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ON THE COVER:
A Conflict of Horns

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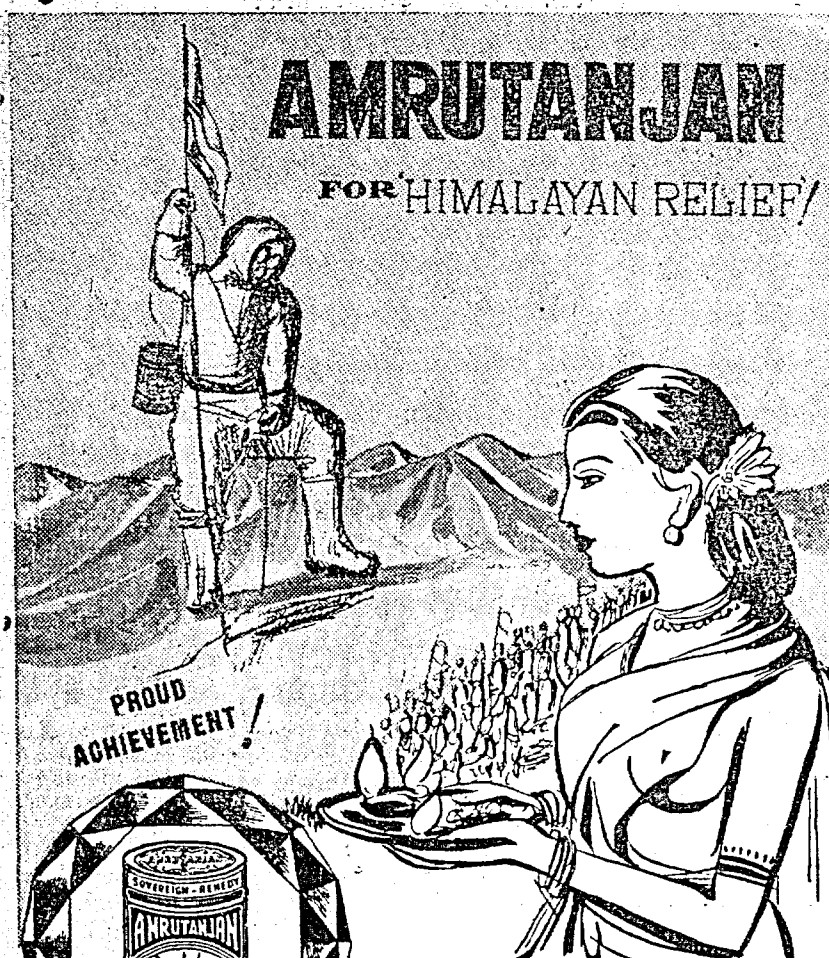
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SWATANTRA

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No. 9

CHANGE OF LEADERS

FOR fifteen years now, Sri Kamaraj Nadar has been the power behind the throne in Madras politics. From the time that Sri Prakasam fought for the leadership of the Congress Legislature Party with Sri Muthuranga Mudaliar, Sri Kamaraj's support has meant victory and his opposition has meant defeat to successive seekers of the post of Chief Minister. His favour has meant elevation to the central or provincial legislature and to ministerial office. Chief Ministers who defied him after they got elected rued the day and found themselves eventually displaced. For one who has wielded so much of real and effective influence over so long and continuous a period, Sri Kamaraj Nadar must be rated a singularly modest and unassuming man. It cannot be said that he has chosen all his candidates for important public positions with unexceptionable wisdom. Not all of them have justified themselves. But he has revealed one supreme gift, that of holding and consolidating the loyalties of his followers and supporters. To a large extent, leadership in democratic regimes is built on the hopes of politicians aspiring for preferment. The latter rally round those on whom they depend for the advancement of their careers. Sri Kamaraj Nadar has never failed to be faithful to those who had been faithful to him, and the ranks of the successful in politics and administration are filled with many examples of persons who owed their good fortune entirely

to his favour. He has built a large body of the faithful who see their salvation and the promotion of their interests in the undiminished continuance of his influence. Other leaders also, such as Sri Rajagopalachari and Sri Prakasam, have not been above making worship at their respective shrines profitable for their devotees. But they have not systematised the equation between personal loyalty and gain through office so dependably as Sri Kamaraj Nadar, or incorporated it into their rules of practice as a regular philosophy of life. Some have owed a judgeship, a coveted administrative post or a Governorship to the exercise of C. R.'s benign influence in their interests. But the general rule in his case has been one of imperviousness to the expectations of long-established disciples and he has also indulged in freak exhibitions of fancied independent spirit in the form of incomprehensible preference for absolutely unheard-of novices. C. R.'s choice of Srinathi Jothi Venkatachellam is a classic example of perverse and suicidal leadership antagonising a whole party for the sake of pampering someone with no assessable claims for special consideration. Sri Kamaraj Nadar has not blundered into one similar lapse of wholesale alienation of party loyalties, in all his fifteen years of active political leadership. As for Sri Prakasam, the foundations of his eminence are laid almost entirely in sacrifices of an impressive sort

traceable to a now remote past filled with spirited defiance of foreign authority in the era prior to our attainment of independence. These have left a nebulous all-pervasive atmosphere of mass goodwill and hero-worship in Sri Prakasam's favour, but its luminosity is getting dimmer every day, especially after it is being realised that, reversing the gear of his earlier practice, he has now largely subordinated public considerations to pressures of a domestic nature. Even by his greatest admirers Sri Prakasam must now be ranked as the outstanding failure of the Gandhian era in the matter of building and nursing a competent line of lieutenants, and the career of no leader of our time is packed so chokeful with the revolts and desertions of the disappointed and the disillusioned.

UNLIKE the giants of the South Indian Congress hierarchy that deviated from comradeship with the soldiers of freedom in the glory of victory, Sri Kamraj Nadar has maintained, on accession to power, the same old feeling of fraternity with fellow-workers, that prevailed in the earlier period of adversity and struggle. He has provided the one centre where Congress workers felt assured of sympathetic human treatment free from the chilling effects of the conceit and mightiness that seem to have become almost inseparable from accession to power and office under Congress raj. This journal campaigned in former years for the leadership of C. R. and Sri Prakasam, impelled by the splendour of their record in the fight for freedom. But the years have shown that towering political importance is not the same thing as democratic competence. Exclusive exercises of power by masterful geniuses is not compatible with the true spirit of

democracy. For the broad-based spread of political experience and the responsibilities of self-government, a leader of modest endowments conscious of his limitations and capable of team spirit, is likely to be a greater asset than a spectacularly brilliant ruler, oppressively conscious of his superiority, disposed to concentrate too much power in his own hand, and unable to get on with cabinet colleagues and others on a level footing.

SRI Kamaraj Nadar is a man of few words, and the exploitation of garrulous pomposity for simulating airs of achievement will certainly be eliminated from any set-up under his direction. It is not known yet whether he will assume the Chief Ministership or nominate someone else for the post. Our own surmise is that Sri Kumaraswami Raja, a man of polish, dignity, thorough honesty and uprightness may be invited, though not immediately, to head the Madras Ministry. Sri Kumaraswami Raja was the pleasantest of the Congress Chief Ministers that Madras has had till now. His rule was not conspicuously fetching, but then it was torn from the inside by discordant elements of questionable integrity. Now that these elements are, as we hope, safely out of harm's way, better success may attend his efforts a second time. But whether Sri Kamaraj Nadar assumes command directly, or another deputises for him, the difficulties confronting the new Government will be grave and enormous, and they can only be solved by a combination of hard work and high character. We hope these will be forthcoming. But only an actual test will reveal to what extent the opportunities of power will enhance instead of crippling the stature of those called upon to wield it.

Sotto Voce

★

MOGHUL REPROOF



MR. Sri Prakasa has claimed for Hindi an unparalleled power of invective. Maulana Azad gave a spectacular demonstration of this power in replying to critics of his Department in Parliament. I am assuming that, though Urdu is his forte, he spoke in Hindi out of consideration for the plebs; but it was apparently Hindi with a substantial infusion of Urdu, Persian and perhaps Arabic also. For while the meaning of *purfareb takhayyal* was hotly debated *bepanah* left the audience high and dry and gasping for breath.

The Maulana knew at that moment that he had them in the hollow of his hand. I see him with my mind's eye towering over them as the dominie, shaking the rod of doom, towers over small boys what time he raps out the question, "Do you know what this is for?", and does not stay for an answer. The Maulana however stayed for an appreciable moment. Being too high-minded to enjoy their discomfiture, his pitying "You have not understood it" can only have been intended to make them humbly receptive. *Bepanah*, he explained, "means a man whose body no sword can cut through, a body where no desire lurks and no weakness that desire brings". Poor Mr. Tandon must have felt crushed not so much at Maulana Saheb's indictment of the 'Hindu mentality,' as at his calm annexation of the attributes of the Atman: *Acichedyo-ham, Adahyoham*...

Poised aloof and high over the contentions of the market-place the

Maulana could look back with calm satisfaction on a life crowded with achievement. He had, he said, wrought a revolution in the minds of millions of Muslims. But, he went on to add more in sorrow than in anger, he had failed with the Tandon in both camps, the type that was responsible for partition. "This Hindu Mind"—and he glowered at Mr. Tandon as he flung out the opprobrious epithet—"will be the undoing of India." He for one looked upon only Gandhiji and his like as true Hindus.

The world is but mildly interested in the Maulana's opinion of Hindus and Hinduism. But his proud declaration that he has no desire left must puzzle those plagued by long memories. At the peak of his glory as the sole representative of that vague and shadowy entity, the 'Nationalist Muslims' he made an enigmatic avowal at the Ramgarh Congress. He was proud of being a Muslim, he said: "The teaching and history of Islam... are my wealth and my fortune; it is my duty to protect them." 'Protecting' a proselytising religion has usually meant spreading the evangel. Has the Maulana had that desire too?

The Maulana, for all his idealistic oratory, knows the tricks of the trade as well as another. Is the Hindustani Prachar Sabha attacked? Confound them with the revelation that it was created by Gandhiji, who did not hold with Mr. Tandon's Sanskritising tendency, and that Rajen Babu patronises it to keep the Mahatma's memory green. Amidst the perturbation caused by this sud-

den invocation of sacred names, who would have the guts to interrupt "But, you are subsidising the Sabha's dictionary which may go as far towards Urduising Hindi as the Tandon would like to go towards Sanskritising it. Would that not amount to using State funds for a purpose opposed to the accepted policy that Hindi should remain Hindi?"?

The Maulana was no less shrewd in striding forth as the champion of regional languages against Hindi imperialism. A coy reference to the Tamil Encyclopaedia and the clamour raised by Hindi zealots some years ago against his decision to give a modest subvention to the venture was no doubt calculated to bring Tamil M. Ps. romping into his camp—on the assumption that they understood what he was saying. But the Maulana's enthusiasm for Tamil and other regional languages could have been more accurately measured if he had given a detailed picture of the way his Department has been distributing largesse among various

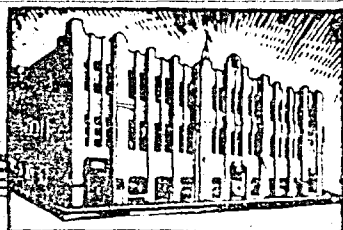
applicants. To spend as much on popularising Kalidasa among the Arabs as on the Tamil Encyclopaedia hardly suggests a disinterested sense of proportion.

The debate in Parliament went off the rails almost at the start; and the Maulana, old campaigner that he is, took full advantage of his opponents' bungling. He ticked off Kripalani, who spouted high falutin doctrine about the shiffulness of a class-conscious education, by asking him to read the reports of various Commissions first. He made fun of Seth Govinda Das's ignorance of science. He professed to be shocked at the idea that any language, much less Urdu, could be tainted by communalism. But, nobody mentioned the major fact about his Education Department—that it is bent not only on resuscitating Moghul culture but also on imposing it on a whole continent. He hopes to succeed where Akbar failed; and it looks as if he might. That is the central tragedy of Indian education.

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New Excise Policy for Andhra

EITHER by conviction or loyalty to the Constitution, or just diplomacy, or a judicious mixture of all, the Andhra Prohibition Enquiry Committee held high the ideal of Prohibition, though as a distant goal to be achieved, not by coercive Prohibition but by constructive regulation of consumption and social and economic advancement. It was more clever than convincing when it invoked the sanction of Mahatma Gandhi for its view. In any event, consumption, however regulated, is not Prohibition as contemplated by the Constitution and the law. Regulated consumption is the current excise policy. The Committee recognised that it had some evil aspects and proposed that they should be eliminated. The old excise policy aimed at "minimum consumption and maximum revenue." The new excise policy should aim at *minimum consumption and abandon maximum revenue*. In pursuance thereof it recommended the consumption of toddy without permits. It is very doubtful if this is likely to minimise consumption of toddy, particularly if the price is reduced. It recommended daily "ration" of arrack at "reasonably cheap" prices to the consumers. Neither the ration nor the price was indicated. The ration is likely to regulate consumption, but not necessarily minimise it, much less lead to ultimate Prohibition unless the ration is gradually reduced at periodical intervals until it tapers off to zero. Such reduction in licit may stimulate illicit.

The reasonably cheap price for arrack has been advocated to wean away people from the consumption of illicit liquor which was deleterious to health. There seems to be no valid and tested evidence that illicit liquor in wet eras and areas is less deleterious than the illicit liquor distilled in dry eras and areas. Illicit consumption depends largely on the relative prices of licit and illicit liquor. If the former be high enough,

it will tempt the latter. It will have to be low enough to compete successfully with the cheaper illicit liquor.

Under the current excise policy, the prices of licit liquor have been steadily raised, which stimulated illicit liquor. In the United States of America, where there is no Prohibition now, the American magazine, *Life*, in one of its recent issues, estimated that illicit consumption had increased to a level with licit in America, because of the high prices of licit due to high taxation. The Madhya Pradesh Prohibition Enquiry Committee recommended that the price of licit liquor should be scaled down low enough to scotch the incentive to illicit distillation. In the proposed new excise policy for Andhra, the elimination of illicit liquor will depend largely on the price of licit liquor, and its supply meeting the demand. If the price is reduced low enough, the excise revenue is not likely to be material, and tempting enough to induce repeal of Prohibition.

Even the Andhra Prohibition Enquiry Committee called the consumption of intoxicants an "evil". It seems wholly immoral to seek revenue, however small, from an admitted evil. If the revenue be sizable, it is hard for anybody to seek to minimise the evil. The Government of a State, particularly a Congress Government, should not seek profits out of an evil, in utter disregard to the Congress programme and the Constitution.

P. KODANDA RAO,
Servants of India Society,
Bangalore.

★

COOKING THE BOOKS

"Life, like fruit, is there in a book, stored, pulped, jellied, crystallized, jammed, if this is not too homely a comparison. Perhaps it is, and yet in preserving, in distilling and concocting there is surely something marvellous; and the degree of transformation in cooking is not unlike what happens in a process of art." —KATHLEEN LEA in the BBC's Home Service

DRYING UP THE ZUIDER ZEE

By ROSS HARKNESS

They're turning Holland's romantic inland sea into 550,000 acres of fertile farm land to raise food for the fast-growing population, expected to reach 12,000,000 by 1970.

THE Zuider Zee is no more. By that peculiar magic by which the Dutch created the most productive country of Europe from marsh and dunes and sea bottom, they have transformed the salty Zuider Zee.

Now they are busy draining it, building dykes and polders and pumping stations, and turning it into 550,000 acres of fertile farm land. That part of it already drained has proved to be the most fertile soil in Europe—the Dutch say the most fertile soil in the world, and the Dutch are seldom given to exaggeration. It is growing more wheat per acre than was ever known before.

Vanishing with the Zuider Zee, is the quaint little Dutch boy, with his baggy balloon trousers, his wooden shoes and his little round cap. That was the costume of the Zuider Zee fisherfolk. But he won't be allowed to become entirely extinct, for the Dutch Government is preserving some of the fishing villages as a memento of the dream Holland that never really was, and the people who live in those villages will wear the traditional costume, and sell picture postcards to tourists.

The draining of the Zuider Zee is one of the two biggest land reclamation projects ever undertaken. The other is the Tennessee valley project. They reclaim about the same acreage but TVA cost \$660,000,000 while the Zuider Zee scheme is estimated to cost \$400,000,000. It was necessary because the population of Holland is growing faster than that of any other European country despite efforts to drain off the surplus to Canada and Australia, and today it has a density of population 50 per cent greater than that of Britain.

"Holland has one point of similarity with Canada—we have always had a frontier," a Dutch Government official told me. "But while

the Canadian frontier was uninhabited prairies, ours was lakes that could be drained, and shallow water off our shores that could be pushed back by dykes, so that as our population increased from 2,500,000 in 1830 to 10,000,000 by 1950 we were able to make room for them.

"But the Zuider Zee is our last frontier. When it has been drained the limit of our expansion has been reached. We can push no farther into the North Sea, for the water is too deep. By 1970 our population will be 12,000,000 and after that it must come to a standstill unless our cities are permitted to encroach on land needed to grow food."

The Zuider Zee was not always a salt water sea. Experts examining the soil which has been laid dry estimate from the remains of the plant growth they encounter that 700 years ago it was a fresh water lake. The sea began to break through about the year 1300, and a century later the Dutch had made it one of the great centres of world trade, with fleets of up to 500 vessels coming and going.

But as men learned to build bigger and bigger ships to brave the storms of the Atlantic, the Zuider Zee was found too shallow for most of them, and trade went to Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

When the Dutch people, who are really a sentimental people for all their pretence of stolidity, gaze over the waving wheatlands that once made up the Zuider Zee bottom, they like to recall the story of the widow of Stavoren and the skipper who brought here wheat as the greatest gift of nature.

Stavoren was once the capital of the kings of Friesland, but it is today what the Dutch call a "graveyard" and we would call a "ghost town." In the seventh and eighth centuries, however, it was a populous



Mr. Paul C. Sherbert, Public Affairs Officer of the United States Consulate, has been in Madras for two years now. He is leaving for the United States this week on four months' leave. Ordinarily American officers in Overseas Consular Service do not stay in a place for more than two years, but Mr. Sherbert is a lover of Madras, he regards Madras as the most beautiful city in the country, and he finds more content and congeniality in it than in New York in his own country. He has means enough not to have to work for a living, but he has chosen service in the State Department as an instrument for the promotion of international understanding. He is given to constant experimentation in humanitarian enterprises. One of these is his adoption of a Harijan boy. A delightful host and a great gentleman.

town of prosperous traders, and the richest of all those who sent their fleets of ships throughout the world was the widow.

In her arrogance she once ordered one of her skippers to "fetch the best thing in the world at any price." The simple skipper departed, and after deep thought he bought wheat, the best to be had. Was not wheat the life of man?

But great was the anger of his proud employer, for she had expected silk and gold incense. "You took it in over the starboard side, throw it out over the port side," she ordered, and the skipper did so. But the wheat thus thrown into the water sprouted and grew, and ever since that day wheat-like plants have grown near and in the harbour entrance, gathering mud and silt until the harbour was clogged. "The widow's sand," it is called, and to this day the harbour is blocked with it.

That ancient skipper was right, Dutchmen say, and the wheat their Zuider Zee will produce is worth more than all the gold mined in Canada.

Plague of Mosquitoes

THE idea of turning this romantic inland sea into dry land was apparently first conceived in 1667, but no one took it seriously until about 1840. In the next 70 years more than 12 different "schemes" were proposed, and at last a private organization, the Zuider Zee Association, was formed to press for the project.

It was approved in 1917, largely as the result of the lifelong work of Dr. C. Lely, but the first small contract was not awarded until 1925.

The Zuider Zee was a balloon-shaped body of water projecting into Holland from the north much as Hudson Bay projects into Canada, but naturally on a much tinier scale. Twice a day tides from the North Sea came rolling into the Zuider Zee, enhancing the difficulty of draining.

The first step in the project involved building a dam 20 miles long across the northern neck of the zee, high enough and strong enough to

withstand the battering tides. There were experts to predict it couldn't be done, but on 28th May, 1930, the last gap was closed. Salt ocean water could no longer get into the Zuider Zee, but it still remained to get rid of the salt water already there.

"This is being done by diverting the IJssel river, a tributary of the Rhine, into the Zee. The sluices in the big dyke are opened at low tide, allowing water from the Zuider Zee to drain out, but closed at high tide to prevent salt North Sea water from entering. The water is still a bit brackish, but two or three years from now it will be quite fresh. The fresh water lake being formed was named from the IJssel river, and is sometimes spelled the same way, but more commonly Yssel.

It was necessary to turn the Zuider Zee into a lake in order to prevent the underground seepage of salt water from destroying the fertility of the reclaimed land.

A tragic feature of the reclamation of the Zuider Zee was the fate of the brave fishermen who for 1,000 years had plied their trade. Were they to become farmers overnight? The Government promised jobs for all, as lockkeepers, pump operators and the like, but the fishermen predicted dire things as a result of this interference with nature.

And for a while they could say, "I told you so," for a plague of mosquitoes visited the land—a plague so terrible that every house, every tree, every human being, every creature who ventured out of doors became covered with a sluggish mass like dirty snow. They massed on windows, shutting out the light, and automobile wipers were powerless to sweep them away. The only bright spot was that they didn't bite, so little boys rolled them like snowballs and had battles.

The old fishermen shook their heads. The plague did not end until swarms of ravenous baby eels began arriving from the coast of Florida. The locks of the new dam were thrown open, the elvers swept into the Zuider Zee and gorged themselves, and the plague has not been repeated.

Construction of the dam, 600 feet wide at its base and rising 22 feet above mean sea level, was a magnificent achievement, but it was only the start. It was decided to allow the deepest part of the old sea, about 270,000 acres, to remain permanently a lake, its waters pushed back from the old shoreline behind high dykes. Around this lake four polders are to be created. A "polder" is an area completely surrounded by dykes and pumped dry. Holland is a country of polders, each attached to the next, like cells of a honeycomb.

Planning on Grand Scale

TO form these, many hundreds of miles of secondary dykes have to be built, all strong enough to hold back the waters of the North Sea if the main dam should collapse. The first polder of 50,000 acres has been cultivated for several years. The second, of 120,000, was pumped dry in 1942. It was wantonly inundated by the Germans in 1945, and the water had to be pumped out again. It is now being colonized.

Work on the dykes to form the third polder was started in 1950, and it will still be several years before it can be inhabited, while the fourth and biggest is not expected to be completed before 2,000.

Most of Holland's reclaimed land was drained by private initiative, the big mercantile companies as far back as the 1600's investing their profits in marshlands which they drained and sold to farmers. The settlements they sponsored were not particularly well planned.

The Zuider Zee reclamation is wholly a Government project and land use is planned from the start. The new settlers will grow what they're told, live where they're told, and build as they're told.

"Our first objective is to create a rural area comprising farms of an economical size," said Sjoerd Groen-

man, of the University of Utrecht. "The second is to create a countryside in the Dutch sense of the word; the third to create a satisfactory landscape."

The farms will vary in size from 30 to 90 acres with the average 60 acres. This is large for Holland where 70 per cent of the farms are no more than 25 acres, but the larger size facilitates mechanization.

Villages are being spotted four or five miles apart, so there will be stores, school and church within easy bicycle-riding distance of any farm. Farmhands will live in the villages, but farm owners must live on their property. All villages are built according to a neat plan which includes a small park, street layout, official buildings and a shopping centre. In the first polder, called Wieringermeer, which is only eight square miles in area, there is no settlement larger than a village, but each of the other three polders will have a "capital" or county town.

In Noordoostpolder, the second polder, now being colonized, the "capital" is Emmeloord, exactly in the centre of it. Eventually it will have a population of 8,000 or 10,000, with some small industries. It will also be the principal shopping centre for Wieringermeer.

The Government does all the building in the Zuider Zee reclaimed area, and carefully screens all applicants for farms or residence in the towns and villages. This reclaimed area, being old sea bottom, is as flat as a table and as bare of vegetation, so the Government is planting shade trees along all roads and village streets and in parks, and is planting three small "woods" which may serve when well grown as picnic grounds.

"In a few years we will have a beautiful landscape, broken by clumps of trees and attractive buildings," said Groenman.—Copyright—NNF.



THE PSP APOSTASY IN T-C STATE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE recent re-elections held in the State of Travancore-Cochin, even though they actually affected round about 45 lakhs of local voters, had in fact evoked worldwide interest, not to speak of the anxieties felt in New Delhi and elsewhere in this country. The topmost leaders of the contesting parties poured into the State to personally appeal to the voters, and as a result, the local populace were treated to an avalanche of words judiciously larded with boasts and promises, mutual recriminations and invectives. The people were warned of what and whom they should guard themselves against by a proper exercise of their franchise.

The T. C. elections were the first organised challenge to the Congress hegemony in the State, and in a way, to the Congress power in the country. The soil of T. C. State has an abundance of thorium deposits, a vital component in the development of atomic energy for purposes of war. This accounts for the overseas interest in the elections. America especially was afraid that if the Communists came to power in the State, the thorium would not only be not available to them but, in all probability, would be made over to Russia. The American papers which usually do not carry any Indian news, came out day after day with splashing news about the progress of the T. C. elections. Conservative leaders among the Congress rushed to the State to caution the people against voting for the United Front of Leftists, which included the Communists. Rajaji even went to the extent of saying that if people rejected the Congress in the elections Nehru's prestige abroad would be lowered and that the Indian Custodian Force then at Korea would lose enthusiasm for their work! The Services are not expected to take part in politics and the defeat of the Congress in one State would not make any difference

to the international prestige of our great leader. On the other hand, it will be a certificate for the growth of the right type of democracy in India. Churchill's Conservative Party lost in the elections immediately after victory in the last war, but that did not lessen Churchill's international name or stature. Naturally, therefore, the voters of T. C. State did not take Rajaji seriously.

Despite these factors, the Congress had failed to clinch a majority. The furore of election eve became all the more accelerated after the elections were over, especially as no one party had been able to secure a majority of seats individually. The percentage of success of the principal parties vis-a-vis the number of candidates set up by them is as follows:—

	Seats contested	Seats won	Percentage of success
Congress	115	45	39%
Communists	35	23	66%
P. S. P.	38	19	50%

The figures above give an indication that the people have returned a fair proportion of the candidates set up by the Leftist parties.

The Praja Socialist Party has turned out to be the key party without whose active or passive support none of the other parties could form a government. Even though their leaders have been preaching that that their party will have no truck whatsoever with the Communists, in order to "minimise expenses" they had temporarily suspended their declared policy to arrive at a working arrangement with the Communist-dominated U. F. L. during the elections whereby it was mutually agreed not to oppose each other but to fight the Congress in allotted constituencies. This arrangement brought them a few additional seats this time, aided

by the anti-Congress wave of popular apathy.

There was much speculation as to how the Rajpramukh would react to the appointment of Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai as leader of the U. F. L.-P. S. P. combine, with a strength of 59 members and the announcement of Sri Pillai that he was ready to form a ministry. A leftist coalition was in the offing. The stage was set for a purely leftist ministry. But soon things underwent a change and new patterns stood revealed. The P. S. P. executive sat in deliberation and decided not to subscribe to a coalition with the Communists. Following this, the U. F. L. cancelled its earlier appointment of Sri Thanu Pillai as leader. The single largest party viz., the Congress having expressed its unwillingness to form a government, the Rajpramukh should have normally invited the next biggest party, the U. F. L. to try its hand at formation of the ministry. But he went one better than the Madras Governor and invited the P. S. P. with a strength of but 19 to form a government. As a result of resourceful Ashok Mehta's talks with Sri Panampally Govinda Menon, the Congress leader, the State Congress came out with a statement that it would have no objection to a P. S. P. government being formed and that it would even support it.

THE P.S.P. and the Congress had bitterly contested the elections. Feelings ran pretty high. It was reported that Congressmen had hurled shoes at Acharya Kripalani. But strangely enough, the two parties have now become yoke-fellows. By this act of apostasy the Praja Socialists have brought down on their heads the execration of the entire leftist opinion in the country. It amounts to subversion of the cause of an important section of the people which they are expected to subserve and support. It is an affront to their voters.

This is not the first time that they have faltered in their duty. In the first ministry formed in T. C. State

after general elections under the principle of adult suffrage, it was the dog-in-the-manger policy of the Praja Socialists that had kept the Congress in power. Again, lack of good leadership at the top resulted in the complete break-up of the party in Andhra. What Sri Prakasam did may be questionable. But he had the courage of his convictions and stuck to a cause that he considered right, irrespective of consequences. He carried his followers with him and after his exit from the P. S. P. very little remained of that party in Andhra. But Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai is not made of the same metal. He had to swallow his words and promises at the behest of his top leaders. He will realise his fault eventually if not immediately.

With the Congress support, the Thanu Pillai Ministry now commands a majority of 64 in a House of 118 (117 elected and 1 nominated). This may be said to ensure stability. But a little thought suffices to show that the Congress support will be a liability rather than an asset to the Praja Socialists. None of the principal items in the P. S. P. programme can be implemented as the Congress will not allow it, as long as it is in their power to do so. The Nehru-Jaya Prakash talks of coalition between the Congress and the P. S. P. had come to nothing because the minimum programme on the basis of which the Socialist leader was willing to co-operate was found unacceptable to the Congress. What Nehru rejected, Panampally is not going to favour. The present ministry cannot afford to ignore the views of its Congress supporters in matters of policy, for, if it does so, the ministry would tumble like a house of cards. In short, the ministry will have to pursue the moderate and insipid policies followed by the erstwhile Congress Ministry or get out. The P. S. P. has been reduced to a state of impotency, more or less. Impotence out of office is preferable to impotence in it, as it does not prejudice the future or leave a

record to be lived down. But the Congress and the P. S. P. will be like two peas from the same confining pod. Perhaps their present co-ordination is the latest instance of Darwin's theory of natural selection.

The Praja Socialist Party itself has no clear policy on immediate problems, it has no clear goal towards which it feels itself to be striving, it has too many open questions and too many closed minds. The P. S. P. is always hesitant in action because divided in mind. It does not achieve what it could because it does not know what it wants.

Starting from its Marxian fundamentals, the Socialist wing of the party has undergone distortions to the point of irre recognizable mutilation. George Bernard Shaw said that Socialists who are not essentially Marxist are not Socialists at all. The unsteadiness of the leadership made them more of a burden than a blessing to any cause they professed to support. They forgot that they have a responsibility for the shape of things to come which they cannot in good conscience evade. They need to know where they are going and why, and they need a set of values that will give them sense of direction at all stages of the journey.

Of course the P. S. P. has a few worthy leaders' good in their limited ways. Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan started from scratch and rose to his present stature all on his own. Now and then he alternates his socialism with fits of half-belief in dubious ventures like Bhoodan. Acharya Kripa-

iani, though learned has shown no capacity to lead men. Ashok Mehta is perhaps the best writer among the P. S. P. leaders, and he has the additional ability to improvise imposing statements appropriate to every deviation in party policy. The only man of action among them, Achyut Patwardan, left politics for good long ago. Dr. P. C. Ghosh, is the only one among P. S. P. leaders who realises the necessity for leftist consolidation everywhere, but his voice is not heard. There are others, big and small, of whom we do not know enough.

THE Praja Socialists have betrayed the people just at a time when they were placed in a position of great significance to play the part expected of them in terms of their election pledges and assurances. Why should the P. S. P. be afraid of the Communists or any other leftist group, comprised in the U. F. L.? The propaganda against the Communists is that they would not get out of power when once they get into it. To prove this, the instances of countries like Czechoslovakia that are now Communist are quoted. But they forget that India is not such a small State as Chechoslovakia to be swallowed up so easily. A different government in a small State like T. C. is not going to make a difference to the rest of the country. Also, the Communist Party has been permitted to function as a full-fledged parliamentary party, and any propaganda which aims to keep them out of office for evermore, must be deemed a mockery of the democratic faith.



“... OVER A. I. R.”

By M. KRISHNAN

*Pease-pudding hot,
Pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot, nine
days old.*

*Some like it hot,
Some like it cold—
Some like it in the pot nine days
old.*

I FOUND that ages ago in a book of nursery rhymes, and hope I have made no mistake in the quotation from memory, for I think it embodies basic facts that the critic and reviewer must never forget. There are many ways of doing a thing; it takes many sorts to make the world; there is no accounting for human tastes—all these familiar but profoundly true sentiments find piquant expression in this little rhyme.

It is with a full realisation of the divergence that can obtain in taste and method, then, that I say it is high time that those who read the Tamil news broadcasts of A. I. R. learned to speak the language.

I cite no specific broadcast or even station, for the malady is pandemic. But in justification of my lack of disclosed evidence I may add that I am giving you a considered opinion and not a hasty, biased impression, and that I have listened, off and on, to the Tamil-news Tamil of A. I. R. ever since it began to pervade the air.

I realise that quick clarity in enunciation, rather than care over the native inflections of the language, is important in reading out tightly packed news. I realise that a certain neutral lack of accent is natural to governmental language, and that in reading it a monotonous rhythm is apt to creep in. I realise that some like it in the pot nine days old. But the marked pejoration in the tones of Tamil as she is spoke by A. I. R. news-readers drives one to strong words.

There are, of course, honourable exceptions, but many of these news-readers cannot bring any naturalness

or expression to their reading. Many of them split sentences into mechanical little bits, without any feeling for the meaning, and then present the listener with these bits strung tonelessly on pauses. It is only by concurrent mental translation of the staccato voice into language that one can follow what is being said—a process very similar to the decoding of telegraphic messages.

Others follow a wholly different technique, towards the same end (didn't we begin with the truism that there are many ways of doing the same thing?). They believe in hushed tenderness. They whisper soft nothings into the ear of the mike, passionately suppressing the hard consonants of Tamil, and at the other end (the listener's) soft nothings emerge. It is only by ignoring the tonal tenderness, and mentally endowing the words with the accents of spoken Tamil, that the listener can get the news.

Dr. Keskar believes in improving the quality of A. I. R. broadcasts and in cultural purity. Here is something that can be improved easily, much nearer home than the other things he wants to improve—right in the home, in fact.

MY interest in law is not that of a layman, but I listened in all the same to Mr. N. C. Chatterjee in the National Programme series, *Law for the Layman*, on 'Marriage and Divorce'. Mr. Chatterjee was formerly a judge of the Calcutta High Court and is now a Member of Parliament. I had hoped he would point out, while commenting on coming law, how the criminal law of the land affected civil legislation on marriage and divorce—a factor that I have not heard anyone mention so far. Mr. Chatterjee did speak mainly about the Hindu Code bill, but he did not bring in the I. P. C.

As I understand the position, for those who seek divorce or even lesser remedies, and who have no

long-standing cause for dissolution or defect *ab initio* in their marriage, it is necessary to prove adultery. This is the present law governing civil marriages, and I believe the coming law is no different in this regard. Even in other countries, adultery is a valid ground for divorce and usually the commonest one. But in India adultery is a crime—a stern sentence can be imposed on one of the parties to this unprofitable venture ("Thou shalt not adultery commit; advantage rarely comes of it.") i. e., the man. Naturally, then, it is much harder to prove adultery here than elsewhere, for few men will face prison so that someone else (or he himself) might get a divorce. Moreover the definition of adultery in the I. P. C., with its insistence on the married status of the adulteress, renders evidence on the point very elusive. Perhaps I have been cryptic in my desire not to digress. The rolling periods of Macaulay justifying certain provisions in the I. P. C. that concern the institution of marriage and the person of women should be read by all those interested in reforming marriage laws.

Mr. Chatterjee was full of citations, and presumed too much of the layman. For example, he used the term 'entailed estate' without explaining what it was—and I don't think he quite meant the 'entailed estates' that are a peculiar feature of the English law of property, but analogous estates. Although the title of his talk—'Marriage and Divorce'—gave him wide scope for a general account, he spoke mainly of the contemplated reform in Hindu marriage laws. How will it affect established custom? I am not sure, and I wish he had told us. I feel confused on this issue, for many of the rigours of marriage under Hindu law (as it was, as it is) apply only to the higher castes—and now there are no higher castes.

Nor did Mr. Chatterjee lay sufficient stress on the freedom from social stigma that divorcees enjoy in Mohammedan law and society. The Muslim social and property laws are,

perhaps, the most truly democratic and equitable in the world. Mr. Chatterjee mentioned the fact that a Mohammedan can practise polygamy, though he was careful to add that nowadays not many did so; he also commented on the ease with which divorce could be obtained in Muslim law. Surely he could have added a few sentences to point out that under that law there is considerable personal liberty for a divorced woman, and that besides dower she succeeds at once to the right to contract an honourable (and often a much happier) second marriage.

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SPLIT IN LABOUR PARTY OVER GERMANY

By ANDREW ROTH

THE battle against German rearmament has gone "underground" so far as the British press is concerned. There has been almost no publicity in the British press for the fact that virtually all the constituency Labour parties which have met since the Parliamentary debate—over 200 thus far—have passed resolutions against German rearmament, although the Labour M. Ps. voted in favour of it by a slender margin. Opponents of German rearmament are fairly certain that the remainder of the 600-odd constituency parties will pass similar resolutions, pointing out that not one has voted in favour of German rearmament.

