to act in his position with not very pleasant results. Lillywhite placed his faith on Ulyett, a big hitter, a fine bowler and a magnificent long on; Shaw, his finest bowler, and all-rounder Hill.

The Combined Eleven was made up of C. Bannermann, J. McC. Blackham, B. B. Cooper, T. W. Garret, D. Gregory (captain), E. J. Gregory, J. Hodges, T. Horan, T. Kendall, W. E. Midwinter, and N. Thompson.

Thursday, March 15, 1877, the historic day when the match started was a typical cricketing day. "The sun was fine but was not too hot and there was a fairly strong breeze that increased during the afternoon." The Combined Eleven began the match before a gathering of about a thousand people, and as Shaw, possibly the finest bowler in the world in his time, began his run to deliver the ball to Bannermann, there was a hush on the ground. Things began to

happen quickly thereafter and at the end of a very interesting day the home team were 166 for six wickets. Of these 126 were made by Bannermann, who was not out. Undeterred by the fall of wickets at the other end Bannermann played with great freedom, and the news of his deed brought forth an improved crowd of 3000 when play began next day.

English hopes of a quick finish to the Australian innings were nullified as play wore on to after lunch and with Bannermann playing in his masterly style. Only at 3-30 in the afternoon did the turn for them to bat come, by which time the home team had put up 245 runs. Bannermann was unconquered by the might of the English bowling and but for his retirement for 165 runs due to a split finger, when a rising ball from Ulyett struck it, he would have had the unique distinction of carrying the bat through. His innings, it is recorded, was brilliant to watch, and "as late as the 1900s, old players said they had never seen a more brilliant innings." It is also interesting to note that no other batsman in the side scored more than 20 runs.

At the end of the day, England finished with 109 runs for the loss of four wickets, Jupp being 54 not out. "The Surrey batsman," it is said, "was lucky not to have been out in Hodge's over, for he dislodged a ball playing back, and the umpire did not notice it." The interesting state of the match and a cool weather, like a June day in England, brought a crowd of not less than 10,000 people to the ground. And this goodly gathering must have been amazed and thrilled alternately at the unpredictable happenings in the middle during the day, when the Englishmen were dismissed for only 196 runs, forty-nine behind the home team! Midwinter, on whom the selectors had placed their bowling hopes, as also on Kendall, was the most successful bowler taking five wickets.

The fall of wickets continued when the home team went in to bat again. With Bannermann practi-

cally out of battle with his damaged finger, and out for only four runs, nine wickets fell for only 83 runs when stumps were drawn. Shaw and Ulyett were in tremendous form capturing eight of the wickets between them.

On Saturday night, there was rain but as there was no play the next day, the pitch was unaffected when the game was resumed on Monday. The Australians were dismissed for 104, Lillywhite, the English skipper himself taking credit for the wicket. Little did the 3,000 spectators that were at the ground on this day visualise that England would be humbled before the day was over. In spite of their first innings show, 154 runs for a victory appeared to be within the natural abilities of the tourists. But Kendall was in splendid form and virtually ran through the side for only 108 runs, himself capturing 7 for 55. The onlookers could hardly believe that their team had won, and did they not give their players a great ovation, "cheering and clapping and gathering about the exit?" Kendall, Blackham for his superb wicket-keeper, and Bannermann were specially applauded. There was great rejoicing throughout the colonies. The Englishmen too felt happy as they thought the result would give tremendous fillip to the game in Australia.

Looking at the score card of this historic encounter, certain test "firsts" emerge for the statistician: Bannermann became the first centurion and the first player to score a hundred in his first test appearance, while E. Gregory fathered the first "duck"; Shaw fittingly opened with the first ball ever to be bowled to Bannermann, and it was Hill who captured the first wicket by bowling Thompson. Curtis Reid and Terry had the distinction to don the white coat and be the first pair of test umpires. One thing more: overs in those days consisted of only four balls, and the wicket-keeper had the support of long-stops, placed behind them at a distance, till the advent of Blackham put an end to the practice.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IN the middle of February 1955 a Film Seminar is being held under the auspices of the Sangeet Natak Akadami. Devika Rani has been the moving spirit behind the organisation of the Seminar and thanks to her efforts about forty leading producers, directors, artistes, writers and technicians are participating in the Seminar. They have been asked to prepare papers on the various problems confronting the industry and its contribution to public life; and by now most of these persons have already submitted the papers. Thus for instance Mr. Shantaram has been asked to read a paper on the social responsibility of the film producer and the film's role in the cultural life of the nation. This itself would give an indication of the nature of the Seminar.

Indeed, it appears from the list of subjects selected that all the sociological, cultural and technical aspects of film making will be discussed in the Seminar. In fact, apart from the reading of papers, discussions have been arranged on different subjects and experts from the film trade are expected to initiate the discussions.

These discussions, it is hoped, will not be of just academic interest. They will help the general public and the Government to understand the role of films in our life correctly and make them conscious of the various difficulties which hamper their progress and hinder them from playing their legitimate role in society.

Aptly enough, Mr. B. N. Sarkar has been chosen as the chairman. With his experience and knowledge, he should be able to conduct the proceedings of the seminar perfectly. Every student of film art would be

looking forward to the Seminar and its proceedings with great interest.

Picture of the week

In direct contrast to the super spectacles, crime thrillers and westerns, it was gratifying to see some pictures from Hollywood which deal with the contemporary life of the people and which stir you emotionally without giving any artificial thrill.

I was particularly impressed by Elia Kazan's production of Budd Schulberg's screenplay "On the Water Front" which dealt with the problem of dock workers. At the outset in a preface it is made clear that the conditions of workers on some water fronts in U. S. A. are not good and the picture has been made on them because Americans are not afraid to show their shortcomings to the world.

It is strange that while in old days when such progressive pictures came from Hollywood, it was not thought necessary to introduce them with such prefaces, today a picture of this sort needs preface lest its makers are branded Communists and anti-Americans.

Whatever the motif, the picture itself is a brilliant piece of social realism, highlighted by imaginative direction by Elia Kazan and superb performance by Marlon Brando. Unfortunately the pace of the picture is rather slow and the manner in which the dialogue is spoken makes it very difficult for a non-American audience to follow and understand the dialogue.

The picture itself tells the story of terror-stricken workers who dare not revolt against the gangsters and their stooges as every worker who dares to revolt is 'liquidated' one after the other. In particular, it recounts the tale of a 'stooge' who is converted and becomes the workers' champion. A priest inspired the workers to fight against the tyranny and plays an important part in the story. A girl whose brother is a victim of the gangsters falls in love with the "stooge" and helps him to realize the truth.

All these characters appear real and the drama is built in a natural manner. Undoubtedly "On the Waterfront" is one of the really good films to come out of Hollywood in recent years.

Though a quite different sort, I found "All I Desire" an engrossing human drama reaffirming the good old values of contented family life. It is the story of a woman who did not like to be a good wife of a small town teacher, had a clandestine affair with another man and ran away from her husband and children to seek fame and fortune on the stage only to get disillusioned.

After ten years she returns home much to the annoyance of her elder daughter and husband and to the joy of her younger daughter who also dreams of joining the stage. The mother who is a stranger to her old children realizes her error and repents for what she had missed all these years. But it appears as if she cannot regain her lost happiness. Would her husband and children accept her? Would the man who forced her to leave the town now forget her? In a thrilling climax, these questions are answered and the family is re-united.

A touching story, it is far different from the present craze of neurotic violent love stories and it reminds us of the fact that the average American has the same ideal of sanctity of home that we cherish. It is also distinguished by a superb portrayal by Barbara Stanwyck. Any lover of good social domestic drama would relish this film.

Personality of the week

Shri B. N. Sarkar who came to Bombay to attend the meeting of the Film Federation is not accustomed to make public speeches and statements. He is rather a silent person who prefers to remain in the background. And yet during his twentyfive years of career he has contributed more to the progress of Indian films than many so-called leaders of the industry.

It was under his leadership and inspiration that directors like Debaki Bose, Nitin Bose and Barua

made those classics for New Theatres in the thirties.

A benevolent plutocrat, he has given more chance and latitude to newcomers than any other producer; far from fighting shy of new ideas, he has been known for giving latitude to his directors to experiment with new ideas. Shri B. N. Sarkar has been responsible for the production of many unorthodox pictures.

Shri Sarkar had many interesting things to say during his stay in Bombay. About censors, he said that they were not unreasonable and that as a producer of over a hundred films he could say that he never had any censor trouble. About the exhibition of 'approved' films, he considered the action of the Madras exhibitors too hasty, but at the same time he felt that the rentals charged were not justifiable.

About the pictures from Bombay, he said that the stories deserved better recognition and complained that the Bombay producers lacked new stories. Some time ago, he had made a very significant remark on the same subject. He had said that in 1931 New Theatres had made Sarat Chatterji's "Dena Paona" and now after 25 years the producers were still making pictures, on Sarat's stories.

It was however a pity that Shri Sarkar did not enlighten us on the reasons why Bengal and especially New Theatres had lost its leadership in the film art. Was it because as he himself said, Bengal was still looking back to Sarat Chatterji for inspiration? Or was it because New Theatres after the departure of its great directors had ceased to progress? In any case, it is true that in spite of all our regard for Shri Sarkar and New Theatres that institution does not command the same pre-eminent position which it enjoyed even five or six years ago.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to learn that Shri Sarkar has big production plans for New Theatres including a joint venture in Bombay. These plans would perhaps help to revive the glory of New Theatres.

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DIFFICULTIES OF CO-EXISTENCE

MARSHAL TITO who is now on a visit to this country represents in his career a challenge to one of the most fearful aspects of Communism. This is the drive of Russia, as the fatherland of Communism, to establish world hegemony. Other creeds there have been, before the rise of Communism, pledged to the promotion of human welfare. But they differ from Communism in one important particular. Their appeal was to the world of ideas. They were content to let the inherent force of their appeal make what headway it could without the support of organised executive machinery. But in the case of Communism, the adherence which its creed could gather on its own merits has had the powerful reinforcement of an expanding organisation directed from Moscow with a view to establishing not only an empire of ideas but also an imperial structure of government. Through the agency of the Cominform the Russian Communists have sought to set up and direct Communist parties in other countries amenable to disciplinary jurisdiction from Moscow.

Every Communist party outside Russia is thus Moscow-directed and it fulfils policies laid down in Moscow. No other country enjoys in other countries, the advantage that Russia has of being served by an internal political ally, virtually a tool, operating in the national life to all appearances in the national interest. When, for example, a Russian or Chinese delegation visits India, the Communist party at once

gets active to prepare for them a prodigious public reception. The impression is created that the whole nation regards the visit as a festive occasion. On the other hand, when a British or American or some other delegation comes, they have not the benefit of any internal national organisation to enhance the impressiveness of their arrivals. This state of affairs is not limited to India. It is a worldwide phenomenon. In every country in the world the Russians have created a Communist party directed from Moscow, and the party, operating Quisling-like, spreads confusion and furthers Russian expansionist aims. In this Russia-dominated world of Communism, the party is the supreme sovereign power; loyalty to party is exalted over all other loyalties. Other moralities do not exist. The only morality is obedience to party behests. The loyalty of the Communists outside Russia to the party controlled from Moscow, overrides indeed the ethics and duties which as citizens of their respective States they have perforce to accept in pure expediency for enjoying liberty of operation, if not indeed survival. It is this fact, the fact that the Communists, whatever might be their tactical patriotic protestations, are in reality so many effective centres of aggression striving overtly or through underground activity (according to circumstances) to promote Russian designs, that makes co-existence between the Soviet power and the rest of the world very difficult if not indeed impossible.

In the modern world the uniqueness of Marshal Tito lies in this, he is a symbol of successful revolt (from within the orbit of Communism itself as a political creed) against ubiquitous Soviet regimentation through the tightening of party disciplinary pressures. To become Communist has meant, for every country in the world, the acquisition of a compulsory status, hard to cast off, as satellite of Russia. The only exception has been Yugoslavia. In Yugoslavia we have the only Communist party that has dared to defy Stalin while he lived without being crushed as the price of such defiance. The victory of the Yugoslav revolt against the Russian technique of domination through party has now received impressive testimony by Tito being publicly saluted as a comrade by Stalin's successor, Malenkov.

It is in the fitness of things that, having dared Stalin to do his worst and yet survived the conflict, without forswearing Communism as a political creed, Tito should be drawn to Pandit Nehru in an endeavour to patch up the prevailing world discords with the soothing nostrum of co-existence. If their effort is to bear fruit, Russian interference in

the domestic politics of other countries through regulation and control of their internal parties styled Communist should cease, not merely as a matter of strategical ostentation, but quite effectively and genuinely. Half the world has in effect been conquered by the initial inspiration of Communism and its fascinating objective of elevating the under-dog, and the main social urges of the American Government as also of the British Labour Party, are derived from such an inspiration. The conception of the Welfare State is Communism's legacy to the nations of the world, and it has served to introduce revolutionary economic changes even within apparently capitalist social and political structures. The two objectionable features of present incarnations of Communism are its methods of world conquest through party and its addiction to irrevocable seizure of power. It is the virtual impossibility of getting out of the strangle-hold of Communist domination, once it gets established, that makes it so fearful a menace to lovers of democracy, and impels them to dread the consequences that might arise from any hasty and hospitable conception of co-existence.

Sotto Voce

★

THE BLASPHEMERS



IN this country of paradoxes liberty is less the reward of vigilance than the result of casual forgetfulness on the part of authority. Not unnaturally it often degenerates into license. Mice raiding the buttery when the housewife is not looking are not conscience-stricken. We

have taken care to frame a formidable code for keeping that latest comer among the arts, the cinema, on the strait and narrow path. But there is no formal censorship of the drama, though in Britain whose sons laid down the law for us for two centuries the Lord Chamberlain has

been absolute lord over the fate of the acted play.

It is fascinating to speculate on the reasons for this lacuna. The drama as an art-form has not attained any significant development in the past two or three hundred years in any part of India. We have had *theru-koothu* and *jatra* and other local variants in plenty. But their subjects were mostly mythological, the atmosphere they breathed one of devout piety. Though broad and bucolic fun was often lugged in, the audience found nothing incongruous about it. And nobody was irritated or offended, even if the play was peppered with topical allusions which were keenly relished by a people who pride themselves on being quick in the uptake.

Our rulers, who were swift to strike when they scented disaffection, were as a rule content to let things slide. They didn't interfere with popular entertainments so long as these did not take on a political colour. They were all for free thought, being confident that they could apply the throttle when they chose. And when in a mood to rationalise their empiricism they were wont to pride themselves on being far more liberal, even radical, than the administration at home. They might well have pointed to the absence of a stage censorship as an instance.

In Britain it was Collier's massive and not over-scrupulous onslaught on the immorality of Restoration Comedy that led to the establishment of the censorship as a permanent institution. Many attempts have since been made to get rid of it. It has been derided as the last citadel of Blimpiness, fiercely assailed as the enemy of art. But it has never been seriously attacked as an infraction of the liberty of the subject. The Lord Chamberlain's decision on particular plays has, often with justice, been criticised as actuated by timorousness or prudery. But no substantial section of informed opinion has demanded the abolition of the censorship.

The reason is obvious. Unlike a printed play or a printed book, a stage play can be a most incendiary thing. If the actors enter *con amore* into the purpose of the nihilist who uses the stage as a medium for subversive propaganda they can enormously enhance its destructive effect with aside and impromptu and insidious suggestion. Nowhere is it easier than in the glittering artificial world of the footlights (or the temptation greater) to falsify or over-simplify issues, to knead like wax the defenceless ingenuous mass-mind and give it a sinister twist that might work untold havoc on social harmony.

The Indian Act of 1876, unlike the British law, imposes no regular pre-censorship. Nor does the Bill to replace it that has just been referred to a Select Committee by the Madras Legislature. Pre-censorship is an ugly thing. But if it can be justified in any case it is in regard to acted plays in a country where the vigorous and healthy dramatic tradition of the classical age has long been swallowed in oblivion. At any rate censorship by competent authority will be preferred by the serious dramatist to spasmodic and arbitrary police interference for which the Bill provides. After all it will not confuse true art with the explosive mixture of blasphemy, communal hatred and vulgar exhibitionism which the pedlars of profitable dirt parade as the New Enlightenment.

A great English judge defined obscenity as that which is likely to corrupt minds that are open to corruption. Because under this definition Boccaccio and even Shakespeare have been held by literal-minded Justice Shallows to be 'obscene' there has long been a demand that obscenity must be more rigorously defined. But nowhere in the world would any decent man hold a brief for the kind of muck which seeks to whip up irrational hates by insulting the sacred memory of the *avatars*. The Madras

(Continued on page 43)

SIDELIGHTS ::

SRI GOVINDA MENON suggested, in his Convocation address at Trivandrum the other day that if Dara Shikoh instead of Aurangzeb had succeeded Shah Jehan as Emperor the whole course of Indian history might have been changed. Aurangzeb was a bigoted Muslim who antagonised the Hindus. Dara was the darling of the Hindus. The enthronement of communal discrimination as State policy which accentuated inter-communal illwill in the country and eventually paved the way for foreign rule and of which the historical effects are still persisting even after the attainment of freedom, was a speciality of Aurangzeb—it created storms within the body politic comparable to the convulsions of racial animosity that are being witnessed now in South Africa in consequence of the policies of Dr. Malan and Mr. Strydom. The doctrine of historical determinism might be pushed to the extreme to explain away the extraordinary careers of towering figures like Hitler and Lenin who seemed to have shaped history more than they were shaped by it. But it is difficult to resist the feeling that if some very powerful personages had not appeared on the scene when they did, the course of history might have run quite differently.

But for Mahatma Gandhi the struggle for freedom might still be going on in India. It would have been going on in spite of Mahatma Gandhi if Churchill had not been replaced by Attlee as Prime Minister of England after the war. The importance of the personal factor as a contributory to good and evil in the fortunes of nations is far greater than is commonly realised. We have an example of this, under our very eyes, in the acceleration given to the linguistic movement by the self-immolation of Potti Sriramulu. The Congress played for years with the theory of dividing the country on the basis of language. The merit of the

theory might have lain to some extent in the fact that the British seemed to pursue a contrary policy. Anything was good that could bring grist to the movement of resistance to foreign rule, and the leaders of the movement snatched at the demand for linguistic division in the same way in which the Mahatma got up the Salt Satyagraha campaign, as a method of piling up grievances and agitations to get rid of an unwanted system of rule. The demand for linguistic division would have perished in course of time by being continually ignored. But Potti Sriramulu compelled a different result with his tragic fast, and Pandit Nehru, emotionally torn by admiration for a man who gave up his life for a cause he believed in, weakened just at the moment when he should have remained firm. At that very moment the floodgates of a disastrous controversy were let loose throughout the country.

Sri Govinda Menon, in his Trivandrum address referred to above, sounded a warning against any further extension of the process of linguistic division. He condemned the principle itself in outright terms that call for some consideration on the part of our administrators. It is the bane of our politicians that they rarely give serious and intelligent attention to the national interest. They espouse policies which they imagine to be popular. And often, they bolster up, without belief or conviction, objectionable policies fraught with grave detriment to the national well-being, solely because they delude themselves with the illusion that it is the popular thing to do and would get them votes. They are stampeded by what they imagine to be public opinion into echoing it helplessly, instead of seeking to lead and guide it intelligently with independent judgment and dispassionate criticism.

Much of the seeming strength of campaigns that appear powerful is made up of the helplessness of leaders that are content to be led by those whom they profess to lead. There is no institution other than the press to correct the mischief of this situation. In South India, a fraternal multi-lingual citizenship was being built up, with Madras as its main centre and source of inspiration. People of all languages gathered in Madras, mixed with each other in friendship and companionship, and the identity of interests and understanding of each other that they developed cast its influence far and wide, blunting the many incentives to strife that abound in a region of multifarious denominations. The Andhra State has destroyed the integrating process that had been going on. The various linguistic populations of South India have ceased to be concerned in each other's welfare. The spirit of

comradeship has vanished. It has been replaced by a vague animosity fed perpetually by rapacious outbursts of a new sort of inter-linguistic illwill. Within the Andhra State itself no commanding leader capable of holding together the loyalties of the whole people of the region, has emerged. The political leaders have sunk into the miserable occupation of setting place against place and sect against sect as the only means of keeping themselves afloat in public life.

The prevalent administrative formulas are making the nation disintegrate. We will lose our freedom unless people are helped to mix together forgetting their differences instead of glorifying them into battle cries against their neighbours as they now do. Pakistan has grasped the essence of the need of the times by integrating the old administrative divisions of the west into one unit.

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PROBLEMS OF THE LANGUAGE PRESS

By A. G. VENKATACHARY

[Fourth of the series of A. I. R. talks (Madras) in the symposium on The Fourth Estate]

THE Indian language press plays today a vital role in the affairs of the nation. Its importance and power are bound to grow in geometric progression in the immediate future. The common man is profoundly influenced by it. He is no longer the meek, subservient nobody that he was. He is armed with the vote and many hopes have been raised in his mind. He depends on his paper for information and guidance.

Is the press equal to the task? I have grave doubts.

The first question that naturally comes to the mind is whether the number of existing papers and their circulation are really adequate to meet the needs of the situation. The answer, I must confess, is an emphatic no. The combined circulation of all Indian newspapers put together is hardly 25 lakhs—a little more than half of the circulation of one popular English daily and not even a third of the circulation which a popular English weekly commands. We have only 330 dailies of which non-English papers are 291. They sell in all 18 lakhs of copies a day as against 7 lakhs of the English papers. All the major languages have dailies though with widely different facilities, equipment, service, circulation and influence. There is an uneven distribution of circulation even in the same language group. For instance, 12 Tamil papers have half the circulation of 76 Hindi dailies. The Bengali press with a richer tradition has 7 papers with a circulation bigger than the combined total of a larger number of Tamil papers. The Marathi and the Guzerati press come next in development while the Telugu and the Malayalam papers run a close race. But with every sixth or seventh person literate in the country, the

overall circulation is pretty poor. Other things being equal, the potential newspaper readership is over 3 crores. But, at present it is not even a twelfth of it. Circulations even of the best papers are not big enough. The highest figure for a Hindi paper is 30,000, for a Marathi paper 45,000, for a Bengali paper 65,000 and for a Tamil paper over 67,000. It is also worth noting that only four English papers in the country have a circulation of over 50,000. New readership has no doubt been created by the war and in the exciting years following it. But this period also saw the sad demise of several new ventures both in English and in the languages. The bulk of them died not always because of competition from established rivals or lack of resources and modern equipment. They failed to click largely because of mismanagement and an inadequate appreciation of their tasks as late-new-comers.

Price Factor

The Press Commission admits that among the reasons for many people not going in for papers at present, the most common is the price factor and the inability of many households to spare the necessary subscription. Let me take the case of the Tamil papers. They sell at one anna. Even so their combined circulation is much less than 2,00,000 for a population of over 2½ crores of people and with an adult literate sector nearly 40 to 50 lakhs strong. The reasons are not far to seek. One anna may look small to many; but, it is the income of half to one hour's labour in the case of a large section of our population. In the West, the newspaper can be bought with three to six minutes' labour. That many cannot pay more than an anna was amply demonstrated by an experiment made in 1951, to which the

Press Commission itself has drawn pointed attention. Two one-anna Tamil dailies of Madras put up the price by voluntary agreement by half-an-anna to cut down losses. In two months the more popular newspaper lost 20 per cent of its circulation and the other slumped disastrously. A quick return to one anna failed to yield immediate results. It took the bigger paper 18 months to regain its former circulation while the other could not stage a come-back to the original figure even in three years. The marginal buyer, therefore, is a very real entity. Having proved this to the hilt it is rather surprising that the Press Commission should have made recommendations, which they themselves admit would put up prices. One of these is the page-price schedule and the other the fixation of a higher pool price for newsprint. If the schedule comes to pass, the one anna paper of today will be 50 per cent costlier. The result on circulation is bound to be terrific. This is certainly not the way to encourage new readership, so necessary for giving a solid base to the democratic way of life. It should never be forgotten that social ends are better served by keeping newspaper prices as low as possible. It is not easy for newspapers to be started and to get established because the initial capital costs are heavy (Rs. 10 lakhs) and recurring expenditure equally stiff. (Rs. 7½ lakhs). It may not be feasible for authority to make available liquid resources to all and sundry; but it is surely within the range of possibility for the Government to establish public trusts which could put up modern highspeed printing plants of the rotary type in all big cities and run them on job basis to print smaller papers which cannot afford such necessary equipment individually. That is the only way, according to me, to secure a wide dispersal of the press and fight tendencies towards monopoly in any particular area.

Government Aid

There are a number of other ways in which the Government can make the old and new language papers function in solvency and perform

better service by the public. The Governments of India and the States and quasi-Government bodies must make available to language dailies their advertisements which are now offered in the main only to the more important among English dailies. They have considerable news-value to various sections of the public and the language papers should be treated on a par in this respect. Reduction in postal, railway and air parcel and book-post rates is urgently called for.

Those who have sought to bring out language newspapers recently and failed have largely themselves to blame. Such papers have been more or less imitative of the existing ones, without any distinctive aspect of their own. They were inferior imitations and their failure was inevitable. Even the older papers can expand and be more useful and powerful only if they have resources enough to plan their services differently and develop an intimacy with their readership based on continuous study, research, field survey of public projects and exposition of popular needs at all levels. It has so far not been possible for many papers to think in terms of such activity. It involves the employment of at all important centres a large number of trained personnel. The cost may seem prohibitive; but, it has to be done sooner or later if a circulation in terms of population potential can be built up. It is in this context that Governmental support with advertisements may perhaps prove decisive. They may not in themselves be considerable. But, they will act as catalysts and attract other advertisers.

Yellow Papers

A serious problem is the presence of a few yellow papers nearly in all languages. There is a strong temptation on the part of the newcomers to lower journalistic standards to attract readers. There is a tendency towards vulgarity, of playing up sex and crime and shutting out the normal budget of news. There are other sections of the language press which exist only to excite the baser emo-

tions of the people. They are mostly views-papers with a notional carriage of news. They swear with impunity by the cult of violence, with appeals to flaming torches and daggers drawn, against sections of the people for whom they have unbridled hatred. They pose a perennial problem to the profession as a whole and to the administrators. They reveal a sordid aspect of the grossest possible abuse of freedom of expression. They have not met with much success so far because of the innate good nature of the bulk of the people and the moral values to which they still attach considerable importance. But, a mob in a frenzied mood or during spasms of civil commotion may act quite differently. The language press quickly influences the minds of the thoughtless sections more easily. This is a factor which has to be seriously taken into consideration while formulating codes of conduct and ethics.

Double Handicap

The language papers suffer under a peculiar double handicap of language. The bulk of the raw material is received in English. They have to evolve a style that could be easily understood by the common man and at the same time would be capable of presenting modern thoughts and ideas effectively. New words and phrases have to be coined and used on the spur of the moment for the various English terms used in politics, administration and the rapidly expanding vocabulary of the modern world. A studied and conscious effort has to be made to make the contents of newspapers intelligible to the non-English knowing reader. Background information has invariably to be provided to add to comprehension and intelligibility. With the various Governments definitely set on the road to making regional languages the media of administration, the language papers have now to cater to a new class of readers of the white-collared variety, till recently accustomed only to newspapers in English. To re-educate the adult is a hard and difficult task but it can be done only by the language newspapers.

It is not so well-known that telegrams, Government orders and communiques and all official publications are issued only in English. They have to be quickly rendered into crisp vernacular and passed in for being set-up. Even the setting-up is more complicated and delayed as the larger alphabet stands in the way of speedy composition. In spite of these difficulties coverage of news in the well-equipped vernacular press is on a par with that of the English papers. I would even say that often it is better and more balanced because, summarising and rewriting is the rule on the language paper. They have also to provide space for what is compendiously called moffusil news. In the South, especially, the bulk of the circulation is rural. In the absence of district or local papers, happenings purely of local importance have to be accommodated by the metropolitan press. They may not have intrinsic news-value but their publication is necessary for good readership relations. This is secured by issuing what are called regional editions. A larger number of pages for a one anna paper is clearly ruled out.

The task of the working journalist on a language paper, struggling in the night against heavy odds to produce a worthwhile morning paper is stupendous. It is possible for a sub-editor on an English paper to pass on to the press room an item on a subject with which he is not quite familiar. But, the sub-editor on the language paper has to understand the meaning and significance of every passage before he can effectively render it into the language of his paper. With all that, he is poorly paid. He is a sub-editor, a translator and an annotator and to crown all a proof reader all rolled in one. He works at top speed round the clock, fighting always against time and has to produce competitive results unmindful of mechanical, human and other deficiencies. Vernacular journalism demands of its votaries a higher degree of intellectual competence to be exhibited under all conceivable conditions.

The Forgotten Man

To the correspondents in the districts who act as the eyes and ears of the paper the reader owes a deep debt of gratitude. Not always well-paid, but with a remarkable sense of loyalty and pride in work and with considerable local experience, he links up the countryside with the towns. He is usually the forgotten man of the profession and deserves a better deal.

The language paper has in free

India acquired a new significance. It helps to bridge the cultural gulf between the English-knowing and non-English-knowing sections of the people. It reveals the undercurrents running through the masses of people. Facts about social conditions, and political sentiment are best got through the language paper. It is an educator and interpreter par excellence. It is a bastion of democracy and of the integrity and independence of the country.

Qualitative Circulation of Newspapers

NEED FOR RESEARCH

A PLEA for the constitution of a Joint Standing Committee composed of members from the Indian and Eastern News Society, the Indian Society of Advertisers and the Advertising Agencies Association was made by Shri Jagannath Jaini, retiring President of the Advertising Agencies Association at the ninth annual general meeting of the Association held at Bombay on the 15th instant. This move, he hoped, would sooner or later lay the foundation stone of the Advertising Council that the Press Commission has so strongly recommended and the formation of which is under the active consideration of the Government of India.

Shri Jaini said further: In the formation of this Joint Standing Committee I look forward to the day when this body will be able to tackle the question of readership survey or in other words it would make a careful study of the different media that are available in this country both from the quantitative and the qualitative points of view.

The Audit Bureau of Circulations gives us the circulation figures of its member newspapers and recently they have started to give us the breakdown figures as well. This is certainly a great improvement over the circulation figures that we used to get before the formation of the Bureau. But what is now required

is that we should have some information about the qualitative circulation of the newspapers. By this I mean that we should know (1) who are the readers of a certain publication, (2) whether the newspaper is read mostly by men or women and their age grouping, (3) what is the economic status and educational qualifications of these readers; (4) whether they belong to rural or urban areas or (5) whether there is any duplication of the circulations of the different newspapers from the same area.

Some newspapers have tried with success and may be trying to supply information of that nature as far as their own publication is concerned, but an opinion is often expressed in other countries that in general, the research done by newspapers has not been on a par with that produced by a joint body of advertisers, advertising agencies and newspapers. It is desirable, therefore, that such a research should be conducted by a joint body, and I strongly suggest that this task should be taken in hand by the Joint Standing Committee. With this research, it would be possible for the present and potential advertisers and advertising agencies to know more about the publication. In other words, research should be undertaken from the advertisers' point of view so that he could be given a kind of detailed and specific information that would guide him in solving his problems in making an intelligent selection among competitive media.

PRESIDENT TITO

By G. S. BHARGAVA

COLLAPSE of two empires, Austro-Hungarian and Czarist,—rise and fall of two dictators, Hitler and Stalin,—and triumph and decay of two social systems, feudal and capitalist:—this was the background against which Marshal Tito rose from an under-fed peasant lad of Croatia into the popular Head of State of Yugoslavia.

