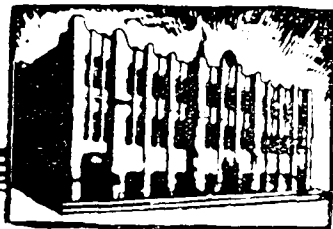


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Birthday of Saradamani Devi

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SWATANTRA

THE CLEANSING

IT is incredible that the Communist Party of Russia with its eyes always on the far horizon of World Revolution should be so unimaginative as not to perceive that the spasmodic purges undertaken to cleanse the organisation of traitors are an automatic negation to a certain extent of the propaganda it puts forth to sell itself to the rest of the world as the happiest and most equitable way of life. The Russian Communists have cultivated an expertness in the art of striking suddenly, unexpectedly, inexorably. Every-one of their expulsions from the Party comes as so startling a shock to the rest of the world that for weeks afterwards the surprise and dismay of gullible people and the exultation of propagandists keep overflowing into the press. It must be that the 'purge' has a mystic or political or moral significance in Russia which is unknown to the remainder of humanity. One is inclined to think that they believe this periodic cleansing furthers the cause of communism in the world. The truth fortunately, is quite the contrary. It is so disillusioning that one is tempted to predict that the heyday of Communism is over.

THE expulsion of Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria from the Communist Party and the Deputy Premiership and the Ministry of the Interior is the sort of sensational débacle which is manna from heaven for western propagandists. They have been sharpening their wits and their pencils from last January when the Russian nest of Jewish doctors was disturbed and exposed to implications of treason. But the most disinterested and neutral of observers cannot but feel that there must be something stifling and deathly in a system which is so tightly-knit that it is possible to be caught in one's own home, in one's own job, in one's own native environment like a fly in a spider's web. Lavrenti Beria was one of the vital figures both in the Communist Party of Russia and the Soviet Government. He had his men in key positions in the state security services all over the face of Russia. He was in charge of atomic energy and had a private army of his own. He was Number Two in the Soviet Governmental hierarchy and his devotion to Stalin stretched unquestioned over at least twenty years. He knew perhaps better than any other single individual, all about the lives, personal, domestic, official, political of people in all spheres of life, high and low, in the Soviet Republics. The succession to Stalin hung for a time in the balance between Malenkov and Beria. Then, suddenly, almost exactly four months after Stalin's death, he was arrested and *Pravda* called him "an agent of international imperialism" and a "foreign hireling" and he was accused of threatening the new Soviet policy of "collective leadership." His case was reportedly sent up to the Soviet Supreme Court. His fate hung fire for nearly six months during which some fantastic stories were circulated about an alleged escape and break-through to freedom. And then startlingly came news of a "confession" and less than a week later, of execution immediately after a trial.

THE only conclusion that one can draw from this astounding pattern of events is that the Soviet State machine and its synonymous parallel, the Russian Communist Party are hot-beds of political rivalry and that its members work under a pressure of tensions and stresses generated by the straining upward of the few towards the top. Constantly, continuously there is a competition for power and position. Such contentions and antagonisms are part and parcel of progress in any kind of country, but in Russia they assume the proportions and quality of a life-and-death struggle. The

number of puddles of blood over which Stalin stepped to reach his goal make a grisly tale indeed.

ANOTHER fact that is washed up in the consciousness of people by this tide in the affairs of men in Soviet Russia is that political unification and the permeation of communism into every corner and crevice of the sixteen Socialist Republics is not yet complete. The proof of communism is in the making of the Soviet State. And it is being built on the dead bodies of unnecessary or dangerous people. One cannot help wondering how a man like Beria whose responsibility it was to guard the State against internal subversion could be so caught up and petrified in a net of intrigue that he himself could be accused of treason. What the Communists have got into the habit of calling treason is a word they use as a stalking horse from behind which to shoot the marked man. Nobody is likely to believe that Lavrenti Beria was sending secret reports to British or American Intelligence. It could only have been that he lost out in a game which he played as relentlessly and ruthlessly as did his final vanquisher.

THE tentacles of the power-game seem to reach out to everyone, big and small, in the Communist Fatherland. No man seems safe in a State in which men are constantly obsessed with the need to do each other down, and no Government or mode of life or pattern of society in which the individual can, without a moment's notice or hope of appeal, be secretly and silently and completely immobilized can be conducive to his happiness or peace of mind. A traitor in England with a remote acquaintance working in Wapping docks has a chance of a getaway to France. But Lavrenti Beria with a whole legion of spies and secret service men from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan working for him was caught like a mouse in a trap and was shot like a dog.

IT is inevitable that thinking people all over the world should draw the inescapable conclusions from the purge of Lavrenti Beria about the workings of the Soviet Government and the Communist mind.

Sotto Voce

SCRAP MUSIC



CHRISTMAS week is also, for Madras, the traditional season of musical indigestion. Having to go out of town for the duration I congratulated myself on the prospect of escaping the usual surfeit of remnants, the cold collation which never seems to have known the generous warmth of fire. But I had forgotten Dr. Keskar and his A. I. R. At home you were under no compulsion to hear good, bad and indifferent music remorselessly relayed: you could

always switch off. But, whether as a guest at a hospitable board or as a visitor conscientiously doing a small town itinerary, you found yourself buffeted by a musical squall, tossed by one loud speaker to another with as little concern for your feelings as the Rugby football player has for the globe of indiarubber.

The poor gods in their temples were themselves not immune from the devastating onslaughts of 'thunder in

the air,' to wit, the radie and kindred noises. The movement to popularise the singing of *Tiruppavai* and *Tiruvembavai* by groups of children in this month sacred to the Lord has made gratifying headway. From village streets and town squares, from the courtyards of temples and the steps of bathing *ghats* came the joyous upstage of the virginal choir thrilling the morning air to gladness. But why, O why, are loudspeakers installed on temple *gopurams* and allowed to assault your tympanum with the brassy blare of some fly-blown *prima donna* who has confided her devotional ecstasy to pitiless vulcanite?

The hoary institution of the *bhajane* is in a bad way, though you would not think it, merely looking at the large number of idle people who, following some private whim of their own, capriciously attach themselves to this or that group for a while. The attraction is usually some well-known singer who, while he condescendingly joins in, does not care to hide his boredom: his perfunctory singing is so little in accord with the spirit of maternal dedication that it may with justice be described as 'doing time.' The decay of the *bhajana* is directly due to the subordination of the song to the singer. As poor Adivarahachari used to say with a sigh, there is neither cash nor kudos in it.

Dr. Keskar gallantly stands up for classical music. But he labours under a strange misconception. He is right in saying that a musically educated public is a desideratum if music and musicians are to prosper. But he is wrong in thinking that this can be secured by boosting music as a family accomplishment. Our experience here in the South, alas, tells a very different tale. Never were more children crucified at the altar of music than are today. And no sensitive god could have been more agonised by such senseless holocaust than must be poor Apollo at this misguided waste of effort.

Dr. Keskar emitted a superior sniff at the Maharajas who were charged with caring more for horse-racing

than for music. The gibe is as pointless as it is tasteless: if the Rajas and the Zamindars no longer patronise music Dr. Keskar and his egalitarian levellers must thank themselves for it. But that is neither here nor there. The point to remember is that while commercialised horse-racing—of which so many leading lights of the Congress are enthusiastic patrons—is a pretty brainless thing, the Greeks prided themselves as much in excelling in the Olympic Games as in song and drama. For the Greeks, unlike Dr. Keskar, were unblushing aristocrats so far as the arts were concerned.

Your true aristocrat never loses his regard for human values. And religion is the supreme value. It is no accident that strident democracy and godlessness have always gone together. Dr. Keskar would have his cake and eat it: he wants at once docile democracy and a new access of spirituality. And he thinks that the State as Maecenas can make the wilderness of our taste-forsaken age flower into beauty. He does not seem to realise that no people has yet been regimented into the self-forgetfulness that produces great art.

"Nearer to Church, farther from God" would seem to be startlingly true of our musical situation today. Every platform performer trots out all the frite things that have been said of music as *sadhana*; but how many stop to reflect that as a people we were never farther from a mood of joyous worship? Dr. Keskar put his plea for classical music on the ground that folk-tunes which appeal to the masses could not hope to express the subtle emotions for which art music was the appropriate vehicle. But both types are nourished by the same undercurrent of inspiration, and flourish or wither together. They represent an efflorescence of the indwelling spirit, a true *upa-brhmana*. A devitalised leadership that oscillates painfully between the machine-made felicities of Russia and America is not going to lead us out of our cultural captivity.

VICHNESWARA

SRIMATHI D. K. PATTAMMAL

By "VISWAMITRA"

I HAVE for long wanted to pay a tribute to this fine artiste. Perhaps it is just as well that I waited; for today she has passed the stage of promise. Her music has become rich and mellow, and its pure South Indian flavour has remained unsullied by the onslaught of changing taste and false experiment. The tradition of a school of art is the only heritage that makes for its opulent expansion. The wayward graft that creates either a forcibly mixed style or the trained mingling of visibly opposed patterns of development is always and without exception harmful. The lay critic with a good intention but a bad ear, manages to accumulate a following among the ardent youth who are discovering music along with sex at an age when the craving is for excitement as well as entertainment. They plead for forms that break away from the worn-out repetitions of known methods and familiar songs. Sometimes they plead for the obscure raga being brought into the limelight and go into artificial ecstasies over the exposition of a raga with a single song in it. Actually, the artiste first struggles to expand the song itself into the raga and then compress it back into the song. Others attempt to synthesise the North and the South by mixing two distinctive and by themselves beautiful styles and succeed in cooking up a hybrid brew. It is the fault of human nature to crave for excellence in some other field than one's own. It is said by the great Macaulay that when Frederick the Great and Voltaire met each was anxious to impress the other, and Voltaire talked politics and Frederick talked literature and each thought that the other was a fool. Thus when a great musician from North India attempts to sing swaras he reminds one of a child learning to swim, splashing about in vain, swallowing water and choking. Similarly, when the Karnatic musician traces the outlines of a poor piece in Hindustani, he presses

it all over with his gamakas, confines it to the uniform pacing of a tala, and converts it into a second-rate kriti, which according to some of the brighter patriots of their own corner of the country, is all that upper India music is capable of. More recently, in order perhaps to demonstrate the cultural unity of India, ragas that are common to both schools like Malkose or Bhup—they sound better and more learned under exotic appellations—are being sung in what may be called the "other style" and the consequence is an imposition on the artiste and the listener alike. Much more so on the artiste who deviates into forced intellection which cuts at the root of the accepted architecture that comes with greater spontaneity.

IN the midst of this chaos of uninstructed welter, it is refreshing to find an artiste who has resisted the blandishments of facile popularity and has stuck to the true style of the music of South India, and is content to expound it with devotion to the genius of its master composers. This is the true conservatism that makes for quiet progress. This is the way to nourish a living organism, the correct procedure for the ripening of art. It shines like a good deed in a naughty world. To listen to her music is like returning home to good accustomed food, after attending one of those new-fangled dinners where a mixture of prepared 'baths' and afternoon snacks are served in unholy succession, on inadequate porcelain plates with teaspoons that fail to contact the elusive eatable.

It is difficult at all times to convey by words the true characteristics of any form of art. The critic can serve up only a Barmecide's feast. An air of profundity can, no doubt, be imparted to criticism, by spicing the essay with a number of technical words, preferably in a language different to that of the main article; one speaks of 'Sampradaya krama'

meaning, tradition; 'Vilamba kala' meaning, slow music; 'Swaya mud-raka' meaning, a person who sings his own name; 'Vaggyeka' meaning, a gentleman who has enough knowledge to write the words and the tune; 'Kalpana swara' meaning, the repetition of notes previously learnt by heart; 'Arohana' meaning, going up; 'Avarohana' meaning, coming down; 'Swanubhuti' meaning, enjoying one's self. Sometimes a similar effect is achieved by introducing words suitable to other forms of art like monochrome (one colour), pastel shades (dull colour), colourful tones (this last is hybrid), architectonics (this may perhaps be detechnicalised as meaning castles in the air), and the like. Brushing aside the mere pedant, even the sincere critic needs sympathy as he has to struggle to express a moment of feeling in an expanse of words. This is all the more difficult in trying to define the particular qualities of an artiste, where, beyond words of praise or of blame, indicating the subjective reactions of the listener, purely scientific and technical appreciation is beset with infinite impediments.

I desire to say, for instance, that the voice of Srimathi D. K. Pattammal has a "cultivated quality." A natural voice is a gift. It becomes, in fact, a musical instrument on which the artiste plays. It is there, ready for action. A cultivated voice is the result of training. It achieves a suitable compromise between the demands of the art and the facility or the contrariness of nature. It keeps the music, rather than the voice, in perspective. It is a commonplace of musical criticism that South Indian music does not emphasise voice culture. Nothing is farther from the truth. South Indian music is one long and painful process of voice culture. Karnatic music is a complicated art, replete with short-range movements, tortuous twists, even-pacing, and a rigorous time-measure. To bring about the beauty of a song within the circumference of this discipline requires a voice training that is akin to tight-rope walking. In the process of this training the voice achieves, within the range and volume that God has

given, a certain quality that is merged in the music and has no independent existence or excellence of its own. This 'musical voice' is not always rich, and is seldom a natural gift. It is the result of a strenuous training of such gift as may have existed into a studied and practised groove. No great exposition of Karnatic music is at all possible except through the medium of this 'cultivated voice.' It is to the credit of this artiste that she has turned a voice that is inherently sweet, but not one that is a slave that obeys orders, to suit the purpose of art. One may notice that there is no abandon in the higher notes, no adventures in speed, no 'semolina' in the throat, but only an even melody, broad-based and even-toned, and in the higher notes of the octave, giving a hint of a struggle that has been mastered. One particularly likes the occasional huskiness that spices the movement, as it were. It is the sign of the study that has gone into the culture. It is the happy mean between the pathetic struggle of the voiceless artiste who relies on his hands to express a recondite movement and the gifted vocalist who relies on his vocal chords to supply the deficiencies of the intellect and the imagination.

ONE also appreciates the serenity of this artiste, serenity not so much of the music as of deportment on the platform. It is a general mark of women-artistes, that they are less prone to twist their face and play their arms than the men. Indeed when a lady does indulge in these gymnastics, however mildly, it is very much more grotesque than when practised by men. It is beauty itself becoming the beast. Perhaps it is due to the inferiority of the creative urge and the greater reliance on what has been just learnt. This explanation does not satisfy. God knows that many of the male contortionists have just enough originality to fill the bottom half of a tailor's thimble. Perhaps it is due to the greater facility of the female voice. The fact remains, however, that they are quieter on the platform. D. K. Pattammal is a perfect example of this statue-like quietness. It is, one

does not doubt, a welcome discipline, that enables one to concentrate on the art.

She is also a pioneer in the field. Fifty or even twenty-five years ago music, as a profession, was not encouraged as suitable for good housewives, deeply attached to the house. She has shown that the two objectives are far from being irreconcilable. She is astonishingly modest and shy and has no ego even for her art.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI said that he was an ancestor and not a descendant. All great artistes are ancestors. They learn initially from a master, but soon forge a style of their own. They absorb the knowledge of the teacher and not his style. That is perhaps why many of the disciples of great musicians lacking the seed of originality, go about—pale shadows of a great style, spending their time in teaching the daughters of the rich. Srimathi Pattammal's style is her own. She has learnt, from several; indeed, she did not have sufficient opportunities for an extended probation, but she has turned all that she has learnt by the alchemy of artistic selectivity, into an individual style—the style of the old masters, where adventure is not an asset, and fidelity to one's heritage is the true distinction.

The music of South India is unique in one particular aspect. Its emphasis on tala has no parallel elsewhere. Tala is not the rhythm or the pace, it is the very basis of the structure of the song. It is, in a sense, the intellectual part that affords scope for the mathematician. The South Indian mind, with its flair for analysis and what it is proud to call subt-

lety, has developed a science of Tala in music that is rich enough for an independent life-study. The drum is not a mere accompaniment, but a musical instrument in its own right. Like the human voice it is susceptible to every change of weather and the tuning of a drum is no less delicate than the tuning of the Veena. The Pallavi is the highwater mark of musical learning. Some musicians have achieved fame by commencing a Pallavi at a minute quarter or even quarter plus one-eighth interval between the beat of the palm and the count of little finger, in talas that end in odd numbers like eleven or fifteen, in a slow measure that is capable of four speeds (like English car gears), generally ending up in a crescendo of swaras, the drummer shaking with the frenzy of the consummation, tuft flying, the violinist left behind in the race, and scraping gently, and the audience gaping in sheer astonishment. This is the esoteric part which only the front-rankers follow with their fingers. This part of the concert has always been the prerogative of the male musician. Some critics go so far as to say that the ladies should not pollute their melody with these unbecoming excursions into an intellectual field.

Srimathi Pattammal is sound in Tala and sometimes sings difficult Pallavis, clear-cut, not too long, but displaying a confidence and ease born of knowledge and training in a field not usually considered to be the forte of woman. Her enunciation is always clear and emphatic, if anything, it errs on the side of overemphasis. This is neither a merit nor a defect, but a characteristic.

I believe with D. H. Lawrence that, for a woman, no intellectual or sentimental friendship can ever be a fundamental emotion. A woman depends upon her body far more than she realizes. She will always give first place to the man she loves physically, and if he insists, will renounce the most perfect friendship for him. It is extremely dangerous for a woman to attempt to introduce sensuality into sentimental friendship, to flirt with friends and disguise physical desire with words. And this practice is far more dangerous for a man; using it, he will never acquire self-assurance that always comes with happy love affairs. "The real value of love," says Valery, "is the increased general vitality it produces." Contrariwise, intellectual friendship, when it is the empty shadow of love, lessens vitality. If a man on the point of conquest suspects that he cannot bring it off, his self-confidence vanishes and he feels diminished.—ANDRE MAUROIS

U. S. PRESIDENT'S UN TALK

THE real background of President Eisenhower's decision to make his historic speech to the United Nations is both interesting and significant. There have been all sorts of reports that British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill strongly opposed the speech; that he persuaded the President to revise it radically; and even that Churchill wrote most of it himself. All this is wholly untrue.

The President, of course, had long considered making a candid speech on the atomic threat "primarily to the American people." During the week before the Bermuda meeting the idea of making such a speech instead to the U. N. and to the world was born. When UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld cabled the President on Dec. 4 to invite him to speak to the UN, C. D. Jackson, the President's aide, was ordered to fly to Bermuda with the latest version of the much-redrafted "candour" speech.

Arrived at Bermuda, Jackson showed the speech to Secretary of State Dulles, who gave a copy to British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. Eden showed it to Churchill, and Churchill, Eisenhower, French Prime Minister Laniel and their principal aids discussed the speech on Saturday, Dec. 5. The speech was not in final form, and was still being redrafted. Churchill strongly approved the idea of the speech but suggested two revisions. He said he believed that the speech would have a more powerful impact, especially on the British people, if a couple of paragraphs were rephrased. He suggested that one of these paragraphs be toned down somewhat—but that the other be given a firmer and more resolute tone. Eisenhower agreed, and the paragraphs in question were rewritten—in Eisenhower's language, not Churchill's.

Churchill also suggested that Lord Cherwell, his scientific adviser, and Atomic Energy Commission Chairman, Lewis Strauss carefully consider the technical aspects of the

proposal for a pool of fissionable material, to be sure there were no traps, before a final decision was taken. Eisenhower, of course, agreed, and Cherwell and Strauss had a long meeting on Saturday afternoon to look for traps. When they found none, the final decision to go ahead with the speech was taken, and Eisenhower's acceptance was sent to Hammarskjöld on Sunday, December 6.

That same morning, the President received from Churchill a personal note which greatly pleased him. The note congratulated the President in the warmest terms on the speech; said it reflected the President's candour and natural leadership; and promised strong British support for the President's proposal. So much for reports that Churchill opposed the speech.

Meanwhile, when the final decision to go ahead with the speech was taken, it was decided to cable American Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen in Moscow, instructing him to ask for an audience with Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov. Bohlen was told to communicate the gist of the President's proposal to Molotov, assuring him that the proposal was made in all good faith, and that the American Government earnestly hoped the Soviet Government would most seriously consider it. The reaction of Molotov and his colleagues in the Kremlin became clear as early as Wednesday morning, when the Moscow radio immediately blasted the proposal, and the New York *Daily Worker* (who had no doubt been given the word) denounced it as a Wall Street plot. There was, of course, a risk that the Kremlin's reaction might be the precise opposite.

THE Kremlin's stockpile of fissionable material is probably measured by now in tons, and it would cost the Kremlin very little to offer to turn over to the United Nations a substantial amount of this material. This might well have given the whole free world the notion that East and West had thereby made a giant step

toward settlement—a total and infinitely dangerous illusion.

The President consciously accepted this risk, however, for two reasons. First, in this case, the United States would instantly offer to match the Soviets, or better, and would at the same time embark on the "private" negotiations proposed in the President's speech. These conversations would demonstrate, once and for all, whether the Soviets were willing to negotiate seriously on atomic control.

Second, the President feels deeply that no avenue whatsoever must be left unexplored which might lead to bringing the terrible forces he described in his speech under control. Unfortunately, the Kremlin's response to the President's proposal seems to demonstrate, once and for all, that no such avenue exists.

The Last Agony Of Jim Crow

"AN age of storm and tragedy" is what Winston Churchill called our present era in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech. He was talking of atomic weapons, and the same note entered Dwight Eisenhower's UN speech. But storm and tragedy were also present in the Supreme Court reargument of the school segregation cases. John W. Davis, speaking for the South Carolina diehard position of Governor Byrnes, ended with an emotional plea for state's rights that made his voice falter and choke. Thurgood Marshall, speaking for the NAACP, told movingly what it meant to be a Negro growing up under segregation.

The fact is that in the last generation American race relations have been going through a social revolution without violence. For more than half a century the Negro, who had

been made by Constitutional amendment a free man and a legal equal of the white man, has had the gate leading to equal opportunity barred and padlocked against him. Now the gates are being broken open. On housing covenants, on university education, on train service, on restaurant facilities, on admission to movie houses, on access to jobs and public office, on equality in the armed services, our generation has witnessed a historic series of legal, political and social victories, won without violence. The struggle over the segregation on the public schools is the toughest of the battles thus far, but if it is won it is also likely to prove the last important one. If this rampart of the caste system is breached, the rest will follow.

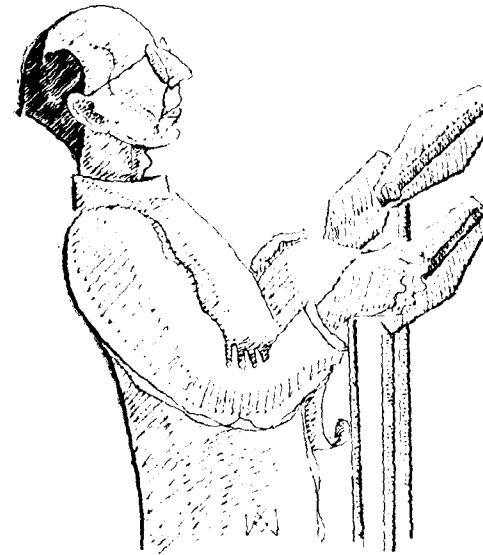
I cannot believe that the perplexities of the Justices are primarily those of technical Constitutional law. Anyone who has studied carefully the five questions—and several subquestions—which the Justices submitted to both sides will have a pretty good guess about how the Court majority stands on the question of law itself. The give away on this came when several of the counsel for the Southern states asked the Court—if it decided to outlaw Jim Crow in the schools—to allow for a slow transition and leave it to the local courts to determine the pace of transformation. In other words Jim Crow is in his last agony, but he is trying to win time. And the Supreme Court Justices are searching their consciences to decide whether they will kill him "forthwith (as one of the five questions has it) or do it by a "gradual adjustment"—that is, let him take an unconscionably long time in dying.—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

Society makes rules for its own preservation, but the individual can have no duty toward society; there is nothing to restrain him but prudence. He can go his own way, freely, doing what he wills, but he must not complain if society punishes him when he does not act in accordance with its dictates. More efficacious than all the laws society has made for its self-preservation is the institution of conscience, setting thereby a policeman in every man's bosom to see that its laws are obeyed; and it is singular that even in a man's most private affairs, where one might imagine society has no concern, conscience leads him to act according to the good of this organism outside himself.

—SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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

By M. KRISHNAN



anyway), modestly disclaimed expert knowledge of music—and said nice things about A. I. R. All went well except for a magnificent bloomer by Dr. Keskar that few noticed, although his mike recorded it faithfully and the lapse, in a prepared speech, was noticeable. Commenting emphatically on the services of the Academy to the cause of music, Dr. Keskar said: "Its role in canalising developments in the musical world in the right direction and in providing a platform for exchange of thought on matters musical cannot be underestimated"! Apart from the bloomer, one gets the impression of a floating platform!

Dr. Keskar's speech was sound and sincere. Particularly did I like that part about how, comparatively undisturbed by wars and invasions, music in the South had a continuity of tradition that did not obtain in the North: incidentally, this is equally true of the other fine arts, and while South Indian music has gained country-wide recognition for its cultural purity, the sculpture and literature of the South have not, as yet. Wars and invasions are not the only things that affect culture—internal influences can be more potent than those from outside—nor is assimilation of foreign influences always harmful. However, there was much in what Dr. Keskar said.

There was much, again, in what he said about how classical and folk music were complementary and not at all antipathetic. But I wish he had not gone on to expatiate on the "spiritual moorings of music."

The arts have too long been the satellites of religion in our country. However, only those with small knowledge of Southern culture will say (Dr. Keskar did not) that they were always so. It was while Dr. Keskar spoke about "spiritual moorings" that I was reminded of what that talented critic, the late Yuvaraja of Mysore, had said years and years ago on a like occasion. He had wanted music, a powerful and

THE inauguration of the 27th annual conference of the Madras Music Academy by Dr. B. V. Keskar on the evening of December 21, broadcast from recordings later in the night by A. I. R. Madras, reminded me of a similar occasion long past. That was so long ago that I have no clear recollection of the year or what musical conference was then opened (it might even have been a conference of the Madras Music Academy), but I remember that it was the late Yuvaraja of Mysore who spoke then, and what he said. However, the present first.

All the conventions usual to such an occasion were observed on the 21st of last month—how one wishes there would be a refreshing departure from the norm once in a way! The Academy welcomed the Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting and paid compliments to his musical perception and knowledge—and said nice things about A. I. R. Dr. Keskar, in turn, paid compliments to the Academy (he meant to,

natural medium of human expression, to serve the moods and moments of man oftener and to be less completely devoted to the praise of the gods. I will not enter a futile and, what is worse, lengthy debate on the traditional uses of music in the South in days long past—but readers who think music always served a religious purpose in the main may safely accept my assurance that it did not, that it was often a lyric accompaniment to mortal love, and that the art had martial and courtly associations and frequently voiced the moods of men.

THE National Programme recital by Jyotsna Bhole on December 5 was quite an event. Hundreds, like me, must find the soft-voiced virtu of Jyotsna Bhole a most pleasant qualification to the rigours of classical music. But what made the recital even more remarkable was the fact that a 'bhav-geet' was sung in the National Programme, for the first time, I believe.

The 'bhav-geet' is purely a Marathi mode. It is an emotional song, often demanding considerable technical equipment of the singer and always a perfectly modulated voice, the theme of which is strongly-felt sentiment, usually love. And when I say love, I mean love—not the feeling of the devotee for his god, not the feeling of the cow for her calf, but the thing of which man and woman say, afterwards and with Bridges:

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;

Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.

Who could foretell this sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster

When first we met?—We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

But the 'bhav-geet' that Jyotsna Bhole sang was almost the reverse of a love song. It was a nostalgic

piece addressed by a girl (now in her husband's house) to a mynah, urging the bird to visit the dear home of her birth where, in the compound, there was a Parijathak tree. It touched me especially. I have never been a home-sick girl, but for years I lived in a house the barren compound of which was graced by a lone tree, a Parijathak.

Meeting two Maratha enthusiasts for the mode recently, I told them of this recital. With these men I had listened far into the night to 'bhav-geets', and they had added much to my enjoyment of the music with vivid expositions of the meanings and conventions of the songs. I thought they would be overjoyed to hear of the advent of the 'bhav-geet' to the National Programme. How unpredictable the reactions of one's friends can be! My friends seemed quite concerned. They asked if the piece had been sung at much length; now that you mention it, I told them, it did take about half an hour. They asked if elaborate flourishes, of the type of 'bol-tan', had marked the singing; I replied that they had, in passages. Then they left, praying to Maruthi to save the 'bhav-geet' from the National Programme.

MR. JUSTICE A. S. P. AIYAR's discourse on the concept of Love as gleaned from the proverbs of South India, broadcast on the night of December 16, was overwhelming. The antiquity of Southern culture, a brief account of the early history of the land, how proverbs were the distilled wisdom of the ages, divine and mundane love, the superiority of the former, the division of the latter into familial and sexual love, these various forms as exemplified in sayings in Sanskrit, Malayalam, Telugu, Kannada and Tamil,—all in one sing-song chant, all in 15 minutes as I said, it was overwhelming!

Being no linguist, I could not place the sayings from Sanskrit, Malayalam, Telugu and Kannada cited by the learned judge. I know only Tamil. And my knowledge of Tamil

did not help me to appreciate the talk.

If Mr. A. S. P. Aiyar had wanted to quote from *Thiru-k-Kural* and had found the title of his talk ('Proverbs of South India—Love') in the way, he could have argued that proverbs, though belonging to the spoken tongue, had a moralistic community with didactic verse, perhaps brought in biblical analogy (to confuse the trail), and then proceeded to his quotations—instead of expounding the wholly untenable theory that proverbs are the wisdom of the people borrowed by poets and returned to the common folk enriched by the loan. To quote the Auvvaiyar who wrote *Aaththi-Cudi* and other platitudinous stuff no theory was required, for she was no poet, unlike the other Auvvaiyars of Tamil.

Perhaps the best way would have been to have had the title of the talk changed—Mr. A. S. P. Aiyar quoted too often from written Tamil to sus-

tain his title. His stock excuse, "Thiruvalluvar, doubtless quoting a proverb, says . . .", only underlined the fact that no proverb sustained the sentiment. Even granting, hypothetically, that there might be a proverb behind the verse, it was the proverb and not the verse that he should have quoted.

However, this was not the chief failing of the talk. I was astonished to hear Mr. A. S. P. Aiyar come out with the statement that in South India the literature on "mundane love" was negligible compared to that on "divine love" and that the former was tinged with the latter. I am afraid the learned judge said that in ignorance of the body of erotic poetry, styled 'akham', that is such a substantial part of the finest literature in Tamil. And far from mundane love being tinged with the divine, our Southern culture is full of legends of celestial passions—such legends and literature are always tinged by the behaviour of wretched mortals in love.



Sri Sri Prakasa inaugurating the art programme at Kalakshetra, Adyar

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE executive committee of the Film Federation of India met in Bombay last week; later Mr. B. N. Sarkar addressed a Press Conference as well. Apart from stressing once again the need for 'collective conscience' and greater co-operation and organisation, the Film Federation does not seem to have achieved any concrete results. The tragedy of the film industry has always been that while everyone talks of mutual co-operation, goodwill and organisation, no one acts concretely to foster such goodwill. On the contrary, the producers, distributors, exhibitors are out to harass each other. The litigations are growing every day; confidence is shaken and the producers are indulging in the wrong kind of rivalry with more than one producer making the same subject.

At the moment we have two pictures on *Chaitanya Mahaprabhu* running in Calcutta made by two eminent directors like Vijay Bhatt and Debaki Bose; one *Laila Majnu* is released, another *Laila Majnu* is half complete. Two *Nurjehans* are under production and three pictures on *Surdas* are announced. Is not this the very anti-thesis of co-operation and mockery of goodwill? One can quote number of instances to prove that there is no goodwill or spirit of co-operation flourishing in the industry.

The members of the newly started Producers' Guild, however, aver that they will prove that 'collective conscience' is not just a vague ideal but an accomplished fact in their care.

For months now they have been discussing their own problems frankly without any reserve and it appears as if they have reached some understanding on forming a sort of one bloc. While every member of the

guild will retain his individual artistic freedom, they will have a common body not only to finance them but to arrange for their exploitation throughout the country. Such a new organisation, the producers feel, will not only safeguard their interest but will be able to exploit their picture better in every respect and thus augment their returns. The term 'exploitation' would also include publicity as the guild proposes to have a collective publicity organisation as well.

Both these developments are in the preliminary stages and they are being worked out on paper. If they are finally put into practice, especially if all these producers entrust their distribution to one big organisation which must have a capital of one crore of rupees at least to finance these producers, there is no doubt that it will be the first gigantic 'collective' effort of its kind and that it will have far-reaching consequences on the entire structure of the industry.

Yet, when I revealed this idea to a certain veteran distributor and others they were rather sceptical and felt that such an organisation would not last. On the contrary it will lead to a rift between the members of the guild whose jealousies and rivalries will come into open. While one hopes that these doubts, though justified to a great extent by past experience, would be belied by the producers' guild, there is no doubt that the progress of this development of 'collectivism' will be watched with keen interest by all the well-wishers of the Industry.

Personality of The Week

A fortnight ago I had an opportunity to visit Kolhapur, the birth-place of film art in India. For, though Dadasaheb Phalke started making films in India, it was left to Baburao Painter to give India the first work of film art; and that picture was made in Kolhapur.

Since then out of Kolhapur have come many memorable films and such screen-luminaries as Shantaram, Bhal G. Pendharkar, Winayak, Baburao Pendharkar and others. Kolhapur is still one of the most

favourite spots for outdoor shooting for the producers of Bombay. Kidar Sharma, Shantaram, Raj Kapoor, Varma Films—they always rush to Kolhapur for the outdoor shooting of their films.

Kolhapur itself is not a very picturesque town; it is a rather dusty, feudal town. Even the situation of the studio is not very fascinating. But there are many beautiful spots near Kolhapur, especially near Panhala which is like a small hill-station and they provide the real fascination for film producers from Bombay. Just a couple of days before I went to Kolhapur the unit of Verma Films had completed the outdoor shooting of *Puja* and returned to Bombay.

Kolhapur has two studios—one owned by Bhal G. Pendharkar and the other by the Maharaja. And though the state has been amalgamated in the state of Bombay, the old atmosphere of feudalism still prevails in the town. The motion picture activity is confined only to the production of Marathi pictures; and the lot of producers is not at all happy as I could gather from the talk that I had with Bhal G. Pendharkar, the only veteran producer who has stuck to Kolhapur all these years.

At 54 though he looks quite young for his age, Bhal G. Pendharkar finds no security. Rather he is passing through a crisis himself; he has come to the conclusion that at least a studio-owner like him cannot survive by producing Marathi films alone. In his inimitable witty style he narrated the incidents about producers and stars to reveal their plight. Though his style was humorous and amusing, the stories he recounted were far from amusing—they were rather pathetic.

Bhal G. Pendharkar must have worked for over twenty-five years for the films. He has written several stories, directed scores of pictures and at times even enacted roles. He has a special flair for mythology and history; and he is perhaps one of the very few producers who has kept up the dignity of our Gods and Goddesses on the screen.

Though he was connected with

films since silent days, he relies mostly on the spoken word for dramatic effect in his pictures. His pithy epigrammatic dialogues form the main individual characteristics of his films. He has many flops and hits to his credit; his greatest achievement is that he has an almost unique reputation for honesty and integrity amongst film producers. For the last so many years, he had confined himself to the production of Marathi films, with the exception of *Shivaji*. Now he has decided to start making pictures in Hindi again. He proposes to make mythological pictures; his first picture will present the story of Narada.

One would welcome the return of Bhal G. Pendharkar to Hindi mythologicals for two reasons; first, it will give him the necessary security and secondly it will raise the standard of our mythologicals.

Picture of The Week

HAVING established his reputation as a comedy-maker there was no earthly reason why Shorey should have tried to cash in on his earlier success by adapting *Mangli* the golden-jubilee hit in Panjabi for the Hindi screen in his latest magnum opus *Aag Ku Darya*. The pattern of story, through very popular over a decade ago seems to have lost its appeal today; that is the only reason for the failure of *Aag Ka Darya*.

Another reason, perhaps, is that in *Aag Ka Darya* both Shorey and star Meena could not succeed in moving the audience as *Mangli* did. The plight of the heroine who is forced to beg on the streets of Delhi (originally it was Lahore) does not somehow evoke sympathy as much as it should have. Moreover, those who went to see it as an example of Shorey's genius for comedy were disappointed.

These reasons apart, Shorey has made this picture as well as his previous hits. The production is good, the taking competent and even the acting is commendable. Meena who seems to have specially slimmed down considerably puts over a good portrayal. So do others. The music is catchy, but none of the songs is

outstanding; couple of gays by Majnu still reveal Shorey's excellent flair for comedy and are the most enjoyable part of the picture.

After seeing *Aag Ka Darya* one feels that Shorey should not give up comedy and outdoor action drama for any other formula.

News of The Week

JAYASHREE has ultimately agreed to play the lead in V. Shantaram's next picture, *Subah ka Tara*, based on a screenplay by Shumun Lucknavi. Pradip Kumar is playing the hero. The picture has gone into production. C. Ramachandra is giving music.

C. Ramachandra is reported to have been signed by A. R. Kardar to give music for two pictures both of which will be directed by A. R. Kardar.

"A New Iswara Dutt"

THE New Year will find Mr. K. Iswara Dutt assuming the editorship of the *Leader* of Allahabad. This is a triumph for the working journalists. For Mr. Iswara Dutt is one of the foremost working journalists in India today, and normally, therefore, he would not have been called to occupy the editorial gadi. This is the age of the Managing Editors. Mr. Iswara Dutt's appointment is thus the first major appointment which indicates a reversal of the Managing-Editor system. It is quite possible that more such appointments of working journalists as Editors will follow. As President of the Delhi Union of Journalists, he rendered yeoman service to the cause of the working journalists. As leader of Delhi Union of Journalists' Delegation to the Press Commission—with which I had the honour of being associated as a member—his evidence was telling. His quips and cranks became quotable quotes for the members of the Press Commission. His performance was masterly. It may not be in order, however, to disclose the details of our evidence.

The farewell to Mr. Iswara Dutt by the Delhi Union of Journalists was unprecedented. It was such that "it could be the envy of any

Manmohan Sabih launched his new picture *Do Kinare* on Xmas day. Om Prakash faced the Camera for the muhurat shot. M. Rajan, David, Badri Prasad and Shammi are the other stars. It is proposed to star a new mer in the feminine lead.

As the clock ushers the New Year, the first shot of Mr. 1954 will be taken by K. A. Abbas who has made all preliminary arrangements. The cast includes Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Om Prakash, David, Jairaj, Manmohan Krishna and Begum Para. Shankar and Jai Kishen are giving music.

D. D. Kashyap has started the shooting of *Shama-O-Parwana* starring Suraiya, Shammi Kapoor, Usha, Roopmala, Sunder and Mubarak at Minerva Studios. Kashyap is also planning to produce *Maya*, a tale of Buddhist period, in colour in the year 1954.

politician and the despair of any journalist." Over two hundred journalists were present. It was one of the few farewells in the Capital where those present were really sad. As far I am concerned, the departure of Mr. Iswara Dutt from Delhi will be a very personal loss. He was during the past few years the only person whom I met every day over a cup of coffee.

Mr. Dutt's development as a writer during his five years in the *Hindustan Times* is significant. He was generally known as a delightful writer in the manner of A. G. G. But now he is a purposeful writer as well, and has thus attained a much wider range. He is much more radical in his outlook today, and he has now a definite message to give to the reader. He has outgrown his Liberal swaddling clothes; and he has come out of the old Liberal groove. It is a new Iswara Dutt that goes to Allahabad to take up the editorship of the *Leader*, of which he was Assistant Editor when C. Y. Chintamani was Editor. He was the logical successor of Chintamani. It is as well that he was not the immediate successor. He brings now to the *Leader* a very much wider experience and an infinitely fresher outlook.

V. V. PRASAD

BRITAIN'S COLONIAL POLICY

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.

THE Government's colonial policy has now become a menace to everything that is good—to liberty, to racial harmony, to peace. The Labour Party rightly decided to place a motion of censure on the Order Paper.

The original intention was to table this motion at the end of the debate on British Guiana. It was withheld only in order not to prejudice any further negotiations between Mr. Lyttelton and the Kabaka of Buganda.

This generous decision was grossly misrepresented by the Press as a surrender to Mr. Lyttelton. He was acclaimed as having gained a triumph in the debate.

I can assure readers that there was no intention to retreat.

In the Uganda debate the Colonial Secretary spoke more reasonably than usual, but he failed to meet the main criticisms of Labour spokesmen—and in addition to Uganda there are the lengthening series of blunders and worse in Kenya, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, Nigeria and British Guiana.

The Kabaka of Buganda has been deposed and deported for three alleged reasons:

That he desires to separate Buganda (the largest province) from the rest of Uganda.

That he desires to make it an independent kingdom under the Foreign Office.

That he opposes representation of the Lukiko in the Legislative Council.

The reasons for the Kabaka's attitude are two.

The first is the fear that Buganda and Uganda may be brought within an East African Federation (on the model of the Central African Federation) which would be dominated by the white settlers of Kenya.

The speech of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton to the East African Dinner last June created this fear, and it will take more than his subsequent assurances to remove it.

The second is the fear that Uganda is being diverted from its historically recognised goal as an African State. There are already European and Indian minorities in the protectorate, and the Europeans are likely to grow with the discovery of copper in the Mountain of the Moon and the exploitation of other mineral resources.

Africans do not object to the coming of technicians, but they resent the extension of privileges to them.

They had hoped that the new constitution would reflect an advance towards an African State. It does not do so. The combined representation of the European and Indian minorities equals that of the vast African majority. This is the main reason why the Kabaka has advised that the Lukiko of Buganda should boycott the Legislative Council.

The effect of the two fears which I have described has been to make Buganda close in on itself as a means of defence.

Whatever happens in other parts of Uganda, the people of Buganda are determined to resist incorporation in an East African White-dominated Federation and to go forward to the establishment of an African society.

I would personally regret the separation of Buganda from the rest of Uganda and I want to see Uganda advance unitedly towards independence.

BUT I do not believe for one moment that the separation of Buganda is the real issue.

The other Provinces are also demanding self-government. If the British Government would work out with representatives of all the Provinces a political plan for the realisation of independence for the whole of Uganda, there would be no danger of the separation of Buganda from Uganda.

The dictatorial action of the British Government in Uganda is only

the last of a series of imperialist crimes.

The suspension of the British Guiana constitution, the appalling effects of the "Shoot to Kill" Ordinance in Kenya the threat to use force in Nigeria if the Action Party insists upon the exclusion of the Western Region from federation, the imposition of Central African Fed-

eration, despite the opposition of the African population—all these are parts of one reactionary pattern that threatens to antagonise the greater part of the colonial peoples.

The Labour Party speaks for large sections of the people of Britain outside its own ranks in condemning the policy of Mr. Lyttelton and the Government.

Music: Benefit of School-Teaching

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

IN the first quarter of this century there was a question asked by all lovers of music as to how best to preserve our music. All over south, the leading and reputed musicians of the times were consulted about the need of the teaching of music in schools and colleges, but there was no constructive suggestion coming from their side. However, colleges were started. It is about another quarter of a century now since these have started functioning. But, the musicians of the present day are chary of replying about the success of the teaching of music in colleges. From this it is clear that the path the colleges now are pursuing is not satisfactory, that our music needs some sort of protection, that we have to think in terms of going back to the Gurukula System for its preservation.

All over the world, children go to school to learn to read and write. In this country, we send our children to school, in their fifth year. By that time they might have learnt to talk fluently enough in their mother-tongues. By going to a school, they will know how to read and write what they talk already. Similarly, after some years of singing from the habit of hearing or *Lakshyam singing*—as it is called—a student of music ought to learn to produce on Veena what he sings by Lakshyam, Veena is to music what reading and writing are to a language. This will enable him to know the rationale of Lakshyam singing and develop it properly. The students should have

this necessary training in the schools.

Again in the case of language, we introduce grammar to the boys only after they are thoroughly familiar with reading and writing. Likewise, a student of music is eligible to understand the grammar or science of music, only if he is able to play to an extent on Veena what he sings by Lakshyam. By playing on Veena, his previous Lakshyam singing which was Geetam alone, can be said to have become Sangitam. This is the dynamic change brought about by learning to play on Veena. The Veena reveals to the student a new world of thought at once exhilarating and enabling him to assimilate what he sings.

This is the importance of Veena to a student of music. The College authorities today seem to be either blissfully ignorant of it or ignore it. The learning of music is never complete unless a student takes to learn Veena. This has got to be realized by the college authorities and a system has to be devised which makes every vocal music student to learn Veena.

THIS takes us back to the Gurukula. Who is a Guru? The Guru is one who dispels our ignorance and shows us the right path to knowledge. Now, Veena can be a Guru to an extent to the student of music. The Gurukula system enabled the teachers to pay individual attention to students and develop standards.

Of late, what is known as tape-recording has come into vogue. Tape-recording enables one to preserve for the future some of the performances of our best musicians. This will supplement the efforts of the college authorities in giving the students a proper Lakshya Gnanam.

THE WORLD SITUATION AND INDIA

By N. ARUNACHALAM

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has spoken on the "perils confronting the world in this atomic Age" to the General Assembly of the United Nations. The Soviet Foreign Minister assured serious attention to the proposal made by the President for a world bank of fissionable materials. Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, President of the United Nations General Assembly, considered that the expression of opinion by the American President merited serious consideration. The phase of comments on this momentous speech is now over.

The latest news from Moscow indicates that even the Soviet Government has agreed to join in private or diplomatic talks to discuss an acceptable solution to the atomic peril.

Since the conclusion of the last war the international situation has never reached such a confused state as it has now. It is highly doubtful whether really the President of U. S. can achieve the purpose of his country as adumbrated in his speech—"to help us move out of this dark chamber of horror into the light to find a way by which the minds of men, the hopes of men, the souls of men everywhere, can move forward to peace and happiness and well being." Nobody is prepared to quarrel with the transparent sincerity of this soldier-statesman when he declared that "it is with the book of history and not with isolated pages that the United States will ever wish to be identified. My country wants to be constructive, not destructive. It wants agreements, not wars among nations." Will his policy makers allow him to achieve this grand ideal that he has set for himself? The actual policy pursued by U. S. and the professions of the President seem to be pulling at opposite ends.

It is easy to understand the anxiety of the President to reach an agreed solution on this mad atomic arma-

ments race. It was all very well for U. S. to have brandished the atomic weapon at the face of the world and even to have tested it in 1945 on two great ancient cities of the East which have not yet recovered from the after-effects. But the atom secret is no more a secret. The position appears to be that Soviet Russia has made rapid strides in atomic research and she is now well on her way to devise even more fearful engines of destruction. No wonder that U. S. is now anxious to exchange ideas on the atom secret.

Even if the projected conference of interested powers should come through it may not be productive of any tangible results; unless, of course, U. S. is going to completely reverse her foreign policy. If that is not going to be done the proposal would turn out to be idle, and what is more, may even produce results quite opposite to those keenly looked for by the American President.

The international background created by the U. S. foreign policy to a conference of atomic control certainly looks eerie. The utterances of U. S. Vice President Nixon during his tours in the Far East, Near East and Middle East and certain negotiations going on between U. S. and Pakistan for supply of arms in return for military bases in Pakistan do not seem to augur well for this great conference of the big powers to find a solution for this growing atomic danger.

Soviet Russia is not going to be taken in by the nice speech of the American President. She knows what is going on around her. The new brand of U. S. imperialism will certainly stand in the way of any solution being arrived at in the atomic discussions. A chain of U. S. military bases from Singapore to Pakistan via Ceylon is not mere fun in the context of the world situation. If U. S. will not abandon this policy of acquisi-

tion of military bases in foreign countries, the discussion on atomic control may be used as a forum for Soviet propaganda on American insincerity. If these bases are built up India would be surrounded on all sides by the power blocs of the world.

In this fast moving drama of world events India can ill afford to remain a mere passive spectator. The move seems to be to create a very dangerous situation to the countries of the East in general and to India in particular. Naturally, therefore, the teeming millions of India have protested in one single voice against negotiations that are being carried on between U. S. and Pakistan. It is poor consolation for India to be told by the American Ambassador in India that even if a military alliance with Pakistan should be concluded by U. S. despite the protest of India, America would be in a position to check or prevent Pakistan abusing the military power put into her hands by tendering appropriate advice. It is common experience that no army armed to the teeth can ever keep quiet, particularly in a situation similar to the one in which India and Pakistan are placed over the Kashmir issue. What guarantee is there that the advice tendered after equipping the Pakistan army would be heeded by Pakistan. Even if no serious incident should occur between Pakistan and India after the conclusion of the military alliance, still the military bases in Pakistan can furnish immediate provocation to Soviet Russia. It is known now that Soviet Russia and Red China have both protested against this dangerous alliance between U. S. and Pakistan. The answer given by Pakistan to the protest notes from Russia and China are feeble and unconvincing. In this context, if a crisis should brew, India would certainly be involved. The question therefore arises, how India can get out of this muddle.

The entire aim of U. S. in these ominous moves seems to be to upset the neutrality of India. If India should make sure of her hard-won freedom, she will have to maintain her attitude of strict neutrality, whatever disastrous consequences the

conclusion of a military alliance between U. S. and Pakistan may produce on the economy of India compelling diversion of funds and material intended for developmental and ameliorative projects to the pursuit of a programme of armaments to make India militarily strong for self-defence. How is this to be done?

Something of the nature of a moral revolution must be produced in the country by deed and example. It was through law-breaking that we achieved our freedom and the same method is sought to be adopted even now by certain people to achieve certain narrow objectives. That is a very dangerous method to adopt. The way of law-breaking is the way of chaos and confusion for a free country. Chaos and confusion are the last things that we can think of in India in the present juncture. Intelligent propaganda must, therefore, be directed to convincing the people of India that they should be strictly law-abiding. Before even the people could be asked to obey the laws, the Government itself must set an example to the people. Every member of the Government, from bottom to top, from the peon to the Prime Minister must be animated by the spirit of obedience to laws. No member of Government should indulge in any kind of loose talk in private or public about the laws of the country. There is a clear duty cast on both the people and the Government in India to become law-abiding. The leaders should spread the cult of obedience to laws throughout the country. If this can be achieved by adopting proper methods, real unity in the country can certainly be achieved in no time. Then it should be easy for India to face any situation that she may be called upon to face in the international sphere. It is then that as Indians we would have delivered the message of peace to the world at large. It is only then that the world would be convinced that a strong nation determined to be independent through unity and strength and not interested in power politics of any brand can still preserve her independence whatever dangers may be created for her by others.

MARRIAGE AND MORALITY IN AMERICA

By ROLAND E. WOLSELY

MR. C. M. AGARWALA, chairman of the Central Board of Film Censors in India, was quoted by a New Delhi newspaper sometime back as having said that sexy things could not be eliminated from foreign films completely since those films were expected to interpret life in those countries.

Obviously, one of the countries whose films are widely seen in India is the United States. Thus Mr. Agarwala implies that a true interpretation of life in the U. S. A. would present sex. Of course, there is sex in the U. S. A. as in all countries. As some people say, sex is here to stay, and "here" means the globe.

Presumably, however, Mr. Agarwala also means that in America presentations of sex films and print is more open than in India. One hardly can be sure that he does not also imply that American morals are looser than those of India.

Such an inference would not be altogether beyond reason, since last year and in 1952 I encountered in India numerous strange conceptions of American family life, marriage relationships, and divorce problems. As one friend puts it: "Unfortunately, in India it is believed there are too many divorces in America. It is believed here that family ties in America are not very tight and fathers and sons charge money from each other if they dine at each other's houses."

If one laments, as I do, the severance of even one marriage, any number of divorces will be too many. In my view, however, divorce sometimes is necessary and the lesser of two evils, by far. The difficulty in America is not that divorce exists as a recourse for ill-mated couples but that the laws pertaining to it are in serious need of revision so as to eliminate injustices and evasions.

Using figures provided by the Federal Security Agency, the Public

Health Service, and the National Office of Vital Statistics, we can at least offer some facts about divorce in the U. S.

In 1889 the number of marriages was 5,63,000 or a rate of 9.1. In the same year the divorces number 31,735 or a rate of 0.5. In the most recent year reported (1951) the number of marriages had reached 15,94,904 and the rate 10.4. In 1951 the divorces numbered 3,71,000 or a rate of 2.4.

Thus, while the number of marriages is only slightly higher, in proportion to population, the number of divorces has been multiplied by almost five times. The rise in population, number of marriages, and number of divorces have been gradual over the 62 year period. It also is reasonable to suppose that the latest divorce figure is conservative, since an undetermined number of people have obtained divorces in nearby Mexico. For a time Soviet Russia was luring Americans who wanted to see the world and get an easier freedom from a spouse but the iron curtain rang down on that about two decades ago.

Whatever the final figures for the U. S. A., they can be interpreted by Indian people who wish to sit in judgement in one of two ways. You can say that by comparison with the United Kingdom, where divorces are fewer by far, the U. S. A., is a country of unstable marriages. Or you can say that considering the circumstances the divorce rate in the U. S. A. is remarkably low. Among such circumstances is the fact that it is dominantly a Protestant nation religiously. Thus church objection to divorce is not as strong as it is in France, Latin America, Italy, Spain, and other lands dominated by the Roman Catholic Church. Also part of the circumstances are the divorce costs and the legislation.

Sociologists here have learned that it is not the difficulty with which

divorce may be obtained but its cost which is a deterrent. This factor explains the difference between the U. K., and the U. S. A., in divorce rates, for getting a divorce in the U. K. is much more expensive than it is in the U. S. A.

Contrary to superficial opinion, also, the strictness of divorce laws has no effect upon the number of divorces, at least in America. The rise here is not related to laxity in laws. In fact, the rate has increased despite greater strictness of the legislation.

The causes of divorce, in the U. S. A. and elsewhere, are not the divorce laws but the lack of adequate preparation of people for marriage, the sexual incompatibility that arises from social situations, differences in upbringing that occur in so vast a country as this, differences over religion in a nation with groups having strong creeds and dogmas, and the effect of three wars within 35 years.

Thus we see that there are not as many divorces in America as may be supposed in India, although admittedly too many, that they often occur for understandable reasons, and that they are to be deplored not only in America but wherever they occur.

Books like the Kinsey reports have given the impression abroad as well as at home that U. S., sex morality is low. These reports, however, are scientifically dubious. Take the more recent one, which pretends to be a report on the sex practices of the human female. A few thousand American women, almost half coming from the same economic and social level, are the basis for the sweeping generalizations that actually mean little. Millions of women around the globe have not been studied. Actually no one knows much about the sex habits of American people, for ours is so large and diversified a country, both geographically and in population characteristics that the job of finding out so far has been too big.

THERE are impressions about Americans which India may get from seeing U. S. movies. But the American cinema is intended to entertain, not to educate. It relies heavily upon exaggeration. It does not purport to report normal life in America;

it photographs extreme situations for the sake of fun. Abbot and Costello's antics are as unlike the behaviour of ordinary Americans as the screen life of the Bombay cinema stars is unlike the behaviour of everyday Indian citizens. India should learn not to take our movies seriously. In fact, I wish Indians would just forget them, for they often are distortions and usually are downright piffle.

Americans are no angels when it comes to sex morality, to be sure. I know no national people who are angels. But they are more guilty of frustration and juvenility than of deepseated immorality. The extremists we have, of course, but not in large numbers, as in some other nations.

AS for the looseness of family ties in the U. S. A., that depends upon what one considers the normal. Family life in India is quite a different matter from what it is in America, although I think the trend in India is toward the American system. The social structure is so different in the two countries that comparisons are difficult.

In India it is common for children to continue living with their parents after they themselves marry and establish families. This practice is often an economic necessity rather than a demonstration of family loyalty.

A young man with scientific bent might be born on a farm. Before opportunities were opened to him elsewhere he would have to stay on the farm and hoe potatoes because there was no way to train him and put his scientific abilities to use. But with educational and industrial opportunities arising, both he and his parents wanted him to express and realize himself fully. While there were tears at his departure for the university or job in a distant city, there was understanding of his ambition also.

Thus in recent years it is true that families have become smaller but they are more numerous.

As for the yarn about fathers who pay their sons when they eat at their sons' home and sons who pay their fathers when they eat at their

parents' homes: this is a freak story if there was ever one. I would not assert that it has not happened on some rare occasion, but I am certain it is no common practice. Anything can happen once or twice in a nation of 160 millions (U. S.) or 360 millions (India).

Sometimes parents pay the bill when they take their married sons or daughters and their families out to eat at a restaurant. Just as often, sons or daughters will pay the bill instead. Children who earn money usually contribute to the support of the family, even when they have separate households.

These practices are part of the independence which the American considers so precious. He does not wish to be beholden to anyone. He is proud of being self-sufficient, the life of the parasite or leech making little appeal. He shook off the practice of dependence upon parents after coming of age (21), just as his forefathers freed themselves from dependence upon a foreign government in 1776.

WITH economic independence comes independence of spirit and opinion. That is why Americans as a rule oppose big centralized government, socialism, communism, and other schemes that they believe will rob them of the right and power to make independent decisions. This right we consider part of our freedom. We won it dearly. We do not always appreciate it, to be sure, as when we fail to vote and when we do not inform ourselves on political and social developments. But we believe what we do is up to us to decide. If we choose to make too little use of our privileges that is our affair. We must beware, however, lest we lose them as a result of the stupidities of the McCarthys, Veldees and Jenners of the land.

As about its politics, one cannot believe all one hears about the sex life, the marriage situation, and the divorce rate of the U. S. least of all can one trust what one reads in some of the sensational magazines or sees in the usual untypical portrayals of family life in the U. S. cinemas that reach India.

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CHANDRASEKAR AS I KNEW HIM

By S. R. RANGANATHAN

Professor of Library Science, University of Delhi

IT was 1928. The foreign mail used to arrive regularly at 7 a.m. on Saturday mornings. It generally brought a big bag of scientific periodicals to the Madras University Library. I opened the bag immediately on arrival to distribute them as quickly as possible for the use of readers. A shy young boy made it his habit to wait every Saturday for the Library to open. A close observation showed that he was waiting for the periodicals in Physics. Therefore I sent these periodicals to the reader's table within half an hour. For it is a sin to stand between a reader and his material on grounds of administrative convenience. I found the name of the boy from the Gate Register of the Library. It was S. Chandrasekar. I did not know anything more of him.

My habit was to peruse the periodicals rapidly before sending them to the reader's table. On one occasion a particular issue of the *American Journal of Physics* had an article by a foreigner. It had a footnote reading somewhat as follows:

"Since the above was put through the press, a paper from Chandrasekar of Madras has been received. It is a more generalised form of my result. It carries the asymptotic expansion to a greater number of terms. That paper will be published in the next issue."

I was excited. "Can this shy silent boy be the author of this paper? He seems to be like Ramanujam not only in his intellectual powers but also in his modesty. Let me see how he reacts." So saying to myself I sent for the shy boy. I gave him the *American Journal of Physics* with that particular page open. He perused it. There was no change whatsoever in his facial expression. "Yes. He has all the qualities of Ramanujam. Where is his home? Who are his parents?"—such were the thoughts that went through my mind.

A few months later, Sir C. V. Raman was invited by the University to give a course of lectures on his then newly discovered Raman Effect. On the morning of the day of his first lecture, he came to my room in the University Library. The shy boy carried the lantern-slide box for him. He put it on my table. He withdrew himself. In that split second, I saw the facial similarity between him and Sir C. V. Raman. I asked Sir C. V., "Who is this boy?" He said, "Don't you know? He is the son of C. S. Iyer, my brother."

A few years later Chandrasekar and Kosambi were the only two competitors for the Ramanujam Prize instituted that year. Chandrasekar's paper was on Astrophysics. There was nobody in Madras who could understand it. A Smith's Prize man who was on the Examiner's Committee recommended both the candidates being given the prize though it was not possible to understand the papers fully! At that time Chandrasekar was working with Eddington and Milne in Cambridge.

IN the winter of 1937 several foreign scientists came to India to attend the Silver Jubilee of the Indian Science Congress. Eddington was one of them. He told me: "I should like to visit the laboratory of the College where Chandrasekar studied." It was a delight to hear the words of Eddington describing the intellectual powers and the fine personal qualities of Chandrasekar.

It was a delightful moonlit night in July 1950. Chandrasekar, Mrs. Chandrasekar and myself were sitting in the lawn of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. It was a day of pleasant reminiscences. We surveyed the present. We peeped into the future too.

India is spending money lavishly in bringing scientists from foreign countries every year to attend the Indian Science Congress. Chandrasekar is the accepted top-most man in the

world in Astrophysics. But he has never been invited till now. Why is it so? I learnt later that the sin of Chandrasekar was his having been born in India. What a shame! India has gained political freedom thanks to Mahatma Gandhi. But it has not yet learnt intellectual freedom.

Chandrasekar told me that he was then engaged in studying flow in interstellar space. He had to invent new techniques in Tensor Calculus to study it. He said that his results had much application in the study of the supersonic barrier in the flight of aircraft.

I told Chandrasekar: "There was nobody at Madras, when you were a student, who knew your field of study. How did you acquire your competence?" Came his reply: "The excellent books and periodicals in mathematics and physics collected by you in the Madras University Library." That moment was the moment of the fulfilment of my own service in Madras. When I collected the back volumes of learned periodicals in various subjects in the Madras University Library between 1925 and 1930, how severely was I criticised from many quarters! To have fed one Chandrasekar, I felt, was sufficient justification for all that work. The library profession has a two-fold work to do. It has to enlighten one and all. It has also to nourish the exceptional few to enable them to benefit the world by their own creative work.

Two months later, I was in

Washington. I had a studyroom in the Library of Congress. One day the library staff brought to my notice a new book entitled *Thinking Machines*. The book described calculating machines of a very advanced character. I glanced through its pages. The author showed how far behind even the ordinary human brain the best calculating machine designed so far was. Then he went on to compare it with the ablest brain in the world today. He represented the ablest brain by our Chandrasekar. "In the brain of a foremost creative thinker like Chandrasekar," he started saying, "probably 30,000 cells are functioning."

THE Asian Countries have been sleeping during the last few centuries. There was little creative work done by the Asian people. A new era has now dawned. The Asian people are waking up. They have begun to think. Chandrasekar is one of the earliest representatives of awakened Asia. We are proud that he is regarded as the most creative brain in the world today.

Information about the honours showered on him during the last ten years can be easily collected from published materials. The latest is the medal which has been given to him by the Royal Astronomical Society. Many more honours are awaiting to be accepted by him. But to the coming generation in independent renaissance Asia, Chandrasekar is a brilliant lodestar.

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AN EVENING IN THE WARD

He was close to her, he saw the parted moist lips, and the beautiful eyes, sad like his mother's. His outstretched hands could have caressed her . . .

THE young house-surgeon was alone in the ward. The gathering shadows had since thickened into darkness and the lonely drone of a passing car

Short Story

By

M. Sivaramakrishna Rao

taunted the silence. The doctor was sleepy but even tiredness did not rob him of an innate charm. No Adonis he; his forehead had not the breadth of an intellectual; his abundant fine hair, unruly as a child's was set in deep rebellious waves. The eyes were a little prominent, the eye-brows bushy. His nose was a trifle snub and his mouth rather expressive, if not wistful.

A patient groaned. The doctor looked up at the clock and then sharply, said, "Sister?" No response. Cursing, he went over to the patient and attended to her needs. Then he took her pulse and respiration. Sadly he shook his head. She had been there a long while and the doctors couldn't do much for her—yet. She makes a good subject for the Boss's clinics, he thought grimly.

Next patient. New admission. She was pale, and her beauty which once was, now faded at the touch of disease. He went over her case-sheet. Name: Kamala Mani. Occupation: Peasant. Age 29.

He walked back. Kamala Mani! An unusual name. Why, he once had a friend by that name. She was his classmate. The coincidence was unusual.

Yawning, he stretched himself out on the table and knocked over something. He picked it up, and looked at his image in it.

Well, well. Here is this laryngeal mirror, and bless me how it came here from the E. N. T. place!

His eyes grew thoughtful. "Yes, I remember you. I looked through the microscope, as I spied on you that day behind me. You were

laughing and tweaking your friend's nose. The 'bodyguard,' I used to call her. That was the first time."

And then?

Her charm took him away, left him breathless like a gust of wind coming from over a jasmine garden. The next moment he was not himself.

What did he do?

He quarrelled with Swaminathan for coming across his way.

He felt Dr. Sudhir's hand over his shoulder.

"Any difficulty, Shyam?"

"Ahem. Yes. I mean—no, Sir. But—are these the interstitial cells, Sir? I thought they were polygonal?"

"Come now, Shyam, what is their function?"

Dr. Sudhir was smoking a Berkeley then, even in the lab. That was all he remembered.

What was the strange disturbance in his heart? Is love subjective or objective? Is it justifiable that a lover should forget a girl after four years? Even if he never saw her again. Supposing he had married her then . . . what then? He did not know.

WHERE did he hear that phrase?

It was meaningless. Yet his rebellious brain insisted—but could not remember it. Ah, yes! The same evening he fell in love . . . was he then in love? He was sure of it. He chased a fire-engine on his cycle to a blazing pile around which an English family made merry. It was Guy Fawkes' Day, but the firemen did not think it funny. They said many unkind things. That's it. One of the spectators there said irrationally: "Put a fire out before it blazes."

The next day, it must be, he went to the seaside with Mani and

Kamath. It was very dark, and they were about to return. How did that quarrel start? Over the morals of girls, named and unnamed. Kamath said something that he hotly retaliated—and Kamath had called him a fluttering Romeo. He was walking away in a raging temper over the boulders, when he caught sight of that beau—he was sure of it—walking with Leela, the 'bodyguard'. He ran after them like a fool, but they made for the bus before he could. Kamath laughed ghoulishly far behind him, and he shook an impotent fist at the fast disappearing Red Lady, and all was dark and red for a moment . . .

"Why, Doctor, you will break the thermometer!" The Staff nurse snatched it out of his hand. The patient sighed for water. Quickly the Doctor covered her up and entered the readings on the case-sheet by the wall.

Now, how did he do that? He must be sleepwalking. There were sleepwalkers who fell off cliffs. It must be the strain of the past month. Thank God, it is over tomorrow. Ah, here is Danny, the final year interne. Good boy, Danny. He is tipped for the Johnstone medal.

Danny sat down by his side. "Full of bugs, these damn chairs, old boy."

Tra-la-la-la-la.

Tra-la-la-la-lala.

He was tapping the pencil on the table. Danny said: "Funny thing with women. They never understand you. For instance, that old maternity case yesterday. She had to have a Caesarian and all the time she blamed us for her rheumatism or something. You try to help them, and what do you get?"

Danny shook him by the shoulder. "Shyam, are you dozing or what?"

"Be quiet."

Danny's eyes went to the table.

SHYAM was busy drawing a picture. There it was, such a fine picture, just the same he drew for that girl four years ago. God, how many hours he lavished over it then, wasting precious hours before the exams. At four in the evening he

got up. His mother said: "You lout-with-the-big-ears! Where are you going? He hoodwinked her and went to the Ladies' Hostel. The picture was in a cover, perfumed, and inside his shirt."

She came into the hall, sweet-faced, but sleepy, and his heart went pounding, pounding, pounding. Needlessly. What did he say then?

"Today is our New Year's Day. I wanted to lay before you—before you—my heartfelt wishes for your eternal prosperity and happiness." There, he got off that mugged-up speech.

She said, "Thank you. May I go? Namasthe."

"Stay awhile. I have prepared a greetings card and laboured on it for a week. Will you not take it?"

A superb hand stretched out. And hesitated. "Please do not misunderstand me."

A long, long, pause.

She took the card.

For a while, the remembrance of the happy moment, years ago, made his heart glow.

"One moment. You do not look well. Are you all right?"

"Oh yes!"

She was startled.

"You cannot understand how happy I am to hear it."

He was close to her, he saw the parted moist lips, and the beautiful eyes, sad like his mother's. His outstretched hands could have caressed her tresses so—if he wished. She breathed gently, with a sigh. She looked up at him and met his eyes for a second and cast hers down.

It was a very tender moment. She broke it first, and left.

When he was a child, he was once blowing soap bubbles. His sister was teasing him because his face looked disorted in the shimmering mirror of the bubble. It grew bigger and bigger. Then it burst.

Danny shook him from his reverie.

"It is a nice picture you have drawn. Who is that girl?"

"Well, you know it is the Staff nurse."

The buxom woman turned red beneath her snow and rouge. She pinched his cheek. Oh, how it hurt. "You naughty—I'll tell Narayani. She will look after you." She tossed her head. You can tell the Superintendent if you want. Oh, these doctors! They are all like that."

"Staff, get me some coffee."

"No fears. Why should I?"

"Staff, please oblige and save our lives."

"What will you give me?"

"You can have this picture."

The clock struck nine as the nurse brought steaming coffee.

"Drink it before it is cold."

SHYAM looked up from his work. He smiled. "You are an angel." The matronly lady laughed. "That's what the old man in Ward 33 said. Poor chap, his daughter came yesterday."

Danny said: "Oh! That girl in the yellow sari who brought the bouquet yesterday."

"No. It is the lean one in blue cotton, with specs. The one who drank that egg flip I gave. The nurse said she failed in her shorthand again."

Shyam got up. The saucer on the edge of the table crashed to the floor. "I am sorry," he murmured.

He went into the middle of the room. It was years ago that it had happened. Failure is the stepping stone to failure in a Medical College. There was Mohan and Balu and Khan and Pratap and all the rest—they only smoke and cut classes—yes, that girl again, she failed too—that day I went by cycle to see the results? Yes, Mohan was at the steps and he shook his head—he did not even clear one subject—I was told I had passed—oh, those girls won't let us see the boards—why do they have to monopolise? Why, Ramu failed, it was a shock—was it not? or was it—those girls were talking of Kamala—Kamala—I say, get off my toes—oh, they said to themselves, Sarala, Veena, Nalini, all passed—where is Kamala's name—ooh, Kamala has failed—why should I look further—Balu danced with me then because he cleared Anatomy—

hallo. Prabhakar, no we're just celebrating—oh God, I left my cycle unlocked—let me go, Balu, I want to go. There, there.

Where did he go to?

He went home. No, not home. To the Ladies' Hostel. At the gate he stopped, undecided. A bunch of girls crossed him and went in.

He did not go in.

What happened? He went home. Next week he fell sick. Doctor said it was typhoid. It was Dr. Sreenivasan. He pulled through.

When he went to college six weeks later, he saw Gopal, did he not?

Gopal said: Good morning, Good morning, Sir! as he parked the cycle. He always says that in a funny manner.

NOW where was he? Yes. He grumblingly went through the untidy jungle of notices at the board, and one among them caught his eye.

He went to the Office.

The clerk said—"Yes, she discontinued her studies. Her father died or something. Relative of yours? Oh! Shall I find out her address?"

What did he say?

Woodenly he stared at the clerk.

"No. No matter."

Turning away, he bumped into Dr. Ghosh. He was wearing a white rose on his coat...

The moving finger writes, and having writ,

Moves on...

Where did he hear that? He grinned mirthlessly.

"Is everything O. K., Doctor?"

Shyam turned round.

The R. M. O. was at the door. His tie is loose, thought Shyam. What is more, shabby.

"You look feverish."

"It is all right, Sir. Just a headache."

"I'll send a relief. Better have some rest."

Danny just stood up, book in hand. He sighed.

Shyam looked down at his polished Oxford toes. He was tired.

The clock struck quarter past nine as Dr. Shyam left the hospital. He was going home.

TOURIST INDUSTRY 'IN INDIA

By

B. S. RAJAGOPALAN

IN the economic pattern of the modern world, the tourist industry has been assured a permanent place. Actually, the word tourism has been coined to denote the tourist industry. As a foreign exchange earner, it is second to none.

The tourist industry is essentially a luxury industry. It draws its clients from the well-to-do class, with a comfortable bank balance to back up their desires. The Americans are typical examples of tour-minded people. In fact, tourist expenditure abroad constitutes one of the very few openings for the outflow of American dollars. Eight billion dollars were spent by the Americans on this account for the 20 years preceding 1940.

India has to earn dollars to meet her ever-increasing dollar requirements, and therefore, the development of the tourist industry in India becomes all the more imperative. Yet it is rather unfortunate that the rich potentialities of this great country in this regard, with its pristine glory and charms, with its beautiful hills and dales, with its many centres of religious and historical interest, should remain a more or less closed book to the world's most confirmed tourists, the Americans. We are doing nothing to attract the American tourists.

The tourist has to satisfy the preliminary requisites of exchange regulations and passport conditions. Next comes the question of comfortable transport, good hotels and restaurants, and guide services. In India we have only a few transport agencies, which offer only a low standard of comfort.

"The mainstay of tourism is the hotel," observes Lord Hacking, chairman of the British Travel Association. It is amply proved by the fact that in the United Kingdom there is a hotel in every beauty spot. In America, it is a billion dollar industry.

In India, the existence of a hotel, let alone a good one, is an accident.

The Government should have a quasi-official organisation on the lines of the British Travel Association consisting of members drawn from the railways, hotels and restaurants, the banks and some officials representing the Government. It should have various departments, each in charge of one specific aspect of the tourist industry. Two of the important departments should be in charge of accommodation and travel facilities.

For attracting the tourists, Government should devise an efficient publicity organisation. For this purpose, Government may utilise the services of their embassies and consulates in foreign countries, specially in the new world.

Provision of foreign exchange facilities on a liberal scale and the withdrawal of avoidable passport restrictions should go a long way in helping the growth of the tourist industry. The Government of India have recently entered into negotiations in this matter with the International Union of Official Travel Organisations. That the Union Government are fully conscious of the importance of the tourist industry is seen from the fact that recently they have sanctioned a block grant of Rs. 50 lakhs to the various State Governments for the development of the industry.

Tourist traffic also benefits our cottage industries. It is widely known that Switzerland earns about 80% of her income by means of her tourist industry; the tourists are persuaded to buy her costly watches and other products. India can offer her ivory, sandalwood carvings, artistically worked brass articles, statuettes and rugs and carpets to the foreign visitors and earn the much needed dollars.

The tourist industry fosters mutual goodwill among nations. The *Eastern Economist* sums up the position thus: "First make the tourist come; then give him good food, drinks, comfortable travel and pleasant time all-round. It will be no surprise, if he begins to think well of you, speaks kindly of you."

Silence is Golden

By

MICHAEL OWEN

ROMANCE presents itself in strange shapes and garbs; nor, always, as in the story books where it is presented with an elusive charm far from reality, are the participants extraordinarily beautiful and handsome. The strangest romance I ever witnessed—indeed, had I read of it I might have doubted it, for there are few people indeed who realise that life is in truth infinitely stranger than fiction—took place in a prosaic enough setting, the crowded, evening gardens facing the railway station, built by the long-mouldered Emperor Jehanghir in the ancient Moghul capital of Old Delhi. And if the Emperor, a romantic enough soul, one hears, could have witnessed that strange and touching episode, I dare say that a lump would have come to his royal throat much as it did to mine.

It was early evening and I sat thinking upon life and men on one of those stone contraptions which the municipal authorities in Delhi have euphemistically labelled benches. The garden was crowded and business was as usual; which is to say that the ubiquitous *malish champeys*, pestered the life out of me, seemingly determined to massage my scalp and anoint me with all the oils of Araby for a sheer pittance, those small boys and old men with lean bodies and hungry eyes proffered me ice-candy sticks which led me to wonder why the children who sucked them with such avid pleasure at them were not immediately stricken with cholera, and that the pickers-of-ears were filled with an eloquent determination to cleanse my ears, which, they insisted, were the receptacles for all the poisonous filth in the world. With considerable irritation I rejected these various offers and found myself listening to a little group squatting on the ground quite close to me.

There were two women and a man. One of the women was an old crone with rheumy but rapacious eyes, very poorly clad. The other, from what

little I could see—for like a good, modest Hindu girl of the lower classes she kept her face veiled by the edge of her cheap but clean sari—seemed young. The third party, the old man, who talked and gesticulated with much volubility, gave me the impression of a man who had an axe to grind or something to sell. Presently it was to dawn on me that he was a marriage broker—a profession, I feel, that should undoubtedly have been included in Chesterton's famous book, *The Club of Queer Trades*.

"... It is a strange story," the broker was saying. "He was dumb from his mother's womb." He shook his head. "A pity, indeed, for seldom have I seen so handsome a young fellow, and well set-up, too. And brains withal. His father had a couple of *pan-beedi* shops and was comfortable in his class. Charan Das, the son, has now more than trebled the family income, and that in spite of his affliction. He now owns as many as five shops and may be accounted a wealthy man... Ah, who knows the future, sister! Maybe we have here another Birla. Your niece is a lucky girl... You should really pay me at least another five rupees."

The old crone vociferated querulously. Did he not know that they were penniless refugees—that they had lost their all in Pakistan? Did he not realise that they had literally had to sell half their household chattels to meet his demands? And nothing was definite. Would the young man be satisfied? It seemed hard to believe. Dumb though he might be, if he was wealthy and handsome there would be many young women with the gift of speech willing to take him to husband?

"I tell you," said the broker, "he will have none of a woman who is normal. Many have indeed been willing. His stubbornness upon the matter has been a source of deep pain to his parents. But his is a sensitive nature. It is rumoured that once he fell in love with a neighbour's daughter. The marriage was arranged and then, one day, he overheard her talking about him, disparaging him for his disability. He

cancelled the arrangements and swore a sacred oath that he would not marry till he found a woman similarly mute. Either that or he would go single to the pyre."

"You tell me that he demands youth and good looks in addition to this silence of voice. He is singularly fortunate that my niece here is just what he seeks. It is a chance that happens but once in a million years."

Suddenly the old broker got to his feet. "Here he comes," he murmured. "You and the girl seat yourselves under yonder tree. It is not so crowded there."