Although the Bevanites are providing the leadership for this revolt against the pro-rearmament position taken by the Attlee-Morrison-Gaitskell leadership, the upsurge of sentiment is much broader than the Bevanite movement. One M. P. showed me a pile of letters he had just received. Most of them were straightforward non-political expressions. "We were bombed out of two homes during the war," read one letter, "and find it difficult to believe that anyone can think of putting arms into the hands of the Germans again. Please do what you can to stop this."

The series of public meetings to protest against German rearmament has gone little noticed, partly because the press is playing it down. Not even the agencies are covering some quite important meetings. Thus, at the first meeting of the Union for Democratic Control in central London, there were three well-known Labour M. Ps. (Michael Foot, William Warbey, Maurice Ohrback), the general secretary of a trade union, and Claude Bourdet the editor of *L-Observateur* who had come over specially from Paris. But at the press table, apart from myself, there were the corres-

pondents of two French journals, and the *Daily Worker* and Tass Agency. Neither Reuters nor Press Association sent a representative, nor did most of the major newspapers. The audience was not large—about 3-400—but many smaller meetings are 'covered' where there are so many provocative speakers on the platform.

The renewed split in the Labour Party over Germany has strengthened belief in an election next Autumn. It is, indeed, difficult to see how the Conservatives can resist the temptation politically. The only likelihood that they will resist something so obviously advantageous to themselves is that Sir Winston will still be feeling so spry that he will be wanting to last out his full possible five-year term before retiring.

Of late he has, if anything, seemed more fit and spry than when he first assumed the burdens of office in 1951. His ready wit was demonstrated a fortnight ago when Emrys Hughes, the left-Labour pacifist and biographer of Sir Winston, asked what arrangements were made for the safety of Cabinet Ministers against atom bombs.

"I do not propose to answer this question," Sir Winston began. "(Mr. Hughes) must not, in his innocence, take the bread out of the mouths of the Soviet secret service."

The fact is, the Tories have been amazingly skillful until now in taking advantage of their opportunities. They have had the advantage that the drop in raw material prices has benefited Britain immensely, to the tune of some £7-800 millions annually. The bulk of this has gone to ease the tax burden on the middle class and the upper working class. The ending of rationing has minimized the impact of reducing the subsidies on basic foodstuffs. The working class housewife grumbles about having to pay more, but she

likes having virtually disposed of her ration book.

The Conservatives have exploited to the hilt their success in reaching their target of building 300,000 houses in 1953, despite Labour's pooh-poohing in advance and discounting subsequently. For some nine months now they have been working on new plans whereby people will be able to buy their own houses on the installment plan without the sizeable deposit which now blocks much of the working class and lower middle class from approximating the Conservative ideal of a "property-owning democracy."

The one field in which the Conservatives are making comparatively slow progress is in organizing Conservative trade unionists. Certainly many members of the working class—upwards of two millions—vote Conservative. But virtually all the trade unions with political affiliations are linked with the Labour Party. The Conservatives feel, quite rightly, that if they can swing a substantial portion of the trade union membership into their camp their stay in power can be indefinite. But a recent conference of some 60 Tory trade unionists showed how hard it is to break through the Conservative social barriers. One described the general Conservative reaction to those like himself: "He's a jolly good man when he gets up and makes a speech, and when they meet in the street they don't recognize him." There are 140 safe Conservative seats but when a Tory trade unionist is proposed for one of them, the local Tory association is sure it is a good idea—for the association next door!

There are fearful suspicions among Labour politicians that the Conservatives will pull a coup and introduce some form of 'equal pay for equal work' in the civil service. For a long time now every Government has declared that it favoured paying women civil servants the same scale as that paid men. But all have claimed that they cannot afford the extra £40 millions required. If R. A. Butler, the canny Chancellor of the Exchequer, finds some way of making a beginning in the direction of equal

payment when he announces the budget, Labour politicians fear that they will lose some additional marginal votes.

At present calculations—on the basis of the trend demonstrated in the recent by-elections—the Conservatives would probably be returned with at least twice their present majority if they were to hold a general election in the near future.

Their difficulty is two-fold in deciding on the election. The decision to "go to the country" has to be made by Sir Winston Churchill for whom it means retirement from the political stage, and therefore presumably something to be deferred. For Anthony Eden, his heir apparent, and R. A. Butler, the other leading contender, haste is advisable, and not only for personal reasons. Thus far Britain has had the best of both worlds; depression in the raw-material producing areas which lowers Britain's costs, but no real depression in the U. S. A serious recession in the U. S. will soon have a serious impact in Britain and this will alter all bets so far as elections are concerned.

PERHAPS the best example in Britain of laughing salesmanship in an otherwise dreary money-making business is Roy Brooks, the real estate agent in fashionable Kensington. His advertisements carry a delightful "kick."

Recently he advertised a "grossly overheated luxury flat suitable for a gentleman of title, M.P. or bandleader." He has also advertised: "A nice house in a nasty part of Westminster," "Bedroom suitable for child or good-sized dwarf," "Decorations dull but not dirty," "Large jungly garden," and "Tory M.P.'s house. Imposing exterior but nothing much inside."

He has thrived commercially on this sort of barbed commentary and has only had one complaint. This was from an actress, whose home he advertised as follows: After describing her Regents Park house as having two separate entrances he added: "Possibly convenient for anyone leading a double life."

SATYAGRAHA: FAST: PROHIBITION

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

SATYAGRAHA is a unique philosophy of action handed down to us by Mahatma Gandhi to resist injustice and uphold truth. Though he was the originator and sole authority on Satyagraha in his life time, during its practice on a mass scale for achieving our independence, certain essential principles of Satyagraha have become familiar even to the common man. The basis for Satyagraha is the truth or justice of your cause. Action in Satyagraha is non-violent, impersonal and without hatred. As the sole authority on Satyagraha Mahatmaj always laid down the programme of action and assumed full responsibility for its execution in accordance with the principles of Satyagraha. Given a just cause and the principles of Satyagraha strictly adhered to in action, a Satyagrahi knows no failure. Failure of Satyagraha can be due either to a violation of its principles in action or a flaw in the basic conception of truth or justice. In the later case it ceases to be Satyagraha at all.

Violation of the basic principles of Satyagraha in action is a weakness in the Satyagrahi and if the Satyagrahi were to be successful, the Satyagrahi should correct himself and get over that weakness. Faced with such a weakness the Satyagrahi resorts to fast as a measure of self-purification or self-discipline. Fast in Satyagraha is not a programme of action to achieve any result. It is only a means of correction and self-discipline to the Satyagrahi. Gandhiji resorted to fast only as a measure of self-purification. As the sole leader of the people for the Satyagraha movements, he took upon himself the short-comings of his followers in their practice of the principles of Satyagraha in action and fasted for their correction. That is why he reserved the right to fast to himself. That his self-immolation by fast

corrected his followers in the right direction is a vindication of the truth of his principle and an evidence of the love and faith of his followers in him.

The injustice Gandhiji fought against by Satyagraha was the British imperialistic exploitation of the Indian people. Unity amongst the people of India was an essential condition for the success of their resistance to the imperialistic exploitation. It is the business of every passive resister first to foster this unity. In the back-ground of this unity a programme of action in Satyagraha for independence was of two kinds: Direct but passive resistance to the functioning of the machinery of the imperial Government and constructive work to improve the economic and moral strength of the resisters.

IN leading and directing his Satyagraha movements Gandhiji fasted many times but always for the violation by his followers of a principle of Satyagraha or the basic unity of the people. If non-violence was violated as at Chowri-Chowra or if the unity of the Hindu community was in danger of being broken up by the untouchables seeking recognition as a separate people from Hindus or if the Hindu Muslim brotherhood was marred by communal riots he fasted for his failure to lead his followers in the right direction but not to get any law or Government order passed or repealed. Though he launched movements of direct action from time to time in opposition to some law or policy of the Government he never resorted to fast to get the law repealed or the policy altered. The result is to be achieved by the action of resistance itself but not by fast unto death.

Prohibition was one of the items of the constructive programme of our Satyagraha for independence. Through Prohibition the economy

and morality of the working classes was sought to be improved besides inflicting a heavy financial loss on the Government by the loss of the abkari revenue to them. Thus it was not only a matter of social reform but it had its political repercussions as well. Even so, besides intensive propaganda and picketing of the drink shops no other direct action was undertaken to resist the excise law.

Prohibition has no political significance to the Government now. But Governments in India have an obligation to follow a policy of prohibition as it is a directive principle of governance in our Constitution. In pursuance of that our Government has imposed total prohibition in this State by law. Obviously the direction in the Constitution is interpreted as total prohibition at any cost. After working the prohibition law for nearly seven years a committee of competent people was set up by the Government to enquire into the success this law has achieved in its objects. The committee found that the existing law has failed to achieve the objects of prohibition. Besides, it has encouraged extensive illicit distillation and crime associated with it. It is corrupting the administrative services. It does not have the backing of public opinion and as a consequence thereof there is a growing tendency amongst the public to disregard law. In the light of these findings it will be wise on the part of any Government to modify their prohibition policy so that it can get the backing of public opinion and does not corrupt the administrative services. Theoretical economic and moral benefit to some sections of people cannot be a justification for a corrupt administration and loss of public faith.

DRINK has never been unjustly forced on unwilling people. People have always taken to drink voluntarily. Even in the excise policy of

the British Government in India there was no unjust compulsion to drink. The worst that could be said of that policy was that it encouraged drinking without any consideration of its evil economic and moral effects on the people. It is right that a responsible Government should try to protect the people from the evil effects of drink. But that does not mean that total prohibition should be forced on people by law in disregard of public opinion and in spite of its corrupting and demoralising influences. Prohibition is not to be interpreted in the strict letter of the word but with regard to public opinion and its practical applicability with benefit to people. A policy that discourages drink and limits its evils to the minimum possible should serve the purpose of prohibition all right till the growing strength of public opinion eradicates drink altogether.

THE problem now in Andhra is not so much the evils of drink as the evils of our prohibition law. It is difficult to understand the scope for Satyagraha in this context. It is not as though drink is being forced unjustly on an unwilling people. There is neither a violation of truth nor a perpetuation of an injustice for Satyagraha to resist. Satyagraha in any form, by fast or otherwise, with reference to drink can only be to convince the drinkers of the evils of drink to them and convert them voluntarily into teetotalers. Fasting as a programme of action in Satyagraha amounts to coercion and it is against the spirit of Satyagraha. To try to bring coercive moral pressure on the Government to make it persist in implementing an unsuccessful and corrupting legislation and policy by fasting is a most regrettable misunderstanding and mis-application of Satyagraha. To draw an analogy with Gandhiji's fasts in justification thereof would be an injustice to his sacred memory.

Social life is all the more dangerous because it is to some extent necessary to the writer. It is one of the main doors of entrance into the life of other people; unless indeed he is one of those solitaires who gains nothing from other people. Of course, there is no great problem for those who have sound judgment and strong wills.—STEPHEN SPENDER

EINSTEIN

NEW YORK CITY: Everything the common man knows as atomic power—including the lethal potentials of the atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb—came about because Prof. Einstein figured out a mathematical equation. When still in his early twenties he said inert matter could be made to produce energy and the theory was proved in the air over Hiroshima.

Taciturn to the point of fanaticism, the greatest scientist of our time, and one of the four or five greatest of all ages, is still an enigma in his adopted home town. In truth, Einstein the man is as unknown as Einstein the philosopher and scientist.

He lives in a gray clapboard and frame house which the Institute for Advanced Study provided for him when he came here, fleeing the Nazi terror, in 1933. He works in a second-floor office of the Institute although he has theoretically retired from the faculty in 1945. An old hand at theories himself, he has paid no attention to that step.

Very few persons in Princeton know him well. They collect little stories and anecdotes about him, trying to piece them together to form a whole, and never getting anywhere. When he first arrived, adults tried to lionize him and he turned down the approaches. Yet on Christmas Eve a band of young carolers serenaded him, lured him from his study, and asked for pennies.

Dr. Einstein disappeared, only to appear again wearing a jacket and his famous stocking cap, carrying a violin. "I'll accompany you," he said, "providing I get my share of pennies." Money means nothing to him. When he was asked to join the faculty he was told to name his own salary. He asked for \$5,000. From then on the trustees dealt with Mrs. Einstein, figuring that to do otherwise might mean the whole family would go hungry.

One day, the story goes in local circles, the Rockefeller Foundation

sent him a \$1,500 cheque. It should have gone to Mrs. Einstein. The scientist used it for a while as a bookmark—and then lost the book. His wife's last years were marked by her earnest efforts to make him more of a conformer—particularly in matters of raiment. One day she rebuked him lovingly for going around without socks. The professor had an answer—right out of Spinoza: "It would be a sad situation if the bag was better than the meat wrapped in it."

In Europe, where he shuttled from one university and learned society to another across national frontiers, lecturing on relativity, he usually travelled on the hard wooden benches of third-class railway coaches.

Mrs. Einstein chided him, saying he was too important to travel that way. To keep peace with his wife, whom he adored, he changed his way. He went second-class.

Just this winter he made one of his few social excursions to New York to attend a formal wedding of a family friend. There were formal gowns, white ties, and all the trapping of such an affair. The good Dr. Einstein looked completely out of place, but equally at ease, in a knitted stocking cap such as a Vermont farm boy would wear doing chores.

On another occasion, also involving family connections, he helped a little girl who was bogged down with arithmetic problems. The man whom George Bernard Shaw called "one of the three great builders of the universe" sharpened a pencil and showed the child how to solve the example. In return for his aid he accepted from the child's hand a penny lollipop, and consumed it down to the stick.

On one of his previous birthdays a reporter for the local Princeton paper asked the professor how he was celebrating the anniversary. "Pshaw," he said, "I'm not doing anything. Birthdays are only for children."

—P. G. KRISHNAYYA

CUCKOO-O-O!

Short Story

By

Pat Raman

I WAS musing the evening out on the sandy shores of the sea.

"Oh, Mr. Raman," called a small voice. I almost believed I overheard it, so soft was the tune, yes, tune; and yonder waves were keeping a loud roar.

"Mr. Raman, I'm calling you."

I turned round and right behind me was a spirit or some such apparition. Anyway, that was what I thought until I looked closer and recognized a certain familiarity in the form. Oh, yes. It was the beautiful Miss Sita of our college. I did not know her personally. I had seen her as Ophelia and as Desdemona in the amateur efforts of the college dramatic society to translate the Stratford-on-Avon text-book supplier on the stage. And I had seen her a couple of times more, I suppose; one among the many students in the institution moving unconsciously towards that predicament caravanserai in the life of the educated when men and women emerge out of one world, that of education, with diplomas in hand and rosy hopes expanding their hearts, only to face a world of undreamt of realities, where the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong.

I did not answer the cuckoo call. I was startled beyond speech. I just blinked, blinked hard, and then harder. If there had been a real cuckoo in front of me it might have turned under my hypnotic look into a cackling goose. But this apparition did not.

"I have been desiring to talk to you, Mr. Raman. Almost burning with the desire."

I looked at her and then at the sea. "Please, Mr. Raman!"

"Yes?"

I could see a tragic look clothe his countenance. If I had not kept my mouth closed, my heart would surely have jumped right into the sandy beach

"I entreat you."

This brought the hammer down on my head and reduced my reason, as they say at the fall of March every year in the clothes business referring to prices, to smithereens. I was baffled. Here was a dame of doubtful acquaintance, at first calling your name as if she had been practising calling it all her life, and now entreating you. A Don Juan might not have been bewildered. But the world knows, or at least it should know, that I am not Don Juan. Not even a cheap edition of the fellow. Not even a college or local hero. Nor had the celluloid barons clapped on me sad make-up and dishevelled hair and asked me to sing love-duets in films of romantic triangles and quadrangles. I mean, given me a chance to play heroes on the screen. This entreatment, hence, was certainly baffling. You could have called me Mr. Baffled.

My reaction, therefore, was a gulp. It might have been a grumph. She perhaps heard it as Yes. Imaginative people, these Shakespearean players, you know.

"I entreat you to listen to me," she cooed again.

"Hm."

"I have been burning with the desire to talk to you, to pour out to you my heart."

"Your art? You mean your histrionic talent? I have seen and heard you on the stage." I found my voice at last. So, it was the dissatisfied artist's soul that, in order to seek satisfaction through an outpour, down and out, that impelled a girl-you-have-seen-only-a-few-times suddenly to entreat a man-you-have-seen-only-a-few-times. My heart filled up with pity. Perhaps, if I did not help her pour out her dissatis-

faction, she might seek solace in the sealands of The Little Mermaid.

"Please tell me all about your art. I have always admired your art. I think you are superb," I continued. I was already a mental-balm producer.

"Please, please, my friend! Do not try to erect a word barrier. I'm not referring to my art, to my acting."

"What?"

"No. I'm not referring to my histrionics. I'm speaking about my heart, h-e-a-r-t."

"Your heart? What's the matter with your heart? You seem to breathe easily. Don't say you are harbouring potential Coronary Thrombosis!"

"Oh, Mr. Raman. Don't try to be humorous. I'm not referring to my cardiac sac, the blood-pumping station. I'm talking about my mind. I want to reveal to you my mind. I want to pour out my feelings to you."

I surmised I should have jerked violently, for she was dusting away quite an amount of sand from her rayon silk saree.

"I'm sorry," I blurted out.

"I'm not," she answered, brusque. "Indeed, I'm very happy. Very, very happy. Now I've met you at last. I can make you understand my admiration for you."

If you had passed our way that moment you might have laughed at seeing a girl talking to a statue, or at any rate one who looked like a statue.

"You play the harmonica wonderfully," she continued.

The concrete plaster on me seemed to crumble away.

"You have heard me play the harmonica?" I managed to put across at last.

"Yes. Several times."

"But how? You perplex me. I haven't played any songs for you."

Once only I had ventured to display my skill on the mouth-organ to others and that was when I played the National Anthem at a college function last year. Safest, you know. Nobody could get into a disturbing mood.

"You have. Many times. Almost daily. Several times daily."

"No, no, no, no, no."

"Yes, yes, yes . . ."

"No, no, no . . ."

"Oh, my darling."

"What! what!"

"I'm referring to the song about Clementine; 'Oh, my darling, Clementine'."

"Oh!"

"You play it so well."

"Excuse me," I made bold to say at last. "I think you have mistaken me for somebody else. I don't know Clementine at all."

"No. You didn't exactly play it. But I could imagine you play it wonderfully. And I could imagine you also play beautifully the 'Indian Love Call.' And the 'Hula Dance' tune. And 'I love you, love you.' Also, 'Sweetheart,' Oh, with what pleasure and ecstasy have I heard you play all these romantic songs to me! The moon will tell you how I enjoyed every bar of those lovely love-tunes. The trees in our garden will stand witness to how . . ."

SO, she loved me. That was why these phantasmagoric visions. A sort of ethereal happiness displaced my feelings of surprise and perplexity. I heard my heartstrings beating a love rhythm. Now, don't accuse me of yielding to sudden temptations. You might then feel the accusing finger prodding right on the seventeenth inch of your own blown-up chest. I bet your heartstrings would beat loud like a Hawaiian guitar if you had your eyes on this nymph of all nymphs and had your tympanic membranes receiving the addresses from her cherry-red lips. (I suppose you are a male when I make this challenge. If you are not one, and are otherwise. I still am prepared to wager: certainly your eyes and your heart should turn green with jealousy.)

She was saying something.

"What did you say?"

"I was asking if you would play for me 'Irene, Good Night.'"

"Certainly I would. Certainly, certainly. No. No, no, no, no, no. I really cannot. Really cannot."

"Thank you."

She had turned cold as ice, suddenly.

"You see . . ."

"I don't."

"I mean . . ."

"I don't care what you mean."

"I think . . ."

"You think too much."

"I must explain . . ."

"There is no need."

"You have misunderstood me . . ."

"Rather, I think I've understood you very well."

SHE turned her face away from me. When the head swung on the elegant axis again in my direction I could see tears dropping down her cheeks, drop by drop. With a stab it reminded me that I had to repeat my burette calculations on the morrow if I were to escape the acid tongue of the big-cheeked professor. But this was not the time to ponder over future difficulties. Here was a big one, I mean a difficulty, in the beauteous form of a misunderstanding Miss Sita. She was now looking wistfully at the deep-blue image of Eternity, her eyes, soaked in plentiful supply of tears, almost seeming to have been dilated with atropin and only all the more lovely for it. Her silence gave me chance to explain.

"I'll play the song for you tomorrow, if you insist. Only I never wish to say 'good night' to you. You see . . . how could I?"

"I see it now," she suddenly turned round and sang into my ears. "Pardon me, Ram, won't you? I was blind to your feelings. I was deaf to your pleadings. I mistook your intentions. You need not play me 'Irene, Good Night.' I'll never wish you to play it for me."

The bush on the lovers' path had apparently got scorched in the heat of love.

"Ram," she continued.

"Mmm."

"You'll never play me 'Good Night'?"

"No."

"You'll never play Othello to me?"

"No. Never."

"You won't leave me in despair as Hamlet did Ophelia?"

"No. I won't."

"You'll not desert me for fresh women as did the fat Henry?"

"Promise no."

"I love you, Ram."

"Oh, thank you."

I was already sailing with my beloved on the crescent moon of thought.

"Sita! Ay, Sita!" It was a loud voice. I felt my throat. No, it was not me that seemed to have called her. Anyhow I could never have yelled her name in that fashion, like a 1954 motor horn; not even if I had been a 'deer' Maricha!

"Sita, whatever are you doing here? I've been searching all over the place for you. Come, come, dear. It's getting late. We shall go home."

I turned round. And there, standing, what I could very well imagine to be Ravan, was a man of about five and forty. Or, say, six and forty. Anyway, not more than seven and forty.

"I'll come, father," she, my Sita, answered. So, it was her father. "But father, meet my Ram. He's so charming and nice!"

No 'Glad to meet you' emanated from the moustache-fringed mouth of the man. Not even his face wore any formal delight. No. On the contrary, yes, I could see a tragic lock clothe his countenance. If I had not kept my mouth closed, my heart would surely have jumped right into the sandy beach. As it was, I could hear it marking loud, primitive rhythm. He was going to refuse me the position of his son-in-law, I thought. I was almost sure.

"Young man," he spoke at last, "please step this side. I want to talk to you."

We moved aside a little.

"Has my daughter been making

love to you?" he asked me as soon as we were out of earshot of the lovely Sita.

"Yes," I answered eagerly. "Yes, yes."

"Now, young man," he said, "forget it."

"What!"

"Yes. I mean what I say."

"What! What!"

"I say what I mean."

"What! what! what! How do you . . ."

"You don't understand . . ."

"What don't I understand?"

"Her love for you."

"Whoever said that? I perfectly understand her love for me. Perfectly. Beautifully. Even as Newton understood the apple. You know, sir, Sita told me why she loves me, how she loves me, how . . . er . . . Are you trying to suggest that she was speaking Esperanto and I mistook it for English? Are you trying to say . . ."

"Now, now," butted in the big man.

"What now?" I was getting agitated. It is this type of people that make the Romeos and Juliets *dramatis personae* of tragedies, you know.

"Now, my young chap, don't be upset. I only wanted to tell you that Sita is not in her proper frame of mind."

"What d'you mean?" It was more an ejaculation than an interrogation.

"Yes. She has not been of sound mind ever since she was jilted in love by that fellow Bharat. I mean the chap who played Othello and Hamlet in her college plays."

You could have transferred all the sand in the beach into my mouth as my jaws fell apart.

"See," the Man With The Tragic Face continued, "ever since that rascal disappointed her in her love, she has been imagining herself always to be in love with one or another. You are the fourth victim of her love since this morning." I could sense him sighing heavily.

The ruddy sun was sinking slowly into the sea: it was dawn for my thinking faculties.

YE FALSE GODS!

PEDDLE, peddle, peddle, to the credulous ones,
Call it miracle and get your sustenance,
Ye false gods, that still do roam the world
Plying thy trade, nonchalant, brass-bold,
Grow beards and practice saintly wiles,
Wear mantles in soul-seducing styles,
Add mannerisms and whisper spells
divine,
In angelic ecstasy rapturously shine!
For those with faith you are the chosen one
For you it is but profitable fun,
Why deprive the miracle-mongers of their due?
Every eve they must have something new.
Ye false gods, your tribes will ever increase
With people willing, quivering for the squeeze!
Ye false gods, make your diurnal hay
And keep moving! It may not pay to stay!

TO THE PASSER-BY

YOU, who go there so pleased with life!
Who makes you happy, a beautiful wife?
You, who go there in a somnolent mood,
What makes you sad, the problem of food?
You, who go there talking with self,
Has time betrayed and put you on the shelf?
You, who go there with your nose in the air,
Do you belong to the vanity fair?
You who walk with deliberate step,
Are you bursting with a life full of pep?
You who run like a hunted hare,
Oh, tell me! what is the latest scare?
You who slink and sidle and stoop,
Do you belong to some subversive group?
You who walk with your head in the clouds,
Are you unaware of the onrushing shrouds?
You who rush to the train and the bus,
Can't you start early and avoid this fuss?
You who gallop with whistles and whoops,
Are your bellies full with curries and soups?
You who trudge with such abstracted looks,
Is your head full of voluminous books?

T. S. JAYARAMAN

By the Clock

THERE is nothing in this age which does greater harm to the nerves than the timekeeper, be it a clock, timepiece or a wrist-watch. The alarm timepiece, the mill siren or the clock gong gives us the waking signal and puts us in the day's trail. By six, we gulp our morning dose of coffee, read a daily by seven, go marketing by eight, do our little bit of sprucing by nine, take our food by nine-thirty, the last always in a hurry without giving it a single bite—God save our belly which works overtime to make amends for our teeth's default—and by nine-forty we queue up in the bus shelter, take the same bus, see the same set of co-passengers, talk to none and reach the office at the stated hour—thus doing our entire day's business by schedule, without having a minute which we can call our own. The run goes unabated till we go to roost. Neither the appearance of a familiar face nor of a close relative has any meaning beyond a formal and hurried exchange of "H. D. Y. D." (how do you do) and "O. Ks."

There is in fact a non-stop race with time which mulcts our pleasures and mars our sentiments. We have lost our vision for "things of beauty" in Nature and in Art, for so long as these pursuits do not contribute to material gains they do not appeal to us. Our affections in the home are measured and timed (to be exact, ill-timed) and are so thoroughly divorced from spontaneity. Even the sharing of feelings and opinions appear to proceed from a motive of advantage.

Our race with time has given birth to a craze for short-cut media. Our concern being more about completing a job rather than the manner of it, we look upon the work on hand as something thrust upon us. Work for Work's sake is no longer the order of the day. Our interest is centred on what we have to do rather than what we are doing. It is this what-next attitude which is an offshoot of the clock age which makes our approach to every action half-hearted and perfunctory.

"Time" has become the ruler and efficiency and initiative have lost all value. Not even one in ten thousand by a modest computation, has his power of judgement and flair for original thinking left in him after a couple of years of such mechanical life. There is no time to think, in fact, there is no need for it either! We are moving in a world where the emphasis being on the hands of the clock, temporisation or the immediate objective counts.

Is all this clock-work and hurry necessary at all? Are we not making a hell of our life reducing it to the level of a metallic gadget working not at our will but by a sort of reflex or in a state of somnambulism. Our daily life is thus characterised by a "dull cold rigidity" which would have sat well on a military lieutenant in the early years of his career. A slight change in the routine, we become jittery and lose the day's business. Frustration and despair result. Or, if by accident we are placed in an entirely different set of surroundings we behave like misfits—worse than even a German hat on an English head. We behave funnily and are victims of many a *centretemps*.

I know a professor of mathematics who has an eye and ear for the clock and who for that reason is a source of amusement to the entire class. When the bell goes in the midst of a problem, he loses balance and not infrequently, trots out of the class, turban on hand and the duster over his head. There is a friend of mine whose circumspection has so far blunted as to make him a laughing stock. The other day, quite unfortunately, he could not notice that his chair had been removed and almost mechanically hurried to ensconce himself in the usual place, staged an acrobatics and broke his glasses.

These are instances in point, and should serve as an eye-opener to the brotherhood. It is time we wake up to the reality and be on our guard before it is too late and we become chronic victims of *the clock-spirit*.

RANI

New Books

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

A Monthly Review of Literature

Edited by JOHN LEHMANN

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ANNOUNCED in August 1953 along with *Encounter*, a political as well as literary periodical edited by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol—(SWATANTRA for November 14, 1953 carried a leading review of its initial issue), and sponsored by the (anti-Communist) Congress for Cultural Freedom, the first number of *The London Magazine* under the editorship of John Lehmann and the backing of the Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd., has made its appearance in February 1954. Unlike its predecessor it is concerned solely with literature as its sub-title indicates. Author—both poet and critic—publisher, editor, John Lehmann is a figure to be reckoned with in the world of English letters today. He was born in 1907 at Bourne End, Buckinghamshire, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where there were other poets at that time: William Empson, Michael Roberts, Ronald Bottrall, Kathleen Raine, Charles Madge, and Julian Bell (later killed in Spain), their Oxford contemporaries being W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis, Stephen Spender, and Louis MacNeice. He came to be internationally known as the founder and editor of *New Writing*, planned in 1935 and beginning its publication in the spring of 1936; then evolving into *New Writing and Daylight* in the course of the war, and issuing at intervals ranging between seven and three times a year for a stretch of ten years; and afterwards in its inexpensive form as *Penguin New Writing* in which he published the work of many established European and American authors, besides that of the young writers who at the beginning of their careers needed "the encouragement of print"—for his avowed object was to find out and present poets, story-tellers, and



John Lehmann

critics who had something original to say and the gift for saying it; but in India, strangely enough, he could only find two (he didn't want to be intensive in his search?): Mulk Raj Anand and Ahmed Ali, the former represented by one of his short stories, *The Barbers' Trade Union* (P. N. W. No. 1, 1940) and the latter by an extract entitled "Morning in Delhi" (P. N. W. No. 8, 1941); from his novel *Twilight in Delhi* published by The Hogarth Press. And Messrs. Anand and Ali were not introduced to British readers in translation as were the writers from France, Spain, (free) Germany and Italy, China, and Russia. India was a complicated affair. Lehmann perhaps didn't think it worthwhile to cope with the sub-continent's many languages. The two he chose wrote directly in English and where were the others who did too? Where were they? Why bother? He didn't even

think of counting them on his fingers—including the thumb as a finger! *Penguin New Writing* which first came out during the Battle of Britain closed down after a decade's brilliant career, failing to earn its keep, its Publisher at the finale placing on record his profound obligation to its Editor: "to John Lehmann for his sagacious and altruistic management of one of the liveliest and most intelligent reviews of our time." For me the fortieth and last issue of this periodical holds a nostalgic interest. In its pages appeared a short story entitled "The Poet" by my friend John Hampson, the British novelist and critic,—a story with a Madras background, inscribed to me. And before news of the closure of the journal reached India, I had heard from him earlier. "You will be sorry to learn," he wrote, "that *New Writing* comes to an end with the next number. I appeared in the very first number when it came out in cloth binding at six shillings, and I am to be in the last number too." The words of Lehmann's moving valediction read: "... in burying *New Writing* we hold our flags ready to celebrate its successor's birth." *New World Writing* from America, issued as a Mentor Selection by The New American Library of World Literature, in April 1952—four Selections have been on the market to date—came, it averred, decidedly as a successor to *Penguin New Writing*, the Library, according to the publishers' statement in the nature of a confession, "having once been closely identified with *Penguin New Writing* and therefore (feeling) qualified with the blessing of John Lehmann, to recreate in an American frame of reference, a counterpart of that international publication." Maybe, this avatar on the other side of the Atlantic, but one would like to know whether its respected parent in the United Kingdom has ever been on sale in meat-shops, drug stores, at the tobacconist's so as to reach the widest possible public? What has Lehmann got to say? He has travelled widely over Europe and seen humanity in all colours and conditions; knows Vienna as the palm of his hand having been for many years in that

city prior to the Anschluss; is an authority, we are told, "on the international control of the Danube" as his *Down River*, a study of Austrian and Danubian problems testifies. His other prose works are *Prometheus and the Bolsheviks*, a travelogue of the Caucasus; *Evil was Abroad*, a novel; and several volumes of verse—*A Garden Revisited*, *The Noise of History*, *Forty Poems*, *The Sphere of Glass* (as a poet he is distinguished for his evocation of a rich, visual imagery); *New Writing in Europe*, about the 'best critical appraisal of the modern trends in English and European literature one could come across, and by far the most authentic introduction to the younger generation of writers who some of them are established reputations today. He has contributed articles of topographical interest seen through the vivid eye of the traveller, decorated with photographs taken by him, to the *Geographical Magazine* (London), and *Travel* (New York), attached to the former in the capacity of advisory editor from 1940 to 1945. In 1938 he became a partner and General Manager of The Hogarth Press, the publishing house in London founded by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, and remaining so till 1946. He is too the editor of *Orpheus* and Chairman and Managing Director of the publishing firm that bears his name. *Shelley in Italy*, *Poems From New Writing*, *French Stories From New Writing*, *English Stories From New Writing*, *The Pleasures of New Writing* are the anthologies he has edited, the New Writing Series being salvages from his defunct magazine, as another distinguished editor Cyril Connolly has done after his *Horizon* ceased publication, in *Ideas and Places* and *The Golden Horizon*. Again, he has edited *The Year's Work in Literature*, 1949, and *The Year's Work in Literature*, 1950—annual surveys of current literature in Great Britain, published for the British Council. Fiction, poetry, drama, *belles lettres*, biography, and criticism find their several brilliant interpreters and evaluators in these studies and for one who wishes to have a quick reference to and understanding of the climate of thought

in contemporary writing, this yearly vade-mecum is a helpful friend and discriminating guide. In *The Open Night*, a recent volume, Lehmann has collected his critical work.

Instances are all too rare of creative artists being successful editors also. The happy combination can come only from a catholicity of outlook. And these imaginative writers when they cease to hold office as editors on the extinction of their journals do not stand in danger of losing their personality. Their greater has lived in the less, illuminating the less whilst there it lived, discovering, responding to talents in the embryo or full-fledged, making their "little reviews," as they are called, the cradle of the one and the citadel of the other. Such cradle-citadels have been erected from time to time in England; but those that seemed to be secure have collapsed suddenly. Harold Herd in his book, *The March of Journalism*, has said some pertinent and interesting things about the precariousness of literary periodicals of limited circulation:

"When the age of heavy taxation (he observes) began over thirty years ago and when newspapers began to publish articles of a type that had formerly been in the monthlies and quarterlies, there was a general feeling among journalists that the high-priced reviews and literary magazines were doomed. T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*, a 7s 6d literary quarterly attained a high critical standard during its brief life in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Sir John Squire's *London Mercury* (1919) well-printed and discriminating added an interesting chapter to the history of literary journalism in the same decades and its loss was severely felt. *The Realist* (1929), a handsomely produced review with a humanistic policy had excellent backing but failed to get a footing—partly, no doubt, because its appearance coincided with the beginning of the Great Depression. The *Adelphi* founded by John Middleton Murry in 1923 is a quarterly that has survived a variety of changes and is now a review of the arts, under the editorship of B. Ifor Evans; but *Life and Letters*, started about the same time (for a period edited by Desmond MacCarthy) ceased publication in 1950. *Scrutiny* founded in 1932 (edited by Dr. Leavis, now dead) is a critical quarterly that has attracted

much attention. Cyril Connolly's *Horizon*, started in 1940, gained a high reputation as a literary magazine, and there was sincere regret when it suspended publication ten years later. . . . Several occasional miscellanies in book form notably *Orion* and *Windmill* made a considerable impression in war-time and immediately after by the quality and balance of their contents. Though by no means a complete catalogue of the many ventures in this field in modern times, this outline is at least indicative of the enduring interest in the review-form."