Josip Broz at birth, Tito is one of the "names of war" (like pen-names) which he had assumed. A typical child of his time, the Yugoslav President personifies not merely the new world in revolt against the old order but also the urges and aspirations of the ordinary citizen of his country. The last five decades of world history are decades of upheaval and challenge, of society in turmoil. Kings and kingdoms have vanished, potentates have been brought to level with commoners, age-old idols have been broken and venerable traditions jettisoned. A new faith, a new social order, has risen from the ashes of the old.

But Tito is not merely a product of this revolution; he is not a creature of circumstances. He has shown himself to be capable of shaping the new order in his image, according to his light. For instance, when the aftermath of the October Revolution in Russia proved to be something different from what the world proletariat aspired for, when it was being perverted, he had the courage and self-confidence to break away from it and blaze a new path. Before him, hundreds of Communists, including Trotsky, differed from Stalin and paid the price for it; but Tito is the first to succeed, to stand vindicated by the latest developments in Russia.

It was, in fact, a double victory for Yugoslavia and Tito. After the break with the Cominform, the country was in an unenviable position; the old moorings were lost and new ones had not been acquired. The Soviet bloc countries all round were

in a hostile mood; troop reinforcements and border incidents were daily features. The West, at first, was suspicious and thought it was a snare set for them by Stalin. Later, when they were convinced that Yugoslavia had completely and irretrievably broken away from the Soviet way of life the Western Powers started exerting pressure on her to extract their pound of flesh for the friendship of the democracies.

The Anglo-American attitude to the Balkan Pact, which was concluded in August last was an instance in point. Though a defence alliance against possible Soviet aggression, the Pact failed to evoke responsive echoes in the hearts of the Western powers which were so solicitous about defending Asia with the help of SEATO. On the other hand, Yugoslav-Italian agreement on Trieste was made a pre-condition for consolidation of the Balkans and pressure was brought to bear on Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia to put off the conclusion of the Pact. But Tito did not budge and carried his Balkan Pact partners with him by his awareness of the dangers of a disunited Central Europe.

More than anything else, it is this independent foreign policy which is common to India and Yugoslavia. Industrially backward and militarily weak, our two countries have the courage to resist pressure tactics from outside, from whichever quarter they might emerge, and pursue an independent path.

Seventh of a string of 15 children, eight of whom died in infancy, Tito was far from a petted child. His father had a 10-acre patch of land on which the large family eked out a miserable existence, with the result that the children were always hungry. The staple article of diet was bread made from maize (corn bread) which was also in short supply. Tito's mother, Marija Broz, kept food under lock and key, giving

to each member of the family as much as she thought was fair. Though well-mannered, the children had perforce to embarrass their parents by asking for food in the presence of visitors; for, that was a sure way of getting it, even if it meant spanking after the guests had left.

IN this atmosphere of chill penury, Tito was brought up. Exceptionally strong and agile, he was forward in games and sports. Though a typical peasant boy, hardy and down-to-earth in general approach to life's problems, he had in him a streak of the poet's love for romance. Croatia abounded in folk songs and legends—an Oriental trait—handed down from generation to generation, and Josip Broz absorbed them with avidity.

Though fond of education, Tito could hardly afford the luxury. From the age of 10 he was expected to do odd jobs and supplement the family income. His parents thought that was more appropriate for a peasant boy than going to school. So whatever smattering of education Tito had was by stealth, acquired by playing truant to duties assigned by his parents. At the age of 14, he joined a locksmith as an apprentice and was fascinated by the new world of glittering machinery and intricate gadgets into which he had stepped.

It was while an apprentice to the locksmith that Tito learnt his first lessons in trade unionism from a Social Democrat. Later, during his travels through Central Europe and Germany in search of jobs, he developed his contacts with the trade union and socialist movements. In 1914, when he completed his apprenticeship and became a full-fledged engineer, he was already a member of the Social Democratic Party of Croatia.

While working in a factory in Vienna, Tito was called up for military service. Those were the days of Italy's war for Tripoli, and the first and second Balkan wars which led to the First World War. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, on the side of which Tito was recruited to fight, was on its last legs and so was its

adversary, Tsardom. Soldiers, mostly mercenaries, were in no mood to fight and surrendered to the enemy at the first opportunity.

Tito was grievously wounded when a lance narrowly missed his heart and had to spend 13 months in hospital as a war prisoner. He was later sent to a Siberian war prisoner camp, where he learnt Russian and read famous Russian authors like Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Gorki, etc.

A prison official whom Tito caught stealing Red Cross gift parcels, meant for prisoners, denounced him as a Bolshevik to the authorities who were already in panic at the rumblings of the February Revolution. Realising that his life was in danger, Tito escaped from prison and, after an arduous journey, mostly on foot, reached Omsk, in Siberia, on the day the Bolsheviks captured the Winter Palace in Petrograd and Lenin made his famous declaration that power was theirs.

But the interventionist wars which followed showed that power was not captured so easily. Czech troops, who fought on behalf of Austro-Hungary and surrendered to the Russians were to be evacuated from the country, according to an agreement between the Allies and the Bolsheviks. But the Allies surreptitiously goaded the Czech prisoners, who retained their arms with them, to revolt and engage the Bolsheviks in an unexpected war, which they did. Tito fought against them on the side of the Bolsheviks. But the International Red Guard, as Tito's regiment was called, was outnumbered and routed by the Czechs. The Yugoslav leader was again in danger of being caught by White Russians who had already marked him as a potential Bolshevik. A beautiful peasant girl, Pelagea Bielousnova, whom Tito married later, saved him by hiding him.

AFTER the war was over, Tito returned to his Croatian home along with his Russian wife, who was so strikingly beautiful that later when the Royalist regime in Yugoslavia marked down Tito and his kith and

kin for persecution, and even extinction, it became impossible to hide her. So the marriage had to be annulled, and Pelagea returned to Russia. All the three children born of the marriage died: the eldest, a son, fell in the battle of Stalingrad fighting for Russia, while the other two, a boy and a girl, died in infancy.

THE end of the war saw a new Europe, with State boundaries redrawn. The Austro-Hungarian Empire had vanished, and for the first time Yugoslavia emerged as a south Slav State. But it was far from a realization of the popular aspirations; for, it represented oppression of national minorities, like the Croats, the Montenegroes, the Macedonians, etc., by Great Serbian chauvinism. But in a way it was a good lesson to these nationalities, for they could readily spot and fight Great Russian chauvinism, when it appeared three decades later.

It was to a Yugoslavia torn by these convulsions that Tito returned, fired by the enthusiasm and zeal which characterised followers of Lenin. The Communist Party of Yugoslavia was born of these tribulations but it was hopelessly weak, being a house divided against itself. The leaders of the party were in Vienna, maintained by subsidies from the Comintern, and had no touch with the rank and file. Some of the Comintern nominees were hand in glove with the Royalist police and hundreds of young Communists were swallowed up by the repressive apparatus of the dictatorial regime.

It fell to Tito to clear this confusion. He was unanimously chosen by the party rank and file to go to Moscow and set things right at the top, which he did at great personal risk, for he could have been easily exterminated for trying to correct Moscow. The Soviet leaders subjected him to close scrutiny and were satisfied that he represented the rank and file of the party. Meanwhile, the Secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party, Gorkich, was found to be in league with fifth columnists and shot in Moscow. Tito replaced him.

Here lies the similarity between Tito and Lenin. Like Lenin, the Yugoslav President took charge of the party in critical times and built it up from the bottom in his image. He knew the requirements of the situation at home and adapted Leninist tactics and strategy to them.

Tito also differed from the common run of revolutionaries in personal behaviour. From his childhood, fondness for good clothes was his weakness. While an engineering apprentice in a Croatian town, he denied himself some of the necessities and saved enough money to buy a new suit for Christmas. But as ill-luck would have it, before he could wear it and flaunt it before his village people it was stolen and Tito had to satisfy himself with a second-hand one.

As an active party worker also he did not give up his natural flair for decent dress. A smart suit and a flashing ring on one of the fingers were his outfit, which sometimes helped him to outwit the intelligence staff. The police were under the impression that generally Communists were shabbily dressed and never thought it prudent to scrutinise a man so well dressed as Tito always was when he had to run the gauntlet of gendarmes.

EVEN his fondness for children came in handy once to enable him to get through a police scrutiny. Koni Zilliacus, the well-known British Leftist leader who was excommunicated from the Moscow church for having spoken well of Yugoslavia and Tito, relates an interesting anecdote about a child who saved Tito from the police. The illegal Communist Party of Yugoslavia was meeting in a conference at Ljubljana at a time when King Alexander had been murdered by a Fascist agent and the puppet regime in Croatia wanted to use it as a pretext to wipe out the local Communists. Tito had a false Czech passport and was prepared to play the part in name as well as in dress but he was diffident of getting through. The Government was bent on getting at him and the police were going over every traveller with a fine

tooth comb. Next to Tito sat an Austrian lady who had a child on her lap. Tito, as usual, fondled the child and took it on his lap, when, as luck would have it, the child wetted his new trousers. The gendarme could not refrain from laughter when he saw the discomfiture of Tito and the incident prevented a close scrutiny of either the passport or the man.

To Yugoslavs, Tito is a legend. To the outside world he is a mystery man who could stand up to Hitler and Stalin, and perhaps Eisenhower. To us in this country, he personifies some of the traits which Gandhiji taught us to value, the most important of them being the capacity to oppose evil uncompromisingly, whatever be the odds.



THE RAIN TREE

I HAD noticed it, but with half a mind,
As we, looking, overlook the intruder into a crony's nest,
Stranger and tongue-tied,
By intimate needles of chatter transfixt,
On pins to depart.

And coming up against it
With mind and eyes in pursuit of unholy dreams and shapes,
Fantasies, falderals,
I had felt too drugged and overcome
To laugh at it, but leant on its trunk
In mild pity;
And saw painted vells, phoenix-like filth,
Shadows of the macabre dance of life,
Tortured shadows thrown on the Chinese screen,
And from behind it heard
Cynical but controlled laughter.

Those days seem now far away and long ago;
Those days belong now to a child's years, I the child.

For when I came back to it yesterday
Tense from the overcharged leisure of summer months,
I knew, before I had got within a hundred yards of it,
That it was waiting for me.

Women were looking at me, surprised, indignant,
But I could hardly stop running.

Waiting, hushed even in the breeze of the morning,
(Its myriad leaves uncertain between sobs and laughter)—
And at my touch
Quivering for release from intensity such as
Held the moment.

My foggiess cleared
As an infant's eyes when tears are kissed away;
The mind, restored to masterful balance of the felt and the seen,
Unclouded like a lover's or a lunatic's,
Broke into laughter: laughter
Silent in happiness, and uncontrolled.

M. P. BHASKARAN

SHORTENED FUSE FOR SOUTH AFRICA

By ANDREW ROTH

THE fuse has been immeasurably shortened in South Africa.

Those who gloomily predicted a terrifying racial explosion within the next two years have suddenly shortened their predictions to a matter of months.

This fuse leading to the explosive racial situation has been shortened by the naming of Strijdom, the "Lion of the Transvaal," as Dr. Malan's successor. In comparison with him, the retiring Dr. Malan was an angel of racial compassion and 'Malana-zism' a symbol of racial toleration.

There is no question about the attitude of the new Nationalist Prime Minister of South Africa, tight-lipped J. G. Strijdom. He is a fanatical advocate of White supremacy over the Black "oxen" and, within the White community, of the supremacy of the Boers, who are of Dutch origin, over those White South Africans who are of British origin.

Although Strijdom (pronounced 'Strydom') was pro-Nazi in World War II, his race ideas do not come from Hitlerism. They stem from the mystical concept of the Boer farmers of the Dutch Reformed Church that they are a race apart, responsible only to God. It was this fanatical conviction which enabled them to put up such an incredibly good fight against the British in the Boer War. And they have never forgotten their old Boer Republics, which were wiped out and incorporated later into the Union of South Africa.

No one can doubt that Strijdom—who was vacationing in Britain after seeing a Continental heart doctor last month—is a fanatic among fanatics. Physically and mentally he reminds one of a smouldering volcano. As he speaks there is a constant nervous rippling of muscles along his jaw. He raps out sentences as he stares unblinking.

When he bounds to his feet to speak in debate in the South African House of Assembly, I am told, the temperature of the House rises sharply. The whole House seems rather afraid of his fanatical force of character. Even Dr. Malan, whose name became a world symbol for brutal suppression of African aspiration, has been somewhat afraid of him; he kept him in the minor, unexplosive post of Minister of Lands. And he hoped that he would be succeeded by the comparatively reasonable 72-year-old Dr. Havenga. But the extreme Nationalists from the North put him to flight and Havenga withdrew into retirement, saying with foreboding that South African people "deserve the Government they get."

Even this was a typically racist remark. Strijdom was the selection of the caucus of the Nationalist Party which has a majority of the White population which is one quarter of the total population.

Fascist against Communist

Raising the fanatical Strijdom to the Premiership was about as safe as using a lit match to peer into a petrol tank to see whether it is full.

When Canon L. J. Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral returned from a two-month study trip to South Africa last July, he warned: "The ingredients are there for a disastrous explosion which can overwhelm the whole continent . . ."

The two forces are the Nationalist effort to impose an even more humiliating White supremacy upon an African majority which is increasingly urbanized and growing in political consciousness.

Until now the Nationalists have been pushing their racist measures slowly but stubbornly. They have been trying, unsuccessfully, to change the Constitution and remove

those of mixed racial background, the Cape Coloured, from the electoral rolls. They have attempted to rezone the jumbled cities of South Africa into racial compartments. They have substantially succeeded, under the Suppression of Communism Act, in depriving trade unions, and other organizations of leaders who are Communists. They have brutally applied the law against cohabiting among races.

Some months ago there was a scandal of a White man convicted of raping an African woman. He got off with a warning. She was imprisoned for three months. When an English-language newspaper 'broke' this story, the Nationalist Minister of 'Justice,' Mr. Swart, released her—a few days before the sentence would have ended anyhow.

Tension is built substantially by the brutal bullying of the police. They arrest and beat Africans at the slightest provocation. They are trigger-happy and carry Sten guns. They see themselves as the front-line soldiers against the very 'Black menace' which their brutality creates.

Police and administrative brutality has steadily been depriving the non-Europeans—Africans, Indians and Cape Coloured—of their moderate, legal leadership. Into this vacuum an underground Communist leadership is flowing, ready to accept a martyrdom which may result in a massive explosion.

In August it was reported that Moses Kotane, Secretary General of the South African Communist Party before it was banned in 1951, had become chairman of a confidential committee set up to guide the resistance of the principal African and Indian organizations to Dr. Malan's racialism. This was the confidential steering committee of the new National Action Council of the Congress of the People. The vice chairman was reported to be Y. M. Dadoo, president of the South African Indian Congress and a former member of the central committee of the legal South African Communist Party.

Communists now dominate the South African Indian Congress and

are an influential minority in the African National Congress. They control the African Congress in the Transvaal, the most important province in South Africa. Not only did its Boers produce Strijdom, but it contains the largest Negro industrialized proletariat in Africa.

It is precisely because the Nationalists' efforts are so anti-historical that they are certain to end explosively. They are trying to push the Africans down and back precisely when the development of industry is making increasingly large numbers of them into industrial proletarians. They are trying to treat Africans like "oxen" as one of the Nationalist Ministers termed them—precisely when they are becoming the working class of an expanding industrial economy.

The number of urban Africans has tripled from the 900,000 there were at the outbreak of war in 1939. The number of urban Africans now substantially outnumbers the total White population.

Yet they are expected to continue to accept an inability to organise themselves into a registered trade union, no right to strike, no right to change jobs, no right to do the skilled work reserved for Whites. In the gold mines Africans earn under 4 shillings for an eight hour shift and live separated from their families for as much as two years at a stretch in compounds.

Living conditions on the African 'locations' on the periphery of White towns are indescribable. Streets are pot-holed tracks. The shacks which the Africans have been permitted to erect for themselves are made of anything from hessian sacking to corrugated iron. There is no drainage, no electricity. The water supply consists of a few stand-pipes. Disease is naturally rife.

But, for these urbanized Africans, these locations are 'home.' One of these locations, Sophiatown, a district of Johannesburg, was declared a European area under the Group Areas Act which prescribes 'racial purity' residential districts. The Africans were told that by the end of 1954 they would be moved out to the

open veldt some miles off, where they can build again. It came to have a symbolic significance for Africans and those few liberal-minded Europeans who oppose racial discrimination.

The Africans, as long ago as last summer, decided they would use passive resistance, lying down in their thousands in front of the lorries brought to dispossess them. What this would mean if the trigger-happy police lose what little restraint they have is anybody's guess.

Britain's embarrassment

If there is a real explosion in South Africa it will put Britain on the spot in a very acute way. The position of South Africa has already created considerable tension within the British Government and within the Commonwealth and between Britain and the colonies.

South Africa is important to Britain economically and strategically. South African gold, sold to the United States, is an important source of dollars for the sterling area. The naval base at Simonstown is important in case the Mediterranean is closed. And South Africa is an increasingly important rear base in the event of a new military battle for Africa or the Middle East. There have been intermittent discussions with South Africa on defense over the last eighteen months and more.

It has been this patent value of South Africa that has led the Com-

monwealth Relations Office here to such things as banning Seretse Khama from the British protectorate of Bechuanaland for fear that his marriage to a British girl would incense the South African Nationalists.

The Colonial Office has been substantially anti-South Africa in the sense that the extreme White supremacy agitation of Messrs Malan and Strijdom has evoked an anti-European agitation in many of the African colonies. But on occasion, as in the advocacy of Central African Federation, the Colonial Office has supported a 'lesser evil' as a barrier to the expansion of South Africa's extreme racialism.

The new regime, however, poses a problem for Britain of an entirely new character. Whereas Dr. Malan wanted to remain in the Commonwealth in order to avoid South Africa's isolation, Strijdom is a fanatical republican. Where Dr. Malan was concerned with appeasing the Europeans of British origin in South Africa, who want to keep their ties with Britain, Strijdom will not allow them to interfere with his plans.

Britain is therefore in a cleft stick. It cannot afford to jettison South Africa because of its economic and strategic importance. But if it tries to hold on to South Africa by compromising with Strijdom and his crowd it will alienate increasingly the tens of millions of Africans in colonial territories as well as the Asian dominions.

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Disastrous Effects Of Linguistic Division

By S. S. BHAGAVANLU

THE burning problem of the day in our country is the problem of affording food, clothing and education to the millions of masses living in the various villages. Our Five Year Plan aims at freeing the country from economic bondage. There is, therefore, no doubt that every one of us should put in all his might in achieving this freedom. We can ill afford to divert our attention to any other problem.

Unfortunately, however, no sooner had we achieved political freedom than some of our leaders started agitating for linguistic division of the country. At a time when our country was under the foreign yoke, the entire nation was united on the one issue of achieving political freedom. That was also the best time for division of the country into the various linguistic provinces. In fact, the Congress manifesto included this item in their programme. But now various forces are working against the interest of the country as a whole with the garb of agitation for linguistic division. Some of the political parties are even utilising this issue to fulfil their own selfish ends. The unity we had among the different peoples during foreign domination is not to be found nowadays. Everyone begins to think in terms of a Bengali, a Behari, a Punjabi, a Tamilian, an Andhra, etc., but not as an Indian. Already not only the different peoples have begun to hate and criticise one another, but the different State Governments too have started fighting by issuing statements and counter-statements against one another. We have already seen riots on these language issues. The Parlakimedi incidents should be an eye-opener to the protagonists of linguistic States. I am afraid this is only the beginning of a series of quarrels between peoples and Governments of the different States. Even if the country is divided into as many States as there are languages, will there be an end of these quarrels, these hatreds? There will always be bilingual places left in each

State. The quarrels will start there and extend to the respective State Governments. With a little foresight we can just imagine where these internal quarrels will lead us. The Delhi Government will be in a helpless state to control these and we will then be an easy prey to any foreign power. This balkanization will lead us nowhere. Andhra was separated on an experimental basis. I am sure I need not point out how the separation has worked. One who closely followed the Assembly proceedings during the few sessions it held there, will easily know how the different parties were playing with the interests of the State for their own selfish ends. Even regionalism had crept into the State politics. From the beginning, it had no stable Government. During its 13 months' regime, the Government was run with a day-to-day crisis, with the sword of Damocles hanging on its head. No single party commanded an absolute majority and in the next elections, too, the prospects are not bright enough for any single party to emerge with a majority. It is to be feared the State of affairs will remain the same even after fresh elections as they were when the State was inaugurated. On the other hand, there is the prospect of more Independents being elected and the new Government will again have to hang in the balance on their mercy!

In order, therefore, to mobilise all our resources for the quick achievement of economic emancipation and the successful implementation of the two Five-Year Plans, we should conserve all our energies and finances. The energy of the people should not be diverted into wasteful programmes and controversial issues. This is the time when there should be perfect unity among our countrymen. The different political parties should come to some amicable settlement and, if necessary, with some sort of alliances and common programmes, should merge into one or at the most two principal parties. We should all be united to achieve the one main object of raising the standard of living of the masses, clothing them and educating them. Similarly our

finances should be conserved. The country, instead of being subdivided on the basis of language, could be divided into a few regions only, to suit administrative convenience. These regions may be, for example, Northern India, Central India, Western India, Eastern India and Southern India. Three or four of the existing States may be merged into one. Each region will have three or four different main languages, the common language being English for the present and Hindi in due course. Each language should be given the fullest scope for development. The services, the finance, the expenditure and everything in the region can be distributed on a proportionate basis with respect to the people of the different languages. This will obviate the problem of proper representation for the peoples speaking the different languages. There will then be perfect unity in the country. At the same time, much economy can be achieved in ad-

ministrative expenditure. There will be no need for so many Governors, Ministers, Legislative Assemblies, Secretariat Departments, other headquarters offices and the consequential expenditure. This saving in expenditure can be utilised for financing the Five Year Plan and economic development of the country. Last of all, it will put an end to the internal strifes between the peoples and Governments of the various States. Controversies over big cities like Bombay and Madras in respect of their inclusion in one or the other of the new States will cease.

The move recently started in West Pakistan, which is already under the active consideration of the Pakistan Central Government, for uniting all the Provinces in that part of the country into one, is really commendable. We can with advantage take the cue from them and follow suit on this particular issue. Long live United India!

The Teacher And The Politician

By A. PURUSHOTHAM

"I HAVE heard teachers say that they have no say even in academic matters and the politicians dictate academic policies. This state of affairs prevails only in those universities in which the teachers have neglected their legitimate duties and ceased to wield any influence on society." This is no doubt quite an unkind observation reported to have been made by Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar, Chairman, University Grants Commission, addressing the recent annual Convocation of the Bihar University. Unfortunately this statement has done more harm than good to the teaching community, because Dr. Bhatnagar mistook the cause for the result. It is a fact that many teachers have failed in discharging their legitimate duties and have thus ceased to influence their students. But they have failed because they lost their academic freedom as well as their power to shape the academic policies of the universities. This tragic loss of the academic freedom

of the teacher is a consequence of the politician's undue interference with the academic activities of the teacher.

If, on the other hand, Dr. Bhatnagar's statement is valid, then we may safely say that God ceased to influence the atheist because of his own weakness, that Aristotle and Homer ceased to influence us because of their own drawbacks and that classical music has lost its vogue because of its incapacity to inspire us. Thus any neglected group of people or any forgotten branch of knowledge may be left to its own care. But is it so in practice? Does not the very constitution of the University Grants Commission prove that there is something to be done by the State to raise the status of the teacher and consequently to restore the lost academic freedom and power to him?

But those who speak often about the power and prestige enjoyed by the ancient teacher forget the fact that the party politician is a creation of modern history. Unlike the ancient kings and commanders, the present political partisan considers education as the chief defence of his

party or power. Hence he makes use of the press, the radio and the platform. But this does not satisfy him. He expects the teacher to sing his praises. He cannot generally tolerate criticism and discussion.

This attitude of the politician is a sad legacy from the British. When we were under the alien rule, the teacher was encouraged to desist from discussing controversial political matters in educational institutions. Thus the teacher failed to guide his student into light when the student struggled hard to find a path that could lead him from darkness into light. The result of this failure was correctly measured by the Radhakrishnan Commission when they said that the students were convinced that the teachers were less informed than they about the illnesses of the society in which they lived. It was under such circumstances that the students lost faith in their teachers while the young patriot condemned the teacher for his conservatism, cowardice and slavish mentality.

As we are now an independent country, the politician guiding the destinies of our nation, should respect and encourage the teacher so that the university may be 'a place' as Newman says, "where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries verified and perfected and rashness rendered innocuous and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge." The politician should clearly understand that "we cannot teach the lessons of freedom by the methods of servitude." The politician should not confuse State aid with State control over academic policies and practices. The Radhakrishnan Commission has realised this fact and said: "Professional integrity requires that teachers should be as free to speak on controversial issues as any other citizen of a free country. An atmosphere of freedom is essential for developing this morality of mind."

I do not mean that the teacher is infallible. The teacher also is a product of our society and therefore he

is not often very different from the men of the other liberal professions. He too has contributed something to bring about his own fall. But his weaknesses and shortcomings will generally diminish into insignificance when compared with the irrational, selfish, cruel and callous activities of the other leading members of our society. It is therefore meaningless to accuse him of degeneration. He will soon rise from the abyss provided he is restored to his old coveted status. The politician should not get scared away by the thought that the university teacher may do something wrong and dangerous to the country. But one will do well to note that the teacher is a greater academician than the political partisan. If there is any politician who considers himself a greater academician than the university teacher and who has ceased to be a political partisan, he deserves a place in the university and not in the arena of politics. If the politician is only anxious to prevent the university authorities from mismanaging the funds at their disposal, he is right and justified. But this pious desire of the politician should on no account lead to any kind of interference, direct or indirect, with the academic work of the universities.

If the politician cannot accept this point of view, then the universities can turn out of their portals, prejudiced and half-informed graduates only and not useful public men of greater vision, dispassionate outlook and wider interests. If we want public men who can see from the other man's point of view, who can approach any problem with an open mind, who are prepared to think in a scientific manner and who can withstand the allurements of the slogans of the practical politician, the university teacher should once again be given that kind of academic freedom which can make him a philosopher and not a preacher, a source of light and not a mine of mere information and an eternal student ever ready to receive something new and to revise his opinions if necessary and not a sealed bag of some old and pre-digested thoughts.

GEORGE EASTMAN

His Contribution to Progress

By T. V. KUNHI KRISHNAN

"Short then is the time which everyman lives and small the nook of the earth where he lives, and short too the longest posthumous fame . . ."

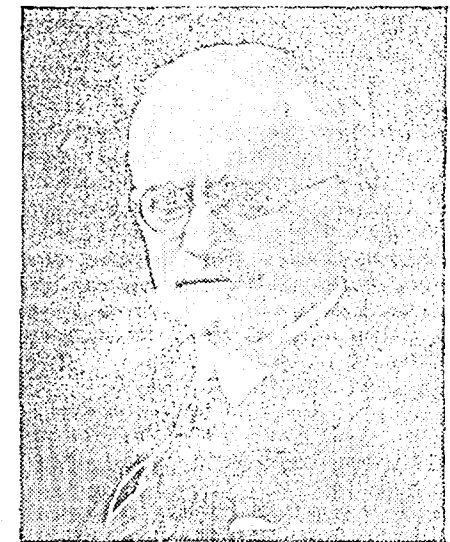
THE above passage from the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* was a favourite with George Eastman, whose posthumous fame is by no means short. 1954 is the centennial year of the birth of Eastman who invented the Kodak camera and brought photography to millions all over the world. Every facet of human activity has benefitted by the perfection of the techniques of photography which Eastman developed and bequeathed to mankind.

This great American innovator was a contemporary of Edison, Bell and Ford, three other American inventors who have contributed substantially to progress. Before examining the prodigious life and work of Eastman, it will be worthwhile to look back on the origins and growth of photography which was Eastman's magnificent obsession.

The dim beginnings of photography can be traced to the 17th century "camera obscura" which was nothing more than a darkroom with a small opening. Camera in Italian means a room, a chamber. Camera lucida, invented in 1806 by William Wollaston, an Englishman, was capable of producing an exact likeness. Looking through a prism set above drawing paper, the artist could trace the image of the object falling on the paper.

"The Mirror with a Memory"

But photography proper began with the Paris artist Louis Daguerre who perfected in 1839 a technique developed earlier by J. Nicéphore Niépce. Daguerre fumed silver-coated copper sheet with iodine vapour until a coating of silver iodide



George Eastman

was formed. When this plate was exposed in a small camera obscura, the light entering the camera formed latent pictures which Daguerre developed in mercury vapour. He then fixed the picture in sodium thiosulphate, the 'hypo' solution still used today. The process soon won world-wide popularity and Oliver Wendell Holmes labelled it "the mirror with a memory."

Fox Talbot, an English contemporary of Daguerre, was making similar experiments on tiny scraps of paper. Talbot's contribution was the introduction of the negative-positive principle which permitted the unlimited duplication of prints. In 1850 Fredrick Archer used a glass negative base and invented the wet plate process. Wet plates had to be got ready just before use and had to be developed immediately afterwards. In all these processes the exposure time of photographs was in terms of minutes and seconds. The subject had to stay still like a

mummified object, without even the eyelashes moving. In 1870 Charles Beenet made photographs by a new process at 1/25 of a second which amazed the photographic world. Dry plates were soon invented.

The man who saw the real significance of the dry plates was Eastman. He processed a new method of coating plates. Instead of coating them by pouring emulsion from a container and spreading it around with a glass rod, he constructed a roller device similar in principle to the one now used for moistening postage stamps. By coating a large sheet of glass and then cutting it up, many plates could be made at once. This was Eastman's first invention. Many more were to follow. But he had to go through many privations before succeeding.

His success story, a truly rags-to-riches saga, is little known, though his invention Kodak is a household name in most parts of the world. Eastman was born in 1854 in the village of Waterville, New York. But his family moved to Rochester when he was six, and there he had made his home since then. When he was seven his father died leaving him, his two sisters and mother almost penniless. His mother was obliged to convert her home into a boarding house to make a living. Her son poignantly remembered till his death how his mother had to make beds for others and mop floors for money.

George attended school only until he was fourteen. Poverty forced him to work as an office boy for an insurance agent at a pay of Rs. 50 a month. He vowed to relieve his family's financial distress. After five years, at 19 he was employed as a clerk in a Rochester bank. By working hard he saved a good amount of money.

In 1877 after many years of work he planned a summer vacation. A friend suggested that he buy a camera and make a picture record of his trip. Eastman took lessons in photography in preparation, though he never actually made the trip. This was his introduction to photography.

He was fascinated by the possibilities of photography and bought a complete photographic outfit with all the intricate mechanisms of the wet plate process.

He became absorbed in his new-found hobby and set to simplify the complicated process. From the *British Journal of Photography*, he learned that dry plates could be made by coating glass plates with sensitive silver salts suspended in gelatin and could be handled with ease. He began making his own gelatin emulsions.

Over the Kitchen Stove

The possibilities of making dry plates for the market opened up before him. Following directions in newspapers and books, he prepared chemicals and experimented with them over his mother's kitchen stove. All day long he worked at the bank and at night in his mother's kitchen. His mother said later that some nights he was so tired he could not undress but slept on a blanket on the floor beside the stove.

The first three years of his life with the camera were the bitterest of his hardworking life. Dread of poverty that beset his mother and two sisters, one of whom was paralysed by polio, fired him with stern resolve to make money to help his family.

In 1879 he took leave from his job, went to London and patented his invention of the new method of coating dry plates. He came back and registered it in Washington. In 1880 he started to manufacture dry plates for sale and in a few months was supplying dry plates to the largest photographic dealer in New York City.