The broker waited by my bench until his client approached. My interest was curiously roused. Here was romance indeed, a segment of life that was in its way as moving as it was strange and almost incredible! I found myself studying the dumb man with real curiosity.

A fine figure of a man, in his early twenties, I judged, broad-shouldered, with a straight back like a soldier. Nor did his features discredit his figure. Good features embellished with a bristling, sweeping moustache. A veritable Franz Hals Laughing Cavalier of a man! It was difficult to believe that he was a mute. The gods in every other way had been good to him.

The two men seated themselves. They began to talk by signs. I was touched. The prospective bridegroom was so undoubtedly romantic a figure. Paper was produced and I saw that when signs became inadequate the dumb man used pencil and a slim notebook. Apparently he was by no means deaf, for the signs were all on his side and he seemed to take in all the old man said.

"I can assure you that she, too, has been dumb from birth. Also she is of good family. They were Murree Hindus and lost all in the debacle. Her parents were killed. She succeeded in reaching Bharat with her old aunt. And she is fair of face and form, so much so that her aunt tells me there have been many offers, mostly irregular, but some of marriage. But she is like you, sensitive, hating pity for her affliction. A good

woman, indeed! You are fortunate, Charan Das. For you the gods have created a miracle."

Under the proud, sweeping moustachios the dumb man's mouth twitched into a smile. His hands moved. They glanced at me, saw that my face looked indifferent and that I seemed to be taking no interest in the proceedings, my having deliberately assumed this pose, and the old broker waved to the women under the tree.

They approached slowly. The young woman's walk was modest but graceful. Her form was fair and well-moulded. Her head was lowered, with the edge of the sari giving her *purdah*. Shyly, she followed the old crone's lead and seated herself.

The young man commenced a conversation—in signs and by many gesticulations. She replied, by signs, by nods of the head. I felt a certain thickness in my throat. As fine a young couple as any clime and land might show, and dumb, condemned to eternal silence! The gods played odd, strange tricks upon men; heartless, it would seem!

Then I saw the Laughing Cavalier, as I had dubbed him, stretch gently out. Slowly his hand drew the sari edge aside. What he saw filled him with delight, for his lips burst into a glad smile and his dark eyes shone as though with incredible triumph.

Coincidence, perhaps! A miracle perhaps! Compensation by the gods for what these dumb young people lacked? Who knew?

Presently, apparently well pleased, the young man walked away, and in his step was something vernal and confident. The old broker said a few words to the old crone and followed the young man. Then the old crone turned to the girl. The rheumy old eyes gleamed with dim satisfaction.

"It is settled. He is well pleased. So handsome a man and also so well-to-do. You are indeed fortunate amongst women. Better a life lived in security and silence than a seat in the harlot bazaars. It is hard enough for a dowriless woman to get married, leave alone a penniless refugee widow."

"I, too, am well-pleased," answered

the girl in a voice as clear as a bell. "He is well-favoured. Silence is indeed a small price to pay."

They rose and slowly walked away towards the Chandni Chowk, and I, a lump in my throat, my eyes faintly moist, thought of what I had seen and heard. A refugee widow whose husband had apparently paid with his life for the price of freedom, come across hundreds of miles of bloody space to meet here in these gardens laid down by a long dead

In Search of A Centre

MY friend Mr. X is a strikingly remarkable person. His charming personality, impressive manners, and supposedly progressive ideologies attract many to his fold. His logic and reasoning are fairly simple and lucid. But a veil of inconsistency pervades his conclusions.

Mr. X expresses himself on everything in the world. To some he would appear as an idealist with his head among the stars. His talks generally begin with remarks on a brawl or an untoward incident that occurs in his locality; he would try to critically analyse the situation by probing into its depths, attribute some kind of human weakness to that and go on to point it out in one celebrity or another, concluding that after all man is man and it takes all sorts to make this funny world. But the very next day we can hear him beginning at the other end with a different group of friends, professing his absolute faith in the excellences that can be attained by man. He adduces in support of his arguments the miraculous powers of the ancient Rishis, and with a depressed heart laments over the degradation of humanity that is perpetually going on. Some feel that he is an altruist; to some he is an egoist; and I know he is not pedantic. The other day when we were talking of the misery of the poverty-stricken people of India, he vehemently criticised the existing economic order and expressed his faith in the Marxist way of thought. He presented himself as an out and out materialist. But on the morrow morn he entered into a discussion with an ardent Marxist, espousing the cause

emperor a handsome young fellow who because he was not as other men are had lived in that grey world of the afflicted and lonely, thinking himself condemned to a loveless life, unilluminated by companionship and lit by the laughter of little ones!

They would live in silence, but who knew! Maybe in that silence they would find a golden tranquillity and harmony unbroken by human anger and bickering such as it is not given to most of us to know!

of democracy, morality, and freedom of conscience and held against the sanctity of bloodshed and violence approved as a means for the alleviation of misery and the establishment of a communistic order, by the Marxists.

What is it in him that manifests itself as different personalities?

I asked him pat: "Are you a Marxist?"

Came the reply: "No, I am not, but I don't know what I am."

"So is this inconsistency which is your chief trait."

He was deeply moved and answered: "I am like the nebula which is eternally seeking a centre. I have studied many ideologies. After breaking away from spiritualism of the past, the young mind today travels towards the other extreme,—of pure materialism and is prone to enter into the sphere of communism, but the memory of the spiritual and moral environments in which he was brought up, make him dread the violence suggested by the Marxian doctrine and as practised by his followers. His pursuits are bridled by the element of godliness that is within him. He thinks of the change-of-heart theory but his reasoning and experience preponderantly refuse to admit the practicability of this fashionable doctrine.

Severed from spiritualism, vexed by the existing order, grieved by the lamentable sufferings of the poor and the oppressed, offended by the overweening capitalist, what is he to do? What ideology should he take up to mould his character and without an ideology how can he shape his personality?

K. GOPALA KRISHNA MURTHY

NEW BOOKS

THE EXPERIENCE OF DEATH

★

THE MORAL PROBLEM OF SUICIDE

By Paul Louis Landsberg

Translated by Cynthia Rowland

Foreword by Fr. Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C. R.

Rockliff, Salisbury Square, London

8s 6d net

DEATH is not a calamity. If science overcomes death it is bound to be a calamity. Death is a necessity. Death without resistance is sure to be a pleasure. Death for a cause can be the highest gift of God bestowed on an individual. Though suicide is not an act of cowardice always, it has not the genuineness of natural death. If a suicide insults humanity by an ignoble act, it only shows that the will to die is more tragically cultivated to an annihilating point than the will to live and endure. I believe that even to endure what cannot be cured and make an honest attempt to cure what cannot be endured is any day better than any kind of tragic self-destruction. Let us suffer and weep to eternity if suffering and weeping please Him. Let us cultivate the strength to live even by death. Let us not be dead souls in living bodies. If not in Him, along with Him we live by appeal and faith. Here appears Landsberg, the great christian.

The preface to the book by Fr. Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C. R., says that the learned German Philosopher Paul Louis Landsberg ultimately solved the riddle of his own life and its problems not by an act of suicide, but by a vision of Christ and an honest and faithful appeal to the Cross.

Paul Louis Landsberg starts his essay on "the experience of death" by an analysis of the statement of Voltaire that, "The human race is the only one that knows it must die, and it knows this only through its experience." To him Death is not merely a natural culmination of old age. He writes: "... man's experi-

ence of the necessity of his own death has nothing in common with the hypothesis of the natural death of the organism." Illustrating that in the primitive society the individual is not different from the clan, the philosopher points out that with the process of individualisation, the concept of death changed in meaning. He distinguishes between the Buddhist and the Christian concepts of survival after death. He remarks: "But Christ promises a birth which shall be followed by no birth and thus no further death. Christianity is the supreme affirmation of victorious life. Buddhism is the negation of life by every virtue of the reality of death." It is "divine grace" which Christianity substantiates to be triumphant over sin and death. It is in the loss of the personality that we become acutely aware of death and the uniqueness of the individual. He says: "The spiritual appropriation of death is the supreme task of each human person, but an effort is an acknowledgement of the nature of this death which has to be transformed. Personal existence is not fatality; its task is to transform the fatality of death into liberty." Prof. Landsberg is of the view that every "acceptance of death transforms death." Any kind of acceptance is also not without resistance. "The human person is not, in its true essence, an *existence towards death*. Like every other existence, after its own fashion, it is a movement towards self-realisation and towards eternity." He analyses the experience of death by St. Augustine. He has a few words on Plato, the Epicureans and the Stoics. Differences between hope and expectation are

expounded, but he believes that an ultimate answer to an individual's victory over death can be found only in Christianity.

"Christ brings to the believer an entirely new liberation from death. He fulfils the foreshadowings of Platonism and the mysteries, by revealing a realm of the spirit which is inaccessible to death, a realm in which man may participate. In this new religion man may transform and transcend his mortal condition since beyond death there is a possibility of life, the only life worthy of the name, since its condition is eternity. There is a possibility of a life for human persons alongside the Divine, so close to the Divine that the human partakes of its eternity . . ."

The experiences of St. Theresa and her attainment of an eternal life are illustrated to show the mystic's approach towards death. To Prof. Landsberg death is only an opening towards a higher life and a newer birth. It completes, by Grace, the "mystic marriage" of the Soul and God.

In his essay on "The Moral Problem of Suicide" the philosopher discusses the various views of theologians and thinkers over this problem. According to him suicide is: "The act by which a human being deliberately creates what he considers to be an effective and adequate cause of his own death." One doesn't see any condemnation of the act by the author, but he believes more in bearing the Cross that is given to one than a flight from it.

One is able to find from these two essays an aspect of that "angel" who like Pascal before him died with that absolute and stern faith born out of inward struggles and doubts. It is not intellectual prowess that breaks open the bolted doors very near to us to the chamber of God, our Supreme Lover. It is faith again, resignation and an absolute denial of all empirical existence and knowledge. We must die to enter on the path of the divine. Death has meaning only if there is a resurrection, and there is resurrection even to the worst sinner if only the person knows how to believe. Let us believe and become. Let us die to learn how to be.

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

A Vision of Future India

By K. G. Mashruwala

Navajivan Publishing House,
Ahmedabad

Re. 1

COMING from the pen of a veteran journalist and Gandhian economist, the late Shri K. G. Mashruwala, *A Vision of Future India* contains his correspondence with Shri R. K. Patil, a member of the Planning Commission, on the subject of planning and development and the establishment of a better society in India in the years to come, based on a fair distribution of wealth and other amenities of life. Besides the letters, the book has a few chapters written as postscripts which further elaborate the matters discussed in the letters. In the end the compiler has included three articles of Mashruwala on 'Cheapness,' 'Collective Co-operation in Agriculture,' and 'Indo-U. S. A. Technical Co-operation Agreement.' The entire material used in this little book of 69 pages has at one time or another appeared in *Harijan* of which Mashruwala was the Editor.

The author is a champion of the idea of decentralization. He says: "Theoretically, we draw the picture of a political and economic order consisting of independent village republics federating themselves into higher and higher unions, until we reach a federation embracing the whole country, and thence, in course of time, the whole world . . ." He is in favour of an agricultural economy to be supplemented by the development of village industries and handicrafts. He thinks that the farmer, besides working on his own plot should also "find sufficient time and need to work for wages on larger holdings." He wants village industries to be self-sufficient. He decries private ownership over large areas as "it cannot be tolerated by an awakened peasantry." He wants a system which will give everyone "reasonable scope for freewill and action in the interest of himself as well as society. We want a system in which work a man must, but not for money, but for himself and society, and not out of fear, but of his own love and the love

which society shows to him." This points to a utopian society which has never existed.

Mashruwala is a supporter of the Sarvodaya ideal and regards the Registered Farm System and the Co-operative farming Society System as 'antagonistic' to it. He is full of praise for Vinoba Bhave's land gift movement which appears to fit in very well with the philosophy he propounds. He believes in the idea of regarding all the village land "as one unit, constituting one single village industry, of which each hitherto owner is a shareholder to the extent of the crop-value of his fields." About the implementation of his scheme, he says that it is bound to be successful if attempted with the best of intentions, honesty, and in a non-violent manner.

He does not view the Indo-U. S. A. Technical Co-operation Agreement with any amount of optimism. He is not sure if India can retain her individuality in her relations with the U. S. A. despite the Agreement in which India happens to be the weak partner. He thinks that not only economic but political and psychological risks are involved in this. This view does not seem to be warranted by facts and betrays a lack of self-confidence in the writer.

Taking it as a whole, the book is thought-provoking and incorporates a plan, a vision of future India. It provides considerable food for thought to those who are engaged in planning and development work, as also to students of economics generally.

SURENDRANATH TRIPATHI

Thomas Jefferson

(Champion of Human Rights)

By Gene Lisitzky

Indian University Publishers,
Kashmere Gate, Delhi 6

Rs. 1-8 as

MUCH of the political greatness of the United States today is traceable to her long line of Presidents whose single aim has been to defend and safeguard her great constitution and Thomas Jefferson has been one among them. Writers of biography

to be successful as such, have to maintain a just balance in their treatment of the achievements, the brightness and darkness in the life of their subject of study and Lisitzky, from these points of view, must be said to be a success. Especially, matters like the conflict between Federalists and Antifederalists—who in reality are Hamilton and Jefferson—the constitutional importance of Congress over the President, are well dealt with by the author. Jefferson, architect of the Virginia University, and who till the last moment of his life, had the one singular aim of encouraging scientific studies, besides humanities, is a personality that can be called Progress. To compress so big and distinguished a life into 160 well-written pages is no small achievement on the part of the author.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Labour Control

By Hugh Sutherland

Social Welfare

By Margaret Cole

Denial of faith

By Francis Watson

Development Projects

By Don Taylor

CASEMENT BOOKLETS, 17, 18, 19, 20

Casement Publications Limited,

Bombay

6 Annas Each

THE modern reader is so busy and his activities are so various that he does not find time to collect facts, classify them, and arrive at conclusions by himself in the matter of economic development, social welfare, etc. Hence the need for booklets, whose authors are well-versed in the field which they survey. They should know the needs of the reader, should have no particular bias and have an open mind. A booklet can neither be too long to weary the reader, nor too small to be unprofitable.

Casement Publications pamphlets raise these hopes in the reader—hope is green and this colour is on the cover—but, I am not sure whether they really enlighten or befog in regard to their general effect. Margaret Cole traces the evolution of the concept of social welfare and points

out how the concept of the Welfare State has come to stay. The main purpose of the other booklets seems to be to attack Soviet Russia and China, belittle their achievements, and point out how much better the Western democracies are; how they are seized with a humanitarian zeal to help the underdeveloped countries in their struggle for advancement. How unsubstantial these claims are would be obvious even to the most casual observer of events in British Guiana, Uganda and other places.

V. V. S.

★
KITE

WHAT is best,
O tell me
what is best?
To fix my inward gaze
on the expanding dark,
to envy a kite
circling in unalloyed space,
to char the sun
and thus killing time,
or to sit like an invalid
refusing to die,
or to pamper the flesh
and paint nudes;
to squat like
a sex-starved saint
and number
the idiosyncrasies
of god, angel, man
and their moods,—
what is best,
O tell me
what is best?

The priest tells,
the priest tells:
Chant His name,
chant His glory;
the philosopher
good in heart,
sharp in brains,
famished in flesh,
and dry in soul,
goes about the world,
questioning what is god—
O men think and speculate!
O men think and speculate!

O, hear the voice of the Mother,
she tells in the day,
she tells in the night,
and she tells when she is free;
hear the voice of the Mother.
Now you are old,
no more a child,
I am old
and I must die.
Take a girl soon,

obedient to your will,
splendid in love
and beget, beget, beget.

O, the father calls,
the father commands:
Go across the seas
and visit the continents;
publish papers,
and may your days be prosperous;
we must have a house of our own,
here in the city,
and at least seven grounds
we require.

What is best,
O tell me
what is best?
To despair and die,
or to be desperate in deeds;
No, never!
What is best
but what we have?
And what is worst
but what we have not?

MUKUNDA

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K. MAHADEVAN

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SOME ASPECTS OF EDUCATION

MAKARENKO'S EXPERIMENT

THE three things mainly stressed in the recent efforts being made towards a reorientation of our educational system are character building, vocational training and the training for citizenship. But how best these things can be achieved is a question on which opinions are not only varied but are also vague and confused. A. S. Makarenko's *Road to Life* is one of those few books which shed some welcome light on these problems.

The author, one of the pioneers of the Soviet educational system, was the director of a colony for juvenile delinquents and the book is the story of his eight years' experiences in the colony.

The most essential feature of Makarenko's educational system is the collective or as we in our educational parlance call, community living. The entire staff and students live and work together as one large family. Every member of the family had to do his share of the work, which in itself calls forth from the students a sense of responsibility, discipline and initiative so essential for the formation of character. The collective spirit always acted as a deterrent to slackness on anyone's part.

Studies as such formed only a part of the curriculum and they were all ranged around the central occupation—in this case agriculture. The allied handicrafts like carpentry, shoe-making, etc., were also practised as they served the colony's needs. The incentive necessary to these work activities was proved since the income from all these was utilised for the well-being of the inmates of the colony. The State subsidies in those days were extremely meagre as the times were hard and the colonists had to rely on their own resources to make both ends meet. The students worked, earned and got a secondary education, all at the same time. It seems thus that Makarenko's system has the

merit of having a fully craft-centred curriculum providing the students with a vocational training, besides the fact that it is based to a certain extent on our old Gurukula model of education.

The second but no less important feature of his educational system is his complete disregard of the theory of heredity. Makarenko was interested only in the future of the child and not in its past, and it was his policy to make the child even forget its past. It is interesting to note how in this he even went once to the extent of forbidding some American correspondents who came to visit the colony to question the boys on their pasts. To him environment was the prime factor which determined the child's personality and hence the right type of citizen should be moulded in any given society by a correct educational goal. In the light of the later researches made by Lysenko in this field the correctness of this view has been established and recognised in the Soviet Union. As for Makarenko himself, he succeeded to a very great extent in substantiating his view, for out of the four hundred and odd conscious citizens he trained in the colony, not to say anything of the thousands later on, only one or two left it to take up their past life and end themselves in disaster.

SOME of the incidents described in the book are quite revealing as to the methods Makarenko employed in re-educating his pupils. He was prepared to be a dictator "if other methods failed" and he was "beset by no qualms of conscience" when once in the early years of the colony he had to strike one of his pupils for insolently disobeying his order to cut wood. His colleagues were shocked and distressed at this pedagogical impropriety, but to their astonishment they found the boys speaking of "his exploit with enthusiasm" and "all but in love with him," especially the one who got the beatings. Makarenko explains this fact by pointing out that external forms of discipline, which in certain cases might be necessary, would never be resented by the students if they find that there is a humanitarian spirit

behind them, and that their teachers are honest and sincere. On the contrary, he says, such honesty and sincerity would only command the respect of the boys.

A strict disciplinarian as he was, Makarenko was always careful never to wound the student's self-respect. He had the utmost respect for the boy's individuality and gave him ample opportunities to develop his personality. Makarenko believed in

the vast potentialities of man and according to him, "To educate a man is to furnish him with a perspective leading to the morrow's joy."

Road to Life, apart from being a great epic of education, is also a masterpiece in literature. Its language is full of imagery and as you read you feel as if you are witnessing a great and moving human drama before your eyes.

K. G. WARRIER

Whither, Mankind?

By

A. M. S. SATYAMURTI

ANTHROPOLOGISTS and scientists contend that man is supreme on earth. His mastery over Nature is not complete. There are still some majestic peaks in Nature that lure and challenge him. Drought and excessive rain work havoc among mankind. Famine and poverty raise their ugly heads. Poverty has become the tradition of the East.

Another menacing problem of our age is that of population. "The world is too much with us." This is much truer of our times than it could have been in Wordsworth's time. Can the world stand the stress and strain of more and more people? The Well-sian dream of the conquest of space is put on an experimental basis today. The astronomer may in the future enable the excess population to drift to the planets that are fit for human habitation. The struggle

for existence, one may well suppose, may also continue in the new abodes of man!

The problem of population has created in its wake that of unemployment. Unemployment has caused directly or indirectly many deplorable evils such as begging, stealing, murder and suicide. It has reared in man idleness, despair and disgust.

Another interesting issue of today is the conflict between faith and rationalism, the latter being mainly responsible for scientific progress. Faith had been guiding men in the past on the right path. Faith, the root principle of religion, had nourished in man the qualities of endurance and hope. But rationalism has come to be the religion of man in modern times. When man found Nature uncontrollable, he began to obey implicitly a superior force—God, Destiny or Fate. This half-century has made him believe more in himself than in any external force. Of course he thinks rationally but acts rashly.

Women's Power Over Industry

"THEY used to say 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world'," said Gina Franklin in a BBC broadcast, "and I always construed that as meaning that women's influence on world affairs was one degree removed; that it became effective only through their sons. Now it seems to me women's influence is direct; the hand that grasps the shopping basket rules the world—of industry certainly." And as it is usually the woman's hand that grasps the shopping basket it seems

that she is right. One authority had estimated that women bought three quarters of all goods sold in Britain, even the kind of things men might be expected to buy, for between seventy and eighty per cent of housewives said that they bought their husbands' socks, pyjamas, underwear and shirts, while nearly as many bought their husband's toothpaste and nearly fifty per cent bought their shaving soap too . . . Women now had tremendous power over industry in this way and it was up to them, in Gina Franklin's opinion, to let the manufacturers know what they wanted and to insist on getting it.—B.B.C. London Letter

Amrutanjan

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

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

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

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

If through overwork or undersleep
Inactive turns his brain or nerve,
He uses Amrutanjan to reap
His former activity's reserve.

While to the children and to the young,
It serves a call and deals a cure,
To the aged and patients weak of lung,
It is a constant nurse and relief sure.

Ever remember this constant factor,
Amrutanjan is the foremost doctor
To consult for checking the paining sector
Of every disease and hence a nectar.

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

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BEAUTY

There is a distinction between the beauty of nature and humanity, and the beauty that is brought into existence by works of art. The qualities of nature and humanity that humanity has come to regard as beautiful are mainly, though not exclusively, outside human interference. We may hybridize a plant or mongrelise a dog, but the laws of the vegetable and animal kingdom are not nullified thereby. We may win prizes at a flower show or a dog show; but, though its traits be modified, a flower remains a flower, and a dog a dog, for all the modifications that the distorted creative faculty in humanity may make in colour or scent or sound. But the beauty that is brought into existence by art is immediate to the human will, feeling and thought—it is conditioned by temperament, tradition, aesthetic sensitiveness, mental predilection; yet it is beauty—not truth, for truth, as generally accepted, is statement; but beauty is not statement and is therefore not an interchangeable term with truth, notwithstanding Keats; it is living experience, whether it lowers itself from the archetypal Beauty as Plato held, or, as some modern philosophers think, is a creation of the human mind induced by the impacts of life.

Swatantra

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TRENDS IN PRAJA SOCIALIST PARTY

By JAYA PRAKASH NARAYAN

IT is well known that there are three ideological trends within the PSP today. One is that of the old Socialist Party, the other of Gandhism from the KMPP, and the third of Netaji from the Forward Block. Since the organisational merger of the three parties, there has been a process of interchange of ideas. But a complete synthesis is yet to come. I believe that this synthesis, which is very essential, is possible only on the basis of Gandhism.

The old Socialist Party had started, it will be remembered, under a strong influence of Leninist-Marxism. But it had slowly travelled towards Gandhism. It did so when it gave up its faith in dictatorship, even as a transitional phase; when it asserted that Socialism could not exist without democracy; when it came to believe that decentralisation of economic and political power was essential for democracy; when it decided that good ends could not be achieved through evil means; when it accepted, at least in words, Satyagraha as a revolutionary weapon.

The KMPP was Gandhian, at least its outstanding leaders such as Kripalaniji, Dr. P. C. Ghosh, Shri Kelappan were and are ideologically devout Gandhians.

Netaji had rejected Marxian materialism and stood for the spiritual values of life which he wanted to make the foundation of the new social order. It was true that he was not averse to violence in certain contexts. But I have no doubt that he would have been the first to reject violence in the context of social and human reconstruction in a free India. Use of violence in such a context would have been destructive of the very spiritual values for which he stood.

In view of this situation a synthesis on the basis of Gandhism should be a natural development.

I am sure that some think that to mix up Gandhism and Socialism is a sign of ideological confusion. I wish that these friends did some fresh thinking. Both Socialism and Communism are faced with failure. Communism, where it is victorious, has ended up in State capitalism and dictatorship—the very antitheses of Communism. Socialism, in Western Europe at any rate, has lost its pristine idealism and become only a parliamentary or legalistic creed. Thus, both the methods of violence and of parliamentary action have failed. Gandhism, to my mind, offers the third alternative: that of revolution by non-violent mass action.

WE have a fine illustration of this in Vinoba's bhoodan movement. He eschews violence, but does not pin his faith on legislation. He wants to bring about redistribution of land by the action of the people. The law will come later to formalise what the people have already done. The common criticism of bhoodan is that by "begging" for land the question could not be solved and that therefore land must be redistributed by law. The joke is that this is supposed to be a revolutionary view. It is little realised that a revolution cannot be made by law. A real revolution is a revolution in the values of life. No law can effect a transvaluation of values. The transvaluation can be reflected in law once it has taken place in the life of the people. For this reason Vinoba, a true Gandhian, is not concerned with legislation. He wants the people themselves to re-distribute the land. For this he and his co-workers are going about trying to change the minds and hearts of men. Law cannot change minds nor hearts. The question is raised about the time that such a revolution would take. The Gandhian revolution for national freedom did not take much

time as compared with other national revolutions. The success Vinobaji has already achieved is unique in history. And 1957, the date-line by which he wants to complete the task of redistribution, is not far away.

I am afraid most people in the PSP are inclined to follow the Western method of establishing Socialism by law. That is why there is so much concern with political action and the struggle for power. Most of us think that it is only when we capture power that we shall be able to build up Socialism by legislation and State power. If we persist in this legalistic concept of the social revolution, I have no doubt we are going to suffer the same disillusionment as Socialists in the West.

Gandhism does not concentrate on the capture of power, nor depend on the power of the State, but it goes direct to the people and helps them to effect the revolution in their lives and consequently revolution in the life of the community. Support from the State power would be assured once the power of the people has been created.

It should be clear that in this manner the Gandhian technique necessarily goes beyond the confines of party and class, because it aims at converting, or "revolutionising" if you please, members of all parties and classes. Socialism wishes to advance by setting class against class, Gandhism by cutting across classes. Socialism wishes to destroy classes by making one class victorious over the other—which seems to be somewhat illogical. Gandhism wishes to abolish classes by so bringing the classes together that there are no class distinctions left.

Socialism ultimately aims at creating a casteless society, but it wishes to make the State all-powerful by making the social revolution itself dependent upon State action. Gandhism, too, like Socialism, aims at a Stateless society. But on that account it proceeds more consistently by making the social process as little dependent upon the State as possible. The creation of the Stateless society begins here and now, and is not relegated to a remote and

imaginary period in the future. It is therefore a more truly revolutionary process that is more likely to reach the goal than the other processes.

FOR these reasons I should like to plead for a closer study and understanding of Gandhism and the Gandhian technique. "Satyagraha," for instance, has become a fashion in Socialist circles. But if Satyagraha has to lead us to the free and equal and good society, and not degenerate into partisan warfare, we must understand it better. It should be realised that any peaceful action is not Satyagraha. Satyagraha is based on faith in the possibility of change of heart. A particular Satyagrahi may fail in changing his opponent's heart but that is not failure of the faith. It is only his personal failure. In this manner Satyagraha cannot be a partisan or a class struggle. Its appeal is to all parties and classes. It may not be possible for a Satyagrahi to reach the ideal. But the important thing is that he should understand the ideal and work sincerely towards it. I am sure that if Socialists approached this weapon in this spirit they would become irresistible.

★ PRIDE

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—RUSKIN

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—C. C. COLTON

If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his at the same time.—SWIFT
Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.—SHENSTONE

The proud are ever most provoked by pride.—COWPER

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves.—H. W. BEECHER

The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great.—VOLTAIRE

Pride had rather go out of the way than go behind.—THOMAS FULLER

BEVAN PARTS THE WATERS TO EGYPT

By ANDREW ROTH

IT was significant that the announcement that Aneurin Bevan would visit Egypt during the Christmas recess of Parliament came from his constituency party in Ebbw Vale, his birthplace. When Bevan is in trouble he frequently goes back to South Wales to get the backing of his local supporters.

Indeed, before he turned the tables on his critics in the House of Commons on December 17, 1953, he did seem to be in serious trouble over Egypt. Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* initiated the attack on December 10 with a six-column front-page headline: BEVAN ARTICLES SHOCK—Neguib Newspaper Prints Them. The attack was continued that evening in the *Express*' stablemate, the *Evening Standard*, in an editorial under the title of "Neguib's Columnist":

There is a tradition in British politics that responsible British statesmen and politicians should not criticize their own country abroad.

... He may secure the temporary and worthless applause of his country's enemies. But in return he forfeits the respect of his own fellow citizens; even those who may share his own political views.

It is surprising then that this tradition should be violated so abruptly and outrageously by a politician as experienced as Mr. Aneurin Bevan—one of Her Majesty's Privy Councillors and a former Minister of the Crown. The man whom many in this country and abroad regard as the most influential member of the Socialist (i.e. Labour) Party, the man whose ambition it is to become Prime Minister, has chosen to denounce Britain's policy in terms which a soap-box orator in Hyde Park might envy...

To read that column you might think it had been written by an enemy of the British Empire rather than one of its statesmen... The only result they can have is further to encourage Neguib in his demand for Britain's total surrender.

It is difficult to understand Mr. Bevan's motives in this issue. It surely cannot be that he is interested in the petty sum of money his article earns.

What then is his motive? Does he think that by discussing Britain's weaknesses he is helping the British soldiers who stand on guard at Suez. Does he think that he is perhaps voicing the view of the rank and file of British workers with whose interest he is so fond of identifying himself?

If so, he errs. The workers of Britain and the soldiers in Suez have more spine than to want to scuttle from Egypt. But even if they had not, they would still view with abhorrence and distaste a man who cheapens himself by encouraging the enemies of his own native land.

This line of argument was strongly pushed by Conservatives happy to have another target for their irritation about Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's desire to reach a new treaty relationship over Egypt. Conservative week-end orators and Walter Elliott, M.P., on the BBC's popular "Any Questions" pounded Mr. Bevan for all they were worth.

The most restrained Conservatives threw up their hands in horror that, at "a delicate stage in the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations," Mr. Bevan should have written, for Neguib's paper that "a military base is useless if surrendered by a hostile population."

Bevan countered that he would "try to catch the Speaker's eye" in the December 17 foreign affairs discussion. This is the British way of saying that he had given the Speaker notice that he would answer the personal attacks on him in Parliament on December 10. On that day his wife, Jennie Lee, jumped to his defense twice. On the second occasion she asked: "When references to members of this House are made in frivolous or unscrupulous parts of the Press, is it not the custom of the House that the member should first

be informed before statements are made? And is it not the case that these issues should raise matters of fact?"

Bevan himself suggested his defense when he told a *Daily Express* reporter on December 9: "I have been writing for a group of newspapers in India (Goenka's Express chain, A. R.)—since July. The articles are now syndicated to an Egyptian newspaper. I don't even know its name, but if it were a newspaper with which I violently disagreed I suppose I would withdraw the articles."

This sounded either disingenuous or careless to some otherwise friendly to Bevan. The articles sent to *Al Goumhouria* were on House of Commons stationery, suggesting that Mr. Bevan or his secretary, rather than a syndicate as such, handled the transaction. *Al Goumhouria* also published a picture of Mr. Bevan with its representative, Nasim Ahmed—a Pakistani who also represents *Dawn* here—suggesting that there was direct discussion about the transaction. Certainly it would seem to be rather an unthinking action on Mr. Bevan's part: apparently he did not consult one of his closest associates in the 'Bevanite' group, R. H. S. Crossman, an outstanding expert on Egypt.

The Parliamentary Performance

WHATEVER the weakness of his position, Aneurin Bevan demonstrated his genius as a parliamentary tactician by completely turning the tables on his critics on December 17. Instead of being led to the slaughter, it was he who wielded a sharp and cutting knife.

The galleries were full because, apart from Bevan's announcement that he would defend himself, Sir Winston Churchill was scheduled to report on the Bermuda conference opening the last foreign affairs debate before the Christmas recess.

Sir Winston was in fine form. There was nothing of the mumbled incoherencies in which he sometimes indulges when not well or feeling his age. But he gave away precious little information, except to make it absolutely clear that he had completely

abdicated his May 11 initiative. He appeared to endorse the ultimatum of John Foster Dulles to the French, saying that Dulles had "stated in public the facts which were in my mind after having learned very plainly what the American position was. The phrase used . . . about the situation possible having to be 'agonizingly reappraised' seemed to me most formidable (A. R.: i.e., almost Churchillian). I must say personally that when the safety of France, indeed of Europe, depends upon the policy of the United States, all the possible consequences of abandoning E. D. C. should be placed squarely before the French people . . ." But he had some kind words for France, too. He was, as Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Labour Opposition pointed out, "A Father Christmas without any presents."

Sir Winston was not, however, entirely generous. He said he did not want Anglo-American differences expressed "in what I may call McCarthy-Bevanite terms. It would be very discreditable to the English-speaking world and disastrous to the whole world if this particular manifestation were to be regarded as other than a proof of our faith on both sides of the ocean that in free communities free speech, however misused, can find its own corrective-ness." This was a bit of Bevan-baiting for which he was to be sorry.

This attack was carried on by the first Conservative backbencher to speak: Captain Charles Waterhouse, the fumbling leader of the 35-old Tory 'rebels' against the moderation of Anthony Eden in proposing to the Egyptians the withdrawal of all but 4,000 British Army technicians from £500 million Suez Canal base. While it may not be fair, as subsequent Labour speakers did, to designate Captain Waterhouse as a "political dinosaur" and a practitioner of "Pitdown politics" he certainly showed little comprehension that the world has moved into the second half of the 20th century. The whole of Britain's troubles in Asia and Africa, he believes, comes from not standing firm enough. "We evacuated Burma, let her slide from the Empire, and this action was follow-

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ed by a fearful civil war. We came out of India in a most untimely way . . . This country gave no moral support to the Dutch when they were in Indonesia, and to no small extent our troubles in Malaya may have arisen from that. We left Abadan at the behest of a nation which was breaking its treaties, and immediately we had great trouble in Egypt . . . after this long series of retreats and withdrawals, some time we must decide that we have got to call a halt, and I say now that that time has come . . . If Britain retreated from Egypt, the Commonwealth and the world might decide "that 'Britain has had it' and is no longer going to trouble to stand firm."

THIS whole Empire, "and I glory in the word 'Empire'," insisted Captain Waterhouse, is being challenged by Aneurin Bevan "and his friends, who take the view that the colonial system is wrong, that the Empire is an anachronism and that the whole shooting match ought to be destroyed."

Although Captain Waterhouse attacked Bevan, he was, of course, trying to persuade Sir Winston Churchill to "stand firm." The Captain put the rebellion of the Conservative "political dinosaurs" very delicately, perhaps because they had had the benefit of a luncheon meeting with Sir Winston. "We sought to give him kindly guidance, to put under his shoulder our friendly hands so that, should he on his arduous way make a slight stumble, we would be at hand to help him . . ."

Sir Winston beamed while listening to this Tory 'rebel' but Anthony Eden seemed less happy. Subsequently Labour M.P., R. H. S. Crossman commented on "the strange fact that, while the Foreign Secretary sat there with considerable embarrassment listening to what he felt was a speech which belonged to a different century, the Prime Minister—in so far as he could hear the speech—automatically and gently nodded his emotional approval . . . I had the distinct feeling that he was thinking to himself, 'That is the kind of speech I am used to . . .'

"What determines one's attitude

to politics is the experience of one's youth. The Prime Minister's youthful experience was of the days of Omdurman and the Foreign Secretary's was that of the massacre on the Somme. Probably the difference between them is the difference between a man whose youthful wars were gay adventure, when there was something good and jolly with a few natives to shoot at and a cavalry charge, and a man like the Foreign Secretary who lives in a world where war meant the Somme massacre. One was putting together an Empire, partly by accident; and the other was seeing if it would stick together. The Foreign Secretary represents the pessimist because he is a Conservative who wants to hold on. The Prime Minister is an optimist because he is still living in the spirit of Omdurman—when he is allowed to by the rest of the Cabinet." But Sir Winston's good humour lasted only until Bevan rose to his feet.

Bevan, the superb parliamentary tactician, fought the issue of his articles as a defense not only of himself, but of British traditions:

I want first to say that there is a tradition in this country that when we have differences of opinion the people who hold them should be given the opportunity of stating the facts. We may hold them intensely and we may speak forthrightly about them, but what is not fair is that one person should be attacked and not given the opportunity either of replying or of enabling the public at large to make up their minds on the facts.

In the last week or so I have been maligned, abused and attacked in language most of which was libellous.

AT this point a Conservative M.P., interjected: "Take an action for libel." Bevan, obviously with the disastrous Laski libel action in mind, replied: "But it is impossible for most of us to take libel actions against wealthy newspaper proprietors. You have to be very rich to do that." Then he continued:

At the same time not one single copy of my article has been made available to the public of Great Britain, not a single newspaper—and it is only the most discreditable of them that have indulged in this—has seen fit to put

its readers in possession of the article which they attacked.

At this point the rightwing Conservative M.P., Martin Lindsay led with his chin, interrupting to ask Bevan: "Is he aware that the only reason for this is the censorship of of his friends in Cairo, who have not permitted the papers to come to this country?" Bevan leaned across the dispatch box in a typically aggressive manner and dispatched him:

The fact is—and the fact could have been found out quite easily—that the article referred to was published a month before in three Indian cities—New Delhi, Madras and Bombay . . . They were published before and no notice was taken of them at all. The article was supposed to be so deadly, so mischievous, so much opposed to British interests that not a single British newspaper took the slightest notice of the article until its publication in Cairo . . .

Therefore the only reason why the attack was made was because the article was published in Cairo and because the Conservative newspapers wanted some means of diverting public attention from the revolution in the Conservative ranks . . .

WHEN he went on to suggest that the *Daily Express* had taken up the anti-Bevan campaign because its proprietor, Lord Beaverbrook, "is so friendly with . . . the Prime Minister" Sir Winston interjected, amidst general laughter, "I think I first met (Mr. Bevan) at (Lord Beaverbrook's) house." Bevan answered: "Indeed, that is perfectly true." The laughter continued and Bevan who is slightly defensive about his "Bohemian period" in the 30s added: "I see no occasion for laughter. It is well known. In fact, I confess at once to the House that one of the reasons I found those visits so helpful was because they gave me an insight into the character of (Winston Churchill) which has stood me in good stead."

Then Bevan returned to his main theme:

Therefore, the first substantial point which I wish to make is that the people of Great Britain ought to have been put in possession of the article about which the attacks have been made. When millions of people are told in the

country that a Member of this House has been guilty of betraying the country—at this point Conservatives chimed in "Hear, Hear."—"then the facts of the betrayal ought to be known.

That is McCarthyism—to smear, to try to establish guilt by association, to attack people without giving them a chance of defending themselves.

This picture of Bevan as "defenseless" aroused much Conservative mirth, to which Bevan replied: "I thought that I heard the Prime Minister say that I am defending myself now, but if one has to judge by previous experience, the newspaper which made the attack will not print the defense tomorrow." In fact the *Daily Express* gave a banner front-page headline to the Bevan attack on Churchill which ensued.

Sir Winston's face lost its smile as Mr. Bevan went on with his defensive-offensive:

The first part of the attack made on me is that a Privy Councillor ought not to write articles to be read abroad by nations with whom the Government are engaged in delicate negotiations . . . I have therefore been amusing myself by looking up some prewar articles written by the present Prime Minister in the *Evening Standard* and the *News of the World*. He declared in them with great pleasure that they are syndicated all over Europe . . .

Therefore there is nothing improper in any Member of Parliament, including a Privy Councillor, writing articles which are syndicated in foreign newspapers. Is that agreed?

As delighted Labour M.P.s behind him chorused "Answer" Bevan leaned across the dispatch box toward Sir Winston and repeated: "Does the (Prime Minister) agree that there is nothing wrong?" Sir Winston hauled himself to his feet and answered rather testily: "If I were to try to deal with it, I would rather deal with it in connected form and not incidentally."

HAVING Sir Winston on the run, Bevan determined to pursue his advantage:

(Sir Winston) wrote articles regularly before the war in which he attacked the Prime Minister who was then his own leader, in which he attacked the foreign policy of the Government which he was returned to

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support; and he did it in the most direct language. Not only that, but he did it at a time as critical and delicate as today.

On 17 April 1936, he said: "All the power was in his hands" that is Mr. Baldwin's . . . the General Election was fought under the most favourable conditions for Mr. Baldwin . . . It was therefore with an intense spasm of surprise and disgust that Parliament and the public found themselves confronted with the Hoare-Laval proposals to reward the Italian aggressor with a great part of Abyssinia . . .

"Great Britain . . . strengthens the force and prestige of the German Nazi regime . . .

"We have been led . . . into a contradiction of purpose as hazardous as it is grotesque . . .

"Unless Mr. Baldwin is prepared to take some effective action which will actually help the Ethiopian people . . . he and his Ministers should not presume to offer guidance to Europe."

Bevan went on quoting from Churchill in this vein, quoting from Sir Winston's protests against appeasement—with which, incidentally, he had agreed.

This establishes the fact that it has long been constitutional practice in Great Britain for Privy Councillors as well as others to write articles attacking the policy of their Governments and countries and to publish them abroad. As honourable Members will notice, I am not referring to remote incidents . . . Nor am I referring to the fact that the Prime Minister regularly syndicated articles in American newspapers hostile to Great Britain. Nor am I referring to the fact that after the war the British people learned, for the first time, of his own Private Session speeches from magazines (i.e., the Luce publications) that have always attacked this country.

(Sir Winston) today has asked for it, and he is going to get it.

By this time the Labour benches behind Bevan were enthusiastically enjoying his Churchill-baiting while the Conservative benches opposite mixed dark glowers with murmured imprecations. Sir Winston—who had started the afternoon looking quite chipper—sank further into his seat.

Reference was made to India today. It has been said that a part of my guilt lies in the fact that the arti-

cles, when published in Egypt, create a most hostile climate for our troops there and are, therefore, likely to endanger their lives. We had troops in India holding down the Indians. This is what (Sir Winston) wrote on 16 April 1937:

"Pandit Nehru is a Communist"—

At this Sir Winston lumbered to his feet and said half-apologetically: "He admits that he has intellectually Communist views." But Bevan continued remorselessly with the quotation:

"Communist revolutionary, the most capable and most implacable of the enemies of the British connection with India . . .

This is the language by which (Sir Winston) was making the peaceful government of India at that time more difficult for the British Crown.

AT this point Mr. Bevan because rather infatuated with his success in turning Sir Winston's words on him. Using the excuse that Captain Waterhouse had claimed that the British Empire had been built by wisdom rather than force, Bevan proceeded to quote at length from Churchill's biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, including the gems:

"Twenty five thousand British soldiers descended upon Egypt. Arabi and his national movement were stamped out under the heavy heel of the British Grenadier and England became responsible for the fortunes of the Nile Valley."

Sir Winston, increasingly angered, rose and protested: "I was writing 35 or 40 years after the event. What has that to do with (your) act which is directly relevant to the difficult and dangerous existing situation?"

Bevan managed to wriggle out of that, saying he was replying to the Captain Waterhouse, "the leader of the rebels against the Prime Minister and, in the course of that speech, a statement was made that we ought to resume our traditional behaviour towards the Empire and the Colonies." He continued Churchill's description of his father's views on the war in Egypt:

"The war was—in his eyes—a wicked war, an unjust war, 'a bondholders' war.' And as he felt, so he spoke."

"While the fighting was actually in progress criticism was necessarily ineffective."

In other words, this criticism of his father against British policy in Egypt was uttered when there was fighting in Egypt.

This brought Sir Winston to his feet again, this time almost tearful: "(Mr. Bevan) has hitherto been trying to hide behind me. Now I gather he is endeavouring to hide behind my father. I am sure we can both take care of ourselves."

Bevan twitted him: "Surely (the Prime Minister) ought not to reproach me for reminding him of the virtue of his ancestor?"

Then, finally, Bevan came to his own article. But just as he said "Now I come to the article," the Prime Minister lumbered toward the door and the men's lavatory, followed out by Bevan's jibe: "As I see that the (Prime Minister) is about to leave the House. I think of what Shakespeare said: 'What private anxieties we have ye know not.'"

Turning serious, he continued:

... in the course of the article there are three references to Egypt and only three. This is one of them:

"The presence of the troops of another nation on one's own national soil is a circumstance to be borne only when it is voluntarily conceded."

What is wrong with that? Does any (Conservative M. P.—deny it? I go on to say:

... The presence of American air-men is tolerated in Britain but not accepted."

At this point a chorus of shocked "Oh!"s came from the Conservative benches. But Bevan insisted "Yes!" A Conservative insisted "It is not true!" But Bevan continued to quote his article:

"If their presence comes to be actively resented, then they will have to withdraw."

HE leaned toward the Conservative benches, demanding: "Is that denied? If actively resented by the British people, do honorable Members opposite say the American troops would still stay here?" Conservative Cyril Osborne interjected "But it is

not." Bevan continued to quote himself:

I say: "... they would have to withdraw; and for much the same reason as we shall have to withdraw from Egypt, because a military base is useless if it is surrounded by a hostile population!

Does anybody seriously deny that? It is not only mentioned by me, it has been mentioned this morning in 'The Times' leading article. If it is not possible to call upon the voluntary labour reserves of the Egyptian population, it is not possible for us to remain there. Is that not an obvious proposition?

In the other parts of my article where reference is made to Egypt, I am merely arguing—and I think correctly—that the great struggle in the world today is not a struggle between two or three imperialisms; it is a struggle between the national idea and the imperial idea, a nation's desire for independence against domination by other nation. I said:

'America did not take over India—it was India. Who wields the sceptre once held by Britain on the Gold Coast? The inhabitants. When the British walk out of Egypt, the Egyptians, and only the Egyptians will walk in. It is true that the Soviet Union'—and this part has not been quoted by any newspaper—in defiance of the trend of history, and in violation of its stated creed, did reach out and clutch to her many of the smaller nations on her borders. But they move restlessly in the hug of the bear and nothing is more certain than that they will never be reconciled to their oppressors.'

Is it not clear? Have we not said—I have said it in this House when I was a Member of the Government and I have said it in the country—that in my view when the Soviet Union took over Eastern Germany, and when she embraced Czechoslovakia in addition to the other nations on her borders, she went beyond her sociological frontiers. She conquered, but she cannot digest, and never will be able to digest, because people nowadays will not accept a dictatorship at the hands of a foreign dictatorship. This is indeed the hope, the one on which we rest our case, that the desire of the people on Russia's western borders will bring

about a peaceful modification of Russia's foreign policy... If it is our desire that the States on the borders of Russia should assert their independence why should we deny it to other nations who are dominated by British troops?

Bevan then proceeded to weaken his case by claiming for it: "Here is a case put for the Government, put for the (Prime Minister) in modern language, therefore better than his own." This evoked from the next Conservative speaker, Mr. John MacLay the comment that when Mr. Bevan "takes 20 minutes to speak about himself and dares to compare his own prose with that of the Prime Minister, he expresses a megalomania which becomes a menace to this country."

This is obviously the reaction of a partisan opponent who has writhed as Bevan has turned the tables on his detractors. But there are some aspects of Bevan's performance on December 17 which illustrate his strength and weakness.

On December 17 Bevan showed his mastery as a parliamentary political tactician. He turned an attack on himself into an attack on the Conservatives and their leader, in such a way as to unify behind him the delighted majority of his own party. However they may dislike the idea of his becoming the leader of the Labour Party, they are enthusiastic about his ability to lambaste the opposition.

HIS approach to the Egyptian problem, as to most foreign problems is in terms of *general* propositions which will appear unexceptional to most modern-minded persons. He sketches the picture in broad strokes, with no attempt to fill it in. So far as a 'Bevanite' policy for Egypt, this was filled in brilliantly by his lieutenant R. H. S. Crossman. But while Crossman contributes the theory, it is undoubtedly Bevan who leads as the leading tactician of leftwing Labourism.

SWATANTRA

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THE KRISHIKAR LOKS

THE Krishikar Lok Party in Andhra is in a miserable position today as a result of Professor Ranga's monkeying in Kurnool. Left to himself, Sri Latchanna would have adjusted his differences with his Cabinet colleagues. But Professor Ranga would not let him abandon the path of strife. Professor Ranga's prestige has declined steeply of late and he is now a much discredited man. He has made a mess of the Andhra capital issue by sticking to no particular view steadfastly for any length of time. To start with, he wanted the capital to be built at Chandragiri. Then he transferred his affections to Tirupati. Actually when the Andhra legislators met expressly to determine the capital, the followers of Ranga voted in favour of Kurnool. From that moment onwards, they seemed bent on unsettling what they had done. They pledged themselves to do everything in their power to get the capital shifted from Kurnool to Vijayawada. Sri Latchanna declared that it was on the basis of admitted freedom to take up the cause of Vijayawada that he had accepted a seat in the Cabinet. In the first few days after his assumption of office, he became a hero to the people of Krishna and Guntur districts who eagerly looked forward to the next meeting of the legislature to see Sri Latchanna wrest the capital from Kurnool and establish it at Vijayawada. Kurnool appeared doomed, and the days of its glory as the metropolis of the new State, seemed positively numbered. For it was well known that within the Congress Party itself there were some dissidents who defied the mandate of the leader and got ready at voting time to support the claims of Vijayawada. Had the Krishikar Lok Party combined with others in the legislature advocated the establishment of the capital at Vijayawada, the combination would have carried the day. But they succumbed to the Government's strategy when they dangled Vizag before them. All the spectacular efforts for transfer of the capital from Kurnool to Vijayawada got defeated primarily on account of the stupidity of the K. L. P. members, their wobbling and their abnormal, infantile political behaviour.

IN all this, Professor Ranga and his followers conducted themselves with erratic irresponsibility, revealing an absolute lack of sincerity and coherence. On every important issue, a political party must exhibit a reasonable continuity of viewpoint. But on the capital issue, Professor Ranga lapsed into a discontinuous chaos of totally irreconcilable attitudes. He has demonstrated, not responsible leadership worthy of a party run in the public interest, but the spirit of the captain of a gang. Having, by their own indecisiveness, brought on the failure of the endeavour to get the capital shifted to a central and more suitable location like Vijayawada, there is no point in the Krishikar Lok people making a furore over it or indulging in the heroics of *resignation* in ostentatious defence of a principle. Sri Latchanna's is an example of an *unprincipled resignation* as it comes as a protest against an effect to which

he and his party contributed more than anybody else. It has therefore no moral effect whatsoever. Its only effect will be to destroy what looked lately like the promising career of a rising young politician for the satisfaction of the perverse propensities of Professor Ranga's destructive genius.

IT is not on the capital issue alone that Professor Ranga has revealed shiftlessness stamping him and his party as totally unreliable in public affairs. On the eve of the inauguration of the Andhra State, the Krishikar Lok Party voluntarily rushed into the embrace of the Congress by announcing themselves its associate members. Apparently this was an overture for securing a share in the government of the State to come, and Professor Ranga contrived to get certain items published in the Press which seemed to signify great anxiety on the part of the Prime Minister to secure his cooperation in the administration of the new State. But it turned out that Pandit Nehru had no use for the Professor. The Krishikar Lok Party then announced threats of resignation of their associate membership, and so highly worked up was Professor Ranga's chagrin at the rebuffs he had received, that on the State inauguration day, he left Kurnool in a huff without even attending the celebration. He drove the party like docile cattle out of the Congress associate fold with the same gusto with which he had driven them into it earlier. Now he speaks fantastically of breathing the air of freedom. Professor Ranga's enslavements are always of his own fashioning, and what he imagines to be his lucid states of freedom are really interludes in his unceasing march from one hallucination to another. Everybody knows today that party and politics have no meaning for Professor Ranga except as aids to the furtherance of his inordinate political ambitions. His influence has therefore sunk to zero point. All constructive purpose has been emptied out of his moves, and his coterie is now a target for public contumely, written out of all importance and revealed to the gaze of all as a pitiable thing with a big name tied to the Professor's coat-tails. One comfort in all the recent happenings is that an unscrupulous figure with immense potentialities for mischief has been immobilised and got ready for the scrap heap. It will leave some scope for the Government to get going with its more responsible tasks.

Sotto Voce

TENALI RAMA, LAW-MAKER TECHNIQUE



IT is just over a month since the Agriculturists' Ordinance was issued. The Chief Minister of Madras, who is India's specialist No. 1 in Ordinance-making, timed it to explode just a few days before the legislature was due to meet. The administering of this shock to the sleeper on the eve of his waking may be compared by the curious with the shock given just after he slips back into slumber, which the Tanjore

Ordinance represented. In neither case was there any the slightest pretence of an unforeseen emergency.

All Ordinances must receive the approval of the legislature within six weeks of its meeting. It is now three weeks since the Madras Assembly met. It has been assured that before it rests from its labours a Bill to replace the Ordinance will be presented for approval. But it is odd

that not a fraction of the anxious urgency that the public has felt in regard to clarification of numerous points arising from the Ordinance has communicated itself to the Government. If they knew their own mind, why could they not have defined their intentions precisely in a Bill and presented it on the day the session opened?

Might it be that the real urgency lay not in the objective situation but in the Government's precarious political position, which required a spectacular diversion of the public's attention? On this assumption it might have seemed to the Party strategists that the nature and content of the Ordinance would matter far less than the fact that it came like a thunder-clap. The more its features were wrapped up in mystery the more it would impress and overawe the public. Lead them to expect the worst and—such is the ingrained fatalism of the people—they will, with a sigh, prepare for the worst.

In the old-fashioned days when Governments still paid some attention to public opinion there was a practice of publishing Bills for criticism. With Swaraj in action we have done with all that, so far at any rate as the measures to which the Governments attach any importance are concerned. They are published perhaps a day or two before they are due to be taken up; and in such cases publication is merely technical. They go through the entire legislative process within a few hours: a fair sample is the Slum Areas Acquisition Bill. And they become law with the inevitability of fate. Or they crash in on the public consciousness in the shape of an Ordinance and before the uncomprehending gaze of the dazed public attain legislative apotheosis.

But even among these meteors which transform themselves into fixed and baleful stars, this latest Ordinance is unique. Lawyers and judges alike stand confounded by this boneless wonder. The legislative draftsmen of the Government may have

had a hand in the rigging up. But its nonpareil perfection as a statute which may mean anything or nothing suggests that it is the master-creation of an artist who scorns the stale conventions of hide-bound lawyers. The story may be apocryphal that the Chief Minister told a former Advocate-General, who had deferentially offered some criticisms of another legislative marvel of his invention, "Leave the law to me." But it is clear that the Government's lawyers must have in the present instance contented themselves with distant admiration unsullied by officious advice.

C. R. claims to have an infallible understanding of the desires as well as the interests of the people. So it might seem an impertinence to suggest that the publication of this shapeless Ordinance was his original way of finding out all the possibilities for joy-making dormant in it. I think it very likely nevertheless. For even his fertile brain could not have, unaided, entertained some of the interpretations which the thoroughly rattled imagination of the victimised creditor has conjured up. And you may be sure that with the resourcefulness of the born improvisator he will seize upon some of the most bizarre of these with avidity. And of course he will claim that he had all along been intent on contriving just those effects.

Tenali Rama's painting technique anticipated the Cubists, the Surrealists and others of that ilk by throwing a pot of paint on the wall and calling it a horse. Translated into the legislative speech that kind of thing ceases to be a joke. It has, in this case, reduced the courts to dismayed impotence and brought an important sector of civil life to a standstill. Burdened with a fairly long memory I am unable to recall another measure in the past half a century which, in the name of law, brought about such complete demoralisation. An Ordinance of this sort is something far worse than a freak. It is a contemptuous negation of the very concept of the Rule of Law.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

GREAT local illwill has been caused in Kurnool by the manner in which the newspapers have belittled the town in their anxiety to get the capital of Andhra shifted to Vijayawada. It is not necessary to run down one place in order to exalt another. Vijayawada has the advantage of a central location from which follow many other merits, of which the most valuable is the suitability of the town to serve as a great newspaper centre in Andhra. A Government must have easy accessibility to means of ready communication with the public, and the newspapers are the most vital of such means. In the absence of newspapers on the spot at the headquarters of the Government, the interaction so essential in a democratic set-up between the rulers and the ruled is rendered ineffective. The worst of the disadvantages of Kurnool as a capital is that it cannot ever sustain a daily newspaper. No newspaper in Andhra has the chance to make headway against the formidable Madras press with their vast resources unless it can fall back on some counteracting advantage not available to them. A daily paper published from Vijayawada can steal a march of several hours ahead of the Madras dailies over the major part of Andhra, whereas neither from Kurnool nor from Vizag can it hope for such a strategically helpful starting point. From the standpoint of circulation, the three districts of Godavari, Krishna and Guntur, packed with a literate population endowed with keen interest in public affairs, are worth more than the rest of Andhra put together. Vijayawada is in the heart of the greatest newspaper-buying region within the limits of the new Andhra State. If Andhra which now has no press worth the name inside its territory, is to develop within it newspapers comparable to those in Madras, the only place in which they should be started to have a fair chance of success is Vijayawada, and this is the most valid of all the reasons that can be adduced

for transferring the capital from Kurnool to Vijayawada. It is in fact an unanswerable reason; and Sri Sanjiva Reddi with whom I had occasion to discuss the question last week, was fair enough to admit that in the whole of Andhra there is no town so favourably located as Vijayawada from the newspaper point of view.

If the capital issue had been debated calmly, with sole regard to the essential requisites that should be fulfilled in the seat of the Government, I have no doubt that the compulsion of logic and commonsense would have influenced the legislators by now to arrive at a satisfactory settlement. Unfortunately for the peace of Andhra, Telugu dailies have inflamed passions instead of clarifying the issues involved. They have heaped opprobrium on Kurnool in vituperative terms that could not but rouse righteous anger in lovers of the town and local residents with a natural pride in their own environs. Kurnool has been described as a haunt of asses and mad dogs, and as an uninhabitable hell infested by scorpions and other noxious and dangerous pests. If we have pests, they belong to the whole country, and no town or region has any monopoly over them. I find from experience however that Kurnool is not without its assets. It abounds in scenes of striking natural beauty. The Tungabhadra is lovely to look at, and its banks can be turned into gardens and promenades as delightful as any in the country. The people are plain, rustic and honest; too much so, perhaps, as I found a prominent leader of artistic tastes lamenting sadly that there were no attractive girls in the streets and existence had therefore become a strain. Reporters, on the other hand, were ecstatic over the health-giving properties of the water and the air of the locality. Half a dozen of them said that they had to live without their families in discomfort, and the food was none too good, but there was not a day when they were ill or indisposed, there was

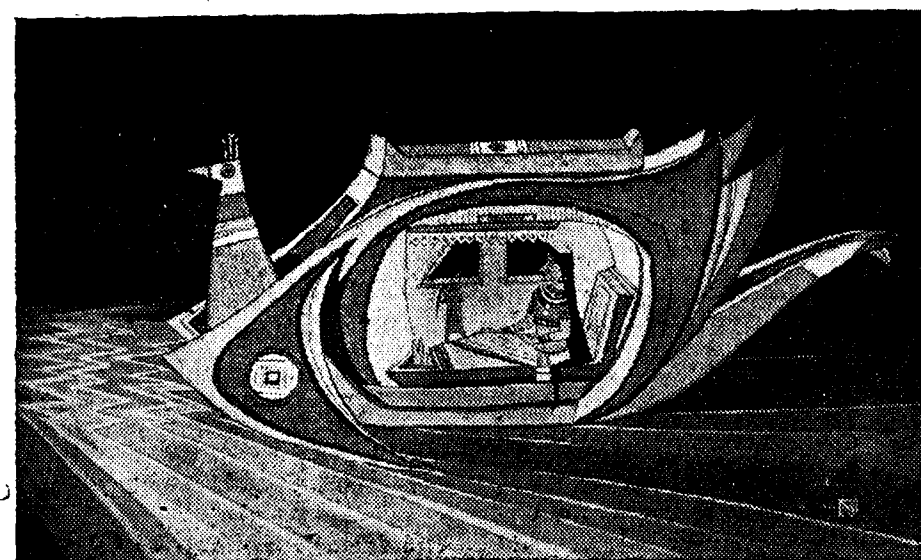
something in the place that kept them in fine trim physically. Incidentally they confided that their relations with Ministers and officials were cordial and happy. In Madras, they had a feeling of being kept at arm's length. But in Kurnool, they said, there was a hail fellow well met atmosphere, and they enjoyed the change vastly.

A great deal of the illwill roused by the controversies over the capital could have been avoided if the upholders of one view had not indulged in acrimonious denunciations against the upholders of the other. It is quite possible to appreciate Kurnool at its proper worth, and yet feel convinced that it is not so suitable as Vijayawada to serve as the capital of the State. There is no room for two warring camps in the legislature as the dignity of membership of that body demands a comprehensive attachment to the welfare of the whole State including all the towns in it, and not of any particular locality in it, in a spirit of aggressive exclusiveness.

I HOPE Sri Gopala Reddi, as President of the Andhra P. C. C., will not fail to profit by the lessons of

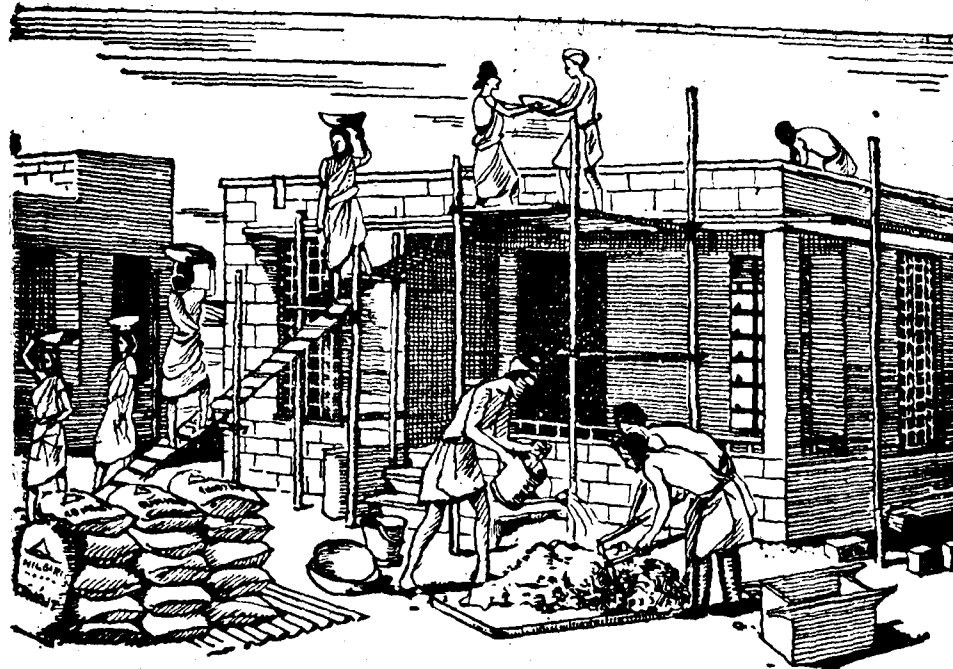
his earlier ministerial bunglings, that were taught to him so plainly in the last elections. As Minister he was not without a certain competence and flair for getting things done. He came to grief through the sway of the nepotistic urge in his executive administration. He could not resist the temptation of employing power for the benefit of relatives and advancing wrong persons (like Sri V. Kodandarami Reddi, for example) into important positions for which they were not fit. His appeal to leaders like Sri Prakasam and Viswanatham to rejoin the Congress is timely. The Praja Party was a protest against the mismanagement into which Congress affairs fell in the hands of leaders in ministerial positions and in organisational control of the party. One half of the cause of the succession has now ceased to be operative, with the assumption of the Chief Ministership by Sri Prakasam. The other half will disappear likewise if the bad companions of the old Ministers now being re-established in prominent responsibilities, are kept out of mischief by being shown the way out.

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—By Gopen Roy



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BADE GULAM ALI KHAN AT THE MADRAS MUSIC ACADEMY

By M. KRISHNAN

NOWHERE else in the world, I thought as I squeezed my being into place at Bade Gulam Ali Khan's recital on New Year's day, can one buy such a limited and centrifugal seat for ten rupees. It is possible to get even closer communion with others; at the shrine of Shri Viswanath in Benares, on occasion, the communion can be so close that the narrow *jeevathma* of the petty self is expressed and one is part of the confluent, surging, swaying *paramathma* of devotees. But one does not have to pay for the experience.

Only much later did I realise that there was a sense of justice in the seating arrangements of the Madras Music Academy, but straightaway I will say this for their plywood seats—they held. The chairs were firmly lashed together in rows with no arm room and the rows were so proximate that there was no leg room; there was no provision for getting to one's seat (or for quitting it) except by treading cagily on the corns of others; altogether there was a noticeable lack of *lebensraum*—but the chairs held. My neighbours to the left were two Muslim gentlemen who must have weighed all of 500 lbs. together, and I am no feather-weight myself; the audience in front of me and behind featured many massive figures—but the chairs held. It was a triumph for the ligneous and tensile strength of purely indigenous materials, bamboo, jute and coir.

Once Bade Gulam Ali Khan arrived, the discomforts of the bone were forgotten. I told my wife, who happily requires little *lebensraum*, that the 'Bade' must be in tribute to the magnificent proportions of the singer. She warned me in a sibilant whisper to talk low or, better still, not at all, much to the amusement of the Muslim gent to my left.

I contented myself with listening in to the bright patter of a lady in front of me, while the preliminaries were

being settled on the stage. She announced the arrival and exact location of each musical personality and there were many of them) and remarked on the proximity of Rajaji to Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, in the second row, far in front of us.

The sudden and complete silence that fell over the audience as Bade Gulam Ali Khan began his exposition of *Marwa* must surely have inspired him. He went deep into this ancestral, fecund rag, and I no longer regretted the cost of audition. The exposition of *Yaman* that followed moved the audience even more, but after a while I was again conscious of the stiffness in my knees—perhaps being less familiar, the *Marwa* had claimed me more fully. Hereabouts it occurred to me, all at once and clearly, that there must be a lesser, a 'Chote' Gulam Ali Khan, for this singer to be distinguished by the title 'Bade.' I whispered my logic to my wife. A girl sitting next to her, who was noting down something in pencil on a scrap of paper, whispered back to me not to talk, please. Please, she said, be quiet.

RIGHT out in front Rajaji and Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari were conversing furtively—I could see this plainly. And the lady in the preceding row was telling her neighbour something of which I could catch only a series of words all beginning with 'A,' 'Adyar,' 'Americans,' 'Academy,' 'Asthapadi.' Apparently there is no equality of liberties in our country, in spite of the Constitution. I did not, however, point this out to the notes-taking girl. She looked as if she could not appreciate a legal argument. I just shut up.

I was silent while the *Tumri* in *Kamaj* and a *Bhajan* in some *Pahadi* (which I did not like) were sung; when *Malkhos* was taken up I told my wife that I wanted air and left the hall, treading swiftly over feet, without waiting for any response.

Out there, in the corridor, there was room, fresh air, and vacant benches that creaked but were otherwise comfortable. The music came through no less audibly. I could have had all this for just two rupees, had I only known—but then, I would have missed the sights.

I rolled myself a cigarette and retiring to a vacant corner polluted the fresh, cold air with acrid tobacco smoke. However, I was not alone for long. Very soon I found myself in the centre of an argumentative group, of which I knew only one, a professional violonist—and I knew him as a listener, unilaterally; he did not know me at all. He was being overwhelmed by three large strangers—strangers to me, that is—who maintained that Roshanara Begum was more gifted, musically, than Bade Gulam Ali Khan. He tried to point out fundamental differences between the two musicians but was allowed no hearing. The largest of the strangers clinched the issue on a fundamental difference—moreover, he said with finality, Roshanara Begum is a woman.

I had contributed nothing to the argument, though the violinist, in desperation, had addressed himself more and more to me. He now led me to a different and deserted corner and began to state his case. I would realise, of course, that the great virtue of North Indian music lay in its tonal purity, in the way it hugged the *sruti*; but while this was a feature common to most singers and while he conceded that Roshanara Begum had a remarkable quickness of voice combined with this clarity, he would point out that the tonal solidity of...

I AM not the man to listen when I can talk. I had already observed the summary manner which the three large men had used towards this violinist. I halted him in his stride with the remark that he was repeating stale opinion, in clichés. Then I held forth—on the fundamentals of all art. Music, painting, poetry, it made no difference; tonal purity could not be creative art; else, a tuning fork would be our greatest musi-

cian. Don't you see, I told the man, that you are confusing technical ability with verve—don't you see that a singer can no more reach great music with tonal purity than an artist can hope to paint a great picture by the sheer clarity of his pigments, or a poet write inspired lines by skill with words? I spoke with vigour and certainty. I have long been wanting to tell these things to a professional musician.

HIS attempted interruptions grew less frequent and then I found him listening with rapt attention. Then he thanked me, and suggested that, perhaps, I was a learned musician—Madras was often graced by distinguished pundits during the cold weather. I avoided answering his queries, for I know by experience how fatal it is for a graphic artist to confess his vocation to a stranger. I thought no harm could come, however, of my telling him that I had heard and liked him, long ago; I thought there was no need to be wholly truthful in such matters and that the compliment could only help to impress my views on music in his mind.

He asked me my name, and I could not very well refuse to tell him this. It was obvious that he had expected a less obscure and unfamiliar name. He asked where I lived: I told him.

This was a mistake. He glared at me as if I were an impostor who had almost succeeded in tricking him, and left in a hurry. My mistake, entirely. I should have told him that I was the Khan of Talat on an incognito cold weather visit to the city, and that my palace was in Bokhara. He would then have realised the truth of what I had said.

Nothing was lost, though, by all this. By the time the violinist and I had met and parted, Bade Gulam Ali Khan's *Malkhos* had regained the full majesty of the singer's virtuosity, and I returned to the music. The last little piece, in *Bhairavi*, was no less assured and masterful. When I left the recital I had a third and final explanation for the prefix 'Bade:' surely it is an indication of the magnitude of Gulam Ali Khan's musical prowess.

CALCUTTA NEWS LETTER

BY

N. R. GOPALAKRISHNAN

CALCUTTA: Calcutta and suburbs have a cold season of sorts. When there is no fog—it is too young to be called by the dreadful name 'smog' though the elements of its make-up are, to be sure, already there—and the sun is bright, it is cool enough to feel pleasant. For once it helps to generate briskness; the usual sloth engendered by the steamy heat is checked. But unless there is an invasion of cold current from the land mass, when the city speaks of being in the grip of a 'cold wave,' woollen garments are not essential. While they may have been pleasant to wear in the mornings or late in the evenings, they are a botheration, in the course of the day and many are those who, in the crowded buses and trams, wish secretly to themselves that they had not ventured in this attempt of catching up with the season so promptly. A vast number of the sons of Calcutta, however, show little concern how they appear in public. They cover themselves up with shawls of almost every type and variety ranging from the thin, much advertised, Kashmiri to the coarsest of blankets. It should be an interesting piece of research for a social worker to measure the extent of loss of efficiency caused by this type of loose covering; and although much could be said in favour of it when hibernation of a sort was possible, the office manager or the workshop superintendent these days might perhaps be ready to declare a special bonus if only those in the establishments came in less cumbersome clothes. I should not go further; for, in the absence of even a near approach to a national costume, I should forbear from suggesting anything controversial and dress is controversial if only because it is so personal. Some years back, when cotton cloth ration was at its worst, a local Minister brought a hornets' nest about his ears when he suggested that a change over from the usual Bengali type to the *lungi* type

of wearing *dhoties* would save considerable yardage of cloth.

Unfortunately, this winter has been milder than usual, which means that it has been unpleasantly warm. Weather experts hold out no hope of a change and many regret that the Christmas has passed with the temperature around 80 degrees in the shade and fear the New Year will do the same. The regret is keen among the officials of the Corporation who fear that the mildness of the weather might herald the smallpox season earlier than normal and make it severe. The term 'season' is advisedly used in this context, for in the congested Calcutta and neighbourhood all afflictions of an infectious type assume proportions of an epidemic too soon and inflict heavy casualties. The Corporation has already launched on its vaccination campaign, which is both extensive and vigorous. Both it has got to be; for, on his own, the resistance power of the individual citizen is deplorably low. Incidentally, he counts it as one of his few remaining blessings that the smallpox vaccine is not yet adulterated. Newspaper readers might recall that this city has of late got the questionable reputation of having been the source of some of the worst drug adulteration scandals in the country.

THOSE who insist on having a new pair of woollen suits every season—had a rude jolt in this, because the working tailors (there are non-working tailors as among journalists) have been on strike since about the beginning of December. Tailors have been a comparatively mild sort, presumably because they had no effective union to support them. Whatever advantages accrued to them and whatever went by default, the matter was between the particular employer and his employees. It never spilled over to an occupation-wise problem. For the first time now tailor's demands have been put forward so as to benefit all in the profession and when after some preliminary negotiations the new rates of pay and other benefits were not agreed to, they struck work. This has given new strength to the union of employers on whose behalf it has

been said that were they to concede the demands of the workers, the tailoring charges would go up fantastically high. The charges are even now high, put against some other cities of comparable tailoring standard. If they went up further, it would be a penalty essentially on the middle class who are even otherwise fighting what is a losing battle to maintain respectability. The cynic might, however, remark that if shoddiness is tolerated elsewhere there need be nothing particularly objectionable in it in one's clothes.

Shoddiness is the last word to be applied to one of the few pleasures which the city bestows on its public at about this time every year. I speak of the exuberant outburst of cultural activity which ranges from literary and professional conferences to chrysanthemum shows, musical *sotrees* and exhibitions of painting and other forms of fine art. With the All-India Science, Economic, Medical and other Congresses or Councils scheduled to be held elsewhere, activity in this line this year is comparatively mild. Only the All-India Educational Conference which is presently meeting here has attracted delegates from the other parts of India. But there is compensation. An unusually large number of music conferences have not only provided a welcome respite to the city-bound from the humdrum of life but led, at the experts meeting, etc., to a fresh assessment of the place of classical music in popular appreciation. Dr. Keskar reiterated here what he said in Madras about the policy of the All-India Radio to bring back classical music into the people's forum with all its standards untarnished.

But it is in the exhibitions of art that Calcutta scores over many other parts of India. Art in Bengal is not a hot-house plant; nor does it come to people only on being taught in schools and colleges, though there are, indeed, quite a number of schools and colleges which encourage the latent capacity. The fact is that art sense is just there, in almost every child, waiting for encouragement and recognition. Almost every home has artistic talent to boast of and appli-

cation varies from the humble craftsman selling his wares on the street to the most progressive or abstract of painters and sculptors. Efforts of the latter are on view at three places now and taken together they provide a grand finale to the year-round smaller exhibitions and one-man shows. The Academy of Fine Arts has long ago transgressed provincial boundary and in this year's exhibition there is ample evidence that it has gone well beyond even national limits. In over 500 exhibits displayed at the Indian Museum some 250 Indian artists together with representatives from Italy, Austria, Russia, Japan and Britain, present good variety in various media. Mr. Makhan Dutta Gupta got the Governor's gold medal for the best exhibit. He also secured the Mayor's medal for the best work in oil. To Miss Uma Roy went Mr. B. M. Birla's medal for the best sculptural exhibit. The president of the Academy, Lady Ranu Mookerjee, has awarded ten cash prizes of Rs. 750 in total, recipients of which are to be announced later. The secretary, Mr. Gopal Ghose, said at the inaugural meeting that in the place of the annual art journal and catalogue, the Academy would be publishing in future a quarterly journal for which the Academy was in correspondence with the Central Ministry of Education. The Governor declared the exhibition open and in his own inimitable manner spoke on the need to create a new school of art different from other schools in other countries. From what Lady Mookerjee said it seems possible that quite soon Calcutta will have a national art gallery. Plans for building a gallery on the gift of land given by West Bengal Government were, she said, being worked out. Against this main show, the embellishments are the Government College of Art exhibition and that of the Indian Art School.

THESE serve as a curtain-raiser to what promises already to be the biggest show for some years that the city has seen. I refer to the forthcoming Congress session at Kalyani, close to Calcutta. Brisk work is going on here to receive, accommodate

and entertain (not to speak of facilities for deliberations) the vast number of delegates and other notables who might assemble. Visitors from Calcutta and neighbourhood will, indeed, far exceed the number of delegates, etc., and the accommodation in the main *pandal*, I gather, is for over one lakh of people. An All-India exhibition of cottage industries, etc., will be a useful adjunct. Whatever be the final outcome of the discussions, it is certain that, for the time being, the employment provided for thousands of workers in preparing for the session has blunted the edge of the unemployment problem in the neighbourhood. Dr. B. C. Roy has done well to get the Congress to hold the session here this year.

As in the previous sessions,—at Kalyani also—Mr. Nehru will be the chief figure—the cynosure of all eyes. His stature in popular esteem does

not seem to have suffered at all and there are sure to be millions hanging on his words when he speaks at the various meetings of the Congress. But his presence at the recent Assocham—an ugly but handy abbreviation for the Associated Chambers of Commerce and Industry—meeting was not apparently so happy. In a sense his address was typical of him. He disturbed, he shook and he showed that to be effective one need not have to be violent in words or gesture. But he left his audience to draw the conclusions—a procedure which failed to satisfy the hard-headed business men, not so much worried about ethical problems as by mundane day-to-day irritations. To them Mr. Nehru spoke of high principles of social conduct and at the mass meeting on the previous day he spoke of some detailed principles of industrialization. Nehru all over once again!

NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPION

By P. N. S.