John Lehmann who is a brother of Rosamond Lehmann, the well-known novelist and Beatrix Lehmann, the actress, is what may be called an exceptional man, an editor with a personality whose aura or aroma attracted to him among others such illustrious writers as Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Christopher Isherwood, and Stephen Spender, to be his advisers. But his abiding interest in the review-form and his capacity to kindle the public to enthusiastic response while remaining unquestionable, cannot be said to possess the same vigour and excitement that went into the making of *Penguin New Writing* a decade and a half ago, and which after a short lacuna in time have now brought *The London Magazine* into being. "There are no Keep Out notices," writes Lehmann in his foreword to the first issue of the journal, "hung up in front of *The London Magazine* except for those who in their writing put political propaganda—before art, and those who should never have strayed into the field of literature at all. We welcome all writers, however young or little known, who show the promise of giving us that shock of intellectual and imaginative pleasure we expect from living art, or who have something fresh and stimulating to say from the critical point of view of their generation." Brave words these but a trifle stale as a testament of his literary faith. For there is no pure literature as such; and all art in a sense is propaganda; if one doesn't rub it in but adds it as a little leavening, literature and art will afford the pleasure that that leavening like a pinch of Attic salt can stimulate. Shocking cannot be

done for mere shocking's sake. In a Message of Goodwill, T. S. Eliot, as an elderly man of letters, while deploring the fact that in London, since the end of the war there have been "no literary magazines to compare with those which have sprung up in other countries,"—in America and in the Continent—stresses his belief in the value of the Literary Review, and in the foremost among its functions to be *international*. The original *London Magazine* was established in 1820 with John Scott, an Aberdonian as Editor. It was a rival to *Blackwood's*, provoking it to continual denunciation of it, and upon the death of Scott in a duel with the *Blackwood's* editor Lockheart's second, it passed into other hands, lasting till 1829. During its brief but brilliant life it published the work of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Keats, and De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium-Eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*. What a glorious record! And he will be daring indeed who can speculate as to who among the novelists, poets, and critics who contribute to it in its present resurrection—it's not a phoenix renewed but only its shadow yet—bid fair to be the classics of tomorrow. Most of the contributors to the first issue are young—in their middle and late twenties or early thirties—and what they have offered are good samples of what they can, though not excellent. The youngest generation of poets is represented by Elizabeth Jennings and Thom Gunn; *The Animals* is a fine story translated from the French of Pierre Gascar who has been recently awarded the Prix Goncourt Prize; among the elders are Elizabeth Bowen, with a chapter from her new novel—neat, precise, in polished prose, an Irish country house providing the setting for a dinner party; William Plomer takes a delightful dip, versicularly, in English social history; *Canto in Memoriam Dylan Thomas*, from a work in progress by Louis MacNeice, is a combination of ruggedness and loveliness and isolated from the earlier cantos presents difficulties with regard to symbols and allusions; Harvey Breit's *Letter from New York* is perfunctory, cocksure, in clipp'd style, chummily

—very—recounting about Dylan Thomas:

"I saw Dylan four days before he went into a coma from which he never again stirred. I spent a long day and evening with him and saw nothing that struck me as unusual. He seemed normally well (or normally unwell). We made a six o'clock appointment for the following Wednesday, I telephoned him in the morning in order to check and he seemed bad. I wanted to say, 'You sound as though from the tomb.' I didn't; I heard myself instead: 'You sound like Louis Armstrong.' Dylan replied, low and hoarse and cryptic and stately: 'You sound like Harvey Breit.'"

Yes, that is about the best summing up of Harvey Breit, in the words of a dying bard who had been a marvellous boy on the top of Parnassus when only nineteen years old. Mr. Breit, on the other hand, who is on the advisory board of *Perspectives*, a journal supported by the Ford Foundation, had come out to India in 1952—"in a non-political mission"—(I quote from his letter to me dated November 5, 1952) of getting together a collection of contemporary writings, poems, stories and essays by Indian writers to be called *Perspective of India* for the *Atlantic Monthly* Indian Supplement. He stayed in the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, returned to America, and produced a pallor.

"The Novels of C. H. B. Kitchin" by Mr. L. P. Hartley is an analytical appreciation of the author who "is well-known to connoisseurs but not as well-known to the general public—"the immaculate, C. H. B. Kitchin of Exeter College"—in his youth, as Vera Brittain has said of him, and one of the three editors of *The Oxford Poetry* published by Basil Blackwell, later to write detective fiction of a peculiar kind—"a detective story is always something of an *etude de mœurs*,"—he has remarked. Lastly, the Correspondence and Book Review sections are all one would like these to be: putting through brave points of view.

With Elizabeth Bowen, John Hayward, William Plomer, Rex Warner, and C. V. Wedgwood on the Editorial Advisory Board, and the zeal and selflessness of John Lehmann to discover fresh talent, *The London Magazine* has set standards by which to judge

literature both creative and critical. Will it throw up one day, unexpectedly—when we are weary with waiting and reconciled to competent writing—a literary genius with the elements mixed in the right proportion in him who would be a name unto eternity?

MANJERI S. ISVARAN



The United States Political System and How It Works

By David Cushman Coyle

A Signet Key Book

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THE Permanence of the American Political System has been a theme which has inspired many a writer on Politics. The U. S. A., though the youngest of nations, has achieved in the course of barely two hundred years a system of Government which could be the envy of any older nation. Prof. Brogan has written about it with illuminating insight. Laski has contributed to our knowledge of America with unsurpassed erudition in his classic on American Democracy. Lord Bryce has shed scholarly light on the same theme.

This book covers the same ground and since it is meant as an introduction is much less in scope than that of the other works. But such as it is the author has successfully coped with the intricate maze of the labyrinthine system of American politics and has made intelligible the workings of that system. He has managed to compress in this book the history of the Constitution and the modifications it has undergone through the ages. Party organisation, the way the candidates are chosen for Presidential elections, and matters ranging from individual rights to Congress at work are all treated succinctly.

During the last eight or nine years, ever after the death of President Roosevelt, the U. S. A. has been treading the path of reaction and contributing its entire might to the increase of cold war and treating the United Nations as an extension of its State Department. It has been supplying arms to the powers sup-

pressing the national uprisings in their colonies. Within its own territories the liberty of the individual has been interfered with in the most high-handed manner. The author of course seems to assume that these are things which do not come under the purview of the political system of the U. S. A. He gives a perfunctory picture of the Negroes and one gets the impression that lynching, segregation and other evils are minor events in the vast drama of life that is the U. S. A. If this is true it is regrettable. One wishes that Mr. Coyle had searched for the economic roots of the various aspects of recent politics, but perhaps that was not his intention. The abuse the author has hurled at the Soviet Union will not contribute one bit to the easing of international tension but perhaps he is not interested in contributing anything towards lessening the prevalent state of cold war.

Vinoba Bhave, The Man and His Mission
Edited by P. D. Tandon

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A CHARYA VINOBA BHAVE was chosen by Mahatma Gandhi as the first satyagrahi when the Congress launched its Individual Satyagraha Movement in October 1940. The Mahatma called him the Ideal Satyagrahi, and the first essay in this collection edited by P. D. Tandon is the one by Gandhiji explaining that movement and why he chose Vinoba Bhave. Subsequently Vinoba Bhave organized the Bhoodan movement, the essence of which is that land should be acquired for the landless in a non-violent manner. Opinions might differ about the possibility or otherwise of this method of solving the peasant problem, but the honesty and zeal of those behind it cannot be questioned. Vinoba Bhave has given his all in this cause. The book is a collection of articles about him by J. B. Kripalani and others including foreigners like George Weller and Pat Macmohan. As a contribution towards the better understanding of the movement and Sri Vinoba Bhave this book will go a long way.

V. V. S.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By MISS ELLEN BROE

Director, Florence Nightingale International Foundation

The "Lady with the Lamp" adored by the sick and wounded in the terrible military hospitals of the Crimea, was more than the founder of nursing as an honourable profession for women.

She has exerted a world-wide influence also through her untiring labours for hospitals reform and for the acceptance of basic principles of sanitation and public health.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, in the spring of 1854, the British Army was embarking for the Crimean war amid enthusiastic cheers. In the autumn of that year, the British public was shocked and horrified to hear of the Army's sufferings from disease, and the totally inadequate hospital arrangements for either sick or wounded.

In October of the same year, Miss Florence Nightingale, at the age of 34, left London with a party of 40 nurses on the expedition to organize the Nursing Service for the British Army in the Crimea which was to make her a national hero on her return.

"If this succeeds," declared Sir Sidney Herbert, then Secretary of War, "an enormous amount of good will be done now . . . and a prejudice will be broken down and a precedent established which will multiply good to all time."

And during the forty years of incessant toil which followed her Crimean experience, Miss Nightingale made herself an international reputation for her pioneer work in several different fields of reform, all connected with health and sanitation.

Brought up in social comfort in English country houses, and travelling on the continent or in the Middle East, Florence Nightingale was given a general education which was carried a good deal beyond the college standard of today.

She had an excellent brain, and characteristic of her many-sided personality were her quickness of observation and her receptivity. She

absorbed, comprehended and gave back, stressing her point of view often with great force, rarely unkindly, generally relieved by her sense of humour. She possessed prodigious powers of digesting, retaining and marshalling masses of facts and figures.

She accepted the state of worldly wealth into which she was born, and realized the advantage of her social position when in her work on reforms of different kinds, she tried to get her interpretation of a question across to people in high positions. But she thought of wealth only as a means for work, and throughout her life she had the greatest consideration for the poor and afflicted in the community.

Florence Nightingale was not young when she finally took up an independent nursing career against the wishes of her wealthy Victorian family. She was acutely aware of her lack of professional preparation. There was no opportunity for training as a nurse, and she had to rely mainly on the theoretical preparation she had planned for herself and her own remarkable ideas on what nursing ought to be.

During her stay in Rome in 1847, she studied the Roman Catholic Sisterhoods and their way of organizing and training, and she obtained from Cardinal Manning, permission to stay with the Sisters of Charity in Paris for a while in 1853.

A visit was paid to the "Institution for the Practical Training of Deaconesses" at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine in 1849, followed by a three-months'

stay there in 1851. She received much inspiration in Kaiserwerth for her future work, and talked about it as her "spiritual home," but she did not pretend that she actually got any "training" as a nurse.

In the first years after the Crimean War, Miss Nightingale devoted herself to the improvement of the health of the British Army through participation in committee work and compiling of reports, such as the Royal Commission's Report, 1853-1860.

In 1859 and for many years thereafter, she threw herself heart and soul in the work of the Royal Sanitary Commission on the Health of the Army in India. Although she had no official position whatever, it was decided to append her "Observations" to the report. They were also published separately. Many years later, Sir Bartle Frere, then in charge of the Sanitary Department at the India Office, declared that what started the movement for sanitary reform in India "was not the Blue Book of 1863, which no one read, but a certain little red book (the "Observations" which made some of us very savage at the time but which did us all immense good."

Her interest in sanitary reforms brought her into still larger and more basic questions such as the terrible Indian famines, and the need for irrigation works. In a letter written in 1877, she says "What is the good of trying to keep people in health if you cannot keep them in life . . . you must live in order to be well". She has rightly been called "the Public Health Missionary for India."

"She had never been to India, she never did go to India, yet she was accepted as an expert on India and was consulted on its affairs by men who had lived there all their working lives," says her biographer Cecil Woodham Smith. Succeeding Viceroy came to Miss Nightingale, before taking up office, to get their "sanitary education" concerning India.

She was already world-famous as a war nurse—she became also a hospital expert of international reputation. Her work as a hospital reformer started about 1853 and con-

tinued to have her interest throughout her life. Her book "Notes on Hospitals," published in 1859, was received with the comment that it was a most remarkable contribution to sanitary science applied to Medical Institutions. She impressed contemporary authorities by the way she collected and presented her material, well-prepared, strongly stressed, and always based on statistical findings.

She saw that the community was badly in need of better hospitals; she also realized that even the best hospitals are only an intermediate stage on the way towards civilization, and that the real secret of national health is to be found in the homes of the people.

FLORENCE Nightingale's contribution to nursing and nursing education officially began with the opening, in 1860, of the Nightingale School of Nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital in London.

The object of the school was to produce nurses capable of training others. The Nightingale nurses were to take posts in hospitals and in domiciliary nursing, and were to establish higher standards of nursing care.

Some parts of the curriculum which Miss Nightingale herself drew up seems to us out-of-date, but it was the principles prevailing through the carefully-planned programme, and the concept of an "experimental school" in our modern sense which is indeed remarkable.

Two revolutionary features of Miss Nightingale's plan of how to prepare nurses for their functions were, first, the financial independence of the School of Nursing, which allowed it to maintain its standards with no obligation for the provision of cheap labour for the hospital, and, second, complete control of nursing personnel, with regard to teaching and working conditions, placed in the hands of competent and well-prepared nurse leaders.

By 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, parties of nurses under a Nightingale-trained superintendent had gone as pioneers to Sydney, Montreal, India, Ceylon, Germany, Sweden and the United States of America.

Training schools modelled on the Nightingale Training School and supervised and directed by Nightingale-trained superintendents had been established in half a dozen hospitals in England and Scotland.

FLORENCE Nightingale definitely did not think that nursing exclusively meant care of the sick and that the care of the sick was completed when the patients left the hospitals. In her book "Notes on Nursing," she again shows her understanding for health maintenance and social care.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee Fund was the splendid support needed to carry out the plans she outlined in "On Trained Nursing for the Sick Poor" (published in 1876). The work of British "Queen's Nurses" and the "Royal Victorian Order of Nurses" in Canada has since supplied the pattern for district nursing in most other countries.

Although this book was not written for nurses, Florence Nightingale does to some extent define a nurse and ends that particular chapter by summing up in a few lines the qualifications of a good nurse which certainly are as important to nursing today, in any country, as they were in 1861—"Every nurse should be one who is to be depended upon . . . She must be no gossip, no vain talker; she should never answer questions about her sick except to those who have a right to ask them; she must be strictly sober and honest; but more than this, she must have a respect for her own calling, because God's precious gift of life is often literally placed in her hands; she must be a sound, and close, and quick observer; and she must be a woman of delicate and decent feeling."

At the Tenth International Congress of Nurses, held in Rio de Janeiro in July 1953, an International Code of Nursing Ethics was accepted by nurse representatives from 46 countries. It is built on Miss Nightingale's basic statements. We believe that it would meet with her approval, and that it may revive and maintain

the spirit of nursing which she advocated.

Shortly after her death in 1910, the International Council of Nurses appointed a committee to study the possibility of setting up a living memorial to Florence Nightingale. On account of World War I, this plan was not fully realized until 1934 when the Florence Nightingale International Foundation was established in London with the object of creating educational opportunities for graduate nurses.

After World War II, the Florence Nightingale International Foundation was re-organized completely and became associated with the International Council of Nurses in order to undertake the educational activities of the Council. In its present form the F. N. I. F. started to function in 1951.

The over-all objective of the Foundation is to improve nursing throughout the world through the stimulation and improvement of education for nursing. All the work of the Foundation is to be considered in the light of its objective and nothing attempted that does not lead towards this goal.

Among its specific objectives are the creation of a Centre of Information in regard to nursing and nursing education, open to all Nurses' Associations and individual nurses; and the development of a bibliography pertaining to the life and work of Florence Nightingale. A beginning has been made and it is hoped that funds will soon be available for the completion of this task.

In 1872, Jean Henri Dunant, a Swiss banker, paid a visit to London. He publicly declared "Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross and the originator of the Convention of Geneva, it is to an English woman that all the honour of that Convention is due. What inspired me . . . was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea."

As an historical figure of international reputation, she must be judged on her virtues and failures, by the standards we apply to statesmen and public servants.

DEVELOPMENT OF AYURVEDA

DR. LAKSHMIPATHI'S SCHEME

Dr. A. Lakshmipathi, Chairman of the Committee on Ayurveda appointed by the Government of Andhra has prepared a note embodying a scheme for the development of Ayurveda. Extracts from the note are given below:

IT is admitted by all that, at the present time, Ayurveda ministers to the needs of more than 80 per cent of the population of the Andhra State. It is the only kind of medical aid available in some rural areas. The patrons of Ayurveda are found not only among the intelligentsia and the rich of the cities, but also among the practitioners of modern medicine. But, it must be realised, that the science and the practice of Ayurveda should be brought up to date, so that the Ayurvedic physician may make use of the modern advances of science, just as the village farmer now uses certain chemical manures, which have been tested and definitely found to yield better crops.

Ayurveda is very comprehensive, and its objective is not merely the cure of disease, but development of peace of mind. The comprehensiveness of Ayurveda is illustrated by the rules of *Dinacharya* (rules of hygiene in daily conduct promoting self-control and rules of diet and habits suitable to the season with special reference to the conditions prevailing in this country and climate).

Ayurveda deals with the whole man, giving special importance to the temperament and constitution of each individual. Ayurveda recognises that the food of an individual influences not only the body but also the mental activities and prescribes diet according to the various avocations.

The philosophy of Ayurveda is different from that of modern medicine with its narrow materialistic outlook. As long as the superiority of Ayurveda in these respects is not accepted by the followers of modern medicine, Ayurveda should be free

from the shackles imposed upon its progress by the guidance of doctors of modern medicine under whom all State Ayurvedic institutions are now compelled to work. The independence of Ayurveda is still to be fought out. Ayurveda should be allowed to progress on its own lines and according to its own genius.

Ayurveda must no doubt take the aid of modern science and modern medicine, in a large measure, particularly to improve the practice of surgery and midwifery and in the improved methods of sanitation and prevention of infectious diseases.

The State cannot maintain two sets of medical officers rivaling each other. In times of emergency such as an outbreak of epidemics, natural calamities and war, all medical men must follow one discipline and work in a team under one leadership for the relief of distress. It is therefore essential that there should be a basic training for all medical practitioners, either Ayurvedic or otherwise, so that they may understand each other and work together not only in emergencies, but also in day-to-day administration. Integration of all systems of medicine should therefore be brought about as quickly as possible.

Although it is good to have a uniform standard for all medical practitioners it can only remain an ideal for the present in this country. The caste system must disappear from the hearts of all medical practitioners, who should really feel that all of them are working with the one goal of service, each man doing his best according to his own capacity.

To meet the urgent needs of country-wide medical relief, we should organise to produce five kinds of Ayurvedic practitioners: fieldmen at village level; products of the Gurukula system; Bachelors of Ayurveda; Masters of Ayurveda; and Ayurveda Mahopaadhyayas.

The fieldmen correspond to the maistries in the Agricultural and Public Works Department. They should have essential practical knowledge of Ayurvedic medicine, including a good working knowledge of first aid and minor surgery, mater-

nity and child welfare, village sanitation and prevention of infectious diseases. The existing village vaidyas should be quickly trained in these subjects.

There are at present several seats of learning in the Andhra State where reputed scholars and practitioners of Ayurveda teach a few Ayurvedic students attracted to them by their fame, in certain villages and towns. Ayurveda is taught to them along with Vedic and philosophic studies in the traditional manner. The Government of the Andhra State should prescribe a curriculum of studies for them covering a period of four years and the Commissioner for Government Examinations should conduct for them an examination every half year. They should be examined in the eight subjects of Ayurveda and awarded the certificate of Vaidya Sastri after passing the examination. The Government of undivided Madras State approved the scheme of Gurukula education of Vaidyas and it is awaiting introduction.

We should organise Ayurvedic colleges to be affiliated to the Andhra University at the district level. There should be 12 to 15 colleges in the Andhra State, one attached to every district or town hospital, for providing clinical and practical training to the students. The colleges should have attached to them one or more out-patient dispensaries and a hospital with 25 beds conducted on Ayurvedic lines. The curriculum of these colleges should be of the standard of graduates—Bachelor of Ayurveda of the Andhra University. The scheme has already been approved by the University. The eight subjects of Ayurveda and all the subjects of modern medicine should be systematically taught in these colleges in an integrated manner. The regular college course should be four years and six months plus one year after the examination as a house surgeon in one of the district or taluk hospitals. The medium of instruction should be Telugu, freely borrowing English and Sanskrit words. There should be a condensed course of 1½ years to enable those who have passed the M.B.B.S. examination to

appear for the Bachelor of Ayurveda examination.

A well equipped college of Ayurveda should immediately be established at a place where a college of modern medicine already exists. There should also be a special Ayurvedic hospital with at least 100 beds for clinical teaching in Ayurveda and for conducting research.

Although compulsory registration of all persons who practise medicine as a profession is an ideal to be attained it should be made optional for at least the next 10 years in the Andhra State.

All Ayurvedic practitioners should be registered in the alphabetical order. The first Central Board of Indian Medicine may be nominated and that board should frame rules for future elections to the board.

It is good that every Ayurvedic physician should make his own medicine as he can generally get reliable crude drugs very cheap locally and the medicines so prepared will be most effective. But, in accordance with the present tendency for easy going methods, factories for preparing Ayurvedic medicines may be started at places where the Ayurvedic colleges are established on the lines of the co-operative society now working at Adyar. But the shares should not be restricted to qualified Ayurvedic physicians, but should be available for any one who applies for them. The factory will provide a good training ground for the students, who should be posted to it for practical training in small batches. The students should be prepared to engage themselves in manual labour whenever there is an opportunity for such work.

These suggestions are intended for the short term plan for the next 5 or 10 years. I expect that during this period, there will be considerable interchange of ideas between the practitioners of modern medicine and of Ayurveda, so that before the end of 10 years, Ayurveda will be taught as a subject of special study in all the colleges of modern medicines. The Telugu language will be the medium of instruction in all colleges including medical colleges and they have to borrow freely from the

vocabulary of Ayurveda. The Ayurvedic theories will then be understood and absorbed by medical practitioners, and teachers of modern medicine.

Part of the cost of the buildings

and of the maintenance of hospitals may be paid by the Government. I have already some promises of large sums of money and gifts of land suitable for the construction of Ayurvedic colleges and hospitals.

A School for Dogs

AT Kleine Scheidegg in the Bernese Highlands of Switzerland there is a training school where dogs are taught to locate and rescue people caught in avalanches. Most of the pupils are German shepherd dogs, which are best for the work, but the classes also include Belgian sheep dogs, a Boxer or so and a Red Setter. Russell Henderson recently went to Kleine Scheidegg to watch the pupils at work and to make recordings which were later broadcast in the BBC's "Radio Newsreel." The canine academy is very like a school for human beings in its procedure, for on the first day the animals are graded and divided up into small workable groups. The dogs coming to this finishing school are already well trained, for before a master writes his dog down for the course it will have completed about three years basic training. Strict discipline is a fundamental requirement for a dog on whom men's lives may depend.

The best age for an avalanche dog is between four and five years. They are one-man dogs and they and their masters get to know each other very thoroughly. At school the avalanche dogs must learn to jump to a height of five or six feet, possibly to get over a great mass of fallen snow, so hurdles are put up on a flat piece of ground for training. On the second day real avalanche work begins. The trainers prepare several fields and shovel the snow to make it as rough as though an avalanche had just passed. The dog starts his training by seeking his master in an open hole in a simulated field. Next a stranger goes into the hole with the master. The final stage is reached several days later when the dog systematically scents the whole field, working backwards and forwards but always towards the wind carrying the scent, as his master directs him with

voice and gesture to find the volunteer victim who is wrapped in a ground sheet and buried under two feet of snow. All the dogs dig excitedly to get their victims out and the training provides intensive work for both them and their masters, who must be expert skiers as well. After their hard day's work the dogs settle down in straw with only a few barks of protest at their strange beds but "if you're as sensitive as to scent a man through thirty feet of snow, and as tough as to work in all weathers, day or night, at any altitude, no one's going to worry about a bit of noise even after lights out," said Henderson charitably.

★

BBC Painters

FIFTY members of the BBC's staff who are artists of all types meet twice a week on winter evenings to study different aspects of art. Each month an authority gives them a lecture on some subject such as life drawing, portrait painting, modelling, etching or engraving and at their weekly meetings they draw or paint from life, sometimes from a model in the nude, sometimes in character or costume. Members who are of all ages, come from all BBC departments; they pay a small yearly subscription to the BBC club and on evenings when there is a model each member pays a shilling towards the cost of his fee. Every year the President of the section awards a prize for the best painting and the standard of work submitted considered to be high. The group occasionally holds exhibitions of its work and some members have also had their paintings accepted by other exhibitions outside. Last year one member was represented in the Royal Society of Oil Painters' Exhibition and another in the exhibition given by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

FOR once the film people in Bombay forgot all their worries and indulged in revelry and colour on the day of "Holi". The celebration was done in a friendly and delightful manner; and yet it has been the target of criticism. An incident of four pyjama for instance was exaggerated and the stars were accused of roving about completely nude and indulging in obscenity. The facts were however not so lurid and the whole show was innocent.

Indeed, the self-styled critics who apparently suffer from puritanism have not understood the significance of Holi, the festival of colours which symbolises on the one hand the advent of spring and blossom and on the other the arrival of new wheat crops. There was a time when the Holi festival lasted for over a week. In keeping with modern times, the festival is now confined to one day and the stars, most of whom come from the North where the Holi is celebrated with great éclat, naturally have the time of their life on this day.

Far from criticising the stars for indulging in such revelry the critics should welcome the spirit of gaiety and joy with which the stars celebrated the Holi and in fact they should commend it to others. The tragedy with the social life of Bombay is that it is so westernised that functions like "Holi" are hardly celebrated at all by the "educated" classes; thanks to film stars the old tradition has been revived. But today it is confined only to film personalities. If the so-called society is also drawn into it, the Holi will be a feature of social life in Bombay.

Incidentally, it is on Holi that all distinctions of caste and community are forgotten in the film world and stars of all communities indulge in the merriment with equal zest.

Picture of the Week

AFTER three years in the making K. B. Lall's lavish costume drama *Angaray* mounted the screen this week. The principal attraction of the picture is its star-studded cast headed by Nargis, Nasir Khan, Jagirdar, Vanmala, Pran, Paro, Jeevan, K. N. Singh, Ratton Kumar, Baby Nanda, Sunalini Devi and others. And thanks mainly to the performances of these stars as well as the lavish production values, the familiar oft-repeated tale of unrequited love, vengeance, exchange of children becomes interesting and partly entertaining.

Set in the snow-clad Himalayas, the sets are outlandish, the costumes different and the names rather novel. The background and costumes lend colour and spectacle to the picture while the locale gives unlimited freedom to the writer and director to introduce costumes and traditions which have no bearing on Indian life but which serve dramatic purpose as does the tall monument of Goddess of Truth—the climbing of which appears to be even more difficult than climbing Everest!

The story follows the familiar pattern of *Laila Majnu*. K. N. Singh, the chief ruler of the hill tribe gets enraged with his sister when she elopes with Jagirdar and shoots her. Jagirdar who is also wounded takes a vow to take revenge. Meanwhile K. N. Singh's wife Vanmala gives birth to a child and Sunalini Devi, the nurse, finding it dead exchanges it with her relation's daughter. The dead boy comes to life in the snow and is picked up by Jagirdar who brings him up.

As is inevitable the two children fall in love and grow up into Nargis and Nasir Khan. Considerable portion is devoted to this romantic development. When they grow up Jagirdar reminds Nasir Khan of his duty to take revenge on K. N. Singh who incidentally is opposed from the beginning to this love affair between his daughter and Nasir. So he tries to prevent the lovers from meeting and Nargis has to cross the river braving the tumbling waterfalls to meet her lover. Incredulous, but thrilling is this scene which ends

with Nargis facing her father on the other side.

The story becomes really interesting when Sunalini goes and tells Jagirdar that Nasir is really K. N. Singh's son. Nasir overhears it and later Jagirdar tries to murder him. This entire sequence is very tense and beautifully enacted by Jagirdar. Then Vanmala, the mother, intervenes and impresses upon Nasir to leave Nargis. The climax comes when Nasir refuses to elope with Nargis and the latter is accused by Pran of being a sinner. To prove her chastity she is asked to climb the "Meenor" of Goddess of Truth which she does with the usual suspense and thrills. She proves her innocence only to end her life. Meanwhile Nasir comes on the scene and is shot by K. N. Singh only to find that he had shot his son. The lovers are thrown into the valley and their song continues to echo from the valley.

Told in flash-back, this story is embellished with rather cheap and unwanted comic interludes between

Paro and Jeevan and song numbers some of which only help to ruin the dramatic mood of the film. The direction by K. B. Lall follows the set pattern and lacks originality. He has however been lucky in his cameraman and artistes who have put life into the tale. Fardoon Irani's outdoor photography is simply superb while the performances by Nargis, Jagirdar, Vanmala and Sunalini Devi are exquisite. Acting honours easily go to Jagirdar who has got the best role but credit must go to Nargis for investing a very stereotyped role with a life and charm all her own. Nasir Khan on the other hand does well but could not make his role live. K. N. Singh just rants and shouts. Paro and Jeevan overact as usual.

S. D. Burman's music is pleasant without being extraordinary. The picture itself is entertaining in parts and if its length is reduced by at least a couple of thousand feet, it will gain immeasurably in tempo and become more engrossing.

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Personality of the Week

AT the Filmfare Trophy Award presentation ceremony the only person to get a thunderous encore was Mohammed Rafi who was called upon to sing *Ganga Ki Mouje* once again.

Extremely fair, sturdy and stolid Punjabi Mohammed Rafi is not the critic's favourite today. They seem to prefer Talat Mohmood who also sang on the occasion. But while Talat can sing only in one scale, the voice of Rafi can rise from a soft melody to high crescendo and capture the diverse notes and modulations of songs with effect. Today wherever a music director wants a singer to sing in full throated voice, he calls for Rafi and not Talat, the range of whose voice is very limited.

That is perhaps why Rafi has always been Naushad's favourite. It cannot however be gainsaid that his voice lacks the sweetness of Talat, so essential for rendering love lyrics. But once he had that sweetness too as is evident from some of his early gramophone records, especially his rendering of *Jahan Badla Wafa Ka* in *Jugnu*, with Noorjehan. It is incidentally this picture that made him famous in the film world and his fame further rose with the popularity of his songs in *Pyar Ki Jeet* and *Bari Bahen*. Since then he has been one of the top ranking play-back singers.

Mohammed Rafi who comes from a family of Punjabi farmers has been

trained in traditional style by Ustads. He began his career as a radio artiste in Lahore and later migrated to Bombay. Even after he became a playback singer he used to sing on the Radio quite often. He has sung many memorable songs but perhaps the most significant song he has sung is *Bapuji Ki Amar Kahani*, a six minute song recounting the life of Mahatma Gandhi.

News of the Week

SABU, Nutan and Kishore Sahu left India last week. Sabu went back to United States to attend to pressing matters. He will come back, if required, to complete the shooting of *Sauda*. Nutan left for a two months' holiday in Switzerland. Gregory Peck who passed through Bombay also flew by the same plane. Kishore Sahu and Ambalal J. Patel flew to Cannes to attend the International Film Festival and to be present at the time of the screening of *Mayurpankh* and *Pamposh*.

Sohrab Modi who had been to U. K. returned after a week's stay. And K. M. Modi who has been out of India for the past five months also returned to Bombay.

Lalita Pawar has turned producer. She is making a mythological picture *Amar Pooja*, the story of Raja Shriyai under the banner of Lalit Kala Mandir.

Ramesh Saigal is planning to produce a comedy *Do Din* starring Nalini Jaywant for Ashadeep.

SIDELIGHTS ::

DR. T. V. S. CHALAPATHI RAO, Chairman of the Vijayawada Municipal Council, was invited by the American Embassy in October last to visit the United States. He was given time till 31st March this year for starting on the journey. He consulted Delhi authorities as to whether he could accept the invitation and they replied that they could not decide for him and he had to make the decision for himself. He then consulted Sri Prakasam, the Andhra Chief Minister, who gave him his blessings and good wishes. Dr. Chalapathi Rao then wrote to the American Embassy accepting their invitation.

In December the Municipal Council unanimously placed on record their appreciation of their Chairman's services, in particular the energy and expedition he had displayed in obtaining the Government's sanction for the Vijayawada drainage scheme. But when, a little later, the local contractors' tender for roadmaking was turned down at the instance of the Commissioner with the Chairman's support, the Communists in the Council turned against the Chairman. They were joined by some of the members of the Congress Municipal Party on a different grouse—that the Chairman did not help them to get an extension of service for a superannuated headmaster of no particular merit in whom they were interested. The malcontents then combined together to table a no-confidence motion against the very Chairman whom, only a few days earlier, they had extolled so lavishly for his devotion to duty.

In far too many of our municipalities there is no steadiness in the attitude of the Councillors to the Chairman. Confidence comes and goes as favours are bestowed or withheld from suitors for contracts and the like, whom the different groups and parties make it their business to back, often on considera-

tions totally unconnected with municipal welfare. Today's majority becomes a minority tomorrow and *vice versa*, and swift shifts from one extreme of opinion to its opposite are the order of the day. An old hand in tight-rope dancing on the precarious changes of front of municipal politics, Dr. Chalapathi Rao has been using every device and artifice of wit and law and strategy to maintain himself in position and confound the plans of his opponents to oust him at Vijayawada.

He applied for his passport well in time, and after the usual preliminary police enquiry was completed, he followed his application to Kurnool to secure a quick disposal. The under-secretary concerned raised no difficulty and promised to send the passport in a couple of days. But a week passed and there was no sign of any passport. At this stage Dr. Chalapathi learned that Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, the Deputy Chief Minister, had taken the file into his own charge and stuck to it tenaciously, blocking the issue of the passport. After spending a lot of money in trunk telephones to no purpose, the harassed Chairman made a second journey to Kurnool, where he found Sri Sanjeeva bent on thwarting his proposed visit to the U. S. An approach was then made to the Finance Minister and the Chief Minister, and in the last resort, to the Governor. The Governor seems to have been shocked at the manner of handling the whole affair to which the Deputy Chief had descended, and intervened informally to get him to see reason. Next morning the Governor's Secretary phoned to Dr. Chalapathi Rao and asked him to meet Sri Sanjeeva Reddi once again and receive the passport. But when he did so he got no passport and it transpired that the Deputy Chief Minister had called upon his under-secretary to enlighten him on three points:

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bassy invite Dr. Chalapathi Rao alone when there are so many municipal chairmen in the Andhra State?

2. Was the invitation issued to him in his personal capacity or in his capacity as municipal chairman?

3. Can a no-confidence motion be carried against the Chairman of a Municipal Council in his absence?

Apparently the intellectual resources of the staff could not cope with these portentous issues to the satisfaction of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, and I am informed a Cabinet meeting was called to ponder them! Meanwhile the 31st of March passed away and the American invitation to Dr. Chalapathi Rao lapsed, and he was successfully prevented from leaving for America, as no doubt the Deputy Chief Minister of the Andhra Government had planned all along. What determination, tenacity and unrelenting vigilance in adding the power of ill-will to the power of office in harming and humiliating one man!

From the 15th April onwards the Central Government will be taking over the right of issuing passports from the States, and thereafter it will not be possible for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi to abuse this particular right. But other powers remain. When the wielders of power fail to exercise it with rectitude, and forgetting the duty of holding it in trust for the good of all, divert it along spiteful channels, they will sow the seeds of revolt however mighty they may be, and they will be gathered to the scrapheap sooner than they expect, as so many of their seemingly invincible predecessors in iniquity had been in their time. To the Deputy Chief Minister of Andhra and to the Chief Minister that failed to check him in time, I am tempted to make a present of a valuable passage from an article by Gorwala which I read in *The Statesman* the other day, under the heading, "Need For Highest Standards Among Leaders At Top Level":

In India, those who control the Services are the politicians, Ministers and

legislators. They are the leaders of society and their example sets the standards for those who work according to their instructions. In the things that really matter, that affect the welfare of the people as a whole, the standards observed by them, whether of integrity in the fullest sense, of application or of sympathy are generally not high. The ability to distinguish between good work and bad work, good men and bad men is also often conspicuous by its absence.

All attempts to reform the public Services, if they are to be successful, must begin with the attempt to reform those under whom these work. Let not those in power think of themselves as being outside the administration.

I HEARD this week a very painful story. Some years ago, a motherless child was deserted by her father who had taken a second wife, and left on the railway platform at Rajahmundry. The police sent her to the Borstal school where she was being well looked after all these years. She is now fifteen or sixteen. She has been sent out and set adrift along with some twenty-five younger ones of tender age in a similarly orphaned condition that used to be cared for in the Borstal school. All these are Andhra children. I understand that after the partition the Madras Government asked the Andhra State to bear the expenses of upkeep of the children and the latter expressed their inability to pay. In the conflict over money that arose between the two Governments the children found themselves thrown on the streets. This incident stamps with gross inhumanity everyone that had any share of responsibility for it. There is scarcely a day when some Andhra Minister or other does not participate in the foundation-laying ceremony of a project costing crores to benefit millions. It is a pity they could not muster a few hundreds to save a score or so of destitute children from being cast out shelterless. The Madras authorities, for their part, could certainly have been less narrowly language-conscious for the sake of a little humanity. In institutions like orphanages and homes for destitutes, relief of suffering is the main thing and the regional

origins of the beneficiaries are unimportant. C. R.'s cosmic textbook benevolence inspired by the Gita seems unfortunately confined to a limited locale, except when it soars into the empyrean and takes a flight across thousands of miles to distant lands. In the case of others in the Ministry like Sri Bhaktavatsalam and Subrahmanyam their complex of duties seems in some strange way mixed up with refinements of cruel bearing towards everything Andhra. In Sri Kamaraj, fortunately, the demands of regional patriotism have to my belief not dried up the fount of compassion for children of all kinds, and I hope he will look a little into the plight of these helpless orphans turned out of the Borstal school by his predecessors in office.

REPORTS are afoot that Sri C. D. Deshmukh, the Union Finance Minister, is likely to resign. The

Finance Minister committed himself this year to a budget deficit of Rs. 250 crores. Wherefrom is the amount of the deficit to come? Not certainly from the well-to-do in the country who feel already soaked too much and are in no mood to go out of their way to help in taking the Government's chestnuts out of the fire. Not from the sterling area either. The leader of the sterling area, Britain, is in desperate straits for new sources of revenue to make both ends meet. The only other source of financial aid left is the USA. But the Prime Minister's spirited reply to President Eisenhower cut across the root of that source, and the Finance Minister must have been driven to his wit's end as to the means for saving the national economy from collapse. We seem likely to be driven to sue before long for more economic aid from the U. S. if the Finance portfolio is not to go a-begging.

SAKA

Worry and Cheerfulness

PERSISTENT pleasure and pain, transformed into joy and sorrow, persistent gladness and sadness, exaltation and rejoicing, misery and grief, may, in deference to the common view, but scarcely in strictness, for they are only degrees of pleasure and pain, be said to take on the character of Emotion. They seem to be double desires, like Curiosity and Vanity. Persistent sadness seems to be a dissatisfaction, a constant desire that certain things were otherwise than as they are, so that then pleasure and Love would result naturally in place of the present pain and effort and greater or less Repulsion. Gladness is the reverse, a satisfaction, a desire to prolong present conditions.