All his savings went on photography. At one time it looked as though his business was going to ruins. But for the timely help of Henry Strong, a boarder at his mother's house, who invested a few thousand dollars, he would have gone under. Eastman resigned from the bank and devoted his whole attention to the fledgling business.

His improvements on the techniques of photography were many. He

substituted a light flexible material for glass as a negative base; he marketed rolls of sensitized paper which could be used in any camera in specially made holders; in 1884 he patented what he called "American film." Glass plates soon became a thing of the past.

To popularise the film, he decided to reach the general public. For this he introduced in 1888 the little box "Kodak" camera loaded with "American film" long enough for 100 exposures. Kodak opened photography to the common man. Said Eastman: "It is the experiment of a radically new system of photography which admits the whole public to practice the art." To make photographs no longer required special skill. Kodak's famous slogan "You press the button, we do the rest" appeared in 1889. The demand for Kodak cameras multiplied beyond measure and Eastman could not build factories fast enough to keep pace with the demand. Eastman himself invented the catchy name KODAK, which could be pronounced with ease in all languages.

With the help of a Rochester chemist he invented in 1889 the transparent film. Very soon he marketed the first commercially successful transparent film on rolls. This was just the film Alva Edison needed to make his motion picture machine successful; he made his first successful movies on Eastman film. When motion pictures began to develop, Eastman arranged a deal which gave his company a virtual monopoly in this big market.

Kodak in Madras

By 1890 Eastman had cornered the entire amateur photography market. He even planned to buy the powerful German photographic companies but the deal did not come off. It was perhaps not necessary, for by the beginning of this century Kodak stores had circled the globe. Kodak came to India around 1901 though it reached Madras only in 1928.

In 1923 the 16 mm. film was marketed and the process of amateur cinematography grew up. Not only Eastman Kodak but also other astute

competitors made new photographic advances in later years. But it was Eastman who paved the way for progress in photography. Today there is scarcely any field of human activity in which photography does not play a role: science, industry, entertainment, medicine, education—all employ the camera. It is estimated that the number of cameras in India alone ranges as high as 100,000!

George Eastman, the man most responsible for this outburst of shutter clicking, earned so fast and so much that he gave donations totalling Rs. 48 crores! Educational institutions—in particular the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Rochester—were the chief beneficiaries. On a single day in 1924 he signed a donation cheque for the value of Rs. 15 crores. After signing he turned to the witnesses and said with a smile: "Now I feel better."

As a lad he was much troubled by toothache, and dental clinics became an interest close to his heart. He once said: "It is a medical fact that children can have a better chance in life with better looks, better health and more mental vigour if the teeth, nose, throat and mouth are taken proper care of at the crucial time of boyhood." This interest led him to build elaborate dental clinics for children in Rochester, Rome, London, Paris, Brussels and Stockholm.

Eastman cultivated good relations with his employees. A substantial sum of his own money was given in 1898 as an outright gift to each person who worked for him. Later he set up a welfare fund, followed by the "wage dividend" scheme in which each employee benefits above his wages in proportion to the yearly dividend on the company stock. This "dividend scheme" was an innovation in personnel industrial relations.

Eastman was a man of principle. After World War I he turned back to the U. S. Government a sum equivalent to Rs. 15 lakhs which represented Kodak's war contract profits. He said he did not want to make money on such work. In his hard-working youth he had missed flowers

and music and all the pleasant things of life. He grew up a stoic, was reticent and shunned publicity, though he enjoyed life in his own way. Big game hunting was his favourite sport. In 1926 at the age of 72, he bagged lions, buffaloes and rhinoceros on an African shikar. When the time came to return home, he sighed: "Back to the world of fraud and front."

Eastman never married. He lived with his mother until her death in 1901, two years after they had moved into a new 5-room mansion. His emotional life was centered round his mother whom he dearly loved. A few years before her death, his mother was said to have confessed to a nurse that all her son's wealth came a little too late for her to enjoy. Maria Eastman was a great woman—the mother of a great man.

In 1930 Eastman fell ill. He never fully recovered from it and he knew

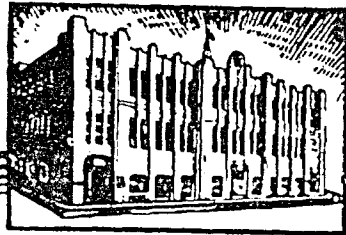
he was struck by a malady—a freezing of the spinal column—that could not be cured. Once he asked a physician: "Now, doctor, you are always fooling around with that stethoscope. Just where is my heart?" The doctor outlined the heart for him by thumping on the chest.

His illness dragged on and despair set in. On Monday March 14, 1932 he signed his will. After the three witnesses had left his bedroom, he put away the cigarette he was smoking, replaced the cap of his pen, removed his spectacles and lay down on the bed. Then he put a folded wet towel over his heart, turned the muzzle of a revolver to the place where his doctor had once outlined, and pulled the trigger. That was the end.

Beside the smoked cigarette, he had left a paper on which was scribbled: "To my friends: My Work is done, why wait? G. E."

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Short Story.....*

THE GAMBLE

By Santha Rungachary

MR. RAGHURAMA IYER usually hung up his neat white turban on the coat-stand in the corridor before he went into his own room. But this morning he paused before the coat-stand, his hand automatically went up to his head, but on second thoughts it came down again. He would keep his turban on. He felt less relaxed when he had his turban on. And this morning he did not want to feel relaxed. He had one or two things on his mind. He had already made his decision but he did not want it to appear even to himself that he was being casual about it. Strange things happened when he took his turban off. It was almost as if the turban acted as a lid on his thoughts. He became more voluble. This morning he wanted to be a man of few words. He wanted to be left alone. That was the reason he had not answered even the telephone this morning. His wife, good soul, had modestly and regretfully informed the voice at the other end that he was taking his bath.

The telephone rang.

Mr. Raghurama Iyer's beautifully kept hand hovered for an instant over the instrument, undecided. He knew the caller. The caller could even be said to be a friend of his. But this morning he wanted no other friend save his dependable conscience which, ever since he could remember, he had kept in good working order.

But the telephone could not be denied.

"Raghuraman here," he said precisely, drily.

It was, as he had expected, Mr. Murthy at the other end.

"I just rang up to ask you," said Mr. Murthy, "what you have decided."

"I told you," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer in the same precise voice, "even last night that I had decided to give it."

"I don't want you to think," said Mr. Murthy in an anxious voice, "that I feel you don't know what you are doing. But, after all, Rs. 20,000 isn't chicken feed, you know. Perhaps you should give yourself more time to think."

"I have been doing little else since yesterday," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer.

"Sure you don't want to postpone it for a day or two? You could say you have written to the Board for orders."

"No, I don't," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer briefly.

"What I wanted to tell you . . ." began Mr. Murthy, not giving up.

"Will you," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer courteously, "let me telephone you after a little while? I have a few papers I would like to dispose of before my visitor arrives."

"Sure," said Mr. Murthy. "But don't bother. I will telephone. I am not doing anything much this morning."

You, thought Mr. Raghurama Iyer as he carefully replaced the receiver, are not doing anything much most mornings. But he did not say that. Nor was it perceptible in his voice. When he had his turban on impeccable were his word and deed.

Unbelievable things happened only when he took the blessed thing off. He seemed to become transformed. Under his turban his face looked the face of an old-fashioned, rather ascetic, absent-minded university lecturer. His manner also was prim, precise; his smile, studied, benevolent but not kindly; his manner, formal. Once that turban came off his head, his spirit seemed to reach out to the very heavens. His eyes shone with sprightliness, his smile became teasing and exposed all his teeth, his voice acquired a lilt as if deep inside his throat, behind his every utterance, lurked a laugh. He became the spirit of pure, malicious fun. His face took on a puckish expression, perhaps because it seemed then somehow imperfectly balanced and, at a certain angle, positively diabolical. From above his eyebrows his forehead stretched, glistening, to eternity. For Mr. Raghurama Iyer was bald, completely bald. It was not an apologetic baldness trying to hide itself under an assortment of grey hairs. There was nothing indecisive about it. It was a heroic, uncompromising, defiant baldness. A baldness which had no future and knew it perfectly well. Only his hands remained the same, fine, strong hands with nothing vague or undefined about them. The hands were Mr. Raghurama Iyer more than his face or his bald head or his thin body. The people who noticed his hands first were rarely wrong in the interpretation of his character. It was only the people who noticed his face or his smile or his manner of speaking who had to keep changing their opinion of him for the rest of their lives.

On his table now lay a large ledger, brown and aged, open at a particular page. Beside it, like a rabbit beside an elephant, a small sheaf of cheques held together by a metal clip. And a pile of pass-books of varying shades of khaki-grey. Mr. Raghurama Iyer's eyes rested on the first item on the open page of the ledger. Date: February 14, 1935. Mr. Raghurama Iyer could have given that date without looking into that ledger. For the 14th of February,

1935, was the day he had started his life in this very branch of the Bank. He could remember the letter as if he had received it yesterday. It had been written on cream letter-paper and had asked for information about the procedure to be followed to open a bank account. That letter had been sent to him because he was a junior clerk and the others could not be bothered with anything so elementary. He had perfected his reply in four drafts. The letter had come from—well, some small town somewhere. Krishnan had been a careful young man. He had anticipated a period of insecurity in the city and had prepared himself to meet it with Rs. 250 in the Bank. That was a careful move to make for a—how old was Krishnan in 1935? Twenty-one? Twenty-three?

SOMEBODY was coming down the corridor. Mr. Raghurama Iyer glanced up. It was Mr. Doraiswamy, the Cashier, just passing the door on his way to his own desk. The two men inclined their heads civilly to each other with a smile. They had a healthy respect for each other. Mr. Doraiswamy was always the earliest at the office. Mr. Raghurama Iyer liked that. It showed a certain pride in his work. And it was a habit he himself had cultivated from the day he joined the Bank. It had always made him feel that he had scored a small personal triumph over the inexorable, unrelenting clock. The ledger under his hands suddenly threw up a memory in Mr. Raghurama Iyer's head. He had come early as usual that morning years ago when Syamala Krishnan had walked into the Bank with a letter from her husband. The Bank had been empty except for himself, the watchman and the two peons. Then she had come in wearing a yellow saree and a red blouse and smiling a little nervously. He would never forget the sight of her walking down the narrow corridor to his desk. This, he had thought as he watched her, is the very essence of modern womanhood, its brazenness and its beauty, its lack of modesty and its self-confidence, its curiosity and its courage, its loyalty and its cruelty

and, above all—its pride. She was then, perhaps, twenty-eight, not beautiful, but attractive with a clear-eyed, youthful, intelligent charm. Educated? Obviously. Mr. Raghurama Iyer even remembered the first cheque she had issued after her marriage when the current account had been converted into a joint account. It had been a quarter's subscription to the best local library. So! As a bride she had taken time off to read. Now she was a mother. Mr. Raghurama Iyer knew because the cheques to a convent school signed with an exquisite flourish in her fine hand came to the Bank regularly every three months. She had stopped at his desk.

"I am afraid," she had said in a warm, friendly voice, "I am a little early."

Mr. Raghurama Iyer had lost his head. Only his head, of course. The day he had married he had given his heart without question or analysis into the safe-keeping of the infinitely kindly woman who at this very moment was upstairs making pickles. But he had certainly lost his head. He had smiled at Syamala and continued to smile, taking in very little of the inaccurate, confused explanation which poured from her lips. He did not make any attempt to understand what she was trying to say for the simple reason he knew it was unnecessary. Krishnan would have explained everything in the letter clearly, briefly, categorically.

"I don't," she had said feebly, at last, after having exhausted herself to no purpose, "quite understand these matters, really."

For a moment Mr. Raghurama Iyer had stopped smiling, angry that the man should have sent his wife on an errand like this.

"He was going to post it," explained Syamala hastily, reading his thoughts and unnerving him for a moment, "but as I was passing by I thought I would hand it over personally."

"Your husband must be a very busy man," Mr. Raghurama Iyer had said drily.

"Yes," she had said, smiling, "yes, indeed."

She was carrying it off, of course. Their business was failing and the letter in his hand was asking for a mortgage on the house.

That was the first and the last time Syamala had come into the Bank.

Mr. Raghurama Iyer stroked his chin thoughtfully. How many years ago was it? Ten? Twelve? He could not have imagined that day that Syamala Textile Products would one day become a household word in South India. His forefinger ran down the items on the page. Let us see. For eighteen months after the bank-book had been first opened by Krishnan fifty rupees had come into the bank regularly on the 2nd of every month. Then thirty. Twenty. The next month all the savings except the initial Rs. 250 had been withdrawn. Illness? Bad habits? Importunate friends? A woman, perhaps. Two months later all the money had come back. There was even an extra Rs. 310. Racing? Some bet? Whatever it was there were no more sudden, large withdrawals or deposits. Krishnan evidently was trying every thing once. After two years Rs. 400 had been transferred to a current account.

MR. RAGHURAMA IYER rang the bell on his table sharply, imperatively, as if he could not be kept waiting for a moment. A peon came in. A file number was given. Minutes later, on Mr. Raghurama Iyer's desk, lay another large volume of accounts. He turned over the pages till he got the particular page he wanted. Ah, yes, Krishnan's current account.

Krishnan's handwriting had always fascinated Mr. Raghurama Iyer. It was clear, straight and strong. There was nothing indeterminate about it. The letters were bold, large. His communications to the Bank were always brief, business-like. He was getting to be *somebody*. Now he was beginning to pay his way with cheques. There were the rent cheques. He lived in a good house. Less than a year later he withdrew a large sum of money. He cashed two of his National Savings Certificates. Thirty days later came a petrol bill. So! He had a car. The

bills were paid on the day after pay day always. Krishnan was a fair-minded man. Mr. Raghurama Iyer had often wondered what his particular job could be. He never could guess. What he could guess, however, was that Krishnan had steadily risen in it.

SIX months later the current account in Krishnan's name had been changed into a joint account. It was soon after Mr. Raghurama Iyer himself had gone on a month's leave to visit his mother and returned with a wife in tow. Very modern, Mr. Raghurama Iyer had remarked to the Secretary when the letter came requesting the change. He had supposed she would promptly run the clothes shops dry, because that, according to the popular weekly journals, was how modern young women behaved when they were equipped with the right to lay their hands on some money. And then, surprisingly, had come the first cheque to a library. It had shocked Mr. Raghurama Iyer. It had stirred his curiosity.

The next four years were a gap in Mr. Raghurama Iyer's memory. He had been transferred from one branch of the Bank to another and then, like a homing pigeon, had come back here. Mr. Raghurama Iyer's eye ran down the figures. Krishnan, he knew, had changed his job some time during those four years and invested his money in business. He had immediately and steadily lost it. That was when Syamala had come to him with the letter. Krishnan mortgaged his house. The money went into business. This time luck was with him. The figures—incoming and outgoing—got larger and larger. Krishnan built a house. A professional architect had designed it for a fee of Rs. 1000. He had increased his life insurance. A furniture store had supplied him with furniture worth Rs. 2,000. A cheque to a nursery . . . another to a fashionable tailor. Krishnan was also spending more money on the house. Entertaining, perhaps. Self . . . Rs. 100. There were summer holidays in Bangalore in a hotel. Good living. Was Krishnan happy? In

between these manifestations of high living came the regular cheques to the convent school, to the library, to the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund . . . these invariably signed by his wife.

It was some time then that Mr. Raghurama Iyer had lost his sense of identity with the Krishnans. Even after that dauntless young fool had launched a brand-new business of his own on the strength of his fondness for his wife and Rs. 14,000 in the Bank, Mr. Raghurama Iyer had secretly felt, *I think it is the sort of thing I would have done. Good luck to him.* And then had come the loss. And then the gains. And still Mr. Raghurama Iyer had said to himself, *these are the things that must happen to people, all this makes up that bitter-sweet pill called Life.* . . . But one day a strange cheque had come. Mr. Raghurama Iyer remembered it clearly. It was for Rs. 2,400 made out to a jeweller's. That moment, as Mr. Raghurama Iyer had handled the cheque, Krishnan became a stranger. And it did not surprise him one whit to notice now that there was not a single cheque signed by Syamala for the next two and a half years. She had opened a separate savings bank account . . .

THE telephone rang. Mr. Raghurama Iyer braced himself to receive the call.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Mr. Murthy, "but I have been thinking about this chap Krishnan and I wondered if he was the same fellow who lost a good deal of money in that Textile Dyes and Chemicals Plant?"

"Yes," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer briefly.

"Bit of a gamble that, wasn't it?"

"Life," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer in his driest tone, "is always a bit of a gamble."

"Yes," said Mr. Murthy, undaunted, "isn't it? Sunk him, did it?"

"More or less," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer.

"Oh," said Mr. Murthy as if he had suddenly remembered something, "and there is another thing.

A friend of mine says—not that I listen to that kind of gossip really, you know what people are, they will run anybody's reputation down just to keep their end up at a dinner table—well, he was saying there was something about this Krishnan running around with a dancer or an actress or something. Not that it matters of course, but I just wondered if it was the same fellow?"

Mr. Raghurama Iyer took his time to reply. His hand turned the page of the ledger, his fingers ran down the long list of entries. One, two, three, five, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, eighteen, twenty-one. For twenty-one months Krishnan had paid Miss Maya Devi's house rent and had also paid for her music and dancing lessons. There were other payments to shops, jewellers'. Quite a neat little fortune, all told.

"Probably," he told the waiting Mr. Murthy, wryly, "your friend is right. There was something of the sort, I believe."

"Unhappy marriage, eh?"

A violent contradiction almost flew out of Mr. Raghurama Iyer's throat, but he restrained himself in time. It was no business of his, really.

"Was it?" countered Mr. Raghurama Iyer, laconically.

"The lady got herself a job, I believe," said Mr. Murthy lowering his voice to a nasty, confidential whisper. "Don't know what kind of a job, though. She was a graduate and all that. A deep one she was, I understand."

"I wouldn't know," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer. "She came here once. I thought she was charming."

"Has she," asked Mr. Murthy anxiously, "got an account in the bank?"

"Yes," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer, "but she closed it yesterday. Withdrew all the money."

"That's odd," said Mr. Murthy, quickly. "Wanted ready cash, did she?"

"No," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer, "she had it transferred to her husband's account."

"What on earth for?"

"I believe," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer, feeling suddenly tired, "they are trying to raise as much money as they can."

"So that affair of his is all over?"

"I presume so," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer.

"What do you know!" said Mr. Murthy, bewildered. "Women . . . do you understand women, Raghuram?"

"Does anyone?" asked Mr. Raghurama Iyer.

"Well," said Mr. Murthy, "so long, then. Sorry I was being curious and all that. You have quite decided, then?"

"Don't worry, Murthy," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer, kindly. "The money will be alright." After all, Murthy was one of the Directors and they were all being very decent in leaving the decision to him.

"Well," said Mr. Murthy, "it is your decision. If you decide Krishnan can be given the overdraft, it is alright with us."

"Thank you, Murthy," said Mr. Raghurama Iyer, quietly. "I think Krishnan can have the overdraft. This," he added tapping the open page of the ledger with a neat forefinger, "is a good life."

And that was that. Mr. Raghurama Iyer closed the ledger, piled up the pass-books neatly and put them away in his desk. He glanced at the sheaf of cheques. The top one was to a silk shop signed by Syamala. So! He was going to help Krishnan restore himself. It was a risk to take. It was a gamble. He had not even seen the man. But—well, wasn't life itself a gamble?

Mr. Raghurama Iyer took off his spectacles, wiped them with the square of chamois in the case and replaced them on his nose, and glanced at the clock. Any time now Krishnan will be here. He took his turban off and put it on a side table. He cleared his table of loose papers. He leaned back in his chair.

THEN, thoughtfully, slowly, he reached over and put his turban back on his head again.

The Man who "Discovered" Shakespeare

"IF you had lived in the reign of the first Elizabeth instead of the second, and especially if you lived in a small country town like Stratford-on-Avon, one of the exciting things you would have looked forward to each summer would be the coming of the strolling players," said E. Frank Candlin, Head of the Department of English at the College of Technology in Cardiff, in a BBC talk. Such a company came to Stratford in 1587, and young Will Shakespeare met them. He was just twenty-three and with three children and a wife older than himself was making a poor living as a country schoolmaster. He longed to get away from the small country town into the great world and welcomed Lord Leicester's players eagerly.

"There were five full acting members, with boy apprentices to play the women's parts," said Candlin. The second-in-command was a Welshman called Augustine Phillips, who had all the fire and enthusiasm of the true Celt. "In a small repertory company like this, one man in his time plays many parts—besides acting," he said. "It was Phillips's special job to see that the actors get the constant supply of new plays they needed. He commissioned the playwrights, saw to the licensing of new plays and chose the piece to be performed each day. Phillips was, in fact, the one man in the company to whom a new recruit who fancied himself as a bit of a writer would naturally turn for advice and encouragement." It is not absolutely certain that it was Phillips who persuaded Shakespeare to join the players and take up writing for the theatre, for little definite is known about Shakespeare's early life, but the facts point that way. It was May 1557 when Leicester's players visited Stratford and in the autumn of the following year Shakespeare, who had disappeared in the meantime, was in London attached to the company and botching up old plays for them. "Exactly seven years later—the normal time for an apprentice-

ship—Shakespeare was admitted as a master player to full membership of the company. One of the earliest editors of the players tells us Shakespeare began his theatrical career as prompter's assistant—and the prompter's chief was Augustine Phillips. It looks pretty conclusive, doesn't it?" said Candlin. "If so, we have here the man who gave Shakespeare his first start in the theatre; the man, that is who discovered Shakespeare." Phillips was on the lookout for a promising young man who could write too, for in those days competition was keen and a troupe had to hold the public interest or go under. Their great rivals, The Admiral's Players, had just signed on young Christopher Marlowe, newly down from Cambridge. Was it too much to hope that the bright young school-master from Stratford might do the same? "How triumphantly right the players were in taking him along," said Candlin. "The titles of the plays he wrote for them in the next few years ring down the centuries like a trumpet-call from the temple of the Muses."

As a full member of the company Shakespeare became a shareholder and turned out to be an excellent business man who was soon making big money out of theatre shares and other investments. Within ten years of leaving his home town he bought up the largest house in the place and set up as a gentleman with a family coat of arms and when he retired from the stage in 1612 he was a comparatively wealthy man. These players had all gone now and the world had forgotten them but the plays that Shakespeare wrote, and they first acted, were not forgotten and had gone round the world and become part of the common heritage of humanity. Every year in Stratford the flags of all nations were unfurled on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23. "It is surely fitting," said Candlin in conclusion, "that among them should be found in a place of honour the Red Dragon of Wales, in memory of the Welsh player, Augustine Phillips, who discovered Shakespeare and taught him the foundations of his art."

New Books

THE WHITE WAND

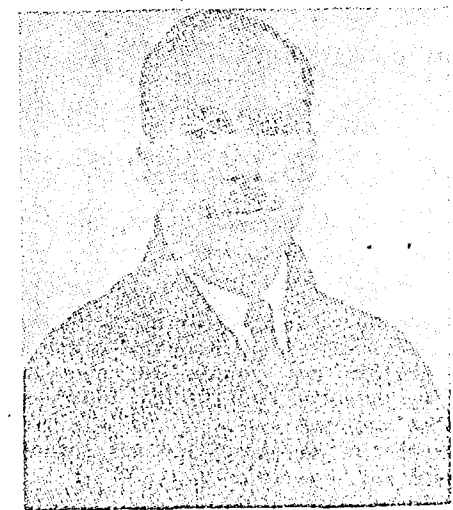
And Other Stories

By L. P. HARTLEY

Hamish Hamilton Limited, 90, Great Russell Street, London, W. C. 1
10s 6d net

BEGINNING his writing life in the nineteen-twenties Mr. L. P. Hartley had his reputation established two decades after, with the publication of his trilogy: *The Shrimp and the Anemone* (1944), *The Sixth Heaven* (1946), and *Eustace and Hilda* (1947)—novels about childhood, distinguished for their vivacity, veracity, and dewy freshness as of the world at dawn: a subject in which one is apt to sentimentalize. We have had unforgettable child studies in George Eliot, Dickens, Meredith—his "young barbarians," as a critic remarks—Hardy (in *Tess* and *Jude*), and Henry James (in *The Turn of the Screw*), which have inspired many novelists in the recent years to draw full-length portraits of children as heroes and heroines, and of these the outstanding are John Hampson (*O Providence*), Stephen Spender (*The Backward Son*) Joyce Cary (*A House of Children*), and Forrest Reid (*Young Tom*, *The Retreat*, and *Uncle Stephen*). Mr. Hartley is in this illustrious company, and among writers who came to acquire a wider recognition before 1945, he is perhaps the solitary one, and too, who had strengthened that recognition since by the addition of three other novels in the course of the last five years: *The Boat* (1949) *My Fellow Devils* (1951), and *The Go-Between* (1953).

But successful as a novelist, and sure of his place in any serious discussion of modern English fiction, Mr. Hartley cannot be said to be as successful as a short story writer, for with his limited range, often overweighted with the descriptive quality of his writing—vigorous as well as gossamer prose—appropriate for the broader canvas of the novel,



L. P. Hartley

he fails to effect that complete impact which the medium of the short story has to make with its specialised form and function. The present collection, *The White Wand, and Other Stories* is Mr. Hartley's fourth in the class of short fiction, the other three being: *Night Fears, and Other Stories* (1924), *The Killing Bottle, and Other Stories* (1932), and *The Travelling Grave, and Other Stories* (1951). In *The White Wand* which contains fourteen stories—in the Contents Page each story is misprinted as a Chapter—five are included from *Night Fears* and one from *The Killing Bottle*: a mixing of the earliest and the latest—thirty years in point of time—which creates an impression of unevenness. And this was what the present reviewer felt with regard to the two stories which he first read: 'The Two Waynes' in *The World Review* (December, 1950) and 'Up

the Garden Path' in *Botteghe Oscure* (Quaderno IX, 1952)—notable among the many items in periodical literature, but dimmed in the assemblage of others brought within one cover. Most of them are brilliant as episodes, enchanting for their evocation of atmosphere or mood, sharp in the analysis of character and perception of personal equations. The title-story, a *conte* of fifty-six pages, has a middle-aged sick English author for its main character; the scene is Venice—post-war—and the heart of the matter which is so nebulous, tenuous, is the Englishman, while he was young, falling in love with an unknown signorina. The situation is piquantly described:

"It seemed quite natural and excusable that she should want to look at me—after all, a cat can look at a king. Convalescence creates an appetite for life: I began to lose my morbid dread of being stared at. And as for wanting me to make a sign, that was excusable in a woman, too. I hadn't the smallest intention of making one, of course; but I liked to think of her thinking that I might. So I moved back to my old window and sat there rather self-consciously, with I dare say a complacent smile on my face, as if I was sitting for my portrait."

The man and woman coming together takes but one-fifth of the long narrative into which is brought a disreputable gondolier and the 'affair' is revealed in the end as that with a cripple—the signorina "had an illness, and she was a cripple." The story is scattered in ambages which is rather tiresome, but it is memorable for some of its beautiful descriptive passages capturing the scenic grandeur of Venice; for instance, the city in a sirocco: "the sea dark green and white," "the gondolas riding madly up and down between their posts," "the jagged line of seaweed and orange peel and other vegetable and marine matter, the detrius of the storm," . . .

"And in contrast to all this untidiness and uproar a strange Claude-like feature . . . for where the sea was actually invading the stone floor of Venice, it came not in angry foam-flecked swirls but in tiny level ripples, which advanced with the utmost gentleness at intervals so regular that

in the distance they looked like the steps of a staircase—a shallow staircase leading to the sea."

Form need not always be the God of Gods in the short story—for every artist creates his own form—but such descriptions inside its taut frame and texture swamp its purpose and the montage of multicoloured words while displaying glamour debilitates its energy. A novel has many mansions for such display but the short story is a little room which cannot admit any redundancy.

Reading *The White Wand* one will be inclined to say that masters like Henry James, M. R. James, Saki (H. H. Munro), Walter de la Mare, and Algernon Blackwood have "breathed down Mr. Hartley's neck," in stories such as 'A Rewarding Experience,' 'The Two Vaynes,' 'W. S.', 'Mr. Blandfoot's Picture,' 'Monkshood Manor,' and 'Hilda's Letter' where Eustace and Hilda of the famous trilogy appear in an exciting new episode. An expert in the eerie, Mr. Hartley raises gooseflesh in the mind which is more difficult to raise than in the skin; and in the nameless fears, mistrusts and embroilments he brings to bear upon social and human relationships, in the innumerable vagaries and betrayals of life, he discloses his profound awareness of "the terrible doubt of appearances, of the uncertainty after all—that we may be deluded." And what he has of the masters is not anything derived or imitative; it bespeaks his mental and intellectual affinity with them. His gift is the gift of childhood's vision, bright-eyed with a tremulous beatitude, but his talent, unfortunately, is not directed to the art-form of the short story, which requires pre-eminently, precision in passion.

Political Thought

By C. L. Wayper

English Universities Press Ltd.,

Orient Longmans Ltd.,

Mount Road, Madras 2

6s net

PLATO is famous for his demand for a 'philosopher-king.' Political thought subsequent to Plato makes one doubt whether mankind

would have after all benefited, if philosophers had taken to kingship though it is arguable that it would have conduced to greater happiness if some kings had taken to philosophy. The Greek City State was of a magnitude which made it possible for most citizens to participate and take an interest in its affairs. But with the growth of population and the increase in the size of the administrative units politics has become the plaything of charlatans and political thought has taken refuge in the academic sanctuary of the universities. The study of the subject has become more and more specialised. And so to the list of subjects which the long suffering layman is expected to know one more has been added by way of Political Thought.

The English Universities Press which is justly famous for its *Teach yourself Books* has brought out *Political Thought* which is an authoritative and introductory study of the subject from Plato to the United Nations. The subject-matter of Political thought in the last analysis is the relation between the State and the Individual. Hence Dr. Wayper has done well to treat the history of political thought as the exposition of various views regarding the State. He deals with them under the heads of 'Introduction,' 'How it all began' with Plato and Aristotle as the representative thinkers, then 'The State as Machine,' 'The State as Organism,' and 'The State as Class.' Though this division might appear to be rather arbitrary and mask the continuity of the history of political thought, as a method of introducing the subject, it is invaluable. Hobbes, Rousseau, Marx, Hegel and Lenin and other classical names are treated as representative figures and the author with the sure insight of one who knows to pick out the essential from the non-essential has provided a very able study of the subject. If the reader recovers from the initial shock caused by the brief dismissal of all pre-Platonic thought and the ancient civilizations of the East in a sentence—"Government was a matter of his (the ruler's) power and pleasure, and it never

occurred to him that there was a public interest that might conceivably be better served if less of his attention was directed to the harem"—and reads on, he is sure to find much that is of interest and value to him and which will enable him to take a more active interest in affairs of the State. The highly abstract nature of political philosophy makes it peculiarly difficult to mould it into a form suitable for consumption by the non-specialist. And men like Hegel have, if anything, made matters worse by the jumble of sense and nonsense that they have produced. But the author successfully presents to the reader the sensible part of such writers. He maintains throughout a grace of style and dignity of rendering with an occasional flash of humour which makes it a pleasure to read the volume.

It is given to us to wonder how a study of political thought will help in these days of intolerance, when atomic weapons are used to defend ideologies and the gas chamber to choke people who disagree with the powers that be. But then we can always have the dubious satisfaction of expanding the ever widening horizons of our "liberal education" and of an assessment, as intellectual entertainment, of politicians "with a future behind them."