BY the road which leads to Adyar from Mylapore, half-concealed from the public eye lies a tennis court by the side of a small bungalow. Many passing by this road would have often seen a middle-aged man and a young boy playing on this court. Perhaps they would have gone on with a cynical smile at the way time was being wasted by "these leisured classes." But these same people would have been surprised if they had known that these two were neither of the leisured class nor were they wasting their time. For the older of them is T. K. Ramanathan and the other R. Krishnan, his son, who only last Sunday became the National Tennis Champion. And all these days, like Suzanne Lenglen of old, the champion was being forged under parental supervision.

Krishnan was born sixteen years ago when his father was one of the foremost players of the State of Madras. His first impression of his father was perhaps of a man in

shorts with a couple of rackets tucked away under his arm and with a couple of trophies held proudly in his hands. And perhaps the first resolve that Krishnan made in his young years was to beat his father 'at his own game.' Indeed, Krishnan took to tennis as duck takes to water.

The father too saw in his boy's youthful flourishes of the racket the promise of a great player. And having practically retired from the game, he dedicated himself to translating this promise into a hard fact, and in spite of his age toiled away at the nets for the sake of his son.

Krishnan's secret progress came to light when he was 13 years old, when he won the Stanley Cup in the Loyola College tennis tournament, beating players much older than himself and more experienced. The facility of his victories and the manner of his play impressed all, and the Press and the public immediately hailed him, though there were a few who did not fail to deride the success as a flash in the pan.

Krishnan, however, soon converted even these few when he registered, in every match he played and in every tournament he participated in,

remarkable progress. He soon became a champion among the juniors and has held this post till today. Meanwhile, a trip to Wimbledon, thanks to the munificence of some of his well-wishers, added much to his youthful experience. And last year in the Madras State Tennis Championships he was next only to Tony Mottram, the British champion, with whom he had an interesting tussle in the final. Mottram, we were told, was all praise for young Krishnan; it could not have been otherwise, for many a time he caught the British champion on the wrong foot and very nearly snatched a set from him. It was evident that Krishnan was improving by leaps and bounds, and trips overseas would help him tremendously. But it was felt that the boy could not go another time to Wimbledon for financial reasons. However, at the last moment, thanks to the munificence of the Rajpramukh of Mysore, who saw him play at Ootacamund, Krishnan was able to compete in the Wimbledon in 1953.

If Krishnan's progress till then had been rapid, it was phenomenal in the few months after his second trip to Wimbledon. The Indian tennis authorities were not too late in sizing him up, and with Narendra Nath and Naresh Kumar declining their berths to the Davis Cup contests with Belgium in Australia, Krishnan was chosen to make up the Indian team with Sumant Misra. Though India lost to the Belgians more easily than we expected because of Misra's poor form, Krishnan's tennis was our only consolation, when he created a tremendous impression in the 'home of the champions.'

THIS trip to Australia must really have been a turning point in Krishnan's career. He came back stronger and mature and when the National Championships got under way it was evident that he had come back a vastly improved player. From the quarter-final his dominance was remarkable. He beat Stockenburg, the Swede, in that round, then his own Davis Cup team-mate Sumant Misra in the semi-final in straight

sets, without once losing his service games, and became the hero of the championships by a brilliant victory over Arkinstall of Australia by another straight sets victory.

THE advice of a great sportsman, who adorned the English fields in the twenties, to the younger generation was "Concentrate, concentrate, concentrate, that is the secret of success." The secret of Krishnan's success is his magnificent power of concentration, which cannot be ruffled by the success or failure of the moment. He seems oblivious to the crowd, their applause or their derisions; even when playing with an excited father he fails to be disturbed.

Krishnan does not sweep the opponent off his feet by a magnificent array of strokes. In fact, his strokes lack much power. But not subtlety. Slowly and step by step he draws his opponent to his doom by a beautiful placement or a dexterous passing shot as his 'enemy' rushes to the net for a 'kill.' Krishnan's placid tennis does indeed conceal a lot of venom, and he strikes without at any time giving out his intention. To his admirers in Madras Krishnan had revealed himself as a fine baseline player, facile on both flanks, who would not make a mistake, thanks to his admirable temperament. But the National Championships have thrown out his qualities in greater relief. He seems to have added strength of service and power of smash to his strangleholds on his opponents.

Krishnan, in the main, owes his tennis to his father, who considers it his life's duty to help his son reach the pinnacle of success. He also owes much to players like Tony Mottram, and coaches like Noor Mohammed and Stan Edwards, of Australia, who from time to time put him in the way and helped him polish his style and game. It is up to the Indian authorities to take on hand the 17-year-old National Champion—the first from South India—who has creditably fulfilled their faith in him, and shape him for higher destinies.

THE MUSIC CRITIC—HE CAN MAKE OR MAR

By S. NARAYANASWAMI

THE outbreak of the Madras musical monsoon at the fag end of the calendar year may present physical problems to the Madras citizen in the form of country cousins arriving without prior notice determined on having a hectic and hedonistic week in the city; for here are opportunities to musical aspirants to devour hundredweights of sublime music—vocal and instrumental—which the dozen or so members of the hierarchy of top notchers in music, treat their fastidious audiences to in diverse parts of the city. But the opportunities it presents to music critics is decidedly the handsomest. I refer not only to those who under charming and conjecture-defying pen-names write reviews of performances and dances who have incidentally helped to improve my English vocabulary with their elegant verbiage which include such expressions as "microtonal variations" "nuances" "lilts" and "rhythmic cadences." I refer to that vast body of critics who discuss the performances on public transports, clubs, restaurants and evening walks. We talk of 95 per cent illiteracy in India. I think it is undiluted apple sauce. You must see the staggering erudition, the intimate knowledge of vibgyor shades in music which so large a body of people possess. They are dreadfully fastidious—as is to be expected. I often wonder what would happen if they were asked to put down their views in writing. I used to think we shall be drowned in a high tide of vernacular witticisms and deadly sarcasm; and that if they did write, the vitriol of it all would burn holes through the paper on which it is written.

It seems to me that music is intended to be heard and enjoyed for the spontaneous pleasure it affords—even to the non-erudite listener. Sri C. Rajagopalachari said as much at the opening of one of the season's conferences and must have caused consternation among the large body

of those who maintain that those who do not know the science cannot possibly enjoy it—in any measure. Nobody is called upon to say "I agree" even to Rajaji and let me leave this point here. There is today a very large body of people who discuss music. It has come to occupy the same place as cricket among our young men. For every youth who can grip a cricket bat correctly, there are probably a hundred who talk their heads off about correct styles, fielding lapses and spin bowling—and who sit near broadcast receivers for commentary maratons on test match days. By the same token, for every one whose throaty output does not exactly have a crowd-dispersing effect, there are hundreds who can engage in lengthy discussions and end up by machine-gunning musical reputations laboriously built up over decades. I agree no harm is done by such inevitable disequilibrium—between creative and critical talent and leave it there.

THE level of popular taste in music has improved vastly now. Stringed instruments have replaced bellows and reeds. There is greater awareness of the correct singing styles and timings. The bastard varieties—like stage music—have ceased to have appeal. Former stage celebrities have paid to classical music the compliment of learning it and have made headway. Please don't lift your eyebrows and ask me if I dare to place them alongside of the great galaxy of classicists. I have done no such thing. What I want to say is that there has been a significant swing towards clean and classical music and a very wide spread of musical knowledge. Obscure krithis of Theagayya, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri have been drawn out of the dungeons in which they had remained immured for centuries and sung by an ever-increasing band of discriminating enthusiasts—to the delectation of the hearers. Greater

numbers attend performances and musical demonstrations than ever before.

But what is the reaction in responsible quarters today? There are suggestive and sarcastic speeches and writings—about the large number that have started singing classical music. This is often characterised as vulgarisation. Why? One wonders; obviously it was the appetite for classical music that the Pandits and Munshis of the music world wanted to create. There are frequent innuendoes about everybody trying to pass for a class singer. Several are trying to reach a high pitch of refinement and to augment their repertoire—some with conspicuous success. This is obviously a matter for gratification—not one for tart remarks.

Then you have these frequent disdainful references to the box office. Music critics seem ashamed of the box office. Somebody whose reputation is sought to be put in the crucible is among other things described as a panderer to the box office. All musical performances held in the conference season are paid for. Obviously the box office is a device to facilitate sale of tickets and therefore part of the conference organisation. Wherefore this lofty sniffing at the box office, this lethal D. D. T. spraying on a sensible device? I do not know why it does not occur to these very intelligent persons that they cannot in all grace ask people to pay for the music they listen to and also be responsible for the implied insult to the taste of those who help sustain the vidwans and the institutions—by these animadversions to the box office.

WHAT I want to deal with next is that interesting fraternity whom it would be safe to call "Golden Age Worshipers." You cannot get them spontaneously to enjoy the best of performances or to agree that what somebody had just sung or played was superb. They must refer to what they heard 25 years ago from the vidwan or preferably from his guru on the occasion of a temple *kumbabhishekam* in an obscure village without a "beastly microphone" com-

ing between the *vidwan* and his listeners. This fraternity, as is to be expected, is usually composed of elderly people who do not generally hesitate to utilize the advantage which age confers on them—sometimes the only advantage—to talk about the great masters who have now become part of musical history and to whom according to them the current generation of singers cannot hold a candle. The youthful listener may pout his lips skeptically but does not get vocal. If he did, he would be steamrolled into silence—by the simple fact that he was not born in the golden age of the great masters as the elderly critic was and will have therefore no moral authority to dissent. But the problem of the young music-lover is that, after paying all the homage due to the captains and the kings that have departed leaving the musical world with so rich an inheritance, wherefore this incapacity on the part of many seniors spontaneously to enjoy the finer points of contemporary musical output? Respect for tradition and recognition of departed talent need not result in inhibitions—for it would amount to ancestor worship of a kind—if not exactly tribal in its fanaticism. We admit to having had a golden age in music—as in other sectors; but let us not be so firmly persuaded that we are living in an age of vastly baser metals. One would like to see spontaneous appreciation of youthful musical talent and periodic encouragement to those who are on the right track. Let not sarcasms and innuendoes be woven into speeches and writings which may dishearten the blossoming musician. These are days when we talk of creating the climate for this or that. Let us create the climate for the blossoming of talent without subconscious fears that music is being democratised, and brought to the market place, which is simple nonsense. The musical aristocracy has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the indicated accession to its numbers. Obscurantism, pedantry and fanatical likes and dislikes are the antithesis of culture and music is cultural in its objective.

ALCOHOLISM: A DISEASE

By R. NIELSEN

ALCOHOLISM is an evil legacy of our past, a symptom of present human unhappiness, and a social problem which is likely to grow even more troublesome in the future.

That is the summary of a survey made recently by Dr. Robert V. Seliger, executive director of the American National Committee on Alcohol Hygiene and chief psychiatrist of the Neuro-psychiatric Institute of Baltimore. Seliger's studies also brought forth a well-documented connection between alcoholism and crime.

Seliger takes a scientific rather than a moralistic view of the alcoholic. He holds that an alcoholic is a person who, reacting to worries and frustrations, has become a compulsive drinker to the point where his condition may be described as a disease. "The alcoholic is not a dissipated bum," he says. "He is ill, many times gravely; an illness of the whole man, including his soul. The alcoholic is sick in his thinking and behaviour."

This disease is definitely on the increase; in the U. S. there are approximately 1,000,000 chronic alcohol addicts (a figure which counts only those admitted to hospitals); some 4,000,000 heavy drinkers, and 40,000,000 social drinkers.

Moreover, all groups and ages contribute to the spread. "The most democratic of illnesses, alcoholism is to be found as frequently among our respected citizens as among those in the humbler walks of life," observed Seliger. "The business leader, the doctor, the teacher and the mechanic are all affected in like manner, with their inability to stop the heavy drinking which interferes with one or more of their important life activity spheres."

Alcoholism is by no means peculiar to 20th century America. England during the 18th century had an almost universal problem of drunkenness, arising in part from the rapid growth of cities and the cruel economic inequality which followed in the wake of industrial revolution. Again,

Seliger claims America was settled in spite of the nearly universal drunkenness of the frontiersman. By the early part of the last century alcoholism had come to be recognized as a serious moral and cultural problem, giving rise to a powerful temperance movement, which culminated in what Seliger calls the "non-scientific experiment" of Prohibition. In the last quarter century, however, the trend towards more moderate use of alcohol has been sharply reversed. Why?

Improvement in Britain

IN suggesting answers to this question, Seliger contrasts social conditions in the U. S., with those of England, where there was an 80 per cent drop in arrests for drunkenness over a 25-year period. This improvement was attributed by an English investigator to these factors:

1. Social legislation.
2. Labour receiving equal rights and equal responsibilities with capital and management.
3. Hours of liquor sale restricted by law.
4. More recreation of the active, participant type for white-collar and working groups.
5. Temperance societies, active social service work with the individual and the family unit.

Seliger contrasts this analysis with the American scene at the present time:

1. Large mobile population groups with little family cohesion or tradition of residence.
2. No important social legislation until recently; no definite public disapproval of drunkenness.
3. Labour receiving "equal rights" but having no direct political representation.
4. Virtually unrestricted hours of liquor sale except in some States.
5. Less group participation in creative recreation.
6. Owing to the failure of Prohibition, "temperance societies are held

either in contempt, ridicule or fear," while social service agencies have mostly limited their work to curative measures with acute alcoholics, rather than prevention.

Seliger suggests that prevention of alcoholism demands nothing less than a change in the prevailing social environment, so that instead of stimulating anxiety and tension, it will tend to provide security through "healthy community living."

In his report on *Alcohol and Crime*, Seliger says that although most drinkers certainly are not criminals, investigators have found that: (1) Crime is often planned where alcohol is sold. (2) The criminal often seeks accomplices in a tavern. (3) The criminal is seldom brave, and often uses liquor to lessen his inhibitions and fears. (4) The spoils of crime are often divided in a tavern. (5) Alcohol tends to remove the element of self-criticism from the criminal in relation to himself and his acts.

"One of the worst criminal killers of today is the drinking driver," declares Seliger. The wide adoption of scientific tests for intoxication has revealed a startling number of deaths from this cause. In a 10-year study at Cleveland by Dr. S. R. Gerber, it was found that alcohol was involved in more than 50 per cent of automobile fatalities. This further brought out that the greatest number of killers at the wheel belong to the "moderate" drinking group.

A study of inmates in a State prison found that, in 25 per cent of the total offenders, "alcohol was closely related to the commission of the crime or was directly responsible for it." Another study was made of 22 persons convicted of murder. Police and social-service records indicated that 10 of these men had used alcohol frequently to excess. Of the others, eight had used alcohol occasionally, but not to excess. In five of the 22 cases, the use of alcohol had a direct relation to the commission of the crime.

Apart from medical and psychiatric treatment, Seliger places considerable value on various methods of group treatment. Religious groups have a function here, for "a return to religion is most helpful in the treatment

of many alcoholics." "The philosophy of religion is universal law, and within the framework of these laws lies a way of life that we must have, if we live at all, and not exist as moral cripples and stretcher cases." Seliger also recommends Alcoholics Anonymous, "which offers the individual the companionship and help of others who are striving to conquer the same problem." He mentions, too, the Salvation Army, which has had "unheralded success in bringing back many men and women with alcohol problems."

Alcoholism is far from hopeless. The records indicate that 40 to 50 per cent of those who accept treatment are "cured" in the sense that they achieve permanent abstinence from alcohol with some satisfaction in most spheres of life.

Because he believes that alcoholism is fostered by faulty social environment, Seliger fears the problem will grow larger instead of smaller in the near future. "We are not likely to see any decrease of social tensions within the next few years," he observes. "We are entering an era which will probably be more chaotic, disruptive and emotionally disturbing than we have ever known."

As immediate practical steps, he urges the training of more workers to deal with the individual alcoholic addict; and establishment of more and better equipped facilities, such as hospital wards, psychiatric hospitals and reception centres at mental hygiene clinics, where patients and relatives might receive advice.

"Meanwhile, it is the obligation of all workers to explain the fundamental facts of alcoholism to the community and drive it home that alcoholism is a psycho-biological disorder or illness; that the alcoholic cannot stop drinking at will and is different from other social drinkers; that the alcoholic addict is partly a product of our culture and its inherited and present strains and tensions; and that in addition to treating the alcoholic individual we must help reorient our culture and ways of living and thinking to a more decent, vital and spiritually productive level."—Copyright—NNF.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

Deputy Director, International Institute of Educational Sciences,
University of Utrecht

"It is difficult, it seems, for the don to comprehend the emotional burden carried by all young people who, having the minds and bodies of adults, are given the status of children by the University . . . With the laudable increase in university population should go an increase in knowledge of student problems, and resolution to make and not break the member who has gained entrance . . ."

THIS is not an Indian analysis—though it could be. This is Penelope Balogh writing in the *New Statesman and Nation* (14th November) on "Student Suicides." The scene is Oxford University. The author's other comments can also be transferred with almost complete applicability to the Indian scene.

"The dangerous view that we are offering university education to a higher proportion of the population than can benefit from it, and that it is the policy of augmenting the number of students which has brought about this heavy incidence of nervous breakdown, shows up the prevalent self-satisfaction of most dons with the existing pattern and methods of study." Most university teachers here (and administrators too) pay lip service to the need for radical changes in the examination system, in methods of teaching, and so on—and do nothing to effect these changes in areas where they often have the power, however limited.

Miss Balogh also says that "University life offers the young person four or five main channels into which to direct his or her aims and ambitions, selfish and selfless. Among these are Work, Sex and Social Contacts, Athletics and Art. If any one of these is entirely satisfying, it forms a stalwart defence against attacks on self esteem elsewhere. If youth is unable to find satisfaction in any of these, the feelings of 'fighting in' become

shaken, and the individual may become an outsider in his own eyes . . ."

Is not this the basic reason for the "indiscipline" of the much-maligned Indian student of today? Students by and large do not have satisfactory social contacts; their work is pursued only to pass an examination, to get that "First" (or "second"); they have no facilities (generally) for athletics; and opportunity for aesthetic expression is not widespread.

And yet, despite all these handicaps, the Indian student is much better than his detractors would have us believe. A contrary impression, if there is such, is due to the fact that the indictment of our students today, just as the indictment of the teachers, is made out of context. To be sure, there are glaring cases of "indiscipline," of riotous actions, and so on. But it is unfair and unrealistic to pick out even extreme cases of student misbehaviour (burning buses, I suppose, is such an extreme case) and to condemn the "guilty" before we examine the causative factors which went to make the "incident." It is unscientific and dangerous to label the character of the modern student as "bad" before we study him both carefully and sympathetically—and in his environment. It is stupid to blame the students today for being "illiterate and ignorant" unless we examine carefully the academic springs from which they derive their nourishment, their strengths and their weaknesses!

NOW if we have a student in an unfavourable environment, in an environment of difficulty and artificiality and frustration, he will suffer—and he will suffer in direct proportion to the amount of poison in his surroundings. This should not surprise us though it is so commonly over-

looked that it should be stressed over and over again. All of us are, if not formed by our environment, at least remoulded and refashioned by it. The student is no exceptional being who can escape the rule.

Also, our reactions to our surroundings are not internal, hidden mysteries. They show up externally as adaptations or maladaptations to the environment. And so the student, who is a member of the larger society as well as of a college or university environment, reacts to the larger environment as well as to his academic surroundings. And in actual fact it is as often as not the larger environment, the environment of the times, that influences the student to engage in the antics that so bother society. For the sense of frustration prevailing in the total population these days is not unfelt by the college and university populations. That the student is already in a difficult environment, regardless of the rigours of the academic rules and regulations, is something that it behoves the members of other groups to realize.

When this writer considers the customary indictment of today's student, therefore, he cannot but come to the conclusion that the plaintiff is sometimes more enthusiastic than accurate in his accusation. Of course, taking apart the student on the dissecting table the loud complainers about his "character" seem sometimes to have quite a case. They deliberately refuse to see (or because of that prevalent "self-satisfaction" are unable to see) the faults of the universities which specialize in such unreal examinations, or of the society—which appoints unimaginative teachers, and which offers to teachers such unimaginative inducements and emoluments. And thus, with one eye closed and the other myopic to the extreme, the plaintiff dissects the modern student, proves that he is ignorant, ill-mannered, indisciplined; and then, adding insult to injury, says, "Students in my day were different. When I was a boy . . ."

NO question! Where the student is guilty he should be labelled as such. But if he is more innocent than

is usually believed, then society should admit its own guilt in falsely accusing one of its important members. And in any case, if the student is guilty, solitary confinement (or the academic equivalent) is hardly the modern way of dealing with an offender.

BUT some more background. Who is it who is always denouncing the student? The answer is, of course, members of other groups; that is elementary. The teacher denounces the student for not being as brainy as he was. The politician denounces students for indiscipline, in other words for succumbing to influences which often he himself spreads. The university administrator denounces the student for opposing his will. The public denounces student activity of non-traditional types, specifically political activity; though but ten years ago it was demanding just this non-traditional activity!

And yet, these representatives of other groups do not themselves escape the maligning process. The much-maligned student, after a few years and a simple change of title, becomes the much maligned teacher, or the much maligned politician, or the much maligned clerk, or the much-maligned Vice-Chancellor, or the much maligned unemployed.

Members of each group maintain their own status by belittling attainments and accomplishments of members of other groups. The teacher says the student today is intellectually weak and unwilling to work. The student says "My teachers today are dull, lifeless, book-worm specialists." (Neither teacher nor student thinks of co-operating with "the enemy.")

The politician says, "This indiscipline on the part of students, and unseemly conduct on their side, has got to stop." (The student in essence answers that if he can't do anything else he will go into politics!) The overworked clerk pontificates that there aren't enough failures these days in the examinations. And so on, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum.*

I believe in constructive criticism. It is desirable—whether we are con-

cerning ourselves with students, teachers, politicians, public, or anyone. But there is a difference between constructive criticism and blind antagonism, and maligning or denouncing.

I stand up for the students. I am for the students—despite their faults—because they are too often made the scape-goats, because they are almost deliberately inculcated with inferiority complex, because they are rarely given any sympathy, because they are so important a part of a university, and this is so seldom recognized.

I am for the student, too, because he is alone, terribly alone. He lives in a time of change and flux and suffers from the sense of frustration prevailing in the society itself. His relations with his fellows are becoming increasingly depersonalized. The school-work, the examination, not personality, give the passkey to a livelihood. The college degree is the door to the labour market. And in society which suffers increasing unemployment, the examination is often used to keep the student out of the labour market.

I am for the student today because it is not his fault that only the diploma counts, that he has to study M.Sc., previous—instead of chemistry or botany, or life! Society must take the blame. I cannot blame the student for something for which he is not responsible.

Society must take the blame, yes. But society does not tackle its problems in the abstract, or in the large.

ON INDIFFERENCE

ONE'S attitude towards life, generally speaking, depends upon one's mental make-up and temperament. To some, life is a very serious affair, a drama to be played with all austerity and religiosity; to some happy-go-lucky sort of people it is all fun, pure and simple; while to some others it is neither serious nor light-hearted, but both. It is midway between the two and can conveniently be termed the 'indifferent attitude.' In fact, it is a pleasant experience to

Society makes progress in solving its problems only when these are divided and subdivided to workable proportions. The problem of human relations in academic institutions is one such problem, divided to a workable size.

AS a first step towards improvement in the university environment, students must be treated as living, and grown-up beings—not as just something to give grades to. They must be given a real say in matters concerning themselves. As an Editorial in the Oxford student paper, *Isis*, points out (it is also entitled "The Suicide Problem"): "More important than a degree and a certain ability to gossip easily or dress elegantly is the freedom in which we live. This freedom is granted so that we may become responsible for every action and decision that it is necessary to make, and learn to use this responsibility. Without that freedom there would be little point in there being a university at all . . ." And with it, "Oxford is a strain, and is meant to be."

Until we realize that a university is not an institution where students are just "tolerated," we cannot even begin to improve our university environments. And the status of the student in other countries is not much different from what it is here. This means that in France, in Britain, in the United States, in Sweden, we have still to build the "true university" where students and teachers work together. The situation abroad is basically no different from what it is here.

view men and things indifferently and dispassionately. It consists in not showing too much affection or attachment, hatred or dislike towards your people, your friends; it consists in not expressing too much of joy at a happy event or too much of disappointment at an unfortunate and disagreeable occurrence bringing disaster and confusion.

Such an indifferent attitude should not be confused with stoicism, though in a way it is akin to stoicism: in so far as it calls for an indifference

towards pain or pleasure. There is a world of difference between the two. A stoic leads a wooden life, whereas an indifferent enjoys life in all its richness and variety but with a shrewd sense of proportion and moderation. He is always calm and composed; he does not do things in a hurry and repent at leisure. A misfortune befalls him; he reflects on it with a mind unperturbed. He is not excited. He brushes it aside with a smile that a more unexpected and unlucky thing has not happened to him. Dame Fortune smiles on him and blesses him with a few hundreds in Crosswords or Treble Event; he does not immediately lose his head. He enjoys the fortune thoroughly in a leisurely fashion, drinking it to the lees.

TO great seers and enlightened men like the Buddha and Ramakrishna, Vivekananda and Aurobindo indifference towards worldly possessions and material pleasures comes of its own accord; it is the result of realisation that material pleasures are mere chaff and are in no way beneficial to attain the goal of life—*moksha* or salvation.

Intense devotion and loyalty to their 'idols' make people indifferent not only to material things but to the ills and dangers that may beset them. To quote a classical example, Hanuman was indifferent to his life, to the risks when he embarked on the difficult mission of bringing the Celestial Weapon and thus help his 'idol' Rama. Mandodari's sugar-coated and cunning words were too good for him. A similar indifferent attitude is seen in his fearless and courageous leap across the seas to Lanka which he undertook.

India does not bother much about the historical formulations and denominational expressions of religion which are merely guides to adventure and experience on the spiritual plane. India holds that to pass from word to vision is each individual's personal adventure. The higher we rise in the spirit of religion, the more do the differences diminish . . . In this respect, India has stood for a spiritual as distinct from a dogmatic approach to religion. When our country is said to be secular it does not mean that we lay stress on material comforts, worldly interest, knowledge, and power. A practical demonstration of this view of life is to be found in our country where so many types of religious expression flourish side by side.—**DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN** in an interview with Nancy Wilson Ross of *The Atlantic Monthly*

Noble and immensely interested in public welfare and good such people are indifferent to their life in times of national emergency. Our national leaders when engaged in the war of independence were indifferent to their riches, and pleasures of life. Brutus very clearly expresses such a stand:

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye and death in the other,

And I will look on both indifferently. Indifference is a virtue to be practised and cultivated. It brings in its train a number of advantages and benefits. An indifferent man is never too anxious or too eager about anything. He does not cry over spilt milk. He does not take anything too much to heart.

Young lovers during the period of courtship can prudently practise indifference with profit. Let them not pour on their 'honeys' too much of their affection; let them be a little indifferent to each other to augment mutual attraction.

This attitude of indifference is most useful and helpful to the young aspirants in the journalistic field. You send a manuscript and till (most probably) it is returned you are impatient and restless, fuming and fretting. Why all this unnecessary worry and anxiety. Better be indifferent about it. If it is good, the editor will publish it, if bad, whoever may be the editor he will not. This a simple rule and if your article is published, thank God. If rejected try and write a better one. That is all.

N. GANGA RAM

[I hope the writer has not been fretting and fuming.—Lit. Ed.]

THE LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS

The shadow of a passing cloud floated across the transparent waters . . . And at the edge of the receding shadows I suddenly noticed tall pillars of bluish green strangely resembling immense figures of human beings in cloaks . . .

A presentiment of evil seized me . . .

—Short Story—

By

I. EFREMOV

SOME years ago I had been across part of Central Altai. I followed a route mainly along the Litsvig ridge and near the left bank of the Katun River. My assignment was to discover gold deposits.

Even though I did not discover any substantial deposits of gold on this particular occasion, I was captivated by the interesting geological strata of the Altai and its wonderful natural beauty. I love the calmly severe northern Nature. I would not forsake it for the paltry, interfering brightness of the South.

Included in my chief assignment was inspection of the excellent asbestos deposits in the central reaches of the River Katun in the vicinity of the large village of Chermal. The shortest route to this place was along the highest ridge in the Altai, also known as Katun, and along the Upper Katun valley. On arriving at the settlement of Vimom I had to ascend to the Terektinsky snowfield and so across Ongudai and back to the River Katun valley.

On arriving at Ongudai I despatched my assistant, Biesk, over the Altai with our baggage and the specimens of deposits we had collected. The asbestos deposits could be visited with very light equipment. With a guide and fresh horses I reached the Katun very soon and then halted for a rest at a settlement known as Kayancha.

Here we had very pleasing tea with aromatic honey. For a long time we sat talking with our host, a teacher, at a smooth plane table in his garden. My guide sat sucking at his brass-ornamented pipe. He was a surly,

taciturn Oiro from Siberia. I questioned our host as to things of interest on our way further on to the Chermal. He gladly enlightened me.

"Come to think of it, Comrade Engineer," remarked our host at the end of his informative talk, "not distant from the Chermal you will come to a small village. The artist our famous Chorosov, lives there. Doubtless you've heard of him. He's an old man a bit wild. But should he take a liking to you he'll show you all he has."

I remembered having seen some of Chorosov's paintings at the exhibitions in Tomsk and Biesk, most of all his "Crown of Katun" and "Altai Khan." So I decided to pay him a visit.

The way along the Katun was so evident that I dismissed my guide at Kayancha. By next mid-day I was already ascending the stony path, at no great height, from which I saw a defile at the bottom of a plain bathed in sunlight and covered with golden rye-fields.

Some recently-built huts with walls of shiny logs stood at the edge of a forest. At the stoppage where grew tall larches on a village green dotted with red peonies, was a large house. This was just as the Kayancha teacher had described it. So I rode my horse straight on to Chorosov's home.

I WAS greeted politely, though not effusively. At the inevitable tea I described to the artist the sentiments aroused in me by my expedition to the mountains. Evidently he took my adoration seriously as he then became more friendly.

After tea he showed me his studio. It was a large unpapered room run-

ning half the length of the house. Of the many paintings and small studies one in particular drew my attention. Chorosov said it was a copy of another picture of his called *Deny-Der* or "The Lake of the Mountain Spirits." The original was in one of the Siberian museums. I had heard of it but had not seen it before.

Now, I must describe this picture in detail as it had a decisive effect on the future course of events.

A small canvas, not over three feet in width, was aflame with pure colours under the evening sun. The blue-green surface of the lake held all of the centre of the painting. In the foreground lay a big fallen cedar tree trunk among the stones of the flat shore. A block of blue ice, at the shore, was wedged into the roots of the fallen cedar. Small pieces of ice and stone threw greenish or bluish-grey shadows into the lake.

TWO small cedars made ragged by the winds lifted branches up like appealing hands to heaven. In the background snow-white, jagged crags, edged with violet and buff, fell vertically into the water. In the middle distance a glacier, covered with blinding snow, dropped its blue rampart into the lake. High above this a diamond-like pyramid soared into the sky, a halo of roseate light clouds around its peak. A pointed, attractive mountain rose from a large base of rock which sloped down to the farthest end of the lake in a huge causeway.

All other pictures were forgotten. I stood a long time and gazed at the real face of the snowy peaks of the Altai. I appreciated the insight of the people who named this lake as *Deny-Der*—"The Lake of the Mountain Spirits."

Chorosov watched me with half-closed eyes and appeared to be pleased with the impression the picture had produced on me.

"Where did you find this lake, Gregori Ivanovich?" I enquired. "Does it really exist?"

"It does. I confess it is far more beautiful than its picture," said Chorosov. "But it is not easily found."

The artist contemplatively regarded me and continued: "You perhaps don't know all the legends attached to this lake." He then gazed again at the picture.

"Well, yes. In the left-hand corner, here, where there is the conical mountain. I beg your pardon, Gregori Ivanovich. The colours here appear to me to be a little unreal."

"Look again more carefully," he advised in reply.

I commenced to scrutinise again the uncertain spot. I found at the base of the conical mountain a greenish-white mist rising from the water from which a pale light appeared to be radiating. The snow and this light threw crisscross reddish reflections over the lake. Touches of deeper red could be seen among the crevices in the rocks. At spots where sunlight could penetrate from behind the steep rugged rocks there were to be seen tall ghostly pillars of bright bluish-green vapour. This part of the picture created in me a very fearsome, fantastic impression.

"I don't understand these," I said as I pointed to the pillars.

"Well, then, don't try to do so," said Chorosov laughing. "You love Nature but without faith in her."

"But what is your explanation of these red lights on the rocks, these blue-green pillars and the luminous vapour?"

"It is very simply explained. They are the spirits of the mountains," replied Chorosov in all serenity.

I looked round at him sharply but could see not even a shadow of a smile on his face.

"I'm not joking. You must think that the name of the lake was given it for its ethereal beauty? That is not so. It is indeed beautiful. But its reputation is very bad. For instance, my own experience. I did paint the picture but it almost killed me. I was there in 1909 and I have been very ill ever since right up to 1913."

I requested the artist to tell me more about this lake. He complied

and waved me to a comfortable seat. We sat on a large divan covered with a rough Mongolian carpet with yellow and blue patterns.

"The beauty of this place," began Chorosov with his story, "attracted people to it even in ancient times. But all who visited it died of an unknown cause. The remarkable thing is that the lake is at its loveliest during the hot summer days. It is also then that it is deadliest. The only ones ever to have survived a visit to it were a few hunters in exceptionally good health, who managed with superhuman effort to stagger down the mountainside."

"But, without exception, they fell very ill and lived a life of lingering death becoming mere shadows of their former selves. There are no birds or animals at *Deny-Der*. Nothing grows on the shores of it—not even desert grass."

"I had heard these stories when a child and ever since yearned to visit the kingdom of the mountain spirits. When I grew up I was able to achieve my ambition. This was twenty years ago. I passed two days at the lake in complete solitude."

"The first day I noticed nothing extraordinary. I painted for long one study after another. The day was windy. Heavy clouds raced across the sky. The effects of light kept altering so that I could not catch the transparency of the vision of the mountains. So I decided to remain there another day and camped the night in a small forest about half-a-mile from the lake."

"By the evening I began to feel sick. I had a strong burning feeling in the mouth making me spit all the time. The next day commenced with a morning brilliant with sunshine promising fine weather. But my head felt as heavy as lead. I practically crawled to the lake fighting back overwhelming weakness. Only when I commenced to paint I became so engrossed in my work that I forgot my sickness."

"At last I had finished and shifted my easel to look at the lake for the last time. Just then the shadow of a passing cloud floated across its transparent waters. Following this

momentary eclipse the rays of the sun appeared to be exceptionally bright. It was then that at the edge of the receding shadow I suddenly noticed some tall pillars of bluish green strangely resembling immense figures of human beings in cloaks. Now they were standing motionless, now rushing along, now vanishing in the air. This silent, spectral dance continued for some minutes and then a blood-red light flickered among the rocks. Above this strange world hung a mushroom-shaped cloud radiating a green luminosity.

"Suddenly, my strength returned. My sight became wonderfully clear. The distant rocks appeared to come nearer to me so that every detail was sharply defined. I seized my brushes and frenziedly attempted to transfer on to the canvas fathomless colours of the fantastic scene. But a light wind sprang up and the vision vanished. The blood-red lights alone remained flickering among the crags."

"My uplifting excitement too was gone. I felt increasingly sick. I felt my life oozing out of my fingers holding the brushes. A presentiment of evil seized and impelled me to hasten away. I closed my paint-box and got together the odds and ends. An immense weight appeared to be bearing down upon my head and chest."

"The wind across the lake grew stronger. Clouds gathered on the mountaintops and the clear scene became dull. The lights were out. The black silhouettes of the rocks with their caps of snow alone remained."

"My breath whistled heavily and unevenly in my chest. It took the last reserves of my strength to move. I turned away from the lake and travelled in a daze to where my guides were awaiting me. They had refused to go near the *Deny-Der*."

"I do not now recall how I managed to traverse the distance from there. In any case, to my comfort, my work was strapped securely to my back and was intact."

"You're finished for certain; Chorosov," remarked my chief guide. He spoke unconcernedly, fatalistically, with the detachment of an indepen-

dent observer. 'You're dripping saliva,' he added.

"But, as you see, I did not die, although I was very seriously ill for a long time. My eyesight became affected. A whole year elapsed before I could complete the large picture of *Deny-Der*."

Chorosov lapsed into silence. I was greatly intrigued by his story. I could not but believe him. At the same time I was at a loss for a rational explanation of the mysterious phenomena he had described and depicted in strange colours in his picture.

WE then went into the dining-room. A bright oil lamp hung over the table. The strong light soon dissipated the uncomfortable unworldliness caused by the artist's story. I could not, however, desist from asking Chorosov as to where exactly the lake of the mountain spirits lay in case I should ever find it possible to visit it.

"Aha! So, you're enchanted!" Chorosov exclaimed smiling.

I brought out my notebook and pencil from my rucksack in readiness to take down the details.

"The lake lies at the eastern end of the Katun ridge," the artist began. "Do you know the valley of Arghut? I refer to the deep gorge between the white tops of the Katun and the Chuysk. The bottom of it is quite impassable. But you can get through to it over the mountain-side.

"About thirty miles up the river Arghut from its mouth, on the right bank facing downstream, is a small tributary—the Youneur. This place is easily found because it is here that the Arghut bends sharply and runs on over a wide, flat bed. From here you follow the left bank of the Arghut for about four miles until a tiny river is reached.

"Though very small, this stream flows through a very wide valley and penetrates far into the Katun ridge. You may ride along this valley. You will recognise it by the tall larches. The route is quite dry.

"At the upper end of the valley you will come to a steep cliff with a small waterfall. The valley then sweeps to the right. Here the ground is quite

flat and there is a chain of five lakes at short intervals. The last and the fifth lake, situated where the mountains converge from both sides, is the *Deny-Der*.

"This is all I can tell you. But no—I recall one other thing, a useful landmark. At the mouth of the little stream where you have to turn away from the Arghut is a small bog. At the edge of this and to the left there was an immense dead larch tree with a V-shaped top like a fork of a devil. I expect it's still there."

I wrote down all of these directions.

The next morning I looked through the artist's other works. I remember several charming sketches but none comparable to the *Deny-Der*. I could not propose buying this picture due to my insufficient resources. But I did buy two sketches of snow-covered hills, one seen by the morning and the other by the evening light. The artist himself presented me a pen-sketch of larches, which are my favourite trees, sketched with deep insight of their structure and character.

On taking leave Chorosov said to me: "I've observed how you regarded my *Deny-Der*. I'm sorry I can't present it to you. I'll give you instead a little sketch of the lake. But . . . He fell silent for some seconds. "But I'll leave it to you on my death. I cannot part with it now. Don't worry, it won't be for long now to wait."

HE spoke with embarrassing seriousness and with complete detachment. I wished him a long life and said I hope we meet again soon. I then mounted my horse and rode away. As it happened, however, fate willed us parted for ever.

It was long before I could visit the Altai again. Four years of hard work severe rheumatism, the occupational disease of the explorers of the *taiga*, kept me down for six months. After that I had to be careful because of a weak heart. I was oppressed by idleness and boredom at the southern health resort so I went to dear, foggy Leningrad.

My chief understood my longing and offered me the assignment of

tracing the sources of mercury at Sefid Khan in Central Asia. In sunny, dry Turkestan I hoped to be rid of my illness and then be able to return to the wild north which had captured my imagination.

One evening when working at home with the microscope, I received a parcel. It caused me greater grief, than pleasure. It contained the sketch of *Deny-Der*. It signified that the artist Chorosov had ended his days of work.

THE distant, unattainable beauty of the *Deny-Der* made me gloomy and restless. I tried to forget it by working. I studied a new specimen of polished ore from the Sefid Khan under the microscope, concentrating on observation of the various stages of crystallisation of mercury. Investigation of the specimen was not easy. As the electric light effaced the fine nuances of colour I used the daylight bulb—a very clever invention which reproduces sunlight in the little world of the microscope.

The sketch of the *Deny-Der* continued haunting my memory. So when I suddenly saw in the microscope blood-red flickers against a background of bluish-green steel, similar to the ones which had impressed me in Chorosov's painting, I was not surprised. It soon, however, dawned upon me that I saw, not the picture, but was observing the specimen of mercury ore.

The presentiment of an undefined hypothesis excited me. I turned the light of the daylight bulb on to the sketch of the lake—and instantly observed at the base of the mountain all of the very same colours I had seen in the microscope. I hurriedly brought down my heavy Schneiderchen Tables and turned to the formulae of colours.

The formulae, however, are beside the point. Suffice it to say that each tint has its own index. The sum of all the appropriate tints gives the formula of a particular mineral.

It so happened that the colours used by Chorosov in his painting of the home of the spirits of the mountains exactly coincided with all the tints of cinnabar seen under various conditions of illumination.

Solved was the mystery of the *Deny-Der*! I was surprised that it had not occurred to me long ago—there up in the Altai.

I rang for a taxi and hurried to a large chemical laboratory. The lights were still showing and my friend, the chemist and metallurgist, was there.

"Dmitri Mikhailovich, I want information about mercury. I know it boils at 370 degrees. But at what temperature does it give off vapour?"

"At any, my dear engineer, except in severe frost."

"One more question: Is mercury vapour luminous by itself? If so, what kind of luminosity is it?"

"No, it is not itself luminous. But a high concentration of the vapour emits a bluish-green light. Subject to electrical discharges, as in rarefied atmosphere, it emits a greenish-white light."

"It's all quite clear now. Many thanks, dear fellow."

The chemist tried to stop me—without success. Five minutes in the taxi and I was at my doctor's.

"Tell me, please, the symptoms of mercury vapour poisoning."

"A'm . . . In general mercury causes an excellent flow of saliva, sickness and dysentery. As regards its vapour, I'd better look it up . . . Yes—mercury vapour . . . Lowering of the blood pressure, strong mental excitement, rapid and irregular breathing, and ultimately, death from heart-failure."

"Wonderful!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

I WAS now certain my conclusions were all correct. On returning home I rang up my chief and informed him that the most vital necessity to our work required my immediate departure for the Altai. I urged him to permit Krasulin to assist me. He was a young honours graduate I knew well for his physical strength and mental stability.

Not until the end of May was it possible to reach the lake. When, of an evening, my small expedition pitched its tent in the valley right opposite the tall dead larch tree with a top like a pitchfork, I knew that next morning all my deductions would be proved conclusively.

It was difficult to reach the rocks with the steel-like surfaces lying at the foot of the conical mountain. But when, however, the geological hammer, ringing loudly, broke the first heavy pieces of cinnabar, we forgot all the difficulties.

I asked Krasulin to do a preliminary survey of this source of the ore while I crossed the screen of vapour to the foot of the hill. There, half hidden by the row of rocks, I beheld the dull, ominous glitter of a small lake of pure mercury! It was the realisation of my dreams. The surface of the cave appeared to be concave.

With indescribable feelings I bent over the lake and dipped my hand into the heavy, slippery liquid. With a heart beating fast I thought of the thousands of tons of liquid metal—the gift to the Fatherland. Krasulin ran up to me at my call and stood petrified, mute with amazement.

But it was essential to hurry through the work. Already I was beginning to feel a burning sensation in the mouth and heaviness in the head—the sinister symptoms of mer-

cury poisoning. The work was completed as with lightening speed.

We walked back slowly, lifelessly, fighting with unaccountable fear and depression. On rounding the main lake the cloud dispersed over the left shore and in front of us lay a peak brilliant as a diamond. Oblique rays of the sun through the distant mouth of the gorge filled the valley with sparkling, transparent light. On turning round I saw the bluish-green ghosts rising from the place we had just left and ordered the party to run. Fortunately, the shore was here levelling out and we managed to reach our horses speedily.

The same day we reached the next lake down the valley feeling persistently oppressed. We continued feeling indifferent that night but everything turned out right in the end.

WITH gratitude I cherish for ever the memory of Chorosov—that fearless seeker of the truth of the soul of the mountains. It was due to his fine and accurate observations that led us to discover all the riches of "The Lake of the Mountain Spirits."

Music:

Lakshyam versus Lakshanam

By

P. SRINIVASA IYER

LAKSHYAM singing was at its zenith at the beginning of this century. People of almost all professions, young and old, men and women, had a good taste for music and they were able to render songs neatly and clearly from learning. A good drummer used to draw crowds in a way unimaginable now-a-days. Even from a certain 'sangathi' interested listeners could say that it was the master-stroke of such and such a musician. Even as the babies recognise the tones of the birds and animals people could recognise from the rhythmic sounds of a Tavil Vidwan that a particular performer was playing the Tavil directly a Nagaswaram performance began. That was Lakshya

Gnanam and that was how music became "Dhwanyatmakam."

Again, people of the olden times did not have to know the arohana and avarohana of a raga, the swara—combinations and intricacies occurring in a musical composition, the history of a composer to sing a raga or render a song. They had heard enough of music which inspired them to reproduce it correctly. Theories did not develop in those days and one theory did not tally with the other as it does today. A good song, a good raga attracted them and they were like children who learned to talk directly they had ideas in their minds. Even the greatest of musicians were woefully ignorant of the grammar or science of music then. How then could there have been such ancient giants in an age of such ignorance? It was Lakshyam and Lakshyam did the magic.

But be it far from us to belittle either the usefulness or importance of Lakshanam. It has got its own importance and place also. Children begin with ideas first. They see men and things and at once have ideas of their own. Naturally they want to convey them to others. As soon as an idea occurs to them they begin to struggle and do all kinds of signs to enable us to understand them. These actions and some of their lisped words make us understand them, and soon they learn to talk. Of course, most of the children acquire talking easily enough. But we know that there is a lesser number of men who can write in this world. This they should learn in the schools. Likewise, students of music who listened to music outside the schools ought to be again provided with the same Lakshyam in the schools. They should be given too an opportunity of learning to produce on Veena what they can sing by Lakshyam. This is the proper way of giving them a good Lakshyam and Veena playing now takes the place of script-writing. Again we also know the importance of grammar in a language. It is only after a number of years of school-going that one happens to learn the rudiments of grammar. What if it is even neglected? Is it not enough in this world if a man is able to talk and write well? Likewise, we should understand that the grammar or science of music comes only after a student of Music, has learnt to 'write' well on a Veena and 'talk' well also with his voice.

And now to schools. There was a hue and cry about the lack of a textbook in the theory of music in the days when the schools were about to be started. The then leading Vidwans were consulted. Under the presidency of the late Mr. Yates a committee was formed to consider a draft-schedule for the introduction of music in schools. Those assembled used to blink if a question was asked about the theory of Music or an adequate script for it. Likewise, there were also some other attempts in 1930 to standardise the theory of music, but almost all of them proved abortive. Later on, it was left to some people who had very little touch

with the practical side of music to write the theory. With very little consideration, the theory of music was thrust on the young musical aspirant. In the case of a language we have graded classes: elementary, secondary, and collegiate. We have trained teachers who know the various methods of instruction as well as the psychology of the children. Where are all these facilities for a school of music? Do the music teachers of the schools of today know the proper way of making a child sing? However, I shouldn't deny that there are people who have not bestowed thought on this subject and much of their time for the promotion of the art. What I mean is, are these methods of instruction being examined from time to time? Are these people in charge of the music schools able to evolve better methods by consulting and scrutinising them periodically?

The music schools would certainly be able to better their standards if they could know what is proper Lakshyam in the first place. The importance of veena to supplement the musical study of a student has got to be recognised. And the grammar of the old masters of the Lakshya school of Music has to find a relevant place.

★

ORACLE: THE COUNTERPOINT

OLD Ripon's towerclock yells out the oracle: "do or die damn fool!" The ex-convict answered:

"Hey you! Blind Tiresias don't shoot please! I am not Oedipus to fear this octopus; nor I am the hero causing the City's sorrow. I belong to chorus-multipitude chivalrous.

I am not my brother's father, I am the son who did slaughter his mother to salvage a father. I am Parasurama—repentant yet competent.

I am the ghost in Golgotha bearing both the Cross and Axe; the Cross and Crucifixion am I; I am the dead; I am the living. O, blind old Tiresias! Mind you your business!"

M. GOVINDAN

The Novelist as Artist

BY MANJERI S. ISVARAN

IS there anyone among us who has not at one time or another felt a burning desire to write? The fever, generally, is associated with adolescence, caught from an over-enthusiasm for the work of a favourite author who is worshipped as an idol; in many it subsides under the stress of growing up. But of those in whom the fever does not abate and persists with the advancing years, it can be said that a relationship has come to exist between them and the adored authors,—a relationship born of a true creative collaboration. Only an artist, one whose aim primarily is to gratify aesthetic emotions by perfection of execution, whether in creation or representation, can evoke this collaboration, this response. The painter, the sculptor, and the musician, through their different media, touch the secret springs of the heart to thrilling receptivity; for the private vision and imagination of the individual to merge with the vision and imagination of the universe; for what is evanescent to become permanent. A *veena* in dry-point, cast in bronze, carved out of marble, or moulded in wax, does not produce sound; a garden in bloom done in exquisite water-colours fails to emit the perfume of the flowers or raise the caress of the breeze that blows over it; but these are only seeming limitations which can be shifted and the boundaries widened; it all depends on the means at the beckoning of the particular medium. Thus a carved *veena*, under certain conditions, is capable of producing an illusion of melody; the painted garden the feel of coolness and fragrance. Similarly, the song of a musician, by the magic of the *raga-bhava*, by the suggestions and subtleties of its undertones and overtones, can open before the inward eye of the listener unsuspected vistas of the corporeal, visible world, linking up his explorations and experience, impressions and imagination.

How then can a novel whose medium is words—language—depicting the life of the upper, middle, or

lower class people, in the past or the present, of the writer's own place or of a country geographically far removed from his; unfolding a mythical utopia or envisaging the future: how can a novel aspire to the level of art, and what is the role of the novelist as artist?

Fiction, when it is art, is the offspring of pure temperament; and temperament is infinite in variety. And it is temperament that creates the technique and technique which stamps the artist. Fiction as art succeeds to the degree in which the temperaments of both writer and reader achieve harmony. Here are the views of Henry James, the famous novelist, American born and a naturalized British subject, who today is read perhaps only by the few—his intricate and proliferating style, indeed, always stood in the way of his wider popularity—yet his influence on fiction with an artistic aim has been profound. He wrote much sensitive criticism; he is difficult because he is a phenomenon in himself; but if one has patience, one has taste, he will amply repay for all the care one can bestow. James says: "A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life; that to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression. But there will be no intensity at all, and therefore no value, unless there is freedom to feel and say. The tracing of a line to be followed, of a tone to be taken, of a form to be filled out, is a limitation of that freedom and a suppression of the very thing that we are most curious about . . . The execution belongs to the author alone; it is what is most personal to him, and we measure him by that. The advantage, the luxury, as well as the torment and responsibility of the novelist, is that there is no limit to what he may attempt as an executant—no limit to his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, and successes. Here it is especially that he works, step by step, like his brother of the brush, of whom we may always say that he has painted his picture in

a manner best known to himself . . . His manner is his secret . . ."

I have taken this extract from James's essay, *The Art of Fiction*, because it is a candid, personal reaction of a novelist who was a great artist toward his profession, and it draws the personality of the novelist affirmed by his art, as fluent as a picture by Corregio for its loveliness of relief and grace of finish.

To whatever category the novelist may belong—traditional or experimental—the traditional novelist finds the existing methods of expression adequate for what he has to say, while to the experimental they are inadequate and he needs must invent new tools and discover new forms to serve the language and rear the fabric—and whatever the type of novel: Historical, Political, Regional, Picaresque, Proletarian; tragedy, comedy, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, sagas of seven generations, trilogies and tetralogies, the novel of incident and the novel of character, romantic, scientific, psychological,—oh dear, how like a biologist does the literary critic go on labelling the specimens!—whatever the type of novel and the class of the novelist, a novel to be a work of art should mirror the personality of the author who has the vision of an "unclouded and attentive mind" and the power to objectify emotions. And emotions, mark you, are only means to an end: not an end in themselves; it is in their passage from the state of "ethical fiction to ethical affirmation" that they project the vision, the integrity of an artistic mind.

First the blade, then the ear. First the fact observed: then the fictional transformation. Broadly speaking, everything is grist to the mill of the novelist: the world and mankind in their manifold aspects. But it is the elements in his intellectual and imaginative make-up that are concordant, that constitute his authentic material to waken the mood, endow the hue, and set the pace in the process of creation. "The detached morsels of the surrounding universe of which he treats are no more than

symbols." Says Phyllis Bentley: "Mr. William Saroyan, the brilliant young American short-story writer has called one of his books, *The Gay and Melancholy Flux*; and this expresses very well both life and the simulacrum of life which constantly goes on in the novelist's mind. A seething flux of phenomena, constantly changing, constantly rolling and surging by. This flux of life is what the novelist has to present in his narrative to his reader. Note, that since the novelist invented this particular flux, since it is his creation, he is omniscient and omnipotent with regard to it. He knows everything that goes on in it. The cries of its birds, the thuds of its battles, the thoughts of all its people—they are all part of that seething flux, and he knows them all!"

Leo Tolstoi insisted that the creation of the illusion of real life is the essential task of a genuine artist. The novelist who has made the world his own can do as he pleases with it; he evolves with the world and the world he has made; he can give a *close-up* of it, or the *zoom-shot* of a particular scene; he can show its entire dome of manycoloured glass or only a part of it. He can make it fly at a terrific speed; he can turn it into a slow-motion picture, the sounds and the images *synchronizing* as in a movieola. And since his object is always to represent some kind of reality in such a way as not to outrage the reader's sense and sensibility of it, on the higher plane he occupies himself with international politics, atomic fission, high finance, overpopulation, unemployment, teetotalism, tottering morals, Bergsonian stream-of-consciousness, Freudian complexes; at the lower level, with the worst aspects of society and sex, murder, robbery and other forms of bloodlust and lunacy. However, at the heights and the depths alike, the novelist as artist achieves a perfect marriage between narrative which is a sequence of events with plot which is concerned exclusively with motives; his dialogues do not stand by themselves nor the descriptive passages like detached chunks; he selects and connects; he sees life steadily and sees it whole; the strands may be

different but they are all of one warp and woof. He builds up his story and his people with delicate lights and shadows, so polychromatic, as an artist with his little tiles builds up his cunning mosaic, that he invests his persons and places not only with aesthetic glamour but with moral significance. "For human intercourse," writes Mr. E. M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel*, a book as grand in that realm as Mr. Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction*, "for human intercourse, as soon as we look at it for its own sake and not as a social adjunct, is seen to be haunted by a spectre. We cannot understand each other, except in a rough and ready way; we cannot reveal ourselves, even when we want to; what we call intimacy is only a makeshift; perfect knowledge is an illusion. But in the novel we can know people perfectly . . ." In his novel, *A Passage to India*, by integrating the qualities which he describes as Pattern and Rhythm—devices by which the different parts of the novel can be catenated so as to form an aesthetic whole—Mr. Forster has "endeavoured to create a realm where he will not be haunted by the spectre of imperfect human relations." *A Passage to India* has an added interest to us, now that we are an independent nation. No more beautiful, no more terrible picture of the English in India has been drawn, nor ever will be.

Illusion of reality: it is like a flood-lit stage peopled with presences that fascinate and repel, that are on this earth but not of it. Talking, walking, eating, dressing, loving, quarrelling, deceiving, defending, dying—in rest as in motion—they display their little idiosyncrasies; by fidelity and clarity, by the hypnotic spell called "Style"—and that's what distinguishes a great artist—the novelist gives his characters, events, and environments a reality more real and natural, the quality of the day-dream which is more consistent and logical than the dream in sleep, with no blurring at the edges, and a sophistication that in its very strength produces an impression of truth while striving to attain it. So true, so real are the phantoms

spun in the shining loom of language, caught in the shimmering radium of words, words not static and in their alphabetical isolation as in a dictionary, but dynamic, words in action, in vital connection with other words and phrases, that we mingle our hopes and fears with theirs, as if they are blood of our blood and bone of our bone, and wonder at the insight of the writer of genius who discovers amid humanity and its habitats ivory towers from which to record his vision of brave new worlds.

Every novelist, it is superfluous to say, has his own original flavour, his individual magic—artists in fiction as different as Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Balzac, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Joseph Conrad, Virginia Woolf, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Flaubert, Proust, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Thomas Mann. That beauty is a necessary condition of art, is an axiom. The works of the great writers have both physical and spiritual beauty; the discipline they enforced on themselves, their willing and passionate surrender to experience and every experience widening their range of consciousness, their emotional chastity, their compassion, their belief in their own personal vision and the courage with which they flung that vision in the face of the world as though that and that alone mattered, have made fiction more strange and more true than truth, that "Art (to quote a sentence of Oscar Wilde) is art because it isn't life, and Literature gets no chance to stand on its own two feet if we cut across an author's vision with too much of our own experience."

Novels as works of art stay for ever new. They are at once the adventure and liberation of the soul of man. A mind that does not allow the dust to settle on it receives, like a mirror, their inundating light in full, quickening its awareness to more and more of their *sat*, *chit*, and *ananda*, to a contemplation of such mysteries as what the bird on the bough may dream or the lotus murmur to the rising sun.—(By courtesy, All India Radio, Madras)

NEW BOOKS

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

and Other Stories

By ANTON CHEKHOV

Translated by

April Fitzlyon and Kyril Zinovieff

and with an introduction by

ANDREW G. COLIN, LL.B., Ph.D.

Spearman & Calder, London

INDIAN AGENTS:

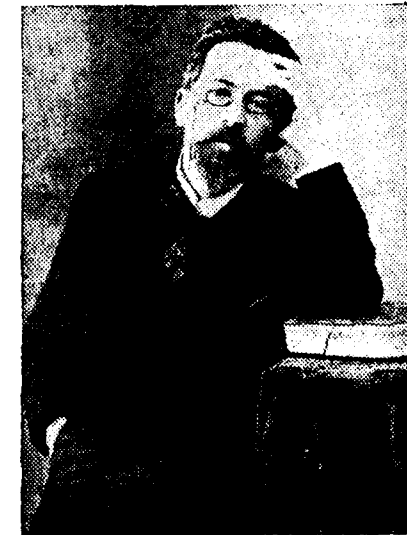
Casement Publications Ltd.,

Oak Chambers, 11 Oak Lane, Bombay

11s 6d net

TO praise Anton Pavlovich Chekhov at this day is tantamount to gilding refined gold, to paint the lily, or to throw a perfume on the violet, or add another hue unto the rainbow—a wasteful and ridiculous excess. But it is neither wasteful nor ridiculous, and never could be an excess since it is a new vein of gold that is now discovered to us, the lily and the violet are fresh-born, and the rainbow which appears in the sky is a beauty among the many beauties of nature at which man has not ceased to marvel.

"All I want now is an unhappy love affair," wrote Chekhov in 1889, when he was twenty-nine, and this he had with Lydia Avilov, wife of a civil servant in Petersburg, five years younger to him and mother of a nine-months old baby. It is not clear whether or not he was genuinely in love with her, but she *was* with him; their attachment lasted for about ten years during which they ardently corresponded with each other and Mme. Avilov would, without any qualms, have forsaken her husband and children for him. But Chekhov would not permit this—"those who loved him constantly referred to him as 'dear Chekhov,' 'lovable Chekhov,' 'exquisite Chekhov,' 'refined Chekhov,' 'pathetic Chekhov,' 'charming Chekhov,' to these attributes one may add gentle and honest—and when he died in 1904, at the age of forty-four, Mme. Avilov had her letters returned to her by his executors. Long after, she wrote the story of their amour—she most probably destroyed the letters—the full text of which appeared in an



Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

If all the people portrayed in the many-volumed collection of Chekhov's Short Stories—all his policemen, midwives, actors, tailors, prisoners, cooks, religious devotees, teachers, prostitutes, landowners, bishops, circus performers, functionaries of all ranks and departments, peasants from northern and from southern regions, generals, bathhouse attendants, engineers, horse-thieves, monastery novices, merchants, singers, soldiers, match-makers, piano-tuners, firemen, examining judges, deacons, professors, shepherds, lawyers—if all of these could, in some miraculous way, come streaming forth from his books out into a Moscow street, what a terrific mob they would make!—even the largest square could not hold such a crowd. Compared to Chekhov with his multitude of characters other writers seem empty, so relatively few are the people to be found in every hundred pages of their works.

—KORNEI CHUKOVSKY

English translation under the title *Chekhov in My Life: A Love Story*.

published by John Lehmann in 1950. She died in 1942, at the age of seventy-eight, and her account of her friendship with the great writer is eminently interesting for the light it throws on herself as the original of Nina in *The Seagull*—for one must not fail to remember that Chekhov the supreme master of the short story (whose imitators were many) was also the author of plays, short farces, and the ethnographical *Sakhalin Island*, the penal settlement where the conditions of exiles condemned to servitude were harrowing in the extreme and a journey to which, at the zenith of his career, "over a murderous route of over six thousand miles . . . for the sole purpose of protecting them against the arbitrariness of the pitiless police system, affected his health and cut short his life. "I must be my own animal-trainer," he said, and donning the vesture of the scientist rigorously in Sakhalin Island, he "stepped on the throat of his own song and strangled it." That was the Chekhov who in September 1888 wrote to his friend A. S. Souvorin, publisher of the newspaper with the largest circulation in Russia, a man of immense power and influence and wealth:

. . . You advise me not to hunt after two hares, and not to think of medical work. I do not know why one should not hunt two hares even in the literal sense . . . I feel more confident and more satisfied with myself when I reflect that I have two professions and not one. Medicine is my lawful wife and literature is my mistress. When I get tired of one I spend the night with the other. Though it's disorderly, it's not so dull and besides, neither of them loses anything from my infidelity. If I did not have my medical work I doubt if I could have given my leisure and my spare thoughts to literature. There is no discipline in me.

After the excitement of learning about Chekhov in Love, provided by Lydia Avilov three years ago now, here comes another,—a red-letter day to the reading public, a literary event bringing highest pleasure. To those who have enjoyed this Russian master through Constance Garnett's English translations issued in thirteen volumes (beginning from 1916 they ran through their fifth impres-

sion in 1950)—such gems as *The Lady With the Dog*, *The Wife*, *Gooseberries*, *About Love*, *Excellent People*, *The Grasshopper*, *Mire*, *An Upheaval*, *A Doctor's Visit*, *The Princess*, *The Man in the Case*—the new Chekhov appearing for the first time in December 1953, under the title *The Woman in the Case, and Other Stories*, contains twenty-three stories of the famous author, hitherto unpublished in English, and translated by April Fitzlyon and Kyril Zinovieff. Dr. Andrew G. Colin, Lecturer in Russian, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, contributes an introduction which is a masterly study of Chekhov from the historical and critical points of view—historical, particularly, with regard to the present collection. It is about the best appraisal of Chekhov I've read for a long time now: precise, scholarly without being pedantic, analytical not to dissect coldly but to illuminate with the warmth of true understanding and admiration.

Wrote Maxim Gorki:

Reading Anton Chekhov's stories is like going for a walk on a bleak afternoon in the late autumn when the air is transparent and the bare trees, the crowded houses, and the grey people are all sharply outlined.

The great Tolstoi spoke:

It (a Chekhov story) is like a piece of lace made by a chaste young maiden. In the old days there were such lace-making maidens who put their whole life and all their dreams of happiness into the pattern they were making; they dreamed in patterns about the things dearest to them and wove their whole vague, pure love into the lace.

Reviewing a Garnett volume in 1916, on its first appearance, Robert Lynd said:

Mrs. Garnett's translations confirm one in the opinion that Chekhov is, for his variety, abundance, tenderness and knowledge of the heart of man, the greatest short-story writer who has yet appeared on the planet.

And in his introduction, thus Dr. Colin:

I recently attended a literary luncheon in Scotland. My neighbour was a well-known English writer. When I spoke to him of Anton Chekhov as the 'famous Russian author' he reproved me without a trace of smile on his

face. 'What do you mean by "Russian" author? Chekhov has by now become an English writer.'

There are two Chekhovs: the too-near-the-bone realist—"as objective as a chemist"—to quote one of his *obiter dicta* on the writer's craft: a realist who is Maupassantish in being nasty; and the other the poet, touching the pinnacle of his art, athrill to beauty, soft, warm, muted, passionate for truth and pushing up like a starry flower through layers of a kindly humus. "I hate violence and falsehood in all their aspects," he said, emphatically. "I detect them in science, in religion, in the younger generation. For these reasons I have no partiality for gendarmes, or butchers, or savants, or writers, or the younger generation. I look upon labels and trademarks as prejudices. My Holy of Holies is the human body, health, mind, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and falsehood in whatever they may be manifested."

O! Rare Chekhov!

Dr. Colin has made a fourfold classification of these twenty-three new tales: The Amusing Trifles, The Humorous Stories, The Psychological Pieces, and The Tragic Stories. In time they range from 1884 to 1898—each story representing "a new stage of the 'journey into the interior' of the Russian mind,"—to what was profoundly alluded to as "the mysterious Slavic soul." The soul of a human being is the same the world over whether he dwells in Brighton or Brooklyn, Budapest or Bangalore. But to read Chekhov is to know pre-eminently that background of Empire Russia in which he wrote, reflecting for the most part the life of the middle-class, of the troubled intelligentsia, of its ideals and aspirations, vices and frustrations. He was born, in 1860, in Taganrog, a small town in Southern Russia, the son of a freed serf who rose to be a grocer. His was a prolific family, of numerous brothers and sisters; his father did not prosper in business and he knew hunger in his childhood. When the family moved to Moscow he was left behind for some years during which he contracted a chill, and from this

developed tuberculosis that brought his life to a close at the premature age of forty-four, his trip to Sakhalin Island, under fatiguing conditions, as aforesaid, hastening it. While attending school in his tender boyhood he worked at one menial job after another; and when he went to Moscow in 1879 and began in his spare time to study medicine at the University to become a doctor, his life was no less miserable. It was now that he began to write short stories, squibs and sketches for a number of comic journals but these were not much of a paying proposition and it has been recorded by a biographer of his, Princess Nina Andronikova Toumanova, that once when he sent his little brother to collect an honorarium of three roubles, the editor could offer only a pair of trousers to be charged to his account with his tailor! "Religion—he tells us in one of his letters—had been instilled in him chiefly by means of thrashings; he was brought up 'to respect rank and kiss the priest's hand, to bow to other people's ideas, to be thankful for each morsel of bread and play the hypocrite to God and Man . . . His life was to be, in effect, a long struggle to drive out the 'serf' within him."

And in this he did succeed. His stories are an eternal memorial to his success: milestones marking his journey, from year to year, on the road of scepticism and despair and ultimately to deep spiritual tranquillity. In his middle thirties he confessed to the profound influence Tolstoi had on him; but later rebelled against it, believing in progress. "Reason and justice tell me," he wrote, "that in electricity and steam there is more love for mankind than there is in charity and abstinence from meat." Yet, his admiration for the titan remained unflagged and unsullied, and when Tolstoi was nearing his end he wrote in 1904: "I fear the death of Tolstoi . . . As long as he lives bad taste in literature, triviality, impertinence, bitterness will be relegated to the shadows."

Chekhov summed up in himself all the best in literary taste and artistry, and any among the earliest of these newly-translated stories, for example,

The Woman in the Case—a charming blend of fantasy and folk—75,000, *Appropriate Measures*, *The Mask*, *The Dream* bear the hand of the master that he was to become: his excellences such as his awareness of and susceptibility to the loveliness of woman, above all, and her spirituality on a higher plane than man's; his grace and good manners; his iridescent wit and irony; his compassion that yearned like a god in pain softening the edge of his satire. Here is a fine volume that will satisfy the specialist as well as the non-specialist reader of the short story, and an El Dorado for the Chekhov fan—imaginative offspring of one in whom the typical Russian qualities of unostentatious heroism and patriotism found their Holy of Holies. "That is why" (for his essentially national traits), says Kornei Chukovsky: "That is why in November 1941—not long after the outbreak of the Patriotic War—Joseph Stalin mentioned Chekhov's name as one of the most glorious and beloved names of which the whole Russian people have every right to be proud."

Begging to be excused for standing so long between you and the new Chekhov, the reason for which you can very well understand; buy, beg, borrow, or even—steal *The Woman in the Case*, and *Other Stories*, coming after half a century of the author's death, and don't forget to contemplate a little on its quaint dustcover to add piquancy to your taste of the dainties within.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Yoga:

The Way of Self-Fulfilment

By J. Vijayatunga

Casement Publications Limited

London and Bombay

Rs. 1

YOGA is now becoming a fashionable expression in the utterances of all educated people. The book under review has a fine foreword by an eminent professor of philosophy.

The essay contains very little of what Yoga means though it carries a good number of quotations from the *Gita* and the *Dhammapada*. Per-

haps the author has attempted to trace the origin of the Yoga system to the Mahabharata, by introducing the fact that the *Gita* is part of that great epic. In an essay on Yoga a brief summary of this epic is out of tune.

It has also become a common practice with some to compare the lives and cultures of peoples of other parts of the world with those of India to expound the basic principles of Yoga. This too is not very essential.

The book's only worth seems to be the sporadic definitions taken from certain good sources.

M. S. G.

Prerogative Writs and Fundamental Rights

By G. C. Venkatasubba Rao,

B.Sc., M.L.

The Madras Law Journal Office,
Madras 4

Rs. 9

THE inviolability of Fundamental Rights guaranteed under Part III of our Constitution cannot be emphasised too much. The Supreme Court as the highest judiciary of the land is always our guardian and saviour against the legislative and executive tyrannies designed to invade these rights.

Mr. G. C. Venkatasubba Rao, in the preface to his book states that in 1950, out of a total of 1219 appeals filed in the Supreme Court, 648 cases arose out of applications for Prerogative Writs and were concerned with Fundamental Rights. In 1952, out of 1171 appeals, 400 related to Fundamental Rights. These figures bear direct evidence to the supreme importance of Fundamental Rights.

This is not the first book of the author on Law; he has also written on Law of Property, Jurisprudence, Principles of Equity, etc.

Mr. G. C. Venkatasubba Rao has made a systematic presentation of the whole subject, with the necessary stress laid on American concepts. In Chapter II he deals with these and their Indian analogues. The American decisions on constitutional law have influenced our judges to an

appreciable extent, and more and more our courts have come to regard them, as torch-bearers, in meting out justice according to law.

The 14th amendment of the U. S. Constitution says that, "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges of immunities of the citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Article 21 of the Indian Constitution says, "No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law."

In Gopalan's case, the "Due Process" clause was rejected on the ground that it is not analogous to the "Procedure established by Law." The word "Due" in the expression "Due Process" was interpreted to mean "Just" and that word was deliberately omitted from Article 21, which shows that it is not open to the court to scrutinise the reasonableness of the law under that Article. Again the word "Law" in Article 14, of the Indian Constitution was contended to mean, Natural Law, and not Statutory Law, and that the

phraseology of Article 14 was borrowed from the 14th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. The Supreme Court of India however did not agree with the view that, Law meant Natural justice in Article 14.

The various writs, the writ of Habeas Corpus, the writ of Mandamus, the writ of Prohibition, the writ of Certiorari, the writ of Quo warranto have been dealt with very exhaustively, with their historical antecedents and with abundant case law. Mr. Venkatasubba Rao has given in this book a wealth of American and other foreign decisions, and where necessity demands, has also given extracts from foreign judgements.

The Freedom of Commerce, discussed in Chapter IX is highly instructive, drawn as it is, mostly from U. S. decisions like *Gibbons vs Ogden*, *United States vs. E. G. Knight Co.*, etc.

In the last chapters, he discusses the doctrine of Judicial Review, the Rule of law, and Suspension of Fundamental Rights.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

MANJARI

Special Issue, January 1954

(Publisher: N. Ramaratnam, Kalaimagal Karyalayam, Madras 4)

Manjari is a digest—unique in Tamil—which Mr. T. J. Ranganathan has been editing with distinction for six years now. It has caught the attention of the reading public which has taken to it with kindly interest. In this special issue, as in the ordinary numbers, Mr. Ranganathan has included all the usual features which have earned for him the reputation as the fashioner of the tabloid.

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K. MAHADEVAN

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FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THE Chinese Cultural Delegation now in India visited Bombay last week. The members of the delegation arrived in Bombay on the morning of 1st January; they stayed for three days during which they met a number of film people at different functions. Their first engagement in Bombay was lunch given by K. A. Abbas at his residence in Bandra. At this lunch a number of film personalities like Amiya Chakrabarty, Anil Biswas, Jairaj, Manmohan Krishen, Rajender Singh Bedi, Majrooh Sultanpuri, Achala Sachdeo, Balraj Sahni, Herbert Marshall were present. At the reception given by the Chinese Consul-General on Saturday evening also one could spot many film luminaries like M. B. Billimoria, Nirupa Roy, her husband, Virendra Desai, Bimal Roy and others.

The members of the delegation evinced keen interest in Indian films and expressed a hope that a regular exchange of films between the two nations would commence soon. In this connection, answering questions put by David, one of the members of the delegation said that at the moment there are three centres for film production in China, Peking, Shanghai and a city in North-East China. Out of these three centres, Peking studios produce mainly documentary and educational films while the other two centres produce feature films. Quality rather than quantity is the target of all production; so it is not surprising that China produces only 20 feature films a year. Shanghai Studios, for instance, have four sound stages and last year they turned out eight pictures. In addition they produced some shorts and dubbed a number of Soviet and other foreign films into Chinese. About 2000 people are engaged in Shanghai

Studios, which are managed by the State.

Indeed, in new China, all film production is controlled by the State. The cinemas are not however completely owned by the State; there are a number of privately owned theatres in China. And though China produces only twenty pictures, they prepare 300 copies of each picture to cover the whole nation. The artistes are highly paid; a well-known star receives about Rs. 6000 a month in Shanghai. The artistes have to undergo strenuous rehearsals and when they are not required to act in the films, they act on the stage. A special academy and stage provide the talent for film production.

As *White Haired Girl* is the only Chinese film shown in India and that too two years ago it is difficult to form any opinion about the standard of pictures made in China today. Recently some documentary films are reported to have come from China and they have been censored; let us hope we will soon have an opportunity to see them. Incidentally, the Chinese Government, it is said, is ready to import Indian films on the barter system.

Picture of The Week

DID Bhagwan owe his success to the music of C. Ramachandra or to his own efforts as a writer, director and star? This question has been finally answered in *Rangeela* in which he had no help from C. Ramachandra. *Rangeela*, which has been fairly successful, has proved that Bhagwan can stand on his own legs without the help of any celebrity!

Rangeela follows the usual Bhagwan pattern of entertainment with the same kind of song-and-dance numbers in which he specializes. Jamal Sen, the music director and lyricist, meets his demand quite adequately, though perhaps they do not rise to the heights of C. Ramachandra. But what distinguishes *Rangeela* from other Bhagwan pictures is its theme and Bhagwan's recognition of the fact that it does not suit him to be a romantic hero.

The theme is that of adult education; and again and again Bhagwan points out how humiliating it is for

a grown-up man to confess that he cannot write his own name or read anything. He himself plays the role of an illiterate grown-up son who is harassed by his step-mother.

When he is turned out of the house, he goes to Bombay, first gets involved with a gang of criminals, then starts business of his own and prospers while his father is being fleeced by the step-mother and her relations. In the city, humiliated by his ignorance, he starts educating himself and gets a very lovely teacher to educate him. Naturally, he falls in love with her; but this time his love is not shared by the girl who loves another youth. This lends poignancy and realism to the whole story and makes Bhagwan's character of a simpleton all the more likeable and sympathetic. In the climax, when Bhagwan learns that Purnima does not love him but another man who incidentally misunderstands her, he goes out of his way to convince the lover and gives the girl two thousand rupees which he was taking back to his village to save his father's house from the clutches of a moneylender, so that she could marry the man she loves. Needless to add, the girl, when she comes to know the truth, does not accept money but gives it to his father and when he comes home, after getting himself again involved with police and criminals, he finds all his dreams fulfilled with the village having a new school of its own. The last scuffle with criminals is absolutely forced and has no place in the story; it is meant for those fans of Bhagwan who like to see him fight.

To make this picture entertaining Bhagwan has in his own way interspersed each sequence with a song-and-dance-number. At the slightest provocation Bhagwan starts moving his shoulders and bursts into a song and dance; though one may not appreciate this feature of Bhagwan's acting, it is undoubtedly a popular feature. As an actor Bhagwan is always at his best when he acts the simpleton's role and does not put on any fancy clothes; as a scenarist, he deserves compliments for handling such an ambitious theme in so entertaining a manner; as a director he is

rather crude but has a knack of keeping the proceedings lively. Of the three pictures made by him so far *Rangeela* is comparatively most sensible.

Personality of The Week

WHILE most of the stars were ushering the New Year in gay clubs or in cosy homes, Begum Para was facing the camera and speaking her lines as the clock struck twelve and the sirens blowed to herald the year 1954. She was facing the camera for the first shot of *Mr. 1954* and she was working right upto morning in a bath-tub scene on the cold wintry night of the new year.

So, Para began her new year with work and she hopes that she will have plenty of work for the whole of the year. Till Christmas day which is also her birthday Para did not know that she would celebrate her new year this way. On Christmas eve she got a call from producer K. A. Abbas; on Christmas day, Abbas signed her to play a feature role in *Mr. 1954* and thus gave the best present for her birthday. D. D. Kashyap had given her a similar present a year ago; he had also signed her on her birthday in 1952 for his picture *Naya Ghar*.

While Para was working on the New Year day, many of her friends must have missed her. For she has always been a very lively and gay person in social parties and sports. In the several star cricket matches played during the last three or four years, of all the female stars Begum Para has given a really creditable account of herself and played good cricket.

That is hardly surprising; for during her student days in Aligarh, Para was a champion in many sports events. She comes from an aristocratic Punjabi family; her father was a Sessions Judge at Bikaner. In 1940 she first came to Bombay and moved about with her sister-in-law Pratima Das Gupta; it was in 1943 ten years ago she got her first break when she appeared in Kashyap's *Chand*. Since then she has appeared in many pictures; but somehow she has not reached the top grade.