Active aspects of sadness and gladness are Worry and Cheerfulness. As Worry is an emotion which is the source of a great deal of trouble to humanity, it might be useful to try to understand it a little more fully. Following factors of Worry are immediately recognisable—(a) a going wrong of something, an obstruction to desire, a source of pain: (b) endeavour

to set matters right and want of success therein, a failure: (c) non-recognition of the impossibility of setting things right and so avoiding the pain: on the contrary, a persistent consciousness that it is possible: (d) consequent repeated endeavour and repeated failure: and lastly, (e) continued anger and annoyance with the cause of failure, and mental repetition, over and over again persistently, of the cause of the trouble, and failure to get rid of it. It is this last which gives its peculiar characteristic to Worry: irritation is worst, naturally, when the cause of failure to set things right is the unamenability of some human being on whose co-operation the setting right of things depends. If this element of Anger is taken away, then the peculiar painfulness of Worry disappears. All that remains is rightful and justifiable repetition of endeavour to set things right.

As Worry becomes an emotion by the touch of repulsive Anger, so Cheerfulness becomes an emotion by the element of expansive all-embracing Affectionateness that is always present in it.—BABU BHAGAVAN DAS, in *The Science of Emotions*

NEED FOR VIGOROUS EXPORT DRIVE

By R. CHELLAPPA

THE promotion and increase of exports and the progressive curtailment of imports have been the main objective of economic policy of every modern country, aiming at a favourable balance of trade. It is almost an economic axiom today that the best way to build foreign exchange resources is to expand exports and cut imports. Ever since the devaluation of the rupee in 1949 and the consequent dollar shortage, the policy of the government of India has consistently been to augment our exports by every possible means. Alongside of the huge food imports, which we had to resort to in recent years, to meet our enormous food deficit, for which we had to pay dearly in foreign exchange, our exports of textiles, tea, etc., have registered an appreciable increase, showing an upward trend in our export trade. Now that the food position has improved a great deal and that our balance of payments does not present an altogether insurmountable problem we can look forward to a steady increase in our export trade in future. But it is evident that much leeway has to be made in that direction. The Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference held in Sydney recently emphasised that the primary task of all sterling area countries in the forthcoming year is to increase their earnings by intensive efforts over the whole field of exports. As far as India is concerned, the recent trade agreements entered into by our Government, the assurances to the shipping industry in the Five Year Plan, and the proposal to set up an Export Promotion Council are all indicative of a promising future for our export trade in the coming years. An analysis of the problem of India's export promotion, taking into account the vast vistas that are open before us, brings to light the need for improvement in the following directions.

In the first place, the business interests of the country can seize with tremendous advantage the wide opportunities that lie ahead of them. Hence the chambers of commerce have a onerous function to perform and their efforts at commercial expansion can be profitably geared to the export drive of the Government by proper organisation. The chambers of commerce that function at present rest on a community or sectarian basis, intended to serve the needs of the particular sects engaged in trade, without any close relation between them. The Tamil Chamber of Commerce, the Marwari Chamber of Commerce, the Maharashtra Chamber of Commerce, etc., illustrate this tendency among our business interests. It would certainly be better if the chambers of commerce are reorganised on a regional or territorial basis and properly co-ordinated by close liaison, for it will confer many benefits on our trading interests. If the example of the chambers of commerce in European countries is followed, wherever possible, by our businessmen the commercial development of the country along fruitful lines will be properly ensured. Moreover, foreign and indigenous chambers of commerce ought to function on more complementary lines than at present. Another lacuna in the activities of our chambers of commerce is the dearth of expert personnel at their disposal.

The great need for commercial publicity abroad has not been realised to the extent it deserves. Sri A. D. Shroff has deplored the lack of commercial knowledge of many of our high embassy officials abroad. If this gap is to be filled, men experienced in trade matters should be entrusted with the task of objective appraisal of the facts and data relating to our country's foreign trade. Besides, there ought to be closer con-

tacts between the businessmen of our country and our legations abroad and on a more systematic scale than at present. The appointment of trade commissioners to capitals which are now unrepresented is also vitally necessary. These improvements will surely go a long way in enhancing the quality of our public relations and commercial publicity abroad, and would bring in new foreign trade, which is the paramount need of our country at present.

THE importance of the handloom industry in our export trade is a noteworthy development. The Union Commerce Minister, Sri T. T. Krishnamachari, deserves to be congratulated on his recent unequivocal assurances that the Central Government no longer has a 'step-motherly attitude' towards the handloom industry and that it has a worthy place in our national economy. He has outlined the proposals of the Government for the creation of export marketing organisations

covering the Middle East, Africa and South East Asia and the opening of show rooms and stalls towards exploring regular export markets for our handloom goods and handicrafts. These measures no doubt will give a good fillip to our trade in handlooms. But, piecemeal measures like the opening of a few show rooms here and there can only offer a partial solution to the problem. The problem is a colossal one involving action on a highly intensive and wide scale. The handloom industry is touching the world market only now, and hence finding suitable markets for it is by no means an easy task. But some countries prefer our handloom products for their artistic worth and this factor can be exploited to the maximum. Already Australia has offered to purchase our handicrafts and handloom goods. If proper incentives are offered, our handloom industry will no doubt be able to stand on its own legs and account for a fair share of our overseas trade.

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The establishment of an Export Promotion Council as contemplated by the Union Government is a step in the right direction. Such a body is a long felt need in our country and some points are worth noting before that institution is brought into being. A close study of the splendid work done by the Export Council as an adjunct of the Board of Trade of the U. K. in cooperation with the Treasury and the Foreign Office, during the war period, suggests that it can very well serve as a model on which our proposed Export Promotion Council can be based. Such a Council should contain, apart from the senior officials of the Commerce and Finance Ministries, representatives of chambers of commerce, the principal shipping and business interests, representatives of the handloom industry, some non-official trade experts and a few officers of the Reserve Bank of India. The Indian Export Promotion Council, as a statutory body, should be a clearing house of information on all aspects of our export trade and not merely a license issuing body. It is to be hoped that this important aspect will receive the attention of the Union Commerce Ministry.

THE international factors that govern world trade cannot be ignored. They exercise considerable influence on all our measures towards expansion of exports. A little reflection will show that though internationalism seems to be the leading trend in world affairs today, the Bretton Woods objectives are still remote in the economic horizon, and the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs

and Trade) has remained shorn of its spirit, except as an instrument of tariff bargaining by European countries. In the absence of a universal 'most-favoured nation' principle, a series of bilateral trade agreements between India and other countries (apart from those already entered into) with special emphasis on our exports, will commend itself as a wise line of policy to serve our present needs. This can be matched by getting special tariff concessions to our country during the future meetings of the GATT. Such an objective vindication of our stand in international trade policy will be quite realistic, especially when the co-operative world trading system visualised by economic idealists has become still-born and when Protectionism in the U. S. A., the traditional policy of the Republicans, still asserts itself in spite of the liberal altruism envisaged by the Randall Report.

The London *Economist* has pertinently observed: "The sterling area's gold reserves are still inadequate, its susceptibility to American recession is still immense and many of the goods that it manages to sell in the American market are still liable to sudden and regressive American tariff changes."

Being a prominent member of the sterling area, India will do well to ponder over the *Economist's* warning and shape her future trade policies accordingly. The current year is a crucial one and the success of our export plans must be assured through systematic and incessant effort.

LIFE IN BALI

"Before the war women in Bali used to consider themselves fully clothed if they wore just a sarong around their waists. But now the Government of Indonesia frown on such a state of nakedness and ladies are encouraged to wear blouses. And so the ladies do. But in Bali I don't think they have ever really discovered how and exactly where a blouse should be worn. Many girls seem to think if the blouse is worn just somewhere, then they have done their duty. round the ankle, strapped on the waist, or twisted round the head, these were favourite places for this patriotic blouse. Altogether I got the impression that the Balinese considered that this dressing up business was all really a rather unnecessary concession to an unpleasant march of time."—COLIN JACKSON in *BBC's Midland Home Service*

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

Andhra Capital and High Court

Sir,—I am distressed to read Nevil's letter published in the issue of *Swatantra* dated 20-3-54 criticising Saka's sound and constructive remarks on the location of the Andhra capital, which appeared in *Swatantra* dated 27-2-54. Nevil complains that Saka was throwing a stone into the 'calm and placid waters of Andhra politics.'

As long as politicians whose main interest is nothing but power are there on the stage, I am sure there will be no calmness or placidity in Andhra politics. So there is absolutely nothing like throwing a stone into the calm waters of Andhra politics. Saka's intention was just to appeal to the Andhra leaders to be honest to their people.

Nevil referred to the Sri Bagh Pact and wrote about its sacredness. As many say, that pact is a dead letter. It was made by the past generation under peculiar circumstances. We are the new generation. Our views are entirely different. Ninety percent of the Andhras voiced their view against the Sri Bagh Pact in the middle of the last year when the capital issue was about to be decided. What will happen to the Sri Bagh Pact when Visalandhra is formed? Their capital is temporary. Their High Court is temporary. Their hospitals are temporary. It is upto the Andhra people to make their Government temporary by democratic methods.

Saka was right when he said that the High Court and the capital should necessarily be located at one and the same place, to prevent administrative delays and redtapism. It was not Saka, who represented the public mind in his remarks, that was narrowminded. It is the power-mongering Andhra politicians that bicker with narrow and regional mentality. Saka is, as he was, the commonman's writer. In most of his *Sidelights* he represents the public mind. His is usually a warning to the rulers. His is generally wise advice. Nevil should have been more thoughtful before attributing narrow-mindedness to Saka.

It is the duty of the democratic press to explain men and matters in true colours. *Swatantra* is doing this sincerely. It is very bad to run down an

honest journalist like Saka without sufficient reason.

B. SATYANARAYANA

Vetapalem

This English

Sir,—In recent years no other subject has been dealt with in such a spectacular way as the state of English in India. Here, I am not interested either in eliciting the opinion of the votaries of English or prove the efficacy of this language to those who oppose it down-right. I am a teacher imparting English lessons to my pupils and I am doing this work for a good many years. My honest opinion is that boys take to English easily, happily and sincerely. I have yet to come across a boy saying 'Well, sir, why on earth do the Government thrust this language on us? It is so difficult to learn.' On the other hand there are thousands of boys who proclaim 'It's really a charming language, so easy to learn and yet how wise we become!'

R. SRINIVASAN

Cuddalore N. T.

Contributory or Comparative Negligence?

Sir,—A bill now before the New York State Senate Judiciary Committee seeks to replace the present doctrine of contributory negligence by a rule of comparative negligence. Under the plea of contributory negligence by the plaintiff, the defendant may escape payment of damage if he proves that the plaintiff himself contributed to his injury by his negligence however small it may be. Under the contemplated bill, a more equitable rule is sought to be introduced, enabling the plaintiff to recover damages proportionate to the plaintiff's degree of negligence. This rule of comparative negligence has been, I understand, in operation in the admiralty courts of America much to the advantage of injured persons. Why not in India?

S. R. VENKATARAMAN, Secretary,
Servants of India Society, Madras.
Madras

Renovation of Congress

Sir,—Though the Congress organisation has fallen in the estimation of the public after capturing power, a feature by no means peculiar to this great institution, it cannot be denied that, given proper attention and entrusted to the care of a great and farsighted politician like for instance Tandon, Rajagopalachari or Govind Vallabh Pant, the Congress would revive so as to guide, control and enthuse the State and Central Governments to live up to their expectations.

C. R. has often proved himself equal to the task in purifying and toning up

C. R. has often proved himself equal to the task in purifying and toning up the administration. Why not, then, this veteran politician and astute statesman take up the task of cleansing the Congress stables by accepting the Presidency instead of wasting his energy in pitched battles over smaller and local issues? This step, while relieving Panditji of many of his headaches, might also reduce or relieve tension in his own home State as well.

V. RAGHAVIAH

Nellore

A Queer Wager

Sir,—Last week a poor Sri Vaishnava archaka was on his way to Karappour village temple to do puja. He had to pass by a tea shop run by some gay spirits. One of them wagered that he would stand a cup of tea free if any of the others would accost the Brahmin and lick off his namam. Four of his boon companions jumped at the offer and immediately got hold of the Brahmin and licked off his namam despite his

Madras Legislative Council Elections

I am standing for election to the Madras Legislative Council from the Graduates' constituency which takes place on the 8th instant. I have been in active practice in medicine for over 30 years and taking a keen interest in both the professional and public aspects of medicine and public health. In the proper role of the Upper House, the representation of skilled and professional men is essential to serve and safeguard public interests. With an electorate of educated men of this size, it is neither desirable nor possible to further one's candidature by personal canvassing by the candidate himself or through agents. I request you to give earnest consideration of the final list of candidates and, if on merits my candidature commends itself to you, record your vote in my favour.

DR. A. SREENIVASAN, M.R.C.P.
(Lond.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.),
Hony. Physician, General Hospital.

furious but futile protests. The helpless Brahmin could not even complain to the authorities lest worse befall him.

BHASHYAM

Kumbakonam

Library Organisation

Sir,—Anent the note on "Library Organisation" in an early issue of Swatantra, it is the fundamental right of every citizen to express concern at the inordinate delay in the working of any administrative machinery. The Library Act of 1948 came into force in 1950. The Coimbatore Municipal Council whose income from property tax is about 16 lakhs has been collecting library cess at the rate of six pies in the rupee of the property-tax for the past three years. The fourth year of collecting the cess is now running. The rough figure of 1½ lakhs is not imaginary, as alleged. The cess collected from other municipalities in the district and other local bodies, the government grant, and membership fees run up to nearly Rs. 3 lakhs today. The corresponding tangible benefits to the common man remain to be seen.

The Chairman of the Local Library Authority should know that the municipal bodies, under Section 12, (2) (b) of the Act are only agencies for collecting the cess, and cannot spend a single pie out of this fund for running libraries, unless the L. L. A., with the prior sanction of the Director of Public Libraries, sanctions grants to municipal bodies for running libraries. The very fact that the L. L. A. has sanctioned Rs. 3,000 recently to the Coimbatore Municipal Council for maintenance charges of the building out of the Library Fund proves that the Municipality cannot, unless permitted by the Government, contribute to the advancement of the library movement. The proceedings of the Director of Public Instruction make a distinction between reading rooms and libraries. The municipalities may run reading rooms. The Coimbatore L. L. A. has not been permitted to take over the management of the reading-rooms run by the Municipality. Hence the role of the Municipality in the future for running libraries is understandable.

The Local Library Authorities in our State have yet to do a lot of pioneering work; and planning to initiate and execute measures for the spread and organisation of the library movement has got to be done. The functions laid down under the Act and the limitations have to be understood. Self-complacency will not facilitate progress.

R. SREENIVASA IYENGAR

Coimbatore.

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ON THE COVER:

Sri Kamaraj Nadar, who succeeds Rajaji as Chief Minister, Madras

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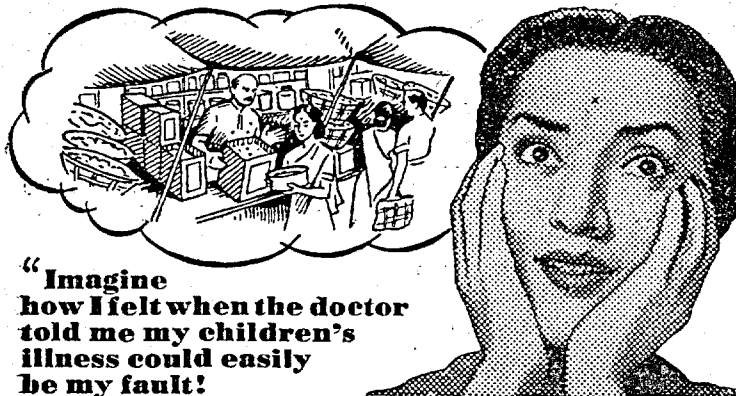
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'Of course I am,' I told him.

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

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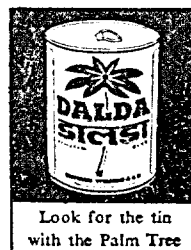
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No. 10

U. S. POLICY IN ASIA

THE U. S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles attempted, in an address before the Overseas Press Club of America on March 29, to refute the charge levelled by some critics against the American Government that their policy in Indo-China is "motivated purely by some strange emotionalism." The importance of this speech lies in the fact that every word of it had been gone over in advance by President Eisenhower. It represents therefore a major policy-making effort of the American Administration. Mr. Dulles contends that international Communism has been seeking in Indo-China to get a stranglehold on the people with the intention of using that power eventually to amalgamate them into the Soviet orbit. He recalls that Ho Chi Minh was indoctrinated in Moscow. He became an associate of Borodin when Borodin was sent to China to organise the Chinese Communist party. After this association, Ho Chi Minh transferred his activities to Indo-China and those who are fighting under the banner of Ho Chi Minh are persons who have been largely trained and equipped in Communist China. Mr. Dulles estimates that military and technical guidance is supplied to Ho Chi Minh's forces by 2,000 Chinese Communists, and he sounds the solemn warning that "if they should win military or political success, it is certain that they would subject the people to a cruel Communist dictatorship taking its orders from Peiping and Moscow."

FROM this point onwards, Mr. Dulles proceeds to piece together a string of ghastly possibilities. "If the Communist forces were to win uncontested control over Indo-China or any substantial part thereof," Mr. Dulles is convinced that they would not rest on their laurels there, but "they would surely resume the same pattern of aggression against the other free peoples in that area." "Communist control of Southeast Asia," continues Mr. Dulles, "would carry a grave threat to the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. The entire west Pacific area, including the so-called offshore island chain would be strategically endangered." Under the conditions of today, Mr. Dulles argues, "the imposition on Southeast Asia of the political system of Communist Russia and its Chinese Communist ally, by whatever means, would be a grave threat to the whole free community. The United States feels that that possibility should not be passively accepted, but should be met by united action. This might have serious risks, but these risks are far less than would face us a few years from now if we dare not be resolute today."

A COUPLE of days after Mr. Dulles' speech before the Press Club, President Eisenhower was asked at his weekly news conference to clarify the Secretary of State's concept of "united action". He said the best answer he had heard in diplomacy was that given by France to Germany in 1914, when Germany asked her

her intentions. She said, "France will do that which her best interests dictate," and the President said he believed that was about the only answer he could give, except in terms of very great generality.

THERE is however a clear margin between the President's and the Secretary's expositions of policy on the Indo-China war. The President's words were very well suited to prepare the American people for greater sacrifices in that war. But Mr. Dulles seems to have had a more ambitious objective than this. His endeavour was evidently nothing less than to persuade every non-Communist leader of Asia, including Pandit Nehru, that the Indo-China war is a war of liberation from Communist imperialism. The main obstacle to the success of this endeavour of Mr. Dulles lies in the record of France in Asia. France is not trusted as a crusader for freedom by any Asiatic nation. She is regarded in India, in marked contrast to the British, as a stubborn upholder of colonialism. Ho Chi Minh as a liberator of his country from French colonialism is therefore more convincing than Mr. Dulles as an apostle of Asian and world freedom against

Communist enslavement. In the American plan of rallying non-Communist Asian countries into common action against the Russo-Chinese Communist menace, the U. S. alliance with France which is the pivot of the whole anti-Communist offensive in Indo-China, must be deemed a great political and military liability. The mischief of this alliance can only be neutralised by firm American denunciation of French imperialist follies in Asia, including her minatory refusal to withdraw from her pockets in India, even seven years after the British had withdrawn from the whole country so gracefully. The plain fact of the matter is that the people of Asia do not believe in France's benevolent intentions of pouring out blood and money in Viet Nam for the sake of saving that country from Communist rule. They believe that France is merely utilising American aid to strengthen her own hold as a colonial power in Southeast Asia. Mr. Dulles will not succeed in his effort to change the political basis of the Indo-China war unless he first succeeds in making France divest herself of all the vestiges of colonialism.

Sotto Voce

★

CHECKMATE IN TWO MOVES



MR. NEHRU claims for India the leadership of South East Asia. His objection to America's giving military aid to Pakistan is expressly

based on the ground that the decision would introduce a rift in this region by drawing Pakistan into the cold war between East and West. Living

in a world of *real-politik*, one must not be surprised to find this claim treated with supercilious disdain by the Big Powers—who recognise only the authority of the big battalions. But the disconcerting thing is that, while we propose to uphold East Asian unity at another Colombo conference, the host country seems intent on demonstrating its love for us by knocking us downstairs.

*

Ceylon is of course a sovereign Power—even if she might at a pinch have to rely on the embattled might (shrunk though it sadly be) of the British Empire. But if the Ceylon Government really felt that India could, if she chose, proclaim and enforce a Monroe doctrine in this part of the world, they would hardly treat the just rights of Ceylon nationals of Indian origin as cavalierly as they are doing today. The present rulers of Ceylon are no doubt more civil and soft-spoken than, for example, Dr. Malan. But they are doing just those things for which Dr. Malan has been arraigned before the world tribunal at Lake Success.

*

Nobody would be so stupid as to suggest that this country should indulge in a bit of sabre-rattling. But if we have no stomach for such gestures as imperialism has perfected—sending a battleship, for instance, as a discreet reminder that you have a right to be heard and in any case will be heard—we must also discard the pose of magnanimity that is traditionally associated with the Big Brother's unbending to little brothers. We may be potentially a Big Power; in actual fact we are small beer. So it is best that we adopt the unspectacular but not on that account less effective methods which are open to small but self-respecting countries to see that justice is done.

*

The ink on the Delhi Agreement has hardly had time to dry. And here is Sir John Kotelawala, who was feted and lionised in the Indian capital,

speaking of India with rare detachment as a foreign country. We cannot very well object to it. But if our rulers were not so bemused by their glorious vision of East Asia proclaiming the message of peace and goodwill through Nehru-Buddha, they would tell Sir John that India expects to be shown the courtesy and consideration that are due to any foreign country which is not to be treated as unfriendly.

*

It is true that by the Delhi Agreement we bought a pig in a poke. But if the careless confidence of a friend is to be abused there must be an end to all friendly intercourse. The Delhi Pact was in the nature of a stand-still agreement. The Ceylon Government undertook that they would do nothing unilaterally to alter the present position of the Indians in the Island without the closest consultation with Delhi. And here they are, hardly a fortnight later, busy impaling those unfortunate Indians on the horns of a dilemma. The so-called 'Stateless' Indians must not leave the Island on however short a visit to India unless they are prepared to forfeit their claims to Ceylonese citizenship.

*

Now, if it is recalled that these men were made 'Stateless' by a piece of legislative legerdemain the enormity of the Ceylon Government's policy of checkmating in two moves will be apparent. Men and women who had settled in Ceylon for generations found themselves one fine morning deprived of their citizenship. They were told that their claims would have to be scrutinised. The scrutiny has been going on for some years now. But not even a fraction of the claims has been disposed of. Finding the machinery which they themselves devised too dilatory for their taste and also uncertain, the Ceylon Government have had a second brain-wave.

*

The Indians, many of them, have still ties with India. They possess property here, they marry here and

they have interests that have deep roots in the past. Naturally business or pleasure brings them here occasionally. Since they became Stateless they have had to get passports from the Government of India to enable them to visit this country. The Ceylon Government has decreed that all who have such passports shall be automatically treated as Indian citizens. And if they go to India even

for a day, they shall not be allowed to come back. This, you would think, was a piece of cleverness hardly worthy of a sovereign State. But Sir John feels his withers unwrung. "Why can't they wait," he blandly asks, "till we have looked into their citizenship claims?"—till the Greek Kalends, in other words.

VIGHNESWARA

(Continued from page 7)

of the amnesty the incidence of crime has risen steeply all over Andhra. Habitual criminals might get at any rate some temporary kick out of freedom before they are apprehended again for a repetition of their misdemeanours. But the case is entirely different with juvenile delinquents, and worse still, destitute children with no homes to go to. Release to

these means withdrawal of care and relegation to a cruel wilderness of want and shiftlessness. The Andhra Government have not done well, they have only harmed the girls whom they got the Madras Government to discharge from the Certified School under the colour of freedom in the name of amnesty.

SAKA



★
Left to Right: Mr. A. D. Wenzel, Managing Director of the Firestone Tyre & Rubber Co. of India, Ltd., Mr. D. N. Ross and Mr. D. O. F. Barnett of the Firestone factory, and Mr. G. L. Anderson, Factory Director. Messrs. Ross and Barnett left for the U. K. by Air India International on the 6th April, 1954 on a training course at Brentford, England.
★

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE painful story which I recounted last week of a motherless child, deserted by her father, left on the railway platform at Rajahmundry, sent by the police to the Borstal school, and after having been well looked after there all these years, sent out now at fifteen or sixteen along with some twenty-five younger ones of a tender age, turned out, on closer investigation, to be baseless in material particulars. The source of the story as published was an account given by the girl herself, whose name was Janaki. It is quite true that she was deserted by her father, admitted in the Borstal school, looked after in the school for five or six years, and discharged from the school in January this year. But other parts of the story have been found inaccurate. The real facts are given below.

After the inauguration of the Andhra State, the Andhra Government granted an amnesty to all prisoners. All Andhra prisoners in Madras State were released by the Madras Government at the instance of the Andhra Ministry. In the amnesty were included also girls under detention in the Government Certified School in Madras under orders of courts situate in districts that now form part of the Andhra State. These girls, five in all, were discharged by the Madras Government, in accordance with the terms of the Andhra amnesty. The order of the Madras Government for release and discharge of the girls in the Certified School was carried out under the supervision of their Chief Inspector of Certified Schools.

Janaki was taken to Parvatipuram under the care of a matron. Her father had become derelict through overmuch addiction to liquor, his second wife had left him, and he was not in a condition to receive his daughter. Janaki was left with her uncle, but she did not stay with him long. She returned to Madras hop-

ing to get back to the Certified School, but she failed to find admission there. She has now nowhere to go to and is a destitute wanderer in the city. A kindly disposed person in very straitened circumstances, residing in Kodambakam, has for the moment given temporary refuge to Janaki.

Three girls of the Certified School were despatched, each under the care of a matron, to Bezwada, Vizag and Srikakulam, where they were handed over to relatives willing to take charge of them, and receipts of delivery obtained. In the case of two other girls that were sent to Chittoor and Bezwada, no relatives could be discovered, and the girls were handed over to the probation officers of the respective districts. The probation officers sent the girls at their own request to the Telugu teacher of the Madras Certified School with whom they wished to live. They stayed for four or five days in the house of the Telugu teacher, and then disappeared. Their present whereabouts are unknown.

In the release and discharge of these girls from the Certified School the Madras Government merely carried out the wishes of the Andhra Government. Neither the Chief Minister of Madras nor any of the other Ministers named by me were to blame. They were absolutely blameless in this matter. I hasten to express sincere penitence for having been misled into harsh and unfair comment against them on wholly wrong premises. It was the Andhra Government that blundered when they ordered the release of the whole jail population, presumably on financial grounds. One of the amnestied broke straightaway into Sri Bezwada Gopala Reddi's house and committed a robbery there, and there have been widespread reports that in the wake

(Continued on page 6)

AMERICAN SAFETY DEVICES AGAINST DEPRESSION

NEW YORK CITY: This is a report of importance and significance prepared by an American business consultant and economist.

More Americans are talking about—and worrying about—a depression than at any other time since the off-year elections of 1937. To many economists it seems curious that there should be such mass anxiety at this time, just after the most prosperous year in mankind's history and during a year that is calculated by most experts to be the second most prosperous of all time. Perhaps the fact that this year is the 25th anniversary of the 1929 stock market crash conjures up bad memories.

Will there be another depression? Can the U. S. ever return to those bleak days of the early 1930s with bread lines and soup kitchens and 12,800,000 unemployed?

President Eisenhower has announced that he will wait until the March employment and production figures are tabulated, probably sometime in April, before invoking emergency measures. Unemployment, meanwhile, has been mounting at a disturbing rate.

On the surface, some of the figures quoted by economists in their predictions for 1954 look frightening. They say the Gross National Product, that mathematical measure of the annual output of goods and service, will drop 5 per cent to 7 per cent below 1953's record \$367,000,000,000 due to "inventory adjustment" by businessmen and cuts in Government spending.

They say unemployment will average 3,500,000 for the year (but don't forget it was 3,400,000 in 1949).

They say capital expenditures for new plants and equipment will be cut \$5,000,000,000 to \$6,000,000,000. They say consumer spending will be more selective and that customers will be harder to please. They say living costs will fall about 2 per cent—meaning that dollars will buy more,

but that there will be fewer dollars around.

They say there'll be less overtime pay, though basic wages will continue at their present levels.

What these economists don't say is that the Government has numerous effective devices which, at the command of officials, can be used as double-edged weapons either to fight inflation or to ward off recession. Probably our minds would be less troubled if we took time to reappraise the amazing array of safeguards now available to prevent, or at least forestall an economic catastrophe like the one that followed the 1929 crash.

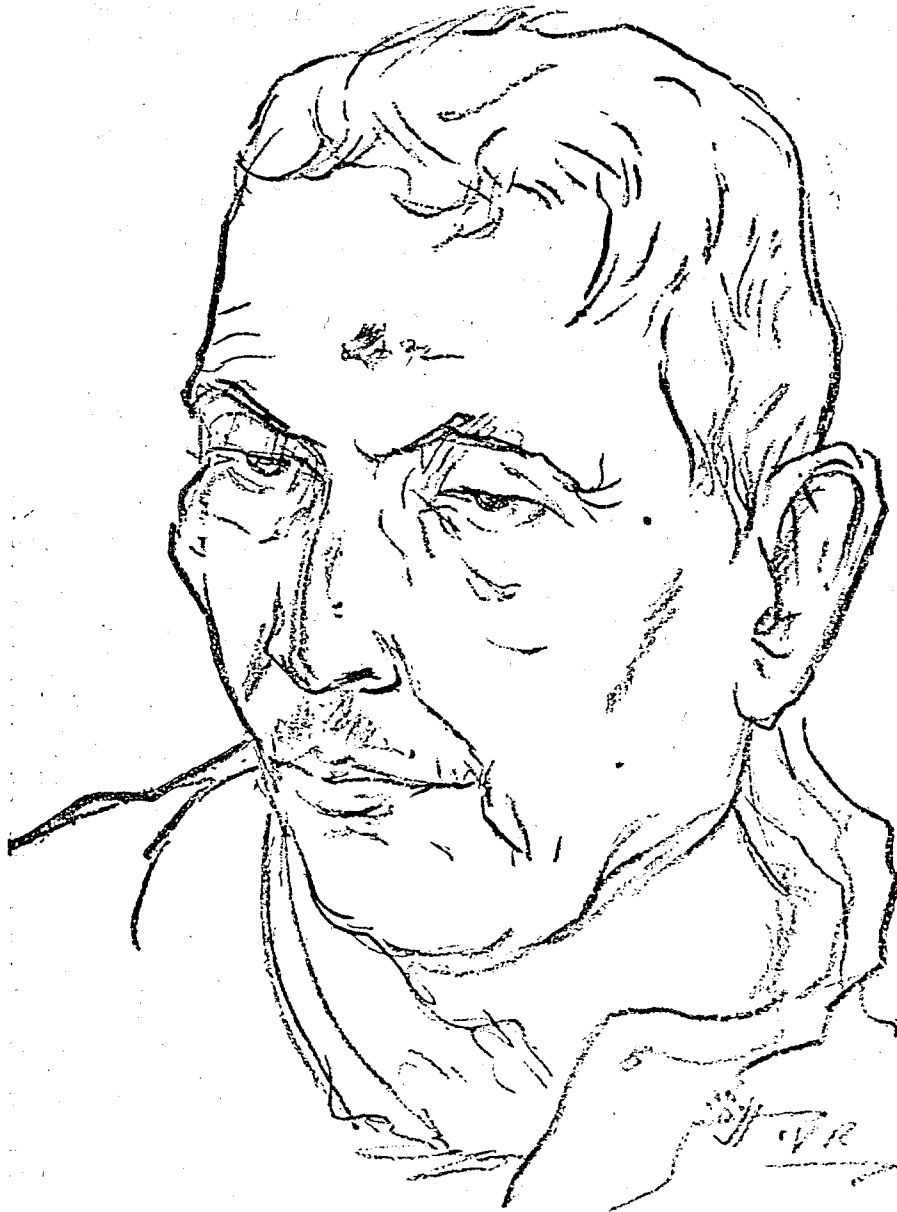
Today there are built-in stabilizers which were either less effective or not in existence in 1929. These include: The Federal Reserve System, perhaps the most potent and least understood balance wheel of U. S. economy. It can create money, withdraw money from the nation's business machinery, expand credit or limit it and can exert tremendous influence on the market for government bonds—those pieces of paper that represent the public indebtedness of all taxpaying Americans.

The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which insures savings and thrift accounts up to \$10,000 so that if a bank should fail—an unusual event these days—the depositors will get their money intact.

The Securities and Exchange Commission which policies all securities and the stock exchanges, with the result that there are few, if any, worthless stocks offered for sale through legitimate and established channels.

THE Council of Economic Advisors (now consolidated in one man, A. F. Burns), established under the Employment Act of 1946. Its duty is to detect the threat of recession or the indications of inflation and to recommend counteraction.

Unemployment compensation, the



Sri Vavilla Venkateswara Sastrulu has been bedridden for over six years, but illness has not meant rest to him. He is ever indefatigably industrious. What Telugu literature owes to him is beyond computation. Many valuable manuscripts would have been lost but for the zeal and vigilance with which he discovered them and the devotion with which he printed and published them. Himself a distinguished Sanskrit and Telugu scholar, he has been for years a generous patron of pandits. Few that sought his help in distress were turned away with empty hands. By temperament irreverent, he was not without his heroes, and his loyalty for Tilak and S. Srinivasa Aiyangar bordered on worship. He universalised his admiration for Lokamanya, and for all Maharashtrians his attachment is deep and beyond the ordinary

state-controlled set-ups for supplying income to those laid off.

The Social Security Administration, which aids an increasing number of Americans who have reached retirement age or are incapable of earning livings.

THE Federal Reserve Board's functions seldom rate front pages, yet its activities are almost wholly aimed at protecting the dollars of all Americans, no matter their income or station. The "Fed" can pump money into the economy at times of recession or can take it out when there is a threat of inflation merely by lowering or raising the reserve fund it requires its 7,000 member banks to keep in the Federal Reserve Bank.

For example, when inflation appeared about to get out of hand in 1948, the "Fed" removed \$3,000,000,000 from circulation with three separate reserve-raising orders. Member banks had to keep that much money in their reserve accounts. "Fed" officials figure that every \$1,000 in the reserve account represent \$5,000 in bank loans—in other words, for every \$1,000 a bank has in available cash it can lend about \$5,000 to borrowers, and when \$1,000 is removed by the Fed, a bank has to trim its loans by \$5,000. Thus the removal of \$3,000,000,000 from the cash account of the nation's banks into the reserve accounts in the Federal Reserve Banks had the effect of stopping about \$15,000,000,000 worth of loans to business, farmers and others.

It was also in 1948 that the Government, unaware that the Korean war was only two years off, began to cut back sharply on its defense expenditures. As a result, the following year the economy began to slough off a bit, so the Federal Reserve lowered reserve requirements, freeing \$4,000,000,000 to the banks and making available \$20,000,000,000 potential for loans and investments. The Federal Reserve has already acted in the current economic adjustment. Having determined a slackening in the nation's prosperity the Fed last July lowered reserves by \$1,000,000,000. In February it lowered the "discount rate," meaning that member banks can

borrow from the "Fed" at a lower cost, hence will be encouraged to make more loans.

The staff of the Economic Adviser to the President watches the fine balances of the economy with meticulous care and makes recommendations to the President and his cabinet for provision of counteracting measures. Those measures are extremely uncomplicated.

The group has standbys planned for a recession. Within two or three months it can set in motion huge Government programmes which would give employment to hundreds of thousands.

It has plans for building elaborate new highway systems. It is said that the nation needs up to \$70,000,000,000 worth of new roads whose construction has been delayed since the outbreak of World War II. It has plans also for new bridges, new schools, hospitals, irrigation projects and numerous other public works programmes.

The main job of the Adviser is to see that there is a high level of employment. In this it works closely with Government departments and bureaus. When the Department of Labour reports that a city has more than 6 per cent of its population unemployed and those areas become classified as "critical," Government defense contracts are channelled to industrial plants in the afflicted community.

THESE then, are the built-in man-made stabilisers, to help avoid another '29. Actually there's little comparison between the economy of 1954 and that of 1929. National income is an estimated 233 per cent higher than it was in 1929, that boom year before the burst. Is this just inflation? Hardly, when the Gross National Product, the output of goods and services, is up by 253 per cent. The disposable income of Americans is up 200 per cent. Earnings of all types are up 225 per cent. Yet it costs only 56 per cent more to live than it did in 1929. In the months before the crash in '29 the stock market soared with paper profits. That's not so today. The Dow Jones average of 30 industrial stocks, which keeps a percentage record of the pri-

ces of securities, is far below the average of 1929. The "high" in February of this year was 23.48 per cent below the high of September 3, 1929, a scant month before the crash.