My Impressions of the West

By Usha Devi

Published by the Author

2, Appakannu Mudaliar St., Madras 14

Rs. 3

THERE have been many visitors to the West and there has been no lack of information about the life and institutions of England and Europe. The danger inherent in impressionistic writing is the tendency to generalise from the particular and to mistake something extraordinary that meets the eye as common. The picture of India painted by some of the visitors from the West is coloured thuswise. India has been described as a land of "naked fakirs, snake-charmers and tigers." Quite like saying that McCarthy is the typical American. It is refresh-

ing that Usha Devi has made an earnest attempt in this book to get a proper perspective of the life in the West. She claims no new discoveries and makes no secret of her limitations. Written as a travel diary, the book is informative rather than impressionistic.

The most glamorous jobs in England, says the author, are those of film stars, actresses, ballet dancers, opera stars and skating beauties. Most of the girls when they finish school do not go to colleges and no glamour is attached to a university degree. Women are admired for looks, charm, wit and for their capacity as hostesses. After school they get trained for different vocations. There is no hankering after Government jobs in England. Other fields offer better and brighter employment.

The author is struck by the ignorance of the average Englishman about India. An educated Indian is more interested about England than an educated Englishman in London about India. The British Press does not take much note of Indian or of news from other Asian countries, unlike the Indian Press which devotes considerable space for events outside India, particularly to happenings in Western countries. British newspapers do not publish the speeches of Ministers *in extenso* as in India, but give a good coverage for culture, crime and art. Another noteworthy fact is the systematic development of beauty spots and places of interest in England and in Europe, attracting a prodigious extent of tourist traffic.

TAMIL

Ilam Thamizha

By P. Thooran

Inba Nilayam, Madras 4

Rs. 2

TWO thousand years of the poetic tradition have made versifying a rather facile process in Tamil. One becomes painfully aware of the fact that a great mass of the verse produced in recent days fails to qualify as poetry. A facility in assonance, a new juxtaposition of the all-too-familiar poetic phrases and the old, old conventions re-dished with more or less apparent cleverness—these

are hardly gifts enough to produce poetry of any sort. However, as in the case of Thooran, the author of the volume of verse under review, they are enough to produce a volume of readable verse.

Editor of the Tamil Encyclopaedia, P. Thooran can be called the poet of ordinariness in extraordinary. In these 136 pages are printed 63 poems. And one runs one's eyes all through the pages in a vain effort to find a single striking metaphor or a combination of words or ideas that extends the use of language. The title piece asks young Tamils to wake up and arise and do the needful; it conventionally drags in the names of Valluvan and Kamban; and makes a plea that this world be made a heaven. Quite laudable enough, but there is not enough stuff here of what can be called poetry even by a stretch of the imagination. Pale but intelligible imitations of the poetic effusions of Subramania Bharathi follow page after page. The poem on Gandhi's assassination begins: "Where is the word, where is the word, to describe this agony?" goes on for 28 stanzas and repeats the tritest possible phrases and the most conventional sentiments in prescribed newspaper-leader writer style.

Quite a number of the poems in this collection smack of the journalist's urgency and immediacy. One can instance the title poem, Gandhi's Assassination, Pongal, Peace, Truth, Long live Gandhi, Mother's Hands, Jai Hind, Independence Day, Gandhi Adigal, Marching Song of the Hero, and Jayabharatham among others. Quite a number of the other pieces as well echo and transcribe in rather facile verse sentiments worn with use and dear to the hearts of the editors of the so-called nationalistic press in the local languages. One or two narrative pieces like The Old Woman and The Rana, Prithviraj and Samyuktha, Hero Kumaran bring out Thooran at his best.

We are told that this is the second edition of this collection. It only shows how dearly the Tamil reading public holds to clichés and long-familiar sentiments.

Hobbies and Hobbies

By V. P. V. RAJAN

THERE are hobbies, and hobbies. Some take to the collection of stamps, others to coins. While in the hotel lounge in Madison, capital of Wisconsin State, from which Senator McCarthy comes, a teen-ager was eager to talk to me. Taking him to be interested in India, I asked whether I could help him. The boy at once asked whether I had any coins of India with me, and if so he would like to have some, as collecting coins was his hobby. I felt very sorry for him, as I had no Indian coins with me, but I gave him the address of a friend in India who would help him. Face wreathed in smiles, he thanked me.

This is not the case only with American boys. In the International Houses, of which there is at least one in almost all important State capitals of the United States, many visitors from foreign countries besieged me for Indian coins. I helped some with whatever coins I had, but had to tell many others, "Sorry, I did not expect such a request from so many people." But I freely helped many of these people with my autograph, and feeling elated at this told them that in my country generally leaders like Nehru only were faced with such a request. And our great leader, Mahatma Gandhi, used to charge a fee for his autograph, the amount going to the Harijan Fund. If any Indian leader were to tour the United States, and if he were to charge a fee for his autographs, he would certainly amass a good pile of money.

Autographs, at least, I can understand. But imagine a motor factory official in Detroit asking me whether I had any Indian-made liquor, and if so could I help him with a bottle? Thinking that he was making his request for a drink, I told him that drinks made in the United States were good, and India was wedded to the policy of Prohibition, and more so Madras State, from where I came. He was surprised, and more so when I told him that I was a teetotaler.

"I am sorry I cannot add one to my collection," he said in disappointment. His hobby, as he explained to me, was to collect liquors manufactured in various countries, and he had a way of preserving them. Strange! Not only this, there is another hobby he has. He collects different kinds of knives from various countries. I have promised to help him with our "aruval" and "vettu val." But these come under the category of lethal weapons, and to send them I should take the permission of the Government.

Another hobby of Americans is to drive automobiles. The Washingtonians boast of this, and also the New Yorkers. But in Detroit, the automobile manufacturing centre, the people boast that the city has a larger number of motor cars than even Washington or New York, even though their city is smaller. It is a sight to see in the boulevards in these cities cars speeding up, at times five or six abreast. Roads are broad, and hardly any pedestrians are seen. If you happen to look from a vantage point, you will see a sea of cars, not heads as in Madras or any other Indian city.

Every average American owns a car. The cars are so many in number, parking has become a problem in all American cities. There are large enclosures almost in every street, marked "park," or "parking," and a fee is charged for parking cars there. And on many of the streets parking meters have been installed, and a fee is to be paid by the hour for parking the car. Some of the municipalities, I was told, arrange for free parking plots from the fee so collected by these parking meters. In the side streets, as you pass along, you will find cars parked in rows on either side. It is the case invariably in almost all streets. An American friend told me that if a census were to be taken in some of their cities the cars would even outnumber their houses. I was not inclined to disbelieve him. Every family has not one, but two or three cars. A farmer told me that when his son becomes sixteen, he gets a car. Dur-

ing my visits to universities, I saw a number of parking plots with cars, and expressed my surprise. Judged by the number of cars, there should be a mammoth staff in the university, I said, thinking that only a professor or a member of the staff of the university could possess a car. "No," came the answer from my professor friend. This is the United States, where a good number of students also own cars, and they come to the university in them. Later, I found that some of our Indian students, who come to the United States for advanced studies, also manage to purchase cars. No wonder, therefore,

that parking has become a problem. Some of the parking lots have three or four-storey buildings in which cars are packed like sardines even in the fourth or fifth storeys. Some of them have a basement floor for parking cars.

In a parking lot near a newspaper office in one of the State capitals, I found nearly five hundred cars, and the editor told me that all the cars belonged to the employees of the paper. And at the Ford River Rouge plant at Detroit, I saw a sea of cars—cars and cars till my vision reached the horizon. Ford produces one car a minute, and no finished car is in the premises of the factory for more than twenty-four hours. Going through the Ford plant, an Indian visitor like me is amazed at the mass production technique. The team work and coordination in action are marvellous. In the engine manufacturing section, the precision of the machine is such that if there is anything wrong the machine automatically stops, throwing a red light, and the mistake is rectified. It is a grand show. And yet Ford believes in "probing nature's secrets in search of new and better materials in a never-ending quest."

If the United States today owns more cars than any other country in the world it is because of this mass production method. Not only owning cars, but living in them has become the hobby of many Americans. In many cars you will find coat hangers with coats and slacks and a number of things which a person wants for daily use. These are generally called automobile birds for most of them live in their automobiles practically. During weekend trips to many of the cities, which many Americans take, these people do not hire a room in a hotel. They go about the place in their cars, and even sleep in their cars. And to help motorists, you have "motels," not separated by long distances, where motorists drive in, and have their needs attended to. These "motels" are wonderful institutions, and there are a good number of them throughout the length and breadth of the country.

NEW BOOKS

The Journal of Katherine Mansfield: Edited by Middleton Murry Rs. 24- 6 as

Plays of The Year 1953 Chosen by J. C. Trewin Rs. 13- 8 as

Retire and Enjoy It: A Book of ways and means by Cecil Chisholm Rs. 11- 4 as

Ne'er-Do Well: A New Novel by Donford Yates Rs. 9- 6 as

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Prose of Lakeland: An Anthology Compiled by B. L. Thompson With illustrations Rs. 6- 6 as

The Spirit of Liberty: Papers and Addresses of Judge Learned Hand: Collected and with Introduction and notes by Irvin Dillard Rs. 15-12 as

The Book of Beasts: Being a translation from a Latin Bestiary of the 12th Century. Made and Edited by T. H. White Rs. 24- 6 as

The Public is Never Wrong: The autobiography of Adolph Zukor Rs. 11- 4 as

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ON Friday 10th December '54 the Rajya Sabha adopted an unofficial resolution recommending the Government to take action by legislation or otherwise to prohibit the exhibition of undesirable films. The Sabha also recommended that production of instructive and entertaining films should be encouraged and assisted by the Government.

On the face of it, no film producer or portagonist of films will have any objection to this resolution. But as Shri Prithviraj Kapoor rightly observed the resolution and the arguments forwarded in support of it revealed the fact that the speakers had made no effort to see things in the right perspective.

Indeed, the entire discussion on the resolution manifested the fact that either the members of the Rajya Sabha were completely ignorant of film art or they had strong prejudices against it. That the production of undesirable films should be stopped is obvious; but what is not obvious is the definition of undesirable films.

Take, for instance, kissing scenes; they are supposed to have bad influence on adolescent minds. But, what is the evidence in support of this argument? On the contrary, one can say that 'about twenty five years ago when kissing was allowed even in Indian films and there was no moral taboo against kissing scenes, there is no record to show that the morals of the adolescents who saw these films deteriorated. In fact, it was only after the ban on kissing in films that the cry of moral degeneration has been raised.

It has been found that sometimes kissing is not 'as harmful' as the suggestion of a kiss which is likely to be more erotic. This whole ques-

tion of what is desirable and undesirable deserves to be examined freshly from a purely objective point of view without any preconceived notions. And the question must be examined not by laymen but by expert educationists and psychologists, so that the definition of an 'undesirable' film will become more explicit and not just an expression of the whims and prejudices of the high and mighty.

No producer wants to make an undesirable film if he can help it; it is only when he finds that the so-called cultured and instructive films do not get public patronage while the undesirable films prove popular that he is inclined to make 'undesirable' films to meet the taste of the public. The quality of pictures in the ultimate analysis will be determined not just by the creative genius of the producer but by the demands of the audience.

Hence, unless the picturegoers are educated to appreciate good films mere prohibition and censorship of undesirable films will not have the desired effect.

Incidentally, Dr. Keskar's assurance that the Government was trying to reduce the present gulf between censorship of foreign and Indian films was most welcome.

Picture of the week

Though the gazals of Mirza Ghalib have been featured in many films this is the first time an effort has been made to film his life. Even then, *Mirza Ghalib* is no biography of the poet; it is rather an episode, which is more imaginary than real from his life. So it would be wrong to judge it from the historic perspective.

And yet though the events and characters may be fictitious, Sohrab Modi has succeeded in capturing the spirit of Delhi of over hundred years ago when the Moghul Empire was crumbling. So, more than the story of Ghalib, it is the story of Moti Begum, the dancer who understood Ghalib's genius and helped him to get due recognition in society. Here is a very noble character and as portrayed by Suraiya, it dominates the

film. Suraiya sings the gazals of Ghalib with warmth and feeling.

Strangely enough, *Mirza Ghalib* is Suraiya's picture. Right from the moment when Ghalib returns in frustration after Mushaira hears her sing his gazal, she is the centre of attraction. And aptly enough, with her death in the arms of the poet, the picture ends.

The delineation of Ghalib is rather mellow and too mild thanks to Bharat Bhushan; he lacks the bohemian spirit of Ghalib's poetry; he lacks that intensity of a poet as well. The characterization itself is rather tame and does not fit in with the impression cherished about the poet by most of his admirers. The beard however is an asset in his case and if Sohrab Modi took a liberty in introducing it, at least dramatically he was justified. Under his direction, Nigar, inspite of her harsh features, turns in a sympathetic portrayal. Other stars also give a good account of themselves.

It is however in the picturization and musical score of Gazals that the picture does not come upto expectations. Especially for those who are not conversant with Urdu and Ghalib's poetry, the purport of his beautiful poetry is lost in the Welter of music and straight picturization. Had Sohrab Modi tried to explain the subtle delicacy of Ghalib's gazals through visual images, even the non-Urdu knowing picturegoers would have realized the greatness of Ghalib's poetry. The dialogue writer, Rajendra Singh Bedi, has utilized many couplets from Ghalib's poetry with dramatic effect. Even the musical score is not helpful to bring out the beauty of the words.

But for these shortcomings *Mirza Ghalib* is a good picture worthy of Sohrab Modi's tradition of historicals.

Personality of the week

The man who was about to be declared an evacuee and deported from India some years ago is now selected to represent India in the trade delegation visiting the Middle East on a goodwill mission. And that man is none other than Abdul Rashid Kardar.

Kardar who left his lucrative profession of artist to join the films over twenty-five years ago has made good as a film producer and director. For over a decade, he is running a studio in Bombay and he has produced many box office hits, especially musicals. An excellent craftsman his film creations have always been noteworthy for their technical excellence. He is one of the few producers who have contributed a great deal to raise the technical standard of our films.

And yet after the partition, at one time Kardar's future appeared to be in jeopardy. For he was likely to be declared an evacuee and a citizen of Pakistan. He successfully fought his case and proved his Indian nationality as a result of which he is now representing India even in the international sphere.

Indeed, to producer Kardar has gone the unique honour of being the first film producer to be selected by the Government to represent our country in a trade delegation. So far, the Government had not given any representation to the film trade as such on any of its committees or delegations.

During his six weeks' tour of the Middle East, apart from trying to earn goodwill for India, Kardar will make on the spot a study of the film market. For, the Middle East is a potentially excellent market for Indian films and now with the Pakistan market almost lost, it is necessary to cultivate this market and raise the revenue of Indian films.

We hope that Kardar's tour would prove fruitful for the Indian film industry.

News of the week

Raj Kapoor is performing the muhurat of his new picture tentatively called *Pani* on 14th December 1954. Raj Kapoor is incidentally receiving a lot of fan letters in Russian from the Soviet Union. Unfortunately he has nobody on his staff who could translate Russian into English for him.

Chetan Anand and his unit are leaving for Delhi this week for the outdoor shooting of *Joru Ka Bhai*.

TALENT WITHOUT TEARS

By S. R.

RUNNING simultaneously in the City last week were two exhibitions of handicrafts—one representing the youngest civilisation in the world and the other the oldest. They provided a significant study in contrasts.

The expression *American handicraft*, frankly, sounds like a contradiction in terms. As a nation they have for generations pursued with single-minded concentration the task of perfecting a way of life which would eliminate the necessity of man to create with his own hands. The Machine in America can do pretty nearly everything except make love. The American people are perhaps the cleverest and most talented people in the world, but they have grown up so fast—so precociously fast—that they have unconsciously acquired the belief that they are racing against something. To the clever and the ambitious Time is the greatest rival. They have no time to stand and stare.

Crafts are for people who can stand and stare. Like us, for instance. We Indians are pretty wonderful at standing and staring. It is a sign of relaxation, of a capacity to repose, of an ability for quiet absorption. A craft is not merely skill in the hands of a man but it is a feeling in his heart. We talk of Indian traditions of culture, of art, of faith. They have become so much part of ourselves that we unconsciously commit the sin of taking them for granted. We are surrounded all the time by such a plethora of beauty conceived and created by the hand of man that we have ceased to notice it. The temple we worship in, the clothes we wear, the brass oil lamp that lights the idol we pray to, the silver we eat on, the jewels we deck ourselves with—our best handiwork is so much a part of our everyday life that it has ceased to have separate identity. We take them for granted as America takes for granted its washing machines, its refrigerators and its helicopters. A

washing machine is a work of art. It is a thing of beauty. It has the geometrical perfection which science can give it and the smoothness of line and balance and design which a machine can impart to it. But it is not handcraft in the sense of something actually moulded by the hand of man. It is machanistic craft, if you like. The Machine, monstrous and inescapable, overshadows the life of the American nation. Its pioneers perhaps first planned to make it work for man. Now it has begun to compete with man. The realisation that the Machine was getting slowly out of hand came to America, I suppose, when the Atom Bomb reduced Hiroshima to dust and ashes. Since that moment science began to have an element of the unpredictable in it. And man is always afraid of the unpredictable and the unknown. That, I suppose, is the psychological explanation for the revival of handicrafts in America. It is the attempt of men to convince themselves that they still have in themselves the power to create. Mr. Aldous Huxley says somewhere that machines are harmful because they tend to destroy man's creative impulses which are the source of man's most solid, least transitory happiness. The remedy he suggests is the demechanisation of leisure, so that creative leisure can balance the uncreative hours of mechanical work. Thus handicrafts.

Most foreigners who visit our country go away with the impression we are too prodigal with our treasures, that we do not value them as they deserve to be valued. They do not know perhaps that we as a nation are poor publicists. We know as much about display and what is colloquially known as window dressing as an Eskimo knows about green chillies. The exhibition of hand-printed textiles which closed last Tuesday is a lamentable instance in point. India's textiles, as we all know, are world-famous. Markets for Indian prints stretch across the world from

Tokyo to San Francisco. The choicest examples of Indian hand-printed textiles were on show at the exhibition, flung on straight screens arranged round the Rajaji Hall in much the same fashion as women throw their used sarees on a clothes line when they change to go out. Little attention was paid to colour combinations, harmony or parallelism of design or apportionment of space. Sarees, table cloths, scarves, bed-sheets, hand-bags, table linen were all thrown higgledy-piggledy over the screens. The abandon of colour and design of Uttar Pradesh; the bright but less imaginative patterns from Rajasthan; the delicate fabrics from Mysore; the shimmering, rich curtains worked in silver and gold from Hyderabad; the simple, sophisticated Bombay prints; the gaudy, large designs from the Punjab were all placed end to end without the slightest thought being bestowed on visual effectiveness.

THERE is on Mount Road a shop called the Kashmir Art Palace. One would expect that men who are trying not merely to show something but to sell something would have a better feeling for display. The Palace is a treasure-house. You could lose your soul in the labyrinthine design on an occasional table. The furniture is a delight not merely to see but to touch. The workmanship by Kashmiri craftsmen on walnut is intricate, the designs infinite. There are table lamps in the form of lotus leaves, telescopic centre tables, cigarette boxes smooth as a baby's cheek, trays shaped like betel leaves, fire screens which seem too wonderful to be exchanged for mere money. And all this multitude of enchanting things wrought by a simple chisel and hammer jostle one another in one single room about 20 feet by 10 feet. The treasures of a palace in a junk shop.

The Handicrafts Emporium recently set up is, if anything, worse. It is like the robber's cave in Ali Baba. There is Bidri work from Hyderabad, buffalo horn figures from Orissa, oxidised copper tumbler stands from Delhi, brass work from Muradabad, ivory treasures from Travancore,

silver, copper and brass etched plates from Tanjore, sandalwood boxes and trays from Mysore, basket seats from Santiniketan, embossed leather hand-bags from Bombay, crocodile skin and ivory jewel boxes from Vizagapatam, coloured and decorated wooden articles from Kalimpong and Virudhunagar, paper mache toys from Kondapalli, clay figures from Cuddalore, silver filigree jewellery from Puri, textiles from Travancore, lace from Madras, table linen from Panipet, mats from Pathamadai, to mention some. They are displayed in glass shelves ranged along the walls like sports trophies without any thought being bestowed on correlation, symmetry or size. You find crocodile skin and ivory boxes lying cheek by jowl with flat marble leaf-shaped plates, embossed leather hand-bags lying beside lacquer paintings, antique bronze besides varnished wood. This Emporium is supposed to revive public interest in indigenous handicrafts. In a few years it will probably look like the Old Curiosity Shop. To display the works in the Emporium to the best advantage—even with a view merely to selling them—would require three halls of the size of the present one.

We have too a Madras Industries Museum, run by local small industrialists and supervised by the Government, tucked away, as if hiding itself in shame, in one of the busiest sections of the city. It is a museum piece in itself.

A visit to the American Handicrafts Exhibition will make this point clear. The Exhibition, arranged by a professional display artist, is a master-piece of showmanship. One comes away with an impression of rich variety. The arrangements of the beautifully polished glass cases, the neat tabulation, the clear classification of the exhibits, the subtle, hardly noticeable duplication of the object by its photograph which gives a delusive impression of number and, above all, the air of infinite preciousness which hangs about the place like an aura—all these add up to a sensation of richness and variety. The exhibits are objects d'art, pretty things, really clever things some of

them. They are examples of modern art. This is Talent without Tears. There are a few pieces of jewellery. There are samples of enamel, wood, copper, plastic, silver, bronze and glass work, of fabric making and designing, rug and carpet weaving, leather work, clay models. But on the whole, I feel, they lack imagination. They lack variety of subject, of execution. They lack, above all, complexity. The terms in which handicraft is described by Americans are in themselves very significant. *The School for American Craftsmen*, says a small notice, established as a division of the Rochester Institute of

Technology in 1948, is the first school in the United States to present a degree course on overall professional education for craftsmen. Here, in a modern adaptation of the apprentice system, production is considered as part of training; the design department and the shops work as a team; and students can train for the specialised fields of individual production, work with industry or teaching, as they desire. That is the difference between us two. To Americans handicraft is an industry. To us it is a heritage, on the successful preservation of which depends our cultural survival.

OUR POST CARDS

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI

AT a press conference at Kurnool on 22nd October Sri Jagajivan Ram, Union Minister of Commerce was reported to have said that the Government incurred annually a loss of over one crore rupees on post cards, that the approximate loss on a post card transmission was above one pice and that he did not therefore propose to reduce the price of post cards, as such a reduction would benefit only commercial firms and not a poor man who did not use more than half a dozen post cards a year. These statements are more or less the same, repeated from year to year during budget debates, which have gone unchallenged, though their accuracy is open to question. It is therefore now time that the Government or some members of Parliament in the know of things should enlighten the public as to how the loss of over one crore on post cards and one pice on the post card transmission was arrived at.

From a quotation obtained from a small printing press I find that the cost of paper and printing of one thousand post cards of the size and pattern of the Government post card comes to Rs. 8, which works out to 1½ pices each. And the cost must be considerably less if their number should be by lakhs, which must be the case with Government. Assuming the cost of transmission of a post card at 1 pice, the price of a Govern-

ment post card must be less than 1½ anna by about 2 pices. Whether the present high cost of 3¼ anna per card is due to any error in calculation or wrong appropriation of the several items of expenditure debited to post cards or to any other causes are points to be probed into before the next budget, preferably by a special committee of experts to be appointed by Parliament, which must also go into other postal charges which are gradually mounting up. It is not proper to compare our postal rates or other levies with those obtaining in other countries without taking into consideration the average income of the common man in the two sets of countries, as our Government generally do in support of everyone of their levies.

It is possible that reduction of postal rates may result in larger use of postal facilities, and greater postal income.

(Continued from page 5)

Eill seeks to give the Government many unnecessary and dangerous powers, but as it stands will be ineffective against the contumacious blasphemer. It must be so amended as to ensure that imposters who use the cloak of 'art' to corrupt and demoralise susceptible minds and to slander things that men hold holy can be unmasked and swiftly punished.

VIGNESWARA

AN AFRICAN UNIVERSITY

"NIGERIA is by far the largest unit in the Colonial Commonwealth, for it contains some thirty-one million people," said Dr. Kenneth Mellanby, broadcasting in the BBC's Third Programme. Although the majority of these people were illiterate and the country, on the whole, under-developed, it was felt that a university with the highest academic standards should be created as soon as possible and in 1947 Mellanby went there as Principal Designate of the college which it was his task to create. "With great financial help from the British Government," he said, "we have created from an area of about five square miles of bush inhabited by only a handful of peasant farmers, a university city with four halls of residence, each on the scale of a college at Oxford or Cambridge, laboratories which are probably the most extensive in any institution in Africa, a university library which compares favourably with that of many much older institutions, classrooms and lecture-theatres, and on top of all this, housing and public utilities for many hundred members of the staff and their families."

The low level of education in Nigeria made their problem more difficult, particularly when it came to establishing and maintaining academic standards which they decided must not fall lower than those in Britain. The majority of freshmen entering Ibadan College were a long way behind those entering British universities and as they were expected to achieve British standards before graduation it was necessary to lengthen all courses of instruction, which meant virtually a pre-university year at the beginning. Academic standards were maintained ultimately by means of special relationship with the University of London, and through this relationship the college at Ibadan received many privileges of the colleges at London University—its teaching staff took a part in the examinations and special syllabuses were arranged which were considered

appropriate for West Africa, for example, in biological subjects more attention was given to West African animals and plants than to those of temperate zones. By means of such modifications of the syllabus it was hoped to stress the Nigerian nature of the college and not to make it a British institution transplanted into West Africa.

There were many problems to beset the Nigerian students: the fact that they were taught in English, the economic strain and the consciousness that they were men of two worlds—the academic one into which they were being introduced and the other world in which they were brought up which was different physically, mentally, emotionally and culturally. So far about a thousand African students had passed through his care, a very small proportion of thirty-one million people, but he had no doubt that intellectually the best of them were comparable with the best of any race anywhere. The University College in Ibadan was training the undergraduates who would be the leaders of Nigeria and they were coping with a curriculum equivalent to that in British universities. They had tried hard to make Ibadan a centre for original work and research and visitors had said that they had already managed to develop an academic atmosphere which had its effect throughout the institution. As was inevitable at first the college staff was mostly recruited from Britain but in a few years it would be mostly staffed by Nigerians and would flourish only if they carried on and developed this tradition. "I am however very optimistic regarding the development of original research among Nigerians," said Dr. Mellanby in conclusion. "Some sound work has already been done, and if those with the ability can be encouraged by opportunity and example then there seems no reason why in time the West African university colleges will not grow into universities which can hold their own with any, in spite of their isolation and the heavy burden of routine teaching they have at the moment."

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.

"The Public Want Short Films"

Sir—"Sidelights" of 4th December and "Sidelights" of 11th December illustrate essentially opposed points of view, appearing to express complete agreement. Saka calls film-exhibitors shrewd judges of public taste. He assumes public reluctance to see the short "approved" films and says the licensing authority is a disguised competitor. His second article instead of 'completing the circle' starts a spiral of "Freedom". The casualty is the irrelevant public.

Public memory is short. When the old Central Assembly wanted the Information Films of India to be wound up, Sir Akbar Hydari warned the legislators that an adverse vote would be accepted by Government. The IFI was voted out of existence, only to be revived at considerable expense later as the Films Division, with the approval of Parliament, by Sardar Patel. An elected Government is not put into office to carry out the behests of rich men, and should not be called names for discharging its functions.

Whoever decided that South India "wants" 17,000 feet of film-story every time, does not know a thing about public taste. These films are not 'marketed' as short films are expected to be. The strangle-hold of the distributor-producer-exhibitor ring will continue indefinitely the 30-year-old box office prescription which once gave a 25% interest to the financier. The scarcity-value of cinema-entertainment for the masses should not be lost sight of by city-dwellers suffering from a surfeit. Even though acutely starved of entertainment, latterly the proverbial worm has turned occasionally. Film magnates no longer flaunt their box-office triumphs of ancient days as passport for future conquests. But whether from a stagnant imagination or just tenacity, they will continue to oppose all change; the people have to pay and suffer or go without the cinema altogether. Superior force, with power to compel and correct, is the only hope for the man who pays. Freedom of

trade, without sales-resistance or bargaining power in the consumer, is mere exploitation.

How many of the public know or remember that the foreign Government licensed the production of each film and prescribed its length, some years ago? Foreign exchange is no less precious now. But a friendly appeal from the National Government that, as a voluntary measure, the length of films may be reduced, was according to press reports, incontinently rejected in the name of artistic self-expression which apparently knows no limits. The real reason is a resentment-complex which continues to jib at control, because the producer cannot get out of the vicious system of film financing, wants public money as help without having deserved it or demonstrated a sense of responsibility. Payment of taxes does not entitle one to doles. Decent film-producers freely admit (in private conversation) that in the present context of financing of every other industry, film production of the present type should be extinguished, at least by penal taxation, so that social values may reassert themselves.

What is the chance of marketing a ten-minute film now or ever, when all the screening time is insufficient for one celluloid epic? There is no element of competition in Government confining itself to a field which private producers had not touched and will never touch or allow others to touch. It matters nothing who produces short films, they will not be allowed on the screen in South India unless by order. The present attitude of the South Indian exhibitors has been unanimously disapproved of by the entire press and the film trade outside the area, and by the cine-going public here too.

The public want the short films; licensing rules have to provide them these films when nothing else will. The theatre-owner's space is taken from him by the licensing authority to provide seating comfort, sanitary facilities, etc., which otherwise he would not give. Screening time, also property, is for that duration paid for by the audience, and their needs could be met for a part of that time under the licensing rules. A 1918 Act was replaced by a 1951 Act under the new Constitution, and Madras omitted to enact consequential local legislation; a theatre owner took legal advantage of the lapse, as he is entitled to, and the State is repairing its omission; this is not sinful.

Courts do their duty of interpreting and no more. The Constitution cnume-

rates general principles, and cannot be expected to provide exhaustive exceptions; until a Law Commission reviews all old Acts, piece-meal legislation is inevitable if Government is to be carried on.

Rights and privileges have been adequately noised, more often by the wrong sort of people; a social conscience has to remind us of duties and sacrifices that are also necessary. It is called Government, but it is the people at present. It is not the voice of money. The rhetoric of democracy is not an end in itself; it could drug one into even such a belief and dull the edge of public sensitiveness to realities.

"CAMERA"

Kalki And Crossword Puzzles

Sir,—Of all the tributes paid to the Kalki, the reference made by you in "Sidelights" appreciating him for building up the circulation to an enviable figure, without resorting at any time to the crossword puzzle competitions, is perhaps one of the most significant.

About fifteen years ago, when crossword puzzles were not so predominant in our journals, he could foresee and realise the destructive psychological effect it would create among the people by reducing the value of hard work and respect for it as a way of bettering one's life. Though he was brought to the limelight in his journalistic career by Sri S. S. Vasan, he was bold enough to advocate frankly the need for eradication of puzzle competitions in *Ananda Vikatan*, without prejudice to his loyalty and admiration for Sri Vasan. With elegance, he dwelt at length on this, in the first few issues of his own journal, *Kalki*.

He had lately been stressing the value of hard labour and sincere and silent service, explaining in his unique way that there was no short-cut to prosperity. I am, perhaps, one of the many who, on reading his essays, have been converted, being convinced of the futility of wasting one's hard earned money and invaluable time on the solution of puzzles.

If only he would have stooped to start a competition of the sort now being resorted to both by the prince and the pauper amongst the press barons, his journal could have definitely reached a figure of six digits in sales. It is evident that he placed the long term larger interests of his countrymen first, without succumbing to the temptations of the get-rich-quick tendency.

Will this open the minds of all his colleagues in the profession who pay

their tributes to him in glorious words, without perhaps understanding his ennobling ideas, sincere and spirited?