So alluring and lively in private life, on the screen somehow she fails to impart her allure and life to the roles. Para has perhaps only a personality and no histrionic talent. Or perhaps her way of speaking does not go well with her personality; if only her voice had the fire and force of her off-the-screen personality, she would have been easily at the top now. For she has all the making of an Indian Jane Russel; probably a personality like hers would have been better exploited in Hollywood. Whatever the reason, after a decade, she is still a B-grade star. But this tragedy of her career does not seem to have damped her enthusiasm or zest for life; on the contrary she is more alive than most of her more famous and celebrated compatriots.

News of The Week

ON 31st December '53 at 12 noon Dalsukh M. Pancholi launched his ambitious picture *Lootera*. Jabeen, the new star who is making her

debut in S. M. Yusuf's *Guzara* faced the camera. The cast includes Nasir Khan and Om Prakash. Shaikh Mukhtar is also likely to appear in a key role. R. S. Chowdhary wrote the story and dialogue. C. Ramchandra is giving the music while Rajendra Krishna is writing the lyrics.

Twelve hours later at the same studio, Abbas began the shooting of Naya Sansar's *Mr. 1954* with Begum Para in front of the camera. On 1st January morning Nakshab launched his new picture *Raftar* which will be directed by Verma, the erstwhile cinematographer of M. & T. Studios. Nadira and Mohan are playing the stellar roles.

A new record in shooting was established by Lekhraj Bhakri who started the shooting of his new picture *Dak Babu* starring Nadira, Talat Mehmood and Manmohan on 11th December '53 at Chandivli open air studio and completed the picture by 5th January 1954 without a break.

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THE ODD MAN OUT

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

HE was evidently considered a dangerous man.

But whether Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria was a dangerous man or a man caught out in a dangerous game only history can tell. No, perhaps not even history. For history is the record of the perceived, the known. It is, as Sir S. Radhakrishnan said, the memory of a community. But when a community suffers from mass amnesia, there is no history. And Beria must remain a mystery for ever.

I think one of the signs of a dictatorship, whether of a party or of a person, is the predictability of its reactions and movements. The end remains constant. The retention of power. The skeletal framework being fixed, there is no scope for fluidity of action. What we have learnt to call a democratic government, a government like Britain's or even an indeterminate, meet it-as-you-go government like India's adapts its course to the movement of history. They move, they pause, they retrace their step, or they just stand and stare. The end is forever changing, often receding. Even the sky is no limit. The Soviet Government adapts history to its unflinching, relentless, single-minded pursuit. It moves in repetitive, persistent grooves. There is a determinism in Soviet affairs which is inconsistent with freedom. For the Government or its fountain-head, the Communist Party, there is no past, only a present which once it has been passed, dies.

When almost exactly a year ago the Russian nest of Jewish doctors was denounced it was predicted by the bolder and more enterprising western press that perhaps this was the first step in the planned liquidation of Lavrenti Beria, Chief of Soviet Security. Such things had happened before. Even terror has its logic. Every Soviet official carries the political responsibility for his own work and that of his subordinates. Negligence in his department is a reflection on his efficiency. But

there is a frontier beyond which even logic becomes pure terror. This frontier has been crossed in Communist Russia time and again. At the peak of every phase of the Communist evolution is this frontier. It is the turning point. When Trotsky was exiled in 1927, during the famine of 1933, in the Great Purge of 1936-38, the bewilderment and confusion and insecurity of the Russian peoples must have reached its peak. Then came the return. It was always the same. Return to easier times, to plenty, to cuts in prices, to a liberal policy, to a new forgetting. The Communist Party of Russia is lucky in its people. The people evidently don't have a memory which works backwards.

It is generally thought strange that Beria could not have seen the writing on the wall when he was appointed Minister for Internal Affairs and Chief of the Secret Service. Two Chiefs of the Secret Service had been liquidated before him. That position was the most vulnerable, and offered the easiest target. Not only is the end constant in the Communist movement as has been mentioned earlier, but there is no room at the top of the Soviet edifice for more than one person. If two aspire to reach it, it becomes a duel with no holds barred, each choosing his own weapons.

It is difficult to say whether the Soviet State is still in the making as Mr. Kennan holds or whether Communism has not yet permeated every corner and crevice and nook and cranny of the Fatherland. The two are generally believed to go together. But it is still more difficult to find a feasible explanation for the periodic 'purge' which chips the ranks of Soviet Communists with terrifying regularity. To understand the purge, or as the Russians call it, *chistka*, it is necessary first to understand the Soviet mind. The *chistka* or cleansing, the *prorabotka* or check-up which involves self-criticism and

January 9, 1954

confession, are as much part of Soviet thought and mental make-up as non-violence was of Gandhiji's and harakiri was of the Japanese. Out of the holocaust of the October Revolution like a demented brain wave came the Purge. And again and again through three decades it has struck at the Soviet citizen and the Communist Party. Of Lenin's Old Guard who fought and won the Civil War of 1917, nineteen were purged leaving Stalin and V. M. Molotov in sole possession of all they surveyed. In the thirties, just before the Second World War, came the second and more terrible Purge which affected almost every man, woman and child in the Union. The Red Army was cleaned out, gun, bayonet and uniform. The banknotes that were in circulation with the signature of five high officials had to be withdrawn because all five of them were arrested. In 1938 they issued new rouble notes with no signature at all. Malenkov made out the lists of people who had to go. Vishinsky was the Public Prosecutor in the trials of the purged. Then came the appointment of Lavrenti Beria. He went a step further. He purged the purgers. The third great Purge started when the war was over. It affected the New Revolutionaries. Poland's Gomulka, Hungary's Razk, Czechoslovakia's Slansky and Rumania's Anna Pauker. Came a lull with the death of Stalin. But it was short-lived. The blow against the No. 2 man in the Soviet hierarchy has been struck swiftly and surely.

Malenkov has played the ace.

The reasons given for the various purges are by themselves a significant commentary on the Communist movement in Russia. In the nineteen twenties concealment of social origin and political passivity were cause enough to send a man to his death. It was dropped a decade later for counter-revolutionary activity and sabotage which soon gave place in the post-war period to espionage on behalf of capitalist States. As at present it is threat to collective leadership and is likely to be that as long as the leadership is in the plural number. One more purge could well reduce it to the singular.

EVERY country and government fixes certain safeguards against subversion in the State. No government feels comfortable or can do its best with traitors trying to dig out the foundations of its security. But treason in Russia has a peculiar hue. To Stalin opposition was treason. A traitor, generally speaking, is a rebel who tries to undermine an established or acknowledged system. In Russia the system being not yet established or generally acknowledged as the spasmodic purges prove, a traitor may be an upstart, an original thinker, a power-mad politician—or a liberal. A non-conformist by the same reasoning becomes a traitor. In Britain the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament is the crucial testing point. Those who try to blow them up are called traitors and put in gaol and given social psychiatric treatment. Those who stop short of buying the dynamite are called the Opposition and given a seat in Parliament. Democracy is the breeding-ground for traitors.

Why do the Russians conform with what seems to the rest of the world as blatantly anti-democratic and suppressive institutions? Perhaps they do not know what else to do. They have no democratic traditions to confuse their mind. Their limit of knowledge is the facts they are fed on. Their basis for truth is the word of the government. Even their emotions are synthetic. They feel and think and do as ordered from above. Right in the heart of the Soviet Empire, slowly widening, is an emotional vacuum.

All people cannot stay all the time as mere bundles of ordered and automatic reflexes. One can seal off a country or a continent but not the human mind. Somewhere in the Soviet hothouse under the outward calm consciousness of men, will one day be born a question which must be answered. And when that doubt spreads it can launch a revolution compared to which the French Revolution was mere child's play. If it is unkind to deny men the wherewithal to feed their bodies, it is dangerous to deny them the wherewithal to feed their minds.

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SLEEPING REVENUE

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

A DISTINGUISHED friend asked me a question the other day. I was telling him that the customs duty on exposed films (ready for screening) imported into India was ridiculously low. It has been stratified at 4 annas per foot of exposed film. Take a foreign picture which comes into this country and collects Rs. 25 lakhs—one picture has actually collected this amount, and more, recently. The customs duty paid on this picture is about Rs. 15,000 or Rs. 20,000 depending on the number of prints imported. This works to less than 1 per cent of the value of the picture. If you go through the customs tariff, you will not find one per cent occurring in the items therein as ad valorem duty. If an automobile concern imports Rs. 25 lakhs' worth of motor cars, it will pay a duty of about Rs. 18½ lakhs, representing 75 per cent of the value.

Why then, in the case of exposed film is the customs duty not related to the value or the earning capacity of the film? Put in this way, the matter immediately raises certain difficulties. My friend who is a distinguished intellectual, holding very high office today, was quick to pounce upon the two difficulties which stand out. Firstly, he said, "Your argument is all right if a picture collects Rs. 25 lakhs but if a picture collects, say Rs. 2,500, then the percentage is not 1 but 100." He is right, of course. Secondly, he said "Don't you see that the value or earning capacity of a picture is a highly speculative proposition—a matter which the future unfolds? How can this be assessed at the time of import and how is it possible to fix the excise on this unpredictable quantity?"

Vital questions, these. The answers, however, are not difficult to one acquainted with the mechanism of film taxation. The first thing to be settled is whether it is agreed that

exposed film should be valued for purpose of levy of customs duty on the basis of the earning capacity of the picture. The word 'ad valorem' means nothing more and nothing less; it is almost the universal rule in the application of customs excise. I want it to be agreed that there is no special reason why exposed film should be treated differently and why it should not be assessed on ad valorem basis.

My friend's questions were aimed, it will be seen, not at the propriety of the proposal but at its practicability. Of the two questions posed, I would dispose of the subsidiary point as to the duty raising itself to more than 100 per cent if the collections were below the excise value mark. In the way in which I want this to be worked out, the duty will be related to the earning capacity; and whatever a picture earns, whether it earns more or less, it pays proportionately to earnings, which means that the subsidiary point may be put aside, once we determine on a practicable way of arriving at the assessment of value.

IT is true that the earning capacity of a picture is most unpredictable. No estimate, however carefully drawn up, and whatever the expertness which has gone into its making, will, except by accident, correspond with reality, and surely the customs officials are not pandits in the line. The way-out will be to find a mechanism which will give the value unerringly and help base excise on that value.

My solution is patterned on the lines of the procedure now adopted—adopted without any difficulty—in the recovery of entertainment tax. What is done here is to get weekly statements of collections sent to the authorities and for weekly remittance of entertainment tax to be made on the basis of these collections. Concretely, I suggest that an initial

deposit be made with the customs authorities in respect of each exposed film coming into this country of, say Rs. 5000—just to start with. Every month let the distributor of the foreign picture make out his statement of collections and send them with the remittance to the customs authorities. There can be no difficulty here, because even now these statements are prepared for submission to the entertainment tax authorities. All that is needed under my present suggestion is to have another set of statements made out and submitted once a month—instead of once a week—to the customs, instead of to the entertainment tax authorities. There need be no fear that there will be any leak in this method. It depends for its soundness on the method adopted in the collection of entertainment tax, and this has proved practically leak-proof. In any case, check and counter-check between customs and entertainment tax authorities will be available and can be resorted to, whenever thought necessary.

THE only two questions which remain are how long the remittances should continue, what will be the percentage of remittance? It is obvious that the answer to the first question is—as long as the foreign picture is exploited. The answer to the second question is that the percentage of remittance should be such as is fixed by the Central Government, depending on the classification

of the article in question. If exposed film is put on a par with automobiles, the duty will be 75 per cent. The decision is with the Central Government. It should, however, be remembered that the percentage is only on the distributors' earnings and it is the distributor who has to make out his statements and his remittance under the procedure suggested, in the account of the importer, whoever he may be. Often he is the distributor himself.

If the film industry has a voice in the matter, it is bound to set up a claim that the additional revenue should be applied to providing relief to it from the harassment of the entertainment tax, which is very high.

★

Mother, monogamy, romance. High spurts the fountain; fierce and foamy the wild jet. The urge has but a single outlet. My love, my baby. No wonder those poor pre-moderns were mad and wicked and miserable . . . what with the prohibitions they were not conditioned to obey, what with the temptations and the lonely remorse, what with all the diseases and the endless isolating pain, what with the uncertainties and the poverty they were forced to feel strongly. And feeling strongly (and strongly, what was more, in solitude, in hopelessly individual isolation), how could they be stable?—ALDOUS HUXLEY, in *Brave New World*

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Birth Control

Sir,—Kindly permit me to make known the following through the medium of your esteemed paper, for the information of those who may be interested in birth control.

Although many people in our country are in favour of birth control and different methods have been recommended by various persons, none has so far come to a definite conclusion as to what method is suited to the Indian people and to Indian climatic conditions and which would be easy to follow even by lower class people, among whom the birth rate is higher than others.

Marie Carmichael Stopes, President and Founder of the Mother's Clinic for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, London has, at my request, sent me a few copies of a pamphlet, wherein she has described a sound method "Sponge and oil or cotton waste and oil" which uses only native products and does not involve any of the difficult and costly methods available in the market. She says that this method which is particularly suited to Indian women, was first published in 1934. The woman using this method can make what she requires from the things she has in the home and though the method is so simple, it is really a very good and reliable one if used carefully. While commenting upon the "rhythmic" or so-called "safe period" method suggested by Dr. Abraham Stone of the U. S. A., she emphatically says that it is unreliable, very unnatural and even if dates are carefully noted, the woman herself may change without warning. Full details as to how to make use of the method suggested by Dr. Stopes, are described in the pamphlet.

N. V. R. SWAMY

University Education

Sir,—Anent Sri M. S. V. Chari's letter in SWATANTRA of 12th December 1953, apart from the question of the Government being unable to keep pace with the ever growing demand for education, the vast bulk of students, who come from the middle class, are unable to pursue their studies mainly due to financial reasons.

They are forced to seek some employment to augment their family earnings and it very often happens that the best student in the school is too poor to think of college education. But the craving for university education is always there and as Mr. Chari rightly puts it, the Government charge that they are over fond of degrees.

The London University affords facilities to foreign students to register themselves as external students and allows them to appear for their Intermediate and degree examinations held in Ceylon and other Commonwealth countries. There is no examination centre in India. Even in Ceylon, the nearest centre, the authorities insist on some residential qualification. The Government of India, on enquiry state that they are not in favour of allowing foreign universities to hold their examinations here, when such facilities are available in India. I am not aware of any such facilities in India, especially in the Madras State. Our educationists refuse to be convinced of the necessity to recognise private study for university education at least in the arts subjects. They will not brook any interference by the executive but are bent on allowing communal considerations to prevail in the way of poor students getting higher education. The university in India has long functioned as the citadel of obscurantism and has no academic vision or forethought.

If the Government of India cannot influence the universities to allow private students to appear for their Intermediate and degree examinations, can they not at least allow the London University to hold their examinations in India, to help aspiring students?

V. SWAMINATHAN

Library Organisation in Coimbatore

Sir,—It is encouraging to read the letter of Sri R. Srinivasa Iyengar published in SWATANTRA of November 14. The Coimbatore Local Library Authority has to congratulate itself on having aroused curiosity as to why the Library has not started functioning. But it is disappointing to find Sri Srinivasa Iyengar identifying himself with the public in raising that question, as there are many at present making use of the Central Library in Coimbatore run by the Local Library Authority. The sapling has just been planted and it will take time to take deep root and shoot branches all round and this explains why branch libraries have not yet come into being.

I am at a loss to know why an imaginary figure of 1½ lakhs should be given as the cess collected by the Coim-

bature Municipality. The Mahatma Gandhi Memorial Building has come into being and stands as the humble tribute of the Coimbatore Municipality to the Father of the Nation. But the building has not yet been taken possession of by the Local Library Authority. The generous offer of the Municipal Council and the enthusiasm of the Local Library Authority are there; but every attempt requires some time to materialise as it has to go through the unavoidable technical procedures. It will be unjust to say that the Municipality has washed its hands of the affair. The Chairman and the Municipal Council are as highly enthusiastic and anxious as the writer, if not more, to see to the fruition of their endeavours to house a library in a building put up in memory of a great man whose God was Truth.

The suggestion that the Municipality be entrusted with the running and maintenance of libraries in future is a commendable one; but why should it be subjected to the supervision and guidance of the Local Library Authority? The Municipality that is now capable of running elementary schools and high schools and reading rooms will undoubtedly maintain a library efficiently. If the Local Library Authority is considered to be apathetic, as alleged, it is not due to lack of enthusiasm and initiative.

B. R. KRISHNAMOORTHY
Chairman,

Local Library Authority,
Peelamedu.

Appointments to Selection Posts

Sir,—The Railway Board in classifying posts on the Indian Railways have laid down two worthy principles. One is that only important and key posts should be filled by selection on the basis of merit. The other is that the staff entering railway service should be able to reach on the basis of seniority posts upto a reasonably high level, beyond which only the process of selection should operate. The Board have declared that only posts in the grade of Rs. 200—300 and above will be treated as selection posts. They have also recounted the various factors that go to constitute merit (with their relative importance) as follows: (a) record of service, 20 per cent; (b) seniority, 30 per cent; (c) professional ability and capacity to do the particular job, 20 per cent; and (d) personality, address and leadership, 30 per cent.

Let us now turn to the Madras State Government Service. At present, in this service, a person entering service as a lower division clerk has no certainty that his seniority would enable him to reach

a certain level higher up. In many departments, even posts of upper division clerks carrying a salary of Rs. 80-110 have been declared as selection posts. The Government have not specified the content of 'merit.' What features and attributes go, according to the appointing authority, to make up merit are not known. There are no well-defined and verifiable criteria either.

It is to be hoped that the Madras Government would revise the rules governing promotions, in the light of the principles enunciated by the Railway Board, so as to give reasonable scope for men with service and even otherwise qualified and to minimise the chances of their being overlooked on the sole and elusive ground of want of 'merit.' Government should also direct heads of departments to see to it that their subordinate offices prepare regularly periodical lists of personnel fit for promotion.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government Servants'
Association, Madurai.

Madras Corporation Mystery

Sir,—Will you permit me to place before the authorities concerned, what seems to be a Madras Corporation Mystery which has been baffling hundreds and thousands of citizens of the City.

In the matter of collection of house-tax, etc., the Corporation from time immemorial has been pursuing the practice of issuing demand notices which are served on house-owners by tax-collectors who also collect the tax.

Sometime ago, I received, one fine morning, a heartening notice from the Revenue Department of the Corporation stating that I had defaulted, that tax could not be collected from me, and unless I paid the amount due immediately, proceedings would be initiated for distraintaining my property.

I immediately sent the amount to the Revenue Officer by money order and wrote to him more than one letter requesting him to let me know by what process of intellection or cerebration he had concluded that tax could not be collected from me. I am yet to have a reply.

The tax collector, whoever it was, seems to have told his superiors some idle story, as a result of which, a threatening notice was issued to me. Now will you or any of your readers be pleased to throw light on the following:

What are the categories of houses tax-collectors, visit or are expected to visit for collection of taxes?

Do they visit all the houses in areas entrusted to them or lying within their zonal jurisdiction? If not, why not?

I was throughout in Madras and no tax collector came to my house for the collection of the amount, and when that was so, who was it that represented to the Revenue Officer that the amount could not be collected from me?

Why did the authorities issue the threatening notice acting on totally erroneous information?

Why are letters not promptly answered by the Revenue Officer? Or, sometimes NOT answered at all?

I shall be deeply thankful if some city father, who may chance to read my letter in your esteemed columns will take this matter up for securing riddance of the existing vagaries in the Corporation, in respect of house-tax collection.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Commission on the Reorganisation of States

Sir.—While hastening to welcome the Commission on the reorganisation of States that has at last been announced, it can be said that the personnel of the Commission has been carefully chosen.

But the terms of reference of the Commission have once again been delightfully kept vague. They are such that they drive any sensible person into confusion as to why the Commission has at all been constituted. If it were not for the persistent demand for the formation of linguistic groups of the country which had been gathering momentum since the attainment of freedom culminating in the formation of the Andhra State at the crest of an unprecedented popular upheaval, there was no need at all for the reconsideration of the problem. So instead of accepting the principle of the linguistic division of the country and asking the commission to act on its task on this basis, to make it again the subject matter for consideration is both unfortunate and unwarranted. This vagueness may kindle the simmering suspicions of the people and might even excite them into unavoidable frenzy to make their demands felt.

It has also not been made clear whether the recommendations of the Commission are to be binding on the Government or whether they are to meet the same fate as the Dhar Committee's recommendations or the recent Wanchoo report. Not to clarify this issue is to make the people at large sceptical about its work and it may even make them apathetic.

The tone of the announcement of the Prime Minister leads one to conclude

that he himself is not very convinced about the necessity of the commission. To be constantly harping on the unity and security of the country is to bring in a non-existent bugbear into the picture. When these are supposed to be safe even in the present set up of the country which has been accepted by the Prime Minister himself as due to historical accident, it is beyond one's comprehension how these can be jeopardised when the boundaries are reorganised on the only rational basis, the basis of language, particularly when the country has a strong central constitution as it does. Again the units divided on a linguistic basis should be able to put up more cohesive effort in the great National Plan undertaken for the progress of the country, rather than the present or any future pattern, if it were other than the linguistic pattern, of the units that are sure to be rent on the bedrock of heterogeneity of language and cultures.

The Prime Minister has not found his way to come with an assurance that the problem would be approached without prejudices or predilections. What the Prime Minister has omitted to do we hope the Commission itself would do.

The Commission itself has been asked to lay down its procedure for work. I would like to take this opportunity to remind the Commission that they should not undertake a wholesale tour of the country including border areas which may give rise to untoward manifestation of popular discontent but they should conduct their investigations from four or five important places. Again in respect of the States formed on the linguistic basis by the British Government in 1936 the Commission should take into consideration the data obtaining at the time of the formation of these states but not the present data as the complexion of these states has since been changed due to various reasons. The Commission should finally demarcate the boundaries of each State going into very detailed examination and thus do away with the necessity of any further boundary commission.

It is hoped that the Prime Minister will revise the terms of reference to the extent that language has been accepted as the basis for reorganisation of the States. Meanwhile activities of a few Congressmen led by Sri S. K. Patil to undermine the cause of the linguistic division of the country by their recent Unity Party moves have to be guarded against.

C. VAMANA MURTY
Secretary, All India Linguistic
Minorities' Conference.

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Issued Weekly

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ON THE COVER: Sri S. Anantaramakrishnan greeting Mr. Frank Perkins, Chairman of Perkins Ltd., Peterborough, England, at the Madras airport. Mr. Perkins has come to India on a business tour.

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PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

Long periods of having nothing to do, for one or other of the parties to a marriage, are fatal to the happiness of both. The economy of our day leaves large tracts of unoccupied time at the disposal of women which they are unable to fill with objective external interests, with the result that through self-absorption, they pass on to discontent and the perpetual unhappiness of the self-pity that comes of thinking always of oneself; cut off from a healthy interest in other things, their souls judge everything by its ability to minister to their own appetites—they grouse, they sulk, they take offence without cause, they nurse fantastic grievances, they imagine incomprehensible slights and they give in overmuch to bickering and quarrelling. Many tongues wag of love but very few grasp the reality of its essential quality which is social and is comprised in a way of living and not in measurable demonstrations of endearment. . . . In the case of men and women of ripened experience capable of learning the art of living through suffering, through the shocks of misfortune, through their own acts of folly and their knowledge of good and evil in themselves and in others, love and renunciation meet and become interchangeable, ceasing to be a discipline and becoming a philosophy.

Swatantra
November 9, 1946

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REACTIONS TO LINGUISTIC STATES

THE conference of Malayalees which met at Madras last week passed a resolution that a linguistic Kerala State would not be conducive to the welfare and progress of the Malayalees. The Malayalees are a highly educated and progressive community. They have expanded into other States, and they wield a considerable influence in the Centre. Separatist movements do not generally spring from dominant communities. If the principle of linguistic division evoked great fervour in the Andhras, it was because they felt themselves left out of many good things in industry, in the services, and in other fields where power and profit tend to stimulate the urge for competition. To some extent, the clamour of the Andhras for separation may be described as the result of a consciousness on their part of being left behind in the race of life by more powerful partners in the governance of the State. If the Malayalees had been in the same position as the Andhras, it is not unlikely that they too would have demanded separation.

THE urge for separation comes from a feeling of ill-usage, and represents one of the failures of democracy. It is one of the dangers of a democratic system of government that too much importance is given to the counting of votes. The result of this is that minority elements fall into a role of ineffective opposition, and accumulating grievances, develop into centres fomenting disintegration. Linguistic States, unfortunately, do not completely dispose of the antagonism between majority and minority as a disruptive force in politics. The establishment of the Andhra State, for example, has not served entirely as an integrating impetus. In the very process of creating a new administrative power, it has given a fillip to rivalries that had been dormant previously, and one of the Ministers of the Andhra Government itself, went so far as to say that if the view of his group did not prevail, he would agitate for the reincorporation of the region to which he belonged back again in Madras State.

THE whole issue of linguistic States has been confused by sentiment, martyrdom, the ill-will of frustrations and similar other factors. It should be thought afresh on saner lines. To elevate language into a basic principle for the regulation of State boundaries is as dangerous as dividing territory on the basis of religion. In a country of many languages like India, a multi-lingual atmosphere is valuable for social harmony and national unity. No language should be armed with administrative power for banishing others from its area or making their position less secure. The spirit of linguistic separation is only one of the several forms of the fissiparous impulse provoked by majority domination. The right remedy for this is not

redistribution of territory but reform in the methods of government. The really disintegrating factor in the present set-up is the mixing up of power with privilege on the part of the parties in control of the administration. Political influence invades routine administration, disinherit in varying degrees individual suitors for administrative justice bereft of political influence.

IT is of course futile now to cavil against linguistic States, so overpowering is the momentum in their favour traceable primarily to abuses of authority by parochial-minded leaders at the helm of affairs. The linguistic division of the country may be expected to progress apace for some time. But if, side by side with it, standards of government improve, language would lose value as a rampart for any demand of justice. Only then will an integrating principle of national unity prove attractive and get itself established as an emblem of sane political thought. The present fissiparous tendencies throw a grave reflection on the shortcomings of our rulers. With their narrow minds they have fostered hectic regionalism in the masses. Just as linguism is the by-product of bad government, emancipation from it cannot come except as the crown of democratic fulfilment.

Sotto Voce

THE BEAU AMONG THE BUREAUCRATS



LET us now cultivate the graces. Mr. Nehru, remembering Atatürk of blessed memory, has taken time from the cares of State to lay down a sartorial code for his 'barbarians.' Of course, as a good democrat, he insists, "This is not an order but a recommendation for the present" (italics mine). You need not, however, scan too curiously the outlines of the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. We have Mr. Nehru's own authority for the statement that we are all snobs—though from delicate consideration for the feelings of the not so well to do classes he excluded them from the indictment. So to hear is to obey. *Hukum, Sircar!*

The *chaprassi* in the North Block may privately deplore the passing of his blazing red and gold uniform.

For, *pace* the Prime Minister, the lower orders do love a spot of colour and the popinjay was ever a snob. But more material considerations will contribute to his uneasiness. In the days that are now doomed, when he reclined gracefully on the bench outside his boss's door the latter tiptoed in and out of his room so as not to disturb his magnificent lacquey's repose: imagine Gog and Magog coming down from their perch and standing at attention every time the Lord Mayor ambled in and out of the Guildhall. But an attendant in the regulation rig-up lolling on a bench might overwhelm the equanimity of the mere official who might even pluck up the courage to thrust a file into his dreaming cherub face.

And, again, the caller on business

might happen to find a figure dressed in the national uniform standing at the door of a license-dispensing chief's room. And in the innocence of his heart he might press into the hand of the apparition the crackling rupee note, to discover to his horror that he had given the boss the *douceur* intended for the batman (in military parlance). The predicament must not be dismissed as wholly fanciful: *chaprassis* do run errands occasionally. And it would be mighty hard on the poor official to lay him open to the suspicion of wishing to pinch his peon's perquisite!

Mr. Nehru plans to kill two birds with one stone. By giving Government servants a uniform he hopes to induce a spirit of discipline and at the same time strike a blow against casteism. But casteism—by which he means a sense of hierarchy—is the soul of a uniform. In that Europe which he loves so well with all her faults, the peasant's smock—which might at a distance be mistaken for the short coat of his choice—was the badge of servitude as unmistakably as the fur-lined cloak indicated the gentleman. And the frontiers were impassable, the Tolstois notwithstanding. Mr. Nehru himself, forgetting his egalitarian principles, would put a bit of braid on officials' collars for State occasions—we hope that will not embarrass bandsmen wearing their wonted apparel—and concedes that the uniform may be made of cotton, wool or even patriotic silk!

Mr. Nehru would rein in his passion for originality so far as to retain an evening dress of sorts—though there is as much resemblance between swallow-tail and *sherwani* as between rabbit and Welsh rabbit. The officially prescribed gala dress is

sherwani and *churidar* pyjamas, in which Mr. Nehru himself looks strikingly handsome. But, then, he looks handsome in any dress—including the stiff collars and spotted ties of the West which he so contemns and which he does not disdain to use when he is abroad. In that one important respect he differs from another great ruler, the late lamented Stalin.

But for bureaucrats, penny-plain and tuppence-coloured, close coat and trousers, with or without trimmings, will be *de rigueur* hereafter in New York as in New Delhi. We do not know whether Mr. Nehru has had a taste of the medicine, which he would prescribe for others. But I have a feeling that even his spiny figure would not be set to advantage by a dress which is immemorably associated with the menial establishment of white *burra sahebs*. There are still some things to be thankful for, as I tell myself, thinking of my providential escape from Government service thirty-two years ago.

But let us praise in departing. Who knows how short a step it may be from an official uniform to a national uniform? You will observe that nowhere in the 1500 words or so of Mr. Nehru's thesis is the humble *dhoti* mentioned—though Greece in her glory and Rome in her splendour were content with just such seamless garments. That he himself occasionally condescends to wear it is perhaps a pitying concession to our weakness. But was he not leaning too heavily on his popularity when he decreed that the *sari* shall stay? No doubt he thoughtfully excepted our Amazons at play. But did he imagine he could constrain them for ever to the status of playthings?

VIGNESWARA

In radio broadcasts there is on rare occasions a sentence sent out into the ether which is not intended to be included in the broadcast. An amusing incident in the broadcast of the Royal Society of St. George's dinner held in London. At the end of the toast listeners were astonished to hear a voice say, "Oh, I beg your pardon; I drank your champagne."—*An anecdote*

SIDELIGHTS :

A FEW months after SWATANTRA was started, Sri T. N. Natesa Aiyar joined the office as Manager. He was not known to me then, but he was recommended by Dr. C. R. Krishnaswami. Recommendations are generally given for the asking and they are rarely treated very seriously. But there are some who have such a scrupulous sense of the effect of their recommendations that as a rule they never give them without the greatest care and circumspection. Dr. Krishnaswami is one of these. A certificate of merit from him has therefore a mandatory force. He did the greatest service to SWATANTRA when he gave it Sri Natesa Aiyar as Manager.

A month ago, Sri Natesa Aiyar had a stroke in the office on account of high blood pressure, and so grave was his condition then that I despaired of his recovery. Fortunately, some of his friends were very eminent doctors, and with vigilant and devoted attention, they pulled him through the crisis. With my thanksgiving for his recovery there was mixed a perturbed feeling that it was the strain of overwork in the office that had brought him very near to collapse. I felt that if he was to live long he must have complete rest, though I know his joy was in work and he had no relish for inactivity. Accordingly I wrote to him requesting him to desist from work and accept a pension of Rs. 75 per month. His reply was characteristic.

"The word Swatantra has been a charm and inspiration for putting forth the best in me. To sever connection with it and from your midst is really a pang which I fail in words to express.

"As regards the pension proposed by you, I do not feel that I have put in any long service to merit it. Besides, it may turn out to be an inconvenient precedent. If you still feel like it, you may give me a small sum in token of the services rendered by me, which I shall gladly accept, considering it multiplied a thousand-fold . . ."

Eight years may not be considered

technically a long enough duration of service to entitle one for a life pension, but the true measure of serviceability lies not in duration merely, but in quality, in the example of devotion set, in the standard of rectitude, and in placing the welfare of the institution above the interests of self. External causes only partially impair the progress of a newspaper venture. The real danger to its stability lies in the incapacity of its employees to subordinate themselves to the requisites of its growth. Far too many of them have no thought of lightening its burden to the extent it can safely bear. Their primordial preoccupation is with wages without regard to output. Against the rancid materialism of the modern workaday world, Sri Natesa Aiyar impressed me as a gem of a man, with an infinite forbearance for the clamours of labour, with a disposition patterned like a saint's, yet endowed in practical affairs with an undecivable shrewdness of which a keen businessman might be proud.

Such success as SWATANTRA has had, has been largely of his making. He made no enemies. Everyone who came to him, he turned into a friend. The goodwill he thus created for the office is beyond reckoning. Not the shadow of even the mildest dispute ever disturbed our uniformly happy relations. He gave so much to SWATANTRA that nothing it can return in recognition of his services can be considered adequate. His retirement would have left the affairs of the journal in a mess, but fortunately for SWATANTRA it has found a worthy successor for him in Sri Manjeri S. Isvaran who joined us as Literary Editor in June last. Isvaran has all the great qualities of Sri Natesa Aiyar with (being younger) more physical vigour and energy and a more modern outlook. He is a book-lover and he has plans in plenty for a publishing line to make worthwhile books available to readers of SWATANTRA and the general public.

SAKA

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN

THE conferring of a knighthood on Jacob Epstein the sculptor by the Queen of England must come as a pleasant shock to the admirers of the artist. London over the face of which his works are scattered has not exactly been thrilled by his genius. His *Rima* when it was installed in Hyde Park was painted green by outraged Londoners. His figures on the South Rhodesian Government Buildings on the Strand were mutilated. Lord Darling himself has confessed to being confused between Epstein and Einstein. "I know," he said, "they both misuse figures."

Epstein's sculpture does strike one at a first glance as "crude, rough, uncouth" and his rough surface treatment of the medium seems positively repellant. He breaks the law of proportions time and again. He often deliberately distorts. He has not the delicate touch. His work barring a few of the smaller pieces is, positively ugly. But wasn't it Thomas Mann who said that works

of art whose function it is to express the soul and the emotions are always so ugly as to be beautiful and so beautiful as to be ugly?" His works are full of an inner tension, of a vitality and a potential energy which one does not so much see with one's eyes as recognise with one's instinct. One may like Jacob Epstein's art or one may not but one cannot ignore it. One has to accept it as one accepts a fact of nature. There is about it something so elemental and epic, something tuned to the basic, which challenges not man's sympathy or understanding but his recognition. His motto is a quotation from Ford: *I remain silent in my work.*

The honour that has now been done to this Russo-Polish Jew does not at all indicate a promotion to favour in the eyes of ordinary English people. Epstein has been swimming against the tide for years. But the seal of approval by the Queen of England will, it is hoped, influence public opinion to the extent of its sparing him the green paint.

S. R.



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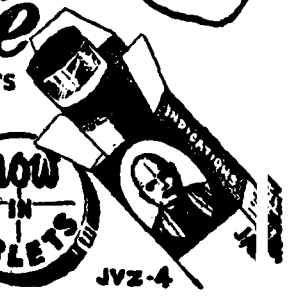
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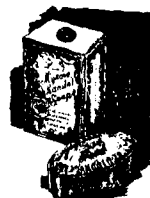
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IRON CURTAIN IN EUROPE

(Exposition by Peter Strasser, M. P.)

By KAMALA APPA RAO AND DR. K. B. MENON

MR. PETER STRASSER, M.P. came to India as leader of a delegation of four members sent on a goodwill mission by the International Union of Socialist Youth. He is also entrusted with some UNESCO mission. The other three members of the delegation are from Sweden, Israel and Netherlands.

Strasser is a member of the Austrian Parliament and represents a constituency in the Russian occupied sector of Austria. He is also a member on the Foreign Relations Committee of the House. Strasser arrived in Madras on Christmas day and left three days later by plane to Allahabad to attend the Praja Socialist Party Conference. During the three days that he stayed in the city he visited all the party units, addressed several group meetings and on the last evening addressed a public meeting in Ranade Hall, Mylapore.

In the redistribution of countries that came in the wake of the last world war, the imperial empire of Austria was split into two and Austria came within the occupation of four powers, USA, France, Russia and Great Britain. Strasser lives in the Russian occupied sector and is within the so-called "Iron Curtain" area. Many are under the impression that this word, "Iron Curtain," is used in a figurative sense. It is not so. Strasser in his talks had a lot to say about the Iron Curtain. It is not an iron curtain but a barricade or a trap made of electrocuted steel wires and explosive mines stretching over hundreds of miles all along the border of the satellite states. The barricade is made up of two lines of steel wires at a width of twenty feet with the intervening space mined with explosives. The wires are charged with high power electric current. Impressive watch towers punctuate these steel barricades and if any runaway refugees manage to escape the highly charged wires they are shot

down by automatic guns from the towers. The whole trail is blazed with electric lights all hours of the night. He narrated the recent experience of a family who were attempting to cross the Iron Curtain of the Czechoslovakian border. The father, mother and a child were killed in the effort by electrocution. Another child escaped with an arm less, only to be handed back by the Russian police to the Czechoslovakian Government.

Liberation And Liberators

THE Russian army was hailed as the liberation army when the troops marched into the occupied territory in 1945 as a result of the Peace Treaty. From 1917 onwards the sympathies of the Austrian working class were with Russia. When the Russians came in and the Stalinist Communists took over from the Hitlerite Nazis the people thought that they were turning a new corner. They hardly realised that they were jumping from the frying pan into the fire. It actually proved to be so. To quote Strasser, "It did not take twenty-four hours before this national goodwill changed into one of lasting bitter hatred. The women of the land were raped by the Russian soldiers. It has left a bitter memory and we shall never forget it. Occupation armies everywhere misbehave but not this way. Problems of abortion and venereal diseases are subjects of discussion at village women's meetings even to this day."

Another peculiar feature of the Russian sector is kidnapping. Men, women and children are carried away in broad daylight by the Russian soldiers coming in military jeeps. No warrants are shown and no reasons are given. Uptodate there have been 800 cases of kidnapping. When Socialist papers put up headlines the Russians deny but after three or four months the Minister for Home or Justice will receive a communication saying that so and so was tried by a

Russian court, found guilty and sentenced to 'three years' penal servitude in Siberia. The Russian soldier never fraternises with the people nor do the people care to associate with him. He is a privileged person and above law.

Parties And Parliament

THERE are 165 members in the Austrian Parliament. The President is directly elected and is a Socialist. In the Parliament the Conservatives have 74 seats, the Socialists 73, the Independents 14 and the Communists 4. It is obvious that the coalition government is unstable and that stability is dependent upon the understanding between the Conservatives (also known as the People's Party) and the Socialists. This understanding is dictated by the conditions in the country. The Conservatives dominate the Western part of Austria and the Socialists the Russian-occupied Eastern part. In the elections held in 1949 the Russians felt themselves to be masters of the situation, miscalculated their hold and allowed free secret ballot. As they had control they flooded the country with their posters and their propaganda and did not allow contesting parties similar freedom. The ballot box however sprang a surprise. Not even four per cent of the Communist candidates were returned at the polls. It was a thumping victory for the Socialists. Mr. Strasser cited an example of how in 1950 the Socialists supported an agreement for a rise in prices and wages. There were then spontaneous strikes all over the country. The Communists supported a general strike and as soon as the communists "put their hands into the pie" the Austrian workers refused to strike and marched into the Russian-owned factories which were closed. These were the experiences of the Russians in the "Iron Curtain" area. All this served as an eye-opener too. In subsequent elections held in other satellite countries, the Communists, by avoiding free elections, invariably succeeded in getting cent per cent of the seats and cent per cent of the votes too!

The Communists in Austria are so small a minority that they have no

seats in the coalition cabinet. They do not even get representation on any committees in the House. The Russian Occupation authorities have compelled the Austrian government to take a Minister without portfolio and his role is that of an accepted spy. In the last elections all parties including the Communists have lost seats excepting the Socialists, who gained seven seats from the others. Mr. Strasser pointed out that the Communists are likely to lose even these few seats in the next elections.

Necessity For Coalition

WHY the farce of a coalition government if the Socialists are so popular? Before Mr. Strasser answered this question he pointed out that in his country coalition was not by principle but by necessity. Austria is in the throes of a struggle for freedom from the Occupying powers. At such a time the country should forget all other differences and rally round the national flag. Internal differences are forgotten in the presence of a foreign foe. He thought that coalition was inevitable as long as there was Occupation. Another reason is the size of the country. The break-up of the Austrian empire diminished the size of the country. Austria has only seven million population. The Conservatives dominate the Western part and the Socialists the Eastern part which is the more industrialised sector. Any attempt to force a single party into the government will inevitably split the country into East and West Austria as happened in Germany.

Mr. Strasser pointed out how the problems facing Europe were different from those of Asia. Just as Austria is a small country with limited population and territory, so are most countries of Europe. "We are in fear of annihilation when issues of suppression or division come up." The people of India, he said, have self-confidence and feel that they are strong because of the size of the country and their tradition of absorbing invading cultures and peoples without being swallowed by them. India has fought in recent times not to mention numerous experiences of old, the tremendous

impact of Western imperialism without succumbing to it. He went on to say that Europe's experiences were otherwise. The Jews have been wiped out of existence and that accounts for their desperate efforts to preserve their now homeland, Israel. Every election shows the growing popularity of the Socialists and once the Occupation armies are withdrawn and the internal economic issues are made the primary issues in the elections, the normal processes will unseat the Conservatives and shift the control of the country into the hands of the Socialist.

Unsigned Peace Treaty

A SUBJECT widely discussed in Austria, said Mr. Strasser, is the Austrian peace treaty. He said that 300 meetings were held of the Occupation Powers to discuss the details of the draft treaty. Strasser had a printed copy of the draft treaty with him. The demands that Russia makes as a condition for withdrawal are very heavy and are typical of her general approach towards the satellite states, namely, that of economic exploitation and monopoly control of oil for 30 years and similar controls on production and distribution of raw materials and industries. Besides these controls she makes additional demands for the forthright payment in American dollars of a sum of fifteen crores spread over a period of years. These terms will make the rehabilitation of Austria even more difficult. The Western Powers are for acceptance of even these terms, for they feel that release of Austria from Russia will improve the prospects for peace. Russia is naturally reluctant to release her hold because Austria serves as an important open door for trade with the West, which is very necessary to Russia. Strasser pointed out that this was the reason for dropping the Iron Curtain in Austria.

The Russian Soldier

IN Austria there are two hundred divisions of the Russians and thirty five divisions of the Western powers. Safety and security within the Iron Curtain is a myth. The standards of living in Western Europe

are much higher than in the Iron Curtain area. The standards in Austria are much higher, claims Strasser, than in Russia. So long as that continues to be so, Russia is not likely to tone down her demands. How far and how long she will be able to enforce her demands, even if the treaty is accepted, will be unpredictable, judging from similar treaties in other parts of Europe.

Socialist Spoils

WHAT has the Socialist Party done for Austria was one of the questions asked of Strasser at a public meeting. He explained that the last elections were fought on the issues of old age pensions, housing and unemployment. A labourer in Austria when old and infirm receives adequate pension from the state. He receives compensation when unemployed so that he can maintain himself and his family. The party has secured for labour an eight hour-day and a six day week. In every factory committees are elected by workers to protect themselves. The shop stewards are also elected by the workers and no elected officer can be dismissed by the employer without the consent of the workers' committee. The Russian factories do not observe any of these labour codes. They are a law unto themselves. In the Russian factories the employees are compelled to become Communist Party members. Unskilled Labour has no escape, but skilled labour is all Socialist and the Russians are compelled to employ them.

Socialist Organization

THE Socialists are the single largest party in the country with the greatest number of votes. One-third of the voters are members of the party. The main strength of the party comes from an inner circle of active workers, the "men of confidence". They spend about fifteen hours a week talking with other members and collecting subscriptions. He also pointed out that there are a large number of subsidiary organizations which are a very good stronghold for the cause of Socialism. He also stated that the best way to

attract women and youth was through these subsidiary organizations. These are of such varied interest that they attract people of all tastes ranging from stamp-collecting to cooking. Party education is carried on through study clubs, adult classes, lectures and discussion groups. Summer camps of Socialists and seminars are very popular.

It is to be remembered, Mr. Strasser said, that Austria is within the continent of Europe and surrounded by friendly and unfriendly countries. Discussing European co-operation he said that today no single European country can remain absolutely independent. If there is no

European unity then they have to depend on USA or the USSR, both politically and economically. The European Defence Committee was incomplete and it cannot be successful when some countries like France want to maintain armies for the protection of possessions overseas, and Europe will not be willing to defend France at home.

Mr. Strasser said that in view of the need for a strong third force to balance the two power blocs of USA and USSR, there should be more unity and common venues between Europe and Asia. "We have to seek new neighbours in a new field and that is Asia."

Vamsadhara River Valley Project

By

C. VAMANA MURTY

THE recent controversy that has flared up on the proposed site for the construction of a dam for diverting the waters of river Vamsadhara for development of the river valley, has been unfortunate and unwarranted. A subject which should have been entirely the concern of technical experts, has viciously been taken over by interested politicians as a controversy, to the great detriment of the people living in the river valley. An attempt has also been made to drive a wedge and embitter the good relationship between Andhra and Orissa and attempts made to bring into the controversy, political leaders of stature in both the States. It is necessary that before the public feeling assumes alarming proportions and the situation gets out of control, the governments of both the states should put their heads together and place before the public, correct facts regarding the project.

Vamsadhara forms the border between Andhra and Orissa in some parts of its coast. Originating from the Nilgiri hills at Lanjigarh in Kalanhandi district, the river flows touching Bisumcuttack, Chandrapur, Gudari and Gunupur (Koraput district) and enters Andhra at Jagannathpore about 6 miles down

stream from Gunupur. Singidi is at a distance of 15 to 20 miles from Gunupur down stream and eight miles from Haddubangi upstream. Madanapuram is only 2 miles from Haddubangi and is adjacent to Nivagam in Patapatnam Taluk. Haddubangi and Nivagam are on either side of the river and situated in Orissa and Andhra respectively, the river forming the border. After several preliminary enquiries by experts appointed by the government of Madras and supervision by Dr. K. L. Rao, Adviser to the Planning Commission, Madanapuram has been finally fixed to be the most suitable site for the location of the dam. The site at Madanapuram has the recommending feature that it has two hills on either side which can easily serve as two sides of the reservoir that has to be created, thus eliminating quite a lot of avoidable expenditure in this behalf. The wall on the third side also need not necessarily be long as the hills are situated very close and form a natural and strong barrier. At Singidi the distances between the two hills is more than that at Madanapuram which would naturally entail greater expenditure in the construction of the dam. The area of submersion is the same whether the dam is erected at Madanapuram or Singidi, i.e., 20,000 to 22,000 acres. There is more of submersion of 2,000 to 3,000 acres of poromboke lands if the site at Singidi were preferred. The total area to be irrigated by

either of the schemes is 2,50,000 acres. The total land to be submerged in Orissa is 4,000 to 5,000 acres in the case of Madanapuram while in the case of Singidi it would be of the order of 12,000 acres, though in case of Singidi most of the area may be dry land. While Madanapuram would not benefit Orissa to any extent the benefit that will be derived by Orissa from Singidi will be quite negligible, only about a few hundred acres of land. This certainly is not a worth-while compensation for the large tract of land that will have to be submerged in Orissa. The total cost of the project in case it is located at Madanapuram is 7½ crores while that at Singidi is 11 crores. The main channel in the case of Singidi will have to flow through a distance of 30 miles of hilly tract before it is put to use while in the case of Madanapuram it can be put to use right from the origin. The project at Madanapuram can be utilised to irrigate large tracts of land in Patapatnam Taluk and a few thousand acres in Orissa by the construction of

an aqueduct over the river, Mahend-ratanaya at Patapatnam. Thus it will be clearly seen that the project if located at Singidi would result in an additional expenditure of 3½ crores of rupees and several disadvantages to both the states of Andhra and Orissa.

That the project is going to affect an area of land in Orissa, however negligible it may be, is certain. As such it behoves the Government of the Andhra to discuss this matter with the Government of Orissa before coming to any definite decision. From the information available it is understood that no move has so far come from the Andhra Government in this direction.

It is hoped that the political leadership on either side of the border would concentrate on how best to render the greatest benefit to the largest area in the river valley without wasting their energies on controversies that do no good to anybody. It is also time that the Government of Andhra make their decision in the matter public.

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UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS

By T. V. GOPAL RAO

UNIVERSITY education in India has been the subject of a good deal of comment during the past few days. The first meeting of the University Grants Commission held at Delhi, and the seventh Quinquennial Inter-Universities Conference held at Mysore just prior to that, have brought to the fore certain grim realities which should be faced squarely if higher education in India is to be consolidated on firm and stable foundations. Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister, inaugurating the Delhi Conference, stressed the need for raising the standards of education in India and deplored the lack of discipline among students. The Rajpramukh of Mysore, who inaugurated the Inter-Universities Conference, was even more explicit about this problem. "The average of our academic teaching and examination is low, and is threatening to go lower still," he said. "An average graduate of Indian universities is not much better than a Matriculate of a British university. The immediate problem is not one of development, but of conservation of what has already been achieved during the past few generations," he observed.

There is no gainsaying the fact that higher education in India is at a low ebb at present, but one is apt to think that a proper assessment of the factors contributing to this grave predicament has not been made, and that the authorities themselves are fighting shy to face the realities. On the other hand, there has, of late, been a flood of eloquence about the deterioration of standards, and it has become almost a fashion on the part of the politician, who is imbued with certain set dogmas and set theories, to lay the blame for all sorts of evils in society at the door of the present system of education. There is no doubt that there are some drawbacks in the system, but to condemn it lock, stock and barrel is to show lack of discretion. The im-

portance of a system of education should be evaluated not only by what it has already accomplished, but also on the basis of its "potentialities for progress" in the future. The development of a country is largely dependent on the progress of education, especially in its higher reaches, and if the latter is to serve its purpose it should subserve certain standards. "Unless we ensure" as the Rajpramukh rightly puts it, "that the higher standards prevail in our academic institutions, our degrees will not command recognition, and our graduates will not be able to achieve success in the practical business of life."

ONE of the most important factors responsible for the deterioration of standards is the apathy of the lecturer towards his task stemming from seething discontent. The teaching staff in our academic institutions have many legitimate and real grievances. Financially, our school teachers and college lecturers are kept on starving wages, barely enough to enable them to make both ends meet, and in society they are almost non-entities. After having drunk deep at the fountains of learning, and with "a bundle of degrees" attached to his name in testimony of his acquisitions in the academic field, the college lecturer gets only a pittance, perhaps less than that of a senior non-gazetted official in the Revenue Department who has never entered the portals of a university. The plight of the teaching staff in local board institutions is much worse. They not only groan under financial disabilities, but their very future is conditioned by the whims and fancies of the warring politicians. That is why Sir Maurice Gwyer observed some time ago that the conditions of service, and the pay scales of teachers in India constitute "a national scandal and disgrace." Under the prevailing circumstances, the cream of the country's talent is naturally drawn

to fields other than that of education, and even those who stick to it out of sheer necessity of the circumstances, are compelled to seek other ways of earning to supplement their meagre incomes, with the result that they tend to have too many irons in the fire and cannot develop any attachment to the institutions they serve, nor can they take any real interest in the students entrusted to their care.

GONE are the Gurukula days when teachers took to their calling with a missionary zeal, and the people regarded them with supreme veneration and rewarded their services with voluntary contributions. With the ruthless march of modern civilisation, a new order has been established, and the teacher, like the doctor, the engineer, and the administrator should have his rightful place in the scheme of things, and adequate remuneration so as to enable him to hold his head high. It is, indeed, idle to expect any toning up of the education system in our country unless the emoluments and the status of the teaching staff are substantially improved, and they are afforded ample facilities to improve their knowledge, and take the initiative. As the McNair Committee has rightly pointed out, "A missionary spirit cannot be relied upon to maintain the supply and morale of a legion of teachers. Teaching is, indeed, a form of social service, but like other professions, it is also a bread and butter affair."

The four important reports on university education in India (the Hartog Report, the Punjab University Inquiry Committee's Report, the Sargent Report, and the Report of the Radhakrishnan Commission) laid stress on this aspect of the question in unfaltering accents. The Radhakrishnan Commission recommended that there should be four classes of teachers—professors, readers, lecturers, and instructors—and their pay scales should respectively be Rs. 900 to 1,350, Rs. 600 to 900, Rs. 300 to 600 and Rs. 250. But precious little has been done in this direction, and the lot of the pedagogue continues to be the same. In

England the members of the teaching staff are paid decent salaries and sumptuous allowances, and are held in great esteem by people. Naturally first-rate men flock to serve in the citadels of learning, and only second-rate men take up civil service. In India the filtering process is quite in the reverse order, and people who fail to get employed in every other walk of life, take up the profession of education as the last refuge. Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar, Chairman of the Grants Commission, struck the right note the other day when he said that it was "the quality of the teacher that determines discipline among university students," and that the Commission would endeavour to see that "money is not spent merely on buildings and equipment, but on providing excellent teachers who will be well paid and well taken care of so that the general standards of the universities may rise." There is at last promise of the betterment of the lot of these much neglected people, and it remains to be seen how far it will be implemented.

Another factor which is hampering the progress of university education and is largely responsible for the deterioration of standards is the unsettled policy with regard to the medium of instruction, and the foolhardy experiments that are being hazarded in some short-sighted quarters. The point at issue is the continuance of English as the medium of instruction, and much argument has been exercised over the question. There appears to be a good deal of misunderstanding all round and quite a lot of political heat and sentimentalism has been injected into a purely academic problem.

THE pure and simple question is, is it a sound policy in the twentieth century to dispense with English in the sphere of higher education, and in the same breath cry out that the standards have deteriorated? One can even go a step further and say, is it at all feasible, situated as we are and with the available resources on hand, to ban English and keep abreast of other progressive countries? It has to be realised that

English today has become a world language by virtue of its immense potentialities and cosmopolitan character. The essence of the world's wisdom is treasured up in this language, and "there is no good book in any language that is not translated into English within seven days of its appearance on the market." Such being the case, if we wilfully throw away the unique advantage which we have today, it will do incalculable harm to our national genius.

THE Inter-Universities Conference gave a right lead the other day by announcing that there should be no change in a hurry in the medium of instruction, and that English should continue to be taught at high level in the universities. As a matter of fact, the consensus of opinion among the educationists is in favour of the retention of English. It might be recalled that some time ago, about 26 celebrities of the land, including Dr. C. V. Raman and J. H. Bhabha, who have absolutely no axe to grind, submitted a memorandum to the Prime Minister stressing the need to maintain an adequate standard of English in the universities. The authorities would do well not to take any precipitate step in this matter, but adopt a pragmatic approach to the problem in the interests of higher education. The conditions obtaining in the Nagpur and Osmania universities should be a pointer in this connection.

There is the question of autonomy for the universities, and this has been the cause of concern on the part of educationists, and rightly, too. Vigorous pleas were made in this connection by two eminent educationists, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, and Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, at a city meeting the other day. It is sometimes argued, rather glibly, that university autonomy is a philosophic conception which exists only in imagination. It is true that the State cannot be hedged in with rules and regulations with regard to the exercise of its power over the universities. But a certain amount of lati-

tude in day to day administration, and freedom from super-imposed conditions are necessary if the university is to blossom into a centre of learning and culture. At the same time, these concessions entail certain responsibilities in regard to the upkeep of standards, and the maintenance of the highest traditions and integrity. It is thus a sort of unwritten mutual understanding between the State and the university in the interests of higher education. Dr. H. W. Holmes, Dean of Harvard University, in his brilliant essay on "Universities Versus Government" discussed this question from all angles, and he gives an illuminating analysis of the situation. He says: "The question is a question of policy, and its answer lies in an analysis of the interest of the State in what the universities are doing, and may do, and of the capacity of the State to forward that interest. No totalitarian State can permit a university within its borders to remain independent. But a major principle of democracy is to follow truth wherever it may lead. Unless the State is willing to see any and every problem, discussed and studied with the sole desire to arrive at the truth about it, universities cannot retain their freedom or proper character. The university is a symbol and a citadel of the democratic system. So to attack the university is to attack democracy."

IN Britain, the practice of university autonomy is in its most decent form, and the establishment of the University Grants Commission in India on the British model is a welcome step. It is heartening to be assured by Maulana Azad at the Delhi Conference that the Government would be guided in all university matters by the advice of the Commission. The Government would do well merely to give statutory recognition to the Commission in the proposed Bill, and leave the question of university reform to an evolutionary process to be carried out by the Commission in conjunction with the respective university authorities without laying any hard and fast aims and objects in the Bill itself.

THE PAKISTAN HORNET'S NEST

By ANDREW ROTH

"HE who plays with the hornet gets stung in the end."

This is not a saying of Confucius or any other Asian sage. But it might be wise to whisper it in the ears of the American strategists who have decided on the military understanding under which the U. S. will arm and equip Pakistani land, sea and air forces in exchange for the use of air bases and Pakistan's overt commitment to the American camp.

The American decision to groom Pakistan as "another Turkey" is comparable to an alliance with hornets. They can, indeed, develop a powerful sting. But the difficulty is that you cannot readily control their target. They may estrange you from your best friends. They may turn on those you would like to cultivate instead of alienate. Indeed, they may sting you in the end.

There can be no doubt that the injection of a sizeable amount of U. S. military aid into Pakistan will, as Pandit Nehru has said, upset "all kinds of balances in the existing equilibrium in" South Asia. Americans critical of India's quasi-neutralist viewpoint may feel Mr. Nehru is fearful only of India's hegemony in South Asia. But, in fact, this military aid will not only raise tension between Pakistan and India, but also between Britain and the U. S. The Soviet Union may well get the best of the bargain: in exchange for a new base for American air attack on the Soviets' Southern flank, or to resist a Soviet Southern advance, the Soviets will get the whole Indian Ocean as troubled waters in which they can fish.

The American Temptation

ONE can understand the temptation for U. S. military planners. For years the U. S. military "containment" has had sides but no bottom. There are sizeable non-Communist

military forces in Europe and in the Korea-Japan area. But in the vast and important area of South Asia between Turkey and Indochina there have been no sizeable forces committed to the American "containment" programme.

There are, of course, a number of national armies and, in Malaya and Indochina sizeable British and French forces. All, except Ho Chi Minh's army and the Communist guerilla bands in Malaya and Burma, have been anti-Communist in the sense that they resisted internal Communist aggression. But, until the emergence of the U. S.-Pakistan agreement, none had been seriously integrated into a programme to "contain" and retaliate against Soviet aggression.

"The United States-Pakistan arms-aid agreement," wrote the *New York Times*' knowledgeable military editor, Hanson Baldwin, "introduces an entirely new factor into the politico-military equation of the whole vast area stretching from the Mediterranean and Suez to the Red River Valley in Indochina and the Strait of Malacca. It represents an attempt to fill in a vacuum of power which has long existed, and to provide pro-United States strength in an area where there either has been no organized strength or sympathies are neutralists." (December 20, 1953)

Mr. Baldwin reflects American strategic thinking, including the tendency to minimize British military influence in this area:

The problem which the Pakistan arms-aid programme is intended to relieve stems chiefly from the decline in power of the British Empire and the concurrent increase in power of Soviet Russia and of Communist China.

British power, exercised largely by the British-led Indian Army, once dominated the entire strategic arc from Suez and the Persian Gulf eastward to Burma and Malaya. Indian troops in

the service of Britain and led by British officers protected and stabilized the Middle East, the whole Indian sub-continent and strategic areas of South-east Asia.

But the post-war birth of the independent nations of India and Pakistan and Burma, the reduction in British power and the rise of nationalism . . . plus the increasing threat of Moscow-dominated Communism and Nehru's anti-Westernism, altered the entire strategic picture. An area whose stability and military security had been insured largely by an outside power was now faced with providing its own protection and stability.

And this vast region . . . did not have, and still does not have, the organization, the unity, the industrial capacity, the political will or the military capability of replacing British power. It has one element of potential strength—mass population, or manpower—some of the nations concerned are rich in strategic resources such as oil, tin and rubber, and the geographical positions of many of these nations is important strategically, particularly in the new global strategy of the air age.

British Wine In American Bottles

EXCEPT for the element of air strategy there is little in the new Pentagon strategy for Pakistan which Lord Curzon did not think of sixty years ago for the undivided Indian subcontinent. In his *Problems Of The Far East*, written in 1894, he pushed the Indian subcontinent as "the strategic center of the third most important portion of the globe." It defended the Khyber pass against the pro-Communist Russian hordes. Even more important, the defenses of the Middle East and South East Asia, revolved "upon an Indian axis" with India supplying the troops and much of the finance and Britain the leadership.

Although the sub-continent is partitioned, Pakistan has inherited the Khyber pass and can still serve the Curzonian purpose of controlling all of South Asia from it because West Pakistan adjoins Burma and South-East Asia. It is revealing that the U. S. is planning to equip Pakistan with at least one destroyer division. From Karachi light Pakistan fleet units can patrol the Persian Gulf.

From East Bengal ports they can supplement Anglo-American units in South East Asia.

Most tempting of all for an Administration determined to find Asian troops to fight in Asian wars are the famous "P. Ms." The Punjabi Moslems were one of the largest elements in the old Indian Army. They still make up a substantial portion of the Pakistan Army. But Pakistan, although spending 70% of its revenue on defense, can only support an army of 250,000 men. Pentagon strategists apparently estimate that Pakistan with a population of 76,000,000 could easily man an army of over 1,000,000 if it could be equipped and financed.

The possibility of acquiring 1,000,000 first-class fighting men at Asian pay rates became an irresistible temptation to the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff who were instructed last April to make a long-term strategic assessment. This reassessment, as explained on December 14 by its chairman Admiral Radford, was to develop "an armed posture which can be supported year in and year out on a long-term basis . . ."

The decision arrived at by the Joint Chiefs of Staff has been to reduce the manpower of the U. S. Army, Navy and Marines from about 3,500,000 to 3,000,000 men saving some \$4,500,000,000 the first year. But, in order to counter the Soviet possession of the hydrogen bomb, the long-range bombers of the Strategic Air Command—and the air force in general—will be further expanded.

Pentagon planners have long coveted Pakistan's help not only in manpower but also in airbases. For a long time the "retaliation" plan has been to bomb Soviet Asian oil-fields and industrial installations with medium bombers as well as long-range strategic bombers. The Turkish airfields in the Adana 'armpit,' for example, are meant for the initial short-range attacks or the Baku oilfields while the Moroccan airfields are meant for long-range strategic bombers. Karachi airfields even now would make an excellent alternate to Dhahran as landing field for strategic bomber

taking off from Thule in Greenland and capable of attacking in Siberia and Sinkiang. It can also be a take-off point for medium bombers attacking Soviet installations in Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan and Tadzhikistan.

Pakistan has also bulked large in American military thinking on the Middle East, particularly to buttress the completely defenseless frontier of Persia. American strategists would be happier if, in addition to their Turkish allies on Persia's West, a Soviet advance into Persia could be countered locally from Pakistani air bases and, better still, with the support of Pakistani troops.

The effort to get Pakistan's support for the ill-fated Middle East Defence Organization (MEDO) long precedes recent disclosures. At the beginning of 1953 Pakistan officials showed themselves eager to discuss with the U. S. their inclusion in MEDO. They expressed the belief that Pandit Nehru would object to Pakistan's leading the Moslem Middle East with American sponsorship, considering this a threat to India's leadership of the Arab-Asian bloc. They asked the U. S. for aid against Indian economic retaliation.

The U. S. found it necessary to abandon this plan for Pakistan largely because of India's public and diplomatic opposition. And because the plan itself never became public, neither did American anger with Pandit Nehru on this issue. But it hardened the attitude of leading U. S. strategists against Pandit Nehru's quasi-neutralist role.

New Chance For U. S.

THE elimination of fumbling Khwaja Nazimuddin as Pakistan's Prime Minister last April and his replacement by pro-American Mohammed Ali, gave Washington a new opportunity to line up Pakistan. At the time of his unexpected appointment he was in Karachi. Mohammed Ali had been recalled from his post as Ambassador to Washington to opine whether the U. S. would loan money for urgently needed wheat for Pakistan. He was appointed as Prime Minister partly because, like the outgoing Prime

Minister, he is a Bengali. Also, because he had been abroad for some time, he was not involved in any of the internal feuds. But a large part of the reason was the belief that because he was well-liked in Washington he would be more likely to secure the much-needed wheat loan.

At Mohammed Ali's first press conference in April he made it clear he accepted most American assumptions. Asked whether he was "pro-Yankee" he answered: "I am very friendly to Americans. They are a very friendly people. Unfortunately they are very much misunderstood in this part of the world." On April 27 he announced that proposals for a treaty of friendship with the U. S. would be "explored" within five or six weeks. This came on top of a letter to Pandit Nehru proposing their meeting to discuss outstanding Indo-Pakistan problems.

Mohammed Ali was clearly advised by American diplomats that a settlement with India would make it easier for the U. S. to aid Pakistan. This coincided with the stand by Shoaib Quereshi, the new Minister of Information and Kashmir Affairs. He had left his post as High Commissioner in India urging a policy of "active friendship" between India and Pakistan.

Pakistan's hopes were further encouraged on May 23 when John Foster Dulles and Harold Stassen conferred with Mohammed Ali and several cabinet members for nine hours, after completing their Middle Eastern and Indian tour. Mr. Dulles told Pakistani leaders of the great role they could play in the Middle East and South East Asia, by increasing Pakistan's military strength. He discarded the much-mooted MEDO, saying the latter was damned by its British sponsorship.

In his speech from Washington on June 1, Mr. Dulles indicated the warmth of his feeling for Pakistan by describing it as "a dependable bulwark against Communism." On June 12 he urged the Senate to send a million tons of wheat to famine-threatened Pakistan, saying that "humanity and our national interest

will be served by prompt and generous action on our part." U. S. Congressmen acted with the speed which comes from the conviction that an anti-Communist cause is being served. *Within two weeks*—i.e. on June 26—the first shipment left Baltimore for Pakistan.

In July Mohammed Ali attempted to carry out Mr. Dulles' advice to attempt a rapprochement with India in order to avoid wasting energy on internecine conflict. Some progress was made on Pandit Nehru's visit to Karachi. But the initial good feeling in Pakistan was completely wiped out when Sheikh Abdullah was deposed and arrested in Kashmir and the more pro-Indian Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed was installed as Prime Minister in his place. This convinced many Pakistani leaders that India was using the interregnum of good feeling to strengthen its position in Kashmir. The minority who, with U. S. support, had favoured negotiating differences with India were swamped by those who decided that Pakistan could only negotiate with India "from strength."

The initial Pakistan approach to the U. S. apparently emphasised economic aid, to make Pakistan invulnerable to Indian economic pressure through control of irrigation canals. Washington promised to continue the various forms of economic assistance. But it was made quite clear to Pakistani leaders that they would stand a much better

chance all around if they declared themselves first as a diplomatic and military ally of the U. S. Once this was established in the minds of U. S. Congressmen, all sorts of other bounty might follow.

It is still not clear at what point the U. S.-Pakistan understanding was reached. But certainly some degree of understanding already existed by October. In that month there was an unannounced four-day visit to Pakistan by the Armed Service Committee of the U. S. House of Representatives. There was also a trip by the Deputy Chief of the U. S. Military Mission in Turkey. And this had been preceded by the visit to Turkey of General Mohammed Ayub Khan, C-in-C. of the Pakistani Army, and Gen. Iskandar Mirza, Defence Secretary.

The U.S.-Pakistan military understanding seems to have emerged from the convergence of two viewpoints: that of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, who became chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in August and John Foster Dulles, who came back from his springtime trip to South Asia with a new tactical approach.

Admiral Radford believes the U. S. will never be secure as long as the Communists hold China. He regards it as vital not only to defend South Korea, Formosa, Hongkong and Indochina, but to use them as potential "bridgeheads" against the Communists. In mid-October, the National Security Council, on which Admiral

Radford sits, decided on a long-range plan to withdraw a substantial portion of U. S. forces from overseas, substituting the troops of their allies—which cost about one-fourth as much. The counterpart of such withdrawals, of course, is the search for new military allies, such as Pakistan.

About the same time John Foster Dulles worked out a new policy for Asian countries. The *New York Times* Chief Foreign Correspondent, C. L. Sulzberger disclosed this in a dispatch datelined December 11. He was able to state "on the highest diplomatic authority"—obviously Mr. Dulles—that the U. S. was hoping for the emergence of new Asian leaders who would organize an anti-Communist bloc. This "would be backed by the United States even if it could not afford to work for it openly." It did not want tarnished old reactionaries like Syngman Rhee or Chiang Kai-shek for the job. "Nevertheless the United States insists there must exist some East Asian leader with the necessary magnetism and vision to tie together in one group the anti-Communist lands stretching from Japan, South Korea and Formosa to the three Associated States of Indochina—Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam—Indonesia and the Philippines." He further disclosed that "specialists" had decided that "the best, if not the only Asian politician who might be able to accomplish the job is Ramon Magsaysay, new President of the Philippine Republic."

If Mr. Dulles can conceive of the Philippines' President leading East Asia, his imagination should certainly be vivid enough to picture Pakistan's Prime Minister leading the rest of non-Communist Asia. Both cases demonstrate that highly intelligent Americans can have their eyes so firmly fixed on the distant menace of Communism that midgets close to them seem like giants.

It seems rather futile for the U. S. to have a diplomatic service if there is nobody who can convince the Secretary of State of some simple truths.

1. Pakistanis—unlike the Turks—have no interest in fighting Russia.

2. Any increment in Pakistani strength will push India and its Afghan satellite into bitter opposition. India is not likely to be driven into Communist hands, but it may be moved from *conversational* neutrality to *real* neutrality, where it might accept, for example, Soviet industrial technicians on the same basis as Americans.

3. The Pakistan agreement is 'kidnapping' to the traditional British Conservative, who regards the Pakistani with paternal possessiveness. It is almost as unseemly to have an American colonel in the Khyber Pass as to have a Soviet general interred in Westminster Abbey.

Apart from these considerations, the U.S.-Pakistan military understanding is a brilliant achievement.

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CULTURAL PAGEANT FROM MADRAS IN NEW DELHI

By V. V. PRASAD

THE most outstanding cultural event of 1953 in New Delhi was the invasion of the South Indian Pageant under the leadership of Mr. K. Subrahmanyam early in December. We have not stopped talking about it yet. About 20,000 citizens of Delhi had the opportunity of watching brief bits of South Indian dance, drama and puppet play. They also heard some good South Indian music, both vocal and instrumental.

The first nighters—and even the second and third nighters—would naturally prefer to see full length plays, Bharata Natyam and Kathakali recitals, and full *katcheris* by the great musicians. But Mr. Subrahmanyam was more concerned with the mission of making the uninitiated Northerner develop an ear for South Indian music and an eye for Bharata Natyam and Kathakali. A novice audience would easily get ten minutes. It cannot concentrate its attention on something that thoroughly baffles it. Mr. Subrahmanyam's Pageant therefore served as an introduction for North Indian audiences to the culture of the South.

President Prasad, Prime Minister Nehru, Vice-President Radhakrishnan

and Chief Minister Rajagopalachari were among those who witnessed the South Indian Pageant at Rashtrapathi Bhawan. It should convince each one of them that nothing but good can come out of enabling such a Delegation to tour in different parts of the world.

It was Mr. P. M. Sundaram and the authorities of the South India Club and of the Madrassi Higher Secondary School, New Delhi, that made the visit of the 75 artistes of the Cultural Pageant to the Capital possible. The five shows were organized in aid of the Madrassi School, which has a modest building programme for providing additional accommodation.

Of all the artists who came with the Pageant, the most lasting impression was created by Gopinath. He has made his public appearance on the stage after seven years of wilderness. It is a much maturer Gopinath that we now see, who has been greatly encouraged by the development of public taste. He told me that, some years ago in Bombay, he drew applause merely by the movement of his eye-brow. Now it is not so easy to get applause. The audience is more critical, and more exacting. There was thus greater incentive for the artist to do better and better.

Gopinath, like any true artist, has the heart of a child. He appeared only for about five to ten minutes with his Kathakali items like "Gajendra Moksham," "Hunter Dance" or "Nava Rasam," but he left a lasting impression on the spectator. His intervention as Narada in Lalitha and Padmini's "Parijatham" strengthened a programme, which otherwise would have probably fallen flat.

THE Puppet Play of Mr. A. S. Mani Iyer and Mr. A. S. Krishnamurthy Iyer was a revelation to us. These

two brothers are the only two practitioners of this art still alive. They have no pupils to pass on the tradition, because nobody wishes to practise this art, which means certain starvation. It is but fair that the Planning Commission should give a chapter of their money to the artists, who at great personal sacrifice, are keeping our old traditions alive. No civilised Government can afford to let the Puppet Show of Tanjore die for lack of patronage.

Shri Mani Iyer gave us scenes from his famous "Harischandra". It is incredible how human these puppets can be. The puppet which stole the hearts of the spectators was the Bharata Natyam dancer, who anxiously took a good look at the audience from behind the curtain, and who wiped the sweat from its brow and hands after one dance number and before the next.

One day, when the puppet was dancing, the lights went out, but the music continued. In a few seconds, the lights were on again. The dancing continued, but the dancer was no longer the puppet. In its place, we found Baby Santosh continuing the Bharata Natyam number when the puppet left off. Baby Santosh, although only six years old and of the same size as the puppet, has already received excellent grounding in *abhinaya*, and was one of the star-performers of the Saraswathi Gana Nilayam.

Until I saw the girls of the Saraswathi Gana Nilayam on the stage, I did not know that Bharata Natyam has already been put to such good use by others besides Rukmini Devi, in the narration of stories by adopting the Ballet technique with remarkable success as in their "Ashtapadi." We in Delhi have been urging that Bharata Natyam should be utilised to tell a tale. A group dance of Bharata Natyam generally meant three or more girls going through the same movements. Their "Vachamagocharam" was a neat piece, but needed explanation beforehand, especially in view of the large number of North Indians in the audience. A mildly critical note, suggesting that there was one repetition in this

dance which could have been avoided, upset the members of the Saraswathi Gana Nilayam completely. Artists as a class are sensitive, and Shrimathi Lalitha is working under very great strain. There seems to be a feeling that the Saraswathi Gana Nilayam's troupe suffers from lack of gorgeous costumes. Poverty is a terrible thing, and most spectators are likely to be carried away by the costumes. But there was general recognition that the group *Tillana* done by Ranganayaki, Sakuntala and Uma Maheshwari was even superior to that of Lalitha, Padmini and Ragini. They took the fullest advantage of their being three instead of one, and gave glimpses of architectonic patterns.

The general defect of most of our dancers—and especially of Bharata Natyam dancers from Balasaraswathi downwards—is the lack of showmanship. Lalitha and Padmini do not suffer from this defect. This is not to belittle their achievements as dancers. They cannot be blamed entirely for their filmatic approach. If they jump about in a particular way, the producer thinks that the public will lap it up. And so they must jump. Since we are all the product of our thoughts, what we think and what we do result in what we are and what we become. That is what has happened in the case of Lalitha and Padmini. It is creditable for them that they continue to dance on the stage instead of contenting themselves with their film-contracts. It must be said that their ability to dance is far superior to what one is led to expect from their performances in films. Their vocal accompanist, Ponnammal, deserves special mention.

A PART from "Geethopadesam," which is a composition of Gopinath, and which is done mostly in Kathakali style, we cannot commend wholeheartedly any of their dance numbers. There is a certain grace and a certain pleasantness in their gesture and movement, but we cannot wax eloquent over their performance in any other way. Their ability to draw a crowd is never in question. The day set apart entirely for their group was



Gopinath in a Kathakali item

the day on which there was the greatest applause. There is no doubt that the populace was immensely impressed by their fullness of figure and neatness of execution. Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar (who was described during the week as Mr. Ananthavanam Ayyangar) made public acknowledgement of their popular appeal.

Their fisherman dance and their snakecharmer dance and so forth are too filmy to win our approval. Their "Parijatham" was quite good, mainly because of the association of Gopinath with it. Anyhow, they must have a male dancer like Gopinath to be their partner. Some of the younger dancers of their troupe show no promise. Items like the "Swan Dance" are best avoided, for there is not an iota of the swan in them.

Kumari Lakshmi is a ten-year old prodigy. But unlike most prodigies, who exhaust themselves before they are out of their teens, Lakshmi bids fair to become one of the finest dancers to be seen in another ten years' time. Her footwork is faultless because her sense of tala is perfect. There is a certain effortless ease in her movement which is hard to find in any but the foremost Bharata Natyam exponents of today.

Bharata Natyam is the greatest system of dancing in the world today. Compared with it, Western Ballet is mere gymnastics. Extraneous efforts like music and decor have to play the major role in the interpretation of the theme in Western Ballet. In Bharata Natyam, music and dance go hand in hand. Music and dance, in our system, are two hearts that beat as one. There is a general recognition of the charm, power and beauty of Bharata Natyam all over the world today. It is not merely to please the Indians that our Bharata Natyam dancers have been awarded first or second prizes at Youth Festivals and such other international gatherings—although the dancers of Bharata Natyam may not have always been our best. I guess Bharata Natyam is one of the major achievements of the imagination of mankind in any country or clime.



Kumari Lakshmi in a Bharata Natya pose

ONE of the greatest actors in India—quite unlike Prithviraj—is Mr. T. K. Shanmugam, who was superb as Avvai in *Avvayar*. We had only heard of his unique portrayal of this role, but could not comprehend its excellence until we actually saw it. His interpretation seemed to me to be much more convincing than K. B. Sundarambal's. It would not be possible to give a correct appreciation of the dramaturgical merits of T. K. S. Brothers without seeing even one play of theirs in full. We are convinced that they are first-rate artists from the few glimpses which we had the opportunity of catching in the scenes we witnessed from *Avvayar*, *Kodai*, *Chidambaram Pillai*, *Sama-dhanam*, etc.