Beyond these mechanical economic facts are the man-made safety devices that are natural factors protecting the U. S. from another depression.

ONE, watched with mounting interest by economists, is the miraculously rapid growth of the nation's birth rate. It is now calculated that by 1970 or perhaps even sooner, the U. S. will have a consuming population of 200,000,000 Americans, if the present rate of population growth continues. All these new Americans, consumers all, will mean more and more employment for American workers as their demands for food, clothing and shelter are met. In some other countries this would not be so. In agricultural nations like China or India or in economically unbalanced nations like Italy, a whopping population increase causes problems. But the American free enterprise system has built up a unique version of capitalism. It is not a system of conservation, nor even merely a system of production. The U. S. is a nation of buyers and suppliers. The more they buy the more they have to supply—and the more employment is created.

Consumer wealth in the U. S. has risen above three quarters of a billion dollars—an increase of more than 50 per cent since the end of World War II, as determined by a study made in 1953 by the National Industrial Conference Board.

Consumers' asset holdings such as cash, insurance, homes, business interests and other easily salable possessions are now in excess of \$800,000,000,000. Against this there are offsetting debts in the neighbourhood of \$100,000,000,000.

Half the families of the nation now have a net worth of \$7,500 or more. A sixth of all families own more than \$30,000 in net assets. Less than a tenth of all families have more debts than assets. Even more significant is the fact that the four-fifths of all families who earn under \$5,000 a year own nearly half the

nation's wealth. These are the buyers, the spenders. They are also usually the suppliers and the workers.

Bulwarking all this prosperity is the development of foreign markets for American goods and American capital. As time goes on there will be an increasing investment in foreign enterprises by Americans with, it is expected, happy results at home.

Economic students have made much and written volumes on American economic dependence on Government spending. Some economists believe this has been over-emphasized. Even so, there will be a considerable defense budget in the U. S. as long as the Communists are abroad in the world. It is unlikely that in the lifetime of anyone who reads this there will be a serious cut-back in Government spending for defense.

No matter what the world situation brings, the U. S. will probably spend 15 to 25 per cent of the national personal income for defense or foreign aid. In the wartime 1940s it spent about 25 per cent for these items.

Most encouraging is the fact that no matter how much Uncle Sam spends, the consumers manage to dwarf his spree, and that's what makes the economy so healthy. Consumers spend much more than business and Government combined—nearly three quarters of the total national spending.

As long as this keeps up, as long as Americans continue to spend their money as it comes in so that they might, in turn, earn more—as long as Americans want new and better cars, homes, appliances, clothes and "things" than prosperity should stay with them.

Economists say there's no need to worry. They say:

We're just entering the atomic age, yet we've hardly scratched the chemical age or the electronic age. Before us there are tremendous achievements and glamorous unknown fields to conquer.

Why be afraid? A depression is the last thing to fear.

—P. G. KRISHNAYYA'S SERVICE

Adventures and Memories

By MATTHEW HALTON

WHEN I was a boy of nine in the small foothills town of Pincher Creek, Alta., my school teacher said: "Your compositions are very good. Some day you may be a writer." This I at once resolved to be.

I didn't finish school for a long time. By the time I was out of high school, and had taught school for three years, and had three years at the University of Alberta and another two at the University of London, I was 27. Then at last I joined a newspaper, *The Toronto Star*. Exactly a year later, and just two days before I got married, the boss called me in and said he had a wedding present for me. "How would you like to go to London as our European correspondent?"

In that week all my dreams came true. The girl was marrying me and I was a foreign correspondent.

Adventures and great experiences began breaking over me at once. My wife and I had only been in London two weeks when a cable came instructing me to go to Russia for a few weeks. My first assignment—Moscow! On my way back from Moscow I stopped over in Berlin. I got there on the morning of January 30, 1933—the day Hitler came to power. That night I watched the frenzied brownshirts marching along Unter den Linden in torchlight procession, and heard the raucous, evilly fascinating voice of Hitler screaming: "My Germans!" This was the beginning, and I saw it, and somehow I knew in my very bones what it was to mean. "Germany enters a nightmare," I wrote the next day. "She has heard the call of the wild. Pan-Germanism is on the march again in a new and demoniacal form."

That was 21 years ago. Chronologically, at least, I have come of age as a foreign correspondent.

I have not "been everywhere and seen everything," but I have been to most countries and seen much; I have written, I calculate, some 4,000,000 words.

I have been at Carcassonne and

Karnak and Persepolis and Agra and Ceylon and Darjeeling; and from an airplane I have seen Petra, the "rose-red city half as old as time." And I have seen so many of the famous places in astonishing and dramatic circumstances. When I first got into Pompeii it was to crouch behind an ancient wall taking shelter from German artillery fire. Once I struggled up a rocky hill in Syria with assault troops of the Punjabi Rifles, and came to the top, and thus saw Damascus for the first time, its domes and minarets sparkling in the sun like a bowl of gems.

Behind Enemy Lines

I THINK of the thousands of interviews I have had, hundreds of them with famous men and women: Churchill, Einstein, Charles de Gaulle, Neville Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Montgomery, Shaw, Eisenhower, Goering, Litvinov, Marshal Zhukov, Tito, Gandhi, Haile Selassie, Nehru, Mannerheim—the first names that come to mind.

The biggest scoop I ever got was in 1939, just before King George VI and his Queen visited Canada. I had arranged with them a sitting for a *Star* photographer. I was with the King and Queen and their daughters for several hours on two occasions, at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, as they were photographed. A day or two later I was astonished to get a telephone call from Sir Michael Adeane at Buckingham Palace asking me if I was going to write an article about my visits to the King and Queen. "I wasn't dreaming of it!" I explained. "Why not?" he replied. "Go ahead if you want." I went ahead in high gear for thousands of words.

I think of the worst night of the London blitz—April 16, 1941—when I stayed up all night with units of the fire brigade, and twice saw men killed beside me without being scratched myself, and went to bed at dawn—and did not awake in time to cable the story.

I think of the 36 hours of high sustained excitement when I plunged around the desert at Alamein, behind the enemy lines, with a sabotage

unit of the famous Long Range desert group. I think of a day during the retreat from Burma in 1942 when the bomber I was flying in was attacked by Japanese fighters, and when for a moment I thought we were shot down, and really did remember my past life.

Strange accidents? I think of the dead man in the Finnish war who suddenly sat up and began to sing. Of the awful moment when Mackenzie King overheard me saying that he, (Mackenzie King), looked like Jiggs. Of the New Year's Eve in the Arctic Circle when I slept in a bathtub, because there was no other bed. Of the day when I argued with Goering until he and I were blue in the face. Of the night when Paul Robeson sang for me alone. Of the night in a haunted house when I decided I believed in ghosts. Of the dinner party in the Czernin Palace when Jan Masaryk told me he was going to die.

I think of the stories I never wrote because I knew they would never be believed.

If I were asked to select the 10 most vivid memories of my 21 years, I think they would be these:

1. The end of the Munich conference on Sept. 30, 1938, when Neville Chamberlain gave away Czechoslovakia and the peace of the world. Never before or since have I know passionate anger and passionate despair as I knew them in those few days when I travelled from London to Prague to Godesberg to Berlin to Paris to Munich and back again to Prague reporting the sell-out of peace. I remember Chamberlain's face, smug and smiling, as he left the conference hall in Munich. I remember Hitler's face—rapt, transported. And I remember how I wept the next morning when I drove down the Danube on that tragic day to go with the German troops into the Czechoslovakia we had betrayed. That is the sharpest memory of my career.

2. A scene in the British House of Commons on Saturday night, Sept. 2, 1939. The Germans had invaded Poland at dawn the previous day.

The British and French Governments had sent their 24-hour ultimatum to Hitler. The time limit had expired—and still we were not at war. The hours dragged painfully. The anxiety was almost unbearable. Why was there no immediate declaration of war? What was cooking? Could it by any chance be another Munich?

Chamberlain entered to make a statement. He spoke haltingly, vaguely—and did not announce a declaration of war. Then Arthur Greenwood rose to speak for Labour. With him rose the honour of England. And as he rose, three words rang out like a bugle call from the Tory back benches: "Speak for England!" The House rose in vast acclaim which even Chamberlain could not mistake; and in a few hours we were at war.

3. The first time I saw battle. It was near Huescas in Spain in the Spanish civil war in 1936. I spent a night in the cold and the mud with 2,400 men of republican Spain and at dawn I watched them storm up a steep hill to take a Fascist stronghold. They had gone only 200 yards up the hill when the Fascist bullets found them and they died by the scores. They took the position—only 500 yards from the pile of rocks where I lay watching—but they lost 300 dead and 300 wounded. It was my first sight of battle, and it was a bloody battle. But my chief impression was one of unreality. I could not believe it was happening, even when the shells burst, even when a man screamed, even when the wounded staggered and rolled down the hill. I kept thinking. "It is a dream! It is not true."

4. In the desert in 1941 and 1942 I had more great, exhilarating adventures than in any other campaigns, but my most vivid memory is of the smiling courage of a young English officer during the retreat to Alamein.

It was at the foot of Halfaya Pass. A thousand infantrymen and a troop of 45-pounder howitzers had been ordered to fight a delaying action

there, and to fight to the last round and the last man. I spent an hour in a trench with the tall young lieutenant commanding the guns. His senior officer was lying dead a few yards away. We watched the boy direct his battle and his guns. After an hour we saw that enemy vehicles were edging along the escarpment above us to cut us off, and the lieutenant said we had better go.

"You've got lots of time," he said, "unless they've already cut the road farther and down. If they have, leave your car and do a bunk into the sandhills. You'll be able to walk back in the night. Got a compass? Got your water-bottles filled?"

We shook hands in that monstrous world. There was a wild bedevilled echoing and re-echoing of gunfire in the dreary wadis.

"Cheerio," said the lieutenant. "How nice of you to come and see us!"

So we went, and they stayed.

5. The battle of Ortona in Italy. Two crack Canadian battalions, the Loyal Edmonton and the Seaforth's of Vancouver, were attacking the little town elements of a crack German formation, the first paratroop division, were defending. And it was the most savage battle I ever saw. After two days I thought: "There must be a lull; both sides must sleep." But it went on with increasing violence for seven days and eight nights. Both sides seemed to hate each other and to lust to kill.

6. To go across the beaches of Normandy on D-Day was, naturally, one of the greatest experiences of my life. But my most vivid memory of that great adventure is of something that happened two or three nights before it began. I was lying in my camp bed in an English garden the night before going to my assault ship, and I was wakened before dawn by the songs of the birds. Nowhere on earth do the birds sing as they sing in England. And this time the dawn chorus seemed to be giving even more than their lovely best. There was a prodigal ecstasy of the

nightingales, the linnets, the black-birds and, it seemed, a hundred others. It was like the choirs of heaven. A dawn I shall never forget.

7. The liberation of Paris on Aug. 25, 1944. I have often said, and still do, that if I could choose one day of my life to live over again, it would be that day, when the most beautiful city in the world opened her arms and took us to her heart. There was not a false note that day. It was genuine and tumultuous and lovely. And as one of the first three or four to enter in Canadian uniform, I knew what it was to be treated like a king.

8. The link-up of the Americans with the Russians at Torgau, on the Elbe, in April, 1945. We had waited and struggled for years for this moment, when East and West joined hands over the body of the terrible foe. It was a cold and drizzling day, but our hearts were high, and at the 12-hour banquet the Russian General gave us, there was no sign yet of the cold war to come—even though a Russian Colonel stole my wrist watch!

9. The first sight of Berlin in the dying hours of the war. One night in Rheims Gen. Eisenhower took the unconditional surrender from the Germans, and the next day Gen. Eisenhower's Deputy, Air Marshal Tedder, flew into Berlin to join Marshal Zhukov in receiving a second surrender from the German Field Marshal Keitel. By a great stroke of luck I was one of the eight correspondents chosen to fly in with Tedder. The sight of Berlin that day, in its ashes, and still burning, was the most shattering sight I have seen in my life.

10. The opening day of the Nuremberg trials. There in the docks were the Nazi leaders—minus Hitler and Goebbels. There were the men who had "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." Perhaps this is the beginning, we thought, of the reign of law.

How simple-minded we were!—
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BRING BOOKS TO PEOPLE

By K. M. Govi,

*Librarian, District Central Library,
Kozhikode*

ORGANISED library service has been in existence in European countries like England and Denmark and in the United States from the second half of the 19th century. In India, though the number of public libraries is not scanty free access to books for the serious student and layman is still lacking. Education cannot thrive without opportunities for self-study with books. This want is being increasingly felt as civil life becomes more secure and culture broadens. The Madras State placed a Public Library Act on the statute book in 1950. Local library authorities in the districts are collecting library cess and slowly spreading library service. How can we encourage the participation of the ordinary man in the cultural life of the country based on books?

Access to books should be as free as possible. Libraries should be open long enough to enable everybody to visit them. The Madras Libraries Act of 1948 prescribes 30 hours a week as the minimum. The working hours of many of our libraries are not convenient to the people. The ordinary man who has to work from morn till night to earn his bread gets only a limited leisure to be utilised for study and recreation. The working hours of the libraries should be so arranged as to enable him to visit and use them as his leisure. The ideal is to have a twelve hour service from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. But the finances of many libraries make this impossible. The doors of every public library should be thrown open invariably in the evening hours from 4 'o' clock to 8 or 9 in the night.

Free service alone has the desired effect of attracting more readers. There should be no economic impediment and the membership should be free. The rules and regulations covering admission and registration of borrowers should be as favourable to the layman as possible. Many of

the libraries in towns and villages are supported by the subscriptions they collect. The grant-in-aid that they receive from the State Government is negligible and the conditions governing eligibility for grants are so precisely defined that many of the registered libraries wish to forego the grant rather than to subject themselves to the bureaucratic tyranny of the State Education Department. A free flow of finance alone will make free library service a possibility. Big industrialists and other philanthropists can supplement the library cess and Government contribution by liberal donations.

An active and spirited endeavour has to be made to reduce to a minimum the difference between library facilities in towns and in rural areas, which at present is appalling. The organisation of a comprehensive rural library service should go along with the establishment of libraries in towns. Co-operation between libraries in the various parts of the country is very essential. District central libraries have been started in almost all the districts. Regional co-operation can be achieved by libraries agreeing to lend books to each other and to inform each other of the latest additions. Branches should be opened for district central libraries without any further delay. Assembling of bibliographical information is essential for the scheme of regional co-operation. A catalogue of books in all the libraries in the districts should be compiled and kept in the district central library. Thus, if a villager wants to read a book which is not in the local library the central library can secure for him the book by directing the library which has the required book to arrange the loan. Such a system of co-operation enables the poorest villager in the distant corner to share the benefits which the combined library service would have to offer. A book stock running into millions can be thus brought within the reach of all users.

Sri S. R. Ranganathan, the father of the Indian library movement lays down as the first canon of library science that "Books are for use." How can maximum use be

made of books? The primary function of a library is to collect books and other kindred materials and make them ready for use by the public. It must select and collect books; and the books so collected and selected should be made useful. A librarian can have the satisfaction of having discharged the first function only if his choice of books is suited to the varied tastes and interests of the clientele his institution serves. Today many libraries fail disastrously to discharge this function. They confine their purchases to the end of the financial year and make a haphazard collection according to the fancy of the honorary secretary or president. No endeavour is made to lay down a scientific basis for the book selection process and to make the stock of books balanced. To ease the difficult task of book selection the services of experts in the various fields of knowledge must be sought. Librarians should follow reviews in perio-

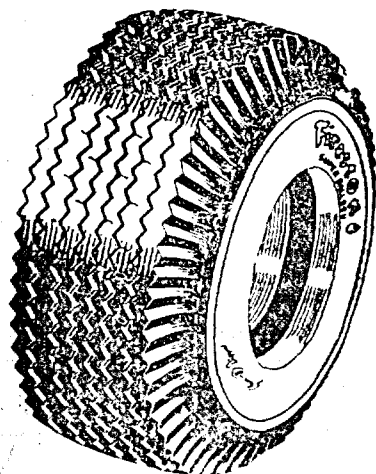
dicals and there should be no personal bias or prejudice in the selection of books.

How can the books so selected and purchased be made useful to the public? It is with the aid and help of catalogues that the contents of the library are disclosed. A library without a proper catalogue is like a country without a map. As certain maps mislead tourists some catalogues too misguide readers. The catalogue in vogue at present in many of our public libraries fall in this category. The physical form as well as the mode of compiling catalogues should be changed. For the efficient working of a library an elastic catalogue based on a scientific scheme of classification of knowledge is essential. The rigid printed catalogue which goes out of date the day it is printed should be replaced by the elastic card cabinet system. In short a classified and elastic catalogue which accommodates any new addition should be devised in every public library.

Of the 20 district central libraries that have been opened it appears not even ten are managed by professional librarians. The Government of Madras are deputing every year four to five graduates for post graduate study in librarianship. But this does not solve the problem. Librarianship should be recognised as a profession, and to attract young men of energy and drive, the posts should carry a decent scale of pay. The present scale is far from satisfactory and many who are now in the profession hesitate to continue. A training course, apart from that of the University, should be set up and standards prescribed.

Another difficulty is with regard to materials like books and periodicals. Publications in regional languages are very rare. Publishers and authors should make an earnest effort to bring out more publications in regional languages covering all branches of knowledge. Libraries play a very vital role in our present task of working a democratic constitution and building a welfare state. Bring books to people: this should be our motto at this juncture.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

BUSINESS THROUGH AID TO BACKWARD COUNTRIES

By ANDREW ROTH

IN about six months—barring the upset of a major war crisis—Britain seems likely to turn with enthusiasm to what is merely a holding operation today: the development of the underdeveloped areas.

Lip-service and a little more there has always been on the part of the British. Even before the Asian Revolution focussed attention on Asian and African poverty, Britain was making forms of non-private investment in its colonies, including the famous Punjab irrigation system.

Until recently, however, the post-war investment in the development of underdeveloped countries—including British colonies—has been largely *political* in its extent. Do the Asian dominions demand a plain for development which they can show to their voters in order to keep conservative, pro-British governments in power? Let us support the Colombo Plan. Does British Guiana need an economic 'shot in the arm' to reduce the attractiveness of the Communist-led P. P. P.? Let us invest £15 millions in the next five years in that tiny colony.

Only now is an undercurrent emerging which whimpers that economic expansion in Asia and Africa is one of Britain's main hopes for avoiding the effects of increasing competition for the shrinking markets of Asia and Africa.

The theme that economic development in Asia and Africa is good business for Britain was minor but persistent in two Parliamentary discussions recently, the March 18 discussion of UN Technical Assistance and the March 24 discussion on World Mutual Aid. But it was a substantial point which grew as various people pointed to it from various directions. "After all," said Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd on March 24, "half of the population of the underdeveloped countries of the free world is within the

British Commonwealth." And a larger proportion are within the Sterling Area.

Labourite M. P. Marquand pointed out that "the reasons for wishing to develop these areas are not merely patriotic or idealistic. We do not suggest it only because we feel pity for fellow members of the Commonwealth who are forced to live all day and all night . . . on the streets of Bombay and Calcutta. We ask that something more and something bigger than we have yet managed to accomplish shall be done for the good economic reason that lasting prosperity is indivisible.

"At this moment we in the West are aware of instances of greatly increased supplies of certain foodstuffs. Though, to us, it might appear from our own position that the real problem of the world is one of a surplus of foodstuffs, entirely the reverse is true. Food consumption in Asia, despite the improvement in the last year or two, is definitely still below the 1913 level . . . we dare not allow situation in which British farmers are in jeopardy because of the availability of cheap foodstuffs abroad while the people of India are chronically undernourished and even starving because they cannot afford the price of that food." Conservative M. P. Robson Brown, a steel industry executive, echoed this fear: "One of the things which is troubling everyone tonight is the disposal of surpluses, particularly in the United States."

"It is the buying power of the peasant and the worker," said this member of the national executive of the Conservative Party, "which will decide the level of world trade, and by conferring benefits on them we shall benefit ourselves."

The highly idealistic Sir Richard Acland, Christian Socialist, recalled the recent "Measures for the Economic Development of Under-developed countries" which estimated that

a rise of only 2 per cent per annum in the per capita income in underdeveloped countries would finance an annual importation of 10,000 million dollars worth of goods, services and materials from outside sources for economic development.

Philip Noel-Baker, former Labour Fuel Minister, demonstrated that Britain is already doing rather well out of current assistance programmes. He recalled that on February 3 the Government had disclosed that "approximately 71%" of the British contribution to UN Technical Assistance "was spent in the United Kingdom in technicians salaries and allowances in 1953. Rather more than the balance went towards fellowships and scholarships for nationals of underdeveloped areas to come here for training purposes, and towards fares, equipment and administration, all spent in this country." The Joint Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs had "categorically confirmed . . . that this meant that this country made a net gain on our balance of payments from the Technical Assistance Fund work. In 1952 we actually paid 1½ million dollars and we got something like 3 million dollars back . . . Investment through the United Nations is most advantageous precisely because it brings in contributions from other nations, securing an expenditure of perhaps £10 for every £1 which we put up."

Mr. Noel-Baker underlined the new doctrine of "trade follows the technicians." "The British Electricity Authority sent two electrical engineers to Yugoslavia; shortly afterwards, there came orders for thousands of pounds' worth of British electrical equipment . . ." The difficulty, businessman-M. P. Robson Brown pointed out, is that British technicians are not as willing to serve in Asia and Africa as some of Britain's competitors. "When we send out the plant and equipment we must encourage the technicians to follow . . . Britain should set out to become the premier technological training and recruiting ground for the free world."

The field in which the British Government is walking carefully and tentatively is the usual one of how

much to depend on the U. S. while competing with it. Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd explained that Britain had not gone along with the proposal for a \$150 million International Finance Corporation suggested last December because Britain "doubted the wisdom of having a central body in Washington to do this job . . . so far as this country is concerned, a Commonwealth Development and Finance Company has been set up." British Conservatives seem to prefer this way of working than all-out support to S. U. N. F. E. D. (Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development) which, they feel, will be impotent without American support and U. S.-dominated if the Americans decide to come in.

India's present irritation with American policy intensifies the likelihood that it will be the principle target if Britain realises the potentiality of economic development. It has long been obvious that the whole world, and particularly the exporting nations, will benefit if, say, Indian per capita income rises by £10 a year, producing £3850 millions more in consuming power. British exporters have been shocked by the extent to which they have been pushed out of Indian openings by the more imaginative approaches of Japanese and German exporters. Slowly, but with increasing speed, they are likely to pressure the Conservative government to speed up economic development work in the same way they have pressured it in the case of trade with the Communist countries. There is certainly more lasting benefit to Britain from rising consumption in India than in China. But how to find the capital?

Anecdote on Assistance

KENNETH Younger, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs in the Labour Government, made the point in the March 18 debate on United Nations technical assistance that it was not a question of aid but *how much* aid. He cited "the famous story of the Quaker who was present when an accident occurred and everyone was standing around saying how terribly sorry they were and yet doing nothing to help. Eventually the Quaker became irritated with an exceedingly

vocal man on his right and said, 'How much art thou sorry? I am sorry £10,' and produced £10 and gave it to the victim."

If attendance at the House of Commons at debates on assistance to underdeveloped countries is any indication, there are not even very many M. Ps. who want to spend their time saying "Sorry". Mr. Younger complained of the thin attendance at the March 18 debate and on March 24 there were only a small handful present on each side. The British press seemed even less interested because the very interesting contributions to the March 24 debate were virtually unreported even in the serious newspapers of the next day. At the end of the eight-hour debate I found myself the only auditor in the Upper Press Gallery—reserved for overseas press—and only a handful of verbatim reporters and agency men were in the Lower Press Gallery.

Yet, if the debate demonstrated nothing else it proved to the hilt the tremendous problem and challenge posed by the imbalance of world wealth.

"What is world poverty today?" asked Philip Noel-Baker, opening the debate for Labour. "President Truman, in one of his last speeches as President, said: 'The underdeveloped regions of the world are desperately poor, defenseless before famine and diseases, disabled by illiteracy.'"

"Their agriculture is done with hoes and sickles, and their output one-tenth of that in advanced countries. One person in every two in the world is short of food, and their diet is only 400 calories above the starvation level. One in eight suffers from malaria, yaws—a disease which involves boils all over the body for years on end—from tuberculosis, and from worm diseases which sometimes kill and always cripple.

"In the underdeveloped territories, infant mortality in some cases is 400 per 1,000: in Britain it is 27. The expectation of life is under 30: in Britain it is 65. One person in every two in the world can neither read nor write, and two out of every three earn less than £70 a year. In other words, 1,200 million of our fellow-men are

hungry, disease-ridden, ill-clothed and ill-housed from the cradle to the grave."

H. A. Marquand, former Labour Minister of Health, made it more graphic, pointing out that while the average per capita income in Britain is £250 per year, it is one-tenth that in India. "If there were fair shares for all . . . in the Commonwealth, it would mean reducing our own income by three-quarters to an average level of £50, and even then it would mean that we had little more than doubled the present appallingly low standard prevailing in India."

Instead of "fair shares," ex-miner T. W. Jones pointed out, "the gap between the rich countries and the poor countries (is) growing wider and wider each year" because it is the west which is able to apply the production-increasing technical advances.

The Guilty Conscience

IT is a measure of the effectiveness of the Asian Revolution that these things are now recognised as serious problems and not accepted as the inevitable way of the world. The Minister of State, Selwyn Lloyd, who presented the Conservative Government's viewpoint, went so far as to say: "I do not think that it is a matter for party differences . . . I think that the only differences . . . on this matter are differences of emphasis or degree."

Selwyn Lloyd could share with his Labour predecessors the aim of hoping economic development will serve as an obstacle to the development of Communism and political instability. "In some self-governing countries at the present time slowness in economic development has led to extreme political instability. It can lead to frequent changes of Government, totalitarian methods of suppressing popular feeling, dictatorships and the like, usually ending up in acute xenophobia, which is the last refuge of Governments which fail to meet the needs of their own people."

Despite this, he continued the practice of his Labour predecessors of exaggerating the extent of British aid to underdeveloped countries. He listed an impressive series of forms

of economic aid which sounded substantial as they fell quickly from his lips. But of the total of some £235 millions declared to have been advanced by Britain to underdeveloped countries in 1953, the largest single amount was the release of £57 millions in sterling balances to India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Egypt! In other words Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was continuing the Labour tradition of considering their withdrawal of *their own money* as British assistance. He carefully listed the £65 millions loaned to British colonies during 1953 but neglected to list the £98 millions the colonies, and particularly Malaya, West Africa and Hongkong, lent Britain in the form of sterling balance deposits in London. Another substantial figure included was the investment of £30 millions in Canada—scarcely an underdeveloped country by Asian or African standards!

If these loans to Canada, sterling balance withdrawals and colonial sterling balance deposits are subtracted from the total paraded by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's contribution comes to some £50 million which—by the yardstick held up by Sir Richard Acland—is less than twice what it cost the British Government to take sugar off the ration. This was described by most of the Conservative speakers as the outer limits of Britain's ability to help, and by Thomas Reid, the most Conservative of Labour M. Ps. interested in underdeveloped territories—he is a retired colonial administrator—as “enormous generosity.”

Let Private Capital do it!

THE fundamental viewpoint of the present British Government is that governmental loans and assistance should cover mainly those portions of investment which are not of interest to private capital—such as the building of roads, railways and communications and the dispatching of technicians wanted by underdeveloped countries. But the bulk of development, the Government still feels, should be carried forward by private capital.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd did not go as far as Sir William Darling, the Scottish

company director who sits for Edinburgh South and who looks like a socialist cartoon of a Victorian capitalist. So far as this colourful personality is concerned, the perfect type of aid to underdeveloped countries is old-fashioned imperialism. “The East India Company was a great piece of mutual aid, and where would India be today but for its efforts, carried out without any subsidies from a Government . . . (The) Singer Sewing Machine Company has done more for human happiness than the League of Nations and the United Nations put together. The British-American Tobacco Company has raised the standard of living all over the world for the people who help to produce tobacco.” But he admitted, “I am more proud of the past than certain of the future.”

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was more the smooth modern Conservative. “There is a great deal the underdeveloped countries can do to make investment in them more attractive,” he urged, “and the need is for security and fair treatment. On both sides of the House (of Commons) we are agreed that the days of quick profits and high returns are probably over, and if that attraction for foreign capital does not exist now there must be other attractions . . . such as the knowledge that lenders will receive fair treatment both as to the possibility of expropriation and in matters of taxation . . .”

The possibility that private capital will participate extensively in the over-all development of underdeveloped countries was ridiculed by Sir Richard Acland, the crusading Christian Socialist. He pointed out that a recent study on the international flow of private capital has demonstrated that it has flowed into countries either with a substantial amount of industrialisation or with richly endowed natural resources, such as the metal-rich Rhodesias. There had, in fact, been a net outflow of capital from Ceylon, India, Indonesia and Egypt. He quoted the report as saying: “It appears that private foreign capital tends to be attracted to plentiful natural resources rather than abundant manpower.”

“We now find,” Sir Richard concluded, “that the private capital does not now choose to do the job that needs doing, so (Conservatives) say, ‘We must try to create condition in which it will.’ But it does not do it because it has ‘got the wind up.’ It is afraid of the economic and political instability . . . Capitalists as a whole are afraid of what they regard as excessive wage claims which may be made upon them by excited workers waking up from their poverty. They are afraid of the taxation which may be imposed upon them to finance hospitals, schools and other social services which may be necessary . . . They are afraid that nationalistic Governments may nationalize their installations and factories. All of these things are incidents in the revolution which is going forward—and capital says, ‘Assuage our fears on all these points, and then we will go in and do the job.’ In other words, private capitalism is saying to the world revolution ‘Chloroform the revolution and then we will go in and cure it.’ This is a complete impossibility.”

He quoted in support of his thesis, Chester Bowles, former U. S. Ambassador in India, who wrote in his recent “Ambassador's Report:” “There is a vicious circle. The very revolutionary instability in Asia which leads every-one to recommend economic development as an essential cure is a major cause for the reluctance of private capital to go there.”

Sir Richard urged bigger and speedier action. He described the Colombo Plan as merely the “stabilization of misery,” in the phrase of David Morse, Director-General of the I. L. O. Money must be spent ten times as fast and effectively to make any impress, he insists, pointing out that in British Guiana, to counter the Communist-led P. P. P., the British Government is now going to spend on economic development a sum which “corresponds to a rate of expenditure of £5,000 million per year on the 1½ billion inhabitants of the underdeveloped countries of the world.”

Perhaps the most systematic approach to the development of under-

developed countries was that of H. A. Marquand, former Labour Minister of Health, who returned from his recent visit to India with a crusading fervour motivating a clear-cut approach, centering about five principles:

“ . . . In the first place, we must plan to distribute to the citizens of the underdeveloped countries sufficient purchasing power to enable them to buy the products of their labour . . . One cannot deal with this problem adequately unless the instruments employed provide somehow that those people who need the goods shall be able to buy and consume them, and that by our effort of development we do not reproduce the abominable conditions of scarcity in the midst of plenty which we had between the wars . . . If we apply it, it is a reassurance to the people of the underdeveloped countries and of our own Commonwealth that what we are planning is not an exploiting but a helping form of investment.

My second principle is that we must plan for world full employment and not for restriction. By that I mean that all nations willing to help must be allowed to play their part—all nations without exception, whatever their faults and whatever crimes they may have committed in the past . . . The secret of full employment is in the maintenance of purchasing power and a proper planning of investment . . .

Thirdly, we must recognize the need to prime the pump of economic activity by social investment . . . Too often we forget that the construction of railways and roads is an essential preliminary to any of these development projects and that railways and roads have never paid for themselves, not even in the history of the United States . . . One will find that in the early stages these things cannot pay their way and must be provided by grants-in-aid and not for a dividend-earning project.

That applies to railways and roads and it applies, also, to schools and health centres. They, too, although

very valuable in themselves as humanitarian projects, are necessary economically. The Indian Five Year Plan has as its first priority the conquest of malaria because endemic malaria has sapped the strength of the Indian people over many centuries . . .

Fourthly, we must base our projects more than we have in the past on the peasant cultivator . . . we must try to ensure that the peasant cultivator, rather than the hired laborer working on a plantation, is the typical product of the effort we try to make.

Fifthly, because our resources are certainly not great enough to accomplish all we want to do as quickly as we would like, we must determine priorities and plan in stages . . . I believe that a world development authority could best help us fulfil these conditions. It seems essential if we are to fulfill them all at once . . .

It is astonishing to see the way in which human energy, energy of the human spirit, can be released if it is given that stimulus and opportunity which arises from such efforts. It is rather like the release of nuclear energy where no one except a trained physicist ever suspected that such a thing existed in an apparently inert piece of matter and it is found that it can produce energy capable of destroying a whole city . . . I have seen it done in India, in community projects, in the sudden release of energy which did not seem to be there when one saw men squatting all day in the dust and apparently doing nothing whatever. Given the assurance that they really 'belong,' that society cares about them, and given the opportunity to learn proper means of cultivation and given freedom from the exploitation of the usurer and the landlord, the human spirit awakens and one can get something done.

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JVZ-4



TONGUES IN BONES

Form A Suicide's Diary

—Short Story—

By

Rama Srinivasan

THE sudden suicide of Dr. Subramaniam must have filled such of you who came to know the news, with surprise and sorrow that such a promising career should be cut short in so sad a manner. As his close friend and personal lawyer, I was the first to receive the news, when his servant came rushing to me on the morning of the discovery. I was amazed and shocked, more so because I knew he was engaged to be married. Breaking the news to Sudha, the only person who mattered as he had no close relations, was my first concern especially since this death of her fiance followed so closely that of her father.

As a matter of fact Subramaniam had appeared very morose from the day Sudha's father had died on his operating table. Quite natural of course, but could this lead to suicide? Colour seemed to be lent to the odd rumour I had heard that the old man had died due to some carelessness of the doctor.

Throughout the day when I was busy arranging for the last rites, my mind ran on thus over the various possible reasons for the doctor's decision to take his own life. Imagine my surprise then to find a packet addressed to the doctor's hand, awaiting me on my return, wearied in mind, heart and body. The packet contained the doctor's personal diary, whose pages unfolded the dramatic story of his suicide. I can do no better than to give the entries as they were:—

Jan. 1st 1952. The first of Jan. the day of good resolution, and to me a day of great events. Firstly, in the morning I saw and met "the only girl in the world for me." Sounds

like a fatuous romantic song but there it is, the truth. Sudha brought her old father along to be examined. The symptoms described seemed to indi-

cate a cancerous growth. Must wait for sometime before it can be operated upon . . . What a girl! Must start off in right earnest to woo and win her. Have asked them to come again in couple of days . . . Secondly, made an amazing discovery during an exciting afternoon. An emergency case was brought along. Gored badly by a bull. His entrails were dripping out and the horns had ripped open his leg exposing the bone. Had a tough time. But while cleaning the gash in the leg, chanced to see some scratches on the bone. On close examination these appeared to be words. Words! Deciphered them as "He said Let there be light . . ." Even now cannot really believe I saw them—must have been a hallucination. A sorry state of affairs if I have started suffering from delusions! Anyhow stitched up the leg. Thank heavens, did nothing rash as showing it to the nurse! Imagine if she had seen nothing! Have come nearly to the end of the page—must curb my hand. Purchased a diary, a big fat one. Decided to record events regularly. There you are! A good resolution for the 1st of Jan.

2nd Jan.: Nothing much—patient with amazing bones better. Have read yesterday's outpourings. Could it have been a hallucination? Not possible. No reason at all. Wonder if I can take a peek again at his bones!

3rd Jan.: Patient indifferent. Quite sure I must have seen those words

I cannot bear a life of fear and dread that she may discover my secret, and hate me when she does . . . There is no place in this world for me

on his bones. Feeling very restless over this. If it is a fact then it is one of the greatest discoveries. If not, I must take rest! Hallucinations indeed! No, not quite impossible. The words must have been there. His name is—no, he shall merely be Patient with a capital P. Am told by his relatives he is a very devout Christian.

5th Jan.: Had a battle for Patient today. Rather old for such adventures. Almost died—then perhaps I could have examined his bones at leisure. However may recover, and live for a long time, blasting my chances of a great discovery. I learnt further about him—seems to lead an unhappy life dependant on an ungrateful son and shrewish daughter-in-law. The son gave me a shock today. "Father's religious madness is such a bore. Ingrained to the bone in it . . . Ha! ha!" he laughed. To me it had such a sinister ring . . . Sudha and her father did not come today. Am disappointed.

6th Jan.: Sudha came today with her father. Had a long chat with the old man. What amazing luck! Seems he and my father were classmates in college, and were inseparable friends. Have got the invitation to drop in often at their house. As if I needed an invitation!

8th Jan.: Patient still hesitating between life and death. If only he would die! Met an old acquaintance—Ramaswamy the Ghoul! that used to bring corpses for dissections in the Medical College. No questions asked!

9th Jan.: Dropped in at Sudha's house on my way to the Hospital, on the pretext of seeing her father. The old man was at his morning *puja*. Spent a few very pleasant minutes, chatting with Sudha. Said I would come round tomorrow evening to see her father.