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Effects Of Apartheid

Sir,—Kindly allow me to congratulate you on your instructive editorial on Apartheid in the latest issue of your magazine. The Apartheid is getting from bad to worse and is now reaching a stage where it is out of all proportion and reasonableness. It is indeed surprising that the democratic world still tolerates such a mad policy. It not only tolerates but it actually encourages this inhuman action of the South African Government. The Governments of U. S. A., Britain, Canada and France are vociferous in speaking of the fundamental rights of man and they say they cannot tolerate dictatorship in the form of Communism in any part of the world. But the U. S. A. Government abstains from voting on the resolution asking the U. N. Commission to continue its work in this field, while the Governments of France, Canada and Britain actively oppose it. Their pretext for this inexplicable action is that it is an internal matter and that in such affairs the ruling government is sovereign. But on the other hand when it comes to a question of the conviction of the U. S. airmen by China they denounce and condemn it and reports are also now appearing that these governments are persuading India also to follow suit. Now it would not be more fantastic to call this action of China an internal affair.

This is not to suggest that we are in any way giving our consent to China's action but only to point out to the so-called champions of democracy that there are some internal acts which are pregnant with international implications and consequences and these must be checked if democracy and international good will are to be preserved which are essential for world peace.

K. SUBRAMANIAN

"Why Vote For These?"

Sir,—No other Journal stands higher in my esteem than *Swatantra* which is universally approved as the most authentic reflector of public opinion. But not infrequently I feel perturbed to see it violate and override this virtuous tradition in a paroxysm of sensational criticism. The frontal attacks that *Swatantra* of 20th November, 1954 has made in the course of its editorial on the Prakasam Ministry are illustrative of this fact. Nobody conscious of the

pioneering achievements of Sri Prakasam's Government within a particularly brief span of thirteen months can justify these crusades or endorse the view that it has abused its powers and dealt with the State as if it were a patrimony. If the people of Andhra have regarded the fall of the Ministry with thankful relief, they did so not so much because they have sustained any amount of oppression or suppression during these thirteen months but for the fact that a teasing chapter of obstruction has come to an end. In fact their allegiance towards the Ministry has persisted upto the last moment without any abatement. People do not so easily forget significant events like the establishment of a new university, the inauguration of a High Court and the launching of work on the Krishna Barrage as *Swatantra* did. It is to be confessed, however, that what has been done by the Ministry is insignificant compared with what still remains to be done. But it is obviously not an easy task for anybody in power, however deft and experienced he might be, to grapple and bring about solutions overnight to a variety of problems that generally face a new State like ours. It must be remembered that these few achievements would not have been possible if personalities less potent and

prudent than Sri Prakasam and Viswanatham happened to have been at the helm of affairs. On the other hand the first step taken by the Ministry formed by such personalities would have been undoubtedly the abolition of Prohibition, which was refused to be done by Sri Prakasam and his Ministers, for whom *Swatantra* wants people not to vote. I do not know whether it is the desire of *Swatantra* that the second type of people must win in the coming elections.

KOLLURI BRAHMANANDAM

Dowlaiswaram.

Minorities and Government Service

Sir,—It is stated to be the declared policy of the Congress Governments to protect and safeguard the rights and privileges of the minority communities. In the past, Congress Ministries in our State had the unique distinction of being in the forefront in this respect. But the ruling Ministry has made a deviation in not giving representation to the minorities in the Cabinet. This policy seems to have seriously affected the rights of members of minority communities in Government service. The recent appointment of the Director of Public Instruction in Madras State is a pointer.

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MYSORE.

In the natural course of events this post should have gone to Mr. Paul, who among the Deputy Directors, is the seniormost and also better qualified. (He was deputed by the Government for higher studies in foreign countries and holds a doctorate in educational psychology and has been in charge of implementing the basic education policy of the State Government). That Mr. Paul belongs to a minority community seems to be his only disqualification barring him from getting the deserved promotion.

This, indeed, is a matter of great concern and anxiety for minorities. No special favours are requested. But their legitimate rights should be honoured by allowing the rule of law to prevail.

V. M. THOMAS

Sales Tax On Sales Tax

Sir.—The tendency of the Madras State Government to resort to ad hoc amendment of law with a view to nullifying the defeats of Government in courts has been rightly condemned in "Sidelights" in Swatantra of December 4 while commenting on the proposal for statutory provision for exhibition of approved films. Of course this is not the first time when lack of respect for law as interpreted by courts is exhibited by the State Gov-

ernment. The law was against the collection of sales tax on sales tax and dealers' applications for refund of the excess sales tax on tax paid out of their own pockets were pending when the Madras High Court ruled on 7th January 1954 against such levy under the Act. The Madras General Sales Tax (Definition of Turnover and Validation of Assessment) Bill 1954 clothing Government with powers to collect such tax till 31st March 1954 was rushed through in the Madras Legislature. The Revenue Minister assured in the Assembly that the distinction between traders who had collected the tax and those who had not done so would be kept in mind. But by reason of the new definition the refund applications were rejected en bloc. It will be useful if as in the Lok Sabha a committee to study the implementation of assurances on the floor of the State legislature is functioning. Despite the amendment validating assessment, the Government should honour the judgment of the Madras High Court and sanction refund to applicants who had not collected the sales tax on tax from consumers.

P. R. MUTHUSWAMY

Madurai.

AN APPEAL

TO SCHOOL GOING CHILDREN

Month of Margazhi is fast approaching. Learn by heart "Tiruppavai" and "Tiruvempavai." Offer your prayers to HIM at Tirumalai reciting these verses. On all the thirty days of Margazhi, after bath in the early mornings, perform Giriprathakshanam singing Bhajana in an organized team.

Parents and Schoolmasters are requested to conduct such parties.

Inserted by:

**TIRUPPAVAI—TIRUVEMPAVAI
ORGANIZING COMMITTEE**

19, Big Bazar Street, MAYURAM.

SWATANTRA

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ELECTION CROSS CURRENTS

THE position of the Congress in Andhra has not improved in public estimation after announcement of the elections. The Communist party wasted no time in confabulations over choice of candidates. They acted with lightning speed and published their list of nominees. It is no doubt true that many of the Communist candidates are not well known figures in public life. They enjoy no State-wide reputation. But the Communist leaders contend that in the respective constituencies for which their candidates have been selected, they have rendered abundant social service and possess a considerable local pull with the voters. They confidently expect to gain at least a hundred seats in the legislature and they have already begun to indulge in minatory terms of the consequences that would ensue if the right of the majority party to form the Government were to be denied to them after the elections. In such an event, one prominent Communist leader is reported to have threatened, his party would have no hesitation in calling upon the people of Andhra to paralyse the Central Government by refusing to pay the taxes levied by them.

It is not possible to predict with any degree of success the extent to which the hopeful election prognostications of Communist prophets are likely to be fulfilled. Declarations of excessive optimism are part of the election technique of keeping up morale, and they are indulged in with no less fervour by parties fore-

doomed to defeat than by those that prove themselves eventually victorious. Sri Sanjiva Reddi, for example, was never more doggedly convinced of the undefeatable strength of the Government he adorned than in the weeks immediately preceding its downfall. We may therefore discount the defiance and the belief in victory with which parties ranged in mutual opposition at the polls seek to pull down each other and advance their respective interests. But reports from the northern districts indicate that the Communist leaders have been evoking magnificent rallies of the population in town after town visited by them, whereas the Congress election meetings have been comparatively unimpressive. It has, of course, to be conceded that in the last Travancore-Cochin elections, millions of devotees greeted Pandit Nehru wherever he went in the State, but the grandeur of the meetings was not reflected in corresponding support to the Congress on voting day. On the other hand, as against the Congress, the Communists have a splendid field force of volunteer workers trained to divide the electorate among themselves for being led to the ballot box at the right moment. The Communists are less prone to luxuriate delightedly in the size and impressiveness of meetings and the rose garlands displayed there than the Congressmen, and what with their practical bent of mind, they look upon one vote as more valuable than ten receptions.

The factors that count against the Congress in the elections are their

tendency to postpone publication of their lists of candidates, their addiction to election alliances with incompatibles, the exaggerated importance they bestow on personages of exploded reputations with no following to speak of, and their lack of dynamic association with common people. The manner in which they have been attempting to exploit the illusory leadership of parties that have virtually reached extinction point, as in the case of Sri Tenneti Viswanatham for instance, is truly pathetic. It is advisable for them to cease to count even on the great name of Sri Prakasam as an election asset. Every canon of decency demands that Sri Prakasam should be given a house and a liberal pension by the Andhra Government to enable him to live in comfort and

dignity instead of being cruelly pressed into false positions by unscrupulous and masterful juniors at home and abroad. It is years since young men joined the Congress. Old discredited figures manage somehow to come round grasping the helm at election time. The present provincial leadership is unable to inspire the people with any sort of faith in their integrity or capacity. If the Communists are to be kept at bay, the candidates selected to represent the Congress should be of a more decent type that we are led to hope for from the eternal wranglings behind the scenes on the part of persons already disowned popularly for having failed to give a good account of themselves while in power in the past.

Sotto Voce

CIVILISING GRASS-EATERS



A COLLEGIATE institution not many miles from Madras has just started a non-vegetarian dining hall. One might have thought it was hardly news. Men must eat to live, and they eat what they like to eat or have always been eating. But the authorities of this institution got a local bigwig to perform the ceremonial opening. Nowadays in our secular State, which dismisses all ritual other than of its own devising, as rank superstition, a cat cannot lay a litter without a cat-lover giving an address, another cat-lover presiding over the function and reporters "taking down" for the benefit of poste-

rity. And so the inauguration was duly chronicled in the papers.

It would have been in the fitness of things if a substantial repast had followed, consecrating the hall to the ghosts of the slaughtered beasts and birds and fishes. For it is on their solid meat that the students are expected "to cultivate a wider outlook." I do not know whether the big man who delivered himself of this pearl of wisdom has heard a story which was a famous joke in my college days. A noted woman publicist who was also a religious leader, said, when taunted with wearing silks, which had involved the

painful death of millions of worms, that they ought to be grateful. For she was helping to translate them to a higher stage in evolution!

I must revert to that somewhat gnomic thought of the big man. When he expressed the hope that the non-vegetarian dining hall "would promote a wider outlook among the students" he could hardly have been thinking of students who have always been feeding on flesh foods. Their minds must be supposed to have been distended to the limit of their elasticity already. He was evidently thinking of those others, brought up in the primitive tradition of consuming fruits and roots, whom the new amenity would attract to daring dietetic adventures.

He no doubt knew what he was talking about. The one direction in which our education has unmistakably advanced is in aiding and abetting boys from strictly vegetarian homes to break the taboo. The initiation may be far more painful than that of the freshman in the British public schools, but it is no less effective. In the dim past of my college days the vegetarian dining rooms were separated from the non-vegetarian by a good hundred yards and more. And even among the flesh eaters, men of different traditions ate in their own separate enclosures. When a young roysterer in a spirit of bravado partook of forbidden food the non-vegetarians were shocked and the vegetarians clamoured for his expulsion from their halls. The European warden told him he must go.

All that is ancient history now. I know of at least one big college which insists on a common mess for all. And the tables are so arranged (yes, tables—not for them the barbarity of dining off plantain-leaves placed on the ground—) that there is not even a

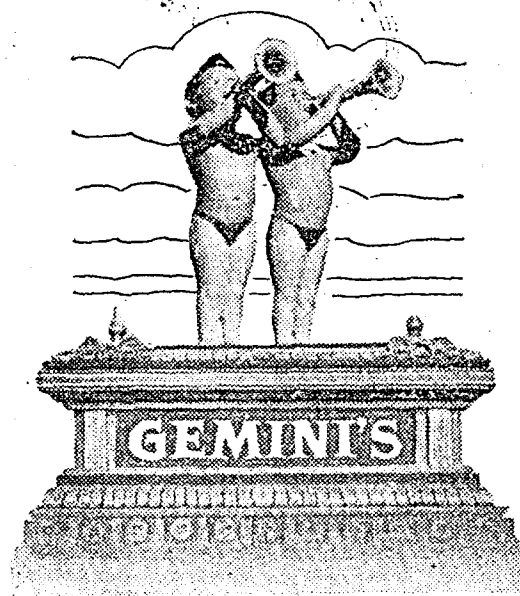
notional partition between the vegetarians and the non-vegetarians. Of course the authorities would have disowned all intention to proselytise the vegetarians. But they knew, as men of the world, that young men, who were savouring their new-won freedom from the surveillance of old-fashioned mentors in orthodox homes, would not be content merely with looking at the assortment of strange delicacies set before their uninhibited companions.

Mr. Nehru as the authentic mouth-piece of the Time Spirit has declared that he has no use for 'kitchen-morality'. And, in our crazy pseudo-democracy, to hear is to obey when the law-giver is not Manu but the modern Solon who has decided that Manu is muck. One might have thought that freedom to eat what you have always eaten and in such company as commends itself to you was at least as much of a fundamental right as any embodied in the Constitution. But the only fundamental right that our rulers care for is *their* right to drive a coach and four through that tragic document.

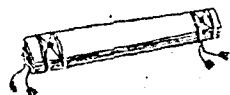
What a pass 'broad-mindedness' has come to that it should be equated with indulgence of the palate, throwing all restraint to the winds whether they are based on age-long custom or positive religious injunctions! It is all part of the sickening snobbery in which is immersed, as in a warm bath, a society that has lost all sense of values. We mouth fine phrases about self-control and non-violence. We crudely boast of India's mission to redeem humanity. In the same breath we proclaim it a virtue to repudiate that basic self-control to which large sections have attained through centuries of spiritual growth by abjuring flesh foods. To destroy the vegetarian tradition in this country is to help the world to relapse one stage further into barbarism.

VIGNESWARA

COMING
AGAIN
AT MADRAS AND
ALL OVER TAMILNAD



AVVAIYAR



SIDELIGHTS ::

BHARAN'S Telugu picture *Vipranarayana* is one of the best that I have ever seen. It is the story of a saint seduced by a dancing girl in revenge for not being noticed by him. In her moment of victory remorse and love overwhelm her and her subsequent life is dedicated to him in pure worshipful devotion. Nageswara Rao as the saint Vipranarayana, Bhanumathi as Deva Devi the dancing girl, and Relangi as the holy man's disciple, have rendered their parts to perfection. There are no doubt more captivating figures on our silver screen with more glamorous styles of facial beauty and bodily symmetry. But Bhanumathi's unique excellence lies in the marvellous mobility of her features and the way in which the eyes and the nose and the lips, the forehead and the very flesh of the face change aiding each other to produce extraordinarily vivid varieties of passion and sentiment. In the twinkling of an eye she can pass from towering rage to deceit, cunning, piety, innocence, mischief, joy, gaiety, misery and remorse, tenderness, love and the rapture of God-intoxicated ecstasy. The film world is in large degree vulgarised by exuberant movements and prodigious play of hips and breasts by stars without mastery of the real secret of great acting, which consists in packing a passion into stillness by making the face speak. The silent eloquence of facial features is the moving force that converts the artificial labour of the studios into an overpowering reality of the moment, drawing thrills and tears from the onlooker as though he were face to face with life itself. There are scenes in *Vipranarayana* where Bhanumathi looks like the very incarnation of a grand emotion and the whole personality is revealed as symbolising it in human form. Such scenes are enthralling and unforgettable. One wishes to see them again and again. I have seen Nageswara Rao in many pictures. But in this one he is a transformed being, so completely

changed in appearance as to erase even his identity to not a few who have seen him often. It is not just the expertness of make-up. It is nothing less than throwing the whole power of his soul into the conception of an exalted character so intensely that the atmosphere of holiness permeates him and even when he succumbs to the seductiveness of Deva Devi the dancing girl, it is very like a realisation in her in woman's form of the divinity that had been his life's obsession. It is as if the hunger of the flesh is consecrated into a joy and faith that reflect the spirit of dedication to a deity. There is no guidance from rules or any set pattern to indicate how a holy man should fall in love. Only from an immersion of consciousness in saint-hood can the appropriate intuitions for such a turmoil of experience emerge. Nageswara Rao as Vipranarayana is superb in this regard.

Relangi is a famous Telugu comic actor. His exhibitions of comicality have been sustained with vigorous gambols, and by his past record he has become established as an assiduous and conscientious producer of fun and hilarity with virtually buffoonish gestures. But in *Vipranarayana*, as the sage's disciple he has eschewed his old tradition and risen to an unusual height of quiet demeanour. Relangi has a face which does not need the aid of tomfoolery to make people laugh. The stamp of pathos on his face makes him a source of joyful humour, and it is not by physical exertion, but by an elimination of it that he can reach the pinnacle of power and artistry of which, with his inimitable facial features, he is capable. This turn from old tradition to a higher evolution he has taken in *Vipranarayana*.

Bhanumathi, Nageswara Rao and Relangi have with their distinctive merits and gifts made a masterpiece. *Vipranarayana* is a film of power and beauty, and I commend it to one and all.

SAKA

BRINGING UP BUBBLES

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

MY cousin who has himself steered safely away from the dangerous shoals of fatherhood, is always full of advice to me on how not to bring up Bubbles. Of course, according to him, everything that I do is wrong—psychologically. God knows, he moans, how many neuroses Bubbles is collecting within himself while I take the easy way out of the situations being precipitated because of my ignorance about—How To Bring Up Bubbles.

He has a staunch ally and confederate in the Father in the case, viz., my husband. The one has studied the theory, the other has the personal experience of actual fatherhood. These two pool their resources together and test them out on Bubbles. Of course, it never works—truth to tell, *nothing* works in the case of Bubbles—but they seriously believe it is only a question of time before the infallibility of their joint wisdom would be proved to the world through the example of—Bubbles.

On one thing Theory and Experience are quite agreed. It is the name. Who ever, says my husband, has heard of a name like Bubbles? How can you *discipline* a child called Bubbles? Well, Bubbles was the brain-wave of an inspired moment. Years ago when Bubbles was just a crawling little thing, about all he did when he was not feeding, wetting, sleeping or crying, was droo-o-o-l! At eighteen months we were asking each other frantically: *Isn't he ever going to talk?* He would open his mouth, his face irradiated with unexpressed emotion and, instead of some intelligible sound, would come forth bubbles. There was nothing to worry about, said my husband. He knew for a fact that one of his aunts began to talk at 5 or 6 or something like that, anyway long after she had actually begun to go to school. I said it was a shame that our child should have taken after a grand-aunt when there were so many people nearer home whom he could have emulated

with better results. And in one of those less depressed moments we named him Bubbles. And the name has stuck. Even after that morning, soon after he was two, when he woke up and without batting an eyelid began to talk simultaneously in two languages, he has still been Bubbles.

Bubbles is now three and a half. But I can't help wondering sometimes if Time has played a funny trick on me. I seem to have been bringing up Bubbles for *years*, and he is not yet four. Till one he had been an angel. He had chubby, fat cheeks, a loving, wet mouth and an appetite which it was a pleasure to feed. But as he approached two it was clear even to the naked eye that he was beginning to shed his wings. When he was between two and three I found myself at regular intervals sitting in a chair with my head in my hands saying to myself: *I must be patient. He is only a baby.* I did it for a whole year. I read all the books on child-care. I attended meetings. I spoke to various aunts and grandmothers for extra-curricular information on how to cope with the phenomenon known as Bubbles. Since he has been three I no longer sit with my head in my hands. I go out for a walk to compose myself. The walk, incidentally, is my cousin's idea.

"Never," he says, "lose your temper in the presence of a child or let him see you cry."

"Why not?" I ask, "He loses his temper."

"You don't know how to handle him," says my husband and my cousin as it were with one voice. "Leave it to us."

THEIR idea of having something left entirely to them is to devote a whole hour after dinner to pointing out to me all the things I had done wrong during the whole day.

"Imagine," says my cousin, patiently, "that you are four. How would you behave? How would *your* mind

which is a gem of pristine purity react to things? Think. Shed your sophistications. Use your imagination."

BUT it is no good. I can't sit and think myself into a four-year-old mind. I know too much.

"His reactions," explains my cousin, "are all simple and uncomplicated. Either he wants a thing or he doesn't. Either he likes a thing or he hates it. Either he is ill or he is well. That is the first thing you must understand, the straightforwardness of his thought patterns."

"Like the time he threw the silver tumbler out?" I ask.

"Exactly," says my husband raising his eyes briefly from his book, "You gave him milk in that tumbler. It felt hot. He couldn't hold it. So he poured it in the glass tumbler and threw the silver out. Simple, really."

"It might even be," says my cousin in a grave voice, "that you have unthinkingly started him off on a prejudice which will dig deeper and deeper into his subconscious as he grows. One day," he prophesies grimly, "the sight or touch of silver might make him violently sick or make him break out into a rash. You never know."

Various people have given me various advice about How To Bring Up Bubbles. Treat him like a grown-up, says one, you can't go far wrong. Don't *fuss*, says a magazine, children are tougher than you think. It even quotes a mother who brought up her "Johnnie" on raw rice, dog biscuits, medicated soap, hair oil and chlorophyll tooth-paste and found that he was several pounds heavier and an inch taller than all the other children of his age in the neighbourhood. Grow a baby like a flower, says a syndicated women's column in a foreign daily, let him unfold his personality in an atmosphere of love and tolerance. Try to understand his *psychological* mechanism, advises a doctor friend, we live in an unhealthy age in which all kinds of complexes and inhibitions are waiting to spring on your child. A radio broadcast says the secret of happy childhood is the ability of the mother to refrain from saying Don't to a

child and permit him to learn the hard way. Stop *worrying* about him says my mother. All that he needs to grow up is—Time . . .

I have tried them all. No method quite suits the undefinable, elusive personality of Bubbles. I tried to grow him like a flower. He proved to be violently allergic to the floral treatment. Letting him learn the hard way resulted in an unlimited amount of tincture of iodine, a couple of anti-tetanus serum injections and the spending of a small fortune on sweets. Trying to *understand* his psychological mechanism frayed to strings the thin piping of logic which preserves from complete disintegration the patchy fabric of my own untidy mind. Treating him like a grown-up was interpreted by Bubbles to mean his being permitted to wear his father's coat and borrow his shoelaces and to walk on the road without holding anybody's hand and to keep awake till ten in the night.

"He must learn to *respect* me," I wail from time to time when I simply cannot cope.

"You can't *make* him respect you," says my husband sympathetically. "Either he *will* or he *won't*."

There is a catch in it somewhere, I know, but I am mentally too exhausted to spot it and hang my temper on it.

"What do you mean," I ask instead, suspiciously. "Do you mean I don't *deserve* respect from my *own* flesh and blood?"

"The trouble is," puts in my cousin primly, "you can't help being old-fashioned. You must stop thinking of him as *your* flesh and blood. Don't you realise that if he feels he is being possessed his natural reaction will be to rebel at once? He is a *separate* entity by himself. His individuality is growing all the time, absorbing life . . ."

"Right now," I say feeling very pleased, "all that his individuality is absorbing is a lot of water. Bubbles has been in the bath-room now for five whole minutes and I haven't heard a sound from him."

I STROLL across casually and fling open the bath-room door. And sure enough there is Bubbles sitting folded

up, clothes and all, in our biggest water bucket, swinging a large ladle. He looks at the three of us with eyes clear as a summer sky.

"Watch," he says, "I am rowing a boat."

"See what I mean?" says my cousin turning to me triumphantly.

It is obvious Bubbles is not the only member of the family with an uncomplicated approach to life.

According to my self-appointed advisers all that you need to bring up Bubbles or, for that matter, any child still under the age of consent, is plenty of common sense. My additions to that single qualification are a sturdy constitution, an unlimited fund of patience, a fantastic imagination and an ability to talk for hours on end without making sense.

"Tell me a story," Bubbles says the last thing every night.

"Which one?" I ask.

"Horashus," he says promptly.

I HAVE been telling him that story every night since Time began and my ability to enthral every time depends entirely on my repeating it word for word exactly as I have been telling it before. I am allowed a little licence to spread myself in the gory details but everywhere else my fidelity must be meticulous.

I take Bubbles on my lap and plunge into the old tale of Rome.

"Not here," says Bubbles. "On my cot."

"No, here," I say trying to be firm. "I want to put my feet up."

"Never," says my husband mildly looking up from Agatha Christie, "say No to a child in such trifles."

In a blind daze of fury at husbands in general and one in particular I gather up Bubbles and carry him to his cot.

"Don't get your feet wet," he screams suddenly.

This is a new one.

"Stop screaming," I say to him through clenched teeth. "There is no water here."

"You are standing in it," he says.

"That is the Tiber. You must stand on the bridge."

SO I stand on the cot with a shining sword and a shining shield, (cardboard covered by silver paper) which had taken me the better part of one whole afternoon to make while my husband sat by and talked generally about some women—have I noticed?—who are so clever with their fingers. And we play Horatius. Bubbles of course is Horatius and I, with my saree tucked up, am Herminas and Spooris Lashus alternately.

"Put a little more fire into it," offers my cousin helpfully as he dresses to go to the cinema.

I bandy my sword about in true warrior fashion laying about me with hoarse war cries. I parry the thrusts of treacherous foes, I defend my friends, I shout encouragement to weary comrades. A pillow becomes a javelin. The sword breaks but I fight on. I savagely thrust the blade deep into an enemy breast and draw it out dripping blood.

"Look, Horatius," I exclaim proudly, "how the blood of our enemy flows!"

Bubbles, whose own performance has been thrown into shadow by my inspired histrionics, looks at it with a clinical eye.

"He must have eaten a lot of beet-root," he says.

I have no time to figure out his inference. The fight must go on. Herminas and Spooris Lashus have returned to the farther shore. I step down backwards groping for the good earth.

"Come back, come back, Horatius," I scream.

Bubbles doesn't hesitate a second. He throws himself from the cot face downwards onto the cement floor. I reach out for the sweet on the table. This is not anything new.

In fact nothing Bubbles does is exactly new. What take me by surprise every time are the variations he attempts on basic themes. He starts off the day invariably on my wrong foot. He presses the tooth-paste out of the tube till somebody stops him. I believe we spend at a conservative estimate as much on

tooth-paste as my husband does on cigarettes. Or Bubbles opens the boiler tap and lets the water run. Or he bolts himself inside the toilet while I run around in circles calling for help and appealing to him to be brave and not to lose courage.

"Listen," says my cousin about five times a day, "don't get excited. Relax. Children have to grow up in an atmosphere of calmness."

I am calm. I am *always* calm. Except when I am excited. And Bubbles keeps me in a positive dither of excitement from the moment his eyes and mouth fly open at 6 A.M. and shut themselves out of sheer weariness at 7-30 in the night. Now he is a policeman wearing his father's socks which reach up to the top of his legs—so I must be a policeman too and blow a piercing blast on my whistle from time to time as and when we catch robbers symbolised by sticks deployed at various strategic points about the house. Or he is a soldier and we crouch behind a pile of pillows in the hall, pop-guns in hand, ready to blow the enemy to bits with or without provocation. Sometimes the war is defensive but mostly it is positively and violently offensive. Some time during the pandemonium my eyes search frantically for the clock. It is time for a meal. I unceremoniously declare peace and carry Bubbles off kicking.

"If you curb his activity," says my cousin from his chair beside the radio, "his desires will get knotted up inside him and give him a frustration complex."

MY bosom heaves but I don't say a word. I am watching Bubbles fascinated. He is tucking in fistfuls of snake-gourd, which he dislikes, hates and abhors. He stands up, suddenly strips himself bare and contemplates his naked figure with shining eyes.

"You know what it is doing now, Mother?"

He means, of course, the loathed vegetable.

"No," I say, "what?"

"It is going into my bones," he

says proudly, "making them bigger and bigger and bigger till they are as big as King Kong."

"God forbid!" I say under my breath.

"And do you know what it is doing now?"

"What?"

"It is telling my blood to go more redder and redder and redder till it is as red as beet-root."

I watch him, awed, as he traces the imaginary course of the vegetable on himself.

"And now?"

"Where?"

"It is oiling my watch," he says.

"What!"

"My watch here," he says, giving himself a mighty bang on his chest. "I heard it. I think it is gaining five minutes every day."

"And who told you all that, Bubbles?" I ask.

BUBBLES points with a careless finger to his father.

"I do my bit," says my husband modestly, "though some people think I don't share in the responsibility of bringing up Bubbles."

Bubbles is at last fed, changed and put to bed. You would not think to look at him, that he could drive every day to the point of death by exhaustion one full-grown adult.

"I like you," he says, unsolicited, noticing me quiet.

I look at him closely. It might be the prelude to another impossible request. I am wary.

"I like you," he says standing up in bed on tip-toe and reaching up, "from the sky down to the ground."

We make peace. I am convinced all over again that to be with Bubbles is pure heaven.

"Have you," asks my husband somewhere from the earth below, "finished this Agatha Christie? It is seven days overdue at the library."

"Make it eight," I say recklessly and gaily. "I haven't finished it. I haven't had time."

"Honestly," says my husband in genuine astonishment, "I don't know what on earth you do all day."

NATIONALISATION OF MOTOR TRANSPORT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court regarding the constitutional validity of the scheme for the nationalization of motor transport in Uttar Pradesh has attracted widespread attention; and in view of the public issues involved in the adjudication, it merits a careful and clear appraisal. For the pronouncement is applicable not merely to road transport as such, but its implications seem to govern State trading in general too.

Certain owners of motor vehicles were plying for hire on the Delhi-Bulandarsha road for a number of years past. Somewhere in 1947, the U. P. Government resolved to nationalize road transport, and began in the first instance with running its own buses along with the private operators. Ultimately monopoly was claimed, and this resulted in litigation, leading eventually to a legislation to that end on 10th February 1951. A road transport service was constituted, empowering the Government to operate bus services on any route either singly or in conjunction with the railways or the private operators. In the meantime, the Constitution was amended, by exempting State-carried trades from the operation of Article 19 (1) (g). But this legislation being anterior to the amendment, the decision in the present case turned only on the Constitution as unamended. Their Lordships have invalidated this legislation as violating Article 19 (1) (g) and Article 31 (2) of the Constitution.

Motor transport in India was first standardized in 1914 by a statute which in effect threw open the roads for automobile traffic somewhat unrestrictedly. Latterly when traffic and transport grew, and largely as a result of the Mitchell-Kirkness report, co-ordination of road and rail transport came to be striven for,

resulting in the enactment of the Motor Vehicles Act 1939 which contained, so to say, the germs of nationalization. It vouchsafed to the Government and its transport authorities enormous powers to regulate transportation. It became thereafter obligatory for all owners to obtain a permit for plying and to ply only according to its terms; and it also made the grant or the withholding of permits depend solely on the discretion of the transport authorities.

Article 19 (1) (g) of the Constitution entitles every citizen to practise any trade or business subject however to reasonable restrictions by the State under the provisions of any existing law and in the interests of the general public. It was contended that the word "restriction" is not of sufficient amplitude to prohibit totally the carrying on of the business of plying motor vehicles in the State. Now "restriction" is somewhat of elusive connotation. It may import total prohibition or it may not: it all depends on the context. Their Lordships have preferred not to decide finally about it and that is quite understandable. One way of looking at it would be to regard Article 19 (1) (g) as conferring a general right of carrying on any trade or business. Motor transport is but a species of a trade or occupation. And the State might consider it desirable to restrict the citizen in his choice of a business, by removing this particular category of business from his purview. The citizen is not denied the right to trade or business, but is only restricted in his choice.

Their Lordships have however vetoed the legislation under Article 19 (1) (g) because it was not in the interests of the general public. A large number of people who were bus owners had been deprived of their

livelihood with the resulting unemployment which Article 38 enjoins the State to prevent. This view of the legislation needs to be canvassed in detail.