N. S. Krishnan has earned for himself the reputation of an excellent comedian. At one time he lacked a social philosophy; but his visit to the Soviet Union has helped him greatly to formulate a somewhat hazily defined philosophy of sorts. He is a great favourite of the audience in Delhi. His "Villu Pattu" on the life of Gandhi was one of the most brilliant items of his repertoire. It was most educative, and gave a common-sense commentary on the life of Gandhi, "who was at the beginning of his career not engaged as a lawyer by anybody because he was in favour of telling the truth and refused to tell lies in defence of his clients." I was particularly happy to find that among the Madras heroes mentioned

by him in the "Villu Pattu" were: Rajaji, Prakasam, Konda Venkappiah and Satyamurthi.

T. N. Sivathanu, the other comedian in the Pageant, proved that he was equally at home both in straight roles and in farce. He appeared in what was described as the "Yes Farce," which was afterwards explained to me as a hit on the Rajaji Administration. But even now I have not grasped the point of it. It was quite easy, for instance, to understand N. S. Krishnan's skit on "Prohibition in Heaven."

The students' group of the Madras Presidency College and the Law College gave two skits, one on the recruitment of talent for the films, and the other on the "Four D Effect." The second was quite disappointing, inasmuch as its conception was too far-fetched, and the situation itself was quite poorly created. The first skit was rather well-written and enacted. The star-performer was Parthasarathy of Presidency College, who gave an excellent parody of the Raj Kapoor school of acting as we as of others.

It is our lasting regret that we have not been able to hear either Thiruvengadu or Sethuramiah for two three hours at a stretch. The minutes which they were all were hardly enough for the Nadaswaram Vidwan even to as it were, to play the instrument would have been a good idea. Nadaswaram was played, say 4 or 5 p.m. every day, so that those who were really interested could come at an early hour and enjoy its music. That holds good for Sethuramiah as well. It must be confessed that I did not give forth their best in a few minutes of play. I know only too well that this is the very essence of the art of singing of great music in India. And you cannot manufacture informality in five minutes. It was a great disappointment that on the day of the farewell reception to the artists, Thiruvengadu fell ill and could not

play on the Nadaswaram as expected. A colour film of his playing was taken on the previous day by the Information Ministry, which involved his appearing bare-bodied for a considerable time. This was to his regret, being affected.

THE Andhra Sisters, Seetha and Anasuya, were a great success in Delhi. They are specialists in Telugu folk-songs, and their research into Telugu folk-music is a distinct contribution of a rather original character. Their work has a much deeper significance than that of itinerant collectors like Devendra Satyarthi, who did the job of gathering folk-songs from various parts of India. Seetha and Anasuya are endowed with two good but different and complementary voices, which, together, produce even a better effect than each might produce individually.

The best representative of South Indian culture in the whole Pageant was Kumari Saroja. Her success as a star, when she was known as Saroja, was phenomenal from "Yogini" to "Kamadhenu." She provided the accompanying items, along with her mother. Reports from Madras told us to say that she was a accomplished singer in the North Indian style. Accordingly, a musical programme was arranged by the Constitution Club, where she gave a superb display of vocal music in the North Indian style and instrumental music in the veena in the Karnatic style. What struck us most was the coolness with which she refrained from complaining while other artists of the Pageant were bringing down the roof for imaginary relegation to unimportance. Like Suryakumari in Hollywood and elsewhere, she made a profound mark as a conversationalist in Delhi. While others were clamouring for limelight, she was content to sit obscurely somewhere in the audience. It is a case of a highly developed sense of absolute values. This is the essence of South Indian culture, if not of Indian culture in general.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

It represented a young mother running towards a cradle. In the background buildings were crashing down . . . Taken aback by the child's interest in the picture he approached the lady. "I have something to live for now," he said in husky tones. "Not my art. This boy!"

"MARVELOUS!"

"You mean, the figure?"

"Why—yes, of course. That is, the way you have captured the atmosphere. Well, Kumar, here is genius."

"Don't flatter, my dear fellow. It is only a scrawl."

"Really! I wonder what would happen if you sat down to it with brush and paint . . . but then, you wouldn't handle the palette."

Santanam looked at the picture in his hand again. It was a lightning sketch. Of a girl. She was moving forward. Her pose suggested a rapid walk. "Kumar, your pencil is uncanny. This girl seems as if she would walk out of the picture even while I am looking."

Yes, she walked. A girl in the bloom of her youth. Her head was a little tilted. Her saree flew backwards in mild undulations blending with the curved strokes in the background showing the sea waves. A *Girl Walking by the Sea-shore*—was a far too inadequate caption to that wonderful creation in pencil. Kumar came round and looked over Santanam's shoulder. He himself was delighted. Yes, he had caught the force of her movement. He knew that he had outlined her active figure in all the spirit of her youth.

Santanam could not take his admiring gaze off the sketch.

"Look here, Kumar. This picture must be painted; embellished with the delicate and truthful touches of colour. Where did you find her? Did she pose for you? No, she couldn't have. You have caught her unawares. Who is she, old chap? Friend of yours?" he poured forth in a rush of instinctive fervour and admiration.

Kumar waited till his friend finish-

ed expressing wonderment. "I don't know who she is. I found her walking along the shore at Adyar. It was a casual sketch. A momentary glimpse of her graceful gait struck me particularly and I scratched about idly with my pencil. I hardly fancied such a result. I wish I did all my sketches with the same vigour."

"Of course you always do. This is quite in your line, old chap. Why can't you give me an enlarged outline of it? I will paint the whole scene. I shall make her appear with the natural colours of her exquisite beauty. What a rhythmic pose! She must adorn the canvas."

Kumar was a genius with his pencil. He excelled in rapid and rough impressions. His sensitive temperament expressed itself in the finest of lines. "A stroke here, another there, and a picture was finished. Impatient and

averse to plodding, he satisfied himself with marking out a space, which, bound by the lines he drew, revealed figures more life-like than photographic reproduction. Symmetry of form was inherent in his lines. He seldom had to rub out a first line."

NATURALLY, he was not crazy over painting in which sphere Santanam had already earned a name. His brush was his medium, for Santanam. It responded to his slowly expanding imagination with amazing ease. His sense of colour rivalled the subtle scheme of the rainbow. Dividing the space on the canvas in his own mind, he would fill in the parts with dabs of colour the composition of which would produce the most pleasing effect. He discarded the preliminary outline as he always revelled in landscapes where the composition

Short Story

By

P. G. Sundararajan

was not bound by restricted vision. Consequently, portraiture was not his strong point despite the fact that he was a painter.

But a co-operative effort that marked the bohemian life of these young artists served to maintain their joint reputation as all-round artists. While Kumar helped with his sketches, Santanam would paint the picture. Meanwhile, they preserved their individuality in their respective media.

Santanam adorned Kumar's enlarged sketch with the skilful touches of his brush until the life-like figure of the girl was radiant on the canvas. It was a study in blue. The girl in a light blue saree; the deep blue of the sea in the background; and the grey blue of the evening sky above.

THEY sent it to the Fine Arts Society's annual exhibition among their other works. The result was inevitable. The picture won the Governor's Medal and His Excellency himself purchased it. They had named it *The Rhythm of Youth*. Santanam's name was on the lips of every art-critic and connoisseur. *The Rhythm of Youth* bore his signature. While there was universal praise for the colour study and atmosphere, special emphasis was laid upon the grace and rhythm of the figure. Kumar was more than satisfied at this though he did not grudge the complete triumph for his friend. After all his was a rough impression, he thought; Santanam had endowed it with almost three-dimensional visibility.

Santanam was heartened beyond measure. He had painted a portrait subject! In a fit of enthusiasm he packed his colour-box and went to the Theosophical gardens in Adyar. He set up his small easel and was painting a part of the vast garden when she came.

Santanam had not noticed her though he had a vague idea that she would be somewhere there. In fact, he had come there in search of the subject of his winning picture. He turned, brush in hand, conscious of the fact that somebody was watching his work from behind.

He beheld two girls; one of them, he instantly recognised as the beautiful subject of Kumar's sketch. The girls, a little embarrassed, turned to go.

"Why? Don't you like the picture?" he queried, anxious to fall into step with them.

The girls looked at each other with questioning smiles and stopped.

"Oh, yes, we do like it immensely," replied the other girl. "Are you not the artist who won the Governor's Medal with—the—with that wonderful picture of yours?"

"If you mean who was responsible for the poor attempt, it was, of course, I," returned Santanam with polite gallantry, looking at the younger of the two girls.

"You are too modest," retorted the elder one with a mischievous glance at her companion. "Have you seen her often?" she asked suddenly, nodding at her.

"Well, no. I mean to say, not often. In fact . . ."

"Then how were you able to paint her likeness so truthfully. Don't ask us to believe that it was not Kalpagam that won you the prize," concluded the girl without giving him time to make himself clear. She went on to expatiate upon the graceful pose of the figure and the charming blend of colours while the embarrassed Kalpagam, she who had expressed the rhythm of youth for these artists, blushed and looked away with wistful eyes that sparkled with sudden self-realisation.

"Saroja! . . . Please," Kalpagam tried to protest.

Santanam thought that silence was best under the circumstances. He cast a look at Kalpagam.

"Pardon me. I hope I did not offend you?" he said.

"Offend me?" Kalpagam repeated with a faint trace of amused wonder in her tones. "You have flattered me. I was of course at first embarrassed on seeing myself in the picture. Did I deserve it?"

"On the other hand, it was you who inspired me to excel myself in my medium. You are self-conscious. Art.

is mainly concerned with beauty of form and colour which were in your case . . . oh—well, you know how we artists do good work only when we are inspired."

He finished awkwardly and turned to his work confused.

"You must come home and tell those highly technical things to my father. He is a lover of art. Do come, will you?" Kalpagam pleaded.

WHEN a month later, Santanam announced to Kumar his forthcoming wedding with Kalpaga Bai, his friend, as usual, offered him his felicitations. It was only after Santanam revealed the identity of Kalpagam that Kumar understood the significance of Santanam's mysterious absence on many an evening and his self-satisfied silence. So he was lucky enough to get the girl whom he had adorned with his rich and colourful imagination! Santanam told him the whole story of his meeting the girl and the consequent friendship which had naturally ripened into love.

"I am sorry, Kumar. From the beginning she was under the impression that I was entirely responsible for the picture. I had no occasion to tell her the truth about the whole affair. I was confused . . . you know what it means when the girl you have painted the likeness of, comes and expresses adoring admiration."

"That is all right, Santa. After all, you gave the real likeness to the picture. Don't let that worry you. Accept my congratulations."

Yet, there was in the back of Kumar's mind something that gave rise to a peculiar feeling of disappointment. He least suspected that he could be jealous until he attended the wedding. One steady look at the beautiful apparition who was the bride, was sufficient to tell him what he had missed. Under different circumstances that is, had she known the truth beforehand . . . well, what was he thinking of? Silly, wasn't it, indulging in hypothetical reflections? When he was introduced to her he was thrilled at her voice and mien. Instinctively his

mind sketched an outline of her sparkling personality.

He came home. He took out the small sketch he had made months back and sat gazing at it with a growing sense of despair. Realizing with a pang that she was now his friend's wife, he put away the picture and tried to forget her. He refused to admit to himself that her vision was now sketched out in his mind with indelible accuracy.

Santanam missed Kumar all of a sudden. A week later, a brief letter from Bombay informed him that Kumar had accepted a position as the artist of an illustrated paper. His absence, however, did not worry Santanam very much. He had Kalpagam with him for inspiration and enjoyment. He fell back upon his old vocation of landscape painting, now that Kumar was not there to help him in portraiture.

SOUTH INDIAN ARTIST LEAVES FOR LONDON

ENTHUSIASTIC FAREWELL

Bombay, June 8.

Mr. Kumara Vel, the well-known artist of Madras, was given a hearty send-off by the art-lovers of Bombay, on the eve of his departure to England to undergo a course in painting at the Royal College of Art. Mr. Kumar who was chiefly known for his vigorous pencil-sketches has been elected a scholar of the College on the strength of his recent effort at painting which was purchased by Sir Maneklal Hukum Chand, the jeweller.

SANTANAM, coming across this piece of news one day, began to think a bit. So Kumar had become a painter too! This meant that he would never require his help thereafter. Why shouldn't he take up sketching to compensate the absence of Kumar's help? His wife, the beautiful Kalpagam, who made no secret of her admiration of the few examples of Kumar's sketches that Santanam had with him, goaded him on to this. Nor had Santanam been ignorant of Kumar's disappointment. But, as he often told himself, there

was no helping it. His connivance at falsehood was, he felt convinced, due to circumstantial exigencies. Hence, he did not make any attempt to renew the correspondence between him and Kumar which had for some time past ceased.

Santanam began learning to sketch. He worked hard. But there was no joy in his work. He worked with the forced frenzy of a man who wants to finish his duty and have done with it. The process of development presented many difficulties. His perception, trained long in the appreciation of colour shades, refused to adapt itself easily to the linear expression of an idea or a subject. The result was grotesque.

KALPAGAM wanted him to sketch their child. Yes, Santanam and Kalpagam had reaped the fruit of their love. Santanam was not sure of himself. If Kumar were present, he would have done it in no time, Kalpagam told him banteringly.

That was enough to infuriate Santanam. He replied in terms that were not complimentary either to Kalpagam or to Kumar.

But his pride was wounded. He would show her what he was made of. For a week he struggled. He made innumerable attempts to bring out the likeness of his child with the help of his pencil. At last he succeeded—in producing a ludicrous caricature. Kalpagam's first instinct was to laugh aloud at it. The next moment she realised the failure of her husband. Tears trickled down her cheeks that were touched with an extra tinge of crimson as in *The Rhythm of Youth*.

Santanam's attempts had strange results, too. He was hailed as a great cartoonist and humorous artist. His caricatures were reproduced all over the press of the country. This was lucrative. He left painting for a while.

Behold him now the star artist of the *Patna Herald*, Bihar's leading newspaper. In between his daily cartoons he painted landscapes for calendars.

Santanam had just entered the house. His face was beaming. He had in his hand a copy of *The Studio*. He

flaunted it before Kalpagam who was singing the last strains of a lullaby. Her year-old child was sleeping peacefully in the cradle.

"Kalpaga, my caricature of the Viceroy and the Liberals has been reproduced in this. A note refers to it as a very highly refined form of the cartoonist's art. Now perhaps you would agree that I am improving, won't you?" He asked her, dropping himself into an easy-chair and throwing the art-magazine at Kalpagam. The girl opened it and found the proof to her great joy. She came to him smiling, idly turning the copiously illustrated pages of the periodical.

"I wonder what Kumar thinks of that. Perhaps he might never see it, the big man he is nowadays. I wish he were here . . ."

Kalpagam suddenly stopped at a page and interrupted him. "You are wrong. Kumar has already seen this, perhaps. He ought to have. Look!" She gave him the magazine.

Santanam took it and glanced at the page wonderingly. There were two large pictures on opposite pages. *The Dawn*; *Mahatma Gandhi: Day of Silence*; by Kumara Vel, announced the legends under them.

ON the next page was an article entitled *The Art of Kumara Vel*. Santanam read it while Kalpagam followed it looking over his shoulder. The writer was an eminent art-critic. After tracing the evolution of Kumar's art he declared:

" . . . In the Renaissance of Indian Art Kumar stands out for his unbiased and sincere expression. He is not bound by superficial conventions. He is broad-minded enough to combine Eastern idealism with modern (not to be confused with the Western in its narrow sense) realism. His two pictures reproduced here were recently exhibited in the Paris *Academie Francaise* and were promptly purchased by that hawk-eyed American art-collector T. T. Jennings of Chicago. It is not too much to hope that Kumara Vel's masterpieces will soon adorn the walls of the National Gallery . . ."

"Isn't it splendid? Our Kumar, an international figure!" exclaimed Kalpagam in genuine admiration.

A sense of despondency and hollowness weighed Santanam's mind down. He gazed at the two pictures for sometime and murmured, 'Lucky chap, dear old Kumar. India should be proud of him.'

"I think you are not any the less lucky. You may also make your name one of these days. Don't despair, dear. Try and attain the peak of perfection. Once you told me that I inspired you. Have I ceased to be a source of inspiration," pleaded Kalpagam.

"That was long ago. Kumar had opportunities. I had none. What I thought was my luck actually proved an obstacle in my path."

"Meaning?" Kalpagam raised her eyebrows slightly in mock surprise.

"Now don't misunderstand me. When I married you, Kumar said I was very lucky. He would have gladly changed places with me then . . . But the fact is luck was with him all the time."

"Yes, it is I who came into your lives and spoiled your career. But why should you go out of your way and paint the likeness of an innocent girl. You started the game first, don't you know," argued Kalpagam, still in a playful mood. Santanam's guilty mind recognised an accusation in the words. His sense of despair had embittered his temper.

"But it was not I. I had never seen you. It was Kumar who first—" he checked himself too late.

"Yes?" Kalpagam prompted with a wondering look, sensing something till then unknown.

Santanam saw that there was no way out of it. "You see, Kumar sketched you first and I worked the picture on it afterwards. I had not seen you before that. But Kumar had seen you and registered a rapid impression."

Kalpagam receded in outraged horror. Her soft and dreamy eyes widened with suspicion.

"Then—then—what you told me about inspiration and imagination was—was—a lie!"

"If you will have it that way, yes. After all, what does it matter now?"

"Now! now, after you have deceived me and your friend! God! is there not any vestige of truth in you?"

"Don't talk ethics now," Santanam flared forth exasperated. "Art knows not those differences. Beauty is Truth, for Art. You were beautiful I painted you. That was truth enough for me."

"But—but Kumar's sketch was your foundation."

Kalpagam's tone was husky. Tears welled up in her eyes as she thought of Kumar, alone in his triumph with no friend to share the joy of his success.

"Foundation . . . rubbish . . . As if one cares for foundations. Don't get sentimental. Do you think a lover of beauty would dig around the house to have a look at the foundation instead of feasting his eyes on the beauty of the architecture . . . ?"

Kalpagam screamed in terror. There was a thundering rumble; a quivering of the floor. The wall cracked and the ceiling came down. She rushed forward to him.

"No! the child!" he shouted. Kalpagam flew back to the cradle. There was a deafening crash—Santanam was buried in the debris.

Kalpagam gathered the child and clutched it to her bosom.

There was another crash. Another part of the ceiling bore down upon her.

OUTSIDE the earth was torn to pieces. Buildings shook and crumbled down in disintegrated blocks. Men, women, and children fled helter skelter, were caught in the gaping cracks, or crushed down by falling masses. Tragic screams and pathetic wailings rent the air; but were drowned in the deafening roar of Nature that showed itself in its ugliest mood. For miles around, the quake spread, swallowing villages and towns, knocking the foundations out of man-built structures. Thousands perished before they realised the immenseness of the tragedy. The hard earth wobbled and wriggled like a waveline and broke into black and

hungry chasms enveloping massive structures that went to unexpected doom in the midst of what had till then seemed eternal routine. For once, perhaps, the cosmic consciousness wanted a change in an orderly universe.

In strange contrast the morning sun shed its dim rays on Gower Street in the capital of the British Empire. Kumar got up from his bed quite uneasy. He had a restless night, had very bad dreams. At breakfast his morning mail awaited him. The letters were the same as usual. Invitations to dinners, appreciations, and appeals. Strange, he thought, that the English used their colour-prejudice to suit their convenience. Perhaps the necessity of colour in an artist's life had overcome their prejudice in his case. He opened the *Daily Herald* and a streamer in screaming letters struck his eye.

DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA

UNPARALLELED HAVOC IN BIHAR
*Thousands Killed
Villages Wiped Out
Patna A City Of Ruins
Nature's Ugly Dance*

HE read with horror the sickening details. His head reeled. Here he was in London, making his name, while his country was being destroyed by order of God. Patna! What had happened to Santanam and Kalpagam? He dressed hurriedly and rushed out. He sent a cable to Calcutta enquiring about the couple.

The reply came that night. They had perished. Details were not fully to hand yet. But few escaped in Patna.

He sat with his head in his hands. Life seemed to him empty. Kalpagam—how did she bear the sight! What thoughts must have crossed her tender heart when the house came down upon them! The child—and Santanam; what an end to his friend in profession! His mind came back again and again to Kalpagam and the child.

His hand slowly took the brush

and palette. He went to the easel and like one in a dream worked on oblivious of everything. In the grim silence of that studio, far into the long dark hours he painted with increasing frenzy of emotion, slowly but surely mounting to a crescendo of sensitive agony . . .

It was a fortnight later, Kumar had booked his passage to India. To the impassioned protests of his friends he replied that Art would take care of itself. On the eve of his departure he was in Fleet Street dining much against his will with a group of journalists. On his way to his rooms he looked into the office of *The Hindu*.

THE representative of this paper of Madras received him with a respect betokening his pleasant surprise and showed him the detailed reports of the earthquake disaster. He pointed with importance to a paragraph under the heading "The Hindu" Earthquake Relief Fund which read: 'Mr. Kumara Vel has donated the entire sum realised from the sale of his earthquake masterpiece (amounting to Rs. * 25,000) to the Central Earthquake Relief Fund.'

Kumar waved him aside and left the building, his brow clouded with deep thought. Once in his room he rang up Lord Cecil Greenwood.

"His Lordship is out. His secretary Thornton, speaking. Can I do anything for you?"

"Kindly ask him to send back my picture as soon as he arrives. I am sending back the money he paid. Tell him I am sailing to-morrow." Before the astonished secretary could protest Kumar rang off.

Lord Greenwood arrived in haste and anger.

"What is this, Mr. Kumar? How can you go back . . . ?"

"I beg your lordship's pardon. But I have changed my mind. I am going to my country. I want that picture, as it is a phase of experience fancied rather than felt."

"But, young man, you don't understand. I have waited so long to have one of your pictures!"

"In that case I shall exchange that for this, if you like," said Kumar as he displayed the picture of a ruined temple with a Sadhu sitting before it, immersed in the pervading atmosphere of peacefulness.

Lord Greenwood pursed his lips. "Blast it, the young feller is sincere," he murmured. "All right, I'll take it. Remember this Mr. Kumar, you are the only true artist I have seen in your country which is crammed with damned humbugs who pose themselves as the mystic-school artists. Mystic, fiddlesticks!" He bustled out, satisfied at the transaction.

The Mayor of Madras had convened a meeting to collect funds for the earthquake relief. It was a second meeting, a month and more after the disaster. Kumar was specially invited to be present. His picture, *Her Child*, was placed prominently on a high easel.

IT represented a young mother running towards a cradle. In the background buildings were crashing down. It was the picture that Kumar painted in London the night he received the cable. It was about this picture that Mr. Patric Slashe, the most caustic critic of London wrote: "You could hear the fall of the buildings. The rumble of the 'quake seems to vibrate through the canvas. If you approach the picture you feel as if the next mass of buildings will crash on you. As for the mother, well, don't look at her figure. You cannot hold back the tears if you do..."

Speeches were made describing the havoc wrought by the 'quake and the picture afforded a striking example. It moved the hearts of the people to such an extent that thousands of rupees were collected on the spot. An announcement was made that the picture was presented by the artist to the Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Mary O'Brien, a kindly lady, and leading spirit of the Theosophical Society at Adyar was talking to Kumar the next day. They were discussing the position of the picture in the cool vestibule of the Library. The talk turned upon Kumar's future activities.

"Well, I don't think I have much to live for after this." He gazed at the picture. "I don't know. I may go on a world tour or just wander about anywhere. In any case life has lost its fascination for me," he spoke with a faint and pathetic smile.

"Now, now, Mr. Kumar, please compose yourself. I appreciate your feelings. But you have your art."

"Yes, I have it. There it is, hanging in this hallowed building. But what is the use? Did I derive any consolation? Curiously enough, the whole affair began here in Adyar."

"Yes, yes. I know," put in the lady sympathetically. "It is not for me to advise you, but you really must."

Their talk was interrupted by the arrival of Saroja with a small boy of about a year and a half. The child was pointing towards the picture, *Her child*, and shouting.

"Mother!" exclaimed he suddenly, and tried to get off the arms of the young lady who, seeing Kumar, stopped short. Kumar, taken aback by the child's interest in the picture, approached the lady.

Saroja answered the unspoken question of Kumar. "Yes, Mr. Santanam's child."

To Kumar's look of incredulous wonder she replied. "He was the child that was reported as having miraculously escaped. Kalpagam lived to see him taken charge of by the rescue party. She died after hours of agony."

Kumar stretched out his arms. The child flew to him in glee.

"Mrs. O'Brien," said Kumar in husky tones, 'you are right. I have something to live for. Not my art. This boy!'"

★

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,

Why do ye fall so fast?

Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here awhile

To blush and gently smile,

And go at last.—

—HERRICK

How to Live Amidst Fools?

By

P. S. SASTRY

OFTEN, it has been the serious consideration of many whether it is practicable for a person to knowingly live amidst fools. Sometimes it is advantageous as one can have his projects carried out, and it will not be scarcely pleasant either, as one can be turned into a laughing-stock especially when the party is otherwise morose. But always there is the hidden danger for one to turn oneself into a bigger fool in the company of this type of the human species.

Generally a fool cannot even imagine of caring to avoid a collusion of feeling or resentment with whom he is cast and ultimately helps to make everyone ill at ease and not at home. He cannot recollect to whom he is speaking and cannot guard himself against unseasonable allusions that are irritating. He often speaks of himself unreservedly and he mistakes personalities unhesitatingly. Though he is not aggressive, he is complex.

A fool is not always a fool. There are occasions when fools have been turned into the wisest men during their life and even after their death. Before one considers another a fool, he does not think of the fool not considering himself a fool. Once a traveller in a tramway car put a foolish question to his fellow-traveller and in turn was asked an equally foolish question which brought out the real fool.

Though patience may not be the plaster of all sores, its application in the case of fools is proved fertile which fact has long been recognized by men desiring to exercise control over them. When unable to control, these men wisely do not admit their defeat. Instead, they begin flattering them not to let lose their grip. But fools are not always the monopolised victims of a wiseman.

It may not be practicable perhaps for a wise man to live successfully amidst fools for all time but much work to the common good can be

doubtless turned out, a goodly lot of which, of course, will be to the personal profit of the controller. At times, it may not take long even for the fools to know that much is done to their detriment and ultimately they will not hesitate to get rid of their sneerers overnight.

There is a feeling that fools are generally poor. It is not true. There are also rich fools. The difference between the two classes is both in appearance and in words. While audacious vanity is the chief characteristic of the rich fool, ambiguous complexity is the fundamental element of the poor one. Where the natural virtues, namely, justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude are absent to a minor extent in the poor fool, the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity are absent largely in the rich fool. While the rich fool welcomes flattery, the poor fool forgets himself in buffoonery. While the rich fool commands his henchmen and calls them fools, the poor fool contents himself if he is given a patient hearing and follows his hearer. The rich fool takes up vengeance if his orders are not obeyed. But the poor fool blames himself if anybody ignores him.

Generally a fool does not like to be called a fool. Not that there is not a fool who readily admits that he is one. But, if he is called otherwise, he knows no bounds and takes heart. Often, a fool's reception of a person will be haughty, though it may not completely lack in courtesy. If the brains of half a dozen fools are put together, the talents of the wisest fool will be on show.

A fool's love is somewhat typical and he will be generally driven to extremity. A wide gulf is sure to be fixed between the fool and his lover on account of his inability to contribute to mutual understanding and of his inconsistent thoughts and emotions.

EVEN if a man begins to live unknowingly amidst fools, it will be soon brought to his notice by the fools themselves and he will be obliged to live amidst fools knowingly or unknowingly?

NEW BOOKS

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS

By Philip Gibbs

Foreword by Neville Duke
Hutchinson, Stratford Place, London

15s net

CORONATION year in Britain was propaganda year. Britain consciously and deliberately and unashamedly raised her laurel wreaths to her brow again and preened herself in the mirror of the world's eye. Since the end of the disastrous World War II and the beginning of the exhausting peace. Britain had been feeling rather low. She had so long been used to putting other nations in their places, that it came as a humiliating shock to be told just—as the Americans put it—where she got off. It was not a nice feeling. The death of King George VI came as a timely straw. There was sorrow, of course, a sincerely felt grief but it was quickly followed by a new hope in a new queen. There is an age-long superstition in Britain that the country prospers under a queen. And so Fate supplied Britain with a turning point, a jumping-off plank into a newer, more beautiful, more glorious life. Her poets would serenade her with lovely songs. Her writers would weave garlands of prose for her white neck. Her painters would show the world again what a paradise was England. What had she got that most of the rest of the world had not? A King. Now, of course, a Queen. Named Elizabeth recalling the glorious predecessor of fabled memory. Most of the crowned heads of Europe had been levelled down. Kings exiled, Kings assassinated, Kings replaced. The English King would last for ever. She would show'em . . .

She took stock of her equipment. What about her Army? Good but, well—it was the Americans who entered Berlin first. Her Navy—it had suffered terribly in the war. Her Air Force—that was it. She would pro-



Sir Philip Gibbs

claim to the world her Knighthood of the Air.

And so—presumably—it came about that Sir Philip Gibbs, one of England's established novelists with steady sellers to his credit, wrote a book about the New Elizabethans and Neville Duke, one of England's foremost test-pilots, wrote a Foreword for it. Sir Philip being a correct English gentleman has a deep belief in those "qualities of mind and manners which have placed the English high among the nations," and must have considered writing this book almost a matter of duty. But it sounds a little odd listening to Sir

Philip talking so readably about the new Queen's new people because he himself belongs spiritually to the Edwardian age. His best years were the decades before and immediately after world war—not the years when his best works were produced but the years during which he experienced and grew and matured. The quality of his thought and outlook belong to a long-gone age of leisure and pleasure, of days unsullied by talk of war, of stubborn, straight-backed generals guarding her Empi-ah across the seas, of young toffs dancing with Gaiety girls all night and erupting on to Covent Garden Market in the early dawn, of banquets with Royalty and binges and a week-end cottage in the country, of friends living in 18th century houses with maids in starched white aprons and frilly cap to answer the door and of the time when Communists were admiringly called Russian anarchists. This post-war era with which he had got acquainted in his seventies, is a ruder, cruder time. His mind with its crowded company of ghosts has found in this age of reason no points of spiritual communion.

As a steady stream of self-adulatory literature poured forth from the pens of writers big and small, from Compton Mackenzie to Richard Dimbleby, Mr. Gibbs drew a deep breath and plunged in. He was going to stick a feather in England's bonnet or die in the attempt. Undoubtedly he has made a sincere and thorough job of depicting the New Elizabethans as a wonderful lot but his lack of serious conviction shows up in the writing. For one thing he sets about it too methodically, more as if he is trying to prove a mathematical problem or taking stock of a cherished godown than as if he is painting a picture of people he intensely believes in. He is correct, determined to be fair and scrupulously divests his mind of preconceived notions and prejudices. But we see him standing behind the lines on the page, spruce and debonair in tail-coat and trousers and top-hat and cane—the typical Edwardian gentleman. It

sounds illogical but it is true that for a true appreciation of Britain today one must first acquire a contempt for the top-hat and tail-coat.

Sir Philip takes Britain methodically strata by strata, department by department, and section by section. He begins, typically enough—and wrongly as no writer in sympathy with the age would have done—with a garden party at Buckingham Palace. His view at start is panoramic—the new country stretching below him in the valley. Later on he pin-points his attention on people, people not as individuals but as representatives of groups or classes. He talks to fair-keepers, gypsies, Grammar School Boys, Labour-class housewives, Oxford undergraduates, National service boys, professional soldiers, sailors, airmen, to get the "human" angle. He puts together all the answers and offers it to us with painful sincerity. The ordinary people, he has convinced himself, have in them "the unchanged spirit of the English folk, humorous, without false heroics, but pretty good when they are wanted." The Grammar School is producing a generation "as fine in quality and intelligence and unexpressed ideals—due to old tradition and the blood that is in them—as any previous generation." From Oxford is coming a new vision. England's soldiers and sailors "need no world war to prove their quality." The old seadogs have risen again in the men of the Royal Navy. "the life insurance for this crowded isle." The younger crowd, officer workers, factory hands, telephone girls, policemen and women, are "keen and courageous, a bit cynical but more than a bit humorous." Even the London Fire Brigade stands in queue for its share of praise.

Having come this far and conducted himself with admirable self-control, Sir Philip Gibbs begins to think he could with impunity let off a little steam. As he discusses the new literature of the age and the new Art he lets himself go. He no longer sounds terribly earnest. He is full of an easy vitality. He is relax-

TAXATION IN THE WELFARE STATE

By M. P. R. REDDY

THE Benthamite doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number has focussed the attention of governments in Western countries on the question of ameliorating the conditions of the exploited sections of modern society; and the transition from the police state to the welfare state has been the logical consequence in the scheme of liberal politics. The Marxian assault on capitalism has been met by devising palliatives which apparently sought to make inroads into the property relations of capitalist society. The existence of appalling poverty side by side with enormous wealth has been generally attributed to the inequality of incomes caused by concentration of wealth in the hands of a microscopic minority of the community. In the United Kingdom, for example, it was estimated before the first world war that half the total income of the community went to about 12% and a third of the total income to about 3% of the population; and in 1937 less than one percent of the population possessed about forty percent of the capital and these persons paid 85% of the estate duties. It is again a commonplace that while the great majority of incomes are obtained by hard work many of the larger incomes are obtained with little or no work on the part of the recipients. Its result is that "some live without working and others work without living."

The great majority of mankind has always been poor and poor are no longer acquiescent in their poverty. There is a stirring of the social conscience against the perpetuation of economic inequality alongside of political equality and the wide diffusion of political power is goading mankind towards the inevitable levelling process. While abnormally swollen incomes are coming more and more to be regarded as unwholesome, the underdog in society is no

longer satisfied with the promise of better times beyond the grave. It is no longer believed that great economic inequalities tend to disappear of themselves by the process of the inevitability of gradualness while human hands are folded in philosophic resignation to fate. It is widely believed, with apprehension by the defenders of the status quo that there is a great tide flowing in the hearts of men which will wash against the foundations of inequality and carry away many familiar landmarks. Throughout recorded history, redistribution of land has been carried out with varying degrees of violence or legality. The strife of patricians and plebians in ancient Rome, the French Revolution of 1789, the Irish and Australian Land Purchase Acts, the Russian Revolution of 1917, and the Chinese agrarian upheaval, are unforgettable chapters in the history of the redistribution of landed properties along more egalitarian lines. In the words of Dr. Hugh Dalton, "Given a general break-up of the pre-existing economic system, such as has occurred in Russia, an uncompensated redistribution of property rights, aiming at substantial equality, is probably the soundest policy."

THOUGH it is not wholly true to say, to-day, that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, there is no gainsaying the fact that the cause of economic inequality must be sought in the fact that some persons inherit much larger amounts of property than others, and the children of those who inherit property inherit better economic opportunities in the form of better health, education and comfort. The less urgent desires of the minority who are born into large estates, are now satisfied before the more pressing necessities of the majority who have not inherited wealth. In most modern states social and economic justice has been sought

to be achieved through progressive taxation because it has been generally recognised even by liberal politicians that the concentration of an immoderate amount of property in the hands of a few individuals is not only not morally justifiable but also positively harmful to society. Though an individual may possess a minimum quantum of income from property as a reserve against misfortune, it is unjust to possess so large a portion as to absolve him of the responsibility to work for his livelihood. "Independently of large changes of a socialistic character though perhaps concurrently with them," says Dalton, "it seems likely that modern communities will move towards the extinction of inherited individual wealth, at any rate above certain comparatively small amounts, and that at this moment taxation will be the chief implement of progress."

IN modern times, Britain was the first country to embark upon a scheme of progressive taxation with a view to levelling down inequalities in the economic field. The attitude of the English oligarchy to progressive taxation in the nineteenth century had been aptly described by Karl Marx:

"The English established church will more readily pardon an attack upon 38 of its 39 articles than an 1/39 of its income. Nowadays atheism itself is culpa levis as compared with criticism of existing property relations."

A steeply graduated estate duty, the legacy duty levied on personality and the succession duty on realty take away a large slice of the property of persons who inherit wealth in England. Legacy and succession duties are paid at the following rates—2 percent by husband, wife, lineal descendants or ancestors, 10 percent by brother, sister or other descendants, 10 percent by charities and 20 percent by other beneficiaries. Introduced in 1894, the maximum rates of estate duty increased from 20 percent in 1914 to 75 percent in 1946.

By 1916 in U. S. A. the Land of free enterprise, the death duty was

enforced in forty states. The Federal Estate Tax Bill of 1916 was passed and the rates of duty were gradually increased with the result that in 1944 they ranged from 3 to 77 per cent, and the maximum fell on estates valued over ten lakhs dollars. The Soviet Government's decree on this subject, dated 27th April 1918 provides that "inheritance, whether by land or will, is abolished. After the death of an owner, the property which belonged to him, whether moveable or immovable, becomes the property of the Russian Socialist Soviet Federal Republic." It also provides that relatives who are in need, who do not possess minimum maintenance and who are incapable of work, receive support from the property left by the deceased, the amounts of such allowance to be determined by tribunals. Property of value not exceeding ten thousand roubles and also farm lands are excluded from the scope of the decree and pass into the possession of the surviving spouse and the poorest among the close relatives of the deceased. A 10 per cent duty is imposed on property valued ten thousand roubles in the Soviet Union.

In India, duty is payable on the first slab of Rs. 50,000 of the property which consists of an interest in a Hindu family governed by Mitakshara or Aliyasantana Law. In the case of others no duty is payable on the first slab of Rs. 100,000.

In India the rates are not sufficiently progressive compared with other countries. In the absence of agricultural income tax in most of the states, the levelling process in India may not be effective since three-fourths of property and income are based on possession of agricultural land. The fact that the number of income tax assesseees with income over Rs. 1000,000 are only 4737 in India, (.0013 per cent of the population) shows, that the level of industrial and commercial wealth is very low, and hence the estimated amount of Rs. 15 crores expected from the death duty, would not touch even the fringe of the problem.

England with her vast industrial empire, became the workshop of the

world, having set in motion the industrial revolution long before other European nations. What with her long democratic traditions, powerful trade union movement, healthy party system and effective public opinion she had created a welfare state and given her people a fairly high standard of living comparable with U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. Even then the recent shilly-shallying on the part of the old guard of the Labour movement on the question of nationalisation of key industries has compelled Bevan and his co-workers to do some loud

thinking about the reconciliation of democratic institutions with the inevitable social revolution. In this context of affairs it is worth remembering the words of Frederick Engels about the opinion of Marx on the future of English social democracy "England is the only country where the inevitable social revolution might be effected entirely by peaceful and legal means." He certainly never forgot to add that he hardly expected the English ruling classes to submit without a "pro-slavery" rebellion to this peaceful and legal revolution."

Music:

The Spirit of Evolution

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

CHANGE is the natural phenomenon of this world. It is noticeable in every living object, whether for good or bad. Optimists contend that this change is always for the better. They say that the very significance of life is progress. Even if death intervenes in this process, progress is not stopped but the torch will be passed on to another hand. The continuity as well as the spirit and freshness of progress is thus kept on in waves or strides.

Our forefathers used to travel in bullockcarts or even by walk. They saw the advent of motor-cars, trains and, recently, the aeroplanes. This is the change brought about in travel in almost half-a-century. And what about so many other changes in every walk of life? Of course there are some who do not see this change with any sympathy. But we cannot likewise say that this change is not for the better. Who can deny the advantages of the modern comforts of life? Did our forefathers enjoy these comforts like we do now?

There was a time when there were not any of the kind of conferences, sabhas and schools of music as we are having now. Some Zamindars or Rajahs used to patronise good musicians but then there was almost no scope for the spread of music. There were no Skanda-

shasti, Sriramanavami, Dasara and Tyagarajaswamy celebrations then. Music sabhas were not run in those days like those run now in every small town. Music schools were not even thought of having accepted the Gurukula system as the best means of preserving our music. We have today instituted the study of music in all schools and colleges. The same "sarali varisai," "janta varisai," and "alamkaras" are taught in a regular and monotonous fashion for vocal, veena, violin, flute and nagaswaram varieties of music. Is this a wise and considered course? Has anybody thought about the methods of teaching that are at present being employed in the schools? Should we stick to the same old methods, or is it wiser to adopt different methods to these varieties of music?

The abovementioned sabhas and conferences are now providing opportunities for musicians to meet periodically. But at the time of these conferences, they meet and discuss only the unimportant superficial aspects of music. They do not go deep into the subject proper. No doubt they talk about the weather and make and unmake the theories. They never touch the main items of a music performance. What ways are there to ensure the success of a music performance? To what extent does rhythm help a successful music performance? Why should there be only violin and mridangam as accompaniments to a vocal performance? How do they enhance the richness of

a music concert? What other probable instruments could be tried as accompaniments in a vocal performance? What are the educative, aesthetic and emotional values of a music concert? Did the vidwans who participated in the conferences discuss questions such as these till now?

From 1910-20—for about a decade—I taught mridangam to a number of promising students. They attained good reputation in the music world. From thence I turned my attention to the propagation of veena and its advantages to preserve the traditions of our music. I worked for the spread of veena as 'Podu Veena' for vocal music students. The value of it has been realized while it was accepted in Annamalai University. Thus I have served for the cause of both the rhythmic and melodic aspects of music. But my main study was violin. The pursuit of violin study enabled me to analyze

the various aspects of music properly and understand them. It also enabled me to think clearly about the subject and hence I was helpful in teaching vocal, veena and violin music.

People used to doubt whether a teacher who professes to teach an instrument could do it well without handling the instrument himself. They were convinced in a way only after listening to my students playing well on the respective instruments.

Rhythm lessons are not generally taught because the teachers themselves are unaware of their value nor the books on music deal with rhythm lessons. The so-called reformers and well-wishers of music talk about sahityam but not of the rhythmic and melodic appeal of it. I have still to repeat myself in saying the same things to the reformers and well-wishers of music which I had said thirty years ago.



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ARPX I

WAR & PEACE PROSPECTS IN 1954

NEW YORK: Will 1954 bring the world nearer to peace? This is the key question in the calculations of the top NATO diplomats who have just reviewed the West's defense plans for the coming year.

No Western statesman, however informed, can of course predict what surprise the Russians are liable to spring next. However, enough information was available to the NATO leaders for a reasonable forecast of Soviet strategy in 1954.

One of the wisest U. S. officials who attended the NATO sessions told me: "There will be no war in 1954—although real world peace will remain a remote ideal."

This may be a hazardous prediction. There is no evidence of a letup in Soviet military preparations. The Russians, if anything, are tightening their grip on the satellites—despite inspired reports to the contrary. But the mildly optimistic view of the American statesman was also shared by some outstanding Western experts on Communism for two simple reasons:

1. The non-Communist world, led by the U. S., does not want war. It will do all humanly possible to avert another conflict.

2. The Russians, beset by growing political and economic troubles, will be in no position to wage war in 1954—regardless of whether they do or do not have the atomic weapons to launch a sneak attack on the West.

The scope of the Red empire's economic crisis, especially in agriculture, has now been admitted by Premier Georgi Malenkov and Nikita Khrushchev, Secretary of the Russian Communist Party. More important—according to qualified U. S. sources—are the internal political problems facing the Kremlin's ruling group due to the transfer of power after Stalin's death.

Also, outside the Red sphere—in the non-Communist countries—the tide of the cold war turned against Moscow at the end of 1953. In the

"battle of diplomatic notes" Western strategy emerged on the top—at least for the present.

The Russians have been forced on to the defensive by the growing American strength and resolution. They were manoeuvred by President Eisenhower and State Secretary John Foster Dulles into a position where they had to agree, however reluctantly, to a Four Power meeting on Germany and Austria.

President Eisenhower's historic call at the U. N. Assembly for an international atomic pool for once caught the Red propagandists completely off guard. The proposed Four Power talks at Berlin will thus test Moscow's multi-protested desire to negotiate with the West.

Few qualified observers in Europe have any illusions about the Berlin meeting. They realize that the immediate Soviet tactic is to delay, and the strategy is to divide.

As the London *Economist* said editorially, Moscow hopes that, as long as the Berlin conference is impending or in session, France will refuse to ratify the treaties that would at once:

1. Create the European Defence Community.

2. Give independence to West Germany.

3. Complete the strategic dispositions first laid down by President Eisenhower when he was supreme commander in Europe.

THIS is likely to be the Kremlin's objective for the early months of 1954. The Reds obviously hope that disagreements in the Western camp and economic depression will eventually disintegrate the Atlantic alliance and leave a divided Germany at the mercy of Russia. They bank on France as the weakest link in the NATO structure.

Nevertheless, the three Western chiefs, in an effort to preserve peace, could not but agree at Bermuda to sit down and talk with the Russians. While rivalries and suspicion still

poison the Kremlin ruling group and the Red empire is shaken by an economic crisis, the prospect for relaxed international tension in 1954 looks brighter.

Science Forecast for 1954

IN the months ahead, the world's first atomic submarine will be afloat, ushering in a new era, first for war and later for peace. Guided missiles, some of them capable of carrying atomic bombs, will take up their positions in defense of the western world. They will both protect our great centers of population and stand guard in Europe and the Arctic.

A decade of secret research and production will come to fruition, as the radar-controlled pilotless craft will be constantly upon the alert to perform the interception of an attacking plane that would elude even our fastest piloted supersonic jets.

There will be more thermonuclear explosions, in the Pacific, to warn the world that it has within its own hands the mechanism for civilization's destruction. From behind the Iron Curtain, news of answering gigantic hydrogen bomb explosions may be expected. This will warn us that if there is to be real security for the world two different ideologies must start talking to each other in earnest and work out ways to live upon the same globe.

In the fields of science and research where progress can be more freely reported, it seems likely that a major medical conquest will be achieved. There is great hope that through vaccinating a million children and comparing their polio rate with a similar untreated group, there will be demonstrated in 1954 the effectiveness of the polio vaccine against all types of this virus disease.

Following the interesting theories developed in the past year, we may come closer to the secret of life which is contained in the chemical molecules within the dividing cell. More theory and some experimentation on suggested mechanism of cell duplication may even give medical scientists new ideas of developing treatments for disease.

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The inquiries into the number one cause of death, the diseases of the heart, and circulatory system, will continue. There is always the chance that out of the chemical research and work with actual patients some useful methods of prevention and treatment will arise. These may be based upon a better understanding of the constituents of the blood.

Cancer will be under continual attack. Most important will be the wide-flung attempts at understanding the nature of this disease which takes many forms and probably has many specific causes. Treatment of the victims of the disease will be bettered, particularly by the use of larger amounts of radioactive cobalt 60. Amounts equivalent to 100 pound lots of radium and more than 25 times as radioactive as radium will be used in cancer treatment centres. This is a medical byproduct of atomic energy.

Intensification of research into the normal behaviour development of the pre-adolescent and early adolescent years.

Radio detection devices in the form of scintillation counters to greatly extend the use of radioactive tracer atoms for many types of laboratory research, medical diagnosis and industrial applications.

Still more accurate weather predictions through further refinements of mathematical models of the atmosphere. Numerical weather forecasting will become operational and will be issued on a routine basis. Rough mathematical models designed for long range weather forecasting will be tried out.

Electronic brains which have had such development in the last decade will grow still more.

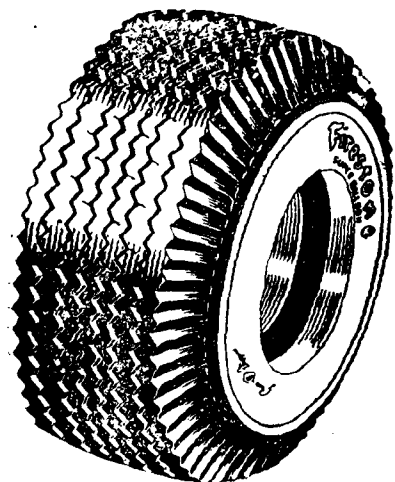
Tape recording of television is likely to have its first practical broadcast use during the year. The great jigsaw puzzle of man's origin will have more pieces fitted into the anthropology picture. There are likely to be further interesting finds in Africa of ancient man and his cultures.—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

★

Silver Jubilee Souvenir, Andhra Chamber of Commerce:

THE Andhra Chamber of Commerce brought out an excellent Souvenir on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee in the last week of December last year. It contains the usual pictures of leaders and their messages. This is common form for all Souvenirs. The unique distinction of this particular Souvenir lies in the thoroughness with which practically everything worth knowing about Andhra has been condensed into one volume. It opens with a Foreword by the President of the Chamber, Sri P. Suryanarayana. After that, masters in their respective fields of study like Sir S. V. Ramamurthi, Dr. B. Viswanath, Dr. N. Venkataramaniam and Dr. K. L. Rao discourse on topics of vital economic and scientific interest. Illustrated suitably with charts and maps, the Souvenir is a veritable gold mine of valuable information and no Minister or administrator in the area covered by it should fail to read and master its contents.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

By "MUSICLOVER"

THE music festival this year was an exceptionally crowded one and was dotted in all parts of the City. The pride of place should be given to the Music Academy's 27th

no doubt competent, but none of them could be said to be outstanding.

Of the night concerts, Dwaram's mellifluous violin, T. Viswanatham's flute, Annaswami Bagavathar's Harikatha, Sushila Nanjundiah's Hindustani music and Rajarathnam's Nagaswaram were distinguishing features.

In the demonstrations arranged by the Academy, only a few came up to a high level, the rest petering into platform recitals. The Ashtapadis of Jayadeva, Tiruppavai by B. Rajam Aiyar, Thevaram, the Baghavatha Mela of Melattur, Pallavi singing, Kathakali padams, rendering of some rare kritis of Thyagaraja by Maruthuvakudi Gopu and some more by Mr. S. Parthasarathi of the Hindu and Ranganayaki Parthasarathi, evoked much interest and curiosity.

Having put down Raga Lakshana for discussion one expected some serious attention would be given to it. Mr. T. V. Subba Rao had referred to two of these ragas ("Hamsanadam" and "Kaikavasi") on the first day and expressed his view that a rule of thumb could be formulated regarding the use of *vivadi swaras*. It is a pity there was no discussion at all on the subject.

The songs and darus rendered by



Ariyakudi

Conference opened by Dr. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, and presided over by Flute Vidwan Tiruppamburam Swaminatha Pillai, at the Sundareswarar Hall, Mylapore. The Indian Fine Arts Society Conference was opened by Mr. Sri Prakasa at the Gokhale Hall, and Mr. R. Krishnamurthi (Kalki) delivered the presidential address. Mr. E. Krishna Aiyar presided over the Natyakala Conference, declared open by Mr. Sri Prakasa, at the Museum Theatre, Egmore, which was attended by several dancers and *nattuvanars*. The Tamil Isai Festival was inaugurated by Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, and presided over by Mr. C. Subramaniam, Finance Minister. At Kalakshetra, the Art Festival was inaugurated by Mr. Sri Prakasa.

The concerts at the Academy were well attended. During the Hindustani concert by Ustad Bade Gulam Ali Khan, the hall was packed to capacity. The top-rankers—Maharajapuram, Madura Mani, Ariyakudi, G. N. B., Semmangudi, the Alathoor Brothers, M. S., and Pattammal were



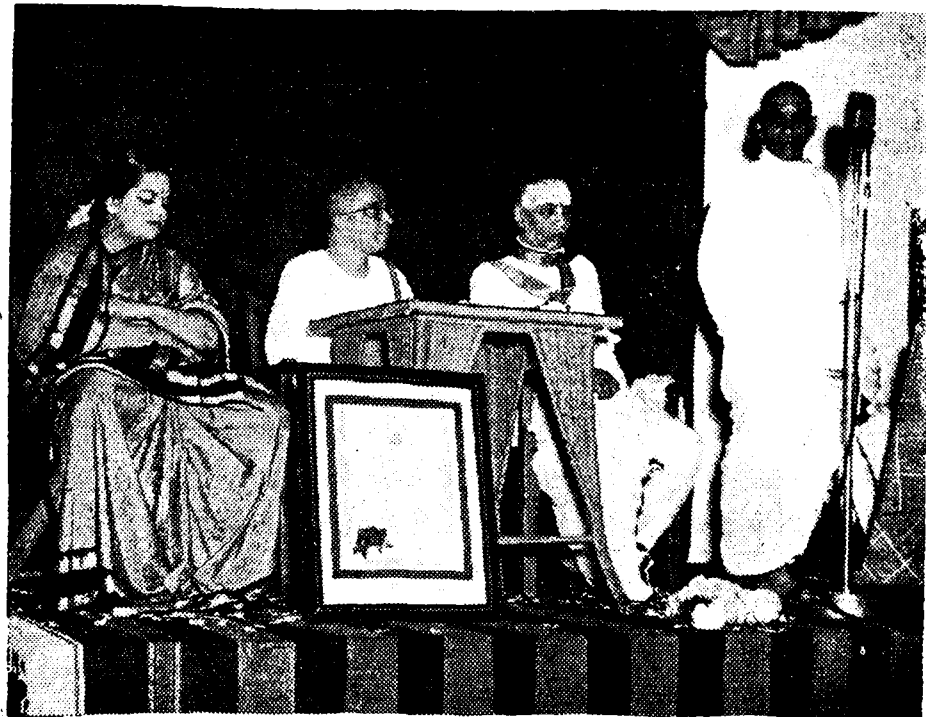
Sri Balu Bhagavathar and
Sri Subba Aiyar rendering darus

Balu Baghavathar of Melattur and Subba Aiyar and the Baghavathar's *abhinaya* interspersed with apt prefatory remarks by Mr. E. Krishna Aiyar revealed the richness and classicism of the dance-drama tradition which flourished nearly 150 years ago in the Tanjore villages. The Academy could take steps to resuscitate this dying art in the village of Melattur. Among Englishmen who took a lively interest in this year's conference one should mention Mr. John Marr (and his wife) who read a paper and Mr. William and Mrs. Irene Coates from Cambridge. Kumari Kamala's Bharatanatya at the Academy, Tamil Isai and Fine Arts was much appreciated, while the concerts of Chittoor Subramanya Pillai and Dandapani Deshikar and Srimati Vasanthakumari were well received. The researches in Thevara Pans conducted by the Tamil Isai in which Prof. Sambamoorthi took a leading part, was a praiseworthy feature.

The title of Sangita Vani was

conferred by the Arts Academy on Srimati Vasanthakumari at a pleasant function organised at the Mct. Muthiah Chettiar School hall. Vidwan Rajamanikkam Pillai presented the scroll to the artiste and Ustad Bade Gulam Ali Khan and Vidwan Mudikondan Venkatrama Aiyar who spoke paid a tribute to the musical ability of Vasanthakumari and wished her success in her career.

Few will forget the portly figure of Ustad Bade Gulam Ali Khan on the last day of the Academy concert and his divine and soul-stirring music which plumbed the depths of peoples' emotions. His development of Maruva, Yaman Kalyani, Malkause and Bhairavi was erudite and classical. His sruti suddha, range of three octaves and mandara sthayi singing proved what voice training could do. The concert must have set our vidwans thinking on what they should strive for. Long after the dust has settled on music in Madras his sweet and haunting melodies will linger in our ears.



Srimati M. L. Vasanthakumari receiving the title of Sangita Vani conferred on her by the Arts Academy

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

THIS year all the Government machinery has been geared up to serve the people visiting Allahabad for the Kumbh Mela. About two million people are expected to attend the Mela; and for the first time, these people will be given all the information and instruction they need on preserving hygiene and health. Generally, it has been observed that while several pilgrims fall ill, a few of them die due to negligence of basic rules of health and hygiene. To avoid that, this time the Government has made arrangements to educate the public right on the spot.

They will be educated not through any pamphlets or lectures—for the majority of pilgrims may not be attracted by such devices, but through films. The Films Division has produced a number of shorts on the subject of personal hygiene and general health. These shorts will be screened in open air theatres and will be shown free to the pilgrims every day during the Kumbh Mela. This way, the Films Division will be rendering a very useful service to the society and save the lives of many pilgrims by its correct education.

Moreover, just as it was left to the Government to take the lead in the matter of production of documentary films, it appears as if the Government will have to take similar initiative in the matter of films for children. There is no dearth of stories for children. At the moment several magazines devoted mainly to children are being published in Indian languages; some of them are really good and feature first-rate stories. Moreover, there are many fairy tales and legends which can be easily transcribed to the screen and which can become as great pictures as "Alice In Wonderland" or "Peter

Pan." The cartoon is obviously, the best medium for such films; but films with children enacting the roles can also be produced.

In this connection it will be interesting to note that over a decade ago Raja Pandit, an enterprising producer, had made in Marathi the picture *Dhruva* with an entire cast of children. Formerly, there were at least two dramatic companies in Maharashtra in which only children played parts and some of the plays were highly successful. But today no individual producer would dream of making a picture with entirely a cast of children, though last year several child stars came into limelight. And now it has been left to the Films Division to produce the first picture for children.

Personality of the Week

GREGORY PECK, the noted Hollywood star who was forced to stay for a day in Bombay, hit the headlines last week. He was on his way to Ceylon for the shooting of H. E. Bates' *Purple Plain*. On his way, he was forced to stay in Bombay due to bad weather which postponed the departure of his plane by several hours.

Age 37, Gregory Peck looks anything but a film star. According to a journalist who met him at the airport, he looked more like a professor than a dashing film star. He comes from the stage and has been acting on the stage and screen for the last sixteen years. He is in a way David O. Selznick's discovery and he has played all kinds of roles from the bad brother in *Duel In The Sun* and murderer doctor in *Spellbound* to preacher in *Keys Of Kingdom*. It is in *Spellbound*, I think, he reached the top.

Though by his physical stature and looks, he appears to be ideally suited for action pictures, he is as much at home in sophisticated roles as in tough Western roles. One can well imagine him playing the role of a tough vagabond as well as a sensitive author as in *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*. As a result, like Gary Cooper, he is popular with all kinds of audiences. In India also he enjoys great popularity and thanks to Suraiya who sent her autographed picture to him through

Frank Capra, he has been very much in the limelight.

Incidentally during his brief stay in Bombay Gregory Peck did meet Suraiya. And according to the interview given by Suraiya, the meeting was memorable. Gregory had invited Suraiya to Hollywood and Suraiya's dream of appearing opposite him may come true one day.

Picture of the Week

KAMAL AMROHI's *Daaera* has evoked two diametrically opposite reactions. It has been hooted and booed on the one hand and praised to the skies on the other. The reaction in both cases is dependent on the approach of the picturegoer to the film.

Daaera is the story of a young woman married to an old man who takes the wrong medicine to acquire youth and falls ill. The young woman also gets the infection and both of them come to a strange town for treatment. There the landlady, and especially her son, mistake them for father and daughter. The son falls desperately in love with her and the landlady almost makes a proposal when she discovers the truth. From this moment onwards the story runs on dramatic lines and ends with the hero's wedding and the heroine's death.

The heroine's character is puzzling. One does not know whether she reciprocated the love of the youth whom she sees only once or twice across the balcony. If she did not love him, why was she trying deliberately to end her life? What made her lose interest in life? Was it the impossible position in which she found herself? A married Indian woman cannot hope and dream for the happiness she has lost for ever due to an unequal wedding. She cannot fight with life; so she chooses death as the only escape from this embarrassing situation. That is what Kamal Amrohi apparently wants to imply. But it is this very passiveness and fatalistic outlook of the girl who is afraid to confess her true feelings even to herself, that robs the picture of all dynamic action and life. Moreover, since the love is only indirectly suggested and the background of the tragic marriage to the old man is

not made clear anywhere, the audience does not feel the sympathy it should have felt for the plight of sheetal.

Indeed, while the admirable restraint and lyrical treatment of shots make *Daaera* almost a piece of poetry, its main weakness lies in its failure to evoke sympathy for the main character and to stir the audience emotionally. But for this important lapse, *Daaera* is a treat for an intelligent picturegoer. The last shot in which the entire wedding and dance are taken in long-shot with Meena Kumari's close-up in the foreground, is the best example of Kamal Amrohi's courageous and novel technique of presentation. He has avoided the obvious temptation of taking close-ups of the dance only to accentuate the inherent tragedy of the situation.

Directorially the picture is noteworthy for several brilliant touches. Kamal's only fault is that some of the touches have been repeated too often. But for this blemish, his direction is poetic and gives a lyrical rhythm to the entire film. Though the dialogue in this picture is minimum, it is written with a brilliance only to be expected from a writer of Kamal's calibre.

The performances are good. Meena Kumari is brilliant and Kumar scores another triumph. Comparatively Nasir Khan seems to be lost in silence. Roopmala, Nana Palsikar and Pratimadevi, shine in the supporting cast. Mukadam's camera work is really splendid; he captures the spirit of the screenplay and lends it a pictorial charm all its own. Jamal Sen's musical score is very pleasing. The bhajan is obviously the highlight of the picture.

Daaera is not everybody's picture; like some of the earlier masterpieces of Kidar Sharma and Debaki Bose, it will appeal to a section of picturegoers who take their films as seriously as Thomas Mann's novels.

News of The Week

Madhubala's illness and Nimmi's accident which would disable both the stars from working for at least two months have upset the shooting of several pictures including *Amar*, *Meenar*, *Udan Khatola*, *Kasturi*, etc.

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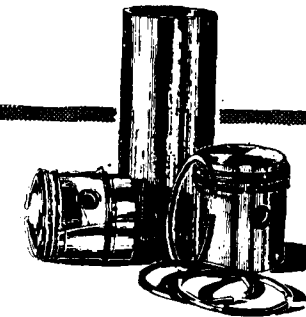
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ON THE COVER: Mr. A. G. Kripal Singh, the young Madras Cricketer, being introduced to H. E. Sri Sri Prakasa during the recent test-match at Madras

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Genuine Indian culture has been preserved in social islands, music has been respected in isolated ivory towers, art has been preached at least in schools. But the class as a whole has been sterile. Gandhi and Tagore, writers like Prem Chand, poets like Iqbal and Bharati have been life-giving processes but the life has been severely choked. In almost every linguistic area there is now more cheap literature than before and why? Is it due to democratisation, the process of overproduction and under-consumption as in the West, or the further vulgarisation of the middle class? Do the cheap prurient imitations of Hollywood and Elstree mean a gesture to the masses or a conversion of souls into money mints? Who are the successors of Veeresalingam in Andhra? Is Bharati today, really speaking, a force among the people or a totem to be celebrated in festivals? If to the enchantment of English we add the apple pie charm of Americanisation in every phase of life—and its fulfilment is already seen in shoddy journalistic productions—we see the way the middle class is driving itself to its doom. The stiff collar and the necktie may have gone but the strangling continues.

Swatantra

November 27, 1947

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SWATANTRA

MILITARY AID REALITIES

THE present outcry in the country against Pakistan and the USA is very regrettable. The Americans are not an imperialist nation in the sense in which the British were till recently in India, and still are in parts of Asia and Africa. The Americans are not desirous of extending their political hegemony beyond their own territory. The only country ever subject to American rule was the Philippines, but it is now the Filipinos themselves that are anxious for continuance of the American connection. The economy of the Philippines would break down if the American aid sustaining it is withdrawn. For all practical purposes the Philippines form part of the USA with a considerable measure of local autonomy, and the people of the country are quite content that it should be so. There has been no American colonialism on the model of the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese types, and the establishment of direct political rule in other countries runs against the grain of American history. No part of the world is threatened by American aggression for the purpose of suppressing its liberties and bringing its government under American control.

ECONOMICALLY, American influence has spread over the whole world excepting the Soviet Union and its satellites. The phrase, American economic imperialism, has come much into vogue of late. But it does not correctly represent the underlying reality. The characteristic feature of imperialism is exploitation. There must be exploitation of the weaker power by the dominant one, otherwise it is not imperialism, but some other kind of relationship. What is exploitation? Its forms are too numerous to be compressed in a list, but the common trait of all of them is not beyond definition. In the association between two parties there is exploitation when one of them employs its strength to gain an advantage, leaving the other in a comparatively poorer or disabled condition. It cannot be said that the USA has exploited any country in this manner. On the other hand, every country has benefitted more by economic association with the USA than the USA has gained out of it.

THE Americans do not want to rule over any country, they do not seek any economic profit out of any country, either. Yet they have been pouring out their wealth in millions of dollars for the promotion of Asian and African welfare. Is all this done in the spirit of pure humanitarian philanthropy? American leaders, especially of the Eisenhower administration, are hard-headed businessmen, and it seems too good to be true that their objective is to tax their own people heavily in order that the conditions of life may be bettered for the under-privileged masses in other continents. A more reasonable postulate has to be sought. It is our belief that Americans have, rightly or wrongly, worked themselves into mortal dread of Communism. Their outpourings of wealth in humanitarian undertakings all over the world illustrate their way of combating Communism. Humanity is subjected to attack and blandishment from two opposite angles, Russian and American, and the world is caught in the net of their competitive effort for capturing the major share of its allegiance.

PANDIT NEHRU thought he could ignore the Russo-American conflict and create an oasis of neutrality watered by non-violence and peace. He sought to invest it with additional fascination by calling it dynamic neutrality. The concept of dynamism as an attribute of neutrality or non-violence is of

Gandhian origin. The Mahatma could afford to dream of non-violence as a protective weapon, as he had no responsibility for the maintenance of armies in national defence. He preached that a force of 100,000 Satyagrahis prepared to face death without retaliation would be able to subdue the mightiest military invader. Had this Gandhian concept found full integration in Nehru's foreign policy, he could have ignored Pakistan and the rest of the world in their military or economic alignment with Russia or USA. Our outburst against U. S. military aid to Pakistan is an indication of the breakdown of our Gandhian pretensions in the stress of the tensions of the modern world, inevitably provoked by the Russo-American relationship.

PAKISTAN is not tied to any Satyagrahic doctrine. Taking note of the realities of the world situation, the leaders of Pakistan have learned to value military strength as a factor contributing to national safety, and they have turned to the USA for aid rather than to Russia. If we cannot do likewise, let us not quarrel with them. Nobody who has witnessed the fate of the countries drawn into the Russian orbit, can fail to commend the wisdom of Pakistan in preferring American to Russian aid. It might be that the military strength of both India and Pakistan will be taxed to the full in the years to come to overcome other dangers but dimly foreseen now, and instead of relying on an impossible creed of non-violence that has no relation to the inexorable realities of world politics, we will be well advised to supplement our defensive resources in the most advantageous manner possible. We are assured that the USA will not be less ready to aid India than it has shown to be in the case of Pakistan.

Sotto Voce

A GOVERNMENT-CREATED CASTE



THE Congress, as everybody knows, is the sworn enemy of caste. And so the Government of Madras stands forth as the propagator of a new caste. It will maintain a register of 'non-conforming' marriages, meaning thereby marriages contracted up to the date of the Bill that has been published in this behalf, by people whose Self-respect (with a capital s) took the peculiar form of entering into matrimonial alliances unpolluted by the shadow of a priest or the slightest suggestion of old established ritual. And the new caste will be as much a closed one as any of the old ones.

For there will be no new admissions to the tell-tale register.

But, unlike the old castes, this bureaucratic creation may prove sterile. They were homogeneous and allowed of an absolute parity of rights within the community. Owing their inspiration generally to the rule of life laid down by a religious reformer or 'sampradaya-pravartaka,' they felt it not merely meritorious but obligatory not to go outside the fold in search of brides and bridegrooms. And so the caste proliferated and perpetuated itself. But our Government-created 'non-conformists', while

they may be at one in repudiating Manu and discarding the Brahman priest, have little else in common with each other. Their progeny may revert to type and Naidu wish to marry Naidu and Reddy Reddy: but the register will be a lion in the path.

It is hard to visit the sins of the fathers on the children. The Government's motive is undoubtedly praiseworthy. But no Parliament can annul the consequences of a wayward act in defiance of the social will. The proposed Act may save the children of such marriages from the purely legal disabilities of illegitimacy. But the social odium will remain. The non-conformist is usually prepared for this. But their children would not be exalted by the faith of the proselyte. They may find that, having fallen out of the old communion by the tragic force of circumstances, they have not the cohesive power to form a new one of their own.

The simple truth is that, even if you pretend you can side-track God, you cannot escape forms and rituals. Dr. Julian Huxley, grandson of the eminent Victorian rationalist who on his death-bed allowed that it was just possible that there was a God, thinks that there is need for a new religion. His chosen creed is evolutionary humanism. But he concedes that an abstract creed will not satisfy the cravings of men and women in the atomic age any more than did the atheistic creeds of earlier ages. It will have to take flesh and blood as a new religion with symbols and rituals, with possibly a priesthood of its own, with public celebrations, and so on.

Our Tamil patriots like to think that the ancient Tamils, untouched by the corrupting Aryan influence, were not burdened with forms and rituals or hag-ridden by priests. They exalt the free morality of 'Kala-wiyal', forgetting that the Gandharva

form of marriage was no less free. If our Self-respecters wanted nothing more than a mode of marriage which did not call for the intervention of the priest there was nothing to prevent them from reviving the Rakshasa or Palsacha type. But to have done that would have been to confess to Hindu affiliation of sorts, and that was the one thing they were anxious to disclaim.

The Madras Government seems to me to sin against the light in refusing to face this fact. The parties to marriages celebrated under the auspices of the Purohit Maruppu Sangham were no doubt born into the Hindu fold and may not have gone out of it by formal and proclaimed conversion to another faith. But if they wished to retain their allegiance to Hinduism they should have explored the possibility of getting married under some alternative mode recognised by it which excluded the priest and dispensed with *mangalya-dharanam* and *sapta-padi*, and the rest of it. Instead they merely consulted their own *amour propre* and obviously didn't care two hoots for Hinduism.

If you want to be within a communion you have to pay the price for it: you cannot have the rose without the thorn. The Government's Bill is no solution: for the non-conformists, whom it is so anxious to save, were not the first to deny the Law and the Prophets nor will they be the last. To pretend that they continue to be Hindus and to give their progeny rights of inheritance under Hindu law is to disrupt the Hindu discipline and do grave injustice to the dearest convictions of the believing Hindu. The only honest thing any Government could do would be to prescribe a form of registered marriage with no pretensions to sacramental status which anybody could take advantage of. The established religions and their ritual and discipline would continue to hold sway over the believer.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

IN an article entitled "Power Politics in Madras State" printed in this issue of SWATANTRA, "An Observer" oversimplifies the conflict between Rajaji and Kamaraj, and asks, "Of the two, who is a dictator? And which of the two has contributed to make the lot of the common man better?" The lot of the common man remains much the same as it was in British rule except that, with the advent of freedom, theoretical sovereignty devolved on him through adult suffrage. The theory of popular sovereignty has not become effective in administrative practice on account of the untrained nature of the electorate, their susceptibility to communal passions, their preference for smaller local and regional aims over larger social and national ones, and their incapacity for intelligent combination in their own collective interests. By and by, no doubt, the voters will acquire the maturity and political sagacity which they now lack. It will no longer be possible then for any leader to remain in office or power without bettering the lot of the common man. The very fact that the question is posed now as to which of the two Congress leaders, Rajaji and Kamaraj, has contributed to make the lot of the common man better, goes to show that the fate of the common man hangs on the uncertain grace of individuals, and the Congress as an organisation has failed to ensure his betterment by any steady and dependable system.

When the British withdrew and Pandit Nehru became Prime Minister, the excitement of the masses knew no bounds. Everywhere there was expectancy in the air of revolutionary changes in the character of the government to mark the new era of freedom that had dawned so suddenly. But days passed into months and months into years and things continued the same as before. The new Congress rulers not merely perpetuated every instrument of British rule that had played its part in devitalising the nation, they took into their hearts the foremost enemies of

national freedom, ousting from importance the rank and file of the Congress soldiery that had sacrificed so gloriously in the cause of freedom while the British ruled. It was the apathy of the vast army of disillusioned Congress workers who found their leaders treacherous to them in the moment of victory that has been responsible for the progressive decline in influence which the Congress Party has sustained in recent years. What happened to the Congress Party after independence was won, is described with singular insight by Sidney Lens in the American journal, *Progressive*:

The Congress Party, while fighting for independence, was a bloc of all kinds of people. The shrewd leader of this movement, Gandhi, wanted to dissolve it after independence, but leaders like Sardar Patel, the strong man of the Congress movement, and Nehru didn't go along. Thus the old Party became transformed into an instrument of vested interests.

In each village Patel set up his machine, usually by doling out favours to the richer peasants and village leaders. The centre of gravity of Congress shifted quickly, towards those disinclined to social reform . . . If it were not for the prestige and idealism of Nehru, the Congress Party might have swung far more to the right and it might have been as unimpressive as some of the nationalist movements in other areas of the East.

In South India Sri Rajagopalachari has been the main architect of the post-freedom Congress policy of placating vested interests and old reactionaries and ignoring tried and tested followers within the Congress fold itself. His greatest favourites today are the notorious stalwarts of the Justice Party who had been the pillars of British rule and had done everything in their power to discredit and defeat the Congress in its fight for national freedom. Sir Mohamed Usman used to be known in the old days as the Lathi Member of Government. Under his orders the present writer was brought very near death's door by police belabourings for participating in one of the Con-

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As their smell and shape too are imitations
Of this hoary parent, though with limitations.

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

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

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

If through overwork or undersleep
Inactive turns his brain or nerve,
He uses Amrutanjan to reap
His former activity's reserve.

While to the children and to the young,
It serves a call and deals a cure,
To the aged and patients weak of lung,
It is a constant nurse and relief sure.

Ever remember this constant factor,
Amrutanjan is the foremost doctor
To consult for checking the paining sector
Of every disease and hence a nectar.

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.



Sri T. N. Natesa Aiyar, Manager, SWATANTRA, who retired on account of illness a fortnight ago.

gress movements. This same Sir Mohamed is one of the lionised figures of the Rajaji regime with artificial prominence showered on him, and when there is a seat in the Legislative Council to be filled by nomination, it is this lurid ghost of the old imperialist tyranny and not any of the patriots in the land on whom the gracious favour of our intrepid Chief Minister descends. In government of this kind, where is the question of the lot of the common man being bettered?

Rajaji has achieved creditable results in warding off from the administrative machinery the evil pressures of corrupt political importunities. He has tempered the personnel of the government nicely, ridding them of disabilities and providing a proper atmosphere for initiative, discipline and unfettered pursuit of duties in a free and independent spirit. But to what end? We owe C. R. an efficient and complicated secretarial organisation, but its output of public good remains stagnant, and its capacity is not utilised beyond the routine stage for any impressive spread of social welfare. Though a master in the details of routine admini-

nistration, C. R. is a conservative in outlook. He has not known how to use power except as a lever to push forward favoured proteges or cast unfavoured rivals out of the way. Power to a democrat is a coveted means for promoting comprehensive social good, and in this sense C. R. is not a democrat at all, as his interests are tied in knots sectionally. Modern democracy functions through party, and it is a principle of party consolidation that preferment should go by record. When C. R. chose Jothi Venkatachallam as Minister, he insulted many veterans in public life for the sake of an unknown novice, he elevated a quixotic whim and impulse of his own to a level superior to all the recognised rules and restraints of party leadership, and for that one act alone he would have been then and there disowned and dislodged, had the party been capable of registering democratic sensibilities promptly and spontaneously. It is not fair to throw on Sri Kamaraj Nadar the blame for a natural reaction to C. R.'s leadership brought on by its own character and peculiarities.

Sri Kamaraj has no strength except what his followers give him and he owes nothing of his position in the State to the Centre's backing or connivance from above. He is certainly a democrat, whatever else he is not. He has mastered the procedures of democracy to establish himself in an unassailable position of power that has all the apparent characteristics of autocracy, but he has the true democrat's love of workers, he lives in their midst, he feels at home with them, he is ever vigilant in befriending them, and but for his constant care and attention many a hardy Congress worker bred up in the freedom struggles of the past would have become lost and forlorn in the present atmosphere given to the continual pampering of the old enemies of the Congress. Sri Kamaraj too has not been above making some dubious bargains with questionable characters at election time. But he is intrinsically a worker's man and he now fills a historic role as a balancing element against C. R.'s quixotic propensities. SAKA

POWER POLITICS IN MADRAS STATE

By AN OBSERVER

THE Damocles' sword that has been hanging over the head of the Rajaji Ministry since October last threatened to come down on it in the first week of the New Year and close its career. But it was held back at the last moment and rumours have it that it was done so only after Rajaji gave the assurance that he would quit immediately after the budget session of the Assembly.

Why is Rajaji asked to go? Would his going help the evolution of healthy democratic traditions and help also the quicker promotion of people's welfare? An answer to these questions would involve a dispassionate analysis of persons and politics that dominate this State. Such an analysis has not been undertaken by political writers for the simple reason that it would hurt the feelings of both the groups that are at war. But we have reached a stage when it has to be done in the interests of the State and its people.

Rajaji's Ministry is the fourth to assume office after 1946. During these nine years two persons have been influencing the course of events in Madras State. One is Rajaji who, after having been the centre of a fierce political storm in the State till 1946, moved out of Madras to serve the country in different capacities and came back to occupy once again a position which opened him for attack. The other is Sri Kamaraj Nadar who, as the seemingly perpetual President of the Tamilnad Congress Committee, has been tirelessly at work breaking Ministries that failed to burn incense at his altar. He started this game with Sri Prakasam and by an astute play of forces secured the latter's exit through well recognised constitutional procedure. The same sentence was passed on Sri O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar. Sri Reddiar had to go because he displayed, to the intense

chagrin and irritation of Sri Kamaraj, bucolic obstinacy, toughness and independence. Sri Kumaraswami Raja was found to be quite amenable but the people dismissed him. Rajaji was requested to step into office to set right a state of affairs that was the direct outcome of the peculiar political lines pursued in the State.

The people of Madras thought that the invitation to Rajaji to set right the sorry state of affairs in the State would carry with it an assurance of unstinted co-operation from Sri Kamaraj. There were high expectations that Rajaji and Sri Kamaraj would work in close co-operation having the welfare of the people alone at heart. But events began to disillusion them. They found Sri Kamaraj directing his energies towards carrying on a cold war against Rajaji with the one and only aim of dislodging him from office. Has Rajaji made himself so obnoxious as to deserve this treatment? There is a section of people which feels that this time Rajaji is all to blame and that he has invited trouble through his dictatorial way of doing things. Is this true?