11th Jan.: Was held up at the hospital last evening. P's condition critical. When I went to Sudha's house in the evening found the house locked. The neighbour said something about their having to go away

suddenly to their village. Am feeling desolate.

15th Jan.: P's condition unchanged. The way his son and daughter-in-law behave, feel like finishing him off, and confirming my discovery as well. Thinking back I am not certain I really saw those words. Why not make sure?

16th Jan.: Have done something dreadful. Cannot really imagine what mad impulse made me do it. Perhaps the attitude of the blasted son and daughter-in-law of the P. Perhaps the hope that my discovery can be confirmed if P. dies. Perhaps the black despair that there has been no news about Sudha and her father. Anyhow the deed is done. P. is dead. Everybody is happy all round. Nobody even suspects—how could they?—that I deliberately destroyed the old man. Must keep this diary carefully hidden away. Am feeling too overwhelmed to write anything further.

17th Jan.: Had a sleepless night. Passed through all moods from deep despair to stoic resignation at the deed I have done. Can do nothing about it now. Must make the best of it. Must send for Ramaswamy the Ghoul, and get the body. At least let some good come out of the evil.

19th Jan.: R. the G. will fetch the P. tonight. Am almost reconciled to the deed, especially after meeting the son and daughter-in-law by chance.

20th Jan.: Another day of exciting events. R. the G. smuggled in P's body last night. And believe it or not, there were the words from the Bible, graven as it were, on the deadman's bones. But no, before I could read the lines fully, they faded before my eyes. Due to exposure perhaps. So I am not suffering from hallucinations after all! What a relief! Yet what is that compared to the excitement of the discovery! Felt like rushing out of the house and proclaiming it! Just managed to restrain myself. This is no time to get convicted for manslaughter! . . . A welcome letter from Sudha's father. It seems they had to go away to their village suddenly, to visit an ailing

sister of his. They will be back on the 29th.

29th Jan.: Last few days have passed rather restlessly. Can hardly believe what has happened to me. Am getting jittery. Unable to concentrate on my work.

30th Jan.: Went rather late in the evening to Sudha's house. Her father had said his evening prayers and was singing *bhajans* in the *puja* room. Oh, the ecstasy in his voice as he sang! For the first time in several days I felt a sense of peace and was able to forget my worries. Stayed on for a while after he finished the *bhajans*. Have been invited to dinner tomorrow.

31st Jan.: Fortune seems to be favouring me. Went over to Sudha's house for dinner. Oh, the wonderful surprise the old man sprang on me! With a twinkle in his eyes he said he had decided that I am a very eligible match for Sudha, and that his sister also agreed with him when he talked the matter over with her. So if I was willing I could pop the question to Sudha myself; How the dear girl blushed when I asked her! Her sweet smile was my answer.

10th Feb.: Diary not filled for some days. But what glorious time in the company of Sudha! And what glorious time ahead! But there still is the thing that is making me restless.

15th Feb.: Damn this curiosity that keeps gnawing at the back of my mind. Was P. a freak of nature? How can I know unless I experiment on another person? But this is monstrous. I must put this thought from my mind for ever. There are other things I can think about. The wonderful days I have spent in the company of Sudha! The day I can call her my own!

18th Feb.: Has been a very disappointing and tiring day. Was planning to take Sudha to the Industrial Exhibition but was forced to go to the hospital and was tied down to an emergency case. A man involved in a street accident—had a complicated fracture. A rather serious case since the collarbone and three ribs had been broken causing injuries to

the internal organs. In a way was rather excited when attending to the patient. Was hoping to find something to add to my discovery. But what a disappointment! Not a scratch of a letter anywhere on the man's bones. Patient's condition is also very serious. Sudha's day was also completely spoilt. Am feeling very tired and in rather low spirits.

20th Feb.: P. 2. collapsed today. Never had much hopes of his recovery. Seems he was a businessman. Sudha seems more upset than I am over his death. "Why couldn't he have died immediately after the accident? Why must he die after you had done all you could for him?" she cried petulantly. Poor child! Going to be tough job for her, being a doctor's wife.

24th Feb.: Last few days have got me wondering a lot. Was P. 1. a freak after all? Or is there something in the saying: "Ingrained to the bone in Religion, which applies only to certain people? P. 1. was a very devout Christian while P. 2. was only an ordinary businessman . . . But that way madness lies. Haven't I been deluded once? But no, it was not a delusion I made sure, didn't I?

25th Feb.: Sudha has not got over the death of P. 2. yet. She is not her old self. I miss her carefree laughter. Seems to have grown more restrained. Can she bear the life of a doctor's wife? Is she worried about her father's health? Or does she suspect something is bothering me? Must say have become rather moody and queer.

1st Mar.: Try as I may, am not able to dismiss my secret as silly. Am not able to concentrate on my work . . . Examined Sudha's father today. The cancerous growth is ripe for operation. Have asked him to come on the 15th. Sudha seems rather worried. Poor girl! Have told her there is nothing to worry about.

10th Mar.: With his operation impending, Sudha refuses to leave her father at home and go out with me. Natural of course, but can I help feeling disappointed? Hope the old man comes through the operation all right. He must.

14th Mar.: Went to see Sudha in the evening. We sat in companionable silence, brooding over our worries. After a while, in an attempt to make conversation, I said: "Your father is extremely religious, isn't he?" "Yes, isn't he? Ingrained to the bone in religion," she laughed, and when I was deeply startled: "Why do you start like that? It was only a feeble attempt at a joke." "How do you know it is a joke?" I blurted. "What do you mean?" "Oh, nothing." And I shut up like a clam. Poor girl! She gave me an odd look, and seeing that I was upset. "Your nerves seem to be all on edge," she said, and changed the subject. Feel a deep sense of foreboding.

15th Mar.: A terrible thing has happened. Sudha's father is dead. Yes, he died on my operating table. God save me from this agonising self-torture! What have I done? Oh, blast that cursed discovery of mine! If I had not seen those lines from the Vedas on the old man's bones! But they were there, and I saw them. The knife slipped from my hand and Sudha's father is no more. Sudha's aunt is here to keep her company. Oh, the poor unhappy girl! What can I do to console her? How can I look her in the face after what has happened?

16th Mar.: Have taken a week's leave. Am in no condition to work. Vague rumours are flitting about that Sudha's father died due to my carelessness and Sudha has heard them. Oh, if I could wipe out that haunting accusing look in her eyes!

20th Mar.: If only I knew what to do!

21st Mar.: What has been done cannot be undone. I cannot live to be a good doctor, for my profession will put too many temptations in my way, of risking more lives in experiments. It is enough that I have killed two innocent beings... After what has happened I cannot live to be good husband to Sudha. My guilt will allow me no happiness, and I shall only make her miserable. I cannot bear a life of fear and dread that she

may discover my secret, and hate me when, she does. Better that I die now than that I should live to see her miserable. Better that she hates me now so that she may learn to love someone else later on. God bless her! There is no place in this world for me. The sooner I leave it the better for everyone. Life will only be a hell on earth... let not my secret die with me... It is a far far better thing that I do now than I have ever done... Who said that?... The page ends. So ends my life. The only way out. The only way out.

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Nightmare or Dream?

"TO hell with wives, to hell with marriages, to—"

"What is it, my dear? Why are you in such a rage?" I asked, entering my husband's room.

"You dare ask that? Get the hell out of here, I tell you," he roared, as if he was face to face with his life's mortal enemy.

"Why don't you confide in me? Am I not your wife?"

"You are, really you are, but it's no business of yours," he yelled in sevenfold savage fury.

I felt victimised, unduly. Any sense of hurt made me go for the facts. Heavens, how he scowled at me!

"You must tell me the reason for these, your stupid statements. I have every right to know as I am your own wedded wife."

"Indeed! It's news to me," he sneered.

"News! What news?"

"What you announced just now. Because all these days I thought you were my obedient wife, my loving wife Lakshmi. Search your own conscience and tell me."

I thought from his tone that he was going to relent, but his seeming serenity only irritated me, making me fly at him.

"Why, you never gave me the slightest chance to obey you to show you that I love you. Is it my fault?" I said, mockingly.

"Good God! That was why I said: To hell with marriages," he cried, in exasperation; "why shouldn't they land in that pleasant spot?"

"It is because of short-tempered husbands like you—"

I broke off abruptly seeing him gnaw his nether lip and clench his fists.

"Will you get out of this room, please?"

His voice which held a threat but made me more stubborn.

"Why should I? I have every right to stay where I want to. Hard words break no bones, my dear."

"You fool, you daughter of Satan, quit this room this instant or—"

Before he could finish his sentence, like a thunderclap, I saw the paper-

weight careering towards my head. I swerved just in time. I was not much hurt. In ordinary circumstances I would have collapsed. But not now. I must either win or lose with this husband of mine, I thought.

"Who is behaving like the devil incarnate?"

"Why do you waste your breath, needlessly?"

"I shall quit this room—the whole world itself," I cried, and in a flood of tears ran out, cursing the while the day I was born and myself for my weakness. Yes, I shouldn't have cried before him having shown myself spirited. Where vanished my courage, my obstinacy? I wondered.

In the night I kept awake thinking, planning a dozen ways to kill myself. As an old friend of mine did, why not drink iodine like water? Or take an overdose of sleeping pills? Or swallow in one gulp a pinch of potassium cyanide? Or hang myself? But supposing all these failed... I began to hesitate. In that moment of my utter foolishness I shouldn't have vexed my already angry husband. Men are so touchy... Should I wait till the morrow morn and make it up with him? No, a thousand times no. That would only cheapen me in his estimate. So what? I got up, rummaged my drawer, and fetching out certain pamphlets began to pore over them which were details about the virulence of different kinds of poison. And thus absorbed I knew not when I fell asleep, but when I opened my eyes I saw my husband staring down at me. His sight made me shudder a little, the next instant I was bold and brazen.

"Now I suppose you've got a knife to stab me," I jeered at him.

For answer he sat on the edge of my bed, taking my hands into his. Their warmth was disturbing but I wanted to destroy.

"Sorry to have hurt you like that, please forget it," he said, in a voice soft and appealing. I managed to swallow a couple of sobs.

"Why did you behave that nastily?" I asked, remaining as placid as I could.

"I am afraid you won't understand, that's all there's to it, my dear," he

said. "I've had a letter from your father."

"You mean the Satan?"

"Oh, stop it, Lakshmi. He writes to say that everything is ready for your sister's marriage and as your mother is unable to cope with this and that and a hundred other things for the wedding he wants you home this week itself—are you listening, Lakshmi?"

"But you wanted all the past and future marriage to go to hell—" I held out, perversely.

"Not mine, of course," he said, smiling, "and you've got to tell me what is it there in your hands."

Of a sudden I remembered the medical pamphlets. Before I could reply he had snatched them off my hands. He glanced quickly at their contents and was silent for a while. His eyebrows lifted quizzically.

"So you were planning to die eh?" "What else could I do? You made my life so miserable."

I couldn't contain myself any longer and burst out weeping. And through my tears I saw the smile I had seen earlier in his face broadening like the rising sun.

"You poor dear," he said, "are you still thinking of dying?"

"If not today some other day," I said, firmly.

"All right, let us not talk about it any further. It's getting on for four o' clock. We can only have a few hours' sleep. Now smile, there's a dear."

I COULD not help smiling. Rather foolish of me to have succumbed to his honeyed words. But what woman is there and a married one at that who has not surrendered to her man in the aftermath of a tiff that is real bliss? I laughed at myself.

"Lakshmi!"

It was my father calling.

I removed the blanket that covered me cap-a-pie; yes, sure enough, he stood by my side, looking anxiously into my face.

"What is it, you are laughing in your sleep?" he said, half-seriously, half-jocularly.

I then told him about my dream, my nightmare if you are pleased to

put it that way, and he said you are still a child and such is life and one has to face it.

K. RAMALAKSHMI

AND BY THIS MOON . . .

THE quiet moon
And hush of treesong
Breaking
In swooning waves
Over
The darknight air—
Hah,
These my companions are,
Serenading
Lady my Queen,
Beloved and most fair.
And comes she soon
With touch of ease, strong,
Waking
The soul she saves,
Love
Who thus sings fair;
Oh,
She will end my woe,
All-pervading,
Lady once seen,
Forever loved, and rare.
And this her boon
(My flush of love), long
Taking
Her strength, now craves
No more
Relief from care;
For
She has become my law
Liberating:
Lady serene,
Most perfect, most aware!

Hah, I must sing with love
And droop
The moving finger
Lightly on the keen string,
Gaily adoring:—
Whither my heart may move,
Her cup
Of light love lingers:
Brightly I seek, and bring
That grail from far:
Her love to her
Restoring.

And by this moon,
I plain a keen song,
Waking
From sleeping graves
Afar
(I know not where)
Souls
Free, whom compassion holds,
My heart aiding:
Lady, my Queen,
No lovesong this, but prayer . . .

J. G. H.

WORDSWORTH:

His "Prelude" and the Upanishads

THE PRELUDE shows, by its subtitle, "The Growth of a Poet's Mind." It is an authentic record of Wordsworth's life from childhood to early middle age, told with such apparent sincerity that in spite of its occasional dullness, its egoism and didacticism, it remains a reservoir of pure poetic energy demonstrating Wordsworth's thesis of life, always poetical, but never clearly philosophical although it touches philosophy at points. A theory of life invites an ideal, which flourishes like a flower amid nettle and an ideal in life imports a mission. Wordsworth claimed for himself a mission to interpret Nature, felt that a

. . . bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else
sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit,

to rouse in man perception leading to discipline—"teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding."

How far did Wordsworth himself realize this ideal of the dedicated spirit? What exactly did he mean by Nature?—the Universe implying the Highest Truth: the mind of Man and the mind of God as being identical? If so did he attain the vision and comprehension of it? To these questions raised by his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, a Hindu approach in the light of the Upanishadic lore is attempted here.

The Prelude describes Wordsworth's childhood and boyhood as happy, in the sense that it provided an excellent preparation for his poetic maturity. Nature for him was fraught with danger and desire:—

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I
grew up

Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.
He becomes vaguely aware of a life about him, of a higher power than fancy, but airy phantasies oppress his mind and though welcome light dawns from the East, it dawns only to disannear

And mock me with a sky that ripens
not

Into a steady morning.

But in the crisis of adventure it is not the sense of physical fear that overpowers him; it is imaginative terror before a power as yet uncomprehended:—

When I have hung

Above the raven's nest, by knots of
grass

And half-inch fissures in the slippery
rock

But ill-sustained, and almost (so it
seemed)

Suspended by the blast that blew
amain,

Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at
that time

While on the perilous ridge I hung
alone,

With what strong utterance did the
loud dry wind

Blow through my ear! the sky seemed
not a sky

Of earth—and with what motion
moved the clouds!

The mind of man is like a moon in which thoughts like shadows chase one another, and as these thoughts are sometimes harmonious but often mutually hostile, there does not seem to be an integral and abiding power in or about it. The movement of the mind is usually towards the world, not towards the Self, the Primary Me; and even when it is so, it is concerned with the objectivity of the world. Anaxagoras found in mind the primal element; Kant came with his famous dictum: The World arises in consciousness. Using the same knowledge, and by a process of contemplation brightened by memory and strengthened by the Imaginative Will, Wordsworth sees the smallest fragment in the world as wakeful and alert and tingling with life, with the life of the whole.

. . . him who looks

In steadiness, who hath among least
things

An undersense of greatest: sees the
parts

As parts, but with a feeling of the
whole.

This is at best only a mystical experience, and even when he speaks of:

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit
grows

Like harmony in music, there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together,
In one society.

or,

Wisdom and spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the Eternity of Thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that built up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.—

Contemplation which he has wrought out of a "wise passiveness" into a theory of knowledge only succeeds in reinforcing the imaginative Will and fails to realize a Truth higher than Nature. He worships "Presences of Nature in the Sky and on the Earth," "Visions of the Hills," and "Souls of Lonely Places;" such a worship, while bestowing on him the sense of the eternal in life, does not give him even fleeting glimpses of his own Soul, of which the Universe is the symbol and the reflection. His poetic insight, which is as intense in motive as his poetic vision, leads him to the very frontier of a discovery of the secret of the Universe, as in the following passages:

But that the soul
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,

With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.
And when the eye is single in utter solitude:—

Of in those moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect in the mind.

Or, when a mood of his own warred with the general tendency of external things, but for the most part subdued and subservient:—

An auxiliar light
Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye!
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

"Possible Sublimity," "A Prospect in the Mind," "An Auxiliar Light," are phrases timid of the Supreme Reality, the One Truth underlying the apparent three: the World and the Soul and God; they fail to convey the Upanishadic ideal of *atma-saksatkara* or self-realization, the realization that the Universe is but the expression of One Universal Self, *Brahman*.

As Professor Raleigh well observes:

He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the Universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices . . . For himself, he sought admittance

to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight.

Wordsworth did not surrender himself in the process of contemplation—which surrender is the supreme Yoga; by a series of accumulated impressions he touched his own past, and wrapped his experiences in the glowing amber of memory. And because there was no surrender of the individual self he mistook the illumination of his own highly wrought emotions as the divine illumination. His ultimate conception of Nature was her identity with life.

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,

Characters of the great Apocalypse, The types and symbols of Eternity Of first and last and midst and without end.

All he beheld "respired with inward meaning."

It was no madness, for the bodily eye Amid my strongest workings evermore

Was searching out the lines of difference

As they lie hid in all effertal forms, Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye

Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,

To the broad ocean and the azure heavens

Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,

Could find no surface where its power might sleep;

Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,

And by an unrelenting agency Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

However, by this identity with life it should not be meant that any theory of pantheism is attributed to

Wordsworth. He is a pantheist in so far as he is a pagan naturalist by his minute and intimate descriptions of the phenomena of Nature:

And common face of Nature spake to me

Remarkable things.

When the meaning of the phenomena stood out clear before his eyes, he tried to discover it and was caught in the mazes of a mystical philosophy.

With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased

With its own struggles, did I meditate On the relation those abstractions bear

To Nature's laws, and by what process led

Those immaterial agents bowed their heads

Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;

From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,

From system to system without end.

Again and again Wordsworth creates these moods of suspension by reason of his analysis, and there is no getting away from the ego-centre, to which his experiences have narrowed him down. But Nature to him is always *Natura Benigna*, as Watts-Dunton puts it, and he finds his poise in her:

For what we are and what we may become

Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,

His Pure Word by miracle revealed.

Or,

The power which all

Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express Resemblance of that glorious faculty That higher minds bear with them as their own

This is the very spirit in which they deal

With the whole compass of the Universe!

They from their native selves can send abroad

Kindred mutations; for themselves create

A like existence; and whene'er it dawns

Created for them, catch it, or are
caught
By its inevitable mastery
Like angels stopped on the wing by
sound
Of Harmony from Heaven's remotest
spheres!

* * * * *

Such minds are truly from the Deity.

These passages reveal a touch of the Infinite, but Nature is hardly the Upanishadic *Brahman*. By reason, blest by faith, Wordsworth exalts, spiritual beauty:—

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine,
—which exaltation he uses to evoke
the harmony within him.

The Upanishads do not recognize the reality of the separative soul; the Reality is only the state of utter egolessness, freedom of the self from the bondage of the body and the realization that Man himself is the Supreme, timeless and spaceless. Such a realization experiences the mysteries of which Wordsworth wrote but never fully experienced.

Those mysteries of being which have
made

And shall continue evermore to make
Of the whole human race one brother-
hood.

Wordsworth had the poetic vision preeminently, but he lacked the spiritual vision which is the basis of all Yoga; and he built on Nature, now with introspection, now with analytical reasoning, an opulent mansion, pale beyond porch and portal of the One Reality, for his Self to inhabit. And he lived here in holy communion with Nature, in the bliss of solitude, strengthened by the memory of a youth that was immortal. And today he remains a great nature-mystic instead of the *atma-gnani* he might have been had he escaped his ego. But when life becomes to one an oppressive night, his faith will shine like a neon gleam to light one in one's darkness; his honesty strengthen, his primordial tenderness, like wholesome herbs, heal and console.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Thyagaraja Utsavam in the City

SPEAKING at the Sri Thyagaraja Utsavam celebrated on Sunday March 28, by the Gandharva Gana-layam, Tiruvateeswaranpet, Madras,



Mr. S. Parthasarathi appealed to vidwans and teachers in music to adhere to the original path of the Saint's kritis as far as possible. Mr. E. Krishna Iyer presided.

After puja, the students of the Ganalayam rendered the pancha-ratna kritis in chorus and it was well appreciated by the audience. Mr. S. Parthasarathi speaking on "Thyagaraja and his kritis" quoted autobiographical references from the kritis and explained that Thyagaraja was an emissary of God to propagate the gospel of musical path to Moksha. He particularly mentioned the kritis "Koluvayyunnade" (Devagandhari), "Dorakuna Ituvanti Seva" (Bilahari), "Kalinarulaku" (Kuntalavarali) "Dayajochutaku" (Ganavaridhi). In the last mentioned kriti he says that he has finished the appointed task conscientiously and appeals to God to take him over.

The kritis relating to the subject of nada, the speaker added, should be specially studied by all those interested in sangita. The production of nada, how music should be practised and how through the practice of music one can realise nada, which in its ultimate form is Godhead, are all given in such interesting detail that these kritis make a very absorbing and profitable study. He appealed to vidwans and teachers in music not to do anything by way of improvisation which would tend to mar the beauty of the original.

"MUSICLOVER"

New Books

THE GOLDEN ECHO

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WHY is one man interested in the life of another? There could be either of two reasons. One could be interested in the life of another



David Garnett

because one has known him personally and his life had affected one's own in some manner, or, he may be so well known because of his achievements in a particular field that one desires to peep behind the curtain and get a full length impression of the complete man a part of whom one has come to be interested in as a public figure. Neither of these obvious reasons apply to the autobiography of David Garnett as far as most Indian readers are concerned, though no Indian reader can help getting interested in the book if he happens to read it.

So let us ask the more relevant question: Why should any man want to write the story of his own life?

Each man may have his own reason, varying from the mercenary to the idealistic, from the vain egotistic to the self-effacing loyalty to a cause. David Garnett suggests there could be three reasons for his writing the story of his life. The title itself is taken from a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins, in which the poet states his belief in an after-life where transient beauty of flower and face alike, "never fleets more, fastened with the tenderest truth to its own best being . . . it is an everlastingness of O, it is an all youth!" Garnett does not share this belief of Hopkins's, but he does want to tell his friends, and they have been, and are many that after death,

*Yet meet we shall, and part and
meet again*

*Where dead men meet, on lips of
living men.*

But deep philosophy and frail wishing apart there is of course this that bits of us live intermittently in others, our children and grandchildren and their children. Garnett says that "for each kind of emergence after death—with thoughts of many—or the natures of a few—a written record helps." Helps whom? Helps the writer or the reader? Garnett suggests it as a reason for writing the story of his life. "Yet if one lives a good deal with them in the past, one is tempted to write about it."

But who are these with whom Garnett has lived in the past? *The Golden Echo* does not contain at the end an index to the persons mentioned in the book. If it did it would read like an intellectual's Who's Who for the period starting from about the turn of the century and ending with the beginning of World War I. Writers: W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, Joseph Conrad,

John Galsworthy, Strachey, Ezra Pound, Rupert Brooke, Hilaire Belloc, E. V. Lucas, W. B. Yeats; Fabians: Shaw . . . the Webbs, Brailsford, Wells; Revolutionaries: Stepniak, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Verazassulich, Plekhanov, Savarkar, Bepin Chandra Pal, Abdul Krim of the Riffe tribe in Morocco, Ford Hueffer who published the *English Review*, Trench who produced plays at the Hay market, Iden Payne of the Manchester Repertory Company, his wife Mona Limeric the famous actress, Duncan Grant the painter—they are all there. And these are not merely famous or well-known people about whom Garnett has culled out details or recollected incidents he had heard of to put into an interesting book, but persons who kept walking in and out of his home. In fact the everydayness of his association with these many famous men and women is often so homely like that of two middle-aged bank clerks living near Clapham common, that the dramatic potentialities of many such apparently unexciting episodes are really breathtaking. When Garnett was perhaps eight: "It was next morning that we made friends. There was a jolly wind and it was washing day. I was alone with Conrad, and suddenly he was making me a sailing boat." Ten years later, seventeen-year old Garnett was camping near a weirhouse over the river near Pen-shurst. After a few days some friends joined him." The following night, just after we had all retired to sleep, there were gay shouts of greeting and we emerged from sleeping bags and tents to find two young men from Cambridge had come to join us. They were Rupert Brooke and Dudley Ward." Casual references like these to people whom we can only think of as the illustrious great are so many and so frequent that while reading *The Golden Echo* we begin to wonder whether Garnett is so completely naive and simple that it does not occur to him to reflect what effect his genius-strewn narration will have on the reader, or whether he is so incurably vain that he cannot describe his eating a piece of toast without mentioning that it was the Poet-laureate who passed the butter.

We know that Garnett's is merely a factual narration, but while reading the book we have repeatedly to remind ourselves of this truth.

The opportunities that came Garnett's way to meet so many of the distinguished and talented men and women of the time are not however surprising. Considering his genealogy and the disposition of his home life, that was inevitable. One of the Garnetts was a co-founder of the *Manchester Guardian*; David's grandfather, Richard Garnett, was a librarian of the British Museum; Edward Garnett, David's father, was a reader to Unwin's, the publishers. If on the Garnett side of David's family the critical instinct was stronger than the creative, it was more than made up for by contributory influences from the distaff side. David's mother, Constance Black, was a granddaughter of George Patten, A. R. A., who had been portrait-painter in ordinary to the Prince Consort. Constance herself went to Cambridge and in her final examinations came out bracketed top in the Classical Tripos. She became a socialist and was a member of the Fabian Society; she was even on its Executive Committee for some time. She was the sort of woman Shaw might have married, if he could have afforded it. Under the circumstances David Garnett could not have helped meeting half the intellectual aristocracy of Europe—the unconventional half as it happened. To achieve this Edward and Constance contributed almost equally. Edward developed a contempt for the academic critics and went in search of the living genius. His mission, naturally, led him to unconventional waters. Constance was a Fabian Socialist before socialism had become the accepted thing that it is today. So she too tended to meet and concentrate on the original and the unconventional. "They were in deed pioneers, who could not have been happy in a community, or on the outskirts of one . . . they did not belong, and they rejected and did not wish to fit into the Victorian social hierarchy." Born of such parents, at the time at which he was,

David Garnett could have lived only the sort of life he did.

The present book is 272 pages long and closes with the threat: END OF VOLUME ONE. Garnett has taken 272 pages to deal with the first 22 years of his life. He is now sixty-two and if he intends to complete the narration in its entirety, presumably the second volume which would deal with his mature life will be much longer. I do not know if this wealth of details and recollections were quite necessary. The average reader if he tries to read through this book will, frankly, find it too long and boring. Each section, each page, each incident is interesting enough if approached with the mental preparedness necessary for a work of this type, but the volume as a whole is littered with too many minutiae of reminiscences and cluttered up with names of persons who are mentioned for no other reason but that they were there. Perhaps if Garnett had waited till the second volume was also ready and then asked someone else to edit it both and condense them into some two hundred and fifty pages, the book would have been a remarkable photographic impression of a period in English history rich with talent, redolent of ideas and throbbing with change. That book would have more than lived up to the title. *The Golden Echo* it surely would have been.

But this volume will surely have a group of readers who will find every line and page of it fascinating. That is because of the evocative nature of the material contained in this autobiography. To them each name and date, each detail and description will have an intimate significance which will escape the average reader. This small group of readers already know so much about the period covered and the great and the companions of the great who figured on the intellectual stage of the day, that, to them, all the various details in Garnett's narrative add up. A walk in the woods with the Olivier girls denotes to them a trend, the Victorian social structure crumbling up. It is symbolic of stuffiness and conventionalism giving way to

freshness and individual freedom. If W. B. Yeats was a regular visitor at the Garnetts' home it is part of a wider pattern known to them. If Garnett says that the reason for Galsworthy's "revolt against the Forsyte traditions of his family was that he was in love with Irene (Ada) who was married to his cousin," they understand it in relation to other things they know about Galsworthy's evolution as an artist. Such readers may be few but to them *The Golden Echo* has a truly recognisable note.

Garnett's autobiography is a fascinating study in one respect. He recounts incidents relating to his childhood and adolescence with such clarity and precision that one wonders at the cultivated quality of his memory. Even a faithfully maintained diary could have been of very little use. The childish and later boyish scribbles could not have yielded this wealth of precise detail. One can only conjecture that Garnett possessed from birth a most sensitive and photographic memory which he later assiduously cultivated, and doctored every remembered experience with an eye for possible use in the future. All the same it is far too obvious that what he records is not always what happened but as he remembers it to have happened. Of a hiking holiday, when he was barely seventeen, he writes: "We talk of books and ethics, possibly politics, all long-forgotten nonsense: but the companionship of flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and lovely, rippling tresses of dark hair through four grey winter days was happiness." Was the experience happiness or is the remembering of that youthful experience happiness in middle age? Perhaps both. But the latter more avidly so.

After reading *The Golden Echo* three other features in it remain as lasting impressions. One is of Russia and Russians when the revolution was still brewing. The picture, undoubtedly, is one-sided. We see Russia from the point of view of the revolutionary intellectual, and almost all the Russians we come across in the book—and they are many—

belong to this class. All the same it is a vivid picture. With Constance, Garnett's mother, what seems to have started as admiration for the hope of possible revolution in Russia seems to have turned gradually to disillusionment and contempt. So Garnett was "saved from being brought up as a young Communist." The section dealing with an European holiday part of which was spent in the company of D. H. Lawrence and Frieda yields a most exquisite portrait of Lawrence. That is something hard to forget. And lastly, to us in India, Chapter VII dealing with some Indian friends of Garnett's during the days he was preparing for the London Matric at a 'cramshop' in Red Lion Square will be of particular interest. Among his friends were a young Bengali called Dutt, and Narajan Pal, son of Bepin Chandra Pal (described by Garnett as "one of the minor Indian Nationalist leaders of the period") who was himself in London at that time. Through these two friends he met many Indians including Savarkar. In fact when Savarkar was arrested and kept as a remand prisoner at Brixton Gaol Garnett seriously tried to plan his escape. This section of the book is often amusing as an Englishman's ignorance of India invariably is, but it also gives an insight into the mental make-up and character of Garnett. The boy who played at adventure by trying to help Savarkar escape from gaol, later decided not to have anything to do with India or Indians because he found the Indian terrorists too 'amateurish.' We as a people do not seem to be able to do anything competently—whether it be governing the country or industrial organisation, whether it be mutiny or terrorism. We must, it appears, be content to experiment with truth and perform acts of faith.

PARANKUSAM

★
The American System of Government
By Ernest S. Griffith
Methuen & Co., London
7s 6d net

ERNEST S. GRIFFITH, the author of *The American System of Government* published in the Home

Study Series has succeeded in a large measure in giving the readers a descriptive analysis of American Government within a brief compass. Though the book seems to have been written specifically for the British readers, it is bound to be of much interest to all those who wish to get an insight into the American System of Government which, in the author's words, "is largely a Government of 'built in' restraints."

His close association with Congress for over a decade has enabled the author to write with an intimate knowledge about Congress, its Organization, Election, Procedure, etc. Equally interesting are the chapters that deal with the federal-state relations, legislative-executive relations, the party system and foreign policy. While dealing with each aspect of the American System, Mr. Griffith has drawn striking parallels and contrasts with the parliamentary pattern of Government as it prevails in Britain. For instance, pointing out the differences in legislative procedure between the two nations, Mr. Griffith observes that "these differences stem from two basic constitutional differences—a bicameralism in the United States that involves substantial equality between the two Houses and (above all) a legislature juridically independent of the Executive Branch and determined to exercise its function effectively in such a fashion as to make that independence real. In Britain, on the other hand, the overwhelming and deliberate paramountcy of the House of Commons over against the House of Lords, plus the integrating and harmonising role played by the Cabinet as the link between Parliament and the administration, bring into play another set of devices and usages. After referring to the aggrandizement of the Office of the President which, according to the author, is "one of the great epics of Government—an adaptation of the Constitution to social forces" and the widening of the sphere of federal action through national legislation in the economic

and social fields, Mr. Griffith observes:

"By and large the Constitution has adapted itself to contemporary trends and demands for strong leadership and administration. Congress has delegated powers. The Supreme Court has been increasingly sympathetic. The really decisive element has been a flexible usage generated by the social forces of the day."

The American system of Government has been built upon the principle of Separation of Powers. Though the principle has undergone many changes as a result of its practical application, it still remains at the root of the American system. The system of separated powers is no less an outgrowth of American society and environment than the parliamentary system is an outgrowth of English society and environment. The operation of the principle of separation of powers brings about "a situation in which power on the part of one branch must justify its affirmative exercise in the eyes of its constitutional equal." So, according to Mr. Griffith, the American system is "the product of balances or equilibria in institutions, with the federal element serving as a 'safety valve'." In conclusion, he observes:

"It is of the essence of an equilibrium or balance that it is in a measure unstable, subject to disturbance one way or the other. But it is also of its essence that, like a pendulum, it contains within it corrective elements which are set in motion by its disturbance. The American system at its heart has equipped each of the two in the various pairs of balance elements with reserves of power which permit a reassertion after temporary yielding. The system is flexible, but the more the flexibility is strained, the greater the force making for a restoration of balance."

Mr. Griffith's concise book is a welcome addition to the existing literature on the American system of Government.

A. K. SRINIVASAMURTHY

The Law and The State
By Lord Justice Birkett
Authority and Freedom
By H. G. Nicholas
Revolution and Communism
By Francis Watson
Industrial Research and Human Progress
By Dr. P. Dunsheath
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THE first two of these pamphlets deal with the same subject but whereas *The Law and The State* confines itself to England alone the second is a more comparative study. *The Law and The State* is a survey by a competent legal authority of the relation of the individual to the State. The way the liberties of the individual are counterpoised with the authority of the State and the development of the Parliamentary system are dealt with. Common Law, Statute Law, the courts are all explained. Of necessity the author has to be brief but in his enthusiasm for the system he expounds, he has overlooked the struggles the English people had to wage before they could wrest their rights. The Reform Bills, Women's suffrage—to mention only two—were not achieved smoothly. It is significant that in a booklet which devotes exactly 28 Pages to the English legal system, the "Soviet idea of Justice" should have been dismissed in a brief half-page. *Revolution and Communism* is an interpretation of the events in Russia and China by a writer who cannot see a single good in either of the countries. *Industrial Research and Human Progress* analyses the organization of science in the United Kingdom. It discusses the various aspects of scientific research, pure and applied, the co-ordinating function of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the utilization of research by Industries and other aspects of the role of the scientific worker in Industry.

V. V. S.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THERE is a general belief that production activity is on the wane and that fewer pictures are being made now than during the same period last year. A survey of the studios however reveals another story; at least thirty to forty pictures are now under production as is evident from the following list.

The pictures now under production are R. K. Films' *Shree 420*, K. A. Abbas' *Munna*, Shantaram's *Subah Ka Tara*, Mehboob's *Amar*, Sohrab Modi's *Varis*, Debaki Bose's *Kavi*, P. N. Arora's *Chor Bazar*, K. Amar-nath's *Mehbuba*, Kardar's *Baap Re Baap*, Yasmin and Barati, Hindustan Art's *Jashan*, H. S. Rawail's *Mastana*, Varma Films' *Ladla*, Guru Dutt's *Aar Paar* and *Sailab*, D. D. Kashyap's *Shama Parwana*, Bimal Roy's *Biraj Bahu* and *Naukari*, Amiya Chakravarti's *Badshah*, Shorey's *Ladhaki* and *Jalwa*, Om Prakash's *Duniya Gol Hai*, Gyan Mukerjee's *Birhan*, Chandulal Shah's *Rasiya*, D. N. Madhok's *Bilwamangal*, Homi Wadia's *Daku*, and *Tilottama*, V. P. Production's *Baghi Sipahi*, S. U. Sunny's *Uran Khatola*, I. S. Johar's *Naqad Narayan*, Kwatra's *Pipli Saheb*, Ram Gabali's *Tanhai*, Chopra's *Chandni Chowk*, Ahluwalia's *Kabir*, Bharat Bhushan's *Meenar*, Nandlal Jaswantlal's and Subodh Mukerjee's productions for Filmstan, Kamini Kaushal's *Chalis Baba Ek Chor*, Goel's *Vachan*, Shahid Lateef's *Darwaza*, Ashok Kumar's *Samaj*, Ramniklal's *Laila*, Jagat Pictures' *Pahli Jhalak*, Jayant Desai's *Shivratri*, Ratnadeep's *Tulsidas*, Heera Singh's *Lakhon-me-Ek*, Mohla's *Senapati*, K. Asif's *Mughal-E-Azam*, Jagdish Sethi's *Pensioner*, *Rishta* and *Riyasat*, Sadiq's *Shabab*, Raman Desai's *Chakradhari*, Vinod Films' *Pativrata* and others.

This is by no means an exhaustive list; it does not include, for instance, three Marathi pictures on the floor,

and it is quite possible that I might have forgotten to include at least half a dozen pictures in this list compiled just out of memory. Besides I have not included a number of pictures which have not progressed beyond the *muhurat* stage. It would, however, dispel any belief of slump in production; on the contrary, it would give an idea of how, in spite of slump and depression, the film producers—old and new—are making a bold bid to capture the box office and transform slump into prosperity.