As a general principle it may be stated that the quantum of private rights exercisable in respect of essential services like motor transport, has to be fixed by the legislature and that the jurisdiction of the court would be limited to examining whether it would be reasonable and not either capricious or arbitrary. Decision on this issue would depend largely on the nature of the business and the kind of the services affected thereby. In America it has been held that in regard to businesses like banking and public transport, which affect the people intimately, private rights must yield to public needs. And the State could prohibit such occupations without infringing the fundamental rights. The reasons are not far to seek. In the case of motor transport which affects every citizen and his death and safety it is far better that it is entrusted to an agency with illimitable resources and influence, which will not be swayed by the profit motive to serve the constituents. A private operator with inelastic resources has always to have an eye on the profits and the dividends. Want of finance might cripple him even into closing down the services all too abruptly, as has happened in respect of the Madras Tramways.

Motor transport has to be regarded as a variety of State trading and monopoly. A State can trade either in competition with private parties or as a single entity with a view to serving the people and striving for cheap prices for essential articles, such as providing fair price depots in foodstuffs and the like during emergencies. No doubt individual rights to carry on the business may be violated, but that cannot be helped. Hence in America State trading is regarded as one of the police powers of the State, which enables it to infringe private rights without compensation. The compensation received is indirect: there is protection, peace and plenty for the people.

Another ground on which the legis-

lation has been invalidated is that it has cut across Article 31 (2) of the Constitution, which couples every acquisition of property or proprietary interests to be compensated for. As this legislation did not provide for compensation, it became void on that account. There are however a few exceptions. One is when anything is affected in pursuance of the police power of the State. Secondly, the Article cannot be invoked, when anything is done by virtue of any "existing law," that is to say, any law passed by the Indian legislature before 26th January 1950. In this instance, it may be taken to mean the Motor Vehicles Act 1939. This Act had provided for State intervention in the transport business, and the new Article has done nothing more than carry it to its logical conclusion and hence it is arguable that it is removed from the purview of Article 31 (2). This aspect, however, has not been dealt with in the Judgment.



Captain D. Gnanaolivu, who has been appointed as permanent Chairman of the Madras City Improvement Trust Board. He is a Regional Inspector of Local Boards and a Special Councillor of the Madras Corporation also.

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As their Lordships have observed, the Motor Vehicles Act enables the State to control and regulate for the purpose of ensuring safety, peace and health of the public: in other words, it is a variety of police power, for which no compensation is claimable. There is also another consideration which has to be adverted to. Article 31 (2) applies only to "acquisition." Mere deprivation alone is not compensable as in America. It should in addition be acquired by the State, that is to say, obtained afresh. But under the Motor Vehicles Act 1939 the State had had its supervisory and superintending power to a very great extent already and it is not as if it got into something which was new. Secondly, what had been acquired was only the right to ply the vehicles by means of a permit. The motor vehicles and their appurtenances have not been seized by the State. In other words, their business had not been taken lock, stock and barrel. The owners could still operate elsewhere or sell them away: and their staff would probably be absorbed by the State with greater pay and privileges. Even under the Motor Vehicles Act they could have obtained only a permit; and the deprivation of the right to obtain a permit, it is submitted, cannot be assessed to a fixed money value or compensation.

Every State possesses an inherent right to carry on a trade or business, and this is recognised even in the Indian Constitution under Article 289 (2). Furthermore, as a Welfare State, nationalisation of key industries may have to be embarked upon, as enjoined by Article 39 (b) and (c) (Directives of State Policy). This decision of the Supreme Court renders the carrying on of State business as a competitive agency possible only by compensating the rivals—a result which can be avoided only by amending Article 31 (2) suitably. No doubt the pronouncement is in respect of a legislation which was enacted before the amendment of the Constitution in 1952, but their Lordship's view on Article 31 (2) as applied to State-monopoly seems to apply to all transactions of that kind in future also.



A memorial meeting was held on December 17, 1954, at the Rajaji Hall, Madras to condole the death of Kalki. Many important persons in public and literary life spoke on the occasion.

Kalki: Some Memories

BY R. NARAYANA AIYANGAR

I KNOW Kalki since 1921. A brilliant boy in the S. S. L. C. class of the National High School, Trichy, he cut short his education in order to join the freedom struggle. What was felt by his school teachers as a loss to the institution was a distinct gain to the freedom movement. He began addressing public meetings almost from the day he left school. But he spoke as if he was a born speaker interspersing his speeches with sparkling humour. I was in the executive of the District Congress and so we were drawn together closely. Whenever we were free I used to talk to him about English literature and he in turn enthralled me by his singing of Bharathi songs. When he was arrested in 1921-22, he asked me to send him English books that I considered worth reading. I did so. I remember to have sent him Ruskin's works and Dicken's *Pickwick Papers*.

He used to write stories and read them to me. I found them very good and suggested his sending them for publication in Va Ra's *Swatantram* published from Tanjore. This fact is mentioned by Kalki himself in his article published in the Va Ra Souvenir.

When he was in Madras as sub-editor of *Navasakthi* I used to be his guest whenever I came to Madras. He was a very good host. I took those opportunities to hear him sing Bharathi's songs. He had a melodious voice in those days.

Kalki was responsible, indirectly though, for my entry into journalism. Along with Va Ra I signed a memorial objecting to puzzle competitions appearing in journals. I also wrote an article against that practice. This brought an open letter to me in *Narathar* started as an adjunct of *Vikatan*. To this I wrote a spirited reply which was published by

Chockalingam's *Gandhi*. Mr. Ganesan of *Swatantra Sangu* probably found something in my journalistic attempt and invited me to edit his paper. But my stay there was very short since I had to resign over the publication of an article that I had rejected. Kalki, hearing about my resignation, phoned to congratulate me and invited me to dinner in his house. Over the dinner he asked me to write for *Vikatan* and I wrote for very nearly two years to that journal. To me who was thinking that the competition controversy had upset him this was a very pleasant surprise.

He and I were devoted to Rajajee. Therefore we were week after week campaigning for Rajajee's leadership. Whenever we met he used to compliment me on my vigour as well as similarity of ideas between his *Kalki* and my *Hindustan*. Yet another instance of his private relationship

being unaffected by controversy was his inviting me to be one of the judges of the short story competition conducted by his paper after a serious difference between his paper and mine over the 11,000 feet controversy in the cinema field.

As a writer I am definitely of opinion that his participation in the national movement contributed to the vigour of his style. I do not think he has any equal in the handling of delicate emotions, particularly of love. Even where he had taken a plot from a foreign story his hand gave it new garb and new life. One can't find such a lovable person, such a devoted social worker, such a master craftsman as Kalki. His running a popular weekly with such a tremendous circulation without any adventitious aid will be enough title for him to be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen.

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WHEN CHURCHILL STEPS DOWN

By MATTHEW HALTON

WHATEVER else happens in 1955, one thing will mark it as a special year in the postwar history of Great Britain and the world: Sir Winston Churchill will probably step down from the leadership of his party and the premiership of his country.

In the autumn of 1955, almost certainly, Britain will have a general election. If the Conservatives win, Sir Anthony Eden, the "golden boy" of British politics for so long, will walk into 10 Downing Street, as Prime Minister.

Who will not feel emotion when the greatest Englishman of his age takes his illustrious hands from the plough? Some of the fire and colour will go out of public affairs when Churchill goes. After all, we are contemporaries of one of the great incomparables of history. Many would call him not just one of the greatest but the greatest Englishman who ever lived. Hero, orator, literary genius, inspiring soldier-statesman and war leader—is he not to be ranked with King Alfred, the first Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, Wellington or Gladstone? Perhaps we need time and perspective before we can judge. Let us just say that few statesmen in all history have been cast in a more heroic mould. And now he prepares to leave the stage.

The grand old man does not want to go. Though 80 years old he still feels himself in command of all he surveys. He has liked to tease Eden by pointing out that Gladstone formed his last ministry at the age of 83; and at the last Conservative party conference he remarked slyly: "People are living longer these days, aren't they?"

Age is even more obnoxious to Churchill than to other men. For one thing, he still has as much zest for life as many men half his age. For

another, he loves power and makes no bones about it. Thirdly, he would like to preside over affairs long enough to see the end of the cold war. He had the superb ambition of going down in history as both the greatest war leader and the greatest peacemaker of the world. Yet the year for his retirement has come.

His retirement will come none too soon to please many members of his own party. The Titan's obstinate hold on power has caused much fretful impatience in the Conservative ranks. The party, they say, needs a new impetus. While Churchill is there, the rest are constrained; Churchill's stamp is on everything; Churchill is becoming less resilient in his ways; Churchill is sometimes over-loyal to friends; at cabinet meetings no one dares argue with Churchill. Thus they grumble. Nor should it be forgotten that the Tory machine which for many years distrusted Churchill and kept him in the wilderness still does not love him—and Churchill certainly does not love it.

Is Churchill's Choice Right?

Next October, almost certainly, there will be a general election. Some months before that date, it is expected, Churchill will retire from the leadership to give his successor a chance to settle in, to familiarize himself with the premiership and to organize his campaign. And then, if the Tories won (a considerable if, because public opinion polls indicate that at this moment Labour is gaining ground), Anthony Eden would grasp at last the prize for which he has striven all his life.

Eden today is at his best. He is in good health, and he has a buoyancy and confidence that he has always seemed to lack. His reputation as a statesman is higher than ever. The great diplomatic efforts by which he

saved the Western alliance after the collapse of EDC have increased his prestige. And he is Churchill's choice. There is no question but the leadership will fall to him.

This does not mean that the choice is universally supported among the Conservatives. No one I know will claim that Eden has really high stature. He is not a great man. Some go further and say he simply hasn't the brain power necessary for a British Prime Minister. Others cite Eden's weaknesses; the notorious outbursts of temper (which he is now getting under control); the shyness and lack of confidence; the signs of vanity. It is often said: "He hasn't got the weight." Some would prefer "Rab" Butler, the able Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Prime Minister. Eden, they say, does not know enough about financial and economic affairs. The man who made the biggest impression on the party conference at Blackpool was not Eden, it was Butler.

The majority feel, however, that Churchill's choice is right. Eden's Government may develop into one of the strongest in the party's history. Eden has the colour and the glamour the people like and a great grasp of world affairs. Butler is one of the best financial ministers of the century. Harold Macmillan, who will be the new Foreign Minister, has a brain of the highest calibre. Sir Walter Monckton, Gwilym Lloyd George (son of the great L. G.) and Duncan Sandys (Churchill's son-in-law) are able ministers by anyone's standards. And they are loyal to Eden. Eden's government should be a good one.

But what if Eden doesn't get a government? What if Labour wins the coming election?

Electorally, Britain is pretty evenly divided. At the 1951 election, though the Conservatives won the House of Commons by a few seats, Labour actually got more votes in the country. Labour has more "wasted" votes than the Conservatives; that is, there are more big industrial constituencies which have overwhelming Labour majorities than there are

Conservative ridings with overwhelming Conservative majorities. To get a safe majority in Parliament, Labour needs about 48 per cent of the popular vote as against about 43 per cent for the Tories.

According to the Gallup poll Labour would have such a majority if an election were held in Britain today. Why is this, when Britain is booming with prosperity?

In this nation of 50,000,000 people there is no unemployment. About 230,000 people are registered as unemployed, but most of these are unemployable; to set against the figure of 230,000 there are about 300,000 jobs going begging. Britain is paying her way; she is selling more than she buys. Her gold and dollar reserves are at a high and healthy level. "The people," says Churchill, "are earning more, buying more and saving more than ever before." The average wage in Britain today is £10—that is, about \$30—a week. That will not seem much to the average American or Canadian. But £10 in Britain buys more than \$30 in Canada. And, in any case, the figure £10 a week is more than twice as high as the average British wage before the war.

Cost of Living

Britain is prosperous. Now this prosperity isn't all due to the wisdom and efficiency of Conservative rule. When the Labour party came to power in 1945 the war was just ended and Britain was almost bankrupt. The industrial machine had run down. For the previous five years the entire national energy had been devoted to winning the war. The Labour Government faced enormous problems. And it was overcoming them. The national condition was gradually improving. It continued to improve when the Conservatives came to power in 1951.

The average voter, however, even in our fairly literate Western democracies, does not think in those terms. The country is booming under a Conservative Government—why then should there be an apparent swing of opinion against the Government?

The answer, as I see it, is the cost of living. Millions of Britons are

having a difficult time even on their £10 a week. The end of rationing and of controlled prices meant the end of "fair shares." The shops are full of wonderful meat of all kinds, but many cannot afford to buy it. But they see others buying it, and they tend to turn against the Government.

The old-age pensioners in Britain are numerous enough to swing an election and these people are sad and bitter today. Before the war an old man could retire on his \$7 or \$8 a week pension and know he could live on it. It is desperately hard, these days, to live on such a sum. Take a little matter like the price of tea. Tea is the comfort and solace and the only luxury of many poor Britons, especially the old—and yet at one stroke recently the price of tea was increased by 10 cents a pound. "This is due," say the tea dealers, "to world conditions beyond our control"—but their own profits have not been cut. Rightly or wrongly, people blame the Government of the day.

In Britain there is a solid core of about 12,000,000 people who vote Labour no matter what happens and a similar number who vote Conservative no matter what happens. Victory at the polls then depends on the floating vote—the people who vote for a government because they have just received a benefit, or against it because of a new hardship.

Tories Budget for Election

These facts give a clue to the budget that will be brought in by the Conservative Government next March. It will be their last budget before the election. They are determined to win that election. They will bring in an "election budget." Churchill has already announced that old age pensions will be increased. There will be other striking concessions, including income tax relief for the

lower income brackets. There will be no concessions for the rightwing Tories who are clamouring, as they have been clamouring for four years: "What's the good of having a Conservative Government if its financial policy is much the same as that of a Socialist Government?" And in spite of the polls of public opinion at the moment of writing, my own guess is that the Conservatives will win the next election and that Sir Anthony Eden will be the next Prime Minister of Britain.

In any case, whoever wins, a giant in world affairs will soon be leaving his central place upon the stage.

I do not think Winston Churchill will leave the stage completely. He would like to retain his seat in the House of Commons until he dies. In that chamber he has spent 50 years of his magnificent life. He loves the House. "I am a House of Commons man," he likes to say. It is pleasant to think that he may have a few more years there, the greatest of all elder statesmen, rising from time to time to illuminate the world situation with his wonderful words and noble vision.

Like Landor, he has "warmed both hands before the fire of life"—and he has made life richer and more exciting for us all. May he have many more years to enjoy his cigars, his brandy, his painting, his gardens, his friends and his writing. He will have more time to write when he retires. He is planning at least three more volumes. It may well be that his greatest book is yet to come.

And after all this is said about his retirement, he could surprise us yet! It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Winston Churchill, like Gladstone, will still be forming governments at 83. With Churchill, you cannot be sure.—NNF.

The local paper carried items of interest to the village, called 'Locals,' and major and minor events were thereby justly and duly recorded for the ones who missed any of the village activity. The local scout troop held a meeting and the paper carried the following account.

"Mrs. Carrie Fishback has presented the Boy Scout troop with a stuffed barn owl in memory of her late husband."

CRISIS BREWING IN T.-C. STATE

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

ANDHRA and Travancore-Cochin have turned out to be problem States of the Indian Union. Both of them have developed pronounced Leftist tendencies and earned considerable notoriety for political instability. In Andhra, a "hotch potch Ministry" which fumbled the administration of the infant State for just over a year, kissed the ground with the passage of a censure motion against it by the Assembly and fresh elections have been ordered in the State. Travancore-Cochin went to the polls twice within three years in quest of a stable government which is as distant as ever today, and another general election seems to be in the offing in view of the latest developments in the State.

The fate of the Thanu Pillai Ministry hangs in the balance as a result of the Congress Party's decision to withdraw its support to the Ministry. Something of the sort had been expected from the time the Ministry was formed by the P. S. party with only 19 members in a legislature of 118 members. Though the P. S. P. leaders have trumped up excuses for their acceptance of office in high sounding terms and have been waxing eloquent that parliamentary democracy is in operation in the State on all fours none has any illusions about it. The basic assumption of parliamentary democracy as distinguished from the American and Swiss types of democracy is that the party or parties in power must command a majority in the legislature. "The logic of parliamentary democracy" as Mr. J. A. Hobson rightly observes, "demands that the executive should be a mirror of parliament and parliament of popular opinion." While the American system is based on the principle of the separation of powers between the executive and the legislature and the Swiss form ensures permanency of tenure to Ministers,

the parliamentary system, developed to a nicety in Britain, involves what is called in political parlance "cabinet dictatorship". The cabinet usually takes the lead in ushering in all important legislation and because it commands the confidence of the legislature the proposals are generally endorsed by the House. Parliamentary democracy may or may not be the best form of administration and there is room for difference of opinion on that point. But having accepted it as the main feature of our political set-up the game must be played.

In Travancore-Cochin parliamentary democracy is in fact operating upside down, and the sooner the experiment is ended or mended the better would it be for all concerned. With only 18 assured supporters the ruling party is obliged to depend on the Congress party (as the Communists have plainly stated that they would not support the Ministry) for its very survival, and is obliged to dance to the Congress tune much to its chagrin. The recent defeat of the Government on a minor issue relating to the appointment of Government pleaders and the subsequent passing of a vote of confidence in the Government is a telling comment on this pathetic situation, and now comes the finale as the Congress party deems that "the influence necessarily flowing from its support to the Ministry" has not yielded dividends.

The gravamen of the charge made by the Congress party against the P. S. P. Ministry is that the Chief Minister, in contravention of his earlier assurance, has failed to consult it on vital matters. "Not even on a single measure during all these nine months" says a resolution adopted by the Congress Party Convention, "has it been possible for the Congress to exercise influence on the administration, and no consultation

has taken place with the Congress." The resolution has also stated that the Chief Minister and his colleagues have been carrying on a campaign of villification against the Congress and that due representation has not been given to the Congress on various committees. The Chief Minister, on the other hand, has refuted these allegations and given chapter and verse in support of his statements. It is quite likely that power politics might be at the back of the new Congress move, in view of the proffered support of the Tamil Nad Congress Party. Whatever might be the facts one cannot help feeling that the P. S. P. Ministry has of late been riding for a fall and that it has sought to bite off more than it can chew. Forgetting the fundamental limitations of a minority Ministry it has proposed to introduce measures based on ideological fantasies. The proposed Land Reform Bills involving the fixation of ceilings and such other restrictions are so sweeping in character that they have provoked all-round protests and angered a large section of the thinking public. Having polled only 6, 31, 622 votes out of an electorate of 44, 78, 527, and having exploited a critical situation through clever manoeuvres motivated by rank opportunism to be pitchforked into power, it is not correct on the part of the P. S. P. Government to presume that the people will go the whole hog with it in its wild experiments.

In the present posture of affairs a stable government in the State cannot be thought of except through a coalition on specified terms between the Congress and the Praja Socialist parties. The Assembly is a heterogeneous mass of political parties with no single party commanding an absolute majority. In the 118-member house, the Congress is the biggest single party with a voting strength of 46; the Communists, the Kerala Socialist Party and Independents supporting the Communists form the second biggest group with a voting strength of 31; the Revolutionary Socialist party holds 9 seats; the Travancore Tamil Nad

Congress, 12; and the Praja Socialists 19 (including the Speaker). There is also one unattached Independent member. Even if the Congress party can secure the support of the Tamil Nad Congress party and of the unattached Independent, it will be able to muster only 59 votes and is bound to break down in the first trial of strength. Further, it should be remembered that the T. T. N. C. was mainly responsible for the debacle of the Congress Ministry in March 1952. On account of differences with the Congress on the issue of the amalgamation of the Tamil taluks with Madras the T. T. N. C. withdrew its support to the then Congress Government which was consequently defeated. Nothing has happened since then to warrant a change in the attitude of the T. T. N. C. on this issue. If the T. T. N. C. is ready to offer its co-operation to the Congress today it is more because of its dislike of the P. S. P. Government—maybe because of the recent police firing and such other measures—than because of a change in its outlook and one cannot say how long such an alliance will last.

ON the other hand, a coalition between the P. S. P. and the Congress will ensure to the resulting government an absolute majority (64 seats) and such a step will fully satisfy the requirements of parliamentary democracy. As against the Communists who seek to hitch the waggon of India to the star of Moscow, there is an affinity of outlook between the Congress and the P. S. P. in many respects. The fundamental difference between the two parties lies in their approach to economic problems. If a realistic approach is made by both sides and party rivalries and personal conceits are subordinated to the interests of the State it will not be impossible to hammer out a mutually acceptable minimum programme to serve as a basis for a coalition between the two parties. Such a step will obviate another general election and other attendant difficulties.

IMPLICATIONS OF U. S. —FORMOSA PACT

By GUY WINT

THE pact between the United States and the Chiang Kai-shek Government in Formosa naturally changes, in some respects, the situation in the Far East. But exactly what it signifies is not at first glance plain. It has to be interpreted against a complex background.

The conversations between the two Governments which led to the agreement had been going on for a long time. But the decision to announce the agreement seems to have been made hurriedly. That was the impression of the journalists at Washington. So they have been interested to discover the reason for the timing of the announcement.

The difficulty for the free world in shaping a policy on Formosa is that it is very hard to steer a middle course between, on the one hand, making no commitments for its protection—in which case the Communists might be encouraged to invade the island—and, on the other, giving firm guarantees—in which case, some people have feared, Formosa might be emboldened to try its chances in a landing on the mainland. Either result would be disastrous, for if fighting of any kind breaks out on a serious scale, it will produce a new world crisis.

It seems the British Government was not consulted about the actual text of the new treaty. But it has been in constant touch with the U. S. Government about the situation in the Far East, and has been kept informed of how negotiations progressed. The general impression in Britain is that, in spite of first appearances, the new pact does not mean a change in the Western determination to steer a middle course.

Avoiding major crisis

The protective mantle of the United States is thrown over Formosa. That is said in black and white. The U. S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, stated at a press conference that if Formosa

were invaded by Communist China, a probable result would be war between China and the U. S. A. But there is really nothing new in that. Broadly speaking, the probability has existed ever since President Truman entrusted the defence of Formosa to the U. S. Seventh Fleet at the start of the Korean war.

What is new is that Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek, in return for the explicit guarantee in the new pact, have pretty clearly accepted the obligation for closest possible consultation with the U. S. Government upon all their external activities. The last thing the U. S. Government wants is a new major crisis in the Far East. Thus it is a safe conclusion that after the new treaty the Chiang Government will take no provocative steps.

From several other countries, where the overriding concern is peace, there has come the suggestion that Formosa ought to be neutralized, or placed under some kind of international trusteeship. It is hardly proper for outside governments to dispose of another government in this way against its will. But if the upshot of the new pact is as supposed, it may amount to something not very different from neutralization.

For the time being, Chiang Kai-shek will be guaranteed against attack. But he will not engage in positive action against the mainland. He is not being unleashed. He gets his pact—but he is put back under wraps. Does this not, in fact, come very near to what was suggested recently as the best way of dealing with the Formosa problem? And if peace can be preserved for a time, who knows what future lines of settlement may not become possible?

U. S. public opinion

The new pact is an event in international politics, but it is an event also in domestic U. S. politics. It is this which may explain its timing. The United States has been incensed—and who can say unreasonably incensed?—by the Communists' gross and savage treatment of the captured American airmen. Feeling has run:

high. It is being exploited by the "China lobby" and Senator Knowland.

If the new pact reassures U. S. public opinion that the Administration is just as set as Senator Knowland upon seeing that Chiang Kai-shek is not overthrown, the sting may be taken out of the attack by the China lobby. The lobby will then not be allowed to use the situation for precipitating the United States into rash action.

The pact still leaves rather obscure the position of the islands between Formosa and the mainland, around which recent fighting has raged. In his press conference, Mr. Dulles made the important point that these islands—unlike Formosa and the Pescadores—had not, before 1945, been under Japanese rule.

The exact status internationally of Formosa and the Pescadores has never been cleared up, because though they have been ceded by Japan in the San Francisco Treaty, there has been no peace treaty between Japan and China. But these

islands had always been Chinese territory. More may be heard about that point.

British attitude

About the British attitude there are no mysteries. Britain sees the chief need as maintenance of peace and reduction of tension. This does not imply a view about either the Chinese Communists or Chiang Kai-shek.

So far as there is a governmental view about Peking's claims to Formosa, it is that expressed in Sir Winston Churchill's statement last July. He said he had not seen anything in the conduct of Peking which would encourage the United States to deliver Formosa to the Peking Government. Nothing has happened since to change this judgement.

But the question which is at issue at the moment is not the long-term status or final settlement of Formosa. It is the more limited, and much more urgent, one of preventing fighting during the next few months.

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Kumari Sakunthala Sharma

By G. VENKATACHALAM

BHARATA Natya is an art which fills our eyes with beauty, our ears with melody and our hearts with delight; and when you add to these a lively personality, in the person of the dancer, then it becomes an experience. Such an experience one felt when Kumari Sakunthala danced her way into the hearts of the art lovers of Mysore at her arangetral recently. The tender, wistful, innocent beauty of the youthful dancer captivated all those that were present, irrespective of age or temperament. There were, of course, critics who did not see much in her technique, or in the methods in which she was trained, but even they were much impressed by the pleasing personality of the young dancer.

And personality, I submit, is as big a factor in dance art as technique. Mastering or perfecting the technique is only a question of time. Hard work, patience, conscientious training under a good teacher will enable any one to master it; but personality is something that no teacher can impart to a pupil; no amount of hard work and training can produce it. One is either born with it or one is not. Personality, like fragrance in a flower, is a subtle thing not easily to be defined or described.

Kumari Sakuntala has this indefinable quality in an abundant measure, and as she grows into maidenhood, she will soon be an irresistible charmer in this art. Even now, one felt, as she danced on the stage, that she was older than her age, taller than she really is, and lively and vivacious for one of her years. Her precociousness was written all over her sensitive face and her self-confidence in every gesture and movement of her limbs. She is definitely a self-willed child and a self-conscious artiste, and with these two innate qualities she ought to go a long way in her life and art.

Bharata Natyam, like Carnatic music, (of which it is only a parallel

expression) has unplumbed depths and yet unscaled heights, which no teacher or pupil however great or gifted, could sound or scale; and the infinite possibilities inherent in the art could certainly not be exhausted even by the greatest of them. Hence the rich variety of its expression and its universal appeal. There is, in this art, any amount of scope for individual expression and every dance-artist can find and discover her individual uniqueness through this art.

To achieve this, mere personality will not do and the mastering of the technique will not suffice. A lovely personality, with perfect bodily form, fine features, shapely and supple limbs, may, and does, considerably add to the charm of dancing but a good grounding under a great teacher is the first requisite for a great dancer. And such good teachers are rare and are not easily got. Pretty and attractive as were the *adavu* patterns, her *jethis* were simple and commonplace, and to enrich her art, she ought to get her further training under a *nattuvanar*, who alone can give to this art that something which lay teachers and amateur artistes cannot give. I do not wish to belittle in any way the training she has had so far, but to go far into this art and to become a good classical artiste, Kumari Sakunthala needs to be trained by a professional dance-master, preferably a *nattuvanar* of the type of Ramiah Pillai or Kittappa of Pandanallur. I venture to offer this suggestion as I feel that, given the opportunities to study and master the more difficult and intricate technical aspects of this art, Sakunthala will soon blossom not only into a beautiful dancer but a great dancer.

Honesty needs no imagination but lie does. Where then is the meeting point between truth and falsehood?

LITERARY SPOOKS

By M. P. BHASKARAN

WHEN you fail in straightforward writing—that is, when for five or six years editors have returned your articles or stories to which you have signed your own name—it is time to turn a ghost. I do not mean that you should take your own life and thus release a ghost, but that you should take up ghost-writing.

You can become a ghost—a very literary ghost—by writing other people's books and articles for them. This sect, of those who sign their names to what other people have written about or for them, can be divided broadly into two classes, (a) those who want others to write for them, and (b) those who require to be persuaded to give their names to what others have written for them. In these classes fall extreme types, ranging from wrestlers and politicians and actresses and dog-trainers to novelists, musicians, Nobel Prize winners, mystics and even Spalding Professors.

Just a minute. Before we come to grips with such variety, let us get to have some idea of how to start ghost-writing. In ghosting, as in other fields of human endeavour, there are individualists. They just break into the profession by native ability or an inborn taste. Something compelling and deep inside them drives them to ghosting. This urge is an insidious form of the creative urge, as demoniac and irresistible as the passion which possessed the hero of Moon and Sixpence. But alas! not everyone is thus blessed. You may think my advice rather prosaic, but an easy way for the novice who does not have ghosting in the blood, is to join the nearest school of journalism. Answer one of their rhapsodic advertisements which promise to make a Wyndham Lewis out of you in three brief months, and you will be put through multitudes of writing exercises, and later directed to interview people in the news, write an article on the subject that they have distinguished themselves in, and then get them to

sign it. Editors do not refuse stuff signed by people in the public eye, and the 'school' sends them the article you have written and pockets the cheque, while collecting your tuition fee from you every month with sedate regularity. This, is, I agree, a hard way to become a ghost, but a harder way is to hold a revolver against your temple.

When you progress a little, you will find that actresses and wrestlers are easy prey. A champion wrestler or a film star will sign almost anything you write, the former from sheer incapacity to understand, the latter from an egregious desire to be ever in the limelight. Why shouldn't you do a write-up about the benefit to the health of India's millions if all of us took up all-in wrestling, with our parliamentarians leading the rest in a five-year wrestling plan, and with the example of Bonghu Singham, the champion wrestler of Mar'ad State, to inspire us? Bonghu Singam will sign such an article in a trice. Actresses are child's play to a bright young ghost-writer. You must, however, guard against being unduly discouraged if, on arrival at the house of the star, you find a dozen producers waiting with fabulous contracts in their hands and the demon of uncertainty in their hearts, and if, after two hours of waiting, a peon tells you in an unnecessarily loud voice, to come another day. After months of trying, you might succeed in snatching an interview of two-and-a-half minutes with a third-rate star, and then you can go ahead thinking that you are well on the way to becoming a star-ghost yourself. One thing you have to remember is that whatever you start the article with, you must end it with the star's views on love and marriage. If we can judge by the demand, the public seems to have an astonishing faith in the opinions of film stars on marital and extra-marital problems. It will not surely be rash to say that nowadays, we in this country lead happier married lives, because film stars are so generous with their advice to men and women about to commit marriage. Even in cases where the parties have married in

haste and are repenting at leisure, the film stars tell them how to make the most out of repentance.

It is a bit difficult to persuade Nobel Prizers or Spalding Professors to father your little piece of writing. They can hardly be expected to sign articles on scientific or philosophic topics written by mugs like you and me. So what do you—as a bright young ghost—what do you do? Well, take the personal angle. Give it the intimate touch. Talk to the great man's servants for a week and get glimpses of his home life. Pump his barber. Burgle his house and steal his diary. Do something. And touch up your information, according to the needs of the case, in the manner of a starving painter trying to please a horribly ugly but rich woman sitting for her portrait.

A fairly paying but strenuous kind of ghosting is to write speeches for people, especially politicians. Most politicians are of course sterile of ideas and innocent of expression, so that with politics developing at this rate in our country, there are always certain to be berths for clever new ghosts. You have only to be careful that in the speeches you write, the sentences are short, and the words simple and not too hard of pronunciation. Even politicians dislike reading out at meetings what they do not understand.

Writing autobiographies is admittedly the toughest assignment that a ghost can take on himself. You have to make it appear that the whole

thing flows from the innermost recesses of the heart of the concerned person. As the creature who hires others to write his autobiography is usually of the kind that has lost its heart in the process of making money, this is indeed a nerve-racking task. It is generally desired by the autobiographed that they be made to appear as having given away most of their wealth in charity, and the ghost-writer has to invent most of their donations, good works, bounties, charities, and also manufacture a thorough-going philanthropic disposition for them. So that writing autobiographies is almost like writing fiction.