NO impartial observer can say that this is wholly wrong. This time Rajaji started his regime with an enviable amount of goodwill and respect. Every one of his acts caught the imagination of the people who crowded in their thousands to pay homage to him. The disruption of the United Democratic Front, de-control, the Tenants and Panniyal Protection Act, the new policy on improvement and the moratorium on agriculturists' debts made people regard Rajaji as their benefactor. Even his educational policy did not disturb the loyalty of the masses towards him.

But his popularity with the Congress Party and the Congress orga-

nisation began to grow in inverse proportion to his popularity with the people. He failed to try his moral lessons on Congressmen by establishing close personal relationship with as many of them as possible. He seems to have made no attempt to carry with him the Congress legislators in his great work. He showed no anxiety to meet Congress legislators, to ask about their constituencies, to ascertain their opinion on matters of common concern and to get them round to his view. Some such gesture would have flattered the ego of many Congressmen and made them swear loyalty to Rajaji. But Rajaji barricaded himself against MLAs and with his supreme faith in his own wisdom failed even to pretend to consult them on important issues. Added to that, his ingrained habit of indulging in the ephemeral pleasure of exposing the intellectual emptiness of his visitors and of proving through merciless logic the unsoundness or absurdity of their stand have won for him not penitent and admiring worshippers but angry enemies. Thus, if Rajaji had made a human approach to the members of his party and entered into a closer and more trustful relation with as many of them as possible, he would have easily transformed their outlook and attitude and made them enthusiastic supporters of his great welfare schemes. He would then have ensured for himself their support thus compelling Sri Kamaraj to co-operate with him.

But Rajaji's ego stood in his way. He succumbed, not infrequently, to the tendency to approach and judge men and problems from the personal angle. But all his actions, despite their being powerfully influenced by his ego, have resulted in the promotion of public good. This paradox is the direct result of his passion to serve the people getting fused with his unshakeable faith that he alone can serve them in the best manner possible. Hence his actions have brought him glory and trouble, love and hatred.

Rajaji's aloofness which is partly due to his total dedication to work and partly to his innate faith in his own wisdom and lack of it in others, is his only crime, besides the one of being a Brahmin which, in these days, outweighs every other consideration. He is therefore accused as a dictator and asked to go.

Sri Kamaraj was till recently a full blooded democrat. He rose from the ranks of Congress volunteers and therefore had his hand always on the pulse of the workers. He moved with them freely, heard their case patiently, made them believe that he was their friend and got them carry out his will. He never failed to observe the elaborate pretence of consulting his followers on all important issues though ultimately his decision alone prevailed. His uncommon shrewdness, his unerring judgment of men and his astute management of organisational affairs helped him to reach up to a place in the Congress Working Committee.

ONCE in power, Sri Kamaraj became more and more ego-centred. His approach to Congressmen and problems was made purely from the personal angle and his actions, like those of Rajaji, did not always result in promoting public good. Thus Sri Kamaraj too has grown into a tiny dictator. He has now-a-days been found to dispense with the formality of consulting his followers over crucial questions. He has been observed to take decisions and arrive at lightning compromises that surprise and startle his followers moving, according to dictation, in a particular way. Nothing has brought this out so much as the happenings since October last.

Just on the eve of the separation of Andhra, Sri Kamaraj made his followers demand a fresh election of the leader of the Congress Legislature Party. Rajaji played his cards so well and drove Sri Kamaraj into such an awkward corner that the latter had to arrive at a compromise with the former and that without consulting his followers. Secondly, when Sri Kamaraj allowed his men to

take advantage of the situation created by the introduction of the new education scheme to get rid of Rajaji and when things had reached a crisis, he once again effected a compromise and made his followers support the education scheme. On the third occasion, when the legislators had, largely at the instance of Sri Kamaraj himself, signed the petition against Rajaji and were expecting their leader to present the same to Pandit Nehru, they were shocked to learn that Sri Kamaraj did not present the petition to the Congress President but meekly agreed to co-operate with Rajaji.

BUT what has made them bitter is his latest move. On the sixth of January, his followers were confident that he would show the green light to move a resolution asking Rajaji to withdraw the education scheme. But the members were puzzled and even

angry when they found Sri Kamaraj intervening to prevent a vote being taken on the issue. They came to know only later that he had arrived at a compromise with Rajaji once again!

This has bred a lot of resentment among the followers of Sri Kamaraj. A number of them have started openly complaining that they are being used as pawns in a game of power politics and they got all the public odium for what they were asked to do while their leader escaped absolutely unscathed.

The foregoing poses the question: Of the two, Rajaji and Kamaraj, who is a dictator? And which of the two has contributed to make the lot of the common man better? The Congress legislators are pondering over these questions. It is high time that people too started thinking about them.



H. E. Sri Sri Prakasa addressing a gathering on the occasion of the unveiling ceremony of the New Super Giant Firestone "Earthmover" Tyre at the Connemara Hotel on January 14, 1954.

Weaver Problem : Solution Suggested

BY G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI

OUR handloom industry, which was once very prosperous and famous, was almost smothered by means of several disabilities created by the previous British Government to foster the growth of the textile industry in their own country. It had a revival during the period of the two wars when all the energies of the power mills not only of the war-affected countries but also of India, were diverted to the production of war materials. The industry again had a set-back at the close of the wars when the textile mills reverted, with redoubled energy, to the production of not only yarns but also cloth to keep up the huge profits they made during the war periods. As a result the handloom weavers who as a class are poor and depend only on master-weavers who exploit them, were not able to get the necessary yarns to keep them engaged for more than ten days in a month or earn a living wage; and all efforts on the part of the Government to rehabilitate the industry even by organisation of co-operative societies proved futile mainly on account of the unsympathetic attitude of the power mills in the matter of supplying the necessary yarns and at fair prices.

Given a regular supply of yarn to keep them engaged fully for at least 20 days in a month, our weavers will be able to produce cloth of equal if not better quality than the power mills and at equal prices. To bring about this state of things the following courses are open.

The weavers in different localities, who are now being exploited by yarn merchants or master weavers, should be brought under suitable cooperative organisations, whose duty shall be to ascertain the yarn requirements of the members under different counts, obtain them from the nearest power mills through Government, if necessary by compulsory levy as in the case of food grains, distribute them to weaver-members, get them converted into suitable cloth by payment of living wages under a sche-

dule carefully framed, and find a proper market for the finished products. As weavers are as a rule poor, Government should give them necessary loans for the share capital payable by them to the societies, to be recovered in easy instalments from out of the wages due to them. Similar loans should be given to societies for purchase of yarns, to be recouped gradually from out of the sale proceeds of the finished goods. Until the societies are able to make enough profits, the Government should also meet their establishment and other working charges. Necessary funds required for these purposes must be made available from the cess now being collected from power textile mills for the benefit of the handloom industry. With the help thus given, it is possible for weaver societies singly or in combination to establish, in the fullness of time, power spinning mills of their own without being dependent on private mills as at present.

IF for any reason, this course cannot be adopted, the alternative will be for the Government to establish a spinning mill of its own from out of the cess now being collected and run it as a Government concern until such time when it can be handed over to weaver societies by forming them into suitable unions. As the establishment of a new mill may take a long time, one of the existing big private mills may well be immediately acquired and started on work for regular supply of yarn to weavers.

There is yet a third course which is much simpler but more difficult to persuade people to adopt, namely, supply of yarn by hand-spinning. According to my experience, if two out of five members of a family devote about 60 minutes of their idle time every day to spinning, they could produce enough yarn to meet the annual clothing requirements of the family. After all, spinning is a simple pastime occupation requiring a capital not exceeding Rs. 10 and it is one that can be pursued by every member of a family during all the seasons of the year sitting at home and enjoying the company of the members of the family. Such spinning, besides being helpful to

the family, will also be helpful to the weavers of the locality, who are now struggling for existence. As a subsidiary occupation, more especially for agriculturists and other lower income groups, it is an ideal one, as the cotton required for spinning can be grown in every village on all kinds of lands. The organisation which has now been started in Delhi and is in search of suitable occupations for supplementing the income of middle and lower class families, will do well to select spinning as the best of such occupations. As rightly observed by our revered Mahatmaji, we have cotton enough, idle hands enough and cloth famine is a mockery. And all that is necessary to meet our clothing requirements is a will and determination to spin on the part of the people at large. The authorities in charge of community projects, national extension schemes and the like will do well to include in their programme hand-spinning as one of the essential items of work to be enforced.

IT is idle to presume that our weaver problem can be solved by any of the measures now being proposed such as prevention of manufacture of coloured and bordered cloths by mills, restriction of counts of yarns to be

woven by handloom weavers or by power mills, grant of money doles or gruel supply to weavers or other similar aids. Coloured and bordered cloths are now going out of fashion and weavers have to so adjust themselves as to cater to the needs and fancies of the purchasing public. And any kind of restrictions on the nature or kind of cloth to be produced by them will result in considerable hardship. Weavers such as those living in rural areas are accustomed to weave only cloth of lower counts ranging from 16 to 30, while those living in towns and in their neighbourhood are habituated to weave only cloth of higher counts varying from 40 to 100. Further the looms available with each weaver are particularly fitted to weave only certain counts of yarn and not all. Change of counts will involve change of looms for purchase of which few weavers have the required resources, not to speak of the difficulties in the way of working a new loom.

It is hoped the Government will consider the facts brought out in this article and adopt immediately one of the first two courses suggested, as it may take a long time for the adoption of the third course for which considerable propaganda is necessary.

LONDON'S ROYAL PARKS

THE Royal Parks are one of the glories of London, where both visitors and Londoners can walk in the green spaces and admire the well-kept lawns and wonderful displays of flowers. Ian Hobkirk, Balliff of the Parks for many years, told listeners to the BBC's "English Magazine" that besides the gardening problems that arose in the course of keeping the Parks in condition, numerous other difficulties confronted him each day.

Each Park has a Superintendent who plans the floral displays, grows his own flowers and is responsible for the well-being of both staff and park. There is a fellowship amongst the

staff, possibly caused by the fact that Royal Parks have "families" attached to them.

People of different generations did not always see eye to eye on many points. Sun-bathing in the Parks was the cause of constant friction, for some elderly people objected to the scanty attire girls wore at such times and this criticism was resented by the girls, each party abusing the other via Mr. Hobkirk. Sports grounds versus space for walking and contemplation was another problem, and so were model aircraft and boats. Mr. Hobkirk described his desk as a "cauldron of conundrums" but, despite this unnerving piece of office furniture, he still woke up each morning looking forward to the day. —BBC—Weekly Talk

CLOSED DOORS

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

"TUESDAY", said the Editor. "And when I say Tuesday I mean better make it Monday."

"I don't know," I said miserably. "I don't seem able to write these days. A drowsy numbness fills my brain, you know the kind of thing."

"Cut out the ten cups of hemlock a day," said the Editor.

"I think," I said firmly, "I need a holiday. No writing. No thinking. No reading. No newspapers. Above all, no Editors."

"Tuesday," said the Editor clearly and loudly. "And let us have something with a kick in it."

"You don't mean," I moaned, "an article on the inefficiencies and corruptions of Ministers again?"

"No," he said. "A story. A sketch. Open up the doors of your mind, and let heaven's fresh breezes blow in. Something soft and sweet which would squeeze the last drop of emotion out of every frustrated female heart, something tender which will make even strong men weep, something human and ordinary and everyday, yet elevating to the soul and touching the deeper chords of feeling, something warm and sensitive and passionate, something in 2,250 words. And remember, I said Monday."

"You said," I reminded him, "Tuesday. You can't do a mixture of Kathleen Winsor and Mrs. Henry Wood with a pinch of Thomas Hardy thrown in for spicing, in three days. After all, it is creative work."

"It sounds more like collaborative," said the Editor. "Tuesday. And when I say Tuesday I don't mean being frantic on Thursday morning beside the lino."

I went home, refused food and drink, spread a large mat on the floor and opened the doors of the unlit cavern that is my mind. The debris of ages lay there, half-digested ideas, fading memories, broken word-pictures, discarded first-impressions,

an unfinished sentence here and an ungrammatical phrase there and diverse odds and ends picked up or given to me in the course of a decade of self-instruction. I cleared it all out, dusted the wretched place and then gingerly and rather apprehensively opened another little door in my mind marked *Private*. Herein I keep the store of ideas which I consider entirely my own, or at least not obviously some one else's. (Query: Are any of our ideas entirely our own really?) Nothing came tumbling out of this door. Inside were a few odd things. Also a few odd people standing stiffly about. They had been standing there for months, some for years. I surveyed them all with a dismal, hopeless glance. Nothing there that I could make use of. And then all of a sudden I saw in a dusty, dark corner, three people. A man, a woman, and another man. I remembered them clearly, could even recall when and under what circumstances exactly I had locked them up in this room. I took them out tenderly. The woman, I realized with a shock, had grown fat and heavy. Pity. Pity. Sumitra had been such a pretty young woman . . .

I LOOKED at Raghunath, her husband. Assistant Engineer in a rising firm which made small airplane precision parts. Intelligent, sensible and rather smug about himself. Age thirty-four. Married for eight years. No children. Able and efficient worker and a man of educated and enlightened opinion. Dressed always casually but well. His marriage had been arranged by his parents. His of course had been the final okay. He was then twenty-six. If he had been at twenty-six the kind of man he now was at thirty-four, he wouldn't have let anybody arrange his marriage for him. But he and Sumitra had settled down happily enough . . . but the really sad thing was that he had genuinely fallen in love with his

wife immediately after she had left him . . .

I put Sumitra down beside Raghunath. She had been small and slender. I could hardly believe it was the same person. She had many of the self-same qualities—though neither of them had really thought about it—which made her husband so likable. Intelligent. Rather a vain person. Not particularly pretty but of considerable charm. People noticed her. You couldn't put a finger on her appeal. Somewhere in the face, perhaps in her smile. When she smiled at you, she embraced the whole of you in a warm friendliness. She smiled easily, without reservations. Or, perhaps, it was her eyes. She had loved her husband deeply though not passionately. It was not the kind of love one usually started with in a marriage but the kind most usually ended up with. She had had satisfaction before desire came. So perhaps it was not really satisfaction and that was why in a fit of impulsive romantic curiosity, she had gone away with her friend Bhadran . . .

BHADRAN stood stiff, a little apart, as if only too well aware that the world would consider him the villain of the piece. Young, less than thirty, with a full, wide face full of vitality, bold eyes and laughing mouth. You would think life was to him a joke most of the time. He was of more than average height and had a nice, deep voice. Women, long after they had forgotten him as a person, remembered him as a voice. He was a big man, in fact tending to be flabby, but he managed—between laughs and between women—to keep a stern eye on his figure. He was lovable, immensely lovable. There was not an atom of real viciousness in him. I think he was rich though his father till the day he died lived and dressed like a middle-class man just managing to keep going. Perhaps Bhadran earned a lot of money in his rather vague "business" which had something to do with buying and selling cars. Nobody knew really. He had no morals in the accepted sense of the term but had managed to keep himself basically unsullied all through his various

experiments with life. Perhaps that was possible because he was, when everything had been said, not very intelligent.

I unscrewed my pen. I knew just how I was going to write the story. Tenderness. Softness. Pathos. It would have everything. Sumitra, misguided, hurt, silly Sumitra must come home to her husband.

"Oh, no," said Sumitra.

"What?" I said thunder-struck gazing at the heavy, stout apparition I had fished out from the dark recess of my mind.

"I said no, I will not go home."

"My dear girl," I said stuttering, "what do you mean? You simply must go home."

"Oh, no," she said sweetly, "that wouldn't do at all."

"But you *must*," I pleaded. "I have planned it that way."

"Then you had better unplan it," she said calmly.

"Erring wives usually return to their husbands," I pointed out.

"Usually," she agreed. "But this is an unusual situation, don't you agree?"

"How?" I asked, puzzled.

"I have just discovered," she said naively. "I don't and really didn't love Bhadran at all."

"Yes," I said, "it was the madness of the moment. I thought so myself."

"And," she added "the dim-wittedness of my husband. Bhadran was nothing. Less than nothing. Under the laughing surface was a yawning abyss."

"Sensible girl!" I said approvingly.

"And I have also realized," she added with a shamed laugh, "that I am in love with my husband and have been so for some years without knowing it."

"So you are going back to him," I said relieved. "That is fine."

"Oh no," said she, "that is why I won't go back to him."

"You love him," I said feebly trying to cope with this wilful creature, "and you won't go back to him. That doesn't make sense."

"You sit down to write a love-story," she scoffed, "and you start

with sense. If you want to write like Kathleen Winsor you are going about it the wrong way."

"And what," I said, put on my mettle, "might be the right way, if you don't mind my asking?"

"By leaving me to do as I like, of course," she said, surprised.

"Don't," said a new male voice. "Don't, whatever you do, let her do what she likes. That is where I went wrong."

I saw Raghunath's flushed face breaking into a half-smile.

"Let me?" said Sumitra coolly. "This is not the Middle Ages, you know. Women do have a mind and a will of their own sometimes, or haven't you noticed?"

Raghunath looked at her thoughtfully.

"My mother was right," he said, "though I rather suspect her motives. She said I ought to have beaten you now and then."

"You couldn't have found a reason," she said. "If you will remember, we never quarrelled."

"Yes," he said giving her a long look. "Pity."

"You are doing it well and properly now," I said, "and what I wanted was a touching reconciliation. Tenderness, the Editor said. It must make the women weep."

"No," said she quickly as if answering a question. She was looking at her husband.

"This," suddenly said a laughing tiny voice from within the cavernous depths of Sumitra, "is tenderness. What sort of a writer are you?"

Sumitra made a convulsive movement.

"The baby!" she said.

"The baby?" I said, aghast. "What baby? Whose baby? How dare you have a baby, I ask you? I don't remember *permitting* you to have a baby."

"Permit!" said the baby. "Oh, dear!"

Sumitra looked at her husband.

"The baby!" she said again on an indrawn breath.

A slow comprehension was filling me.

"Don't," I said unable to speak for sheer terror. "Stop it. I don't want any baby here." Sumitra sat down. "Don't," I screamed at her. "Stand up. Don't sit down. Keep standing. Hold yourself in. And ask that awful baby to stay put. Oh, my God!"

"Do be calm," said the baby pettishly. "If you get all excited like that, it is not going to do a bit of good. You make me squirm, in fact. But why, may I ask, am I an awful baby?"

"You have no right to be," I said sternly. "You have complicated the whole thing. You ought to be ashamed."

"But why?" said the baby.

"Well," I said hedging, "there are some things you can't tell children. But suppose someone asks you your father is, what will you say?"

"I don't know," said the baby with a happy gurgle, "but whoever it is I will love him. Won't he love me, whoever I am?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Raghunath in a whisper to himself.

Sumitra sat down again, her face strained and white.

This was too much.

"I told you," I said, "not to sit down. You get back into that room. On second thoughts," I said thinking rapidly "you had better all get back into that room. I have had enough of this muddled and deranged story. Tenderness! Oh my God!" I pushed the whole kaboodle into the little room in my mind, banged the door shut, whipped it open the next instant and pulled Bhadrin out by the lapel of his Palm-beach coat. "You," I hissed. "You stay out."

"Tenderness," I told the Editor, "is out of fashion. And Love. I don't know what they call it nowadays but it is no longer fashionable to call it Love."

"Human nature keeps changing," he said sententiously.

"And," I added darkly, "I have learnt another thing."

"What?" he said indulgently. "That something else has changed?"

"No," I said, "that human nature behind closed doors hasn't changed one little bit."

CAN MALAYA IMITATE INDIA?

By ANDREW ROTH

GENERAL Sir Gerald Tempier will undoubtedly leave Malaya a disappointed man. This does not mean that he has not done a great deal to pull together and energize the campaign against the Communist guerillas in Malaya.

But everyone who has followed his career agrees that the General would have liked to leave Malaya in a blaze of glory, with one phase of the problem completely behind him and the other task lying open ahead for his successor. Undoubtedly, considerable progress has been made during his dynamic administration. But the estimated number of armed Communists in the jungle is still put at 5,000—virtually the same number which has been estimated every year since the 'Emergency' began in 1948. In other words, the "military phase" of "Operation Malaya" will not be over when General Tempier leaves, even though his able successor, Sir Donald MacGillivray is a civilian.

There is one reason for the failure to end the military phase in Malaya which is never mentioned. To discuss it seems a bit like the action of the youngster in the fable who suddenly blurted out that the king was naked.

The fact is that the policy followed by General Tempier and his predecessors is naked. It is naked of political intelligence. It is not that the panoply of brains in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore do not have the political brains to use. There is merely a general agreement not to use them.

From the outset there has been a general tendency to treat the Communist insurrection in Malaya fundamentally like the isolated action of an isolated band of blood-thirsty criminals. The very terminology used: "bandits," "terrorists" and the like arose out of this determination

to approach the Malayan campaign against Communism as a police action.

From the outset there was a tendency to consider this police action to be a short, hard blow which would set things right. I remember how daring I felt in 1948 when I wrote that I thought the "Emergency" would last upwards of 18 months. At that time Malcolm MacDonald, and everyone else in authority, was saying that it would be all cleared up in six months.

Today the only hope of an early solution is some sort of conditional amnesty which will enable the Communist remnants to retreat to political legality. But this is almost unmentionable.

Instead, British officials in Malaya have adopted a thoroughly American approach to the problem of defeating Communism. Communism, in American or Malayan terms, is *not* a political movement which takes various shapes: now economic, now trade union, now military, now conspiratorial. It is simply a criminal conspiracy which must be stamped out and uprooted bodily.

At least the Americans of the "criminal conspiracy" school have the advantage of consistency. They see the Communist revolution in China as simply a more successful criminal conspiracy than that in Malaya. But British analysts, who are quite willing to discuss China in complicated, lightly-nuanced and exact terms and to discuss with great sophistication how best to compete with and conquer Communism in India or Indonesia, insist on wearing their blinders and gags when talking of Malaya.

This might be merely an annoyance to political analysts. But in actual fact it happens to block the only feasible way of ending the Emergency in Malaya short of 'Unconditional Sur-

render' by the Communist insurrectionists.

Zhdanov's Legacy

THE Malayan Communist insurrection is, like many other unpleasant things related to Communism, a legacy of Zhdanov's lunacy and Stalin's senility. Certainly the death of Stalin and the subsequent open discussion of the failings of Soviet Communism have shown how many things within the Soviet Union were due to that combination. One of the *internal* lunacies it produced was the doctrine that the only permissible music was music which Stalin could whistle. One of the *external* lunacies was the doctrine that the only progressive national liberation movements in Asia were those that fought arms in hand.

This dogma *putsched* the Communists of Malaya, Indonesia, India and Burma into premature and adventurist insurrections in 1948. It probably did not reach those parties as an order. It probably reached them as a new 'line' which strengthened one of several warring tendencies within the Communist hierarchies of those countries. In India, for example, it strengthened the position of B. T. Ranadive, whose Marxism has always had anarcho-syndicalist tendencies. In Malaya it came at a time when the Malayan Communists were already preparing to go underground after having been pushed, with increasing success, from the leadership of the trade union movement. In Malaya the impetus to return to the prewar and wartime illegality was hastened by the discovery that the top Malayan Communist, Loi Tek, *alias* 'Comrade Wright', had been working first with the Japanese *kempeitai* and then with the British authorities. This meant, they thought, that the British knew the whole of their apparatus. When they got advance wind of the imposition of Emergency Regulations, the Malayan Communists knew they had to go underground. And because of the new Moscow 'line' they went underground fighting.

Malaya's Communist insurrection, then, had a very special character,

which it is necessary to appreciate before it can be terminated. It was an insurrection which combined an effort to save the Malayan Communist Party with an effort to respond to the new directive from Moscow. It was a 'revolt in retreat', not a revolutionary upsurge resulting from a series of national struggles.

Above all, it has *not* been a national struggle in the sense that the Vietminh struggle in Vietnam commanded and apparently, still commands the support of the bulk of nationalist sentiment. The Malayan Communists probably have the support of 10%, of the Malayan population—of which 9% is probably that of Chinese Malaysians.

But almost six years of conflict should have taught General Templer and his associates the central fact of the Malayan 'Emergency': that an armed and well-led Communist minority, already toughened by experience of jungle warfare, can survive indefinitely in a country which is four-fifths jungle and where the bulk of non-Communist opinion is not *actively* ranged against the Communist insurrection.

The persistence of the Malayan Communist insurrection despite the quick collapse of the 'Madiun Revolt' of the Indonesian Communists points up several of these important characteristics. This Madiun revolt occurred some two months later, while the ill-armed Indonesian Republic was still surrounded by the Dutch. The bare-foot, ill-armed Indonesian Army quickly cleaned up the Communists' unconsidered revolt. The Indonesian Communists did not have the military experience or leadership that the Malayan Communists had. But the aroused Indonesian people cooperated wholeheartedly—without the need of Emergency Regulations—in eliminating what they considered to be a "stab in the back" to the struggling Republic still seeking recognition.

In Malaya there has been neither this white heat of popular anti-Communist indignation, nor the warmth of anti-colonial nationalism which has stoked Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh movement. The central core of the situation is that Malayan

Communist leader Chen Ping still has under his command roughly 5,000 armed Communist insurrectionaries roughly the same number as he started with in 1948. Since more than this number has been killed or surrendered and there is no evidence of reinforcement from abroad, it is clear that enough young Malaysians join the Communist jungle bands to keep its numbers fairly static.

This does not mean the *quality* is the same. So far as jungle lore is concerned the few veterans who survive the full nine years (1942-45, 1948-54) of jungle fighting must be very jungle-wise indeed. But they are very few, and the bulk apparently consists of fairly green youngsters.

It is in the political field that the Malayan Communists have undoubtedly deteriorated most. Deep in the jungles into which they have been forced by the pressure of British and Malayan military and police forces, it is difficult to keep in touch with the fast changing political scene and keep your Marxism-Leninism up to the latest shifts of the international party line. This is all the more difficult because the number of politically mature comrades has shrunk to a mere handful. This is partly a result of military casualties, partly of party purges, some of them as fatal as the purge of Beria.

Communists' Slow Turn

IT is not until October 1951 that the Malayan Communists managed to execute the "right turn" which Moscow had begun prescribing for South Asia as early as January 1950. The Party leadership decided to develop some food bases deep in the jungle but to concentrate increasingly on the 'peace-time' political infiltration of trade unions, political, social and other organizations.

It is a striking commentary on the approach of General Templer that he interpreted this change as purely a response to the pressure brought on the Communists by the military and police forces and the resettlement of some 500,000 squatters. When he was asked at a London press conference whether this change was not partly to bring the Malayan Commu-

nists into line with the other South Asian Communist parties, he reacted as if this was a new idea and admitted he had given it no thought.

Little wonder, therefore, that the Malayan Government has not found it possible apparently to *think* of, much less execute, what the Indian Government did with its own Communist insurrection. After Moscow had hinted that they were indulging in "left adventurism" the Indian Communists—who were leading an armed rebellion in Hyderabad at the time—approached the Indian Government to find out whether they could make the transition back to civilian politics. Pandit Nehru made it clear that if they surrendered their arms and behaved legally they would be treated like law-abiding citizens. They participated in the first elections by popular suffrage and were able to elect a tenth of the representatives to the Indian Parliament. The number of Communists detained in India has steadily declined from over 5,000 in 1949 to under 200 today.

The transition to legality has not been uniformly advantageous to the Indian Communists. All of the internal party fissures, which were deeply hidden during the insurrectionary stage, are now almost public property. Slogans which may be heart-warming when storming a police-post in Hyderabad may be pretty thin when explained in Parliament to a critical audience. Exposed too is the drop in the Party's intellectual level in the period of its violent swing to the left.

Indonesia has followed the same pattern as India. Some of the ablest Communist leaders were killed by their jailers when the Dutch renewed their attack in 1945, but others were freed. After Indonesia's independence the somewhat chastened Communists were allowed—with the exception of one wave of arrests—to carry on their political and trade union activity comparatively unimpaired, with the result that—like in France—they lead the largest trade union federation, S. O. B. S. I.

January 23 1954

Can Malaya follow India and Indonesia?

FOR those who would like to see the Malayan Communist insurrection—and its accompanying 'Emergency' brought to early end, there is really only one question to answer. Would the authorities of Malaya dare to imitate the example of India and Indonesia and permit the Malayan Communists to *retreat* to legality?

Would the Malayan authorities be willing to accept the existence of an active and agitational but a law-abiding Communist Party? Even before the 'Emergency' still there were many in the Malayan Government who could not stomach the idea of Communists being free to agitate and organize trade unions. This attitude was one of several factors which tended to precipitate the 1948 'showdown.' Since then, of course, there have been almost six years of fighting, constantly punctured by hideous examples of brutality and terrorism. The Western Powers have, of course, gotten used to collaborating with many of the Germans and Japanese who were responsible for the horrors of World War II. But this took time to stomach. It might well produce mass resignations in the British colonial administration in Malaya if the Colonial Office accepted the possibility of an amnesty.

Actually, despite the psychological difficulty an amnesty, if successfully applied, would make easier the task of the official, businessman or rubber planter in Malaya. If I were a rubber planter I should much prefer to have a Communist come around as a trade union organizer than as a 'man with a gun' lurking in a dark corner. Even if they are successful as labour organizers, or by their competition force the present non-Communist labour leaders into more ambitious wage claims, it would almost certainly be less expensive than the sort of protection which is now required for estates. Even the C. I. D., I should think, would prefer to have their Communist quarry under their noses than hidden by an impenetrable screen of jungle.

The Missing Middle

THE basic political problem confronting an amnesty is whether the authorities feel they can let the Communists loose politically in a country which has no effective moderate nationalist organization and is on the brink of a deepening economic crisis. Pandit Nehru, it might be pointed out, could be more lenient with India's Communists because India's political life is still dominated by the massive if shrinking Congress party. Malaya has nothing of the sort, despite a number of official efforts to encourage it.

But the fact of the matter is that the Malayan Communists cannot have left more than a small handful of leaders who are *politically* effective. Casualties have been particularly heavy among the senior political commissars, with little opportunity to develop new ones. It is difficult to develop new "leaders of the people" if you are buried deep in the jungle and your only forays are for food, money and to shoot those designated as "enemies." Most of the rest of the 5,000 armed Communists are little-schooled subordinates who may again become the union tough-boys they often served as in the comparatively peaceful 1945-48 interlude.

There is one great advantage in the present scene over that earlier period. Then the Communists had a virtual monopoly of trade union leadership, a vital step in their road to power. But their insurrectionary period since then has given an opportunity for a new non-Communist leadership to emerge in the labour field. It is not sufficiently mature or confident a leadership to give Malayan labourers the protection they need during this period of depressed prices. But they do constitute an important barrier against Communist domination of the trade union field.

There are undoubtedly many problems involved in any consideration of an amnesty. But it should be recalled that the long duration of the 'Emergency' poisons the life of Malaya. There is no full political discussion possible so long as the

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Emergency Regulations are in force. And the great majority of the Malayan people need nothing so much as having the tension removed of being in the middle as the Government and the Communists fight it out.

Furthermore, it is dubious whether the authorities in Malaya can maintain the present level of military and police effort and the expanded social and educational services, in view of the depressed state of rubber prices. Certainly the Communists will remain a *police* problem. But it would assuredly be a great advantage in winning the hearts and minds of Malaysians if much of the special military expenditure could be transferred to the social services.

There is naturally some concern that, if some conditional amnesty is arranged, the Communists will emerge from the jungle able to boast that they had not been beaten and will then easily re-establish them-

selves in the leadership of the trade unions and prepare the way for a second, more successful attempt to seize power next time.

Certainly that will be the Communists' intention. But, it should be remembered, that last time they came out of the jungle after having fought the Japanese invader, the common enemy of all Malaysians, shoulder to shoulder with the Allies. This time they will be accepting an amnesty in which, one would think, those found guilty of killing civilians would have to pay for their crimes. It is undoubtedly this aspect of their brutality which is the best guarantee against the Malayan Communists making a quick comeback. They have killed so many hundreds of inoffensive people all over Malaya that there can be few Malaysians who will not understand the type of person with whom they are dealing.

ANDHRA WEEK
AT WALT AIR

BY MISS S. PREMA

THE University Campus at Waltair is a very lovely spot. The ground is rather uneven, but this only makes the place more picturesque. The hill-range on one side, the sea on the other: such are the surroundings. The University Buildings too are imposing, especially the J. V. D. College with the Clock Tower. The Erskine College is important, too, because of the "Square" behind it where the Annual Convocation is usually held. The "Erskine Square" is also used as an Experimental Theatre during the annual Andhra Week celebrations in December.

This being the first celebration after the Andhra State was formed, particular enthusiasm marked the event. The University Union had an ambitious programme of lectures and dramatic entertainments. These were no mere local events, but had a wider background. Speakers like Shri G. Harisavrothama Rao, Shri N. Sanjeeva Reddy and Shri T. Nagi Reddy figured in the programme.

Numerous plays were presented night after night, and several of them were outstanding successes. Students of both University and Affiliated Colleges participated in these dramas.

The rise of the cinema has gradually brought about an eclipse of the drama in our country. In advanced countries like the United Kingdom and the United States of America, the Theatre is still alive and active. This is due to the amateurs in the experimental theatres even more than to the capitalists of the commercial theatre. For example, Mr. Nugent Monck of the Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich has done wonders for the maintenance of standards in the British Theatre. In India, unfortunately, the Cinema has more or less driven the Drama from the field. The Suguna Vilasa Sabha was a power at one time: now it is little heard of. Amateur groups present a play or two occasionally. At the time of School Days and College Days, students too present a play or at least some scenes. Yet the position cannot be said to be at all satisfactory.

In this context, the work that is being done year after year by the

Andhra University Dramatic Society is worthy of all praise. The organizing power behind the Society is Shri K. V. Gopalaswamy, the Registrar of the Andhra University, who for over a decade has given his best attention to the cause of this art. Shri Gopalaswamy can truly be called the Nugent Monck of Andhra. He has been receiving valuable technical assistance from teachers of the University like Dr. Bhimasena Char, Mr. B. Satyanarayana, and others. Thanks to their efforts, the Experimental Theatre in the University Campus has developed traditions of its own and has become a flourishing institution. By now some hundred plays must have been produced, including a few plays in English as well. During the Andhra Week, the elite as well as the common people come to the University to see these plays. The Experimental Theatre has indeed proved to be the means of bringing the Campus and the Public together, and also an effective means of popular education.

THE plays produced offer much variety. Farces, problem plays, comedies, tragedies, children's plays, operas, historical plays,—all are shown. Some are by established writers, some by new writers or by students. The juvenile playlets, in which the Campus children took part, were very efficiently produced by Shrimati Lakshmikantamma, daughter of Shri K. V. Gopalaswamy. Among the English plays shown in recent years, mention may be made of Jean Paul Sartre's *The Crime Passionnel* (produced by Mr. S. Gopal, now at the National Archives), Nikolai Gogol's *The Inspector-General* (produced by Dr. V. V. Ramanadham), and *Othello*, which was produced on 29th December 1953 by Mr. V. Subba Rao, principal of the Hindu College, Masulipatam. The last especially was a very brave undertaking. It is no joke to produce Shakespeare, and *Othello* is particularly a difficult play. Great Shakespearean actors like Paul Robeson and Orson Welles have tried to play *Othello*, though not with complete success. Yet I felt as I watched Dr. V. R. Sarma plays *Othello*, that he was very impressive. Mr. T. V. G. Krishna Murty as Iago and Mr.

Rajendra Prasad as Desdemona were also very good, though Desdemona was uneasy managing her dress. No scene was cut, it was a full performance, and it made me read *Othello*. The delegates of the Indian History Congress who attended the performance seemed to like it.

One other performance too I must refer to here. This was Dr. V. V. Ramanadham's play, *Meena Kanya*. Last year, Dr. Ramanadham produced his own play *Kamini*, and it was one of the great successes of the Andhra Week. Dr. Ramanadham is the Reader in Commerce in the University, but he is also a Telugu litterateur. *Kamini*, with its flowing Telugu verse and the captivating dances, won everybody's heart. The play embodied a noble ideal. Beauty is a bubble on water. The soul's beauty is stainless. Realize thy Self. *Dhammam Saranam Gachchami! Buddham Saranam Gachchami! Sangam Saranam Gachchami!* These words ring in our ears still.

This year Dr. Ramanadham produced another of his musical plays, *Meena Kanya*. As he had borrowed the motif of *Kamini* from Rabindranath Tagore, he has now taken the story of *Meena Kanya* from Hans Christian Andersen. Andersen's fairy tales, like Grimm's, are children's favourites. But Andersen is not only an entertaining but also a thoughtful writer. There is more in his tales than appears on the surface. A tale like 'The Emperor's Nightingale' or 'The Ugly Duckling' or 'The Emperor's New Clothes' is verily a persuasive sermon, though at first we are merely entertained. Now 'The Little Mermaid,' on which *Meena Kanya* is based, reads like a plaintive tragedy. The 'little' mermaid is the youngest of six sisters, and also the loveliest. She is eager to see the world of human beings. She comes towards the shore and rescues a Prince when his ship is wrecked. Hardly aware of his benefactor, he goes to his palace with his sister. The poor mermaid is wretched, but she seeks the help of the Sea Witch who gives her human legs but deprives her of her voice. Even with these legs, walking is so much pain to the little mermaid. Anyhow she walks up to the palace.

and is befriended by the Prince. He is still haunted by the memory of the face he had seen while being rescued in the sea, but doesn't realize that the little mermaid is the very same person. She cannot make him understand this because she is now dumb. Presently he is betrothed to marry a King's daughter, and on seeing her he thinks she must have rescued him after the wreck! The little mermaid is very unhappy on account of her failure to win the Prince's love. Her five elder sisters, however, in exchange for their wonderful flowing hair, secure a sharp knife from the Sea Witch and ask the little mermaid to stab the Prince during the night. Either he or she should die! But the little mermaid hasn't the heart to kill the Prince, and throws away the knife and jumps into the sea and dissolves into foam. She is now received affectionately by the Daughters of the Air with the promise of ultimate immortality.

In *Meena Kanya*, there is no reference to the five elder sisters, and the Sea Witch is changed into a Jala Devata or Sea Goddess. This makes for simplicity as well as concentration. Showing a mermaid and a shipwreck on the stage involves technical difficulties, but the illusion was very well kept up. The Telugu verse was hauntingly rendered by the play-back singers, while the mermaid's part was movingly played by Miss Manga Devi. The packed audience of over a thousand followed the opera with tense interest and the dances, the music, the *bhava*, the gestures, the colour effects, all contributed to the great success of the performance. Andersen himself, could he have seen the production, would have enjoyed it!

Dr. Ramanadham's *Meena Kanya*, although a simplified version of Andersen's tale, retains the essential meaning and magic of the original. The change of the Witch into a Devata is welcome to the Hindu mind and temperament. The poetry of the dialogues and the background of the sea make for a sort of enchantment. When we read the story in Anderson or watch the opera on the stage we no doubt don't think of any underlying meaning. The

story or the play is the thing: and so we can be content. But later we cannot help asking ourselves: What does it all mean?

THE little mermaid wishes to exceed the natural limits of the life of her tribe. The mermaid wishes to be human, and marry a man. No cost is too great. She surrenders her tongue and leaves her own people. Yet all is disaster in the end. Desdemona too leaves her father and her people and marries an outsider, Othello. There too all ends in disaster. What is due to glamour and strangeness doesn't last long. Is Andersen gently and suavely warning people against thinking too much of love and too little of commonsense and understanding? Of course such love as Desdemona's and the Little Mermaid's, being pure and selfless, is truly glorious. Desdemona, even though betrayed and stifled and stabbed by Othello, says when she is about to die, that she has killed herself. Even at the moment of death she wishes to save Othello. The Little Mermaid too, instead of saving herself by killing the Prince, throws away the knife and dies herself. Great and beyond all praise is the glory of such love and devotion. But the commonsense view nevertheless is that Desdemona and the Little Mermaid are a warning to average humanity. It is no use defying the tradition of ages. It is not wise to follow one's own inclinations in the teeth of prudence, commonsense, tradition, religious sanction and parental advice. Both *Othello* and *The Little Mermaid* can thus be described as a glorification of selfless love as also a warning to young lovers. Love that only meets with early death in life, however glorious in one sense, must not be indiscriminately extolled.

Of course we must not spoil the sheer beauty and magic of a poetic play like *Meena Kanya* or of a poetic tragedy like *Othello* by such analysis. "We murder to dissect." After the analysis is over, the poetry, the beauty and the magic remain. So too, long after the event, the performance of *Meena Kanya* lives in our memory.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

Her unerring feminine instinct told her that his threat was a bluff he would never have the courage to act on. He was like some desperate player at a card-table, increasing the stakes as his resources ran out

—Short Story—

By

J. A. RODRIGUES

HE hesitated a moment, decided he would not knock and turned the small white knob, half-expecting that the room would be closed from the inside.

When it opened on Anne, quiet and relaxed, reading in a deck-chair, he already began to regret his intrusion. There was really not much point in coming on her from the blue.

He regretted it still more when she looked up quickly and said in a disapproving way, "Arthur, you might have knocked you know." There wasn't the slightest tremor in her tone. She might have been admonishing an unruly schoolboy. He had always disliked her composure a little; an actress, he thought, should be more emotional.

He pulled the small chair that stood facing her dressing-table towards him and threw himself on it. He didn't know how to begin. The usual preliminaries would sound a trifle stupid. "Really Anne," he said slowly, and then in high-pitched, strained accents, "this is the limit. You were absolutely hopeless last night. It's in all the morning editions that you ruined the performance. This sort of thing just can't go."

It was as if he was resuming a conversation interrupted some time back. He looked away from her and around the small room, noticing the harbour scene in watercolours that Anne always carried with her and which hung now on the wall opposite him, bathed in the strong morning light that streamed in through a single unsightly window.

He would have liked to stop at a classy hotel but knew that their budgeting wouldn't permit of such an extravagance. They had been playing in this small Indian town for a week and for him it was vital that

the company should perform well here. Something must be done to stop the killing lukewarmness with which his band of players had been

received throughout the trip; he would have preferred condemnation at the hands of the critics to the smug tolerance which appeared to characterize the notices they had been given so far.

"You know I never give a second thought to what the critics say anyway," Anne said. She had put aside her book, (he saw it was one of those cheap thrillers to the reading of which she was addicted), and was looking at him unconcernedly. He seemed a trifle overdressed to her in his well-tailored grey woollen suit, bow tie and spats. He had neat well-defined features that looked as if they had been carefully carved into a chiselled, longish face. He turned drowsy mindless eyes on her and she thought that the heat was wearing him down.

TO Arthur Endicott it seemed that it was exactly Anne's trouble that she didn't give a second thought to anyone beside herself. The critics, poor devils, could shout from the rooftops for all she cared. It was all his fault for bringing her on this trip anyway. He ought to have known better than to include her in the company when he was selecting its members. But he knew that they would have thought it ridiculous back home if he had dropped her. Hadn't he been responsible for making her what she was, a star performer anywhere and a box-office success? Who but Arthur Endicott had fashioned the myth that was Anne Aylmer, boosting her from an extra to a star, befriending her all along the way till only he remembered and knew of her humble begin-

nings. He rose from the chair and walked to the window with nervous, jerky movements.

"I don't give a damn for the critics myself," he lied. "But anybody could see that you were completely off colour. There wasn't the least bit of interpretation in your playing. You might have been jabbering your way through some senseless rigmarole. Besides, John says that you don't even take your cues promptly any more."

FROM the corner of his eye, he could see a reflection of her in the full-size mirror that stood near the window. He thought he could thus observe her first reaction to his charges but the waxen, immobile face, appealing in its quiet, composed way, might have been wearing a mask. He could read nothing on it. The white morning dress, plain he thought, to the point of being unbecoming, showed clearly in the glass the perfect lines of the young body it clothed. But he knew that with him, now, she was cold in an extreme degree. He felt helpless before her unresponsiveness.

Anne did not reply. She picked up her book again and continued her reading. He might not have spoken at all. Already he knew his words to be ineffective, futile things against the defences this woman had chosen to employ.

In the days gone by, he thought, he might have communicated with her by appealing to her love for him; he had really thought then (how easily he had been taken in!) that there was that bond between them and had deceived himself that in fostering the art within her, he was drawing her to himself by the only way that was open to him. She had not discouraged him. Even now he remembered in agonizing detail, the concessions she had designed to give him then. He had fallen for an illusion hopelessly, had nursed the hope, during her apprentice days, that time would inevitably make them speak the full language of love.

Afterwards, when the guileless, untutored Anne he had known was buried beneath the Anne Aylmer he had made, the disillusionment was

bitter. She set herself deliberately to undo the ties that circumstances had built between them. She had repulsed his advances, first killing the ardour of his affection with indifference and later with open rejection. Soon their relationship was back on the business level at which it had started. In this small nondescript room, he felt himself terribly inhibited by the intimacies of a period long past. He was conscious of a bitterness within him and of a strong desire to be through with Anne altogether, to get her out of his life completely, to blot her out of his memory. He could play his trump card.

"Anne," he said aloud, turning towards her, "it seems to me that you don't care any more about acting up to the standards I expect. I can't have you ruining play after play. I've been waiting a long time, giving you every chance. But I don't see the point in waiting any longer. You're out of this company from now on. You can go back home or do what you like. It's time I gave the other players a chance to show what they can do, without your mucking up things for them." He spoke quickly, in a harsh and forced manner; all the time his fingers made little twitching movements.

She turned a page before replying and said with maddening calm, keeping her eyes on the book: "Oh, that's O. K. by me, Arthur. I suppose I can always get parts some place else. I'm quite in demand now, you know. Remember James Timmins telling you back home that I was the biggest draw in the place." She interrupted herself, laughing a little in a careful, taunting way before saying what she made to appear an afterthought. "And really, Arthur, there is no need for you to be so worked up over all this."

SHE knew now watching the silent figure in front of her that she had him where she wanted him. Her unerring feminine instinct told her that his threat was a bluff he would never have the courage to act on. He was like some desperate player at a card-table, increasing the stakes as his resources ran out.

She deemed it her overdue privilege to enjoy every moment of his now visible discomfiture. It was some recompense to her for what she thought had been a long period of servile attachment to him. He had taken her for granted too much, had assumed that she had to obey his every whim and fancy if she was to fulfil herself. She had seen his pre-occupation with her as a tyranny and even as she submitted to it, she had known that the woman in her was dying in order that the actress might be born. It had occurred to her, even at the outset, that he had never stopped to think of her as a woman; to him she was merely an ambition and a challenge. In making her an actress, he assumed he would obtain sole rights to her entire existence. This knowledge had embittered her during her long years of work with him and now dictated her attitude towards him.

She would give him no assurances, no resolve to reform or practise her art better. She would not even admit that she had been acting badly during the trip. Nothing pleased her so much as leaving him now to nurse his private grievances.

FOR Arthur Endicott the silence that now prevailed in the room had become a menace from which he must flee. He was looking out of the window again and wanted badly to have the last word, to make one cruel remark which would expose the baseness he was confronted with. But he couldn't think of anything. He had begun to be acutely conscious of the heat that now seemed to be creeping in on him in great waves. He knew now that he should never have made the mistake of speaking to Anne in this manner. He would never be able to make her conform and—worse still—he couldn't get rid of her altogether. She would continue spoiling the chances of success on the trip and he would have to put up with things as best he could. He felt himself vaguely responsible for this turn of events—after all he had made her an actress and a star attraction at that.

He turned towards her again, stepped quickly across the room, opened the door, and walked out into the sun.

★

TO A LOVED ONE

MY floating grief
Upon
My heart's largesse,
Is a leaf
The sun
Infills with burning gold—
A light no less,
If cold . . .

If love's belief
Is won
From happiness,
Or is brief
Of one
Superior and bold—
Ha, my distress
Is old!

Let love be brief!—
And gone
Life's curious stress,
And relief
Upon
My resignation hold!—
Not my caress
Is bold . . .

Not I, not I
That bolt can fly,
To wound the heart
And pierce the eye!—
My grief is fair
And debonaire
And knows not where
Or how to die . . .

Ha! Love, the chief,
Has won
Me his excess,
And in fief
Begun
To illuminate the world:
Oh world of his,
Unfold!

Here, love, my brief!—
Alone
The verse sings far
Of the leaf
And sun
In the heart that is pure gold . . .
So like that star,
That mortal star
You hold.

J G H

MAUGHAM
AETAT EIGHTY

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM, famous novelist, playwright, short story writer, sound film commentator—the well-bred sage as a critic hails him—has been holding



Maugham

the English literary scene for over half a century now. On the twenty-fifth of January this year he completes his eightieth birthday, and Messrs. William Heinemann Limited, his publishers, have brought out an excellent little brochure heralding the happy occasion. And wishing to pay a special tribute to their most distinguished living author on that date they asked him to choose a book from among his works which he would most like to see published in a limited Commemorative Edition. Maugham, they say, has chosen, *Cakes and Ale*, the novel that raised the heat and dust of controversy on its first publication in September 1930.

Here are a few extracts from the brochure:

William Somerset Maugham was born eighty years ago in Paris—on the twenty-fifth of January, 1874. His mother died when he was eight and his

father, who was a solicitor to the British Embassy, when he was ten. He was then sent to England and to King's School, Canterbury. Later he went to Heidelberg University to learn German. At eighteen he knew French, German and Italian. Returning to England he studied medicine for five years at St. Thomas's Hospital, taking his degree (M.R.C.S., L. R. C. P.) in 1898.

Thus far the bare facts of formal biography find parallels in other men's lives. But the eightieth anniversary which is being honoured in Great Britain and throughout the world is that of Mr. Somerset Maugham the writer. His very remarkable literary career began at the age of twenty-three.

During the fourth year of his medical studies he worked for three weeks in the hospital's midwifery department. On call day and night he attended sixty-three confinements in the London slums of Lambeth during this short period. It was this experience which gave him his material for his first novel *Liza of Lambeth* (1897), and it was his admiration of the French writer, Guy de Maupassant, which shaped his style . . .

Having qualified for a doctor, Mr. Maugham went off to Seville, determined to earn his living as a writer . . . He returned for a time to London, but was off again in 1904, to live in Paris, taking rooms in Montparnasse where he met all the French writers and artists of the day, as well as some famous English ones of his generation, notably Arnold Bennett, George Moore and Gerald Kelly.

Although writing constantly it was not until his plays began to find a demand among London theatre-managers that Mr. Maugham gained popularity as an author and an income sufficient to ensure success. At one time, in 1907, he had four plays running simultaneously.

Among those which appeared on the London stage before the 1914 war were *Mrs. Dot*, *Penelope*, *Lady Frederick*, *Jack Straw*, *Smith* and *The Land of Promise*.

Between 1897 and 1914 his production was prolific, not only of plays—he wrote at least ten during this

period—but also of novels. In all, eight were published including *Mrs. Craddock*. There were in addition a book on his travels in Andalusia and a collection of short stories.

In 1915 *Of Human Bondage* was published which persuaded the literary connoisseurs, as the general reader had already been persuaded, that Maugham was a serious writer of immense importance . . .

He had gone to France in 1914 with a Red Cross ambulance unit and later he became a member of the British Intelligence Service. *Ashenden* (1928) reflects some of his experiences . . . Sir Desmond MacCarthy who first met him during the War, once said of him "his response to life is that of a sensitive man whom painful experience taught to grow a thick skin."

Apparently cynical, he has a great compassion which is never allowed to find expression in sentimentality . . . In his most recent volume of essays, *The Vagrant Mood* (1952) he says, "It is not in me to take people at their face value and I am not easily impressed. I have no power of veneration . . . I prefer to guess at the secrets of their hearts."

After 1918, Mr. Maugham was constantly travelling, gathering new subjects, enriching his powers of description of places, people and—most important of all—of the spiritual tensions underlying human existence. He went to America, the Pacific Islands, China, Burma, India, often returning to London, frequently staying in France where he settled before long in the beautiful villa Mauresque on Cap Ferrat and made it his permanent home.

Before the outbreak of the second world war he had published a remarkable series of novels which are today read and re-read by succeeding generations throughout the English-speaking world, and translated, in most foreign countries.

The Moon and Six Pence, the story of which was suggested to him by the life of Gauguin appeared in 1919; *The Painted Veil* (1925) created a considerable stir in Hong Kong. *Ashenden* appeared in 1928, and in 1930 *Cakes and Ale* . . . Following *Cakes and Ale*, three other novels

were published before the outbreak of the second world war. *The Narrow Corner* (1932); *Theatre* (1937); and in 1939, *Christmas Holiday*, a story of the Paris underworld . . .

Not less important than the novels were the short stories published during this period. There was in many of them that universality, however particular the theme, which has given certain stories by Maupassant, Tchekov and Kipling a permanent value—the same universality which perhaps led a number of individuals to identify themselves with some of Mr. Maugham's characters . . . Of the collections of short stories there appeared *The Trembling of A Leaf* in 1921, *The Casuarina Tree* in 1926, *First Person Singular* in 1931, *Ak King* in 1933, and *Cosmopolitans* in 1936. Eleven years later one of the finest, and perhaps the last, collections appeared under the title of *Creatures of Circumstance* . . .

Between the wars also Mr. Maugham continued to write plays, the majority of them having phenomenal successes in the theatre. Among those published were *The Circle* (1921), *East of Suez* (1922), *Home and Beauty* (1923), *Our Betters* (1923), and *The Constant Wife* (1927) . . .

It was however not until 1938 in *The Summing Up* that he gave a consistent account of his development as a writer and of his private thoughts and opinions. Characteristically he is careful to warn the reader at the outset that the work is neither autobiography nor a book of recollections. But here can be found much of him that had never previously been known, and taken in conjunction with the later published *A Writer's Notebook* (1949) many valuable and interesting details of the man and his art can be learned . . .

The invasion of France by the Germans in 1941 caught him in his villa at Cap Ferrat and it was only with considerable difficulty and hardship (for a man by then aged sixty-seven) that he was able to make his escape to England by boat.

During the war three more novels were published, *Up at the Villa* (1941), *The Razor's Edge* (1944), reflecting indirectly the influence of

his travels and experience in India during 1938; and *Catalina* (1948) for which his lifelong devotion to Spain and her people gave him the theme.

In recent years he has declared that he will write no more fiction; instead he has given to the world a series of essays which are outstanding for their mature judgment, their erudition, their wit and the exhilarating brilliance of the writing. At this moment he has two more books in preparation and there will almost certainly be many further gifts to English letters before he lays down his pen.

OUT of Somerset Maugham's enormous literary output extending over more than half a century Messrs.

Paper Boats

AS he jogged on, the small hut in the corn field slowly emerged into view. Lakshmi was standing at the door. Giri stopped the cart and jumping down from it began walking towards her on the two-feet-wide path between the field and the water canal.

"Walk carefully," Lakshmi shouted out to him, coming forward, "or you might fall! It is slippery!"

"I am used to walk on such paths, Lakshmi!" Giri said, balancing on his feet; and when he did slip once Lakshmi laughed aloud in fun and said:

"See what I mean?"

"It is not going to matter much if I fall down, Lakshmi!" Giri said, laughing with her. "Do you remember how often we fell into the canal?"

"That was years ago," Lakshmi said, "when we used to play together and float paper boats on the canal! How distant it looks!"

"It is fresh to me Lakshmi," Giri said with relish and obvious enjoyment of his nostalgia. "I feel I could play like a child now!"

He jumped into the canal and began splashing the water.

William Heinemann Limited have issued: *The Complete Short Stories*, in three volumes (1951); *The Collected Plays*, in three volumes, (1952); and at the present time, *The Selected Novels* also in three volumes. To each of these Maugham has written a new Preface. It is an exciting thought to look forward to three volumes of his, *The Collected Poems*. But then one knows Maugham's attitude towards poets and poetry and the impossibility of the happening. His *A Writer's Notebook* carried this entry: "Modern Poets. I should be content with less cleverness if only they had more feeling. They make little songs not from great sorrows but from the sober pleasures of a good education." Does this hint at some great sorrow in his life and his view of this Atomic Age not deserving an epic proceeding from that sorrow?

"All silly and childlike!" Lakshmi said, looking with disapproval.

"But you do not know what it is to feel like a child!" Giri said, wading up the canal and taking water in his hands held together like a bowl. He raised it to his lips.

"Don't drink it!" Lakshmi said, irritably, "it is dirty!"

"I am thirsty!" Giri said rather pleadingly, looking like a guilty child.

"There is clean water," Lakshmi said.

Giri let slip the water in his hands and sat on the edge of the canal. Lakshmi ran into the hut and came back with an earthen jug containing water. Giri drank it.

"Give me some *pan*!" he asked her.

Lakshmi gave him some and taking out a little for herself sat down to chew with him. They began talking merrily. But as Giri raised the rolled *pan* to his lips his eyes became dull and he looked sad.

"Do you know, Lakshmi," he told her, "it was the same with us—me and Gowri—we used to sit together to chew *pan* and chat merrily—in the fields—"

He broke off. Two large tears rolled down his cheeks. He turned his face away and hid it in his hands. Lakshmi went into the hut.

She was touched by what she saw. She had formed the impression that all men were cruel and unconscionable; they took wives merely for their pleasure; and they either abandoned them when they had done with them or did not even remember them when they died. Her own father did not remember his first wife, her mother, who died early. He had abandoned his second wife treacherously and to the third woman he had married he was cruel. Her faith in all husbands and stepmothers was shaken. She had only contempt and hatred for Giri who had come to take her for his second wife. She had refused to marry him and had slipped out of the house even before Giri would go to her to bid her farewell. Now she changed her opinion of him by what she saw. Giri was not the selfish brute to take a wife merely for his pleasure. He knew what it was to lose a wife; more than that, what it ought to be to have one and live with her. With all his zest for life, with all his infatuated love for her, he remembered his dead wife in a

moment of intoxicating pleasure. Any woman who married him must be proud of him. She came out. Giri sat stonily, his face still in his hands. She was moved to tears of joy and tender pity. She felt for him the concern she could not feel before; and her heart warmed to his child—his motherless child. Yes, she would make a good stepmother.

"Now I must be going, Lakshmi," Giri said, listlessly raising his head. "I came here to bid you farewell! I knew you would be here!"

"You shall not go to-day!" Lakshmi said cooingly. "I have changed my mind!"

"Lakshmi!" Giri said, incredibly.

"Yes, I have changed my mind," she assured him. "We shall—"

"But come! We must float paper boats on the canal now!"

She ran into the hut to bring pieces of paper she had now and then brought with her, wrapping her tiffin.

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L. VAN BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY

By W. WOLFF

FOR a hundred and thirty years musicians and lovers of music have approached and continued to



approach the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven each time as a new experience and with a feeling of highest devotion. Such is the intensity of this work that no verbal description can be

anything more than a slight indication of its content for general guidance. Its real, sublime essence can be felt only by studying the score and by hearing the music over and over again; and by doing this one will still discover, even after the hundredth time, revealing passages and musical thoughts which were not apparent before.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was not only far in advance of his own time, but it is still ahead of ours: it is perhaps the first symphonic work which can properly be called expressionistic, if not for its technical qualities yet definitely in regard to the grandeur of its spiritual utterance, which appears to give expression to mysteries which must ever be next to unfathomable. The Symphony not only expresses and conveys the highly intellectual and humane spirit of unique genius, but it displays the cosmos as an entity set to music by a man who struggled with himself and with life, who hated intensely meanness, falsity, and insincerity, and whose ideal and goal throughout his life was Joy.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony although born of the earth, rises above all styles and forms, as we may read in the Bhagavad Gita that "all forms and dispositions spring from Nature," and nature is divine.

For thirteen decades the unique and unquestionable finality of this work has inspired all composers sincerely devoted to their art with awe

and fear; they seem to have been, and still to be, literally frightened to death to compose a symphony which, even under the compulsion of numerical sequence, should bear the Number 9.

Schubert, Bruckner and Mahler all achieved their ninth, but got no further, and none of them heard his Ninth Symphony performed, because they died soon after its completion. Mahler, after having written his eighth, and full of further great ideas, was so full of superstitious fear that, in order to avoid the Number 9 he wrote the symphonic work 'Das Lied von der Erde'; and yet, in this, and in spite of himself, he still created his ninth, which is also his greatest and deepest. Most of the great composers have failed to compose more than four, five or six symphonies, and in our times Sibelius and Vaughan Williams, both octogenarians, have so far stuck at their 8th and 7th respectively.

Beethoven saw the performance of his Ninth Symphony, but he never heard it; he had been stonedeaf a long time when, some ten years after the completion of his eighth symphony, he put the first bars on to score paper. This tragic fact has the effect of deepening what one may call the 'mystery' of the work.

Studying or listening to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, one is lifted into a higher atmosphere by the force of his divine and pure creative spirit—manifest in each bar, and growing from moment to moment until one feels the impossibility of further tension; yet still it swells and grows on to the last ecstatic bar.

Beethoven spared neither himself nor the performing musicians nor the amazed audience; higher and higher mounted the waves of this great ocean of sound, and when finally he wished to express his belief in joy as the climax and end of life and music the tensions of his spirit lifted him to ecstatic heights—he broke and threw off all conventional modes and restraints; instrumental music alone was no longer adequate. The man Beethoven rose above himself and, as it were, burst into holy flames. It is as if the orchestral instruments

transform themselves into human beings in their mission to proclaim Joy and Universal Brotherhood—first in an inarticulate outcry; then in monologues of stirring depth and significance interrupted by brief recollections of the spirit of the three preceding monumental movements, and then, in almost unbearable tension, the Ode to Joy ending in a tremendous fortissimo unison.

*

THE ESSENCE OF THE FOUR MOVEMENTS

The essence of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is cosmic throughout. In its octaves and fifths, the ultimate basis of all music (western and eastern alike) play a significant part. The frequent use of unison passages as symbols of perfect unity raises them to much more than mere symbols. The employment of these fundamental devices once more illustrates that the greatest thoughts whether in words or in music, are always simple, short and uninvolved, that is devoid of mystification.

Beethoven identified himself completely with the spirit of purity, greatness and universality which he felt burning within him; and it is also for this reason that one might call his Ninth Symphony 'A Chapter of Vedas, written in the language of Music.'

First Movement: LIFE (introduced by trembling open fifths); its struggle, its

sweetness, its beauty; the rolling waves of heights and depths. The concluding passage is unison.

Second Movement: THE DEMON. Thunder and lightning in fantastic, turbulent, breathtaking tempo and rhythms—often three and four bars concentrated to one rhythm. Triumphant horn calls in the middle. The movement starts and ends in frightening unison.

Third Movement: BLISS and TRANSFIGURATION. Two heavenly subjects form its basis; they are repeated and varied in ever more sublime and ethereal orchestration. This movement ends in peaceful mellow harmonies.

Fourth Movement: Introduced by the outcry for **LIBERATION**, followed by solemn monologues (basses unison) which seem to reject reflections on the first three movements—a few bars only. The main subject of this movement, the theme of **JOY**, appears: first timidly and softly and again in the unison basses; then harmonised, when, almost suddenly, the initial bars of the outcry reappear—a moment of silent tension—and then the human voice (tenor solo): "O friends, not **THESE** tones." (The words of this significant revelation are Beethoven's!) Then follows the 'Ode to Joy and Brotherhood,' to develop in ever growing tension, sung alternately by four soloists and the choir—by mankind—accompanied and underlined by the orchestra and ending, again, in a tremendous unison.

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Frank O'Connor

THE first story of all of Frank O'Connor's short stories I read was 'First Confession' when it appeared in *Lovat Dickson's Magazine* over twenty years ago now, and the last, 'The Landlady' in the *Penguin New Writing*, No. 37, in 1949. The former magazine (concerned exclusively with the exploitation of the

short story as a significant art form) became defunct within a short time of its publication and the latter in 1950. Some issues of the *New Yorker* and the *Argosy* gave me fugitive glimpses of him; avid for the full Irish flavour of his tales I had my satisfaction at last in three of his collected volumes: *Crab Apple Jelly*.

The Common Chord, and *Traveller's Samples*.

Frank O'Connor is just past fifty. He was born in Cork and when nineteen was incarcerated during the Civil War of 1922-23. The experiences of this period provided the material for his first book, *Guests of the Nation*. After his release from prison he held the post of a public librarian for several years, publishing meanwhile his novel, *The Saint and Mary Kate*, and some translations from the Irish (later assembled under the title *Fountain of Magic*) in which work he had the collaboration of that prince among poets, W. B. Yeats. *Bones of Contention*, a collection of stories, and *The Big Fellow*, a biography of Michael Collins followed; and then after 1939, when he retired from his librarianship and devoted himself solely to literature, *Dutch Interior* and *Crab Apple Jelly* came out, this second being published while he was on the staff of the Ministry of Information and winning wider acclaim for him on both sides of the Atlantic. And then the stories which for the most part he wrote in England during the last year of World War II were brought together into a single cover in 1947, under the name *The Common Chord*. Besides books of short stories Frank O'Connor has to his credit a fine critical work on Shakespeare called *The Road to Stratford*; *Irish Miles*, a light-hearted travelogue originating from a cycling tour of Ireland; and plays like *Times Pocket* and *The Statue's Daughter* written by himself alone, and a few others done in collaboration.

There are occasions when even the publisher of a book thinks a puff of it otiose. One feels that Hamish Hamilton Ltd., who have published *The Stories of Frank O'Connor*, must have thought so; still they couldn't do without it, for it is important for trade purposes—like the vintner's bunch of ivy signifying good wine needs no bush; however, their blurb of the book saves itself from otioseness by being eminently brief, including what Yeats said of the author: "O'Connor is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia." And O'Connor himself in his introduction

to this collection of twenty-seven of his best stories—his Perfect Book, he calls it, "and could one include anything (in it) that was less than perfect?"—discloses that "some of the stories had already been rewritten twenty, thirty, even fifty times." Incredible. For there is such simplicity, such spontaneity in his writing—in his style, that it can pull off neatly and delicately whatever the subject-matter: sordidness of the Irish slums, comic sides of Irish puritanism, children callously abandoned and neglected, grown-ups furtive and frustrated—all dealt with sadly, seriously, gaily, hilariously, with an objectivity which springs from an unerring sense of justice, a stout heart, detachment, a gracious kindness, and an understanding of humankind that makes every bloodvessel of his a vial of benevolence and compassion.

And now apropos Yeats's judgement of O'Connor in relation to Chekhov. The celebrated critic and contemporary of Chekhov, Alexander Izmaylov, wrote immediately after Chekhov's death:

"Abroad, Chekhov will always remain a translation. Neither those autumnal feelings in the bloom of youth nor this melancholy inspired by the forest, the steppe, the sands, are known to the foreigner's soul."

One fails to agree with Izmaylov for the "autumnal feelings in the bloom of youth," are not particular to the Russians alone, nor is melancholy their sole monopoly; these are common to the entire mankind; but the triumph of Chekhov—although he wrote for his own people—lies in his creation of the impressionistic picture of the Russian mind for the rest of the world to understand, which it did and accepted as being typical of that race. Such universal acceptance is a glowing refutation of Izmaylov's observation that Chekhov will ever be a translation to the "foreigners"—that is, to those who do not speak the Russian language. Chekhov in doing what he did for Russia did it in a global measure; O'Connor, on his part, remains emphatically Irish; in his tales the local colour is the most pervasive, which while extremely interesting

having regard to the source and scope of his art, is, in the ultimate, a limitation from the point of view of universality. Here in this collection made from four of his volumes of short stories, namely, *Bones of Contention*, *Crab Apple Jelly*, *The Common Chord* and *Traveller's Samples*, one feels his essential Irishness in the way he moves into the heart of his theme, with an acute eye for the shaping of the story, taking in the details of every corner and cranny, shade and segment of the various life around him motivated by envy, malice, spite, viciousness, cupidity. Among the lighter, shorter stories, of first-rate excellence is 'First Confession' which tells how a small boy planned to murder his grandmother, rivalled only by 'The Drunkard'; for sheer aloofness of feeling 'The Babes in the Wood' and 'The Long Road to Ummera' afford the finest examples; while a longer tale like 'The Holy Door' which "describes an Irish Romeo's quest for an Irish Juliet, or even a Rosalind, among the members of a ladies' sodality" reveals a gravity of apprehension beneath all the sly wit and enlivening humour.

Ireland is fortunate in Frank O'Connor to whom the non-Irish are bound to remain grateful for this his Perfect Book "which sums up all that he has ever wished to be or do from the days when he was a penniless dreamy youngster wandering the streets of a provincial town"—for opening up a whole world in which there is such virile aplomb and authentic richness of experience.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Untouchable

Coolie

Two Novels

By Mulk Raj Anand

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HERE are two novels, *Untouchable* and *Coolie* by the well-known author, Mulk Raj Anand. Obviously, they seem to be remaindered copies of the Hutchinson International Authors Series offered at

considerably reduced prices in India, under the imprint of the Current Book House, Bombay, pasted over the original. Instead of the former black cloth binding with the title of the book and the name of the author tooled in silver we have box boards bearing designs in line and colour. Anand's reputation as a novelist needs no iteration now. *Untouchable* has an introduction from E. M. Forster, and when the novel was first published in England Mr. R. A. Scott-James who was then Editor of the *London Mercury*, in the course of a review of it, wrote thus: "It was worthwhile for Mr. Forster to write a Preface to this singular book by a high-caste Indian; for knowing India, having taste in literature, and being artistically incorruptible, Mr. Forster is a welcome intermediary between ourselves and an author whose work might easily have escaped attention." Anand catching the attention of the British public has maintained and cemented it since with his other novels, *Coolie*, *Two Leaves and A Bud*, *Across the Black Waters*, *The Big Heart*, etc. What offends one's good taste, however, in his books is his gusto for describing physical filth, and the words he uses for this purpose in the Indian vernacular and English variations pullulate like infusoria in a dungheap. Otherwise, Anand can tell a story and tell it well, hiding beneath the subtlety of his art the axe he wants to grind.

MITRA

Conquest By Terror

By Leland Stowe

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CONQUEST BY TERROR is a survey of the life in Soviet Russia and her satellite countries. The author is an American journalist, who has spared no pains to enlighten the non-Communist world on Communism. The master techniques of Communist success lies in the fact, that it is "unique both in employing hunger as an instrument of political domination and in using food rationing for class destruction." Communism therefore performs its black

magic in empty stomachs. But does not a well-fed stomach require freedom and independence and liberty? When once Communism takes hold of one, one is lost for ever; one's independence and freedom pass into oblivion; it regulates one's mind and actions, it controls one's movements, gestures; it turns one into a mute automaton.

Says the author: "Deprivation of liberty for a period upto 10 years awaits any transport worker found guilty of infringement of traffic regulations, or poor quality of repairs, if such infringement has led or might have led to the damage or destruction of rolling stock . . . the dispatch of trains or vessels off schedule . . . and other events entailing the breakdown (non-execution) of freight plans . . . Siberia hangs over the head . . ."

Death sentence is a common prac-

tice; extinction of human life at the hands of Communist bosses is not to be highly talked of; the whole of Soviet humanity and Eastern Europe today, are wriggling in a death grip; these facts may sound incredible, and yet they are not to be brushed aside.

How can we therefore safeguard and preserve our freedom and independence; our liberty to think free and act freely, to keep our conscience unsullied?

In the author's words: "The truth is that liberals, above all others, have the obligation to defend the rights of man wherever they are undermined, denied or obliterated; that liberals above all others, must oppose and expose totalitarianism in whatever form it may take." "Whoever feeds world's hunger destroys Communism."

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Art Exhibition in the City

By H. V. R.

ART has been interpreted by poets, philosophers, scientists as well

as by many others in the light of other branches of knowledge, including the common man, or the layman—as the term fits in.

The present Exhibition gives an



Sri Sri Ram, President of the Theosophical Society, inaugurating the Art Exhibition of the Authors' & Artists' Association, Madras, at the Centenary Hall of the Madras Museum, on January 17, 1954

idea of the works of ten artists, who have done quite remarkable work in their own way.

Mr. N. Sri Ram, was very punctual. He came exactly at 4.30 p.m., the scheduled time for the beginning of the function. There was a good gathering of some prominent citizens of Madras. Sri Sri Ram, who is the present President of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, has imbibed in himself the spirit and the right understanding of art. He gave a nice speech, brief and very informative. He stressed on high aim in the field of art and the cultural renaissance in this country. He exhorted artists to take not only traditional antiquities of art but also modern native life into consideration.

Among the exhibits, K. C. S. Paniker has exhibited six paintings in oils of which one—"Malabar Canal" is a splendid work. It is done in the impressionistic style. This artist has taken of late the medium of oils and he is doing more paintings in minimum colours.

K. Sreenivasalu is much interested in folk painting. He has drawn influence and inspiration from the Lepakshi murals. His picture "Anklet" is a good pattern in primitive colours. His composition and knowledge of design are worth mentioning.

Another young artist, R. K. Devadigar has done some paintings in oils and pastels. His painting in oils done direct with the tube paint titled "Spinner" is a good composition not only in colour but in pattern too. The warmth of Indian background is well represented in this.

L. Munuswamy's studies of Ooty landscapes in pastels are colourful and bold in execution.

P. L. Narasimhamurthy's works are in the traditional Indian style. They are conventional, and are based on the Ajanta style typically suited for representing mythological subjects.

Y. V. Lakshmiah is an emotionalist in the sense that he draws more from the bucolic; his works sort of exhort the onlooker to approach life in an inspired manner.

R. Krishna Rao has done some landscapes. This artist is good at painting temple scenes. He creates an effect of effortlessness and gets



"Study"

By Makhan Datta Gupta

many details without losing the atmospheric effect.

The test of the pudding is in the eating. The artist throbs behind his creations. A visit to the art exhibition at the Centenary Hall in the Madras Museum will be educative in the sense that aesthetic values will be understood rightly.

★

Love, thou art absolute, sole lord
Of Life and Death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach
down

With strong arms their triumphant
crown;

Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud into the face of death
Their great Lord's glorious name; to
none

Of those whose spacious bosoms spread
a throne

For Love at large to fill.

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NETOCHKA :

Heroine in the Turbulent Drama of Dostoevsky's Life

By M. S. R. RAO

ON 28th January, exactly seventy-three years ago, the great Russian writer Dostoevsky breathed his last bequeathing to the world immortal works of art which are at once the glory and pride not only of Russian literature but a proud heritage of mankind. He occupies an honoured place in the gallery of immortals like Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Balzac, Voltaire, Tolstoy and Pushkin.

On this occasion it is but fitting to pay a tribute of admiration to that heroic woman, Anya, affectionately called by her parents Netochka—Dostoevsky's second wife, who played such an eventful role in the turbulent drama of his life. But for her love, sacrifices and moral support at a most crucial period of his life, he would have died a second-rate writer.

Posterity owes a debt of gratitude to this extraordinary woman, as Dostoevsky's greatest works were written during the last fourteen years of their married life. Anya was not only his secretary, financial adviser and business manager but a true understanding friend, who by her tireless efforts gave him that congenial atmosphere at home which made the flowering of his genius possible.

In the annals of world literature, we very rarely come across instances of women marrying a man out of sheer love for his genius, sacrificing everything—youth, happiness, comfort and joy in life. Unlike Tolstoy whose domestic life was none too happy and which culminated in the flight of the sage from his hearth and home and meeting death on a wayside railway station in his old age, Dostoevsky was really fortunate in his discovery of his Netochka in his forty-fourth year.

This was a troubled period in Dostoevsky's life. He was overwhelmed by his circumstances and was not in a position to create masterpieces. He was passing through a nightmare of

financial worries, harassed by creditors who were threatening him with a debtor's prison, suffering from his epileptic fits, always in crying need of money and at the mercy of friends, well-wishers and even casual acquaintances for his very survival, always working at breakneck speed with hardly any time to revise or rewrite his works. He was deceived by all sorts of people who exploited his gentleness, nobility and largeness of heart. All his great talents, energy, and creative power were dissipated in the agonising struggle for a living.

He was in need of all the moral support, sympathetic understanding and true love that a woman could give. Anya crossed his path quite accidentally like a guardian angel. She took energetic steps to put his affairs in order and gave him much needed relief—peace of mind and mental poise to devote his entire energies for the creation of his works.

The circumstance of their first meeting is most interesting. At this time Dostoevsky was working hard at his famous novel *Crime and Punishment* to ward off his creditors. He had not yet begun his work for his publisher Stellovosky, which he was to deliver within a month as per their agreement, failing which all his rights as an author of all the books he had written and was likely to write in the future would go to the publishers as a penalty. It was a most difficult position in which he found himself. Many of his friends suggested various ways to get over the difficulty. Some proposed that each one of them should write a chapter of the book and Dostoevsky would only have to put his signature. But he was too conscientious a writer and rejected the proposal. Then someone advised him to engage a shorthand writer to speed up his work, to which he readily agreed.

Anya Gregorevna Snitkin, a brilliant shorthand writer, was recommended for the post. She was a great admirer of the author of *Poor Folk* and greatly influenced by his books. She jumped at the offer as she thought that this would give her an opportunity to come in contact with a genius in flesh and blood. Thus

began a lifelong heroic struggle for this couple.

On her meeting the author, her first impression was not at all flattering to him. He looked old and careworn. She was surprised to find the way in which her hero, a writer of remarkable genius, lived. Poverty was gazing at her everywhere—the low ceiling of the house, the scantily furnished cupboard, rickety furniture and the author's worn and threadbare clothes. The atmosphere was uninspiring to a nineteen year old girl of refinement and a romantic temperament. But she did not allow her first impression to get the better of her judgment.

Within a few weeks of her engagement as his secretary, Anya knew the minutest details of his past life—his convict life in Siberia, his epileptic fits, his frustrations and disappointments with women who scorned his offer and rejected and despised him for his abject poverty. In fact he opened his whole heart before the sympathetic and impressionable girl and told her everything, his crushing debts, his exacting publisher Stellovosky, and his quarrels with his contemporaries. Anya also came to know the most intimate thoughts of Dostoevsky.