Picture of the Week

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY which won eight academy awards is truly a remarkable film. The readers of the novel however would be a little disappointed. It was obvious that all the 'lewdness, vulgarity' which lent vigour and vividness to the portrayal of army life could not be transcribed to the screen. In fact, writing a screenplay out of such a book was itself a most tough job and for performing that job so neatly Daniel Tavadash deserves fully the academy award for his screenplay. And yet the female characters, especially that of Lorraine, have lost their vitality and become rather vague. Moreover, thanks to indiscriminate deletion of dialogue by the Indian Censors the picture has suffered heavily and lost its impact considerably. Even then, the five principal characters emerge out beautifully on the screen.

The original novel was a devastating exposure of officialdom and rigid army discipline. In the novel, the sequences in stockade where the soldiers are inhumanly treated were most memorable and the character of the philosopher who believes in civil resistance and pacifism gave a deep meaning and purport to the whole novel and prepared the ground for Prenit's determination to kill the inspector of the stockade out of revenge for his friend's death. Well, the entire episode is missing from the picture and to that extent the picture does grave injustice to the novel. Had these sequences been included *From Here To Eternity* would have been a more powerful drama; but obviously the producers

wanted to avoid the indictment of the American army and hence deliberately deleted the most significant portion of the novel.

But for this glaring omission, the screenplay is faithful to the novel and director Fred Zinneman has invested the picture most imaginatively. Technically, his blending of action in foreground and background is really wonderful; and the picturization of the bombing scenes of Pearl Harbour in the climax is really unique. I cannot recall any war picture in which bombing was shown so vividly and dramatically as in this picture. The photography, sound and editing deserve the awards as well.

Among artistes Frank Sinatra as Maggie has given a memorable performance. But somehow the performance of Dona Reed as Lorraine was rather hazy and vague, and she could not, to my mind, live the double personality of a prostitute by profession and a loving girl otherwise. But for her, everyone deserved the award. The performances by Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift and Deborah Kerr are first-rate.

From Here To Eternity serves to remind us that Hollywood is still capable of making good pictures.

Incidentally *Roman Holiday* which won two awards is a really delightful comedy noteworthy for William Wyler's brilliant treatment of not so unusual a story and Audrey Hepburn's award-winning performance. Fresh as a peach Audrey Hepburn is

a unique combination of Louise Rainer and Vivien Leigh; she completely overshadows Gregory Peck who was in a better form in *Million Pound Note* which had a better and more original story than *Roman Holiday*.

Personality of the Week

K. M. MODI and Sohrab Modi who returned from U. K. only a fortnight ago were in the news this week. Addressing a press conference on Friday, K. M. Modi disclosed the details of a foreign distribution deal for *Jhansi Ki Rani*, the English version of which will be known as *Tiger And The Flame*. The picture will be distributed by United Artists in U. S. A. and Canada, R. K. O. Radio in South and Latin America, Universal Pictures in Near, Middle and Far East, Associated British Circuit in Great Britain as a British quota film. No arrangements have so far been made for distribution in Europe, Russia and other Communist countries.

The picture will be released in forthcoming August. As a result of these deals, Modi brothers are expected to cover the heavy cost of the picture and even make some profit. In Hollywood, the picture was privately shown to the members of the Academy and they are reported to have all expressed high admiration for the film.

Though K. M. Modi made no reference to it, he is also reported to have concluded a deal with 20th Century Fox as a result of which four thea-

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tres of Western India in Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta will be given on long terms lease to 20th Century Fox for a reported amount of Rs. 26 lakhs. When his attention was drawn, Modi did admit that negotiations were afoot for such a deal. Both these deals when executed would relieve Modi of many financial problems including payment of several lakhs of rupees as income tax.

Sohrab Modi now free from *Jhansi Ki Rani* would be able to devote more time to his productions. Already he is producing *Varis* starring his son, Suraiya, Nadira and Talat. It is being directed by Nitin Bose. He has launched *Ghalib* starring Suraiya and Bharat Bhushan and in addition he will soon start *Les Miserables* starring himself. There is no doubt that the Indian adaptation of *Les Miserables*, with Sohrab Modi playing the pivotal role, would be immensely popular.

News of the Week

BABURAO PATEL'S 50th birthday will be celebrated with great eclat on Thursday the 6th April 1954 when a meeting in his honour will be held at Sunderbai Hall (Bombay) under the presidentship of Dr. M. R. Jaykar.

Suresh has ultimately been selected to play opposite Vijayantimala in Kardar's *Yasmin*.

Premnath went last week to Delhi with a print of *Prisoner Of Golkonda* only to learn from the Ministry of Information that the Government of India has ordered several cuts in the pictures passed by the revising Committee of the Censor Board and thus put him in serious predicament.

Chitra, the star of Marathi pictures, and Raja Nawatha, director of *Aah* were married on Thursday, 1st April, according to Vedic rights.

Nemo, the New Theatres star is staging a comeback after nine years (*Pahli Nazar* was his last film). He appeared as real "420" in Raj Kapoor's *Shri 420*. His contract was signed on 1st April 54!

C. R.'S LEADERSHIP IN RETROSPECT

By P. N. SAMPATH

RAJAJI'S retirement is now a *fait accompli*. It was announced that this has been necessitated by his ill-health. This is the ostensible reason. But people know that the real reason for this exit is in the region of politics. The 'clique' inside his own party has clinched matters.

A party, according to Edmund Burke, is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the interests of the State and the Nation upon some particular principle or set of principles in which they are agreed. In the Congress Party, unfortunately, while there is agreement on broad principles, there is no agreement on personalities and leadership. In a party swearing allegiance to the democratic faith, there is room for honest difference of opinion on principles and policies. Not even a totalitarian party is insulated against internal conflicts. But the scrupulous promotion of schism and of personalities even at the risk of jeopardising the party and its set principles, is to say the least, pernicious indeed.

Starting life as a suburban lawyer, Rajaji was drawn into politics and made his mark through his personal qualities of head and heart. His lasting friendship with Mahatma Gandhi was a factor which stood him in good stead throughout his political career. Rajaji was one of the few in whom Gandhiji had an abundance of confidence.

Rajaji headed the first Congress Ministry in Madras in 1937 and the two progressive measures he put through were the Temple-entry legislation and the Agriculturists' Debt Relief Act. He had no part nor lot in the 1942 Quit India movement sponsored by Mahatma Gandhi, and he has been blamed for it on the score of desertion at a crisis. But, instead of being a malingeringer when the momentous campaign was on, Rajaji came out of the organisation

and gave his reasons for differing from Gandhi on this question. From that time onwards, however, Rajaji lost his grip on the Congress organisation in Madras and the ascendancy of Sri Kamaraj Nadar began. Thus, when the first Congress Ministry was formed in the wake of elections based on adult suffrage, neither Rajaji's unquestioned personal qualities nor the active canvassing in his favour by the Congress high-ups including Gandhi himself, was able to make him acceptable to the Congress party in the State. It was Sri Prakasam who won the contest that time.

But this summary rejection was a blessing in disguise for Rajaji, for it elevated him to a series of distinguished offices. He was invited to Delhi to head the Industries and Supplies Ministry. Soon after that he became the Governor of West Bengal. Thereafter he returned to Delhi to be the Governor-General, the first Indian ever to occupy the post. After a brief respite, he had plans of retirement. But Nehru again took him into his Cabinet as the Home Minister, in which capacity he successfully piloted the highly controversial Press Act, with a tithe of the exertion expended by Dr. Katju recently in renewing its life. Then he came back to Madras to lead a retired life if he could.

In the meantime, Prakasam made his exit as Chief Minister, giving place to Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar, whose Ministry was equally short-lived. It was during his successor Sri Kumaraswami Raja's tenure of office that the general elections on the basis of adult suffrage were held. Due to the cumulative shortcomings and want of rectitude of some of the Congress Ministers and men, the party suffered a rout in the elections but managed to come out as the single largest party though without a majority in

the legislature. The United Democratic Front forged by the opposition parties under the leadership of Prakasam presented a formidable menace to Congress hopes of getting into the saddle of office. The Congressmen's difficulty was Rajaji's opportunity. They owe him an incalculable debt for rescuing them out of a tight corner. A safe entree was soon provided for him. His irrefutable personal supremacy, suavity of speech, masterly manoeuvring skill and unfailing tact harmonised conflicting elements and the support of parties like the Commonweal Party and the Krishikar Lok was obtained for the asking.

Rajaji's second tenure of office as Chief Minister of Madras lasted for two full years. In the Cabinet his supremacy was unquestioned and over every department he exercised a personal supervision such as few Premiers have attempted and none perhaps has maintained. We never had a Minister who was truly a first Minister as he has been. He treated his colleagues in the Cabinet as if they were directors of a private company in which he held all the shares. His influence was so all-pervasive and absolute that his colleagues had no individuality or initiative on any question of public policy.

Being a parliamentarian of the first rank, Rajaji was responsible for enlivening the debates in the legislative chambers, even though they were sometimes acrimonious. He is a thinker in aphorisms and an artist in the handling of words. His dexterity in phrasing provided enormous punch in disposing of an opponent. Opposition sharpened his intellectual faculties. None but he could have parried the multipronged verbal thrusts of the serried ranks of the opposition.

During his frequent tirades against the Communists whom he proclaimed as his Enemy No. 1, he represented them as fiendish hobgoblins out to despoil this fairyland. In the technique of humorous invective he was particularly proficient. The highlights of the Rajaji administration are the removal of controls, the legislative enactment bringing much-needed relief to the Tanjore tenants and pannaityals, the successful floa-

tation of two consecutive Government loans, the partition of the State into Andhra and Madras, a recommendation for the reservation of certain types of cloth for the hand-up handloom industry, and the one year moratorium on debts of agriculturists. Rajaji's pet scheme of Prohibition received much fillip in enforcement. He specially brought into the Cabinet Mrs. Jyothi Venkatachalam, to 'man' this portfolio, and thereby invited trouble for himself from his own partymen. Prohibition, incidentally, has been the root cause of the financial ills of the State Government. Rajaji is however of the firm conviction that revenue derived from drink is tainted money. To sacrifice revenue for the well-being of a people is blame of which Marcus Aurelius would have been proud. Our Marcus Aurelius was however not unmindful of the financial implications of Prohibition. The sales tax is the Kamadhenu created by him as a countervailing financial force and, as years pass, the Kamadhenu stands the risk of being well nigh milked out.

THE Rajaji Ministry was not able to bring in far-reaching agrarian reforms to solve the people's economic problems. His promises in this regard did not materialise. The prosperity of the State, the riches or poverty of the people, the number of unemployed in the streets, all those elemental features which determine whether the State barometer stands at contentment or despair—those things are determined by the hard facts of economics. As against Ruskin who argued that economics is not a realm of impersonal laws but a realm of human regulation, potentially a branch of human welfare, Rajaji flatly denied in the Assembly without any sense of shame or guilt that he has any knowledge of economics.

Rajaji raised a hornet's nest over the new scheme of education introduced by him. The need for reform in the sphere of education is undeniable. Education needed to be oriented around the concept of citizenship in a democratic State. Universal suffrage coupled with universal ignorance is dangerous to democracy.

What Rajaji originally intended was merely that the school hours in elementary schools should be restricted to 3 hours per day and that two batches of pupils should receive instruction by turns, without costing an additional pie to the exchequer or employment of additional teaching personnel. As Rajaji himself revealed at a public meeting in Chingleput, it was his educational adviser who wanted to add education in crafts as part of the study in elementary schools. Be it as it may, it was Rajaji's folly not to have brought this scheme into force after due consultation with his party and with public opinion. He pursued the education scheme with increasing stubbornness in the face of mounting public and party disapproval. This scheme has been Rajaji's Waterloo, so to say. The simmering discontent within his party developed sudden momentum and this has precipitated Rajaji's retirement.

Rajaji is temperamentally incapable of collaboration. Supremely self-confident, he is also self-conscious. He is inaccessible to his followers. He is immune to sectional pressures. His ineffectual position in the party is due to his temperamental inability to reduce the circumference of his thoughts to the small dimensions of other peoples'. He encouraged foes at the expense of his friends.

Insight, tact, patience, decision and fertility of resource, are Rajaji's gifts and he devoted them to the service of the country. As a diplomatist, he does not usually stick at trifles nor is he overburdened by scruples. But he will invest his actions with the stamp of dignity. He liked to talk of moral influence and intuition, but his approach to every question was wholly pragmatic.

His simplicity, quiet depth of talk, gentleness, his massive thinking, his strong intellectual faculties, the

power he wields over his audience, his indifference to praise or blame, his gleams of real insight and the truly classical and not affected polish, which glitters around the whole style and manner of the man, constitute a unique and noble whole. His directive faculties are notable and the soundness of his judgment and the solidity of his information made him great. His robust commonsense lifted him to the level of genius. Believing in a course, his adherence to it was single-minded and firm.

Rajaji's mind is quick, shrewd and perceptive, with unusual amplitude and depth, able to reach down to the heart of a problem quicker than most. It was remarkable alike for its breadth of vision and its subtlety. His, political clairvoyance is derived from his ability to see things clearly and see them whole. When he was in New Delhi, politicians and public men derived inspiration from his oracular wisdom. In fact, in the solution of the Himalayan problems which confronted the Nehru Government in the wake of Partition, Rajaji's voice was powerful if not predominant. The foreign embassy staff, the globe trotters who touched New Delhi and other distinguished visitors from abroad were wonder-struck at the rich oriental charm and wisdom which this simple-looking man embodied in himself. Rajaji immensely liked these tributes from foreign dignitaries.

AS a public speaker Rajaji can sway any audience. His epigrams are current coin. As a writer in chaste Tamil, he is the rival if not the superior of the best of professionals. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world, but the noble animating wisdom of a humanitarian public man.



TEACUPS AND T. R. P.'s

From Our Correspondent

WRITING about the recent controversy over not renewing the residence permits any more of Indians in Ceylon the *Ceylon Daily News* said in a leading article that mischievous reports in the South Indian Press about it were neither forestalled nor corrected by the External Affairs Ministry of Ceylon. But the Ministry by the same standard, does not seem to have done better either in respect to the Ceylon Press itself, where at least two contemporaries of *Daily News* namely *Virakesari* and *Times of Ceylon* expressed varying degrees of opposition to the Ceylon Governments' action. The External Affairs Ministry cannot be made the scapegoat for still another important reason. The Prime Minister of Ceylon who is also the External Affairs Minister, gave an interview to the Hindu Correspondent, which was reported word for word. Not satisfied, the very next day, he gave categorical and clear answers to the *Reuter* Correspondent, and wished that the whole of it should be given publicity in the Indian Press.

The attitude of the Ceylon Government had thus no chance of being misrepresented. What however was not explained in the Indian Press, is the rather tragi-comic series of events that led to the event and it is worth explaining in detail.

By almost everybody in the know of things, the 'Indo-Ceylon Pact' entered into between Sri Nehru and Sir John Kotelawala, was characterized as an unwise sacrifice of Indian workers' interests in the interests of the vague future goodwill between the two countries. The pity was that these fears on the Indian side were carefully suppressed into small whispers once the pact was signed. Even the franker elements in the Indian Press joined in this conspiracy of silence. Stunned by the *fait accompli* of the Pact, the Ceylon Indian Congress leaders, went belatedly to ask Nehru for an explanation and were given the cold comfort of an assu-

rance that it was only a first step towards mutual understanding.

The former Prime Minister of Ceylon, Dudley Senanayake was prepared to say that about four lakhs of Indian estate workers would be enfranchised and about two lakhs more would be given permanent residence permits, with the possibility of their position being reconsidered. Nehru was not however prepared to sign a pact on this basis, since the Ceylon Premier insisted on the right of the Ceylon Government to send back the rest of the Indians not covered by the above two categories. It is to be noted, however, that the Indian High Commissioner, a few days after his arrival, almost agreed to this deportation in an outburst in the Indian Chamber of Commerce, but later, by a sudden step made deportation to India impossible without the consent of the Indian High Commission, by insisting on satisfactory proof of Indian origin.

It was therefore a most unpleasant surprise to those with not so short memories as to how Nehru after refusing the terms, of Dudley Senanayake, agreed to the terms of the present Indo Ceylon Pact. It is even more surprising since the Ceylon Premier and even some rabid anti-Indian members of the opposition were prepared to grant more generous terms. For example, the Ceylon Premier though he insisted on separate electorates for the Indian estate workers, was prepared to grant the status of denizens to a large number of workers who will not be getting full citizenship rights in terms of the Ceylon Indian Pakistani citizenship Act. Even the Aluwilare Draft, sponsored unofficially by the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, was agreeable to granting citizenship to a large number of residents of Indian origin. Even in the matter of granting citizenship, the Ceylon Premier rejected openly the preposterous Kandyan demand for limiting citizenship to half a lakh of Indians,—

and vaguely suggested giving the Indians five or six seats. It is to the credit of the negotiators on the Indian side that after rejecting the Dudley Senanayake offer, and after being fully aware of the demands and concessions on the other side, they rejected all the concessions, conceded more than the demands, demanding only goodwill in return and finally lost that as well. It is impossible to find a parallel to this blunder anywhere in the annals of diplomacy.

ACCORDING to the terms of the Indo Ceylon Pact, there was no provision regarding the number of Indian workers to be granted citizenship, while the actual disposal policy was becoming more inhumanly drastic every day. The time limit of 2 years for disposal under the circumstances was indirectly a curse. The Indian Government also indirectly conceded the power of sending out Indian residents—to the Ceylon Government since the issuing of an Indian passport by the High Commission was not insisted on. The status of many Indian applicants for Ceylon citizenship who may not get it, was left vague—to be discussed after the disposal of the citizenship applications.

The comedy of this situation could not however be appreciated, since the fate of thousands of Indians in Ceylon was endangered. Even Nehru, probably after realizing its full implications, consoled the Ceylon Indian Congress by saying that the pact ensured goodwill, and was only a first step. There was however one solid and tangible gain, though it could not counter-balance, the creation of separate electorates for Indians—and the other dangerous possibilities of the pact. This was the provision in Clause 8 of it for continued mutual consultation.

Hence there was every reason for the Ceylon ministers to feel jubilant over the pact. In fact in the first flush of enthusiasm after signing the pact, the Ceylon Prime Minister naturally boasted that he has solved in the interests of Ceylon, a problem not solved for half a century. But even he, adept as he is in Ceylon politics

was not prepared for the new music from a section of the opposition.

For now, Bandaranaike swooped upon the Pact with all his might and began describing it as a death blow to the Sinhalese nation. This was an entirely new line of attack which the Ceylon Premier was not prepared for. Hence, in explaining the Pact in Parliament and outside he began to stress the one solid gain of the Pact, namely, the right of deporting any unwanted Indian. As he dramatically put it in a speech at Bandarama, "the Pact enabled us for the first time in Ceylon history to look any unwanted Indian in the face, and ask him to quit this land." This was legally correct, in the sense that the Indian High Commission had voluntarily surrendered their insistence on an Indian passport for an Indian to land on Indian soil.

But the continuous campaign of Bandaranaike was gathering momentum on one side, while the feeble and belated protests of the Indian High Commission against any one-sided interpretation went unnoticed. In one meeting of Bhikkus, Bandaranaike asked them to wage a Dharma Yuddha against the Indo-Ceylon Pact. In another he said that he was recruiting an army of a million Sinhalese workers to replace Indian labour on the estates. In a Town Hall meeting in Colombo, he sponsored a resolution to boycott the Indian traders.

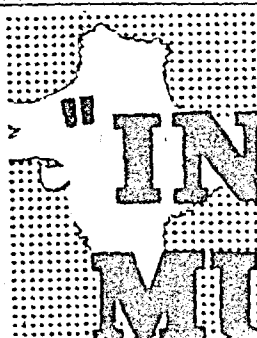
PARTLY forced by these circumstances to do a political stunt and partly of his own accord the Ceylon Prime Minister sent out an order that the temporary residence permits of Indians should no more be renewed except in a few cases. This came to many T. R. P. holders as a bolt from the blue. These T. R. P. holders are divisible into three categories. There are quite a few Indian workers born in Ceylon entitled to Ceylon citizenship who were forced to take Indian passports and T. R. P.s from the Ceylon Government to pay a visit to India—while their applications were still pending. Regarding these people, the Ceylon Premier categorically told *Reuters* that they had no business to go to India if their interests were really in Ceylon. It is not

known definitely how many Indian workers would be adversely affected by this attitude. The Indian High Commissioner's airy statement that the holding of an Indian passport does not necessarily mean taking Indian citizenship, is both bad form and bad diplomacy and the Ceylon Premier has naturally ignored the remark. The second category consists of Indians resident in Ceylon for ten years and more. About these people the late D. S. Senanayake gave the assurance that they would be allowed to continue in their avocations peacefully. Some lawyers are of opinion that according to the present wording of the Immigration Act, renewing the residence permits of these people is almost obligatory. The assurance and the legal interpretation are beside the point in the face of present facts. This category is the most seriously affected by the new order. The Ceylon Premier said that the meaning of a Temporary Residence Permit is that it allows the holder to reside for a definite period in Ceylon and it would become meaningless if it were to be extended endlessly by renewals. He made it clear in so many words to *Reuters* that even a single day's stay in excess of that was illegal. The third category of people who came after 1944 is relatively unimportant, since anyway their legal position is clear. They are all Indian citizens and live in Ceylon only by express sufferance of the Ceylon Government. That some of these T. R. P. holders go underground after the expiry of the T. R. P. is a problem for the Ceylon police, though their numbers are normally exaggerated by the Ceylon Government.

AS regards the second category, the position was made clear beyond doubt by the Ceylon Premier. The subsequent interview with Sri Desai, has not altered the position in the least. The Ceylon Premier made his attitude clear once again after the interview. The only change in his attitude was that steps for dealing with those whose T. R. P.s have expired will not be taken immediately and ample time will be given for these people to make their own arrangements, but as regards the

general policy of the Government, he was not prepared to change it by a jot or tittle. He however explained that this did not mean the immediate replacement of every T. R. P. holder in his job by a Ceylonese and his subsequent deportation. He explained that the suspension of T. R. P. renewals was only a preliminary, to making a list of the categories of jobs where Indians were employed and where they could be replaced by suitable Ceylonese. The Premier did not care to explain why he could not have got the lists made first, through normal official channels and then announced his decision regarding those categories of employment where Indians could be displaced, instead of scaring many T. R. P. holders with his bombshell. Nor did the resourceful *Ceylon Daily News* add a word of explanation to this peculiar sequence of steps, namely, giving out a policy decision first and asking for relevant facts later. It would be a useful service to the External Affairs Ministry if a suitable explanation establishing a logical cause and effect relation between the two could be invented. In the absence of one, the most obvious explanation is that the Ceylon Premier announced the policy decision first, to gain the political initiative from Bandaranaike.

THE whole sequence of events leading to the Indo Ceylon Pact makes it clear that the Indian High Commission in Ceylon has all along been making a bad gamble. The assumption that the present Premier of Ceylon is the only man who can solve the problem amicably has guided their policies to such an extent that at one time giving any concession to help him continue in power became an insane passion. The only result of the Indian High Commission's policy is to lose both material advantages as well as goodwill, a rather difficult feat in diplomacy. The Indian High Commissioner as usual kept quiet after his interview with the Ceylon Premier except for saying that all difficulties had been ironed out. In the meanwhile the Ceylon Premier's *Reuters* interview stands undented, as the final policy of the Ceylon Government.



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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Wrong Psychology

Sir,—There is too much wasting of public money, time and energy in exhibitions and foundation-stone-laying, etc.

I see in the papers that one Mr. Sen is to be the special officer for the Postage Stamp Centenary Celebration.

Any close student of the papers will notice that Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is gallivanting all over the country the whole time. I wonder when she sits in her office and attends to files.

Why make a lot of fuss on the foundation-stone-laying? It can be done in a much smaller scale by the local luminary. Why deprive the local luminary of this glory? To illustrate my point, let us suppose they are to open a sec-

tion in the Veterinary Hospital. Let the Principal open it, but let the Minister concerned be present as an observer. Don't steal the thunder of the man on the spot.

Abraham Lincoln's brother was ploughing their farmland when the horse was going very fast. He found a big gadfly biting the neck of the horse. He promptly destroyed it. His brother remonstrated with him thus: "Whatever possessed you to do that? It was the gadfly that was biting him that made the horse go fast."

Likewise there is a bug that is biting and stimulating the ego to great activity in everyone of us. Ministers falling one over the other to be in the limelight of such functions kill the bug that stimulates the initiative and drive of the local leaders.

KRISHNASWAMI

Andhra Academy of Letters

Sir,—The strength and vitality of national cultures depend on what may be called tributary, or regional cultures. National culture in such a vast sub-continent as India, is a composite one, and to its making many regional cultures have contributed. It is being con-

tinuously enriched by the creative genius of many languages and many people. As Sardar Panikkar observed the other day in a radio talk: "The national culture of India is like the great river Ganga into which have gone many tributaries, all originating from the Himalayas, not only deepening and widening it, but as in the case of Jamuna, changing its colour and appearance."

Our great kings of the past had clearly realised the significance of this factor. That is why they patronised poets and pandits of all languages, of all regions. The court of Krishnadevaraya, where there were special seats reserved for Telugu, Kannada and Sanskrit poets is an example worthy of emulation by modern states. Samudra Gupta and Akbar are the other two important names that come to our mind in this connection. In recent times the same tradition was being followed by our princes and zamindars. With the disappearance of these, encouragement to all kinds of cultural activities has come to a dead stop. Andhra culture, for instance, is facing a grave crisis today.

There is now a stream of class text books and cheap notes. But there is not one monumental book of which one can say with pride that it will hold the field for at least a century. In the case of music and drama, it is a healthy sign that we are thinking of national and regional music academies and national theatres. But about literature, especially about regional literature, what have we done? In present day Telugu literature, there are all kinds of unhealthy conflicts as between modernism and classicism, realism and surrealism, because of these trends, pulling in different directions, the language itself is suffering.

For every region we must start a 'Lalithakala Parishath,' or a 'Regional Academy of Fine Arts.' This may be run as a limited company and under State direction with a capital of Rs. 5 lakhs for every region. Every high school, college, library, municipality and district board, should take some shares compulsorily. Later this academy can become self-sufficient getting its own income by publishing books, and staging entertainments, etc. It may have the monopoly of publishing all language text books for all students in the region. The details of the working of the academy may be worked out at the Governmental level.

D. V. SUBBA SASTRY

Kurnool

C. R. and Kamaraj

Sir,—An editorial by an individual becomes a routine affair, especially when

it has to deal often with politics and gets postponed to the last minute of its publication. Psyche a monkey as it is, dictates something in a hurry and reason has no time to put forth its case. That is the impression one gathers about Swatantra's editorial in the issue of 3rd April.

Since the dawn of independence, Kamaraj Nadar has been the power behind the throne of Madras politics. What did this singularly modest and unassuming man contribute? He chose candidates for important public positions not on their individual merits but on their capacity to pay in return for the betterment of their careers. He played the adept game of changing Ministries, to consolidate his position by careful distribution of patronage to his keymen. His worst and the last choice of the Ministry with the notorious Gopala Reddi torpedoed his calculations in the elections. His partymen were miserably disappointed and their political careers were at stake. How C. R. saved these Kamaraj men is still green in the minds of the public. They are not also unaware why they have been trying to oust C. R. from office.

Whether Kamaraj Nadar leads the Ministry or not, it does not matter. Under his leadership of the party, his men are bound to meddle with the regular administration and squander public money within the next three years.

I appeal to the P. S. P. to take advantage of this opportunity, consolidate their ranks and be prepared to take office in the next term.

V. SWAMINATHAN

Peons' Salaries in Employment Exchanges

Sir,—Ever since the establishment of the Employment Exchanges all the peons throughout India are being paid according to the provincial scale of pay under the pretext that they were borrowed from the provincial Governments, while the clerks and the other officials are paid according to the Central scale of pay. When the prices of the food stuffs are increasing day by day, the salaries of the peons who work from dawn to dusk, are insufficient even for a square meal a day, even for a single member of the family.

The Ministry of Labour should see to it that these helpless peons are paid according to the Central scale of pay. Had this happened to any other class of officials, a hue and cry would have been raised everywhere criticising the Government tooth and nail.

NARENDRA RAMANUJAM
Vijayawada

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ON THE COVER:

Members of the P. S. P. staging a demonstration before the French Consulate at Madras in connection with the merger movement in French India

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SWATANTRA

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HYDROGEN BOMB POLITICS

PANDIT NEHRU has asked for a standstill agreement among the powers that possess atomic weapons. He has also proposed full publicity by the atomic powers for the "known" and "unknown but probable effects" of the destructive power of these weapons. So far at least as the latter plea is concerned, the revelations made at the beginning of the month by Admiral Strauss, chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, contain all the information that anybody could wish, as they make it quite clear that the total destruction of life on this planet has been brought definitely within the limits of possibility by the new bomb discoveries. The disclosures of Admiral Strauss impelled Mr. Attlee to say in the House of Commons that "civilization today is in grave danger" and "there is need for a common and realistic appreciation of the position of the world." Who can doubt, he asked, "after reading of Hitler's last days, that even at the very end of that war if he had had the atomic bomb he would have used it?" No doubt he would have used it, since even the Allies, with all their reputation for greater mercifulness and humanity, could not desist from using it, and actually struck terror with it, at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But that does not detract from the immediate relevance of Mr. Attlee's dread that "there is no guarantee that in some country at some time, there may not arise to power a fanatic who hated the human race or believed

that all civilization might be destroyed."

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, on the other hand, has refused to plead with the US for suspension of further experiments in hydrogen bomb development. He based his refusal on the statement by Admiral Strauss that the Russians were the first to begin active and large-scale researches on the hydrogen bomb. According to Admiral Strauss "the Russians started work on nuclear weapons, which include both fission and fusion bombs, in 1945. The United States stopped all work on the hydrogen weapon from 1945 to 1950, resuming only after it had obtained evidence that Russia had tested its own fission bomb." As American plans for research on nuclear weapons and their further development are based on Russian military preparations, Churchill holds that any interference with the U. S. Government's freedom of action in these matters will only imperil the security of the free world. He sees in neutrality no safety to his own country as against Russian aggression. "It is a delusion to suppose that a declaration of our neutrality would make us immune from danger from Russia" he says. The British Government's policy, as expounded by him, is to "have full confidence in the humanity and sense of fairplay of the United States" and to be guided by two main aims: "One is to lose no opportunity of convincing the Soviet leaders and, if we can reach them, the Russian people, that

the democracies of the West have no aggressive designs on them. The other is to ensure that until that purpose has been achieved we have the strength necessary to deter any aggression by them and to ward it off if it should come."

THE common people all over the world are aware of the danger confronting them as a result of the discovery of the hydrogen bomb. Mr. Attlee and Pandit Nehru are representatives of humanity at large, from two different continents, bent on making every effort to reduce that danger. Sir Winston is actuated by the same spirit, but his outlook is modified to a greater extent than theirs by a comprehension of the futility of propaganda for securing the banning of the new dreadful weapons. Nothing can be done towards this end without a proper study and understanding of the American viewpoint. The politicians have put their case with crude clarity, but it may be alleged against politicians that their minds are affected by the heat and temper of the controversies in which they habitually deal. It is in the universities and other centres of learning that humanitarian culture transcending the clashes of nationalities can be expected to flourish, correcting the acerbities of our present war-torn world. But the universities themselves in the US seem to have been driven into terror of Soviet potentiality for evil, and the drift of their teaching is in favour of further expansion of American military weapons and not their reduction or suspension. For example, Dr. Seitz, Professor of Physics at the University of Illinois believes that "all recommendations against expansion of American military facilities are based on false notions of the truly revolutionary intentions of the Soviet leaders." Leaders of other countries, like Pandit Nehru and Mr. Attlee,

pleading for a reversal of American policy on atomic weapons "should meet the charge of Dr. Seitz squarely, as it embodies as objective and dispassionate an exposition of the world situation as can be expected from any American quarter. We present, for intelligent consideration by all, the following extracts from Dr. Seitz's article published in the November 1953 issue of *Bulletin Of The Atomic Scientists* in which he contends that the present American military budget is about half its proper value and suggests that the U. S. should expand both its defensive and offensive weapons development:

Says Dr. Seitz: "As the Soviet Union stands today it exhibits all the characteristics of an expanding nation in a predatory stage of development . . . The appetite of the Soviet leaders for control of peoples both inside and outside their historical borders seems insatiable . . . The goal of the Soviet leaders is to establish hegemony over the entire planet. There is no area from Sweden to South Africa and from Korea to South America in which Moscow has failed to support a local Communist party dedicated to the overthrow of the existing government and the establishment of a sympathetic dictatorship. No small measure of success has been achieved in Central and Eastern Europe and in China. Thus far the Soviet leaders have been restrained in other areas contiguous to the Soviet Union only by fear of reprisal, principally from the United States. It is difficult to believe that any land outside the Western Hemisphere would now be free of Soviet domination if it were not for the Soviet fear of our military strength and resources.

"Either we shall have a united world, monitored . . . by an agency such as the United Nations, or, goaded by Soviet intransigence, we shall have an arms contest in which the race is to the swift . . . We cannot afford to fall behind in this race even though we cannot see the goal with clarity at this time. It seems safest to assume that Armageddon will follow if the Soviet leaders conclude that they are ahead of us."

Sotto Voce

★

THE PRIESTHOOD OF SCIENCE



IF you have your feet firmly planted on the bureaucratic Olympus you must needs "assume the god" even if you are not readily distinguished from the common crowd. The good lady who is in charge of this country's Public Health puts Ayurveda in the dock. Like the tramp brought up before the justices for having no ostensible means of livelihood, it is told that it must get bail from modern science or perish. Of course the apostles of non-violence will not send it to the rack or the electric chair. They will merely push it out into the wintry night, there to freeze to death.

"There is no ban on Ayurveda," says the magnanimous Rajkumari. I wish I could say, "for which relief much thanks." But the noose is surely if slowly tightening round its scrawny neck. In our own Madras they talk of registering "village vaidyas." The indigenous practitioner will be given a face-lift (such of them, that is, as are willing to be thus civilised) and the sheep will then be separated from the goats. But they will all go to the butcher sooner or later, when their time is up, according to Chitragupta, the allopaths' Medical Council.

The Health Minister's aristocratic nose twitches in angry disdain at the pretensions of the homoeopaths; it seems they demand a license to practise on the strength of a six or nine weeks' correspondence course. One of her Ministry's major achievements is the incubation of a scheme for the mass production of stipendiaries with

a smattering of allopathic knowledge, labelled "auxiliary personnel." It would be *lese majeste* to suggest that there can be impudence or fraud about a course certified as sea-worthy by the Ministry's highly scientific advisers. But I have a vague recollection that some of the State Health Ministers have looked no less hostily down *their* noses at this abortion.

But to return to the prisoner shivering in the dock. Ayurveda is sternly informed that it must not merely be "screened" by the scientists, to use the phraseology that McCarthy has made fashionable. It must also show to their satisfaction that it is wanted by the common man. Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur drew on her enormous stock of first-hand knowledge of popular sentiment to assure Parliament that Ayurveda is unwanted. Thousands of people have told her in the course of her Al-Raschid-like peregrinations, "The village *vaid* is all right for a cough or a cold or a head-ache. But if it is anything more serious it is the doctors we want." And the UP Minister, a great believer in Ayurveda, had sorrowfully confided to her that he had found that you can take the horse to Charaka's water, but it will have its swill only at Aesculapius's sink.

The tail of her argument unluckily forgets the head. If she is bent on forcing "science" down the throats of the ailing masses she must not heed their unscientific preferences. Indeed

she would be justified in employing the surgeon's knife to prise out of their bosoms their silly sentimental hankering after grandmother's recipes. And, for all the lip-service done to public preferences, the public is in fact being told that it can have allopathy or go whistle. In the shaping of this country's medical policy the last person to be consulted is the patient. And the thing that seems least regarded is the truly scientific attitude though Official Health is perpetually swearing by Science.

The Rajkumari sagely observes that because a thing is cheap or is born in this country it must not be supposed the best. The rootless snobs who rule this country are on the other hand dead certain that anything that is costly or made in London must *therefore* be the best. The poor must die of typhoid because aureomycin is too costly to be given gratis; but they will have the satisfaction that in another millennium or two (if the Hydrogen bomb

has not finished us by the time) aureomycin may be sold at a penny a packet. As if its ruinous costliness were not the secret of success of modern medicine!

"We must give the people the best that the modern world has," says the Rajkumari with the voice of Moses bringing the tablets from Mount Sinai. If modern medicine stands agape before some of the most mysterious and distressing maladies, such as those of the nervous system, it will not do to admit that Ayurveda has many successes to its credit in these fields. Instead, in the sacred name of science, you shut down the Pancha Karma ward in the Madras College of Indian Medicine because some Jack in office had not found in his allopathic penny horn-book anything about the curative properties of oil and massage. "Seeing is believing" you say? Not for the idolators at the shrine of the Great God Science.