We now come to the unpleasant fact that ghosting can have its shady practitioners. Just as there are bad lawyers and doctors of doubtful ethics, there are dishonest and venomous ghosts. May their tribe decrease! It is easier to be protected against anonymous letters than against letters that are ghost-written. A sensible person can always tear up a letter which is without a signature, but it is easy to be deceived by a letter ostensibly written by someone, but which is really written by a ghost wielding a poison pen. Political parties sometimes carry the matter further. Under the name of a rival party, they print pamphlets which apparently give its views but which actually bring it into public contempt or disfavour. A young ghost should not allow himself to be corrupted by

such means to gain ends; he should not take kindly to the morals of submarine warfare.

Politicians belong to class (a), that is, those who want others to write for them. Other recruits to this class come from among millowners and coffee-planters and owners of bus fleets and hotel chains. And this itch to get a book written for them by someone who can write, and then having it printed under their own name, gets them when they return to India from a trip to Europe or the United States or Japan. The number of books written by people who have never been to Japan for semi-literate magnates who have been in Japan about the journeys to Japan made by them (titled variously, 'Jaunt to Japan,' 'I and the Rising Sun,' 'Gaisha's Glory,' 'Whither Japan?,' 'Japan Juggles,' etc. etc.)—the number of such books is incredible. Handsomely printed and bound, they are sent to the friends of the Japan-returned magnate, who promptly give away their copies to dealers in second-hand books in Moore Market. But what does it matter to you that none reads them nor is ever likely to read them? You have your cheque, satisfyingly fat I hope. So, hopeful young aspirer to ghostdom, seek ye the one who has gone to Japan. Even Java will do.

Let me sound a warning to those who intend taking up ghosting seriously. Whatever writing talent

you might have, however much money you might make writing for other people, you will not find happiness in your vocation unless you have a retiring, shy nature; unless you are one of 'those flowers born to blush unseen.' You must leave behind you the desire for fame for ever, you must actually come to hate the lime-light, before you can dedicate yourself to ghost-writing. But generally, after five or six years of rejection slips, the young writer will have so little appetite left even for life, that this virtue of caring little for fame is easily acquired.

When the young ghost-writer has learned the technique of ghosting, grown older and wiser in the process, and prospered in his profession, he can turn something of a capitalist by having newcomers to the trade work under him as big lawyers or tailors have apprentices. These little ghosts—or *chota shaitans*—need only be paid a pittance and they will help you to make more orders than you could have done yourself. You can then title yourself the Imperial Chief Ghost or the Director-General of Ghost Services, unless you dislike macabre titles. It is thus that a ghost industry springs into existence. As our country develops intensively under various plans and in democratic politics, the ghost industry will have an ever brighter future. Luminous ghosts may then be as common as fireflies, and definitely more prosperous.

A Surprising Omission

By P. N. S.

THOUGH the Indian tour of Pakistan this winter has not aroused as much commotion as a tour of other Commonwealth countries does, its importance cannot be minimised. A couple of years ago when Pakistan had her first official tour of India, our cricket showed a better standard than Pakistan's in spite of the gallant manner in which the latter played. At the present moment, however, Pakistan cricket commands higher esteem

than that of India, mainly because of her splendid showing against England last summer. While India in the course of her four tours of the "old country" did not achieve a single test victory, Pakistan achieved it even during her maiden visit, and her general record, in spite of a wet summer, has been inspiring enough to further her efforts in the international field. In these circumstances, the forthcoming Indo-Pakistan tests must provide duels to show which section has grown stronger after the partition.

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One may add that the outcome will also be watched with a sense of anxiety from the Indian angle, for there is no doubt that her cricket prestige is very much at stake at present, and if the rubber goes to Pakistan, Indian cricket is sure to sink to new depths. It was perhaps with this thought at the back of their minds that the Cricket Board of Control in India, besides organising a coaching camp, staged a few trial matches before selecting the touring team. The final list of players emerged as follows: V. Mankad (Captain), P. R. Umrigar, D. G. Phadkar, Ghulam Ahmed, G. S. Ramchand, P. Roy, V. L. Manjrekar, S. P. Gupte, G. V. Gadkari, M. K. Mantri, Prakash Bhandari, C. G. Borde, C. D. Gopinath, H. T. Dani, P. Punjabi, Tamhane and Jasu Patel.

It is good to note that the selectors have chosen a number of youngsters who have been knocking at the door with some fine performances in the past year or two. But it is surprising to see two notable omissions in R. B. Kenny, of Bombay, and A. G. Kripal Singh, of Madras. Kenny was the find of Indian cricket during the S. J. O. C. team's tour last season. He is one of the few batsmen in India who display quality footwork and whose range of strokes is wide. Withal he has shown a commendable temperament, taking the bowlers by the scruff instead of allowing them to dictate to him. Kripal Singh is a young man with cricket in his veins. While he has shown a capacity to knock off centuries on every possible occasion in his own State, his batting in recent trial matches, reports say, was full of quality. On their present form, Kripal Singh deserves a place better than Gopinath, though Madras is happy to find at least one of her cricketers in the touring team. The choice of Mantri as wicket-keeper, in place of Joshi, Rajindranath and a few others talked of as superior to him, must have been based mainly on his skill as an opening batsman. The team lacks a left-handed bats-

man—a vital lack—and the authorities' strange reluctance to persist with Deepak Shodan, who made such an uproarious century against Pakistan itself in his maiden test appearance, has lost for India the only left-hander of skill.

All these appear to be of little significance when we come to the most surprising omission of Vijay Hazare. It is shocking too that this serious step has passed practically unnoticed. In fact at a discussion of the team chosen, enthusiasts had taken Hazare's choice as automatic and were shocked when it was pointed out that he was not one of the touring party! While many will agree with the choice of Mankad as captain—Hazare has not shown the dynamic qualities of leadership—no one can reconcile himself to the fact of Hazare's omission as a player. There can be only two valid grounds on which this classy batsman can be thrown out: retirement from test cricket and age. However, Hazare has not announced his retirement, nor has age begun to wither his skill. In the late thirties, only as old as Mankad, he is undoubtedly the finest batsman in the country today. In fact, he is the only one of the order of Merchant, Amarnath and Mushtaq Ali who is still at the battle front and whose qualities have been enhanced by the passage of years. Youth should be encouraged but not at any cost. Indeed, Hazare's absence leaves a big hole in the Indian batting line at which Pakistan must be looking with glee.

Hazare's omission does need a lot of explaining by the Board. Looking over the past months, ever since the election of the new office-bearers, and from the time the new President plumped for Mankad as captain, there has been complete absence of mention of Hazare's name for the tour and a persistent glossing over of his place in the team even as a player. Evidently a new chapter of "politics" has begun its innings on the grounds of Indian cricket.

It was amazing the mongrel could take the insult with such insouciance . . .

..... Short Story.....*

PASSAGE MONEY

By Manjeri S. Isvaran

THE nearest railway station from that village was twenty-six miles away, and four buses plied along that route, their running intervals being decided by the caprices of the crazy motor and the convenience of the local Police. The terminus was an outlying townlet, a score of miles off, and here in the village—the middle stage—the buses stopped for a quarter hour to pick up passengers, to 'cool' the engine, and for the conductor and the driver to have their tea and smoke.

The family was going back to Madras after about a twelvemonth stay in the village, the bombing threats of the Japanese to the City having subsided and conditions were returning to normalcy. The exodus brought on by mass panic had broken the even tenor of many lives, and thrown everything out of kilter also with the boldest. Now, reunion of those who had scattered themselves in search of shelter and food, family reunion in the dear old place which had kept the domestic pots boiling, made the horrors of the evacuation a distant, ugly dream.

They were altogether six in number—the head of the family, a man on the wrong side of forty already greying at the temples, his wife, their eldest-born girl, two little boys, and a baby girl not yet weaned. Their dress, the quantity and quality of their belongings indicated lower middle-class. They had been long at the roadside, waiting for the bus: the man looked wizened, careworn, like the pupa shrivelled up in its cocoon, but in the pretty face of the woman was a shining calm born of an intent prayerfulness. The boys were merry, picking stones and throwing them at

the trees and the bushes, jumping on the heaps of macadam, or pausing in their play to watch the bullockcarts crawling leisurely by.

The man grew more and more worried, but the face of the wife maintained its shining, prayerful repose. The bus was already an hour and a half late, past the scheduled time.

"It looks as though we have to go back bag and baggage. Waiting for these buses is like waiting for one's own fate," said the man querulously.

His wife didn't answer, either endorsing or rejecting, he didn't expect her to answer. Like that of Providence he was no stranger to her fitful inscrutability.

At last a faint roar was heard at the distance, the boys pricked up their ears and piped cheerfully:

"Father, the bus is coming! the bus is coming!"

"Everybody get ready," said the man, a wannish smile trying to widen his worried face, but failing.

The woman who had been suckling the child quietly arranged her sari and set the baby on her hip.

The bus disappeared in a hollow in the road, with that the hearts of the family sank simultaneously at the thought whether it would emerge at all—so eaten up with anxiety were they—then it hove into sight again and stopped before them, its brake screeching like a hundred devils and many bees humming furiously in its bonnet.

Fortunately, its load was not full. The woman was happy, silent in her own way, at the fulfilment of her prayers to obtain seats in the bus. The fouranna bit she had set apart had worked the miracle—it should go

to the *pujari* for the flower-offering at the temple.

The conductor, a young fellow with something distinctive of the mongrel in his appearance—a heavy unkempt thatch on his head, his grey shorts and shirt embrowned by spouts of dust, looked at the family and looked at the luggage. He hemmed and hawed, seeming more mongrely. Of a sudden he cast his eyes on the girl following her father, her hand in his, and his lips outspread into a leer, exposing his anomalous teeth.

"You'll have to pay for the luggage," he said to the man, briefly.

"We are six," came the reply, "the luggage can be included in our collective fare."

"You may be six or sixty, you have to pay for the luggage."

The woman looked significantly at her husband, he understood.

"Right," he said, suppressing the retort that rose to his throat.

The luggage was put on top of the bus under the tarpaulin; and the family had a seat all their own in the rear.

BUT, for all the vigorous rotating of the starter by the conductor the bus did not budge an inch. Twice it coughed, back-fired and gave up the ghost. The driver thumped heavily on the steering wheel, next muttering a curse got down and opened the bonnet; the bees grew more clamorous.

He tumbled back into his seat and gripping the wheel jerked his head against the conductor.

"Get down all of you and help to push the bus," barked the mongrel.

The passengers were reluctant to alight and the yapping came sharper:

"Then you may bide where you are. The bus won't move."

The human contents emptied themselves out. A couple of sturdy passengers, urchins and gad-about of the place pushed the bus; the engine vibrated like an old paralytic, then sputtered and purred cattily and the purring developed into a steady roar.

The woman had prayed again fervently.

A mile or so after, the conductor

began to collect the fares, taking out of his pocket a soiled receipt book and wetting the stump of a pencil on his tongue.

"Five of you," (he was gracious enough not to include the baby at the breast) he addressed the paterfamilias in the rear seat, "three full tickets, two half-tickets, and two full tickets for the luggage. Total: Nine rupees and twelve annas." And he held out the receipts to the man.

The man turned them over in his hands as if they were some curious fossils, knitting his brows in doubt, and said to the conductor:

"How's it you have made out three full tickets? It's a mistake. It ought to be two full and three half. And it's a bit too much for the luggage, but that doesn't matter."

THE conductor leered again, fixing his eyes on the girl who sat so cosily by her father's side. The woman caught his glance and he hers and for the fraction of a minute their eyes held each other, and then the heart of the woman went sick at that leer and a deep blush ascended slowly over her ears up from her neck clouding the serenity of her countenance. It was a blush of painful shame, dark, overwhelming. Her husband was too excited to notice it.

"You can't charge a full ticket for my little girl," he said, his voice shaking with the premonition of anger. "You can't. It's unfair."

"She's not a little girl," drawled the conductor, mimicking the tone of the man, and concentrating all his sneer on the innocent attribute.

"My Kumudam not a little girl, you scoundrel," bawled the man, his anger leaping up into a red-hot flame. "Have a care."

"Scoundrel maybe, I can return the compliment, but you are such educated, respectable folks. And respectable folks have to pay for full tickets instead of losing their temper."

"You still insist, you downright scamp," gasped the man.

It was amazing the mongrel could take the insult with such insouciance. It did not bare its fangs.

"I insist. This motor company is not my grandfather's, nor your grandfather's."

FOR upwards five minutes there was tense silence inside the bus, heightening the roar of the engine, the soughing wind, and the whizz of the cones of dust that spiralled up on either side of the road. The passengers gazed at one another and gazed at the man who was agitated to the core, at his wife who had wilted like a tendril under the hot swish of a mowing scythe, and at the girl whose eyes wavered in strange bewilderment and whose delicate face gave hints of going pinched, unable her brain to catch the import of it all. Her hand which lay in the palm of her father with such confiding warmth trembled softly, and she wondered within herself why she must be the cause of so much wrangling and dispute. She lifted her eyes anxiously to her father for some sort of elucidation, then glanced at her mother, and her wonderment and confusion only increased when she saw her mother looking at her sadly, wistfully. She was just ten, at heart a simple child, light as a bird hopping on the branch of a tree, unconscious as yet of her softly-opening loveliness. She had too pronounced a breast for a girl of her tender age; her limbs had rounded to the fullness of flowers, and her face wherein shone eyes of such soulful naivete was past the phase of the sickle moon. Her interests still lay round the gaudy ribbons she would plait her hair with the kind of pretty frocks and *pavadais* she would wear, and the nice ornaments with which she would deck herself. But strange, the hour of the woman had already struck for her; the heart of her mother grieved; but innocence was not given to understand.

Kumudam looked at the conductor somewhat frightened. Then she turned her face away, tightening her hold on her father's hand. It was so protective.

"I won't pay for a full ticket for my child," crashed thunder-like the voice of her father, startling her mind into deeper disorder.

His wife put a restraining hand on his arm and murmured:

"Pay it off, it's only a trifle. Hot words will lead only to hotter words."

He shook himself free from the pressure of her hand, saying as if he were choked:

"I can control myself. I shan't be insulted by low-born curs."

"Are you paying up or not?" asked the conductor. "This is not a court of law for arguments and counter-arguments."

His tone was instinct with the threat that he too would cross the margin of courtesy under further provocation.

"Pay? Never! If I am alive and in my senses," said the man, obdurate as granite.

The conductor called out to the driver to stop the bus.

The bus stopped promptly as if it knew the urgency of the controversy, bearer of the human load it was.

"All right. Stop it then," he cried, alighting precipitately. "No decent man will travel by this service. Never mind if we are stranded here for the whole of the night." And forthwith he had his wife and children out on the open road, ordering the conductor to throw down his luggage.

THIS stroke was as sudden as it was unexpected. The conductor, hardened fellow though he was, looked for an instant blank at the obstinacy of this wizened little man, touched with grey at the temples.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, the patent leer stretching the corners of his mouth from ear to ear.

He served the conductor with a look of infinite hauteur.

The conductor ascended the steel ladder onto the top of the bus and laid his hands on the tarpaulin.

Two temperaments, like flint and iron, came to the point of ignition.

The spark, strangely enough, was not struck.

The driver called out to the conductor to descend.

He stepped down. The two held a brief consultation, with the air of

ministers invested with cabinet rank. Meanwhile, the wife who had been as patient as a carving in a temple panel drew her man aside and with tears in her eyes beseeched him to be reasonable.

The children stood at a distance, huddling together like frightened lambs, waiting for the storm to blow over.

"Then you say that that scum of a conductor is reasonable," hissed the man.

"No, not that. We are spending so much on our journey. Why should we be needlessly disturbed about letting go a rupee or two more," she said, with the wisdom of a woman who had known what it is to suffer, welcoming the ultimate reconciliation of oneself to one's lot.

"Not as long as I draw breath in my body. It's not a question of money, it's on principle I fight. It's atrocious, it's the vilest insult imaginable to any father to be told by some guttersnipe that his child whose image is graven in his eyes and heart is an adult."

"Yes, that's the trouble," she ventured timidly; "parents do not see the growth of their own children. To them their offspring are ever young."

There was an odd, determined ring in her voice which struck him as imponderable, and he asked her:

"What do you want to say? Say it at once."

She drew him farther aside and standing tip-toe, whispered something in his ear.

His face went pale. His head swam as if stunned by a savage blow. And one solitary word intolerable in its ache, came out of his mouth, dull with the dullness of death:

"When?"

"A month ago."

"Why didn't you tell me? As soon as I arrived from town last Thursday."

"It was so sudden. I was shocked. And you were so worried and I hadn't the courage to add another worry, more terrible."

One by one, husband, wife, and children returned to their seats in the bus.

HE sat, his face averted, plunged in deep melancholy. With the hands of an automaton he received the tickets from the grinning conductor and paid the fares in full, without a word.

His wife took hold of his arm in passionate solicitude, he felt her touch so comforting.

"Father!" cried Kumudam, nuzzling against his side and clasping his hand with child-like impulsiveness.

But he sat, his face averted, unconscious whether the bus was still or in motion: only one thought coiling and narrowing like a hoop of steel and almost strangling his heart: his own little Kumudam was no longer a child. And what was it, what was the strange secret kernel that ripened itself into a luminous fruit so quickly, he asked himself, and waited in vain for an answer.

★

SWIMMING

A FATHER calls his son to him and says:

"I know you have mastered many an art,

Still I give you one advice good with love—

Water is a most dreadful thing, mind you,

You may cross the seas, go to stranger lands

Your boat may sink, so you must learn swimming."

"All right," he said, but the very next day

Inside the pool while learning how to swim

He was drowned. The very purpose of

His learning swimming was to save himself

In future years, but while learning died.

The world advances far in science it thinks,

To save itself one has the atom-bomb,

To invade one has the hydrogen-bomb,

Jet-bombers fly, all is but destruction,

The world learns swimming in the pool yclept science."

V. S. RAVI

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By THOMAS MANN

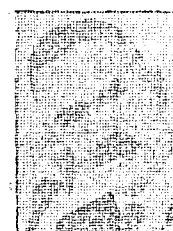
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IT will not be incorrect to say that to any admirer of Thomas Mann, every new book of his seems to assume the dimensions of a masterpiece. He is one of the greatest living novelists, an artist of inexhaustible fecundity and decided originality, with a sweep over the fleshly and the spiritual as powerful as it is complete—"master of a world and of his attitude to it"—an insistent personal attitude, that of intense isolation emphasized by Flaubert. It is this motif, this obsession with the motif—the egotistical sublime—that gives Mann's writings their peculiar puissance and influence; his material is so saturated with his per-

sonality that whole as a prism or as a musical piece it at the same time revolves its different facets to view, its distinct notes to hearing, significant of irony, satire, sunny optimism, autumnal melancholy, detached assessments and critical implications involved in the study and summing up of humankind. *The Blood of the Walsungs* written in 1905 and *Felix Krull* which appeared six years later—it was originally planned as a novel to be called *The Confessions of Felix Krull*, but only the first part 'Childhood' was actually done and it is included in the volume of the collected shorter fiction of Thomas Mann, entitled *Stories of*



HERR THOMAS MANN was born in 1875, and at the age of fifteen lost his father, a rich merchant of the old Hansa town of Lubeck. His mother was of Germanic-Creole descent. He was destined to be an author, it seems; for even when he worked as a youth in a Munich Insurance Office it is said that he used to make out policies on top of his desk and scribble stories beneath it! His major work, *Buddenbrooks*, one of the first of the family sagas, is largely autobiographical. He was only twenty-six when it appeared. When it was banned by Hitler and burned during the Nazi regime of terror, it had already sold over a million copies in German alone. His second great book, *The Magic Mountain* which was published in 1924 brought him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. He was at work on it for twelve years running. In 1926 the chance request of a Munich artist for an introduction to a portfolio of Joseph drawings was the genesis of the Joseph series—the great tetralogy comprising *The Tales of Jacob*, *The Young Joseph*, *Joseph in Egypt*, and *Joseph the Provider*. He travelled through Egypt and Palestine, visiting the scenes connected with the Biblical story. In 1934, as a result of his increasing abhorrence of Nazism, Mann left Germany and lived for a while in Switzerland. Then after several visits to the United States, he settled in Princeton, New Jersey where he lectured at the University. Later, in 1941, he built a permanent home for himself in Santa Monica, California. During the war his broadcasts to the German people recorded in America and broadcast by the BBC were a valuable weapon of propaganda for the Allies. Among the U. S. A. honours he received was his appointment as a Fellow of the Library of Congress. Since the war he has visited Europe several times, the first in 1947. His other works of importance are: *Stories of Three Decades*, *Essays of Three Decades*, *Lotte in Weimar*—a bitter-sweet Goethe love story—*Dr. Faustus*, *The Holy Sinner*, and *The Transposed Heads: a Legend of India*. The public of Madras may remember that Thomas Mann's son Michael Mann, the famous violinist visited the City in February of this year and gave a recital at the University Examination Hall in the course of his musical tour of India.

Three Decades—have the isolation-motif as theme: straight autobiographical presentations which “seeking for variety (Mann’s words), produced the idea which afterwards developed into *Death in Venice*.” The hero of this story Gustave Aschenbach—or von Aschenbach “as he had been known officially since his fiftieth birthday”—paints his face and dyes his hair to conceal his aging years—as if old age is a thing that could be concealed—and defeated in his unholy lusts and desires, dies a terrible death and all alone in the plague-stricken city of Venice. “Every piece of work,” avers Mann, “is in fact a realization—piecemeal if you like, but each complete in itself—of our own nature, they are stones on that harsh road which we must walk to learn of ourselves. No wonder, then, that each one in turn is a surprise to us. *Death in Venice* is indeed a crystallization in the true sense of the word; it is a structure and an image, shedding light from so many facets, by its nature of such inexhaustible allusiveness, that it might well dazzle the eyes of its creator himself as it took shape.” What a simple, yet impassioned conception of art and the artist who is overwhelmed by the sense of his own loneliness! To a warm social temperament, to the objective apprehension, this concentrated pre-occupation with the self may appear unhealthy and morbid; but it is quick to kindle the poetic mind full of the wealth of myth, symbol, and fantasy to joyous response.

Now, in his eightieth year, Thomas Mann has written a *nouvelle*, hundred and twenty-three pages long, called *The Black Swan*. Reading it first and then glancing at the blurb one can unhesitatingly endorse the latter’s claim that “none but a writer certain of his powers of psychological analysis would dare to tackle (a theme) . . . Goethean both in its style and daring.” The theme is difficult, embarrassing but not strange—(and in this it recalls Hardy’s *Two On A Tower*): the violent passion of a middle-aged woman for a man young enough to be her son, the tragedy of which

proves to be gynaecological. The time is the twenties of this century. The place Dusseldorf on the Rhine. Rosalie von Tummler, a sociable widow of fifty, living with her daughter Anna who is a brilliant artist but born with a club-foot, and her son Eduard, an adolescent with “little talent for humanistic studies” but who dreamed to be an engineer one day, has already reached the climactic—the period of “the spasmodic withering and disintegration of her womanhood” when she falls desperately in love with Ken Keaton, a twenty-four year-old American “whom the war had brought over and who had been staying in the city for sometime, giving English lessons in one household or another or simply commandeered for English conversation (in exchange for a suitable fee) by the wives of rich industrialists.” In addition to teaching English to Edward, Ken gives him lessons in history and his presence in her house, his reputation as a woman-fascinator, and the tender emotions he has engendered in her rejuvenate Rosalie both physically and mentally. In a frenzy she confesses her passion to herself:

“Good God, I love him, yes, love him as I have never loved, is it possible? Here I am, retired from active service, translated by Nature to the calm, dignified estate of matronhood. Is it not grotesque that I should still give myself up to lust, as I do in my frightened, blissful thoughts at the sight of him . . .?”

And on an excursion to Holterhof Castle, she openly and unashamedly declares her love to Ken. This is preceded (rather ominously) by the party coming across a pair of black swans gliding over of the moats and one of the birds beating the air with its dark, outspread wings and hissing angrily at Rosalie. The same night, in the small hours of the morning, she is suddenly taken ill and her daughter and the maid find her “lying in a faint in her blood.” What she thought had given her her second spring, and “extolled as a miracle of Nature and the sublime work of feeling” had started from a huge tumour in the uterus. An operation

fails to save her and she dies in the hospital. Just before the end, when her mind clears for a while from the uremic coma she is in, her last words are addressed to her daughter who sits at her bedside, holding her hand:

“Anna, never say that Nature deceived me, that she is sardonic and cruel. Do not rail at her, as I do not. I am loth to go away—from you all, from life with its spring. But how should there be spring without death? Indeed, death is a great instrument of life, and if for one it borrowed the guise of resurrection, of the joy of love, that was not a lie but goodness and mercy . . . Nature—I have always loved her, and she—has been loving to her child.”

This intense emotional biography of a woman “physically doomed” is full of a terrifying beauty, its botanical and biological symbolisms supplementing, complementing, and interpreting each other and over which hover the festering odours of decay and death. Lyrical in conception and execution its kinship with *Death in Venice* is unmistakable for it was here, says Mann, that he “first learned to employ music as a shaping influence in my art. The conception of epic prose-composition as a weaving of themes, as a musical complex of associations, I later on largely employed in *The Magic Mountain*. Only that there the verbal leitmotiv is no longer, as in *Buddenbrooks*, employed in the representation of form alone, but has taken a less mechanical, more musical character, and endeavours to mirror the emotion and the idea.” The fusion of emotion—born of the heart, and idea—born of the head, are integral in *The Black Swan*, though one would say that in the dialogues in which Rosalie reveals her “secret,”—the ardour of her love and desire and abashless bliss—and the “miracle” of her returned womanhood to Anna, Mann’s frankness is not so fine-grained and his similes and metaphors are a little too prodigal, heavy with Teutonic hellenism, the idea getting the better of emotion. But over almost every page of *The Black Swan* a gleam as of the stars falls imperceptibly, a premonitory

richness of the lily dreaming to bloom, while perfection waits on each word in its service of conveying details of observation and sentiment. The excursion to Holterhof—for the four of them: Rosalie, Ken, Anna and Eduard, Ken being the originator of the idea with his historical knowledge—is a florid piece of narrative, the castle itself fitting into the conventional decor and the concluding part of the story, of Rosalie’s death at the hospital, although lurid in its clinical delineation, rises to the level of creative literature of the highest magnitude. It is Mann’s magic touch and in his ripe old age he has in *The Black Swan* given the world a masterpiece again. And again, the translation of this novellette by a new hand, Willard R. Trask, is a new encounter to the reader, for all Thomas Mann’s books have been translated by Mrs. H. T. Lowe-Porter. To those who are not conversant with the German original but have read only the English versions it will be apparent that the difference between the two is a difference in the nuances and shades of the syntax and the individual manner of phrasing. Mrs. Lowe-Porter is both felicitous and vigorous; Mr. Trask, however, does not lack in the quality of felicity although in his vigour he shows a tendency to be turgid sometimes.

Andy’s Everyday Encyclopedia
By Ellen Wales Pole
A Signet Key Book
New American Library
501 Madison Avenue
New York-22, N. Y.
35 Cents.

CHILDREN come to us with questions the answers for which we are not sure of. This awkward situation would have overtaken everyone of us sometime or other. And in the course of our work we are likely to come across things which necessitate a ready reference work. *Andy’s Everyday Encyclopedia* provides the answers for almost any question that might arise, and arranged as it is under convenient heads facilitates easy reference.

TAMIL

The Poems of Pudumaip-pittan
 Edited by Raghunathan
Star Prachuram, Madras 5
 Rs. 2

THE poems of Pudumaip-pittan are refreshingly original and excitingly different from the general run of poems that are offered to the Tamil reader today. In this slim volume of verses we find no dilute imitations of Bharathi or pale parodies of sentiments often expressed. These poems are the passionate outpourings of an embittered soul. The capacity to string familiar phrases together is not the only urge that has made this poet seek the medium of verse.

Towards the last years of his short life, Pudumaip-pittan seems to have been casting about for new forms of writing for the full expression of the frustration that was welling in his soul. He had a thorough knowledge of the classical in Tamil and could have trained himself to write traditional verse. But perhaps he did not feel that the traditional metres and rhythms would adequately express what he had to express. Without departing from tradition very far, he allowed himself to take liberties in a large way with the rather strict academic rules. And the result is this collection of poems. In his rhythms he was perhaps guided by his cursory reading of the Eliot and the post-Eliot schools of poetry in English. While he keeps the rhyme and metre and alliteration and assonance so dear to the pundits in Tamil he makes them serve ends of his own and redistributes them in ways not before thought of. And the result is not free verse—but verse that is modernistic.

Any one who reads the five or six long pieces included in this volume will have to concede that the form of verse used by the poet suits his moods admirably. The lightest of the verses is the one entitled "This is Love" and depicts in mock lyrical terms modern love as the college girl, according to Pudumaip-pittan, conceives it. The three or four pieces which deal with the literary life are contemporary in tone and are extre-

mely bitter and express the experiences of the poet in language that is decidedly apt. The poem entitled "The Great Epic" is perhaps the most finished and the most ambitious of these poems and states the unpoetic quality of these times in no uncertain terms. A few of the shorter pieces show him at his exercises.

Pudumaip-pittan raised the short story in Tamil to heights never before reached. This slim volume of verses shows that, if he had set himself to it, he could have been the father of a school of modern poetry. The achievement in this harmony is not considerable perhaps, but here is indication, and sufficient indication, of the direction in which Pudumaip-pittan was working to make tradition-ridden Tamil verse contemporary in spirit and adequate in expression.

The sixty odd pages of verse in this volume are preceded by a rather pretentious preface and are succeeded by notes that are quite unnecessary—except to exalt the ego of the editor. A discerning reader would wish that the volume had been better edited and that there had been more of Pudumaip-pittan than of the editor. A few of the smaller pieces that in no way add to the merit of the volume could have been omitted.

Mandedari

By K. Somasundaram
Adavallan Prachuram, Madras 8
 8 as

JUST as there are plays primarily intended for the stage, which when read seem to diminish in their effect, there are radio or broadcast plays which have to have a special technique to impress their invisible audience. Here the mike is all-in-all between the playwright and his public, and a play on the air, to be a success, must be a harmony of voices and the language of the emotions which they vocalise. In *Mandedari*, a theme from the epic, dramatised for the radio, Mr. Somasundaram, has borne in mind the 'special technique,' and hits it off fairly well. His Tamil is simple and direct, calculated to make the aural picturesque.

SOME OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF 1954:

An American Roundup

THE year's harvest of books consisted of a rich crop of factual reportage, economic comment, science reviews, and fiction.

Quite the most interesting book to hit the market early in 1954 was Chester Bowles' *Ambassador's Report*, a record of experiences, impressions and emotions during the author's tenure as ambassador of the U. S. to India and Nepal. Mr. Bowles speaks

author was *Just Half A World Away* which is Jean Lyon's title for her "search for the new India." Miss Lyon found the new India in the changing social patterns of today, in the industrial and agricultural schemes. Possibly the most provocative aspect of the book is her recommendations for new approaches to the Indian mind.

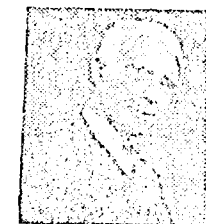
In a slightly different vein is *Call to Greatness* by Adlai Stevenson in which the author surveys the problems facing America today and reaffirms his belief in the ability of democracy to compete with totalita-



Chester Bowles



John Steinbeck



Carl Sandburg

of a constructive economic programme to defeat the plans of Communists. "Warm humanity, fair-mindedness and thoughtful criticism" characterize the book, in the words of the *Atlantic* monthly.