The revelation of his inner life of conflict and struggle in no way diminished Anya's enthusiasm for her work, nor did it lower the author's reputation in her eyes. She was much impressed by his utter sincerity and childlike simplicity, and was moved by a sort of maternal instinct to come to the rescue of this unhappy man who needed all the understanding and goodwill in the world. She writes: "For the first time in my life, I have seen a man who is wise and good but unhappy, as if forsaken by all and a feeling of profound sympathy and pity rose up in my heart."

From now onwards the outside world lost its interest and she began to live in the world of Dostoevsky and his creation. Gradually she began to fall in love with him not knowing that he too was worshipping her from a distance. But she had her own misgivings whether an author of Dostoevsky's genius would really

care for an ordinary girl like herself. When he really did propose, it was a day of supreme happiness in her life.

They were married on 15th February 1867. The first months of their married life were a source of perpetual worry for young Anya. Many relatives of Dostoevsky were actually depending on the slender resources of the author for their maintenance. His sister-in-law and his stepson Pasha made their life miserable. With his unsteady income, he was finding it impossible to meet the many demands of the family. All Anya's jewels, furniture, clothing and even her furcoat went to the pawnshop to meet some pressing demands of the family. She begged her husband to save her these torments and take her abroad for sometime as their unhappy life was threatening to break their love and marriage. Dostoevsky readily agreed. Though they planned their stay only for a few months it extended to a period of more than four years due to many circumstances beyond their control. When they finally returned, Dostoevsky was already considered by his contemporaries a celebrity.

During their sojourn abroad, they were always oppressed by want. Adding to Anya's torments and worries Dostoevsky developed an incurable mania to win a big fortune on the roulette tables of Dresden and Hamburg which caused him untold hardship and reduced them to further penury. Even to the last franc he used to stake at the tables, when he was not sure of raising enough money for their next meal. The monies he used to receive from his publishers and friends and the amounts Anya got from her mother and sister (which were enormous) disappeared in no time on the gambling tables. If only he was not addicted to this gambling habit the money he used to earn was sufficient to lead a tolerably comfortable life. All his clothes and even his wife's clothing were pawned. It is heartrending to read how the great Dostoevsky used to go round the pawnshops with a bundle of his tattered clothes, to raise as much money as he could for gambling, depriving himself and his

wife of the barest necessities of life.

Despite so much privation and misery, not a single word of protest or anger or even a mild reproach escaped Anya's lips. She bore the cross patiently and her one chief concern was always her husband's happiness. She even went to the extent of encouraging him to go to the tables. Her silent suffering had its own reward in the long run as her husband left off the gambling habit out of sheer disgust.

Their condition at this time can very well be imagined from letters. Dostoevsky wrote to his friend Maikov: "I have 30 francs. Everything to the last rag, my wife's and mine, has been pawned. My debts are pressing, urgent, and immediate. I have never had anything harder and more difficult to bear in life. What if Anya falls ill and I have no means of buying her medicine." And again, "How can I write when I am hungry and had to pawn my very pantaloons to get two thralers for the telegram. The devil take me and my hunger."

After an absence of four years of suffering and anxiety Dostoevsky returned home with no improvement in their material condition. Their debts had mounted to an alarming figure of 25,000 roubles while their whole fortune in the world consisted of a few roubles in cash and two trunks filled with old clothes, books and manuscripts. Anya writes in her reminiscences: "When I think back on it all now, I think how much spiritual energy was needed to begin life in such circumstances."

On hearing news of Dostoevsky's return, all his creditors began to visit him demanding immediate payment. They used to behave in a most insolent way whenever they talked to him. As Dostoevsky was too powerless and helpless, he

was obliged to put up with the insults hurled at him by these. After these interviews he used to go into fits of despair, melancholy, and at times into hysterics, pulling out his hair. Sometimes it used to end in his getting epileptic fits. Anya determined to save her husband these torments and mental anguish and began to interview his creditors herself.

Most of the debts which had accumulated with exorbitant rate of interest were the amounts due by his elder brother Mikhail Dostoevsky which were agreed to be paid by Dostoevsky as a debt of honour in memory of his brother. In addition to all this, their near relatives gave them no peace of mind as they plagued them with frequent visits, demanding help as though it was a matter of their right.

Anya showed remarkable shrewdness and foresight in handling these people. Due to her business acumen she was able to put their affairs in order and give her husband that mental peace which enabled him to concentrate on his life work. Thanks to her, all the debts were paid and Dostoevsky was enabled to have comfortable time in the closing years of his life devoting himself entirely to literature.

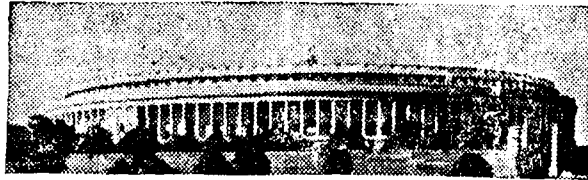
After Dostoevsky's death a pension of 2000 roubles was granted to Anya by the Tsar in "recognition of her husband's services to the cause of Russian literature," through the good offices of Pobiedonosey, Dostoevsky's friend and admirer. It is said that when an important official from the Tsar came to announce the news the widow rushed inside the house to convey the glad tidings to her husband, forgetting for a while, in her unbounded love for him, that he no longer belonged to this world.

She died during the Russian Revolution, an old woman of 73.

The best teacher, until one comes to adult pupils, is not the one who knows most, but the one who is most capable of reducing knowledge to that simple compound of the obvious and the wonderful which slips easiest into the infantile comprehension. A man of high intelligence, perhaps, may accomplish the thing by a conscious intellectual feat. But it is vastly easier to the man whose habits of mind are generally on the plane of a child's. The best teacher of children, in brief, is one who is essentially childlike.

—H. L. MENCKEN

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

FROM all accounts, the Kotela-wala Government of Ceylon is less sympathetic to the problem of Indian settlers in that Island than the previous Government of Dudley Senanayake. Anyone born in Ceylon automatically ought to become a citizen of Ceylon. If this convention of international law is recognized by the Government of Ceylon, the problem will cease to be a problem. 60 per cent of the so-called Indian citizens in Ceylon were born in Ceylon. To speak of compulsory repatriation—and to speak even of modified segregation—smacks of Malanism, and bodes ill for amity between India and Ceylon.

It was the Indian labourers who migrated to Ceylon that built up the economy of the Island by the sweat of their brow. To say now that the economy of Ceylon cannot absorb the hard-working descendants of these builders of Ceylon does not make sense. All that the Government of Ceylon will be justified in asking is that these settlers should regard themselves as Ceylonese and not as Indians. The only complaint of these people, on the contrary, has been that they were all along discriminated against. They do not enjoy the facilities which have been accorded to other sons of the soil.

When I was in Ceylon in 1950 to cover the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers' Conference, I heard it whispered that the Ceylonese Government was against giving the vote to the Indians because the majority of them might vote Communist. This is merely an argument to deny citizenship to Indians. The Ceylon Indian Congress is as much of a "bourgeois" organisation as the Indian National Congress. If they seem opposed to the Government, it

is because their demands are not being met by those who are in power.

Dr. Cheddi Jagan and Mr. Burnham have set us reflecting on our own leadership. How fortunate we would have been if Jawaharlal Nehru were as young today as Cheddi Jagan. The revolutionary fire has been extinguished years ago in Jawaharlal Nehru. That is the tragedy of India. We have nothing to hope for from the present leadership of the Indian Government. How badly have we let down Jagan and Burnham, in spite of all the nice words we said to them, and in spite of all the receptions we arranged in their honour all over the country. We are fighting shy of raising the question of British Guiana at the U. N. for the simple reason that India is a member of the Commonwealth. And the Prime Minister has been repeatedly challenging Opposition members of Parliament to show one instance where India's membership of the Commonwealth has influenced her foreign policy. We do not protest too much against British action in Malaya either.

Mr. Burnham did well to point out in his farewell address in Delhi that by helping the people of British Guiana we were helping ourselves. He argued that Lyttelton's warning that he was not prepared to tolerate a Communist Government in any part of the Commonwealth might mean that any day he could brand any Indian Government as Communist in order to re-establish British rule over India.

Dr. Cheddi Jagan and Mr. Burnham have also demonstrated to us that the suspension of the Constitution in British Guiana was not the decision of the British Government alone. The U. S. Government had a

hand in it too. The U. S. Government has been openly trying to expand its influence over a wider and wider area; whereas the U. K. Government—whatever its wishes—has been forced to contract its influence. The U.S.-Pakistan Pact is only the latest example of American expansionism and British contractionism. By our continuing in the British Commonwealth, we are not making it easy for other Asian countries to accept our leadership. We have been told, of course, that India does not wish to be the leader of Asia. But other countries are thrusting this leadership on us. What are we to do in this predicament?

The *New York Times* is worried that India is being subjected to "a cultural bombardment from the Soviet Union." The arrival of the troupe of ballet-artists, musicians and singers in India is not quite to the liking of the U. S. Government. Somehow the artist does not seem to be regarded as an important member of society in the U. S. A. The same is true in the case of India also. Whenever a troupe of Indian artists arrives in Delhi it is the Soviet and the Chinese Embassies that invite them. They are more anxious to learn about our culture than any other country. At every performance of dance and drama, at every exhibition of paintings and sculpture, it is our friends from the Soviet Union, China, and the Eastern European countries, that we find in large numbers. They have a genuine interest in our art and cul-

ture, and they honour our artists much more than we ourselves do. In fact, we have learnt to respect our own artists only from them.

IT gives one great happiness to hear an artist of the calibre of T. R. Mahalingam at his best. He has been falling off for several years now, and some had even written him off completely from first-class music. Mahalingam has been known to be an artist of moods and caprices. He seems to be pulling himself out of them. We can only hope that he will be successful in his attempts.

The musical genius of Mahalingam flowered early; and the erratic nature of his artistic career can be traced to this precocious development of the man. To be different from others involves great suffering, although it cannot be helped. Bertrand Russell said that as a youth he was so unhappy that he was constantly thinking of committing suicide, but was prevented only because of his overpowering desire to learn more mathematics. He argued that if he committed suicide, he could not learn any more mathematics. That was enough to save him from suicide. That Mahalingam's young years were none too happy can be easily imagined. Sensitive souls must pay the penalty. But it is time that he should regain his balance. I should imagine that a man who went through such trials should by now regain the calm such as is described by Thyagaraja when he sang of "Ksheera sagara sayana."

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AT THE STADIUM

By P. N. S.

PERHAPS there never was such a demonstration of a victory in a cricket match in Madras as was observed at the Corporation Stadium last Sunday, at the conclusion of the fourth "Test" between India and the S. J. O. C. team. Officials rushed out to meet Ghulam Ahmed, the Indian skipper, and shook hands with him, while one of them went to the extent of heartily embracing him; and there were not a few who criticised this last exuberance as "a little unseemly" and felt that the official concerned could well have restrained himself from a public demonstration of his feelings.

The victory itself was not such as to warrant this outbreak of enthusiasm, though it has enabled India to gain a lead in the series. The "Test" match was one of the poorest seen in Madras, perhaps the poorest. Even with Iverson and Loader in full play, the tourists failed to impress; without them, they seemed all along to stage a mock fight. The saving grace of their performance was their fielding, in which Meuleman excelled all others. He also proved to be the only batsman who could tackle the Indian bowlers.

The match, however, has left a few impressions and thoughts. The outstanding sight of the match was the "mobile canteen", which replaced the tray of drinks. Before the war, when the sun was quite as warm as now, drinks used to be brought out only twice during the day—once after an hour's play in the morning and the second time an hour after lunch. Drinks never used to be a feature of the matches then. Now, however, drinks are brought in every 45 minutes. These oft-occurring "drink intervals" have become irksome enough, but the introduction of the mobile canteen has made matters worse. Instead of about 12 or 13 readily poured out cups of water or juice that used to be carried on a tray, the "canteen" is filled with a lot of bottles and cups; and from the leisurely manner in which the players filled the cups and drank from them, one got the impression of a

drinking party on the field rather than of a Test match. No doubt the mobile canteen is a very efficient innovation, but one ventures to think that a cricket field is hardly the place for its mobility—at any rate during an important match.

However, the 'canteen' served one excellent purpose during the matches. It served to introduce Jack Iverson of Australia in his most comical element. On their first day of play Iverson—the twelfth man—came back pushing the 'canteen'; when he neared the pavilion, its door opened and Barrick popped out of it, to the huge merriment of the crowd. After this introduction, Iverson seemed to be the central figure of the eight-day drama, and every movement of his was watched eagerly and with amusement. Iverson possessed a giant figure, but somehow his movements seemed out of place on a cricket field. And when one looked at his face, with a whimsical smile playing upon it, this impression gained strength. Iverson really seemed to belong to a different sphere—the world of fun—or to the screen, doing a Bob Hope turn.

So when Iverson took the ball to bowl on the first day of the "Test", he was watched with bated breath. And for a good part of the day he had the batsmen fighting against him. Iverson uses his full height to deliver the ball, but all the immense power of his shoulder keeps the ball going off it only at slow pace. Throughout the day he kept a keen length and directed his spinners about the middle and off-stumps. The docile pitch, however, deadened his guile and rarely was his spin able to beat the bat. It was difficult, too, to estimate his bowling propensities, as not one of the Indian batsmen who faced him used the feet to go to the ball. Perhaps, if they had, Iverson could have been mastered; or the full capabilities of the bowler might have been brought to the surface.

There can, however, be no two opinions about Iverson's skill as a batsman. He was perhaps the best tail-ender to visit India. He was a striking figure—pads on, flourishing an antique, bi-coloured bat as a walking stick—as he came out to



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save his side from collapse. Ghulam Ahmed strung the fieldsmen in a close ring around Iverson but the latter did not bat an eye. Instead, he returned round and surveyed the region back of the wicket-keeper! Then he took stance and lunged forward at the on-coming ball—a light touch, and the ball sped past him and the wicket-keeper and on and on to the boundary for four runs. Iverson stood erect and threw a smile as if to mock at the field placement. For nearly an hour Iverson kept on mocking at the wiles of the Indians. People laughed at the way his bat oscillated like a pendulum along the crease-line as he prepared to meet the ball. But Iverson always had the last laugh when his bat managed to avoid balls outside the stumps; and to meet all balls at them. And he proved to be the only batsman whose wicket the Indians could not get.

It is a dreary job to witness a match of such poor quality as the "Test" just finished; it is still worse to report the play. But fortunately

for the pressmen—the 'special pressmen' as they were honourably designated—had one great consolation in the person of an old veteran. This gentleman was once an ace cricket reporter to whom the players and authorities used to pay 'homage.' The job he was assigned during the match was to keep the tempers of the press gang under control by frequent replenishments of refreshments. Iverson's bat might have achieved a snick, or the Indians might have held a catch, or even the "canteen" might have failed in its frequent visitations, but the veteran never failed to keep up a clock-like regularity in his duties. Drinks at the end of the hour, *poori potato* every day during the lunch recess, then oranges and coffee in the afternoon replaced the monotony of the match and helped to enliven the 'special pressmen'. And the liveliness of their reports, in spite of the dull nature of the match was perhaps due to this colourful personality's contribution to the comfort of the scribes.

CALCUTTA NEWS LETTER

By

N. R. GOPALAKRISHNAN

BOSTON, said Mark Twain, is a state of mind. So is Calcutta. In regard to Calcutta this state of mind is tempestuously variant. The city could be in abject terror, as, for instance, in the worst days of the communal trouble in 1946. It could be bullying. It held the entire office-going population at bay during the agitation in July last year against enhancement of tramway fares. It could go gay with abandon as during the customary Puja holidays. Or it could be sober and reflective, occasionally, as at present—the 'silly' season. Traditionally this is the stock taking time both in personal and communal life. The weather aids pipe-dreams and nature abets it. After the early misgivings, recently the days have been pleasantly cool. The rare softness of the outline of Calcutta, given by the early morning and evening mist, is reflected on the mental horizon also. By 5-30 the dusk has fallen and there are thousands of hurrying feet, homeward. Chowringhee is bathed in the multicoloured lights shed by the neon signs and the crowd on the pavements is thick. But it soon (too soon, according to some) dissolves, through buses and trams, into the domestic warmth, placid, contented. So, by the time the evening sinks into deep night, only the incorrigibles and those on unavoidable business will be seen on the roads. Street brawls are few, tempers are kept well under control and what would have been a desirable increase in the tempo of general activity is amply compensated by interminable talk. And talk is the inevitable litany of the poor!

But, by the very definition, this season is 'silly' and does not last. Changes are already seen and it may not be long before the comparatively complacent state of mind is transformed into something explosive. If the tailors have, for the moment at any rate, made up their differences with the employers and gone back to work, the taxi drivers have jumped in

to fill the vacuum, and now present a problem to the public and to Authority. The situation does look funny. About 1,000 taximen, out of a total of roughly 1,300 plying in the city, say that they can reduce the fare to 8 annas per mile from the present Re. 1 for the first mile and 12 annas for each subsequent mile, and still make a living. No, says the Regional Transport Authority, taxis should charge 12 annas for the first mile and 10 annas for every subsequent mile. Defying the RTA the members of the Calcutta Taxi Association are now charging the lower rate suggested by them. A windfall, indeed, to the errand-bound (and who among us is not in a city of distances), but, nonetheless, confusing. For one, the metre shows the old rates; it cannot be changed if the RTA and police demur. The passenger and the taxi driver have to put their heads together to calculate the new rate on the basis of that shown on the metre and this procedure has not always been mutually happy. For another, there is the general suspicion that the present outburst of taxi drivers' sympathy to the citizen's mean purse may be very short-lived and that ultimately the drivers may agitate to put up the fare again. Meanwhile, the few taxis belonging to the Bengal Taxi Association are charging 4 annas less than the total fare registered on the metre, till the metre itself is adjusted, on the advice of the RTA.

By normal Calcutta standard, the elements for an explosion are already here. If heads are not yet broken, it is an indication of the indifference of Mr. Calcutta and family to the entire issue. On average, they are unable to pay even the new rates and prefer to patronise the buses and trams whose services, in spite of gross over-crowding, delay and other vexations, are, I should say, still cheap; and cheapness is what sets the standard in contemporary Calcutta.

The economist's favourite concept of tertiary reactions is seen here also. If taxi fares are cut to the new unofficial rates, the city's rikshaw pullers would be hit hard. The rikshaw in Calcutta is at once the traffic constable's head-ache and the

people's vehicle, if only because it is the only one manoeuvrable in the city's innumerable lanes and gullies. Its elimination is well nigh impossible, but Authority is determined to put as many restrictions on its plying as would discourage it and gradually diminish the number. But the rikshaw pullers are apparently a staunch lot and in the last two days they have shown what they can do to improve their position by uniting for the purpose. They have taken out processions, held meetings and demanded that the owners who lease out their vehicles should reduce their hire charges and that the police should be more sympathetic in their treatment of them on and off the street. Pending agreement, they have refused to pull the rikshaws.

*

When Roosevelt Nagar became Kalyani it signified yet another change to this tiny village of glorious antiquity. When the place was being developed as a township it is doubtful whether it was intended to hold a plenary session of the Congress also there. But once Calcutta itself was ruled out, for various reasons, the sponsors could not have chosen a better site. Kalyani is 'so near and yet so far away', as the poet has said. By all accounts Kalyani is now ready to facilitate the holding of the Congress session along with its many usual adjuncts. The exhibition has already been opened and by the time this account appears in print the main work of the session itself will have been almost over. Apparently the sponsors have made all arrangements on an elaborate scale. Newspaper reports give vivid descriptions. It is, indeed, very tempting to visit the place, if not to listen to the debates, but I have my own suspicion whether everything is so well arranged as is said. (No country approximates to the description of it in the tourist folder). And what even the most elaborate planners among us consider adequate, will be soon put out of fit if the people in and around Calcutta once take it into their heads to 'do' a place. Also, it has been the experience hereabout that if the crowd is irritated there is no volunteer or

other force adequate enough to cope with the resulting stampede. I guess that this is much in the minds of the sponsors and others responsible for the session; for, although the general invitation is held out to go to Kalyani as on a picnic, to spend the whole day there, the cost of it has been seen to be such as to debar most of the enthusiasts. The State-owned bus service, for instance, is charging Rs. 2-8 per head against the normal railway fare of at least a rupee less. Once you are on the site, the admission fees for the various sittings make a sizeable hole in your purse. The charge for the exhibition is extra and so too is the fee for the entertainments. Food, of course, is bound to be costly. If in spite of these and the awful over-crowding on transport services you still venture to go, far from nosing into other men's politics, you will have paid your due share to meet the cost of the session, calculated at Rs. 12 lakhs. At the same time the chances of mishaps should not be overruled, which sets me thinking why no enterprising insurance company has come forward to cover personal risks at a popular rate.

*

It happened to a close friend and so I have no reason to doubt its veracity. He has his child, a twaddler, in one of the local private schools with *Bengali* as the medium of instruction. At the end of the first term he received a report, set out all in English, which, after complimenting the child on its industriousness, general application, colour sense, design sense and quite a number of other attributes, benignly invited him to offer suggestions for the improvement of the school itself. The father, then, rather facetiously, suggested that a little more attention to English would help. For the next three months nothing was heard at the end of which he received another progress report, this time set out all in *Bengali*!

That to my mind suggests more than anything else the pathetic and, often, the orphaned, position of the South Indian child of school-going age in Calcutta. The number of languages one has to learn at home and

at school together, if from the West Coast, for instance, is five: Malayalam, Tamil, Hindi, Bengali and English. The general criterion that the medium of instruction in primary and secondary stages of schooling should be in the mother tongue is not applicable to this transplanted child. And, while, of course, on average, the child shows its characteristic aptitude to learn languages which baffle adults, there is inevitable confusion. Besides setting the child to ask many questions requiring translation, it strains the father's vocabulary, rarely commodious to his own

needs and seldom to answer children's queries. To add, schooling is fantastically costly. A neighbour, putting his son in a supposedly European school, had to pay Rs. 20 as admission fee, Rs. 25 for one month's tuition and Rs. 15 for conveyance. On what is taught and on the method of teaching, I will not venture an opinion. Profound differences are already there. But I can vouch to this: no fair member of the staff, on my entering the school (somewhat late in the years, I admit), hugged me and cooed into my ears "come on, darling" as was reportedly done to my neighbour's boy.

RUKMINI DEVI AND BHARATA NATYA

AN outstanding and memorable item of the rich programme of the Kalakshetra at the end of December 1953 was Srimathi Rukmini Devi's return to the Bharata Natya (on December 27) as a solo performer of the classical Indian dance, after a number of years devoted to the training of others in it and its application to the recounting of sacred stories in the Bharata Natya manner.

The performance opened with the traditional alarippu in the expressive and beautiful technique of the dance; and the interpretation of the themes chosen by the artist reached an impressively high level in Bharati's imaginative wonder which begins:

So in the Golden Hall danced the Divine One with Celestial exquisiteness—and ends:

And His dance brought the world to salvation.

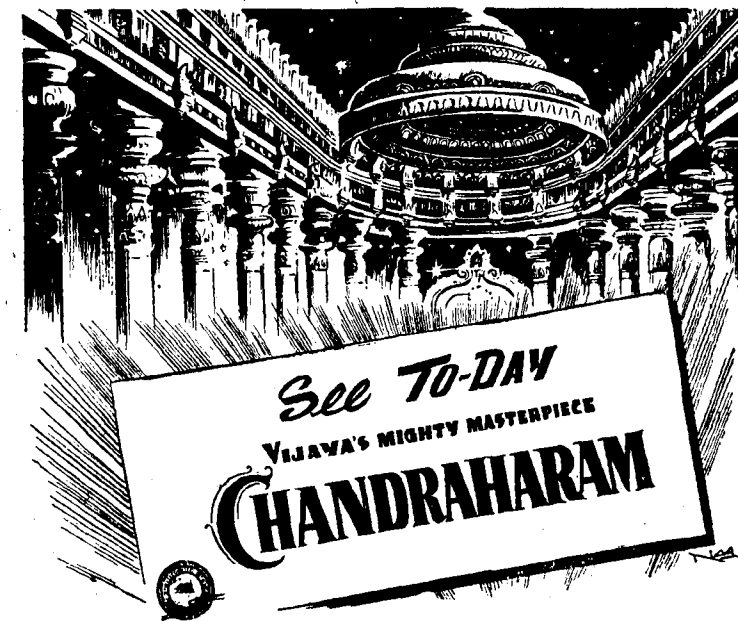
The impressiveness was not only due to the sublimity of the poet's utterance; but also to the fact that the final declaration put into words the dancer's own ideal and purpose in her art. Often in speech, and always in her art, Srimathi Rukmini Devi has declared her conviction that the expression in art of purity and spiritual vision, as distinguished from the prevailing sensuousness and sensationalism in entertainments,

is not only a necessity of her own nature, but is a means whereby sensitive souls may be drawn away from allegiance to the flesh to recognition of the spirit, and the bringing of spiritual influences into life. Her art has a double purpose: to "raise a mortal to the skies" and "draw an angel down."

In addition to this inner aspect of the occasion referred to, the performance, as performance, was specially notable. Srimathi Rukmini Devi had begun her pioneering of the revival of the Bharata Natya, and its rescue from unworthy and limiting influences, in 1935. She was now in December 1953, a couple of months short of fifty years of age; and to those who, like the writer of this note, recall the beauty and skill and distinction of her early appearances, that won the laudation of scholars and artists of high repute, the present occasion appeared to be a revival of the revivalist; miraculous in the attainment of an agility of body and a mobility and beauty of expression which reached a more perfect and vivid art than that of twenty years ago.

There was no moment of stiffness or doubt. The artist moved from tenderness and gaiety to earnestness and solemnity with alluring gradations, and sometimes with amazing rapidity, and always with unsophisticated loveliness, and a delight that communicated itself to her auditors, and will remain with the writer as long as memory remains.

—J. H. COUSINS



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AH, WILDERNESS!

No socialisation is possible on a foundation of selfishness and irreligion. We cannot build a planned life, in whole or in part, without reviving the faith that life is worthwhile only if one lives for others... Live for others, my friend, for you will surely die. And the casement you now deem as your whole and entire self will rot and join the elements. There is no greater joy for the time being for yourself, or for your children later—than the joy expounded in the Gita and the Upanishads, in the Bible and in the Koran—in the folk-songs and in the poetry of the land—the happiness that comes out of a life of detachment and unselfish participation in the activities of society, in the work for others... Committees and inspectors can be appointed. We can pay an immense bill for travelling allowances—for all of which we have reserve funds built out of the commercial taxes together with the money robbed at the liquor and toddy shops during the last seven years which we can freely raid, for there is no one in power interested in preventing it!

Swatantra

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ECONOMIC VERSUS MILITARY AID

OUR article last week on Military Aid Realities has provoked approbation in a few and strong dissent from a larger number. As the communications concerned were received too late, we have had to defer publication of the publishable among them to a later issue. Meanwhile, to clear misapprehensions, it seems advisable to clarify a little further the substance of our attitude on the subject. International relations are relations mainly between sovereign States. It is the essence of sovereignty that the nation concerned is free to enter into relations of its own choice with other nations. Every State in the world stands in some relation or other to other States, particularly neighbour States, and the inter-relation between States is a wide and varied one, ranging from affinity and friendship to aversion and hostility. It is worth noting that the scope of neighbourliness as a condition of interest or association is apt to be overdone in international politics in this age of speed when the dividing effect of distance is fast ceasing to have any significance whatsoever. The jet plane has brought the world into close contiguity, and it is quite possible now for countries thousands of miles apart to enter into as close relations with each other as with the neighbour powers on their respective borders. These relations may last long or they may undergo quick change. There seems to be no permanence in the relations between countries, and in the case of far too many of them a present ally was once a foe. Russia and the US fought the war together against Germany, but now the two former allies are actively engaged in competition for German goodwill. The whole world and every component nation in it have been and continue to be in a state of flux and the only certain thing in international politics seems to be that everything changes and nothing can be taken for granted for ever.

PAKISTAN and US being sovereign nations, they possess an indisputable right to form any alliance they like with each other. Pakistan has as much right to this as India has. Some critics admit the right of Pakistan to enter into a pact with the US to secure economic aid but they draw the line at military aid. US military aid to Pakistan, they contend, will endanger Indian security. Apparently, it is feared that a militarily developed Pakistan will endanger Indian freedom. The fear itself is a greater enemy of Indian freedom than any consequential possibilities of the US-Pakistan pact can ever turn out to be. A vast country like India cannot be conquered by force of arms. The worst that can happen from a Pakistani invasion of the country is that certain parts of it may come to be occupied, but from that very occupation will emerge a re-united India, annulling the effect of the Partition. India and Pakistan need not dread each other. Both have reason to dread

other formidable powers which might have infiltrated dangerously into every South Asian country as the Chinese did into Tibet, and would most probably have done so but for the restraining influence of the equally formidable US in the background.

WHEN the architects of Indian foreign policy envisage insecurity to ourselves from any pact or combination between external States, they are free to seek safeguards with counter-acting policies, but nothing is gained by public agitation disputing the right of the States concerned to act as they have done. Neither US nor Pakistan is susceptible to the pressure of public opinion in India. No country will tolerate admonitions of peril to its freedom from others, and if we presume to preach against the pact in the role of friends of Pak liberties, it will not soothe, it will only enrage the intended beneficiaries. The whole mess of the turmoil over the pact seems to have arisen over confusion about the limits of economic and military aid. Our statesmen would do well to study in this connection a statement of the Turkish President Celal on the eve of his departure to the USA some ten days ago. Referring to U. S.-Turkish relations he said the distinction which some experts made between economic and military assistance was extremely artificial. It was his thesis that American aid applied to the stimulation of agricultural and industrial production would result in increases in Turkish exports, which would mean expansion of foreign exchange resources, and enhanced capacity for purchase of military equipment. The base of military power in the modern world is economic, and military preparations and economic development meet in vast sectors of common ground in all countries of sizeable importance. No country that has accepted American economic aid can be squeamish over the acceptance of military aid from the same source by another.

Sotto Voce

THE OTHER MELA



I MEAN, not the Kalyani Congress, but the Kumbha Mela. The confusion in the reader would be pardonable. If I were gifted like Kavi Kalamegam in establishing similitudes I could make a better job of it than he did in the famous comparison between gingelly and the King Cobra. Still let me try my prentice hand. If the Sangham is famous Kalyani is no less famous: the Congress Press has waxed lyrical over the scene (slightly apocryphal, though) of the saintly activities of Chaitanya

Mahaprabhu. For the sadhus' akaras and the gilded caparisons of the elephants you had the stately march of the A. I. C. C. and the many-cushioned dais on which the political mahants disposed themselves in postures suggestive of a benignant deity accepting the homage of *hot pollo*.

There was the same pilgrims' rush to touch the sacred feet, the same delirious chanting of mystic *mantras*, the same stampede attended with mild

casualties. But on the whole Kumbh seems to have come out of the ordeal less battered than Kalyani. The crowd had not to be disciplined, like a dog learning parlour tricks, to move on its haunches and make a gangway for the bigwigs. It was not so completely functionless—unless the shouting of the regulation 'jais' could be construed as a contribution to business—or so totally in the dark about the significance of the pageantry in which it was participating. And Kumbh witnessed a spectacle the like of which, for its uniqueness, Kalyani could not hope to show. It was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru performing *prokshanam* with Ganga water.

If any cantankerous *sanatani* were to jump up at this point, and ask, "Why did he not take a dip in the holy river like the rest of them?" I could snuff him out with a crushing rejoinder. "You ought to be thankful that our secular Prime Minister unbent so far in deference to public sentiment and to the call of parochial patriotism. Remember how loftily he repudiated the humiliating suggestion when somebody alleged that he had worshipped at some shrine. It is just possible that if one were bold enough to ask about the *Prokshanam* business he might dismiss it with a wry smile as 'the eruption of atavistic ancestral urges'."

Let us not look a gift horse in the mouth. Nor would there be any point in instituting odious comparisons between what he did at the Sangham and what he did at Bodh Gaya. Even the most powerful mind leans occasionally on precedent. In the dim prehistoric days of Hindu hegemony crowned heads may have carried the sandals of the saint. But only in Burma—the one still authentically Buddhist country in the world—do you find a Prime Minister donning the monk's robe and walking barefooted in public processions like any mendicant friar. Where Thakin Nu leads Nehru gladly follows.

On second thoughts you will concede that on the whole it is fortunate

for Hinduism that the political potentiffs treat it like an unwanted wife, thinking of it, if at all, only to blame it. The fate of Buddhism as the King's favourite shows what might have happened to the elder sister but for the grace of God. A Ceylonese gentleman who entertains grandiose ambitions about reconquering India for the faith has claimed that his is the only religion "which has more followers than any other single religion in this country." You will see that with an airy sweep of his hand he has annexed Mao and modern China to the Empire of the Buddha.

Having swallowed this camel of make-believe you could hardly expect the New Crusaders to be too nice about the company they keep. They have, for the Constantine of the Church Resurgent, the redoubtable Ambedkar. And hardly had they recovered their breath after their big catch when a very whale flung itself into their drag-net. E. V. R.'s Self-respect, having exhausted itself in dealing many a doughty thwack on the head of prostrate Vinayaka, is going into retreat under the benignant shade of the Buddha for spiritual recuperation. The Lord of Obstacles must be merrily cachinnating under his proboscis.

What the Buddha thought about God is a secret between him and the Almighty. But his successors were guilty of the age-long protestant fallacy of supposing that good works were sufficient for salvation and that ethical behaviour could be dispensed like dry goods in a multiple store. The *sangha*, a monastic order, inevitably evolved into a political hierarchy. The Dharma, subordinated to the dreams of world conquest, suffered eclipse. Savants like Prof. Felix Valyl labour hard to show that Nirvana is not nothingness, that Mahayana Buddhism contains untold spiritual wealth. But Ramaswami Naicker, as he ascends the rostrum to proclaim his latest faith, puts the world of scholarship out of countenance with a hearty "Tell that to the marines!"

VIGNESWARA

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FIRST AMERICAN ATOMIC SUBMARINE

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

MAMIE EISENHOWER was the star of an event which history may record as more significant than any ceremony her husband ever performed. She smashed a bottle of good domestic champagne against the nose of the first atomic powered submarine, the USS *Nautilus*, and sent it grinding into the cold waters of the Thames River in Conn.

At that moment, she rendered practically every fighting ship on the world's seas obsolete. She effected a vital step in the long range modernization of America's defenses around nuclear explosives and atomic power.

Probably more important, because this is the first use of atomic energy for ship propulsion, the First Lady's launching formally opens the door for vast civilian uses of this tremendous new source of power. If you accept the fact that nuclear fission produces great heat, it is easy to understand the revolutionary power plant in the *Nautilus*. Fission heats distilled water kept under high pressure in stainless steel pipes an inch and one half thick. This hot distilled water is used to turn the water in another adjoining system into steam. Through a fairly simple arrangement of gears, the steam turns the sub's propellers.

The *Nautilus* also has auxiliary battery and diesel engine plants for propulsion when the nuclear reactor isn't working. Two unique features of this atomic power plant make it revolutionary. It does not burn oxygen. And only a few pounds of nuclear fuel are needed to keep it going for months, literally. One pound of fissionable material is equivalent to the energy from 2,600,000 pounds of coal.

Even without this tremendous, but small, package of atomic power which doesn't burn oxygen, enemy subs came within a hair of licking the United States in both world wars.

With it, the submarine becomes practically a new weapon. The atomic sub can travel around the world far below the surface.

Submerged, it travels about 30 miles an hour, and faster in emergencies. It can catch up with just about any warship or commercial vessel afloat, launch torpedoes and escape. It can dive deep enough and move fast enough to get away from known anti-submarine weapons.

It is the best weapon yet created to combat the Russian sub fleet. The only weapon to which it is vulnerable is another atomic sub. The nuclear-powered submarine is known to be an excellent platform for the launching of guided missiles off the enemy coastlines. It can land assault troops on enemy shore, act as a navigational picket ship and travel under the 40 foot thick polar ice from Alaska or Greenland to Russia.

Navy spokesmen flatly claim that a relatively small fleet of A-subs can sweep the world's oceans free of all surface ships. Because a submarine has less friction moving underwater than vessels moving on the surface it is conceivable that eventually all sea travel will be moved by atomic power under the surface.

One day recently, while workmen on the *Nautilus* were at lunch, a small group of newsmen were given the first and last look permitted of the insides of the *Nautilus*—at least the last for many years. It was just prior to the start of putting in the secret controls and instruments.

Most impressive features are its general size and the crew-comfort facilities being installed. Quarter passageways and work rooms seem to be roughly twice as large as those of the fleet-type subs. Forty-five men can watch a movie in the mess hall. That's about half of the total crew. It will have the most scientific planned interior decoration scheme

ever cooked up for a crew at sea. Quarters for the older men will have "sophisticated" colours—and for the younger men the walls will be "gay." Even the shower rooms will have scientific colours.

Because crew endurance is the only limit to the length of time the *Nautilus* can stay submerged, everything possible is being built into it to stretch that endurance. Huge movie, book magazine, game and record libraries will be kept aboard. Specially designed air purifiers will constantly wash the sub's atmosphere to keep it fresh and make maximum use of the oxygen which is stored aboard under high pressure.

Another startling feature of the *Nautilus* is its vast forward torpedo room, eventually expected to carry atomic weapons. During the sub's design stage, numerous sample assemblies of key parts of the boat were subjected to underwater explosion tests. This accounts for the great impression of strength and sturdiness of the masses of pipes, wire, electrical equipment and instruments. The *Nautilus* is built to stand more battle punishment than any sub ever built.

Huge canvases covered the mid-section which houses the reactor. The thickness of the steel shielding which protects the crew from radiation was visible. Instead of a knife edge, the sub has a bulbous bow, the most efficient design for submerged travel. Overall it has clean, round lines with practically no protuberances to cause friction. Equipment which extends from the hull can also be retracted. The outer skin is of extremely heavy sheet steel.

When Mamie Eisenhower's champagne bottle knocked the *Nautilus* into the water, there will still be a lot of work to be done on it before the sub is turned over to the Navy for first operational tests. How long that will be is a secret. So are a lot of other things about the *Nautilus*, its reactor and performance abilities.

THE one thing that can't be kept secret, however, is the revolution the *Nautilus* creates in sea warfare and the hope that it holds for more and more everyday practical use of

atomic energy. When the *Nautilus* does grate into the water, a skinny temperamental genius will take his place on the pages of American history next to such men as Robert Fulton, Thomas Edison, Robert Morese and the Wright Brothers.

HE is Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, the brains, inspiration and energy behind the A-sub which heralds a new era in weapons and opens the door to great new civilian uses of atomic energy.

Typical of Admiral Rickover's impatience with dwelling on past deeds is this snappish comment on his sub, made on the eve of a triumph few men achieve:

"We expect tremendous improvement in nuclear power utilization as we go ahead. It is the hope that we can use nuclear power directly instead of *via* steam; that we can put a few snovels full of material in a hopper, as some people have said, and utilize more directly the heat derived therefrom."

Talk like this from the admiral frightens the people who work with him. They know that, when he sets his sights on some such goal, he'll lash himself and everyone around into a frenzy of work until it's accomplished. Admiral Rickover's consuming drive to accomplish a project in defiance of tradition—and accepted channels—makes him one of the most controversial figures in Washington today, despite the great vindication that the launching of the *Nautilus* gives to his unbridled efforts in its behalf. The fascinating story of this eccentric, who nearly had his career nipped in the bud at the beginning of triumph, is told in an interesting, inside report on him in a book to be published simultaneously with the launching of the *Nautilus*. It is called "The Atomic Submarine and Admiral Rickover" (Henry Holt), and it was written by Clay Blair, a Washington reporter. Mr. Blair reveals for the first time the details of inner-Navy politics which Admiral Rickover had to fight to get his sub built and his promotion troubles.

Admiral Rickover's parents were Polish immigrants who moved to Chicago. He got through high school

working as a Western Union messenger. He was a stubborn youth and "lone operator." His father once had to chip his teeth to force medicine in him.

He was overjoyed at his appointment to Annapolis in 1918 because it was a free education, he figured. At the academy, he studied hard, avoided sports and most outside activities, couldn't afford the social life the others had, and continued as a lone wolf. Mr. Blair sums up Admiral Rickover's naval career this way:

"He would constantly criticise what he called the 'stupidity' of the Navy, the outdated, unnecessary regulations. He would challenge the unwritten rules which make politicking of importance to naval personnel, the unspoken regulation which made it mandatory to attend cocktail parties and other social events. He would make war against the lethargy, laziness and the indifference which he found in some quarters of the peacetime Navy, between the World Wars. He would ferret out and attempt to eliminate waste and inefficiency."

AFTER graduation, Admiral Rickover did duty aboard destroyers, battleships, subs and in shipyards, and became an electrical engineering specialist. At the start of World War II, he was redesigning the electrical systems of the fleet to make them more battle-worthy and did a brilliant job of it. During the fighting, he set up a ship repair yard on Okinawa.

Admiral Rickover got his nuclear theory grounding at the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory at Oak Ridge, Tenn., just after the war. He headed a group beginning work on an atomic sub. After months of significant, pioneer work on the project, he discovered to his dismay that

a similar group had been created in the Navy's Bureau of Ships, but operating on the belief that the A-sub was something only for the far distant future. Admiral Rickover was going on the assumption that it was achievable in a few years. In the fall of 1947 Admiral Rickover's dream boat was grounded by a low tide of interest in it in both the Navy and AEC. So he figured out a scheme to refloat it. He drafted a letter for the then chief of naval operations, Admiral C. Nimitz, to send to Secretary of Navy Sullivan for approval, figuring this would stir action. It called for more speed on the A-sub project. Next was an attack sparked by Admiral Rickover against disinterest in the AEC. A selection board, composed of admirals, passed him over twice for promotion to admiral, which should have sent him into retirement. However, AEC spokesmen, Congressmen and just about everyone who had worked with him on the sub sprang to his defense. The result was that when the new Secretary of Navy Anderson came in with the Republicans, Mr. Rickover was made an admiral. There is one thing promotion to admiral did not do to Mr. Rickover. It did not make him or his atomic sub any less controversial within the Navy. Just before the big launching was due his enemies began spreading the word throughout the Pentagon that the *Nautilus* itself would never be able to get in combat if war came. They claimed that it was strictly experimental and that future atomic subs would be sharply different from the one Admiral Rickover had pioneered. His reply to these claims was that they are just more of the same sabotage which had been carried on against him ever since he got started on the sub. He says the *Nautilus* will be capable of combat if the time ever comes.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and a naked New Zealander.—R. W. EMERSON

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

By M. KRISHNAN

A. I. R., Madras, ushered in the New Year with a relay of the Nagaswaram recital by Rajaratnam—and who could have wished for anything happier? After a superb rendering of *Thodi* (how his rendering of this *raga* has tinged contemporary expositions of *Thodi*!), Rajaratnam's wayward genius was uncertain for a while, but recovered and was masterful afterwards. He went on well into the new year, and mindful of the scattering of listeners who would otherwise have missed Rajaratnam at his best, A. I. R. relayed him after midnight. Officially the station closes at 11.30 p.m. It is such acts of consideration, much more than lengthy statements of policy, that endear A. I. R. to listeners.

The job of a reviewer is singularly thankless. The only thing that sustains his criticism is his integrity: he must be true to his values without being opinionated or wanting to seem fair, without being influenced either way by the status of the reviewee or any thought of what others (including the Editor) will say. And, if possible, he must not be just massively reasonable and dull. No wonder, then, that so often a review is merely an annotated edition of the statement 'I didn't like it at all!' Rarely does a reviewer find an unforced opportunity for saying 'This is why I liked it.'—especially when the reviewee is a government institution bound by conventions and lacks which only its esoteric circle understands (I hope it does). It is with real pleasure, therefore, that I pay my tribute to the southern stations of A. I. R. (and that so soon after paying for my radio license!) for their relays of music from festivals (including the unique festival at Thiruvayyar, on the air as I write). It is not juries and panels and purity of music and motives that listeners appreciate so much as the bringing home to them of things in which they are interested, but which are beyond their time and purse.

Listening to the A. I. R. commentary on the 'Test' between India and the S. J. O. C. Team was a welcome change from reporting the game. It was a tame match by all accounts, though I was glad that Ghulam Ahmed, to whom recognition came belatedly, had a great triumph. Yes, it was nice to be able to relax in an easy-chair, to smoke a leisurely pipe and listen—but for 20 minutes each hour the commentary was even more tedious than the actual game, from the press enclosure, could have been.

'Vizzy' was refreshingly zesty. Not many reminiscent interludes this time, and full of enthusiasm for the moment, which is what one wants in a commentator. Beardsell was much less communicative, but he too gave an adequate report on what was happening. It was Ananda Rau who made the play seem more attractive than the commentary.

MIND you, he has substance. He was obviously the statistician of the team, and was full of facts and figures. But he is no commentator. He speaks in long, long-winded sentences that remind one, horribly, of the sentences one had to face for parsing and analysis at the S. S. L. C. Examination; heavy sentences lacking grace and wit, like the sentences at the ends of harsh judgments. I was never any good at analysis, but dimly I remember that sentences grade into three sorts, simple, complex, and compound. Ananda Rau's were compound, confounded. Naturally, no man can go on talking like that and remember just where his propulsive verb is—Ananda Rau's English is far from impeccable and he made many mistakes. In particular I recall a sentence that had 'so that' twice in it quite early, and was half a courseless mile long. He relapsed, in his moments of excitement, into an unfortunate preference for the definite article—"the Roy," perhaps, was excusable in view of the generic connotation of the word "Roy," but "the Ghulam" and "to Meuleman at the

short extra-cover" were unpardonable. He also came out with such puzzling bits of information as "push to the middle stump" and "deflected past the outer edge of his bat."

But I am not criticising him for such lapses; they were what lent fallibility and humanity to those gruesome compound sentences. What I do hold against him is the fact that he was almost always too late with the news. He was still commenting critically on the last ball when the current delivery had fetched a wicket or had been sent to the boundary. It was the muffled but still audible claps and shouts of the spectators that gave listeners news of some happening, while Ananda Rau was in the middle of his report on the previous ball. Cricket fans have no use for a delayed-action commentator.

I WAS much disappointed with Mr. C. E. Holland's 'Experiences of a Shikari,' broadcast from A. I. R., Madras, on the night of January 21. I have always suffered from the crippling limitation of being a naturalist and not a shikari, a thing that ties me down to prosy facts and long hours of watching for little happenings. A big game hunter is the man who can tell listeners thrilling episodes. I looked forward hopefully to

adventure, as Mr. Holland prefaced his talk with how it was difficult to relate the experience of more than fifteen years in less than fifteen minutes. But, to my disappointment, there were no thrills. The talk was factual, and was merely a sound account of game animals and how to hunt them. His remarks on following up wounded tigers (and other dangerous beasts) were conservative in the extreme—those who ignore time-honoured, prudent practices in following up wounded tigers sometimes do not survive to tell of their original methods. And when he said that his experience was that the wild elephant was most dangerous to man, and next to it the Sloth Bear, among the denizens of our forests, it was clear that he wore a sober garb and not the peril-striped coat of the tiger-hunt raconteur. Towards the end of his talk Mr. Holland was audibly less enthusiastic about shikar—he would not even tell us what firearms he favours (their bores, I mean—they are made, it is presumed, by Holland & Holland), and after an appeal to listeners in the cause of wild life preservation, he finally characterised shikar as something cruel and primitive. I fear that at this rate it will not be long before Mr. Holland has degenerated into a mere naturalist.

Basic Education

IT is a matter for satisfaction that at the All-India Primary Education Conference, held last week in Nagpur, Basic Education of the Wardha variety, has, according to the press reports, been strongly disapproved by several authorities. The Prime Minister was reported to have advocated only "learning by doing" but not while "earning." The President of the Conference, Mr. Donde, more frankly condemned the system, which asked the children to pay, if only in part, for their primary education by their economic work. Even more outspoken was Mr. K. L. Dubey, the Vice Chancellor of the Nagpur University, who condemned the "commercialization" of primary education, which distinguishes the War-

dha System from Progressive Education, which itself is beyond the financial and other resources of the country. It is almost cruel to compel primary school children to work in order that their earnings may pay for their "free" education, while there is a sizable adult unemployed willing to work for wages. Rajaji deserves credit for abandoning in substance, if not in form, the Wardha Scheme when he introduced his new scheme in Madras, though he might have adopted a more democratic procedure in doing so. It is best to concentrate all the country's resources in men and money to universalise as quickly as possible the four-year primary course, before attempting any more elaborate system.

P. KODANDA RAO

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

FOR one complete week, the Soviet Cultural Delegation now on visit to India on the invitation of the Government of India was the chief cultural attraction in Bombay. Ever since the arrival of the delegation, the film fraternity of Bombay, rather a section of it, was active in giving the guests of the country a warm reception. Film stars were present at the aerodrome to receive the delegates; they were present at the shows to appreciate their art and they figured prominently at the reception given by the Trade Agent of the Soviet Union at the Taj. And it was left to film writer-producer K. A. Abbas to introduce the form of Indian styles of dancing at an informal lunch party on Saturday morning.

The shows given by the delegates were not only good in their artistic form and content but were remarkable for their spectacular showmanship. The Indian audiences naturally enjoyed the Oriental songs by Rashid Beibutov who also rendered a couple of Hindustani songs, the dances by Mukarram Turgunbaeva, who within a week learnt an Indian dance from Prem Dhawan and performed it on the stage on Saturday night and the tambourine playing of Avner Baraev. The other items blending the classical and folk patterns of singing and dancing were equally good. The most outstanding performance came from Maya Plisetskaya, the ballerina of the famous Bolshoi Theatre; her performance in the ballet "The Dying Swan" will be remembered for a long time. Equally striking was the singing of Maxim Mikhailov.

During their stay they gave a genuine and sincere demonstration of friendship and goodwill. They never behaved like superior beings coming from the great land of Stalin and

Lenin; they were quite informal, rather unassuming and modest and very appreciative of the hospitality of India. Not only that, they evinced keen interest in Indian art. The very fact that one of them sang our songs and one of them danced our dances manifests their active interest in our art.

Moreover, on Monday night when Raj Kapoor, the well-known Indian film star and Avner Baraev played on the tambourine, each trying to keep pace and rhythm with the other, with Mukaran improvising a dance, the cultural unity between the two nations was demonstrated in action. Similarly, the manner in which the Soviet delegates applauded the Little Ballet troupe's ballet on *Ramayan* and the exposition of Kathak and Kathakali by Sitara and Krishna Kutty at Abbas's party made it clear how keen they were to learn Indian music and dancing.

Incidentally, there were two other noteworthy features in the shows given by the Soviet delegation. The contents of the shows did not contain any propaganda; and each item was brief and to the point with the result that the audience never got bored. As a critic said, "The Soviet artists know where to stop while the Indian artists, especially the exponents of classic forms, do not know where to stop. The visit of this delegation has not only broken the barriers but has provided a new stimulus to our own artists."

Picture of The Week

AFTER the bitter experience of *Nanha Munhe* and *Mahatma* Datta Dharmadhikari has wisely turned to the domestic drama for wooing the Hindustani audience in his latest offering *Suhagan* and presented a theme which will be readily accepted by the majority of the picturegoers who come from the lower middle class.

The theme is that every man and woman must learn to live within his or her means and not hanker after elusive riches and destroy the peace of home. Though some may object to the theme as reactionary as it does not encourage the people to better their lot and asks them to be con-

tented in poverty on a domestic plain, it is quite a sound theme. For fighting poverty is one thing and running after elusive wealth is another. The domestic ideal of running the house within one's income may be typically *petty bourgeoisie*; but no one can deny its practical appeal.

Suhagan in particular tells the story of Radha, a young woman who is married to Shyam, a hard struggling clerk. She is unhappy and discontented with her lot, with the result that she falls an easy prey to the manoeuvres of a neighbour, Rambha, a woman of easy virtue who lives luxuriously. The quarrels between husband and wife take a serious turn, when one night, thrilled by the glamorous life promised by Rambha, she leaves her husband and child only to find that for luxury she will have to pay a very heavy price—the price of chastity and honour!

It is, in other words, a story of an errant wife who goes astray and realizes the folly of her conduct after a couple of bitter experiences in the outside world and returns in repentant mood. Such a woman, we are told, is maligned by society for ever; but in this case the dying husband comes to life and forgives her in the end.

Told with exaggeration and melodrama at the sacrifice of logic and realism at places, *Suhagan* has the popular theme presented in accepted fashion. But to a discerning eye, several absurdities are visible. It is, for instance, difficult to believe that Rambha who took so many months to entice Radha should try to sell her away at the first possible opportunity and it is impossible to imagine Rambha and her two accomplices chasing a girl on the streets of Bombay. But the greatest shortcoming of the story is the characterization of Radha. Before her marriage, it is not properly established that she was day-dreaming of a glamorous life. The atmosphere in her home is simple and the very fact that she was a friend of Jamuna, an ideal wife (whom she never goes to see after marriage though she stays just next door), indicates that she should have been content with her marriage. That

is why all through one feels that the story is based on false assumptions and for the most part it does not ring true.

In fact, compared to *Mahatma* and *Nanhe Munhe* it is a rather artificial and unrealistic picture; and yet for the very same reason it is likely to be more popular. But for the inherent artificiality in the plot, the picture is presented in a most realistic manner. Anant Mane's direction is competent and imaginative; the production values are good, though the recording is faulty at places. Geeta Bali gives a very good performance as usual; but she hardly looks the beauty for whom the "professional" connoisseurs of beauty would take so much risk and pay such huge prices.

For once Vijayalaxmi does her part convincingly. Jaswant, Sulochana and Shyam Kumar, give excellent accounts of themselves and even Janki Dass is tolerably good. The music is commonplace; the dialogue at places brilliant.

Suhagan should appeal to what they call in the film world 'family' audiences.

Personality of The Week

DEV ANAND and Kalpana Kartik hit the headlines when the news of their 'secret' marriage leaked out and was flashed by the Press. I did not know of it on Tuesday when I met Dev at the reception to the Soviet delegates or on Wednesday when he attended the stage-show and presented a bouquet to the Soviet ballet dancer. On both these occasions he was alone and Kalpana was rather conspicuous by her absence.

The news of their marriage did not, however come as a surprise. For over two years now Dev and Kalpana have been very friendly with each other; and they were spotted together in most of the romantic spots of the city. It was but natural that the romance should culminate in marriage; but nobody expected that they would get married so soon—and so secretly! They got married at the odd hour of midnight of 3rd January. Aptly enough, they were in make-up and in the attire of a taxi-driver and cleaner respectively. They took leave from the set at Modern Studios.

and went up to the office where the registrar was waiting to join them in marriage. Only four persons were present on the occasion including Phani Muzumdar.

The wedding was over within half-an-hour and the couple resumed work on the sets of *Taxi Driver*.

Dev Anand and Kalpana Kartik whose real name is Mona Singh, both belong to the Punjab. Kalpana, however, comes from a Christian family and is related to Chetan Anand's wife, Uma. She came to the screen in *Baazi* and has since then appeared in *Andhiyan* and *Humsafar*, opposite Dev. Educated, she has a rather quiet but a sparkling personality. Dev, of course, is exuberant and ever-smiling. Dev is about seven to eight years senior to Kalpana in the film world. He made his debut in Santoshi's *Hum Ek Hai* and since then appeared in many pictures. His name had been romantically linked with some of his leading ladies particularly Suraiya. But thanks to undue publicity given to the alleged romance, it fizzled out and with Kalpana's arrival on the scene, the whole atmosphere changed.

Dev and Kalpana are not the only star-couples; there are other couples like Shantaram-Jayashree, Premnath-Bina Rai, Veena-Al Nasir, Manorama-Rajen Haksar, Nirmala-Arun, Rama-Kishore. One hopes that Dev and Kalpana's marriage would be happy and successful.

News of the Week

A contingent of film stars left on Thursday the 21st for Ceylon to play a charity cricket match and stage a variety show on the 24th 25th respectively. Of the expected stars, only Dilip Kumar could not go as he is busy with the shooting of *Mughal-E-Azam*.

Manmohan Sabir has completed the shooting of *Sheeshe-ki-Diwar*. He introduced a novel procedure by arranging a preview of the almost complete film to get the reaction of the public. In the light of the reaction he got he is completing the picture incorporating all the suggestions made at the preview.

FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM

SWATANTRA has printed leading reviews of the following books (fiction and non-fiction) during the quarter (October '53-January '54):

John Galsworthy, by R. H. Mottram (Longmans, 2s net)

H. G. Wells, by Montgomery Belgion (Longmans, 2s net)

The Other Place, by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann, 12s 6d)

The Doctor and the Devils, by Dylan Thomas (Dent, 10s 6d)

Poems 1953, by Robert Graves (Cassell, 7s 6d net)

Humanities, by Desmond MacCarthy (Macgibbon & Kee, 15s net)

Collected Stories, by Osbert Sitwell (Macmillan & Duckworth, 25s)

The Hill of Devi, by E. M. Forster (Edward Arnold, 15s net)

The Writer's Trade, by L. A. G. Strong (Methuen, 7s 6d net)

Publish and Be Damned!, by Hugh Cudlipp (Andrew Dakers, 12s 6d net)

Lord Northcliffe, by A. P. Ryan (Collins, 7s 6d net)

The Experience of Death/The Moral Problem of Suicide, by Paul Louis Landsberg (Rockliff, 8s 6d net)

The Woman in the Case, and Other Stories, by Anton Chekhov (Spearman & Calder, 11s 6d net)

The New Elizabethans, by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 15s net)

The Stories of Frank O'Connor (Hamish Hamilton, 12s 6d net)

A Writer's Diary, by Virginia Woolf (The Hogarth Press, 18s net)

U. S.-PAK MILITARY PACT

By A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

A PART from the considerable heat generated over the US-PAK military pact, what is the aim behind it and where is the special urgency for such an alliance? What are the full implications of the proposal and why is the same so very vehemently opposed by almost all the nations of this region? These are at least a few of the questions that have to be considered in any discussion about the proposed pact.

The principle of balance of power which was so skilfully played about by Wolsey and others in the past has given way to a new weapon commonly referred to as the "cold war" which is being wielded "with equal gusto" by both the rival blocs today. Honig, in a balanced and dispassionate article in the Year Book of World Affairs, 1953 points out as to how, in wielding this weapon of "cold war as an instrument of policy," both the power blocs have attempted to circumvent the United Nations by vying with each other in concluding treaties of alliance and assistance which are "plainly inconsistent" with the spirit of the Charter. While the Soviet Union prefers "a series of bilateral treaties," the Western powers prefer "a small number of multilateral agreements." Therefore, in the opinion of Honig "those who endeavour to draw a fine and ingenious distinction between the alliance entered into by the Soviet Union and those entered into by the Western powers are out of touch with reality . . . Both sets of treaties, while paying lip service to the Charter contain nothing which might impede action being taken independently of the United Nations." Thus it is plain that whatever may be the aim behind them and the extraordinary urgency about them, the military pacts and alliances—either multilateral or bilateral—are blatant violations of the spirit of the Charter. And much less can those who have come to look upon the United Nations, with all its defects and failures, as a streak of silver lining on

the otherwise dark international horizon contemplate such a prospect of widening the arena of cold war with equanimity!

As a result of the proposed pact there is a likelihood of the cold war developing into a shooting war; even otherwise, there is an inherent danger in the very extension of the area of the cold war. Evidently more than others, countries of Asia, which have only quite recently thrown off the foreign yoke need a sufficiently long spell of peace and security to fashion their destinies according to their own genius. This desire has been responsible for the policy of non-alignment with power blocs pursued by most of the Asian nations. In his speech in the Constituent Assembly (Legislative) on March 8, 1949 Prime Minister Nehru explained India's foreign policy as one of "being friendly to all countries and not becoming entangled in any alliances." About one hundred and fifty years ago, Thomas Jefferson, on his assumption of Presidency in 1801, declared, almost in identical language, that "friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none" would be the policy of the infant Republic of U. S. A. Obviously the memory of politicians is conveniently short! Otherwise how could one explain America's allergy to this non-alignment policy of Asian nations? Dr. Radhakrishnan in his characteristic way did some plain speaking when he said: "The United States of America should sympathise with this attitude of many Asian nations, for she herself had a long record of neutrality and non-involvement." In this connection it is gratifying to note that in the land of McCarthy and McCarren, there are yet a few level-headed politicians like Chester Bowles who urge upon the average American to remember his own early history. Bowles said: "We did not want foreigners telling us what to do. We are isolationists and neutrals and did not want any part in foreign wars. All of this applies to India."

IT may not be out of place to recall yet another instance of striking similarity of approach between those who guided the destinies of America in the perilous early years of the Republic and the Indian Prime Minister today. In 1796, President Washington declared, "Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities . . . Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour or caprice?" Expressing a similar sentiment, Prime Minister Nehru observed: "Europe has a legacy of conflicts of power, and of problems which come from the possession of power. They have the fear of losing that power and the fear of some one else getting greater power and attacking one country or the other . . . In Asia, at the present moment at least, there is no such legacy. The countries of Asia may have their quarrels with their neighbours here and there, but there is no basic legacy of conflict such as the countries of Europe possess. That is a very great advantage for Asia and it would be folly in the extreme for the countries of Asia . . . to be dragged in the wake of the conflicts in Europe." It is strange that those who hail and applaud the wisdom and foresight of Washington should criticise and condemn Mr. Nehru for advocating such a policy in the larger interests of all the Asian countries! Evidently, in their opinion, what is sauce for the American goose is, perhaps, not sauce for the Asian gander.

So, in the ultimate analysis, it is quite plain that India intensely dislikes the idea of getting actively embroiled in the cold or hot war. The proposed pact would not only upset the balance but also bring the cold war to the very doors of India. She would like to have as many non-

aligners as possible around her so that the cold war could be kept away from her borders. Even in the general interests of the peace and security of the entire world, it is but prudent to encourage the development of as large an area as possible to remain outside the ambit of this contagious 'cold war'!

But the America of to-day is not the America of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. Consistent with the increase in the sphere of her activity, America's interests have also changed. The Monroe Doctrine which in the past used to be constantly invoked by her to resist foreign interference in American affairs has obviously no use for her today when she is herself inextricably involved in the affairs of others! So, in the light of the changed circumstances of the present day politics and her own psychological fear of Communism, America's desire to form a defensive arc around the Communist countries by means of military alliances is understandable. But the eagerness displayed by our neighbour Pakistan in this direction passes our comprehension. The ingenious argument that Nehru is nervous about India's hegemony in the Asian region would not stand close scrutiny. India is not so much perturbed about her hegemony as she is by the fate that is likely to befall her neighbour who till the other day was flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone!

MR. NEHRU, in spite of the provocation, has spoken as a friend of both Pakistan and America. To talk of filling up a "vacuum" against any possible aggression is to delude oneself. Instead of being a check, it may be made an excuse for any future counter-move by the other rival power. To draw an analogy between Korea and Pakistan is at once as unfortunate as it is unwise. Korea can never be an example. On the other hand, it provides an unmistakable warning for both Pakistan and America. Therefore, Pakistani leaders would do well to ponder over the memorable words of Washington who has spoken with a rare and prophetic insight and to realise

that "it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favour from another; . . . it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character." At the same time, America also would be well advised to consider whether it is prudent to pursue a policy which

by its very nature is likely to prove self-defeating. There is yet time for both Pakistan and U. S. to retrace their steps. Otherwise, the world which at present lives in an "undefinable twilight between peace and war" is sure to fall into the dismal abyss of darkness!

Celal Bayar: President of Turkey

BY
EMIL LENGYEL

WHAT type of man is Turkey's chief executive? Efficiency and humaneness are his main traits, according to an acquaintance of mine who worked for him at the Ankara headquarters of the Ish Bank of which Bayar was the general manager. He turned it from a one-room bank into an institution with 125 branches all over Turkey, employing more than 2,300 people. Indeed, old hands found the Western spirit Bayar introduced nothing short of revolutionary.

President Bayar was born 70 years ago, and his parents must have had a premonition of his future when they named him Celal, "Glory." In the house of his father, Fehmi, a village teacher of Umurbey, the Western spirit prevailed. He sent his son to the French school in the nearby city of Bursa, on the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

Banking was the main interest of young Celal. His first job was in a German bank in Bursa. The Ottoman empire was then the "sick man" of Europe and ambitious young Turks were seeking ways to restore its health. Celal was one of the "Young Turks" forming the Party of Union and Progress which staged the 1908 revolutionary reform movement. He became the principal agent and executive secretary of the party on the Aegean sea coast. Later he was elected to the last Parliament of the Ottoman Empire as deputy from Smyrna.

When World War I was over in 1918, Turkey was to be dismembered. It was then that Mustafa Kemal, whom his countrymen were to hail as "Ataturk", Father of the Turks,

waged his massive revolution. Fighting the Greeks who were moving into the interior of Turkey, he defeated them and forced the world to recognize the existence of Turkish Republic in place of the decadent Ottoman empire. Celal played a role in the war as a commander of guerillas operating near his place of birth.

He played a role in the creation of the Republic, too, and then returned to banking. Finances had been mainly in the hands of Greeks and Armenians under the old regime. Celal founded the first Turkish financial institution, the Ish Bank. It started its operations with a capital of \$100,000. Its growth was spectacular.

When the depression struck Turkey in the early '30's, Kemal, first President of Turkey, drafted Celal Bayar for government service as the head of the Ministry of Economy. Since then Bayar has been in politics, including the Premiership under Kemal and, when that great man died in 1938, under his successor, Ismet Inonu.

Until 1945 Turkey had a one-party system under the Republican Party. In that year Bayar left it and founded the Democratic Party. Under the Republicans, Turkey followed the system of "etatisme," supremacy of the State in economics. The Democratic Party preached a return to private enterprise.

The Democratic Party first presented itself to the electorate at the elections of 1946, but was badly defeated. Bayar charged the ruling group with foul play, and particularly with intimidation and terrorism. He made his second bid at the general election in May, 1950, and scored a landslide victory which all but buried the Republicans. He rounded up 408 seats out of a total of 487.

Nearly four years have elapsed since that day. What has been the

record of Bayar's administration? Turkey has made impressive progress. After having been a chronic importer of grains she has now a surplus for export. Her area under canal cultivation has increased during this period from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres, while the number of farm tractors has risen from 5,000 to 30,000. Government revenue in 1953 was more than 40 per cent higher than three years previously.

Notable production increases have been effected in such basic industries as textiles, cement and steel. Turkey is one of the world's largest producers of the strategically vital chrome ore. She has increased the production of that and other minerals, such as copper and antimony.

A return to private enterprise is the keystone to the Bayar programme. Already the former State monopolies, the match and liquor industries, have reverted to private capital. The ships of the State maritime administration have been sold to the privately owned Maritime Bank. The Bayar administration has been able to attract private capital to factory building, oil refining, prospecting and mining projects. Large-scale U. S. capital has been wary as yet, probably because investment opportunities are too favourable in the Western hemisphere itself.

THE Turkey of President Bayar has been cast for a leading role in the projected Middle East Defence Organization. She is the recipient of the area's largest appropriations of U. S. foreign operations funds. An impressive contingent of fighting strength was contributed by Turkey to the United Nations command in Korea. Turkey has received signal recognition by being elected to the United Nations Security Council, presumably the most influential body in that organization. The Turkish Republic has become an important factor in international relations right in the fighting front of the cold war, the rampart all the world watches. Turkey's President Bayar represents that strategically placed nation with dignity and efficiency. No other statesman in the Middle East can match his impressive record.—Copy-right—NNF.



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INDO-U. S. RELATIONS

By

S. RAMASWAMI IYER

BETWEEN the people of India and the U. S. there have been in the past and there are in the present many bonds of friendship and sympathy. During our struggle for freedom we were inspired by the American example and had the moral support and assistance of the people of the U. S. and their leaders and statesmen. During the last seven years of freedom we have had the very active assistance and cooperation of the Government and people of the U. S., their experts, businessmen and scholars as well as several institutions and organisations in carrying out our plans of social and economic betterment. At present we are receiving economic aid from the U. S. in various forms. Somewhat inconsistently with this satisfactory picture of our relations we have also to recognise recent inter-governmental differences in certain aspects of international policy. These differences are apparently so important and serious that responsible statesmen in the U. S. have been considering a proposal to render military aid to Pakistan, a proposal which, when carried out, might poison the whole field of Indo-U. S. relations and set the two largest democracies in the world against each other. A U. S. Senator Emmanuel Celler, was reported to have said recently that Indo-U. S. relations have deteriorated within the last twelve months. It is therefore the duty of all citizens of India to understand the import of this recent phenomenon and to exercise their influence not merely to avert further deterioration but to restore relations of mutual confidence and cooperation between the governments and peoples of the two countries.

Undoubtedly the people and the Government of the U. S. place a great value on India's friendship and cooperation. This is evident not merely from the ungrudging aid of various kinds which we get from the U. S. when we want it but from numerous indications of their whole-

hearted friendship and good-will towards us. We cannot fail to be struck by the frequent expressions of appreciation, support and encouragement by responsible men and women of the U. S. of our efforts in the sphere of democratic government and social and economic advancement. A notable instance is the powerful plea so often presented by Mr. Chester Bowles to his government and countrymen for an all-out aid to India, while he was ambassador of the U. S. in India and also afterwards. An instance of an even more lasting and impressive contribution towards Indo-U. S. friendship is the great work of Mr. Louis Fischer on Mahatma Gandhi. To produce a masterly book of this kind is not possible without immense love and admiration for the Mahatma and his work for his people, and a desire on the part of the author to devote his literary talent to a work which would promote worldwide understanding of, and respect for, India. Obviously it is only natural to expect reciprocity for such deep and genuine feelings of friendship.

Have we done anything very substantial to mark our sense of good-will and appreciation for the great work of the people of the U. S. in various spheres of human endeavour? An impartial observer cannot fail to notice the absence of any serious contribution from our side to strengthen the bonds of friendship. This circumstance is all the more striking because we are greatly in debt to them. In numerous spheres of our national life—in law and justice, the making and interpretation of our Constitution, administration organisation, democratic government and policies, scientific research, education, industry, agriculture, engineering, defence—we in common with other peoples of the world are benefiting by the results of the hard work and labour of the people of the U. S. and the application of their mind and intellect to the problems of life.

In the management of our affairs, internal as well as external, we as a free people cannot afford to leave all the work and trouble to our government and officials; we have also to understand our responsibilities and assist in the tasks of government.

Here is a situation relating to India's external affairs in which we as a people can by performing our part in promoting good relations with a friendly nation make, inter-governmental relations easier and avert any strain on them. It is incumbent on individuals and groups of people in our country to set out actively to promote friendship and to inspire confidence among the people of the two countries. Undoubtedly there are difficulties and conflicts due to different viewpoints of responsible statesmen on either side. Our Government under the leadership of our great leader and Prime Minister is labouring hard to tide over these difficulties. In this juncture it is necessary that non-governmental agencies and the press do their part in easing tension and maintaining the basis of friendship.

THE great and noble policy pursued by our Prime Minister is friendship with all nations. This is obviously very difficult when the U. S. and Soviet Russia are waging a cold war and so often appear to be on the brink of a hot war. Undoubtedly this is going to be a trying time for us. Opinions on international controversies expressed by people outside the Government's inner circles and without a knowledge of the facts and the difficulties which it has to contend against, are not likely to be helpful and may be the reverse of helpful. Even so, it may be permissible to draw attention to certain outstanding facts of contemporary history which have a great bearing on our progress and welfare. One of such facts is that circumstanced as we are and with the social and economic difficulties which we have inherited from our past history, we are in great need of close association and cooperation with the people of the U. S. who at the present day, more than any other people in the world, have been able, by dint of hard and intensive work and by social behaviour and cooperation attained the great objectives of individual happiness, prosperity and freedom of thought, word and action. They have done so only by hard work and development of their own material and human resources and not by

the methods which other nations pursued in the past—empire, domination and spoliation of other peoples' wealth and resources. So large a population—numbering about 150 millions—have rarely in the history of the world attained in such ample measure and by such peaceful methods these great objectives which man has always desired and struggled to attain. The larger the population the more difficult the task becomes on account of the difficulties of cohesion and cooperation. For one reason or another other peoples in the world, have failed to reach any of these objectives or all of them in combination. Owing to continued misfortunes and difficulties for more than a thousand years we in India are far behind the people of the U. S. in this matter and have yet to use our new found freedom to fashion a pattern of individual conduct and social relations which will enable us to achieve any measure of success in our ambitious adventure of securing these objectives for 360 millions of people. How can we look with equanimity on the prospect of strained relations and absence of cooperation with a nation from whom we have yet to learn a great deal in the arts of peace and defence?

I am not by any means overlooking or attempting to deny the work done by other nations in the world in improving their conditions but indubitably a far larger measure of success has been the lot of the people of the U. S. It is worthwhile making an objective study of this interesting phenomenon and the moral and spiritual forces that can make it possible.

It seems to me that our attitude towards international affairs should be determined against this background of facts. In this view it is now a matter of imperative necessity for us to do everything possible to promote friendly relations and understanding with the people of the U. S. If the press and non-official groups and organisations undertake this important work, the task of the government will also become easier than otherwise. Inter-governmental differences would then be averted or when they arise, would be resolved without any undue strain.

DRESS AS A FACTOR IN HUMAN PERSONALITY

By LALITA KOTWAL

THOUGH we commonly use the expression "personality", we seldom stop to think of the various factors which go to make up this conception. In everyday parlance, the word has assumed the incomplete connotation of charm, or good looks, or pleasing manners. Actually, it is more than these. For human nature and individuality together constitute the "personality" of human beings. On the one hand, we have the total of the social likenesses which the individual acquires from his contacts with, firstly, his own little social groups, and secondly, from outsiders; while, on the other hand, he retains the differences and divergence which he develops out of what we call his particular "individuality"—a personal manifestation of a collective pattern.

Where the trend of daily living is attuned to a rapid tempo, the pattern of organisation in the social milieu is so disrupted that individuality becomes more an expression of that larger part of the general human personality than of the personal—as it was under smaller, tighter, and more integrated systems.

Some of the overt factors we are accustomed to consider in the sum-total of a single personality are height, weight, looks, figure, colour, carriage, temperament, culture, manners, and dress.

In our country, from the very beginning of civilisation, simplicity in all aspects of our daily life has been emphasised amongst the majority of our people, with the social or spiritual values receiving greater stress. But this does not mean that opulence, display, over-ornamentation, and extravagance have been totally absent. Just as one person differs from another, so also concepts of simplicity and ornateness vary, ranging from the truly austere to the lush, though the general trend prevailing in India—both in ancient and modern times—was,

and still is, towards simplicity. Take the dress of the average Hindu woman who habitually wears a "sari". Two pieces of cloth constitute this graceful, feminine mode of covering the body—a yard for the brief *choli*, and a rectangular piece, six or nine yards in length and forty-five to fifty-four inches in width is all that she uses, be it for morning, afternoon, or evening; for work, play, or sleep. No fuss and frequent changing for different occasions such as is common among European women. A daily bath followed by a fresh set of clothes (even if unironed) is generally observed, except by the very poor. Bharat is famous for high standard of personal cleanliness, but not for civic cleanliness which is still of a low standard. However, the latter is a condition which is slowly being improved.

In this connection, the subject of comparative food service between East and West may not be irrelevant. The Indian is content with eating his food off a *thali*, a clean plantain leaf, or a "plate" made of banyan leaves pinned together with bits of twig. When the meal is over, there is only one set of utensil to wash. If the leaf system is used for eating, the leaf has just to be thrown into the garbage can. No mountain of porcelain, silver, or crystal to wash and wipe, and the minimum of "help" is needed. In most cases, the mistress herself is both cook and waitress in her modest home.

THEN how about the home itself?

The majority of rural dwellings in our country are small—having a few rooms. The floors are bare, spotless, and finished with cowdung paste, said to be highly antiseptic. Very little furniture, if any, is used and the brass pots and pans gleam in a row on the hearth. But, in even average Occidental homes one finds a clutter of furniture, carpets, curtains, and whatnots, involving a

great deal of labour in cleaning. Much of this is eliminated in our simple way of life.

Again, the majority of our people show an unquestioning acceptance of good and evil—as propounded by the particular religion they follow, without argument or doubt, such as is displayed by the more sophisticated products of Western culture. These are just a few examples to show how closely the development of personality is related to both simplicity and elaborateness in the ultimate formation of a certain "type" of human being.

From time to time, our country has been overrun by foreign invaders. With the advent of the conquerors came also the introduction of alien modes of dress like the "salvar" from Persia, the lungi from Burma, and more recently frocks, slacks, shorts, swimsuits, and riding kit from Europe and the U. S. A. Thus, as a result of our long history under such fairly frequent superimposed cultures, India—through assimilating many of these foreign contributions—developed her own variety of unique, hybrid, and interesting costumes. Among these "innovations," based on alien modes are the strapless evening *choli* with the sari, and European-type, ultra-modern *kameez* with the *gharrara*. High-heeled sandals also are a gift (or a menace?) from the West.

It is worth observing how dress affects personality in many different ways: the next time you see a soldier look at him carefully. A striking change is seen in his general behaviour when he is on duty in trim military attire and off duty in civilian clothes or mufti; gait, carriage, stance, and talk all show a marked difference. Similarly a nurse in a crisp, spotless white uniform conducts herself in a more dignified and efficient manner—as becomes her noble profession—than when she is off duty, in everyday clothes.

THESE observations hold good also with regard to men in the Navy and Airforce, as well as to actors, persons much in the public eye, heads of religious organisations, and even servants, for their deportment and behaviour, when in the dress pertain-

ing to their office, is at variance with the way they conduct themselves, when in leisure-time clothes, during their periods of relaxation.

Watch yourself closely and see how you feel and act when you are well-dressed and at a party, and when you are caught unawares ill-dressed and solvently. Do you remember the last time you wore shorts, slacks, or beach-wear? Didn't their very informality make your own behaviour and speech also casual and somewhat careless—to match your costume?

If you look around, you will observe how much dress influences our conduct. Most of us do not give the matter a great deal of thought till it is pointed out to us. But since we live and have our being in a society we find that our garments influence other human beings who might not even be in our social circle or "clique." In this manner do certain forms of dress become accepted as conventional or *de rigueur*.