Dwelling on the same subject though from a wider standpoint, is Jonathan B. Bingham's *Shirt Sleeve Diplomacy*. The author, son of former Senator Hiram Bingham, was deputy administrator of the Point Four Programme for 1951 and 1953. The book describes his experiences and discusses the programme's future.

A sample of good reporting and equally good photography by the

rianism in the fight for survival. The book is based on the Godkin Lectures delivered by the author at Harvard after a visit last year to 53 countries including India.

In the realm of biography *Ford: The Times, The Man, The Company* by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill commands attention as a valuable reference book for the study of the growth of the U. S. auto industry. The *Saturday Review* wrote of the book: "In their selection of the immense mass of material in the recently opened Ford Archives, Dr. Nevins and Mr. Hill have used judgement and artistry." The archives

referred to are in Dearborn, Michigan.

America's foremost literary critic Van Wyck Brooks produced a readable autobiography, *Scenes and Portraits: Memories of Childhood and Youth*, covering in essay form the author's years from 1886 to 1914 which includes references to Santayana, Lippmann, Jeffers, Wells and Yeats.

To those who were aware of Ben Hecht only as a Hollywood script writer, there was a surprise packet in his autobiography, *A Child of the Century*. Hecht's experiences savour of both the pleasant and the sordid in journalism and on the stage.

The spotlight also fell on *Red Carpet for Mamie* by Alden Hatch, a warm rendering of the story of the "First Lady," Mrs. Eisenhower. Talking of first ladies, another book which drew wide notice was *Love is Eternal* by Irving Stone, a biographical novel telling the story of the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, "In Mary Todd Lincoln, Irving Stone finds not only a heroine after his own heart but a woman who was cruelly villified in her times and perhaps in ours."

Company Manners, a hearty self-criticism of American life, by Louis Kronenberger drew much favourable comment: Cleveland Amory in the *New York Times* found in it "one of those rare books which justifies the jacket blurb that it is a literary and cultural event of the first order!"

A travelogue which made bright reading was *Forty Plus and Fancy Free* by Emily Kimbrough. It describes the whirlwind trip through Italy, with stops in Paris and London, which the author made with some of her friends, all of them over forty. In the last chapters the author describes her experiences in broadcasting the Coronation for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

A number of subjects in the field of social science also found their way into many American homes. *Kinsey's Myth of Female Sexuality* by Edmund Bergler and William S. Kroger

challenged the premises and findings of the Kinsey report on women.

Bernard Baruch's *The Philosophy of Our Time* is based on a series of four lectures delivered this year and the last at the City College of New York. Baruch, tracing his experiences both in public and private life over a period of several years, concludes that the only freedom vouchsafed to man is the "freedom to discipline himself." It is with this belief that the eminent economist studies the prospects of peace.

The Challenge of Man's Future by Harrison Brown re-examines the problem, population outstripping food supplies posed earlier, and in their fashion, by Malthus, Aldous Huxley, William Vogt and Fairfield Osborne; the author instead of ending on a pessimistic note seeks a way out. The remedy necessitates an "understanding of the relationships between man, his natural environment, and his technology."

Several remarkable works in fiction also sold fast. *The Fable* by William Faulkner takes us to the European battlefield in 1918 where we are to imagine that the Passion of Christ is re-enacted by a corporal in the French Army determined to redeem the world from evil. War is the symbol of evil and the corporal tries to stop the war.

A Bird's Nest by Shirley Jackson, a story of a girl with four personalities being finally led to a state resembling peace, and *Sayonara* by James A. Michener were also hits. The latter, an informally styled novel, is a proper sequel to *Tales of the South Pacific* which was made into a musical stage show which took America by storm. In *Sweet Thursday*, by John Steinbeck, the characters of *Cannary Row* come back to life again.

Other noteworthy titles of the year included *Abraham Lincoln*, condensation of a six-volume biography plus new material, by Carl Sandburg, and the second volume of *This I Believe*, edited by Edward R. Murrow, presenting the personal philosophies of 80 contemporaries and 20 immortals.

HINDU MARRIAGE BILL Cent Per Cent Communal

H. D. RAJAH'S CRITICISM

Speaking on the third reading of the Hindu Marriage Bill in Rajya Sabha, Sri H. D. Rajah suggested that the bill should be thrown out and another on a non-communal model be brought in. The text of his speech is given below:

SIR, I oppose this bill not because I am opposed to monogamy; I oppose this bill not because I am opposed to divorce but I oppose this bill because it is unconstitutional and improper. We have spent our time and energy in discussing the various provisions of this bill. Now, first of all, what does this bill indicate? In a secular State, in a State where we have declared we are non-communal, this bill is hundred per cent communal. It refers to Hindu marriages and nothing else. Article 14 of the Constitution says there is equality of law and equal protection of law and, therefore, this bill which cannot apply to every citizen of our country, becomes out of court in the eyes of the Constitution. I would suggest to the Government that either they may eat up the Constitution and keep this bill or else they must eat up the bill and preserve the Constitution. The point at issue is that under Article 15 of the Constitution, it has been said that there cannot be discrimination on the basis of sex, religion or anything. I was proud when this Constitution was passed by the Constituent Assembly true to the precepts and the conception of the 50 years' struggle for emancipation of our country based upon nationhood and not based upon Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs or Christians. When that was the fundamental concept of the Congress, this little man spent seven years of his life believing in Gandhi and the value of the Gandhian belief that the Congress and its members would be true to their words, true to their fight for libera-

tion, true to the concept of life that they held for the liberation of this country. India is a nation. India is not Hindu; India is not Christians; India is not Muslims. On account of the fantastic agitation of the Muslims the demand for Pakistan succeeded. After independence, what is the attitude of the rulers of this country, the Congress party? They want to create more divisions in the country and they want to compartmentalise legislation and they want to talk as Hindus, as Muslims, as Christians and so on.

Another important matter that you must remember is that you are creating a dual citizenship in this country. The Hindu is elevated to the position of a monogamous animal whereas the Muslims are still entitled to have four wives. If this is not discrimination, I cannot understand English. Whereas you have degraded the Muslim sister by virtue of this bill, the Hindu sister becomes a superior animal. She has a husband who believes in monogamy; she is entitled to protect herself which I respect, but at the same time, she denies this fundamental right to her Muslim sisters by which the Muslim sister has become a second-rate citizen of this country. The Constitution does not provide for a different citizenship for Muslims, a different citizenship for Hindus and so on. The greatest disservice that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru can do to this country is to do away with the right of equality to all the sisters of this country irrespective of Hindu, Muslim or Christian.

Let us consider what the position will be after the passage of this bill. When this bill becomes an Act, all the surplus women who are today the wives of Hindus will be husbandless and by the process of the law being taken to the back period also, those ladies also will be made husbandless and in that process what happened in Bengal when those oppressive Hindus ill-treated their widows will happen to all of them. Those oppressive Hindus kept their

women perpetually under subjugation. What happened to the Bengal widows will happen to the Hindu women all over India in the course of the years to come if this bill is allowed to continue as law. All these women who are left out will have either to embrace Islam or any other religion where more than one wife is conceded. It is monstrous; it is not only monstrous but it is improper that a State should legislate a law by which a certain section of women are thrown out to the mercy of other religions. That would mean that this Congress party which is ruling this country today have become touts and agents of other faiths, especially of Islam. A

law must be equitable and the law must be decent. Equality is given to everyone by the Constitution but that is denied by this bill.

The second point is: What happens to the children that are born? When a man has more than a wife, certainly the wife can seek redress by way of divorce but what happens to the children? They are thrown into the streets. There is no provision by which the children have to become the property of the State. I can understand if there is at least such a provision by which the children are taken care of by the Government and it feels it a duty to bring up such children.

I WANT to warn the Government of the far-reaching political significance which our friends of the Congress have not thought of. Let us see what happens, assuming that this inequality is perpetuated in this country. A Muslim citizen can have four wives and produce 25 children and a Hindu will have a sophisticated wife who believes in divorce and will refuse to bear even a child. The consequence will be that in the course of ten or fifteen years there will be a complete upsetting of the population and you will see only conflict and chaos in this country whereby the Congress people (God forbid they should still be ruling at that time) will have to come to some terms again and divide the country further and hand over more of it to the Pakistan Government because more people will be professing the Islamic faith.

I can understand your doing a thing in the most justifiable manner possible. In Turkey—a cent per cent Islamic State—you have got a Civil Code. What does it say? No citizen of Turkey can have more than one wife. Legislation there is based upon a Civil Code. There are Muslims in France and there are Muslims in England also. What is the law operating in those countries? The law that governs them is the civil law. They can have a marriage performed under civil law and then they can have a marriage performed

under the religious concept. Here, that is being denied so far as this country is concerned. In this country, the position is the very reverse. We all believe in progress but that progress is clock-wise in an anti-deluvian manner.

Sri Madhava Menon the other day said that H. D. Rajah wrote a book "Why Marriage?" Let me explain that it is not "Why Marriage" but "Is It A Crime?" The phrase "Is It A Crime?" was conceived of by me when I was undergoing imprisonment in the Thana Jail in Bombay when the first Satyagraha movement was on. The story was about the oppression of a Hindu married woman who could not have the right to marry again because there was no provision for divorce in Hindu law. That was the point.

Our country wants progress but that progress must be faithful to the Constitution, it must be faithful to the secular concept of our life and it must be faithful to our laboured work which you have put in solidly for two and a half years as a result of which you have produced what is called the Constitution of India. Ours is a republic and the republic must go well. We are now tending towards a socialist State according to the declared faith and objective of our great Prime Minister Nehru. I have served under him in the Congress in the thirties and I have crossed swords with him in Lahore and, cut of my life, I have spent the best part of twelve years in imprisonment on account of the Congress and its movements. So when I talk of things I talk with genuine feeling and not because I want simply to be rhetorical in this matter. I am saying to the leaders of the Congress party who are running the Government today "Do not commit suicide. Let the country be saved. Let their be proper appreciation of the feelings of the people in this country. You have conferred equality of status in every aspect in this country. You have made a provision by which man is equal to man, woman is equal to

woman and woman is equal to man and man is equal to woman. There is no discrimination so far as the sexes are concerned; there is no discrimination on grounds of religion and no discrimination on any ground whatsoever. The Constitution today gives us the basic strength, namely, adult franchise, equality of status and equality in the eyes of the law and equal protection of the law. Having given four noble things, things which are found very rarely in any other Constitution in the world, do not eat them up. That is what I ask, as a citizen of this country, as a representative of the masses of this country in the legislature and I request you to bring in a law simplifying divorce. Say that a respectable citizen of this country can marry any respectable lady he likes; if both of them disagree at any time, let them have divorce and be done with it. Hinduism is such a tolerant religion that you find today 10 crores of Muslims and 2 crores of Christians. If Hinduism was not so tolerant, these conversions would never have taken place. Therefore, what I demand is that we should not bring in the ideals of the western world. I would only make this appeal to the legislators of our country: Look at this problem in an objective manner. Do not look at these problems in a narrow communal manner. There are provisions in this bill which do not affect in the least those who do not profess Hinduism. There are a lot of people in this country who do not belong to any religion, who do not want to be known by any religion. There is a sense of responsibility growing in them that they should develop this country on a real secular basis without getting themselves attached to any particular religion. You should respect their wishes also. You should do so in consonance with the progress of civilisation. I am not opposed to divorce or monogamy but I am opposed to a sectional law and not secular law. Throw out this bill and bring a fresh bill on the model I have suggested.

NEW BOOKS

In the Cause of Peace: Seven years with United Nations by Trygve Lie Rs. 26- 4 as

The Leaven of Love: A new perspective in psycho-analysis by Izette de Forest Rs. 11- 4 as

Laureate of Peace: On the genius of Alexander Pope by G. Wilson Knight Rs. 15-12 as

The Temple Tiger and More Man-Eaters of Kumaon by Jim Corbett Rs. 6- 8 as

Anna Cora: The life and theatre of Anna Cora Mowatt by Eric Barnes Rs. 18-12 as

Bell from a Distant Temple: A new novel by Ronald Fraser Rs. 11- 4 as

The Ecstasy of Owen Muir: A New Novel by Ring Lardner Rs. 9- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,

MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

THE CALL OF GOA

By M. MADHAVA RAU

EVERY Hindu Konkani mother putting her child to cradle sings the following doggerel reminiscent of the acute agony of the Hindu emigre, escaping from the forced conversion threatened by the Portuguese Governor in the sixteenth century:

Uncle Crow, have you been to Goa.
When in Goa, have you seen baby's husband

Was he saying he would come
Was he saying he would not come

"He says he will come

He says he will not come"

Why is he of two minds?

(The verse portrays anxiety for a son-in-law left behind. Quotation marks enclose the crow's answer) These refugees of long ago, with no Government to protect or receive them, fled by sea and by land, and spread far and wide in India. Wherever they settled they prospered, and sent their thanksgiving and their annual tributes to the *kula devatas*, or the family deities, whom they had worshipped in Goa. The brilliant Benegal brothers, the gifted Kamath brothers, Sri A. Vittal Pai, I.C.S., Home Secretary of India, and Sri M. Govinda Pai, the Poet Laureate, to pick out at random only a few from a shining galaxy, are among the descendants of these displaced persons, who with sheer self-help made good in their new homes. They showed a versatile adaptability to all arts of peace and war. They must have been among the faithful band of captains who escorted to safety the sorely wounded Mahadaji Scindia from the stricken field of Panipat—they are prominent among the industrialists of the West Coast who import cashewnuts from Africa, and process them into table luxuries for the American market.

Those who remained were compelled to become Catholic Christians. The Pais and Kamaths became Albuquerque and Sequeiras. The bulk of them for centuries paid their homage to the gods of their ancestors, till zealous Catholic priests

weaned them from these "heathenish" longings. Kingdoms rose and fell. Bijapur from which Goa was carved out was divided between the Maratha and the Mughal. Parts of it afterwards, with other bits, formed the kingdom of Hyderabad, set up by a Mughal Viceroy. Hyderabad had a few moments' dream of independence after 1947, helped by the glamour of arms imported with Portuguese connivance—a dream shattered into smithereens by the bombers and tanks of the Indian Army. The tricolour now flutters over the whole land between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea—with the exception of three lovely gems of Portuguese pockets. It waves its call to all sons and daughters of India, to take it to the briny air of Marmagao. The followers of Krishna and Christ have heard the call alike, and have responded to it with equal ardour. The siren's call for a split on religious lines has come not from Christian countries, but from a degenerate Moslem country—Pakistan.

What right has Portugal to remain in Goa? The Dutch had at least a semblance of a right to remain in Indonesia. They had developed the agricultural and mineral wealth of the Archipelago, and found employment for its teeming millions. The French have a shadow of a right to remain in Algeria and Tunis as French settlers have developed the agricultural and industrial wealth of these countries. But the Portuguese have done nothing in Goa, beyond drawing pay in civil and military establishments. Iron ore is being exported instead of a steel plant being set up to process the large deposits. The Dudh-Sagar falls which could produce thousands of kilowatts of electricity remain undeveloped. Though Goa has got a humid climate, and adjoins a cotton-growing hinterland—an ideal position for textile industry—not a single textile mill has been set up. Indeed the-

Portuguese have produced nothing except a somewhat numerous hybrid population.

HAVE the Portuguese introduced high juristic concepts, as the British did in India? Here again the answer is an emphatic No. The criminal procedure is medieval, the complainant in a private complaint being called upon to give security for appearance. The way in which the French Government dealt with the freedom movement in French India, and the way in which the Portuguese Government is treating it in Goa is typical of the archaic ideas of Portugal in this respect. Dr. Gaithonde was deported from Portugal, and has been deprived of his citizenship for affectionate sentiments towards India uttered at a private dinner. A number of politicians favouring the idea of joining India have been banished to distant islands. People have been detained indefinitely on suspicion in jail. Old men have been kicked and beaten by jail warders. The Goan Boadicea has bled from the Portuguese rods. People may be prohibited from trading, and their property confiscated by executive edict. That the desire to join India should be shown even under such stifling oppression shows how strong the desire is.

Goa began with the Inquisition, and its latest exploit was helping German naval raiders with signals in the world wars. The totalitarian Portuguese State which is fighting the freedom movement in India with the strength of the atomic age and the barbarity of Timurlane's time is one of the members of the Nato treaty, which is itself one of the bulwarks of the so-called free world. And the paladins of the free world, England and America, apparently approve of Portugal sitting tight on the necks of the Goans like the Old Man of the Sea.

At the end of the nineteenth century the United States of America gave an ultimatum to Spain that she should withdraw her forces from Cuba and the Philippines and give them independence. On Spain refusing, America sent her navy and her army to drive out the Spaniard. If

the U. S. could thus send her forces to liberate an Atlantic island hundreds of miles away, and a Pacific island thousands of miles away, to give freedom to people who had no kinship with her, with what grace can the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers dispute the right of India to liberate the neighbouring people of Goa, who are flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, and the great majority of whom have the same culture as other people of the West Coast? The scions of the Great Goan Exodus, spread over the length and breadth of India, may very well say to the powerful republic which swears by liberty "Without your powerful help Israel could not have been formed. If you have helped to bring together into their ancient land the Jews who left Palestine more than a thousand years ago, even at the cost of expropriating the Arab peasant, if you have poured your money and your energy for that object, why can you not give at least your moral support to our movement for bringing back into the motherland from which the Portuguese filched it, the small pocket in which lie the ashes of our fathers, and the temples of our Gods? Our volunteers are being mercilessly kicked, our maidens indecently whipped, and our temples plundered by forced levies. Can you who interfered when the Spaniards flogged their colonies with whips, ask us to stand by, when the Portuguese are lashing the Goanese with scorpions? Or are you making a difference on the score that the Filipinos and the Cubans had a dosage of white blood in them, while we Indians have only pure brown blood?"

The progress that Goa will make, when integrated with India will rival the progress made by Israel as the Jewish national home. The Dudh Sagar falls will generate electric power, which will work textile mills in Marmagao. The iron ore will be converted into steel that will be processed at the same place. With development of its mineral and agricultural wealth, and growth of the above industries, Goa can maintain at least twice its present population.

To satisfy a disreputable ally England and America are stifling progress, which will bring greatly increased trade to them.

IF Portugal is not prepared to follow the example of France, the show down between her and India cannot be indefinitely delayed. Blood calls to blood; the deep off the Canara coast calls unto the deep off the Goan coast. The breezes that chum with the Ashoka Chakra on the Indian side of the Goan border, flow every day to the Goan coast, and kiss the waves that wash the shore. Wave on, thou tricolour, on all sides wave, in serene confidence! Even as the Divine Leader waited for one hundred and one sins, before sending his Chakra to kill Shishupala, Nehru is waiting till Salazaar has run his ordained course of atrocities. When the last misdeed is counted, the bugle will sound, our tanks will race to Marmagoa, and our toophanies will zoom in endless procession scattering pamphlets to the people of Goa announcing that the wicked

Portuguese will cease from troubling and the weary gods and men of Goa will be at rest. The soul of St. Francis Xavier which left its old clothes on earth, when attaining beatitude, will rejoice that liberty has come to his favourite land through the self-sacrifice of the Alvareses and Mascarenhas, for whom the revered saint worked so well and so long. Saint-hood rising far above nationhood, the indefatigable saint will rejoice that the cast off raiment of his soul will be taken charge of by a great power, which has been foremost in striving for peace and goodwill on earth. The earth will blossom with a new fragrance and the sky will shine with a new effulgence in Goa—our own Gomanthaka—guardian of our jewelled watergate to the Mid East—the long separated daughter who wafted her affection in fear and secrecy to the mother across the fence put up by her Portuguese ravisher, fearlessly nestling close to Mother India, the ravisher deported across the seven seas.

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

SELDOM have the film stars mustered together as they did for the reception held in honour of the Chinese delegates on Friday the 17th December 54 at Mohan Studios (Bombay). The reception was organised by the newly formed Artistes' Guild and the Producers' Guild.

Though the guests came at about 9-30 p.m. the stars and other invitees started coming by about 8 p.m. And the sixty and odd guests were received in traditional Indian style with 'Arati' and 'Tika' by our stars. The reception was held on a magnificent open-air set of *Moghul-E-Azam*.

It began with Nalini Jaywant singing *Vande Mataram*. It was followed by a welcome speech by Raj Kapoor; and later an address was presented to the delegates in a beautifully carved silver casket. Sohrab Modi read out the address and Durga Khote presented the casket on behalf of both the guilds. The chief of the Chinese delegation gave a suitable reply.

Later the guests were treated to a variety programme of dances, the highlight of which was Sitara's demonstration of Kathak style. Then as a surprise the Chinese delegates were asked to give some item. And responding to the invitation they sang two songs from opera and a Hindi chorus *Hindi Chini Bhai Bhai*.

The speeches emphasised the cultural tradition of India and China, and the unity of the artistes and their keen desire for peace and contentment. The Chinese speaker emphasized the importance of the film as a medium helping the people of India and China to understand each other's culture and classical art. He expressed the hope that through exchange of films both the

countries would come closer to each other.

While the delegates watched the Indian programme, they were served with sweets and milk. I am told that the Chinese delegates preferred milk to tea. And our stars served the guests themselves. Indeed, the entire function was managed by the stars themselves and on the whole they did a very good job of it with David, as usual, acting as the master of ceremonies.

The reception ended with the Chinese delegates singing their national anthem and the Indian artistes singing our national anthem.

Picture of the week

The success of *Black and White Movies' Mastana* has again proved that romance is not a necessary ingredient of a popular film. Even without the boy-meets-girl stuff, a picture can appeal to the masses provided of course the story has other human and dramatic qualities.

Mastana has such a story. It revolves round a loafer who has no care in the world. He sleeps where he likes; and when he has no money he just drinks water from a tap to fill his belly. Accidentally on the door-steps of a temple he meets a small child and in trying to fondle it he invites trouble. For, the policeman forces him to take away the child whose mother has abandoned him. There is a parallel story of a young woman maltreated by her husband who refuses to give shelter to her and her child and so out of desperation she leaves the child near a temple and tries to commit suicide. When she is saved, and returns to the temple to find her child, she finds that it has already been taken away.

So while *Mastana* brings up the child assisted by his two neighbours a magician and a gypsy woman astrologer, the real mother searches for him in vain. When the child grows up, *Mastana* starts his trade of mending broken glass windows, and to get customers the child resorts to a trick. The child throws stones

to break the glasses so that Mastana could get the customers. The 'game' is found out by the police and meanwhile the child's parents, reconciled thanks to another accident, make a claim for him.

Mastana's refusal to give away the child and his fight in court lends poignancy to the whole story. As far as the adventures of Mastana and the kid are concerned the story is first-rate; but the buffoonery of the magician played by Gope and the gypsy played by Kuldip is not only commonplace and stereotyped but rather irrelevant to the story. Similarly the story of the kid's parents is highly artificial and unconvincing. And in trying to blend these different threads of the story, the screenplay has become rather loose and hackneyed.

It is Mastana's character and superb portrayal by Motilal that saves the film and lifts it above the usual rut. Having taken an unusual subject director Rawail has cluttered it with the usual box-office cliches and in the process the subject has

lost most of its unusual character. Yet compared to the other films Mastana has still a distinctive note of its own. It is embellished with smart dialogue by Rashik, catchy tunes by Madan Mohan, popular lyrics by Rajendra Krishna and good photography by Jaywant Pathare, especially in the outdoor sequences.

All said, *Mastana* is a commendable maiden effort by producers Khushi and Sethi.

Personality of the week

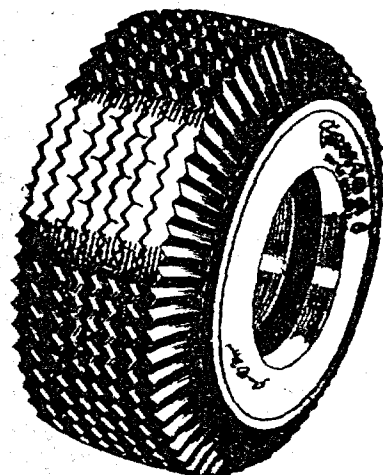
It was fortunate that in the Rajya Sabha there was at least one person who knew the film industry well and could defend it. Prithviraj Kapoor raised a lone voice in the debate on 'undesirable' films in favour of film producers. The industry should be grateful to him and to the Government which nominated him as a member of the Rajya Sabha.

Prithviraj has been associated with films for over twenty-five years. He has acted in silent films and played diverse roles and enacted passionate love scenes in pictures like *Milap* (directed by A. R. Kardar in Calcutta). And though for over a decade now Prithviraj has been devoting himself mainly to the stage, he is still a film man. Moreover since he decided to produce and direct a picture *Paisa* his interest in films has been very much revived.

Last time I met him at R. K. Studios, Prithviraj told me that he had started visiting the studios to watch his son work so that he too could get acclimatized to the atmosphere and spirit of film work.

As usual, in this meeting, Prithviraj discussed many issues. But the most important point he stressed was the constructive approach. He said that the film producers and writers were not aware of the various constructive projects being undertaken by the Government; and as a result their work also did not reflect the constructive approach. Either they were critical or they were divorced from life. Indeed, the nation building projects should inspire our writers and producers to make films which will stress this

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development in the post-freedom era. But, as Prithviraj asked who would be interested in such a venture?

Critical of films, ever since he had donned the mantle of producer, Prithviraj has become very conscious of the difficulties that confront a producer today. It is this fresh awareness that prompted Prithviraj to defend the film industry in the Rajya Sabha. Indeed if our other critics of films spare some time and try to understand the problems of the film industry only then they will realize the various impediments in the path of film producers.

★

INSANIYAT

CLOSE on the heels of the spectacular *Bahut Din Huwe* which is still in the minds of millions all over the North, Geminis announce their next big Hindi production. The name of the film is *Insaniyat*.

Insaniyat which means 'the act of being human', is the story of some simple village folks who believed that being human was the greatest of all virtues and the best weapon against aggression. Into their lives came a power-hungry tyrant who believed that nothing mattered but Might. But in the village folk, the tyrant met more than his match and learnt about the real power of Love.

The picture has a magnificent array of stars both from North India as well as the South. It has all the lavish production values for which Gemini is already so well-known, plus a tender love-story which is sure to win the hearts of the millions.

Sri Chittoor Subrahmanya Pillai

FEW platform musicians of our day have popularised the kritis of Thyagaraja, as Vidwan Sri Chittoor Subrahmanya Pillai, who has been chosen to preside over this year's Music Academy Conference. Like his illustrious guru, the late Kancheepuram Nayana Pillai, he is a great devotee of Thyagaraja and an ardent student of music. His rich repertoire

VALLIYIN SELVAN

UNITED FILM ARTS, a shining new name among film producing companies in the South, is launching a brilliant new picture which awaits release early in 1955.

The picture *Valliyin Selvan* is a Tamil social and is directed by Kothamangalam Subbu. It is the beautiful tale of a mother's great love and a father's sacrifice.

The picture has a star studded cast which includes Lalitha, Sundari Bai, Vanaja, Sahasranamam, T. S. Dorairaj, S. V. Subbiah and R. Ganesan.

The story is about a rich man who has a devoted servant. When tragedy strikes his house the servant's wife is called upon to make the supreme sacrifice to save the situation. How the servant and his wife faced this test of fate and proved that a man's real wealth lies not in his money, but in the value of his own given word, makes up the theme of this brilliant photoplay.

One unique aspect of this picture which is sure to draw a great deal of acclaim is the unusual role played by Smt. Sundari Bai. This artiste who plays the title role of VALLI in this picture has gone entirely from light comedy at which her talent is well known and now soars to new heights in the serious role of a mother who is torn between love for her child and devotion to her husband.

This picture is being produced at Gemini Studios and is being distributed all over Tamilnad by Gemini Pictures Circuit Ltd.

includes several compositions of the Musical Trinity, Tamil composers like, Gopalakrishna Bharathi, Arunachala Kavi, Muthuthandavar, Marimutha Pillai, Saints Arunagiri, Appar and Sambandar, Papavinasu Mudaliar, Ramaswamy Sivan, Koteeswara Aiyar, Papanasam Sivan, besides tana varnas, padas, javalis and tillanas.

Sri Subrahmanya Pillai was born on June 22, 1898, in Punganur, a small village near Chittoor, as the

third son of Peranarya, a musician of repute who was an adept on the violin and a brilliant Harikatha performer. He was a linguist and was highly proficient in Sanskrit. Side by side with his school studies, Peranarya taught his son the rudiments of music from his fifth year and was struck by his keen interest in the art. Within two years, young Subrahmanyam showed great promise and acquired enough mastery of the art which would enable him to give a concert. His lively interest in laya, which has acquired polish and refinement with the passage of years, was perceptible even when he was a boy of ten.

After several years of hard toil and struggle due to stark poverty, he came under the tutelage of one of the great masters of music, Kancheepuram Nayana Pillai. The guru taught his disciple all the branches of the art and was greatly impressed by his deep knowledge and sustained interest. He underwent *gurukulavasa* for nearly ten years and then left for his village. Among others who learnt music under Nayana Pillai at that time may be mentioned Seithur Sundaresa Battar, Tiruppar-kadal Srinivasa Iyengar, S. Krishnaswami Iyengar, Villivakkam Narasimhachariar, Maichur Sundaresa Sastri, Kancheera Sringaram Pillai and Thinnurthimithalai Kalyanasundaram Pillai.

After a concert by Sri Nayana Pillai organised by the Jagannatha Bhaktha Sabha in which Subrahmanyam Naidu accompanied his guru, a performance was arranged for the disciple. In accordance with his guru's wishes, he came to be called Subrahmanyam Pillai from that day onwards. Later, at the marriage function of the daughter of Vidwan Ettaiyapuram Ramachandra Bhagavata he gave a concert in the presence of a galaxy of vidwans which was much appreciated. From then on, he gave regular concerts and became a popular musician. After the death of his guru, Sri Subrahmanyam Pillai regularly conducted Thyagaraja festival at Kancheepuram following its traditions. For the last eight years, he is conduct-



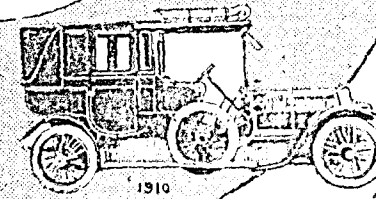
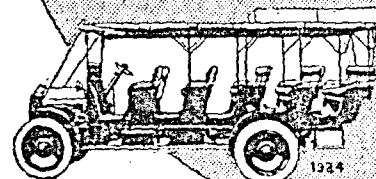
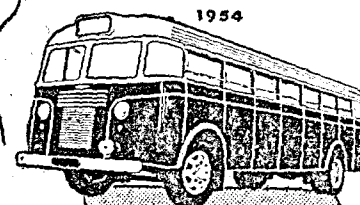
Sri Chittoor Subrahmanya Pillai

ing the Thyagaraja festival at Tirupathi.

A brilliant exponent of raga and kritis, an adept in singing, intricate pallavis, an ardent research worker, Sri Subrahmanya Pillai is also an able composer. "Madhuranagarilo" in Anandabairavi, "Kuvudupar Kuil Kuvudupar" in Amirthavahini, "Mavalla gadamma" in Mandu and "Amma Ni Koduku Duduku" in Chenchuruti, are some of his well-known compositions. He was awarded the title of "Isai Mannar" in 1941 at a conference in Tirunelveli. At present, he is the head of the Department of Music at the Annamalai University and has recently published "Tiruppugazh" in swara notation.

Vidwan Subrahmanya Pillai has taken a leading part in the activities connected with music sponsored by institutions, Universities and Government, both Central and State. He was a member of more than one Committee at the time of the organisation of the Central College of Karnataka Music. He is a member of the Board of Studies in Music in the Madras and Travancore Universities and a member of the South India Audition Board of the A. I. R. and the Madras State Branch of the Sangeetha Natak Akademi.

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