If we compare the behaviour of Occidental women with our own we will find that walk, deportment, movements of the body, and speech of the feminine sex of the two races are determined, to a large extent, by the type of garments each uses. That different kinds of costume do control behaviour is easily illustrated by calling to mind the visual picture of an European woman in a short, tight skirt and blouse trying to catch a bus. Firstly, she is hampered in the length of steps which she can take, and the speed at which she can move. Secondly, in climbing onto the high, lumbering vehicle her tight skirt is awkward, and, if pulled up for convenience, exposes a good deal of the thigh. In this respect, her Indian sister modestly clad in *selvar-kameez* is better off, for her stride is free, and she jumps on the bus with grace and ease, and is not a target for gibes and titters.

Likewise, we find that the selfsame Western woman is more attractive, graceful and pleasing in her ways when clad in a pretty, floor-length evening gown than when in street or business clothes. It is in evening attire that she most closely resembles her Indian counterpart, beautifully draped in the flowing and cling-

ing folds of a glamorous sari. Both costumes are becoming and essentially feminine, and the ladies wearing them comport themselves in a fitting manner—"which comes naturally."

Thus it is that dress singles out the group, community, or nationality (in many cases) to which we belong, adds prestige; bolsters up ego, and promotes leadership.

"We find that nowhere is the power of prestige leadership more apparent than in the realm of 'fashion', which may refer to currently accepted manners, morals, or modes of dress," say the two eminent psychologists Richard T. Latiere and Paul R. Farnsworth. "In the West this is especially true of varying styles in clothing, where the social position of the originator has much to do in influencing its popularity and vogue," as well as the place and shop from which the article might have come. The label, "Molyneux, Paris," attached to a dress will cause the wearer to be envied, whereas a label carrying the words, "xyz, Bombay" might not mean much.

But when a fad or a particular style in dress becomes overwhelmingly popular there is a decided tendency towards stereotyping and monotony—often to the sacrifice of much personal and individual charm and variety. This is especially true of the highly competitive society of the West.

In the animal world, the male is far more colourful and vain than the female. Till about a hundred years ago this held more-or-less true for

humans, especially with reference to Occidentals, for we Indians—of both sexes—are still comparatively gay and showy. However, with the passage of time, and diverse economic changes throughout the world, people began to evolve constantly changing standards for "the latest vogue"—either adapted to suit one's own physical, mental, or emotional attributes, or slavishly imitated.

Then, later on, the Suffragette movement (which started in England and from there spread to other countries) had an extraordinary influence on these standards. It caused major modifications in the economic and social status of women and shifted the emphasis—at least in fashions pertaining to dress—from the stronger to the weaker sex. Men's clothes became more and more sober, while women's dress became correspondingly colourful. Today, more than ever before, feminine apparel is dynamic, whereas masculine attire tends to be static.

NOT a few of us feel—often misguidedly—that costliness and elaborateness are essential to a good appearance. Nothing could be further from the truth! Simple lines, careful choice of materials—and colours, with just the correct jewellery and accessories, go far towards achieving that chic, well-groomed effect. Daily, one sees a number of women clad in a plain, beautifully laundered sari and choli with a few pieces, if any, of choice jewellery, and they could not possibly look fresher or more dainty and alluring.

Why Was Modder Murdered?

BY J. VIJAYATUNGA

NOW that the floods, and the ravages and tragedies caused by the floods, in the mid forties in Ceylon are a dim memory, I am sure I shall not be re-opening any healing wounds by discussing the mysterious death (ascribed at the time to an accident) of that financial magnate whose name as given on his memorial is Don Hadrian Victoria Lankatilaka Wasala Muhandirange Wijewalla.

Though in his later years Wijewalla was known to be a popular clubman—he even owned a string of stringy horses—and a contributor to various Funds sponsored by the Government, in private life he was an embittered, mean man, loved neither by his wife nor by his servants, not even by his dog. So that the memorial which the good lady, his widow, put up, and which was adorned with the customary texts, was more for the sake of form and less as an expression of deep sorrow or loss. Actually, everyone, including his widow, was relieved that Fate had removed him; but no one felt happier than his murderer who crowned a life-long ambition by that act.

Did I say *murderer*? Considering that his death was reported as a disappearance through an act of God I am perhaps too abrupt in hinting at murder. However, I had better go back to the beginning.

The Wijewallas are a well-known "up-country" family, whose pedigree while not entirely perfect can be traced back to some six generations with a fair degree of accuracy. Don Hadrian's mother too belonged to an "up-country" family, having been born a Bulathkohupitiya. When she died, having outlived her husband and the psalmist's three score and ten years, she left behind a large family of eight sons and three daughters, all of whom are still living except the late-lamented Don Hadrian. Her husband, a meek little man, of smaller build than herself, had acknowledged all his sons but one. That he had not acknowledged one of them was known, of course,

only to his wife, and to the disowned son. The old man never wanted to see the last addition to the family and he kept to his decision to the day of his death. Local gossip was that he had been deceived more than once but that he had not minded it on the other occasions so much as he did when Hadrian was born.

As there is a Freudian explanation for every kind of human behaviour, so there was much to account for the abnormalities which Don Hadrian exhibited as he grew up. By the same token there was enough reason why the seventh son of the family should have grown up hating Don Hadrian with an unaccountable hate. For one thing, Hadrian came into the world when the other child was barely a year old, and old Mrs. Wijewalla not only weaned him before his time, but left him to the indifferent care of servants while she fussed and doted over the youngest baby. The older child who grew up physically below par, as one might say, was regarded with more than usual affection by his father, and, evidently the old man before his death confided in him.

(Shortly after the elder Wijewalla's death this son disappeared from home. There was a longdrawn out legal dispute about Wijewalla's will, and in the end, with the support of his mother Don Hadrian came in for the major share of the estate. From that day Don Hadrian did not look back.)

WHILE the old man had been alive Don Hadrian's life was miserable. Soon after his twelfth birthday he had been sent to a boarding school in Colombo and if he came home for the holidays it was through some surreptitious arrangement of his mother, for Wijewalla Sr., had given express orders that he was not to be seen about the place. It was not surprising therefore that he should have grown up into a weedy, lanky fellow with a sour look and known for his sepulchral laugh on those rare occasions when he was moved to mirth. By all accounts Don Hadrian was not a very likeable fellow.

Well, Don Hadrian joined the Law College, and while he was still a stu-

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dent he married Nondi (he-with-the-limp) Dinoris Mudalali's daughter who brought as her dowry a house situated in Colombo and some cash. It was a very private wedding for old Wijewalla had forbidden his wife to attend it. She who had defied him often enough when he was younger found his temper in his old age beyond defiance.

WITH his wife's dowry Don Hadrian went into business, first as a seller of liquor, then as a broker. In the next few years he extended his ramifications and managed to get his finger into every business pie, from cinemas, to (during the war years) brothels. He built himself a super-house; he changed his super-cars once every six months, he joined the most expensive clubs, he even tried to learn riding until the old hack (a tame, old creature which had served its time on tea-estates) threw him down. As I have mentioned he bought a number of third rate race-horses (though they never won a race) so that he could refer to "my string of race-horses." Notwithstanding all this outward success he was an unhappy man. He knew, his mother having told him the reason for his "father's" dislike of him, that he bore the Wijewalla name under false pretences.

It was at the beginning of 1946 that he bought one of the super *de-luxe* Caribbeans, one of a consignment of three such cars that were imported into Ceylon. For some reason the makers did not continue with that make of car and the two Caribbeans that are to be seen on the Ceylon roads today are the only two in existence. Don Hadrian's car, though it was later salvaged, ended up in the dismantler's yard because nobody wanted to own it.

When he bought the *Caribbean* he advertised for a new chauffeur. Among those who came to see him in reply to the advertisement, was a man, somewhat under-fed in appearance but with a distinguished-looking and well-trimmed "imperial." His credentials were better than those of the other applicants and Don Hadrian engaged him. The new driver was a

man of few words, but he was very punctual and his driving perfect.

When the floods began Don Hadrian became anxious about a new residence he was building for himself at Gampola, close to Kandy, Ceylon's Hill Capital. One morning despite the accounts in the papers about the rising flood level he got into his *Caribbean*, and said to his driver, "Gampola."

The car had travelled some miles when Don Hadrian looked up from the share market column of the newspaper and noticed that they were not travelling on the Kandy road. In fact the car was heading straight on to a rather formidable stretch of water in which house-tops and tree-tops were still visible but the road was not. He spoke sharply to the driver:

"Yakko! (Devil)! Why in hell have you taken the Modera road when I told you to drive to Gampola?"

The driver did not reply. He drove on. The *Caribbean*, which had a low frame, was excellently balanced, and with his foot pressed against the accelerator the driver forced it towards the now rising water. Then he spoke rather barked out:

"Thota (to thee) whose name is Modder, the Modera is the most suitable grave." (*Modera*, meaning an estuary, is a name given to a district just outside Colombo.) "How long did you expect a Wijewalla to drive a car for a bastard like you? It's no use your fumbling with that look, *Modder* you know your father was a Modder—I've locked those two doors. The door on my left is locked too, and the moment I jump out the other door would lock itself. Anyway the water has risen to the level of the radiator. I have avenged my father for the dirty trick mother played on him. May you go to hell, you bastard!"

HE was a good swimmer and swam to safety, the deed for which he had waited so long done. The *Caribbean* was salvaged, but the body of Don Hadrian Victoria Lankatilaka Wasala Muhandiramge Wijewalla, alias Modder, was never recovered.—
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CROWDED HOURS

The dance was ending. The voices mixed in a riot of warmth and fading colour . . . The motor cars were tooting endlessly; into the silent streets; into the endless sky. "I am not going to kill myself," thought Sebastian.

"I AM going to kill myself," thought Sebastian.

The waiter bent like a mark of interrogation.

The Cafe de Orleans hummed like a bee-hive of beauties.

"Amstel Beer," ordered Sebastian.

The cars came like an endless caravan, tooting endlessly, into the silent streets, into the endless sky, glaring with their dreamy phosphorescent eyes, booming with their monster-mouths; like a caravan they were coming without end.

"I will kill myself," thought Sebastian.

The orchestra roared its Orphean melodies. The lax bodies became taut, tense. The blood creamed, foamed, and drummed. The legs stiffened and the fingers played; the arms tapered, wound round the throbbing backs, touched the trembling waists, capered and fingered; they danced. The orchestra was booming. The legs pattered on tiptoes, bodies rose and bent and answered the rising sound, answered the bell-like music in the blood, bending, floating forwards and backwards; faces smiling into faces, eyes looking dreamily into endless eyes, ears listening to endless melodies, all in a trance floating forwards and backwards. The shining athletic figures, with their diaphanous gowns, their flowerlike feet, all in a flutter, straining their necks like earthly nymphs, gleaming like water and glass, gossiping, laughing red laughter with their pearl-white teeth, rows of pearls and pearls, the Phidian shapes, with faces of Greek goddesses, round and oval faces, with alabaster arms, Psyche-breasts, languidly drooping and curving, and the legs plping music, pattering, tapping, pattering; like flowers that had grown up overnight, tulips and dalphiniums, laughing in the night,

Short Story

By

M. Chalapathi Rau

laughing at the moon, laughing at everything. The gowns flapped, rustled, and zithered; budded and flowered, furled and unfurled; the *crepe de Chine* and gold borders,

magenta and ochre, the pink ones shining with red flowers, rustling and flapping; arms issuing out of bottomless depths, heads floating with their flowerlike hair, and necks, the gleaming swanlike necks, spreading into the gleaming chest and disappearing under, issuing out of the taut stockings, gleaming, pattering, tapping; the flowerlike ladies with their flowerlike hair and their flowerlike feet, dalphiniums and tulips and lilies giggled and laughed.

They are made of rainbows, these ladies, with their gleaming swan-necks, with their transparent hues, laughing like angels, dancing like daffodils, or some woodland birds or flowers, moving about like faces on a fresco; they are not ladies; they are not of flesh and bone; their raiment is of dreams; they are made of rainbows.

TIME dragged on its unending tail, too slowly for Sebastian. He could not understand the secret of their song, the magic in their blood, that made their flesh bloom and die, wither and spring up; his flesh felt kinship with their flesh; his eyes were lost in their frizzles. They enamoured him with their mothlike feet, the butterfly brilliance of their eyes, and their laughter, the hollow laughter, the laughter of the hollow years, the laughter flowing hollowly from hollow mouths.

They enjoyed life; for them life was real, life was beautiful; they were not dreaming; they were revelling in their blood, rubbing it into ecstasy; enjoying life, not dreaming about it. For us life is too good, too sweet, it

is a dream; or life is too dull, too ugly, and we must have a consolation, a philosophy to escape from its terrors, its Medusa-splendour; it is not real as it is real to them; it is not beautiful as it is beautiful to them.

"I am going to drown myself," Sebastian murmured a good-bye to life.

The orchestra stopped booming; and the bodies unbent, and the lyrical legs became lax, the arms fell apart, the fingers ceased fiddling, the flowerlike faces opened out of mystery; they laughed, they talked, they giggled; life was beautiful, life was real. They were tired and lapsed into silence; only the eyes languidly peering out of ennui into the smoky silence like lozenges. Faces surged in the smoky light; they lay like stumps of beauty which could not move, or totems of divinity which were desecrated; the half-naked bodies hinting at their nakedness, half-nakedness filling the air with its rumours.

★

DAWN had sat like a pre-historic bird over the tops of Bombay. But the morning burst into Titian-splendour; it shone and scorched; it overflowed. The city, which had slept its catlike sleep in the night, rose like a dragon breathing fire and smoke. Mills opened their Cerberus mouths and howled. Brobdignagian buses snorted, shook, and blundered about ominously. Trams started lazily and tramped away like Leviathans.

At ten, Sebastian came out of the Indo-Portuguese Hotel at the corner of the Tegart Road, and walked towards the Esplanade. He walked into the office of Dunkerley & Co.

"The boss wants you," said the manager.

Sebastian sailed into the office.

"You are fired," said the boss of the bull-dog breed.

"But!"

"Will you please leave the room?"

"I may be given the reason for my discharge."

"Retrenchment, old chap, retrenchment."

"I did not," began Sebastian, but Sebastian could not end what he had begun.

"Will you walk out, please?" yapped the man of the bull-dog breed.

Sebastian crept out of the room.

The office staff blinked at him.

Sebastian crept down the stairs.

The world was dusty and crowded.

Sebastian crept out into the world.

SKYSCRAPERS frowned on him and proclaimed that they belonged to millionaires. Big cars honked behind and announced that they carried the wives of baronets. He was not of this world of eternal enchantment, springtime, and reckless dreaming; he was of the world of fallen angels, of disillusionment, and utter helplessness. Faces were frozen to death; they went by like gollywogs; the world was full of faces, and legs, and wild noises; he hated millionaires and baronets. His head floated in a medley of noises and dreams.

Sebastian chewed and spat out the past. The future shone like a big blur.

He went back to the Indo-Portuguese Hotel at the corner of the Tegart Road; he laid himself on his bed. The future shone like a big blur.

Life was bitter. He poetized. Life was a bitter pill not coated with sugar. Sebastian was a poet. He had written magniloquent sonnets on love and life and death; but he had a weak memory and forgotten them; he could only remember that Life was a bitter pill, that it had more of sound in it than sense. He had loved too, loved ardently; girls had jilted him, he had jilted girls; blondes did not prefer gentlemen like Sebastian; he had an awkward nose, he was brown, his dress was rakish; he did not care for brunettes. Sebastian had been a champion dreamer dreaming of country greens, and the birds in the shaky nests, and the rain, and the sun struggling in the branches. Sebastian had been a great wanderer; he had wandered under the

heavens, beyond the stars, out of the sight of faces and legs. Sebastian had dreamed and wandered. Life to him was a dream, a song, a sonata; it was a drag, a trouble, a divine torment. It was a lyric; it was an ode. His life had run like a patch of bad rhymes, a doggerel; he had lost all rhythm. Sebastian poetized about his doggerel life. Life was bitter, life was real.

Twenty-six years ago in Goa. His father was a drunkard; his mother flighty. Sebastian went to school; he was intelligent, he was studious; he passed his examinations. Then he was taken up by missionaries, petted by missionaries, patronised by missionaries; and cast out in the world by missionaries. His father had stopped sending him money; his mother had forgotten him; he was resurrected in a new world. Dunkerley & Co. took him up; for one year he toiled dreamily before undreaming desks.

NOW the future was a big blur.

At 2.30 in the afternoon Sebastian crept out into a sultry world. His dress was shabby—it was creased; his hat was tilted oblivious of the world. He crept into the talkie house, and sat between two scented ladies, one fat, the other lean. Millionaires came in with their pot-bellies and half-naked wives; they occupied the boxes; they shook their Midas' ears.

The lights went out. Mickey Mouse came and flicked its tail; someone purred on international politics; planes rushing up the sky; Chinese warlords; motorcycle races; Hawaiian melodies. The lights were on.

The fat lady giggled; the lean lady expanded.

The lights went out.

Sebastian felt the fat lady; she was volatile. The lean lady was quiet. They were in the thick of the plot. Some Garbo-like thing lay panting in the arms of a sensualist he-man. The soprano then fluttered under moonlit skies; the baritone he-man pumped out all the music that was in him; the soprano sobbed, he hovered about her; she panted, he kissed her; she lay hushed, he relented under the moonlit skies.

Sebastian could not bear the heat and the fat lady. He could not bear his thoughts. He crept out. He spent an hour in a cafe.

The evening was too Whistlerian for words. It must be described in daubs of paint. It was blue, red, and yellow.

Sebastian went to the *maidan* and saw boys play hockey and cricket. He crept into the tram and travelled long distances. The roads roared their records of Gargantuan music. Advertisements of druggists', chemists', and dentists' shops passed like posters in heaven. The sky was drifting. Everything was shaky. Beauty passed by him staring.

He walked about listlessly. He was bored by the beauties of skyscrapers, the endless rattle of life, the high-brow beauties.

Bombay is a cubist picture painted by Picasso. It is a crossword puzzle filled with El Greco figures. It is incoherent, fantastic. The architecture belongs to different styles, different countries, different nations; it defies trigonometry and laughs at life. Men and women move like dolls in a pantomime. Humanity lies huddled up and put in holes. There is one long street, a street without end; herein houses stew and steam and loom black as Gehenna.

THE light burned dimly in the darkness. Sebastian rose up gathering her dresses. She smiled with a face full of understanding and sympathy. She brought him a drink which he gulped down, looked vacant, swam up to consciousness and slipped back into emptiness again. The flesh stood on tiptoes, weak and eager; he smelt of bitter flowers in her blood, hollowness in the core of her being.

She sat like a saint in her hovel.

Sebastian returned to Inferno.

Sebastian moved among the faces. His head was among the stars. His feet stopped at the Cafe de Orleans. His dress was shabby; he was of mixed blood; his flesh was stranger to their flesh; but he could drink and look on. The cabaret and cocktail dance were meant for the purest blood.

"Amstel Beer!"

The waiter brought a glass.

★

THE dance was on again. The totems woke to life; the stumps of beauty rose in the light. The orchestra boomed; legs became lyrical; fingers faltered; and midriffs throbbed and floated; the laughter flowing hollowly from the hollow mouths. One lady more beautiful than the rest laughed suddenly like a gypsy in a twilight, lifted her frizzles over her elfin ears, laughed like a gypsy. They were not women of flesh and blood; they were voices and giggling feet; they were laughter, the laughter of the wind in the reeds, the laughter of the waves on the shore; they were Japanese dolls come to life; they were languid fairies who had forgotten their bodies. They were just floating about like the wind in the reeds, like the waves upon the shore, in and out like Japanese dolls.

"I am going to drown myself," Sebastian stifled a prayer.

Sebastian was getting drunk. He gulped down another bottle and had a glorious vision of hell-fire and worms that never died.

He crept out. His bewildered body crept on with faltering feet. He looked upon the star-haunted sky. His head moved among the stars. He passed through street after street. He listened to the silence, the sparkling silence of the stars, the livid silence of the sky, the silence of the trees, the silence of the roads. He listened to the silence within himself.

The moon lay molten on the far horizon.

It seemed Mephistopheles was walking with cap in hand.

Sebastian saw the sea and its soulless symmetry, listening to its own incantation. It lay heavy with tired eyelids; the sky was black covered with stars, haunted by invisible gods.

Sebastian quivered. It seemed the Devil himself was conspiring with the deep sea. The sea was a bore; it seemed to waver, it seemed to vanish, to doubt. It was poised on the horns of a dilemma.

And the moon lay molten on the far horizon.

The beach at Juhu, thought Sebastian, was better for ending his life. It was too serene for the Devil. The sea at Juhu mixed with the feet and laughter of girls. It did not waver, it did not doubt, it was human.

Sebastian doubted. The night shuffled her blue dresses and dipped her feet in the waters, drawing up her skirts, causing a rippling of winds and a rushing of water, and walked away shuffling her blue dresses. The waters came and stopped, went back, came rushing and stopped; giggled and danced; life for them too was beautiful, life was real.

Sebastian stood remembering days and nights, exciting moments of adventures, rose-coloured dawns, dim translucent twilights, watery skies, murky moons, days of studying with midnight oil, and—Oh! the endless hours of toil and the papers announcing the results!

The world was tottering on its haunches and the sea was tottering.

Sebastian retraced his steps. The night lay like a monster wallowing in darkness. And the moon lay molten in the far horizon.

SEBASTIAN crept into the Cafe de Orleans. The dance was ending. The voices mixed in a riot of warmth and fading colour. The dresses were fantastically frizzled; the legs were tired and the fingers lay limp; the faces lay like faded flowers as though they were disenchanted. They went again into their balloons of flesh and blood, and descended to the earth, now laughing louder.

The waiter bent like a mark of interrogation.

"Amstel Beer," said Sebastian.

The motor cars were tooting endlessly; into the silent streets; into the endless sky; glaring with their phosphorescent eyes, barking with their monstrous mouths; like a caravan they were going without end.

"I am not going to kill myself," thought Sebastian.

And the moon had faded on the far horizon.

The Devil's Contraption

BY MICHAEL OWEN

I AM a salesman, a super salesman, and in case you haven't heard of me let me tell you that I'm the sort of guy who could sell central heating in Hell, ice cubes in the Antarctic, or even probably persuade the gods to scrap their vintage *urhan khatolas* and take to jets complete with streamlined hostesses and canned music. That's the sort of bloke I am, and yet, even I, recently near faced my Panipat, Waterloo, Dunkirk or whatever you care to call total defeat. Near faced, I said! Let me tell you about it.

One morning I'm not feeling so good. This state is dry, so darn dry that it's a miracle that it doesn't catch fire every time someone lights a cigarette; but if you know your onions there are cases hidden in dark, dismal lanes, and last night I have been doing an Omar Khayyam act, so this morning my head feels as though someone has sloshed me with a bludgeon. I'm taking a dim view of life. Then the boss sends for me.

He gives me a dirty look. He says: "What is indicated in your case, Reddi—for God's Sake, don't strike a match anyone, the man's as liable to blow up as a bally petrol dump with a leak! What is indicated is a nice spell in desert country where there ain't any oases."

There is a solemn-faced young fellow standing by his side. The boss indicates him. He says: "This is Mr. V. Rao, Sundaram. He stands to inherit two hundred acres of pretty rich land and his old father is the conservative of conservatives. Get me? At present the old man farms out the land at a pittance and his tenants put down groundnuts because it entails the minimum of human effort. Young Rao visualises a potential Garden of the Hesperides. The land wants modern action, see, and the first step is, of course, a tractor. He's not very sanguine, but he's prepared to pay all your expenses. The old man has a pull in the district. If you can put it over him you'll probably sell a dozen in the

district. You'll leave with Rao tonight."

"Can you play chess?" demands young Rao.

"I can," I inform him, wondering what the hell chess has to do with the sale of tractors. Then I demand: "You tell me, now. Are your villagers good citizens of the state or do they take prohibition as a personal affront?"

Rao grins. "I'm a teetotaler myself, but I'm reliably informed that the old Christian monks had nothing on them where the art of distillation is concerned."

We train it into the heart of the new state, Andhra Desa, the tractor in the brake of the train. We detrain at a desolate-looking halt that is a stretch of level ground, a couple of tin shacks and an ancient station master cum signalman cum porter cum the whole works who waves his flag like he was Marshall Voroshilov leading his troops into Berlin. My view of life suddenly becomes dimmer.

We have the tractor unloaded. Rao hands over our luggage to a mahoghany-skinned yokel. Rao says he will have our stuff at the Rao homestead by midday. I take his word for it and mount the red tractor. Rao climbs on behind me. We have to travel twelve miles into the back of beyond, mostly by track.

THE country, surprisingly enough, is quite nice. Green fields, mostly tobacco and groundnut, divided off by tall, slender palmyras. Then we pass through a couple of sun-baked villages. Our progress becomes epic. I feel like Atilla the Hun ravaging Europe. The Scourge of God had nothing on us! The red monster roars on and the villagers scatter like chaff in a handmill.

At last we hit the ancestral castle. It is nothing but a collection of mud huts, roofed with palmyra fronds, reaching to within a foot of the earth to keep out the high afternoon winds, tacked onto each other barrack-like, and they stand in the middle of two hundred acres of red soil now lying fallow.

Life gets even dimmer; maybe this shows on my face, for Rao says apologetically: "We shall try and finish the business as soon as possible. This evening I will arrange for some refreshment for you." But even that does not cheer me up. "We had better leave the tractor here and walk. It will be quite safe. If we arrive, on the tractor it might have fatal results. There are many children and my old grandmother has never set foot in a bus or a train. She is very orthodox."

We do as Rao suggests.

I BEND nearly double and wriggle under the overhanging palmyra roofing and I find myself on a narrow verandah. From the angles of walls peer fearfully many faces. On the narrow verandah a dark man clad only in loin-cloth sits on a *charpoi*, the tips of his forefingers touching the lobes of his hairy ears, on his face an expression of intense concentration.

"It is my maternal uncle, Joga Rao," says young Rao. "Take no notice of him. He is quite crazy, but he has much influence with the womenfolk of the family. He believes that an enemy of his has turned him into a wireless receiving set. Just now he is busy receiving messages." Joga Rao remains immobile.

We enter the end room. A silvery-haired, slim old man sits playing chess with another old man. "This is my father?" says Rao. I turn on the full battery of an ingratiating smile. The old man looks at me coldly. "Can you play chess" he demands. I say that I can and he gives me a smile that is as frosty as a ray of approaching Aurora Borealis in northern Norway.

I sit down and watch the chess. By now a positive regiment of naked and semi-naked children are crowded about the door of the room. Rao had told me that he had a number of small brothers and sisters, but I had not been prepared for this juvenile children's brigade. The old man plays the most orthodox and obvious game. At last he checkmates his opponent and smiles triumphantly. Then rapidly he sets up the men again and beams expectantly at me.

I think it polite to oblige him, though I wonder when Rao intends broaching the real matter in hand.

Then I make a grave tactical error. Salesmanship, let me tell you, requires much foresight, tact, diplomacy and cunning. I get interested, play a swift, unorthodox game, which bamboozles and confounds the old gentleman, and in a few minutes his side is looking like Rotterdam after the Luftwaffe had finished with it. When the game is over his lips tighten into a thin line and he looks at the decimated board as though I was a cardsharp who had bilked him in a game of poker for high stakes.

The silence becomes heavy. Nervously young Rao tells his progenitor who I am and what is my business. Joga Rao, the crazy maternal uncle, has now joined us. His face is set in deep gloom. The old man does not say a word. My hopes have sunk to ground level. I feel so low that I could put on a high turban and creep under a snake's belly.

"Mr. Sundaram has come a long way," says young Rao.

The old man's sense of courtesy thaws slightly. He says: "At least we can see this dreadful work of the devil. But I warn you it will be no good, young man. What was good enough for our forefathers is good enough for us. It is these foreign importations and innovations that have reduced this ancient land to what it is."

WE cluster about the red monster at the edge of the estate. The older folk stand away at a respectful distance, the children crowd in a little closer.

"A modern miracle, gentlemen. Makes agriculture a real pleasure. Will turn this land into a Garden of Eden. Think of it, gentlemen, this ingenious machine not only plows your land in record time, but harrows, discs, clears, saws and even, gentlemen, harvests for you. Why, my good Sirs," I add humorously, "if you permitted it to it would even eat for you." There is no smile on the old man's face.

"What does the devil eat?" demands the crazy maternal uncle gloomily.

I turn to him. "It is one of the most economical tractors available, Mr. Joga Rao. It runs on crude oil—diesel, you know."

"No good will come of this," mutters Joga Rao. "When the devil is hungry it will probably consume the children. It is the contraption of the devil himself—a trap set by these foreign *rakshasas* to enslave us again. Have nothing to do with it."

"To own a tractor is the national duty of every man with land," I say. "It is tractors that will keep the foreigners out. Our food problem is serious. We must Grow More Food, and it is only by the use of the tractor that we can do this... Let me show it operate, Sirs. A child could handle it."

DESPERATELY I start the monster. The children flee with cries of alarm. Old Rao's face is set and grim. Joga Rao looks at me like I was Ravana himself mucking about with some devilish *urhan khatola*.

"You see how simple it is, gentlemen!" I put the red steed through its paces. Then I make young Rao climb into the seat and handle it. "You see, gentlemen," I repeat. But I am wasting my time. The old man and Joga Rao are walking back towards the homestead. Only the children remain.

"I am most sorry," says young Rao.

"When is the next train?" I ask.

"There is no train till eleven tomorrow. Only one train a day," replies young Rao, and my depression, is complete.

Early next morning I am awakened by a shattering roar. For a moment I am puzzled. Then I realise that it is the tractor. The previous afternoon I had moved it for safety to the back of the homestead. I think one of the kids has managed to start the monster. Alarmed, I dash out of my room. I am in time to see Rao also dashing out of his room. Together we dive under the palmyra hanging low over the verandah and stumble into the open. The sight that meets our eyes literally

petrifies us where we stand.

Rao is gasping, staring with wide eyes. "The old fool will kill himself" I cry in alarm.

Across the land careers the red monster, burking and swaying like a bronco in a rodeo show. Astride it, his silvery hair flowing in the morning breeze, sits the old man, Rao's father. The iron steed makes erratically for the edge of the land. The ground there is full of fissures and ravines. Followed by young Rao I dash frantically after the lunatic on the traitor expecting every minute to see the thing overturn and the old man decapitated. As I tear after the machine, gaining momentum and stability every minute, I see it dangerously but without mishap negotiate the broken land, emerge into the level beyond and make towards a clump of mango trees.

"He is making for Banam village," gasps young Rao, running by my side.

I slow down to walking pace. "He's in the hands of God," I say sententiously.

WHEN we reach Banam an amazing sight greets us. The old man stands literally astride the monster, his face glowing with triumph, a veritable Sikander with no more worlds to conquer. About him, their faces revealing their admiration and respect, is clustered the entire village, with the elders in the forefront. I listen.

"... just what the country needs," the old man is saying. "This Devil's Contraption is the most important and significant invention in human history, brothers. It does everything, brothers. Indeed it is more than human. Ploughs, harrows, discs, clears, sows, reaps, harvests and carries for you. Again, it will draw water. In it lies our salvation, the national future. To Grow More Food is a national duty. Also, in it, lies our own prosperity. These Devil's Contraptions are the finest investment we can make." What a salesman, I thought admiringly as I listened, had been lost to mankind when the old man had been born a landowner! I felt positively humble. "And they are simple to handle. A child—well, I myself will teach you

to handle them." He looked around as though he had himself invented the tractor. "This Devil I am buying. But it is my duty as head of the District Panchayat to see that you also are served. India expects every agricultural group to own its own tractor and I shall see that here at least we do. If necessary I shall advance the money to the Panchayat for six Devil's Contraptions and you shall all have the use of them on moderate terms..."

I stayed another three weeks with the Rao family, sold all told eleven machines and helped the old man become thoroughly familiar with the iron steed. In the evenings we played chess. The old man swept my men off the board with rapid, unorthodox moves, and in all the time I was there I never won a single game.

When I was leaving Joga Rao accompanied me. It was part of the agreement. As the engine of the train emitted its shrill whistle old Rao repeated his advice to Joga Rao.

"To become a good Devil's mechanic is far more important than to be a good wireless receiver, brother. We will have eleven Devils in this district, and for a good mechanic there is good money. Also much honour and esteem. See to it, brother, that you become the very best of Devil's mechanics."

Joga Rao smiled. "Have no fear, brother. It is written!"

LIVE THE DAY TODAY

PERHAPS those days may never come again:

That does not mean that you should waste away

And dream: Be bold my heart; there is no gain

Without the bitter pangs of pain: Your way

Is long and lonely, tarry not, and look Behind to have a sigh. This is today Not yesterday, nor yet tomorrow. Hook All your thoughts to what you'd do today. If pain's in store for you, think not of it Nor yet rejoice o'er all the happiness spent.

Live the day today and then forget, And rest your heart in peace. But do not rent

The air with sighs; for who will really care

To wipe your tears, 'Tis you your fate should bear.

MAYA

★ THE ANTS

ON the smoke-stained wall the thin black line Of the regiment route-marches on tip-toe

In static speed. Out of the tribal ego Arises the mechanical group-mind to align The workers and soldiers in discipline— Feed the colony, fill high the mud silo Safeguard the queen! Serving hearts aglow,

Strengthen the outer ring of royal shrine. Fittest to survive, but dark doom

Stalks the endless chain—

Little realm of the linked brain

Swept off by the casual broom.

What then may Atomic Man gain,

Anthood—or puffed mushroom?

C. P. GOPINATHAN NAIR

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NEW BOOKS

A WRITER'S DIARY

Being Extracts from the Diary of Virginia Woolf

EDITED BY LEONARD WOOLF

The Hogarth Press, London

18s net



Books are flowers of fruit stuck here and there on a tree which has its roots deep down in the earth of our earliest life, of our first experiences. But here again to tell the reader anything that his own imagination and insight have not already discovered would not need a page or two of preface but a volume or two of autobiography.

—From her own Introduction to *Mrs. Dalloway*

VIRGINIA WOOLF died by her own hand—a tragic death. It was not the catastrophe of war which put a period to her life; she to whom reality was a blend of the twin aspects of truth—of reason and imagination, the one dominating the masculine temperament and the other the intuitive feminine: to her, the sensitive artist who combined in herself both the means of perception, the presence of personal danger was not a matter for the slightest perturbation; it was the strain of anxiety, of fear and despair of the delicate instrument which she had taken such intense pain and singleness of purpose to perfect breaking to pieces before the bane of the times that caused her to do what she did. She drowned herself in the river Ouse, near Lewes, Sussex, early in March 1941. At the hour of her death she must have been Rhoda of *The Waves* who exclaims:

"There is some check in the flow of my being; a deep stream presses on some obstacle; it jerks; it tugs; some knot in the centre resists. Oh, this is pain, this is anguish! I faint, I fail. Now my body thaws, I am unsealed, I am incandescent. Now the stream pours in a deep tide, fertilizing, opening the shut, forcing the tight-folded, flooding free. To whom shall I give all that now flows through me, from my warm, my porous body? I will gather my flowers and present them—Oh! to whom?"

To whom? There need be no doubt. Virginia Woolf would not have doubted. She stood, earlier than was necessary, with the wreath of flowers in her hands, in that high capital where kingly Death kept his pale court in beauty and decay, herself, as Robert Lynd has said, "being the poet of change and decay—or, rather, of people and things that change and decay—that live on only in the memory which in its own time dies."

Five books by her have been posthumously published: *Between the Acts*, a novel in 1941; *The Death of the Moth, and Other Essays* (1942); *A Haunted House, and Other Short Stories* (1944)—though they are sketches rather than stories, meriting the description only because of the author's peculiar range of experience and perfection of experiment; *The*

Moment, and Other Essays (1947); *The Captain's Death Bed, and Other Essays* (1950)—all bearing prefatory notes by her husband, Leonard Woolf. Least prolific among modern novelists, Virginia Woolf has written less than a dozen books in fiction, including the short; beginning with the first novel, *The Voyage Out* in 1915, she steadily extended and established her reputation with her other novels: *Night and Day* (1919); *Jacob's Room* (1922); *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925); *To the Lighthouse* (1927); *Orlando*, sub-titled *A Fantasy* (1928); *The Waves* (1931); *The Years* (1937); *Between the Acts* (1941); and *A Haunted House* (1944), which is a definitive volume of all her sketches and short stories, bringing together the earlier *Kew Gardens* (1919), and *Monday or Tuesday* (1921). Her critical work is preserved in the two volumes, *The Common Reader: First Series* (1925) and *Second Series* (1932), and reveals the same free and original mind—which created the novels—in its sympathetic evaluation of the works of such immortals in literature as Defoe, Addison, Swift, Hazlitt, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Hardy, Conrad, Meredith, Montaigne, Tolstol, Dostoevsky. In between a work-in-progress in fiction or when nearly finishing it she often made a detour to the production of light essays and book reviews; and then for a longer sojourn in another medium—the biography, of which *Flush* (1933)—all about a spaniel—and *Roger Fry* (1940)—painter and critic of art and author of the delightful volume of essays, *Vision and Design*, who had made Post-Impressionism stay—are brilliant examples. Next there are the sociological, "feminist books," *A Room of One's Own* (1929) which is a plea for more freedom in the higher education of women, and *Three Guineas* (1938) reminding one of Tennyson's words, *Is Woman the Lesser Man?*—concerned with the position and opportunities for the educated women in the world today in talking of which Virginia Woolf is crossgrained to a degree that is not expected in one so refined as she. Her criticism of the writers of the 'thirties is embodied in *A Letter to A Young Poet*

(1932) and *The Leaning Tower*—originally a paper read to the Workers' Educational Association at Brighton in May, 1940, and later printed in the second volume of John Lehmann's *Folios of New Writing*, in which she has the phrase: "... life and books must be shaken and taken in the right proportions" and the further elaboration: "Reading, listening, talking, travel, leisure—many different things, it seems are mixed together... A boy brought up alone in a library turns into a book worm: brought up alone in the fields he turns into an earth worm." Up to 1914 the well-born writer was hardly aware of the tower from the top of which he had a view, albeit limited, of his fellowmen, but in the following quarter of a century, the roots of the tower had been shaken and it had leaned a little making the writer who inhabited it see the prospect around with the Marxist class-conscious eye.

"All those writers (Day Lewis, Auden, Spender, Isherwood, Louis MacNeice and so on) are acutely tower-conscious; conscious of their middle-class birth; of their expensive educations. Then when we come to the top of the tower how strange the view looks—not altogether upside down, but slanting, sidelong. That too is characteristic of the leaning-tower writers; they do not look any class straight in the face; they look either up, or down, or sidelong. There is no class so settled that they can explore it unconsciously. That perhaps is why they create no characters."

One cannot find fault with Virginia Woolf for her brusque treatment of these writers, for with her lucidity and vibrance of emotions hers was an immediate response to and total experience of the reality of the moment, and not a fragmentary reaction of the individual self to a situation which is responsible for so much mental confusion and which she discovered in the work of such men as Auden and Spender.

"Discomfort; pity for themselves; anger against society. And yet here is another tendency—how can you altogether abuse a society that is giving you, after all, a very fine view and some sort of security? You cannot abuse that society wholeheartedly while you continue to profit by that society."

These are thrusts meant to be felt; but whatever she wrote—one recalls her fiercest thrust of all against the reviewers in the pamphlet *Reviewing* (1939)—she wrote beautifully, with grace and charm and shimmering humour, staying aloof from common life, remotely watching the vulgar world,—this daughter of the eminent Victorian, Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, author of the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* and a great mountaineer—and wife of Leonard Woolf (she married him in 1912 when she was thirty), a Cantabrigian who had returned home to England after a period in the Ceylon Civil Service. In 1917 she and her husband started a joint enterprise, the Hogarth Press, with the money Leonard had won as prize in the Calcutta Sweepstake, handprinting and publishing their own works as well as those of authors young and unknown then, like T. S. Eliot and Katherine Mansfield. Later, when it became a flourishing concern, Vanessa, Virginia's sister who had married the art-critic Clive Bell, did the decorations for the book-jackets which lent a unique distinction to the Hogarth Press publications.

The Woolf's home in Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury (a district in the parish of Holborn), soon attained the renown of a literary salon and here met the celebrities of the day—authors, aesthetes, art and literary critics, painters, economists—John Maynard Keynes and his Russian wife Lydia Lopokova, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster, Desmond MacCarthy, Arthur Waley, Roger Fry, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Victoria Sackville-West, and among the younger generation, William Plomer and Stephen Spender.

Bloomsbury, says Richard Church, "is known to the irreverent outside world as the Highbrows. Their goddess, their Pallas Athena was Virginia Woolf." "Bloomsbury," says Desmond MacCarthy, "is a regional adjective which has been used as a label for a few writers and painters who dwell, or have some time or other dwelt, in that part of London, and who used to, or do, see a good

deal of each other. It is chiefly used as a term of abuse in reviews. In the shorthand of colloquial criticism and gossip it connotes, vaguely, a certain arrogant exclusiveness, anti-herd intellectualism and a superior moral frivolity. . . . But in fact 'Bloomsbury' is . . . only a group of old friends; whose affection and respect for each other has stood the test of nearly thirty years and whose intellectual candour makes their company agreeable to each other." Mr. Frank Swinnerton, author of many novels, and now writing as John O'London in the weekly of that name the letters to Gog and Magog, would not, I think, find the majority of the reading public in sympathy with him for being unduly harsh on Bloomsbury, for his fatuous sneers and innuendoes in his book, *The Georgian Literary Scene* where he writes of Virginia Woolf: "It was Clive Bell who said 'great writers like Dostoevsky, Joseph Conrad, and Virginia Woolf, and I now wonder whether Bell would entirely hold by his words. . . . The fact that Clive Bell was Virginia Woolf's brother-in-law gives it a fine domestic loyalty. . . . Where many men are timid as to making claims on behalf of their friends or on behalf of any writers at all, he braved ridicule as he braved challenge. . . . Virginia Woolf was essentially an impressionist, a catcher at memory of her own mental vagaries, and not a creator. . . . She could not imagine, nor create a human being who is not exactly like herself." Oh, Mr. Swinnerton, how frank you are! Too blindingly frank! If Virginia Woolf is not a creator, who among the English novelists is? A wholly dedicated writer, all her life she struggled to say what she wanted to say, sensitive alike to the beauty of the word and the visible world, fixing motive, finding action, seizing memory, releasing vision. "Few people can be so tortured by writing as I am," she says. "Only Flaubert, I think." And it is these tortures, these intense self-communings of a woman of genius that are now presented to the world in *A Writer's Diary*, extracted from twenty-six volumes of her journal maintained from 1915 to 1941 (the last entry

being made four days before her death), "too personal to be published as a whole," confesses Leonard Woolf in his preface, "during the life-time of many people referred to in it." Like Henry James's *Notebooks* or Andre Gide's *Journals*, it is the interior journey of a professional life, of a prodigious energy striving for ever to bring out its best, through the alternating moods of depression and exaltation, worried of censure, eager for praise. The nerves are stretched taut when the idea for a book germinates; the tension continues during its gestation; there is the constant evocation and assertion of her individuality and the quiet, incandescent passion of contemplation. An entry dated Tuesday, November 23rd 1926 runs:

"I am reading six pages of *Light-house* daily. This is not, I think, so quick as Mrs. D; but then I find much of it very sketchy and have to improvise on the type-writer. This I find much easier than rewriting in pen and ink. My present opinion is that it is easily the best of my books: fuller than J's. R. and less spasmodic, occupied with more interesting things than Mrs. D. and not complicated with all that desperate madness. . . . Yet I am now and then haunted by some semi-mystic very profound life of a woman, which shall be told on one occasion; and time shall be utterly obliterated; future shall somehow blossom out of the past."

Yes, she is glowingly feminine throughout, now semi-mystically, now cold-bloodedly; her dialogues with herself are ominous, at the failure of inspiration, under illness that devitalized, fear of greying age, and the subdued terror of death.

In keeping the diary she sees the advantage of the method in that "it sweeps up accidentally several stray matters which I should exclude if I hesitated, but which are the diamonds of the dustheap. If Virginia Woolf at the age of 50, when she sits down to build her memoirs out of these books, is unable to make a phrase as it should be made, I can only condole with her and remind her of the existence of the fireplace where she has my leave to burn these pages to so many black films with red eyes in them."

The diamonds of the dustheap, the real glittering ones are her delineations of George Moore, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Ethel Smyth, Max Beerbohm, Bernard Shaw—famous all, who provide a strange new contrast to some of her contemporaries whom she has drawn with malice, especially James Joyce and *Ulysses*, the first two hundred pages of which "amused, stimulated, charmed, and interested her, and then was she "puzzled, bored, irritated and disillusioned by a queasy undergraduate scratching his pimples." Joyce is "a self-taught workingman," *Ulysses* is "an illiterate, underbred book." This is unjust of Virginia Woolf; there is no gainsaying that "her world (as Professor Bernard Blackstone has pointed out) will survive as the crystal survives the crushing rock-masses," but Joyce's is the great globe itself with all its indescribable varieties of delicate crystals and gigantic rock-masses existing side by side and not the bigger crushing the smaller. However, the interest of *A Writer's Diary* rests in the fact that it projects the portrait of one of the most remarkable women of our age, ethereal and goddess-like yet warm and valourous, with human flaws and failings, and that some of its passages of description and introspection possess that natural magic of phrasing to pass permanently into the glory of English literature.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

India Without Illusions

By Vivek

New Book Co. Ltd.,
Hornby Road, Bombay

Rs. 4-4 as

HERE is a collection of articles written by Vivek to the *Times of India*, at various times. Vivek's anti-communism and adoration of the ideals of America lend a consistency and firmness of texture to his outlook. He is seized with the fear of Russian and Chinese intentions and imagines the entire North Border of India to be manned by their troops which are just waiting to pounce on this ancient land of

ours and petrify it in the icy embrace of communism.

The Book has two parts, the first dealing with foreign affairs and the second with internal problems such as Planning and Prohibition. The author conforms to the view that the main threats to world peace are Russia and China and that only the armed might of the U. S. A. is preventing them from carrying out their aggressive intentions. He suggests that Nehru is dangerously optimistic when he underestimates the dangers of these two menaces to the security of world peace and hopes that he (Nehru) would more positively fall into line with the western democracies.

V. V. S.

Mahayogi

By R. R. Diwakar

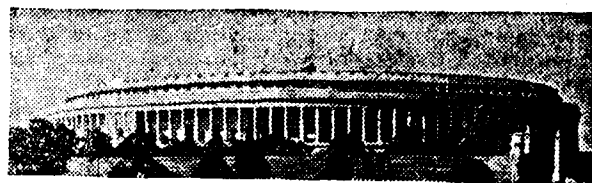
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MUCH has been written about Aurobindo, the Sage of Pondicherry, poet, literary critic, philosopher and commentator of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita. A distinguished student at Cambridge who didn't worry himself much about missing the Indian Civil Service, Principal for a time of the Baroda College, then a revolutionary who had during his incarceration in the Alipore jail, self-realisation and vision of Lord Krishna, the excitement of his early life attained quiescence in the ashram at Pondicherry. His *darshan*, three times a year, had a classical air and his devotees today are numerous.

Sri Diwakar, a scholar in both Kannada and Sanskrit, a disciple of Sri Aurobindo from his schooldays, and an ardent student of his philosophy has in this book given us not only his biography but a study of his contributions to Indian thought and philosophy. *Mahayogi* can be read with profit along with *Anami*, which is a collection of the letters between Aurobindo and Dilip Kumar and other leading lights in the west and in our own country.

S. M.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PANDIT NEHRU is entitled to full marks for his handling of the Korean problem. Our role as Chairman of the Neutral Nations' Repatriation Commission was not an enviable one; but we handled it as well as anybody has a right to expect. There was to be noticed the usual wavering in our decisions, which became particularly evident in our handling of the prisoners of war in the last two weeks before January 23. But all these are to some extent inherent in the situation itself. We were not as firm as I wish about the list of ring-leaders and KMT agents submitted to us by the Chinese. Here was definite information which should have been carefully considered and promptly acted upon. These are not mere matters of detail only. All the same, India was definitely instrumental in ensuring that the embers of war died down in Korea instead of being flamed into a world-conflagration.

Our foreign policy is not the ordinary tail of our national policy. It is a tail which is wagging the dog. We want the dog to wag to tail. All our difficulties of foreign policy arise because we do not command the respect of the world for what we have achieved (which is nil) within our own country. That is why we are condemned to shout at all kinds of foreign powers without their turning a hair. Many foreign observers in Delhi agree that India will be a world-power in the course of the next few years; but few will agree that she is one already.

JUST now we are a world-power in the realm of children's art. Thanks to the great Indian cartoon-

nist, Shankar, we have been able to bring together the children of all nations—irrespective of ideologies, blocs and so forth—through art. The expert opinion is that Indian children do not produce as good work as children of some other countries. At the risk of being branded a Nationalist, I have the temerity to differ. Our children produce as good work as any other children. And if the teachers do not insist on their pupils copying some absurd models, they will do even better.

I have noticed that the judges have a hard time awarding prizes. Not only should the different countries represented get roughly an equal number of prizes, but they should preferably get equal numbers of first prizes—except, of course, for countries which have very few entries. In these apportionments, Indian children sometimes do not get a square deal. Very indifferent works of some children get prizes because they are the best works from that country! Much better entries from other countries may not get a prize because practically every entry from that country is of a higher standard. But it is right that every country should get some prizes, rather than that all the prizes should be bagged by the children of one country, simply because they happen to be good artists. If any single country does not get a fair number of prizes, you may be quite sure that country will not be in the exhibition next year. Even children's art exhibitions cannot be free from geophysical considerations. In judging children's works—as in everything else—we should not merely administer justice, but spread sweetness and light. What is just may not necessarily be conducive to every-

body's happiness—or at least of the happiness of the largest number.

Shankar will be better known as the organizer of children's international art exhibition even more than as a great cartoonist. Two other idols of children—in a much more personal and intense sense—are Mr. and Mrs. Nyayapathi Raghava Rao, who run one of the best children's programmes in the world over the radio. They are not as well known outside Andhra as within it. But being known is certainly no indication of one's worth. This may sound a rash statement to make in this age of publicity and advertisement. But it is true.

GOPINATH has distilled the essence of Kathakali and presented it before a highly appreciative audience in New Delhi at the theatre specially built for the low-cost international housing exhibition. It is a beautifully built and artistically decorated theatre. Gopinath has condensed into two hours what normally takes two full nights of Kathakali for the benefit of the modern city-dwellers who have not got all that time to spare. The masks have been dispensed with, and substituted by head-gear which is very much lighter. The masks are very much in order for open-air performances where the audience consists of several thousands of people. But Gopinath's modification is more suited to a stage that does not project into the audience, or a stage that is at the very centre. Facial expression too becomes more effective without the traditional make-up. The traditional make-up and masks, of course, greatly help to create a supernatural atmosphere, much more successfully.

Gopinath struck terror into everybody as Daksha in Daksha-Yagna; and his Hanuman in "Anguleeya-Choodamani" was an essay in devotion for Rama. Every one of his numbers tells a simple story effectively. Gopinath has a wonderful sense of drama, and his choreography is therefore very compact. Thankamani can no longer be cast for roles which require vigorous dancing. She

continues to be excellent in abhinaya, and she accordingly took the roles of Sita and Sati. Madura Devi is a discovery, and she is really the leading lady of the troupe. I cannot think of any other exponent of Kathakali who possesses the effortless ease with which Madura Devi dances. As Menaka, who destroys the *tapas* of Viswamitra, as Tilottama who set Sunda and Upasunda to destroy each other, and as Mohini who makes Bhasmasura destroys himself, she was enchanting. Her future career would be watched with interest.

M. N. Roy was ailing for over a year now. He suffered a great deal, but his mind was extremely alert till the last. There was a proposal to enable him to go to the U. S. A. for treatment, but his criticism of American Imperialism did not make it easy for the American authorities to let him in. Roy was deeply touched by Pandit Nehru's visit to him a few weeks ago. The two men remained silent for several minutes looking at each other. Roy was not allowed by the doctors to speak much. Someone referred to Madame Peron during conversation, and Roy immediately corrected him: "She has now become a saint." He remained cheerful till the end, in spite of great grave physical pain.

I came into contact with Roy after he had given up politics. He is an intellectual giant. He could speak on any subject, and he always had something original to say. He was a great supporter of Lysenko's theory, and a great admirer of Joseph Stalin. He told me one day that Stalin did not like vodka at all and that his favourite drink was a Caucasian wine. Despite his emphasis on knowledge and reason as a philosopher, Roy was an extremely sentimental man—like any other Bengali. Philosopher and mathematician, Roy was a prolific writer. He forecast that Malenkov would succeed Stalin five years ago. He was a good letter-writer. His life was full of ups and downs; and his difficulties would have been greater, had it not been for his wife, Ellen Roy.

Music:

Sahityam versus Sangitam

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

THE barrier of language for the expression of human ideas and emotions has never been denied by anybody. Much more in music, language has always stood in the way of musical expression. Yet, our ancestors have linked *sahityam* and *sangitam* for the purpose of *Rasotpathi*. Their idea was that *sangitam* would help the creation of *Rasam* where *sahityam* failed. This secondary importance of *sahityam* is being forgotten now.

Sahityam was according to them only *Alochanamritam*. One has to read, understand, and think over it a number of times before one can realise the beauty of a piece of poetry. And *sangitam* was *Apadamadhuram*. It was honey itself. Directly you hear a *Ragam* or a song you are attracted by it and it captures your heart immediately. That is the difference.

For both of them the origin is ideas. Ideas expressed in a language become only conventional but expressed beautifully, they certainly win the admiration of the reader. This can never be unmixed sweetness as in the case of music. For music you can dispense with language. It is *Rasam* itself. One can get immersed in it, forgetting himself and the world around him. That is *Moksha-vidya*.

The soul of Indian Music is *Ragam*. *Ragam* can be enjoyed with no unrelishing elements in it. It is without any *Dweshams*. Even as a child tries to catch ideas and begins to express in words, so also a listener of music can catch *Raga Alapana* and try to sing the *Ragam*. *Alapana* means 'talk'—literally. It is a kind of lecturing in music. Therefore *Raga Alapana* can be done only by pure *Lakshyam*.

Suppose we see a good picture. Immediately we are struck with the loveliness of it. Our whole attention is drawn towards it. We forget all other things and begin to enjoy its special features, the colours employed in it, their variety and contrast,

and then we go into the details of the curves and shades. That is about the visible world. In the case of music we are likewise struck with the beauty of *Ragam*, the melodies occurring in it, the blend of the *sruti* and *swaras* and then we go into the special features of that particular *Ragam* which make it different from others. This is the audible world. The appeal is the same to both, though it is to the eyes in the one case and to the ears in the other.

Again we present different stories with different elaborate descriptions making an organic appeal, details, emotional narration and finally the climax and finish. The motive or purpose of a story may be latent but not the *Rasam* that is created by the story. For lasting impression it is the *Rasam* that has to be borne in mind by the narrator. A musician has also to bear in mind the *Rasam* he creates while singing a *Ragam*.

It can be seen from the above that the ultimate goal for both of them is *Rasotpathi*. In the matter of language we employ words and sentences comprising letters to express ideas and feelings, while in music we employ the *Raga*-curves of the octave. *Raga Alapana* is like the tree that grows, spreads itself, flowers and finally bears fruit out of the 12 seeds of music. Forgetting the *Rasam* and the goal, children in schools now-a-days are supplied with the 'seeds' instead of the flowers and fruit grown out of the tree of *Raga* elaboration.

Sarigama lessons have come into vogue for the last twenty years. Children are not provided with any other *Lakshya Gnanam*. Before this they had ample *Lakshyam* provided by way of lullabies, *bhajana* and temple music. By this *Lakshyam* they had good impressions of melodies, curves and colours of the *Ragams*. These melodies, curves and colours of a *ragam* can be expressed by *swaras*—*Svato Ranjayateeti Swarah*—and not by the 12 skeleton *sthanas* of the octave. It is regrettable that these 12 skeleton *sthanas* of the octave have come to usurp the place of *swarams*.

"Rajee, My Darling"

THE Press show of the Tamil and Telugu versions of Gemini Studios' new picture, "Rajee, My Darling" took place at the Preview Theatre of the Studios on Wednesday. The casts of the picture in the two languages were indetical, but for two or three exceptions. Under Gemini's auspices, our stars have become bilingual. Their pronunciation in the acquired language is scarcely less natural than their accent in the mother-tongue. Evidently the bifurcation of personnel into Tamil and Telugu has not crossed into the sphere of the cinema, where talent still is nursed in a spirit of cosmopolitan fellowship.

"Rajee, My Darling" is the story of a blind girl whose vision was restored by a surgical operation. It cost Rs. 1,000 and the money was found by Ramu. Between Ramu and Rajee there was deep affection. Ramu was arrested and sentenced for a theft of which he was not guilty at the very moment when Rajee was gaining eyesight. While Ramu languished in prison the doctor who gave her eyes—and a home—is struck with love for Rajee, and to save him from misery she weds him, though her heart's eternal love is given to Ramu alone. At the end of his prison sentence Ramu rushes to Rajee. She had reached, out of despair and duty, equanimity and a quiet felicity. Ramu realises, though, that her whole soul is steeped in him. Content that this should be so, he

fades out of her life without even disclosing himself.

With this simple story, the director has created a powerfully moving picture. The last scenes compel tears. Sriranjani plays the part of Rajee the blind girl with exquisite naturalness. She has quite an ordinary face, but it is transformed into the beauty of grace and charm by the effect on it of innocence and purity realistically lived, without a touch of flamboyance or affectation. Her awakening from blindness into the light of restored vision was a masterpiece of consummate acting. Ramachandran has done the role of Ramu with a veritable George Arlissian flair. He has unsurpassed facial expressiveness. There is none in the film world capable of registering such an amazing variety of emotions so graphically with just a lift or turn of the brow or eyelid. All the others in the picture lived their respective parts with immense competence. The script, the dances, the settings, the music and the photography were superfine. One test of the excellence of a picture is that time should be shortened in witnessing it. You pass through nearly three hours of "Rajee, My Darling" as though it were a matter of a few minutes. There is not a dull moment anywhere. When the curtain closes, the thrill of contact with human nature at its best in the end-scene leaves its lingering exaltation behind, and for a while you feel immersed in life itself, forgetting it is all an illusion of the screen. No greater praise than this can any work of art claim. —K. S. R.

"Little Ballet Troupe" in Madras

A dance drama, rendering scenes from the Ramayana will be staged by the Little Ballet Troupe in Madras on 3rd February in the presence of the Governor of Madras. The dance drama is a form of entertainment with a very wide appeal. It can be enjoyed by young and old, literate and illiterate, simple and sophisticated. The *Ramayana* story is a subject that has a never-fading interest, and, presented as it is in Sri Shanti Bardhan's Puppet Dance

Drama, it has the added charm of delightful music, and a most ingenious setting.

The 'puppets' are not, as might be supposed, dummy figures operated mechanically, but human beings acting as though they were puppets. All the masks, costumes and scenery for the ballet have been made by the artistes themselves; the songs have been specially composed by one of them. The music is directed by Sri Abani Das Gupta of the Films Division of the Government of India.

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The creator and director of this unique work of art is Sri Shanti Bardhan, formerly a teacher in Uday Shankar's school at Almora, who later won distinction as the choreographer of the "India Immortal" and "Discovery of India" ballets.

The performances of the Little Ballet Troupe have been meeting with an enthusiastic reception by large audiences in many parts of the country. In Delhi, they were so much appreciated that a Command Performance

was called for at Rashtrapati Bhavan, which was attended by the Prime Minister, the Vice-President, and a large gathering of Members of Parliament and high officials. They were taken by the Northern Command to 19 places for the troops and were most enthusiastically received at each place. In Madras there will be five or six performances, from 3rd February onwards. They are being organised by Shrimati Malati J. Naoroji, in aid of the Rishi Valley School.

days when army regulars were let loose in Kashmir under the guise of angered tribal people could fail to read on what lines the Pakistan Government is thinking. Assurances, of course, have been most liberally forthcoming. Guarantees will be obtained and safeguards will be provided to prevent Pakistan from using any of the gifted arms against India. But will the Americans guarantee the "guarantees" and enforce the "safeguards"? It is unthinkable that in the event of renewal of fighting in Kashmir, they will fight against an ally they have taken so much trouble to secure. I am reminded of the dilemma the U. S. faced in Korea when the South Korean President Dr. Syngman Rhee, successively threatened to withdraw his army from the front-line, threatened to refuse to recognise the armistice and released some 26,000 anti-Communist prisoners of war.

It is not only because Indo-Pakistan relations are likely to become highly strained that India objects to U. S. arms aid to her neighbour. The first instalment of aid proposed, about 25 million dollars' worth, is after all not much and may not alter the power balance in Asia. But it will bring the Indian sub-continent into the war zone in the event of a war. Besides, the attitude of the Pakistan Prime Minister shows that the first instalment of aid proposed is certainly not the last. If the amount of aid goes on increasing, and her truculence, will both go up. It is here that the seeds of future danger really lie. For, though the U. S. is not to be given any

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initially, they are bound to come sooner or later. Where will these bases be located? Will they be located in Pakistan Punjab or North-West Frontier Province or Pakistan-occupied Kashmir? But, of course, if Mr. Mohammed Ali has his way, he would have by then solved the Kashmir problem.

The pessimist may argue that even if the U. S. does not get bases in Pakistan, the Indian sub-continent will be involved in any third world war. That is as it may be, but why bring down the wrath of the Goddess of Chance on our heads by either our neighbour or ourselves accepting a form of assistance the usefulness of which to either, singly or jointly, is highly doubtful? This assistance, incidentally, is certain to make our sub-continent one of the first targets of attack in a third world war. If our neighbour insists on such misdirected action, it is our duty and business to warn her of the far-reaching consequences of such a step.

The U. S. may very well think that

a few air bases in Pakistan will help her bombers to blast Central Siberian arms factories. But of what use will the bases be if the people are not willing co-operators? Economic aid to develop the natural resources of the nation is what Pakistan needs and not help in the form of surplus wheat, obsolete machinery or out-of-date Sherman tanks and fighter planes. The former can achieve what gifts of arms are incapable of doing—prevent the people from going Communist. There is no wisdom in obtaining bases or giving military aid to nations to secure allies for a war which may at best turn up at some future date, while Communism gains support among the people. The only way to stem the spread of Communism in Asia is to help the people to attain a decent standard of living, so that they may not be taken in by the alluring promises of local Communists. It is to be regretted that the American planners have reversed the priority as between the economic and military fronts, but there is still time to remedy.

Military Aid Realities

—A Reply

By M. S. P.

THE editorial in SWATANTRA on "Military Aid Realities" has been written under a number of misapprehensions.

Two questions only, it seems to me, are relevant when we attempt to give judgment on the proposed US move to give military aid to Pakistan. How will the fact of the U. S. supplying arms free to Pakistan affect the relations between India and Pakistan and peace in this part of the world? Will this move really help the U. S. in its global strategy to fight World Communism, and not the Soviet Union? With the answer to the first we as Indians are concerned. In the reply to the second we as lovers of democracy are deeply interested.

When we try to discover why Pakistan is so very anxious to secure military aid from the U. S. revealing light is shed in a recent statement by Prime Minister Mohammed Ali. American arms aid to Pakistan, he is reported to have said, would help in the solution of the Kashmir dispute. It is clear from this that Pakistan desires military aid from the U. S. not because she has grown wise, seeing "the fate of countries drawn into the Russian orbit." Rather she hopes that U. S. aid would help her to achieve parity with or superiority over India in regard to military strength and that her newly acquired might would help her in securing a speedy settlement in Kashmir.

Nobody who can remember the



A scene from Gemini's "Rajee My Darling"

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Prohibition

Sir,—Sometime ago I read in the newspapers a statement by some supporter of Prohibition that thanks to it brawls had ceased in slums and cheries and the dwellers in these were peaceful and happy. I am amused at this statement. If, as is now generally admitted, illicit distillation is widespread and all the liquor produced is consumed, the absence of brawls in slums and cheries, far from being evidence of the beneficial effects of Prohibition, only proves that the distillers and dealers of illicit liquor maintain an excellent vigilance corps, a contingent of goondas, who would with a clout on the head lay flat and render senseless all that might be inclined to be noisy and quarrelsome after drinks, for brawls would point to a source of supply of liquor in the vicinity and be an open invitation for raids by the Prohibition staff. One would require more convincing facts to prove that the women and children of the labouring classes are now better fed and clothed and go about with smiles on their faces. I should like to refer to another point in relation to Prohibition arising almost directly from the existence on a large scale of illicit distillation. Man and alcohol would seem to have appeared on earth together. The drink habit has been existing from time immemorial and there is no spot of the earth where an alcohol-addict is not found. A cynic would perhaps say that the drink habit is due purely to cussedness or that it is a form which the sin inherited from our first parents takes. There is little doubt that the labouring classes have a craving for alcoholic drinks. If we admit this, then it is our duty to find out the cause for it. We should concede also that the finding out of the cause is a scientific problem, a fit subject for research. In view of this it is meaningless to urge, in support of Prohibition, arguments based on religion or ethics or on the duty of States to protect certain classes of improvident people against themselves.

Since the drink habit is so widespread, one would be safe in surmising

that the problem of alcohol in relation to man would not have escaped the attention of scientists; considerable research must have been done and much valuable information must be available. Whether or not any research has been done within the last 30 years, I am sure that some work was done in England during the first decade of this century. In proof of this statement, I would mention that I attended a public lecture on "Alcohol" by an eminent doctor of Calcutta at Simla in the summer of 1919 in which the lecturer detailed the results of the experiments conducted by himself and his Professor of Pathology at the Cambridge University. The results stated by him were so striking that they have stuck in my memory. They were that alcohol has no value as a food, that it has no value as a heat-producer, that it has no value as a stimulant. But, said the learned lecturer, "Alcohol has one great virtue, that it is an excellent solvent of fatigue products." He then explained how fatigue products were caused and stated that these were slow poisons, which if allowed to accumulate in the blood stream, would shorten life. I well remember even now the concluding part of the lecture, which was in this effect: that in this world with an inequitable industrial civilization which requires many people to sweat and labour beyond their powers of endurance that a few may live in luxury and idleness, there is none to help the sweating workmen, except nature, the beneficent mother, who has instilled in these men the instinct to save themselves from premature death by running to the toddy or arrack shop after their day's work for their daily ration of alcohol.

I am pleased to see that the newly formed Andhra State has appointed a committee to examine the question of Prohibition. I sincerely trust that this committee would brush aside all religious and ethical arguments and find out if there has been any verdict of science on this subject, and in case there is, whether it confirms or rebuts the results stated by the Calcutta doctor. In the event of this verdict confirming the results referred to, I earnestly hope that the committee would advise the Andhra Government to scrap Prohibition and that the Madras and Bombay States would seriously consider the desirability of revising their policy and not let Izzat stand in the way of this revision.

M. G. S.

Prohibition in Andhra

Sir,—The Andhra Government has appointed a committee to review Prohibition in the State before the 15th

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February next, in time for the budget. An objective study is likely to take more time. Apart from the "success" or "failure" of Prohibition, the "success" or "failure" of the alternative, Excise, should also be considered.

It is worthwhile to remember that the majority of the Madhya Pradesh Prohibition Enquiry Committee, which pronounced that Prohibition in the dry half of the State was a "dismal failure," also pronounced that the Excise policy in the wet half of the State was "heading for collapse" and recommended not only the repeal of Prohibition but also radical reform of Excise. It recommended that Excise auctions should be abolished forthwith and that the prices of licit consumption should be scaled down low enough to scotch the incentive to illicit consumption. In which case, revenue under the reformed Excise will be as little as under Prohibition, though from the health point of view, it will replace deleterious illicit liquor by quality liquor.

Granting that Prohibition was a "failure," it is very doubtful if the Andhra Government can repeal Prohibition without a prior amendment of the Constitution. Such repeal is not only unconstitutional, but also justiciable. According to competent legal opinion, the Governor may have to withhold his assent to the repeal bill, even if the legislature passed it.

P. KODANDA RAO

Member, Madhya Pradesh Prohibition Enquiry Committee.

Bombay Government's Educational Policy

Sir,—Much furore has indeed been raised over the Bombay Government's educational policy recently announced. It is a legitimate demand justly conceded in the Constitution that the Anglo-Indian community shall have the right to run and administer educational institutions for the children of their community and that the State should not discriminate against such institutions in the matter of grants. To avoid segregation, at least 40 per cent of the annual admissions are to be made available to children of non-Anglo-Indian communities. If the above principles are adhered to, the Constitution has not been violated; and the Central Government cannot interfere. There is no meaning in invoking the aid of the Central Government to set aside the Bombay Government's order.

The Union Government's main educational responsibility is to see to the fulfilment of the directive policy laid down in the Constitution by providing for 8 years free and compulsory elementary education

and to promote research at the University level. It should not meddle with secondary education which should be left to the care and direction of the State Governments.

It is presumed in certain quarters that the English medium of instruction for studying non-language subjects helps acquire greater mastery of the English language. This opinion is rebuttable. The foreign medium stands against the easy acquisition of knowledge, whether the Indian student studies in an Indian school or in an Anglo-Indian school. Indian boys and girls in Anglo-Indian schools find English medium a handicap in their study of History, Geography, Science and Mathematics. The portions covered in Anglo-Indian Schools are not extensive, and adequate. The Anglo-Indian schools of today are not staffed by Englishmen, as was the case some years ago. The heads of Anglo-Indian schools feel that their standards of English instruction have gone down on account of the admission of children of other communities in large numbers. For financial reasons and for satisfying the provisions of the Constitution, these schools have to admit Indian children. When non-Anglo-Indian children are admitted into Anglo-Indian schools, it is but reasonable that opportunities should be provided for their studying non-language subjects in the regional language or the Indian language. Parents who are anxious that their children should acquire high-calibre English may arrange for instruction in their homes in addition to what they learn at school, without vitiating the State's educational policy. As regards children of officers liable to be transferred often, there are in most places schools with well-run hostels where their children may receive the normal process of instruction. There may be misguided parents who may think that their children stand to gain by adopting the foreign medium of instruction. The State may well lay down a policy in the better interests of children as against the misconceived notions of the parents. The higher standards of instruction can be attained by proper methods of instruction in the English language, and not necessarily by the adoption of the English medium of instruction. The Bombay Government's policy is a right step in the right direction; and I hope that other States will follow suit. The Madras Government should abrogate the permission given to certain Indian schools to open sections with English medium in their schools.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Birth Control

Sir,—Birth-control has today acquired a great importance and wide publicity,

which it does not really deserve. The advocates of "Birth-control" suggest it as the only alternative to solve the problem of food and to increase the standard of living of the people of our country.

Even economists, agree that the Malthusian theory, which states that the rate of population growth is much greater than the rate of growth of means of subsistence, does not hold good, if scientific improvements take place in the agricultural field of the cultivation of land. We must bear in mind that the rate of population growth in our country, in fact, is not abnormal when compared with other countries, such as U. K. and Japan. The percentage increase is not very high but the total addition to the existing population is great as ours is a big country. The unbalanced development of our agriculture and industry with many unexploited resources, is the root cause of India's poverty and the sad plight of the teeming millions but not the population increase.

The solution to this vexed food problem lies in supplying the peasant with modern implements for cultivation of land, bringing about radical changes in the distribution of land, state encouragement in the establishment and improvement of small-scale cottage industries, the public as well as State concentrating their attention and energies on villages, where more than 71 per cent of the Indian population lives and last but not least to improve and ameliorate the lot of the poor Indian peasant who is the back bone of the Indian economy. Mahatma Gandhi thought that we could support more than double the existing population if some of the foregoing suggestions were implemented.

Moreover, birth control cannot succeed in India as the conditions are not favourable to it. Hindus and Muslims, who are the two important communities, regard birth control as a sin and consider children as God's gifts for which they pray to the Almighty. People need not be perturbed about our population but strive hard to increase our agricultural and industrial production.

KHAZI MOHAMMED YAKUB
Vizianagaram.

Welfare State

Sir,—Welfare state means a state wherein the well-being of every individual is ensured, cared for and maintained. Too much of talk and publicity (without solid substantial results), the warranted ostentation and paraphernalia of welfare departments and welfare

officers are met with, without any appreciable results. A certain amount of notoriety exists that welfare officers are more concerned about their own welfare rather than the welfare of those whose interests they are expected to serve and look after.

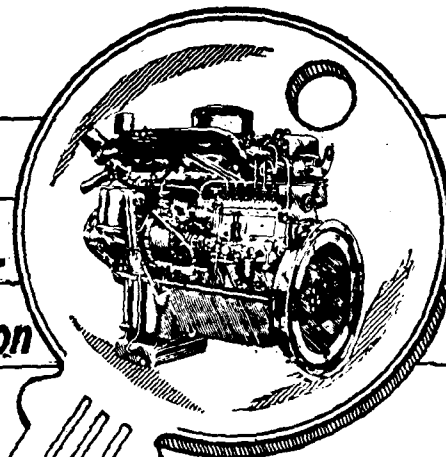
The M. R. A. proclaims that there is enough in this world for everybody's need and not for everybody's greed. It means if needless greed is eliminated, everybody's needs can be fulfilled. There is another saying which prescribes that everybody must work according to his or her capacity and should be paid according to his or her needs. The inference is that nobody should have more than his just requirements. "If everybody cares enough, shares enough won't everybody have enough?" There is poverty in the midst of plenty. The perennial fight is between the Haves and Have-nots, rich and poor, affluent and the needy. Any amount of lip sympathy, wishful thinking, academic discussions, committee meetings, conferences etc., etc., are not going to deliver the goods.

Here is a quotation from the editorial of "The Hindu" dated 13-12-1953. "It has been pointed out that the contrast in incomes is most striking in Eastern countries. Mr. J. F. Bulsara, speaking at the International Conference of social work last year, pointed out that whereas the ratio of salary of a chauffeur and a municipal commissioner or mayor in a Scandinavian country would be 1; 2, or 3, it is 1: 20 or more in Eastern countries. A homogeneous democratic society is possible only when such ratios are small."

When all is said and done, what is needed is that of levelling up and levelling down of incomes. In a Welfare State, you cannot have too rich landlords and too poor beggars, though some rich and some poor can be tolerated for a certain period. Sympathy of the Fortunate for the Unfortunate, poor feeding etc., are advocated by some to satisfy the vanity and selfishness of the well-to-do. Earnestness and sincerity lies in sharing and not in making a show of sympathy with ulterior motives. The Welfare State, true to its title should reduce by stages the money-bags into ordinary persons of tolerable resources and uplift the down-trodden to higher levels. Simple living and high thinking should obtain in a Welfare State. The four absolute tenets of Moral Re-armament should be observed absolutely.

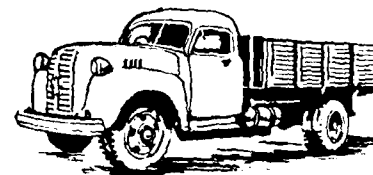
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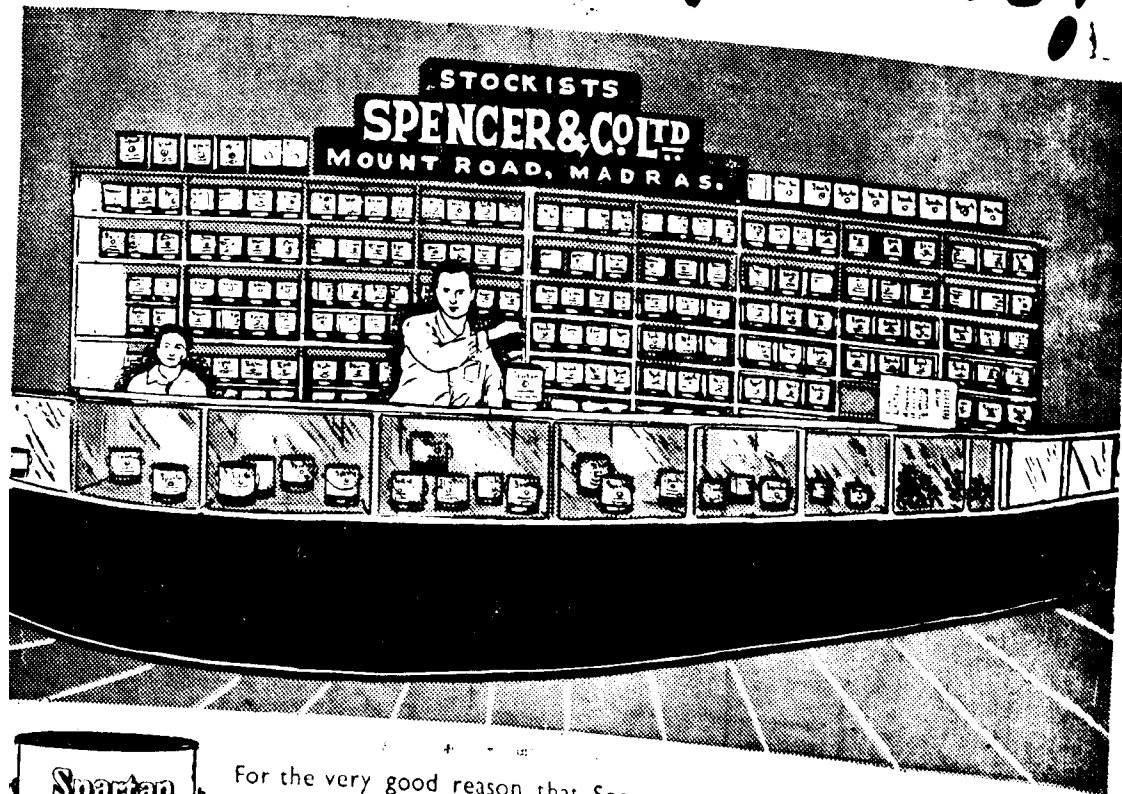
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