VIGNESWARA

(Continued from page 7)

Ministry is just what superficially may be taken to be its strongest. Judged by experience and length of service as Minister there are very few in the country that can hold a candle to Sri Bhaktavatsalam. But in eight years he has changed leaders four times. At every successive crisis he distinguished himself with an opportune readiness to transfer his loyalty from the old to a new master. People do not take kindly to this sort of man, and in Sri Bhaktavatsalam's case they passed their verdict by putting him out of the legislature. It was an undemocratic act on the part of the Congress bosses to have turned the Upper Chamber into an instrument for countering the will of the people as expressed in a straight election on a politician in office. C. R. acted undemocratically in restoring such a politician to the Ministry, and Sri Kamaraj has done no better.

There are far too many members of the C. R. Cabinet in the Kamaraj Ministry. Some political commentators have complimented Sri Kamaraj not only on having ousted C. R. a second time but also on winning over his most pampered lieutenants to his own side. If it is an achievement to win supporters from a leader no longer in power, Sri Kamaraj has brought it off in a manner that cannot be improved. But from the standpoint of politicians' standards, the picture presented is depressing. There would have been more dignity in the Congress organisation if it had produced at least one single individual capable of understanding the meaning of loyalty and remaining faithful to a leader to whom he had sworn allegiance, in his period of defeat and adversity, and not only when there was power and prosperity to be shared.

SAKA

SIDELIGHTS ::

AN article on Sri Kamaraj Nadar was published in SWATANTRA of April 6, 1946. It was written by a leader prominent in the public life of the country, whose name I am not free to disclose. He knows Kamaraj Nadar more intimately perhaps than anyone else. Extracts from the article are reproduced below, as they are of absorbing interest in the light of the happenings of the past eight years and the events of the last fortnight:

"It is believed that Rajaji and Kamaraj met some time in the autumn of last year (1945) but if they did it does not seem that they parted as friends . . . The fact remains that they failed to understand each other on the first occasion they met after three years. In the light of what has happened since, it seems likely that Kamaraj came out of his interview determined to allow no place for Rajaji in his scheme. Thereafter Kamaraj became the focal point for all those who feared or disliked Rajaji as well as for those that were manoeuvring for a position in Madras politics . . ."

"To all appearances he (Kamaraj) is still the Congress worker with no frills . . . The fact remains however that he, on the crest of an organised conspiracy, has pushed aside the natural political leader of South India . . ."

"As the person who has the largest number of personal adherents in the Legislature Party and as one who by repute has no aspirations for parliamentary leadership, Kamaraj still holds the whip hand . . . The servile homage incessantly paid to him by the several aspirants for leadership or for subordinate places in the Ministry to come, might make him aspire to be the king himself instead of being the king-maker, which, considering his future, might be unfortunate. But if that happens, as it has happened in the case of far, far bigger men, it would be his Waterloo."

Retrospectively considered, it is a matter for surprise that Sri Kamaraj who determined eight years ago to "allow no place for Rajaji in his

scheme" should have abandoned his determination two years ago and joined in the general appeal of the Congress legislators that Rajaji should come out of his retirement and save the State from the crisis that seemed to have come upon it, with the Communists threatening to capture the Government. The answer to this mystery lies buried under a fiction which has been played up by common consent for nearly two years now. The initiative for Rajaji's return from retirement came from himself before ever others thought of it, and he worked it up with such skill, such adroit putting forward of others, that Kamaraj was carried on in the stampede and found C. R. at the helm before he found his feet and opened his eyes. It is notorious that the most valuable service to C. R. in his come-back was rendered by just the same person who played the most active part in the defeat of his ambitions to be President. Old admirers of C. R. were horrified by the companionship between the two that came to be unfolded in the course of the C. R. regime. It gave a grossness to the regime which hero-worshippers of the retiring Chief Minister had expected to be brilliant and of a high moral level.

Will the Chief Ministership prove to be Sri Kamaraj's Waterloo, as foretold by the writer of the SWATANTRA article quoted above? Before the new Chief announced his team of Ministers, I thought that with his gift of silence, his faculty for avoiding quarrels, his unrivalled knowledge of the Tamil Congress organisation, and the intrinsic appeal of his simplicity and commonsense, he would weather all storms and defeat the calculations of the prophets of doom. But now I am not so certain. The weakest element in the new

(Continued on page 6)

POWER OF THE MYTH

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

Acting Dy. Director, International Institute of Educational Sciences, Utrecht

MANY years ago there lived, according to Hans Christian Anderson, an Emperor who was very fond of new clothes. He was so very fond of new clothes that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. And thereby hangs a tale.

One day two tailors offered to make this Emperor some clothes (home-spun) that would have the peculiar property of being invisible to every man who was either unfit for his office or stupid. Now, there is no question about it, but that this was an offer that would be useful in any time and in any country. The Emperor decided therefore that he had to have clothes of this sort. He issued orders, in triplicate.

The two tailors accordingly set up looms and pretended to begin work. There was absolutely nothing on the looms, however, and while pretending to work they were filling their pockets, because the Emperor had ordered that only the best materials should be used, etc.

Whenever the Emperor sent a Minister to inspect the suits, he came back with glowing reports. He had seen nothing, of course, for there was nothing to see; but this wasn't safe to admit. Then the Emperor himself one day decided to inspect his new clothes. He too saw nothing—and was afraid to admit it. He said instead, "They have my most gracious approbation." And he nodded his head approvingly as he gazed at the empty loom.

He decided to wear the new clothes on the occasion of a grand procession that was about to take place. So he did. He actually marched in the procession with these new clothes—which is to say with absolutely nothing on! And no one admitted that he saw nothing, for then he would certainly have been unfit for his post, or at least very, very stupid.

But there were children present, and they had no posts. Children

always tell the truth, if they are brought up right. A little child told the truth here: "Why, the Emperor has got nothing on," he said. And indeed the Emperor's new clothes (as we already know) were no clothes at all. The child said it. But underneath every one had known it!

Now, clothes are important to us, just as they were to this ancient Emperor. All of us, whether Indians or Americans, Germans or Danes, or . . . American-Indians, like new clothes. And there is nothing wrong with liking clothes and looking to our clothes—if the clothes are really there. But sometimes they are not. Such a situation causes trouble. Because there is always someone around, a little child or a troublesome debunker, who sees through the sham.

In the twentieth century, just as in the long long ago, there are clothes that are no clothes. We are induced to buy them by advertising. Advertising is much more high-pressure today than it ever has been. The excellence of the clothes—or of the soap—toothpowder—automobile—is dinned into our ears every moment and is strongly brought to our visual attention in the daily newspaper. And we buy . . . a particular brand of soap, tooth paste, or automobile!

But there are even more important clothes than these. There are the labels which are also designed to bolster our prestige levels. There are the titles and "honours" which are supposed to satisfy us with our status, or to give us that status. Because today, though it is taught that we have intrinsic worth, it is assumed that we do not. We are worth something only if we are X. B.A., B.L., Highest Advocate to the Highest Court, or if we are Dr. X. F.R.C.S., or X, M.A. (Oxon).

Alas, that it should be so! Because it is a myth that we are what our labels say we are. Who verifies the labels? Who sets the relative values?



It is sixteen years since Sri Kasinadhuni Nageswara Rao passed away. He was a keen businessman and employed the proceeds of business success in public causes. He was a great giver. But the giving became a habit and the gift of saying No was lost. He distributed largesse often helplessly and not always to the deserving. But he was a pioneer in many fields, notably in the sphere of Telugu journalism. BHARATI and ANDHRA PATRIKA are lasting monuments to his enterprise and public spirit.

There are many myths that we believe in today. They leave us often naked!

But the power of these myths! We are what our labels say we are. Tweedledum and Tweedledee. It used to be that we were what we did. Not so today. Today we have to be at the very least Deputy Under Secretary or Assistant Commissioner. Else we are nothing.

But if we are Deputy Under Secretary we want to be Under Secretary, and Deputy Secretary. And if we are Assistant Commissioner we want to be Commissioner. We are no longer "just ourselves." We are not interested in the job we have to do; we are interested only in the title which in some mysterious way is supposed to make persons of us, in supposed to give us status, prestige, "real worth." In short, we lack the inner conviction that we are something in ourselves and we continually are searching for titles and labels to bolster us in our weakness.

There are a number of myths which go with the label-and-degree myth. We assume that the examination measures education and that the examination results indicate the extent of education. It is a myth that this is so. We assume that the examination device is accurate and infallible and that it gives accurate results. We ignore the fact that the examination results tell us truly only what the examination asked in the first place. In other words, we ignore the fact that an examination that is designed to test memory and retention of inconsequential details cannot be a measure of learning or of education. It is a myth that the results of the usual examinations are always, or even usually, of real validity.

We assume that a foreign examination is more accurate and more meaningful than a home examination. Sometimes, of course, this is actually so. But the power of this myth shows up here when we assume that automatically an Oxford or a Cambridge degree is of more intrinsic worth than a degree from Delhi or Bombay or the University of Calcutta or the University of Ceylon. To be sure there are often greater

educational and social amenities at some foreign universities—as, just as often, in some other universities there are not. But a foreign examination on which a degree (even an Oxford degree) is granted may be just as artificial and unreal and unrelated to education as is a local examination.

Perhaps, worse still, we assume that the "foreigner" himself (the physical embodiment of the foreign examination even if he has no "foreign degree") is something more and has something more to offer than the "native." In most countries, of course, the foreign visitor stands out because of the quality of uniqueness, of rarity; he is given the benefit of doubt as regards other qualities and other qualifications. The "supremacy of foreigners" myth forbids doubt. Our assumption here leads to a "haloizing" of even second-rate and third-rate visitors. This is race prejudice in reverse, though it is not generally defined so bluntly. Our assumption also leads to a wholesale adoption (in cities and "high society") of many of the worst habits of this foreigner.

But coming back to education myths, we assume almost always that the lecture system is the educational system. This means that we assume that education is a mere mechanical accumulation by the pupil of packages of "knowledge." This means that we assume that a lecturer can lecture (and teach) if only he has the title of a lecturer. This means that we assume that the very act of keeping quiet for the ten to fifteen school years can bring out creative potentialities. These are myths, and dangerous ones.

Class Dictatorship

WE ignore the fact that "knowledge" is not the only thing we get from "education." Our attitudes, what we are in ourselves and what we have become, all our qualities tangible and intangible, are largely determined by our school experiences. This fact we happily ignore after we have been stamped and labelled. (And we say in our mature wisdom, "what was good enough for us is good enough for our children"). We

ignore the fact that education is life, not something supplemental to or preparatory to life. We ignore the fact that by "getting the stuff over cheaply" by the lecture method, we have managed to harm 99 per cent or more of our future citizens.

We assume that we can talk democracy and safely go back upon democratic principles in education. We are modern enough to do away with kings and emperors; but we keep the dictator in the class room. Since we do not believe in paying this dictator very many rupees, he can make up the gaps in his salary only by becoming ever more and more totalitarian in the class room, in his "kingdom." Regardless of this teacher's "theological frame of reference," often his sole conception of deity is that of a source which gives him divine rights! The class room often represents the ultimate in autocratic method—and this in most countries. It is a myth that the situation as regards education is much better in the West.

Despite our talk about the values of democracy and the dangers of political authoritarianism, academic authoritarianism is actually respectable. We assume that the regimenting of little children (or of big) is the method of education. We ignore the fact that teachers everywhere, skilled and unskilled, (though not all of them by any means) are exploiting students for the release of their own tensions. We ignore the fact that teachers do not free students from fear of authority; they do not (usually) help them to overcome their feelings of insignificance, their inferiority complex; they do not allow them to express themselves, to show their differences, their disagreements. No. The myth has it that the crystallized lecture system is the ideal method of education. The teacher, who is so rarely given the opportunity of taking responsibility, likes this myth and sees to it that his pupils also get no such opportunity.

But the teacher is not responsible for this and other myths about education. To be sure, he bears a share of the responsibility as a member of society, but society as a whole must

take the blame. Society, of course, refuses to recognize this! There is a myth that teachers and schools and students exist in a vacuum. This myth is useful to the politician because he can always denounce the students and their teachers, and it is profitable also to denounce the evils of the present schools. Denounce, but not constructively propose!

Now, the traditional way in which education is given in gong-regulated periods and book-regulated subjects makes it difficult even for sympathetic and understanding teachers to do their best. Yet even within the traditional organizational framework there can be real teaching and respect for personality. There can be a permissive and acceptable climate even under the present autocratic framework, there can be at least a degree of freedom given to the students, freedom to plan as well as to do; and there can be, even within the bounds of the existing set-up a recognition of student attitudes and ideas about subject-matter and other matters. The myth that nothing can be done because there are no funds does not fully hold.

But we should not confuse authoritarianism with authority. We must recognize and accept centres of decision—both in administration and in teaching—even if we are "for democracy." Participation on the part of pupils (and of teachers) in the making of decisions which affect them is demanded by respect for personality. This participation must be the cornerstone of a good educational philosophy. But this is very different from saying that democracy in schools is synonymous either with absence of government or with absence of teaching!

Alas! The myth has it that respect for personality is necessary on paper only. We actually assume that students are things to give grades to. We admit that teachers are necessary for giving the lectures. But we assume that by giving parties for teachers at Raj Bhavan teachers get "status," and that this is a cheap way of dissolving their frustrations. We ignore the fact that students are personalities and that personalities

can be affected for good or evil by experiences. We ignore the fact that teachers too are personalities, and that they are usually intelligent, and that they can see through shams. "All that glitters is not gold," and the teachers know it.

Then there are the current assumptions about discipline. There is the myth that working on tasks devoid of purpose or interest is good discipline. There is the convenient myth that the present generation of students is ill-disciplined and undisciplined. And these myths result in some more interesting and soothing assumptions.

We assume that the present generation is inferior to "our generation." That is, we assume that what happens today in student bodies—from the Suez Canal to Japan, and from Cairo to Chicago—is something unique to this time and to this generation. We ignore the facts about student behaviour in other periods. We ignore the important fact that fragments or parcels of "education" (of subject matter) are not the same to learners as to teachers (or lecturers).

Testing the Myths

WE ignore the fact that students today live in a period of frustration and that they have to cope with the prevalent world frustrations as well as with the relatively minor

B. B. C. Reference Library

THE B. B. C.'s Reference Library is a highly important section of the BBC and is run by a librarian and her team of assistants.

Thirty queries per assistant is a rough daily average but on busy days there are as many as fifty. Simple questions regarding spelling or easily found dates are soon dealt with but some problems may take weeks to solve. Amongst the manifold queries the Library received recently were: Pictorial Publicity wanted a list of European theatres built during the last twenty years, with illustrations if possible; Television wanted a detailed account of the appearance of the cards and the methods of playing Primero, a card game popular in the sixteenth-seven-

but none-the-less maddening frustrations of the academic life. There is no atmosphere of security today, and the myth that "all's well with the world" does not fool most of us who know that all is not well.

Finally, there are the myths that change, that can be effected without disturbing the vested interests, by surface reforms alone. We assume, for instance, that by adding or subtracting subjects from the curriculum, we have moved more than a pawn. We assume that by subscribing or succumbing to the "general education" movement (which is popular, though shallow) we have improved education. We assume that by passing resolutions for or against English we have made significant progress. But these are myths.

But we must return back to the Emperor and his new clothes. This poor, vain man, of another age and a similar culture, was persuaded to buy something which left him in the end naked. Today there are many of us who are left culturally naked, because we succumb to the power of untrue myths. But we need not so succumb. With just a little bit of effort, and a little bit of will power, we could each of us for himself explore the validity of present day myths. The process could not but be helpful—to our society as well as to ourselves.

teenth centuries; the Wardrobe Department of Television asked what the correct form of dress at a certain official function? Television Outside Broadcast Department asked what was the name of the breastplate worn by the Guards that hung down the back, and how should they describe it?; the Talks Department wanted information about the history, legends and folk lore relating to the "toponaxtle," a particular form of drum used by the Aztec civilisation in South America and still surviving in modern times; and the Drama Department wanted confirmation that there were no hot-water bottle manufacturers called "Grubbins Ltd." so that charges of advertizing in a radio play would not arise.—B. B. C. London.

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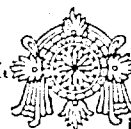
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A SURVEY OF STATE AND CENTRAL BUDGETS

By M. S. P.

THE past few weeks saw the presentation of the Central Government's budget and the budgets of almost all State Governments. Nearly every budget is a deficit budget. Only two of the seventeen State Governments (for which figures are available) have been able to present a surplus budget, those of Madhya Bharat and Bombay, and only the Finance Minister of Rajasthan has been able to present a balanced budget. The extent of the deficit in the budgets varies from 12.43 crores (out of a total expenditure of Rs. 53.31 crores) in the case of West Bengal to Rs. 29 lakhs (out of a total expenditure of Rs. 146 lakhs) in the case of Coorg. The deficit in all the State budgets (including PEPSU, Himachal Pradesh, Vindhya Pradesh, Tripura, Kashmir and Bhopal) together is about Rs. 32.5 crores, compared to a deficit of Rs. 14.21 crores in the Union budget. The total receipts of the State Governments amount to Rs. 496.5 crores and expenditure to Rs. 529 crores, the figures for the Central Government being Rs. 453 crores and Rs. 467 crores respectively.

It is indeed inevitable that the various Governments in India should incur deficits in their budgets, considering that the Five-Year Plan is entering on its fourth year and more than half the expenditure contemplated under it has to be incurred in the coming two years. But what is disturbing about these deficits is that they are deficits on revenue account. Even so, the small deficit in the case of States like Madras, U. P. and Bihar need cause no concern. It is the huge deficit of West Bengal and the small but recurring deficits (forming a high percentage in relation to the total budget) in the case of some of the smaller States which present a problem. A deficit on revenue account is not always to be condemned or avoided. But where

expenditure shows a tendency to go on increasing steadily, while the revenues remain at the same level, some drastic remedy is called for. But this, of course, will have to await the report of the Taxation Enquiry Commission.

When we turn to consider the size of the State Governments' budgets, we find that Uttar Pradesh has the biggest, with a total income of Rs. 81.07 crores. But, considered in relation to population Bombay leads (among Part A States) with a total revenue of Rs. 72.38 crores. This is only indicative of the fact that Bombay is the most advanced State in India economically and industrially. The following figures in crores give an idea of the per capita expenditure incurred by the various Governments:

Mysore	Rs. 27
West Bengal	Rs. 22
Bombay, Travancore-Cochin.	
Madhya Bharat	Rs. 20
Assam, East Punjab	Rs. 18
Hyderabad	Rs. 16
Madhya Pradesh,	
Rajasthan	Rs. 14
Madras, Bihar, Uttar	
Pradesh	Rs. 13
Andhra, Orissa	Rs. 10

THE finances of the State Governments depend on four main sources of income—the share from income-tax and Union excise duties, the land revenue, the sales tax and the excise on liquor. The last mentioned source is almost non-existent for the Madras, Andhra and Bombay Governments as Prohibition is in force throughout these States. In States like Mysore, U. P., Madhya Pradesh and Bihar, where Prohibition is in force in some areas, its importance is diminishing. Committed as the Congress is to the complete prohibition of all intoxicating liquor, it is inevitable that the excise from this

source will cease to be a source of income to State Governments sooner or later.

Now, how much does each of these sources of income contribute to the receipts of the State Governments? Considered together, Central allocations of income-tax and excise account for about 13 per cent of the receipts, land revenue for nearly 14 per cent, sales tax for an equal share, and the liquor excise for over 10 per cent. Commercial undertakings contribute some 5 per cent, the total non-tax revenues amounting to nearly 30 per cent.

The expenditure incurred by the State Governments may be roughly divided into security services, social services, public utility services and debt charges. The security services, such as police, jails, and the administration of justice, absorb nearly 30 per cent of the total income. Social services, such as education, medicine, public health and co-operation account for about another 30 per cent and public utility works like irrigation, agriculture and veterinary services for nearly an equal amount. Debt charges form some five per cent of the receipts. In States like Mysore, Bombay, West Bengal, Madras and Hyderabad, a greater percentage of the expenditure is devoted to the provision of social services. An analysis of the capital expenditure shows that nearly 50 per cent is devoted to irrigation and food production schemes and about 40 per cent for electricity schemes. The balance is allotted to State trading schemes, commercial undertakings, buildings and for compensation for zamindaris taken over.

IT had been mentioned earlier that all but three States have deficit budgets. But a significant fact is that, barring Madras, Mysore, Andhra and Hyderabad, no other State Government has proposed any new taxes. New taxes are generally in the nature of a betterment levy on lands benefited by irrigation projects (Madras and Andhra), a higher special sales tax on mill cloth (Madras and Mysore), agricultural income-tax on plantations (Madras), higher motor vehicles taxation and increase in

sugar-cane cess (Hyderabad), higher water rates (Andhra and Mysore), and higher assessment on plantations (Mysore). No serious objection could be taken to any of the new levies save to the imposition of an extra sales tax on mill cloth, which is ostensibly intended to give protection to handloom even but is really a revenue measure.

BUT even the additional revenue proposed to be raised by these State Governments will not help them to bridge their deficits. Here arises the problem of how these Governments are going to finance their development schemes when even on the revenue account most of them have deficits. The implementation of schemes under the Five-Year Plan has presented no problems till now because the scale of expenditure in the first three years has been rather low. But, even to meet this rate of development, most of the State Governments have had to draw on their revenue reserves with the result that, when the more important portion of the Plan has to be implemented, they have no reserves to rely on, while prospects of raising money in other ways are also rather dim. In the first three years, the State and Central Governments have spent Rs. 945 crores on implementing schemes under the Plan, of which Rs. 600 crores was raised internally, Rs. 120 crores was received as aid from abroad and Rs. 225 crores was obtained from reserves, sale of securities held by States and increase in the floating debt. In the coming two years, the Plan would involve an expenditure of nearly Rs. 1,300 crores. Whatever assistance the Central Government may give, it will not be able to provide all the funds needed; and the main responsibility for implementing the plan rests on the State Governments. Of course, many of the State Governments have proposed to float loans in the open market, but how far they will be successful it is still too early to predict.

Taking the Central and State budgets together, we find that the total income of all the Governments amounts to Rs. 916.5 crores, of which the share of the Centre is Rs. 483 crores and that of the States Rs. 433.5

crores. (Central grants to States totalling Rs. 32.5 crores have not been included in this). Of this the tax revenue amounts to about Rs. 770 crores, the Centre contributing Rs. 394 crores and the States Rs. 376 crores. That is to say, every Indian contributes on an average nearly Rs. 21 to the support of the Governments in India. Of the total tax receipts, the income-tax and the Corporation tax account for Rs. 180 crores, the remaining Rs. 590 crores being derived almost entirely from indirect taxes (that is, taxes which are not based on the principle of progression).

H-Bomb Portents

By D. V. RAMA RAO

WHILE Mr. Nehru's appeal for a truce with regard to further tests and production of atomic weapons is timely, the recent alarming trends bring to the forefront far more fundamental issues.

Is it not time to seriously consider as to how far modern science and technological progress have proved conducive to overall human welfare? Can it be said that the ever increasing gadgets and embellishments of modern civilization have increased human happiness, or ennobled human character or enriched universal culture? For all the acquisition of new knowledge, are we wiser, or more serene or more carefree than our predecessors? Once the primary needs are met for all, is not a rich and full life dependent essentially on joyous cultural expression and the cultivation of time-honoured basic virtues like prayerful faith and humanity, truthfulness, simplicity, compassion and clean means to gain good ends—practised and preached by all great souls from Buddha and Jesus to Gandhiji?

This brings us to the question whether we have not erred in relegating the study of humanities and

On the expenditure side, a total of Rs. 205.6 crores, entirely from the Central budget, is allotted to defence. This represents 22.6 per cent of the total expenditure by all the Governments (which amounts to Rs. 965 crores excluding the Central grants to States of Rs. 38.5 crores) and an average cost of Rs. 5.5 to every Indian. The expenditure on police, jails and courts by the State Governments amount to about Rs. 160 crores, so that on the whole the cost of security services is Rs. 365.5 crores, out of a total outlay of Rs. 964.5 crores on revenue account.

the cultivation of arts in our craze for the indiscriminate pursuit of science and progress irrespective of their bearing on the development of a wholesome personality.

Is the H-bomb merely the result of a mad armaments race, or also the culmination or symptom of a more deep-seated malady? A probing analysis might reveal that most of our major afflictions like the ugly phase of industrialism and colonialism, the ruthless cynicism of totalitarian creeds, the utter callousness in the field of experimentation, e.g. gruesome vivisection—so graphically described by Srimati Santha Rungachary in a recent article in SWATANTRA and loss of ability to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials of the good life are not only inter-related but are, at least partly, the result of the dethronement of religious, philosophic, moral and cultural ideals and installing the largely delusory gods of science, progress, and power in their place.

Perhaps, it would be wiser, on the whole, to cultivate the art of living in communion and harmony with Nature in an attitude of reverent wonder rather than seek to gain an endless command over its secrets and mysteries. An earnest reassessment of the fundamental aims of mankind and humanistic values is called for.



POLITICS AND ECONOMICS IN MALAYA

By ANDREW ROTH

ON February 12 the Director General of Information Services in the Federation of Malaya, Alec Peterson, made a curiously revealing statement in a BBC broadcast from London. In describing the steady progress being made to increase the number of surrenders by Communists in the Malayan jungles he disclosed the results of recent researches into the types of recruits who are now filling out the depleted ranks of the Communists. These researches have utilised interrogations of surrendered Communists, captured documents and all the other techniques devised during World War II to learn the nature of the enemy.

Mr. Peterson said that much of the recruitment "takes the form of black-mail. Chinese villagers who have helped the Communists in the past by supplying food are simply told that the police are after them and the only way to save themselves is to run to the jungle . . . I think it is happening less than it did, though, because the last Communist directive I saw talked a lot about the urgency of recruitment, and manpower shortage. Significantly enough, the overriding qualification for recruits was to be 'ability to endure hardship.' As 80% of these recruits seem to be poor rubber tappers you can see that it hasn't much to do with ideology."

Mr. Peterson was implying that the communists were recruiting rubber tappers because they were the only persons available on the edges of the jungles into which they had been driven. Certainly this is partially true. But there are assuredly others, non-tappers, who live in at least equal numbers on the edge of the jungle.

To anyone with the slightest knowledge of Communist theory or tactics this figure of 80% must be considered not a sign of Malayan Commu-

nist weakness but an amazing achievement, even if partially accidental. All over the world Communist leaders in non-Communist countries lie awake dreaming of recruiting people from the basic industries of the country. In the advanced countries of the West, Communist leaders think themselves very fortunate if even half their recruits come from important industries. In China the Communists won their revolutionary war with a party made up of the intellectuals leading the peasantry. In fact, when they took the coastal cities their efforts to convert their party into the "proletarian party" which it is supposed to be in the Communist dogma, were almost ludicrous. But in Malaya, the fact that four-fifths of the Communist recruits are coming from Malaya's chief industry, the rubber industry, at a time when it is entering a deep crisis is taken by the official spokesman to be a good sign!

And this at a time when the 300,000 rubber workers of Malaya—Indians and Chinese—have taken their third wage cut in 18 months and the anti-Communist unions are fighting for their survival!

This is but one of several indications that the colonial approach to Malaya's deepening politico-economic crisis is chronically incapable of providing any solution of lasting value. Far from that, it seems likely to set up new tensions even more explosive than the premature Communist insurrection of 1948.

One is pushed toward this conclusion regardless of the person in the saddle in Malaya at the moment. Sir Donal MacGillivray, who will replace the present High Commissioner, Sir Gerald Templer, next June is undoubtedly one of the best and most liberal of the younger colonial civil servants. But then, so is Sir Andrew Gohen, the Governor of Uganda. At

the present stage even the most liberal of the colonial paternalists appear incapable of avoiding crises.

In fact, in some ways Sir Donald MacGillivray will be at a disadvantage as compared to General Templer, particularly in dealing with the substantial rubber and tin interests. Universally, General Templer has been applauded by the chairmen of rubber and tin companies for his energetic pursuit of policies with which they agree. He is the "strong man" for whom they panted so long. He has ever been able to order them to do things very costly for them and they have done it without a public murmur because they have been emotionally convinced that he is "on their side." Sir Donald, to the rubber oil tin tycoon, is a Colonial Office "bureaucrat." Even where he pursues policies which may be in their long-range interest, they will question them very much more closely than they ever dared question General Templer. They are, moreover, certain to be more critical since their own profit margins have shrunk and, in some cases, disappeared.

The Economic Crisis

MALAYA is an extreme case of the crisis of the raw material producers of South Asia, whose export prices have bust after the 1950-51 post-Korea boom.

Malaya is, even now, far from being the poorest of South Asian countries. International statisticians estimated in 1950 that Malaya is the only country in Asia, apart from Israel, with a per capita income of more than U. S. \$150. Even if that income has now been slightly reduced in purchasing power it still is about three times that of India or Japan. But it is nevertheless a serious crisis in terms of what *Malayans* have come to accept as an adequate standard of living.

The Malayan Government has made no attempt to hide the fact of a crisis, although it may frequently seem to misunderstand its character. Last autumn it ran up the "danger" signal and secured loans from Britain, Brunei and Singapore. Even with this assistance, as General Templer made clear in his November

25 report to the Legislative Council, it has been necessary to cut the number of special constables in the Home Guard, and to slow down the rate at which the military forces of the Federation are being built up. The rate of "Malaganization" of the civil service however has been speeded up so that lower-cost Malaysians—almost always Malays—are replacing expensive Britons where they are considered replaceable.

The fact whose implications the Malayan Government *does* seem to minimize is that Malaya's economic crisis is directly related to the colonial character of its economy. Singapore and Penang were developed early as trading bases. But the Federation, of course, was developed mostly in the last century by largely British capital and Chinese and Indian labour as the supplier of rubber and tin to the developing industries of the West particularly the U. S. A. The result has been an economy overwhelmingly dependent upon the export of the two products.

It is striking that while Britain itself depends on exports for 18% of its national income, Malaya depends upon external trade for fully 53% of its national income. This is exceeded within the sterling area only by Southern Rhodesia which derives 66% of its national income from exports. India and Pakistan depend on their foreign trade for only 7% of their national income.

In Malaya's case rubber and tin account or the bulk of her exports. In 1953—a bad year for both—of the £340 millions export total rubber exports accounted for £148 million and tin exports for £46 million. In the boom year of 1951, when Malayan exports totalled £699 millions, rubber accounted for £461 millions and tin for £67 millions.

This insane fluctuation, whereby Malaya's total exports doubled between 1949 and 50, increased by half again in '51 lost almost half in 1952 and another 25% in 1953, is directly related to Malaya's insane dependence on two highly volatile export products.

Figuratively speaking, if the United States catches a snuffle, Malaya starts

coughing and shivering in the most violent manner. American researches have shown that on an average, in the first year of a depression, spending on consumption in the U. S. drops by 4% a year. This is enough to cut tin exports to the U. S. by 26% and rubber exports by 44%!

This is not denied by the Malayan Government officials. In his budget speech on November 25, E. Hinsworth, the Financial Secretary emphasized Malaya's dependence on rubber, saying, "... the financial resources of the (Malayan) Federation vary in direct proportion to the fortunes of our two main primary products, rubber and tin, and of these the more important is rubber. So close is this connection that it is probably not incorrect to say that 'Malaya is as rubber does' ..."

He also emphasized Malaya's dependence on American industry: "In my view the average price of rubber in 1954 will ... be determined ... primarily ... by that factor which determines the price of almost every primary commodity, namely, the level of production in the U. S. A. ... I see no reason for supposing that there is going to be in 1954 a recession of business activity in America. If there is, then the whole of our revenue estimates as set out in this budget will be completely falsified by the event ..."

The Malayan Government can do little except pray that there will not be a depression and pass the hat if there is one because while its prosperity depends on the buying habits of the United States, its ultimate political control is in the hands of Britain. This has made it impossible to take the rudimentary precautions against an American recession which rubber exporters like Ceylon and Indonesia have taken—trading with China and other Communist countries. Malaya cannot trade with China because Britain's fundamental postwar policy—whether Labour or the Conservatives are in office—has been not to do anything which will embarrass the British Ambassador in Washington. As a result little Ceylon and battered Indonesia are willing to take the risk of thumbing their noses

at Uncle Sam to protect their livelihood. But Malaya, for whom rubber constitutes over two-fifths of her annual export trade, and one fifth of her national income, is not permitted to do so. Malaya is restricted to lecturing at visiting American Vice Presidents, Senators and Representatives on how to fight Communism by paying more for rubber. It may be emotionally satisfying and it has produced some minor concessions by the U. S. Government. But it is about as useful to tell an American rubber manufacturer to pay more than he has to for his rubber as to tell Senator McCarthy that he would be doing a good turn to American influence overseas if he kept his mouth shut.

These tactics are not only of limited effectiveness but they infuriate a wide section of British and Malayan opinion in Malaya. The local British rubber interests are even more annoyed than Malayan rubber growers that the British Government will not permit them to thumb noses at the United States. After all, it is a pretty poor show if a Briton cannot do what a Ceylonese or Indonesian can do!

Refusal to Change

MALAYANS have a well-founded complaint: that their economy has been left dependent upon rubber and tin fluctuations despite the piling up of evidence of its unwisdom. Between the end of the war and the Korean boom in rubber, tin and other raw materials, there was endless wailing and breast-beating by the spokesmen for rubber. They complained that rubber had not risen as much as other raw materials, due to the American synthetic plants. And, they complained, rice, which Malaya had to import in the regions of 600,000 tons annually, had gone sky-high.

But did this lead to the revamping of the Malayan economy to make it self-sufficient in rice and less dependent on rubber? Scarcely at all. There was much talk about self-sufficiency in rice but the total yield in 1947-1949 was virtually identical with 1937-9. And then the high prices for rubber attracted labour away from the rice paddies.

Before the Korean war produced a rubber boom one heard a good deal about the dangers of Malayan reliance on natural rubber, which many felt was a raw material of declining importance. The way out in many directions was offered by P. T. Bauer when his "Report on a Visit to the Rubber Growing Small Holdings of Malaya" was officially published in 1948. This recommended that the main burden of new planting of high-yield rubber should pass to the small-holders. Rubber produced overwhelmingly by smallholders would be more flexible because they could switch from rubber-tapping to food-raising in times of low prices. It would make possible the establishment of a stable peasantry which would keep virtually the whole of the proceeds of the sale of rubber in the country. Bauer felt that, in the long run, the estates could not compete with the small holdings if the latter were encouraged to replant. The estates, he pointed out, have an elaborate and expensive hierarchy stretching back to London, "whose services are not essential for the simple processes of rubber production." Furthermore the estate hired labour for operations performed by the smallholder and his family. Not only was the smallholder able to do this at lower expense, but he was less vulnerable to extremist politics.

The Malayan Government has encouraged the replanting of the smallholders' rubber. But the Colonial Office could scarcely be expected to convert Malaya into a "smallholders' democracy" at the expense of influential British rubber estates.

Situation Normal

THE fact is, until the landing of the World Bank survey team in January 1954 there has not been any real economic planning for a Malaya national economy distinct from colonial economy. Malaya did, of course, produce a series of departmental forecasts in order to participate in the Colombo Plan, under the title "Draft Development Plan of the Federation of Malaya." But this consisted of a series of departmental

plans with little faith in the future and without a unifying philosophy, despite the foreword of the late Sir Henry Gurney which insisted that "a country that is becoming a nation must have a policy and a plan, and these must rest on certain assumptions."

But a report published last November, more than three years after the above draft plan, suddenly discovered the need of a planning authority in the Malayan Government, years after India and other Asian countries had set them up. "In actual fact," this report admitted, "there is no single officer, much less any department in the Federal Government, charged with such (a) task at the present time."

This reluctance to plan in Malaya's interest has been terribly costly. As a consequence of the "Briggs Plan" to resettle squatters, some 570,000 persons—a tenth of Malaya's population—have been resettled. But their movement was not fitted into any preconceived plan to develop new areas of Malaya, largely because the plans did not exist. The main emphasis was on getting the squatters away from the Communists and under police protection. Very little thought was given to getting them to something productive. General Templer made this clear in his November 25 speech to the Legislative Council. He made much of the effort to provide decent agricultural land near the "new villages." He admitted this was "a factor which was not always taken into account at the time in the haste of resettlement." He said that by the end of 1953 over 50,000 acres would have been made available to the 570,000 resettled persons—one-tenth of an acre per head—but that the target was a half-acre a head. And this in a country which is four-fifths jungle!

When resettlement was decided upon, how much more constructive if the resettled squatter could have been moved on to some great new productive project like the great 180,000-acre Trans-Perak rice project, now in its exploratory stages twelve years after it was first suggested!

The Communal RIDA

THE economic development of Malaya could help end communal divisions which are based not only on different ethnic origins but also on different levels of economic development. If Malays, Chinese and Indians were encouraged through inspired planning to become rubber smallholders in adjoining plots, or cooperative paddy-growers a community of interest could be built up.

Instead the tendency has been to convert even economic development into an instrument for communal jockeying. RIDA has become an instrument almost entirely for Malay development. The "new village" programme is predominantly Chinese. And the composition of a committee to report on how Malays are to secure economic betterment was fixed so that it was inevitable that they demand to be taken in as junior partners in non-Malay firms, or be given a guaranteed minimum of the omnibus licenses. Within the framework of national planning there would presumably be plenty of scope for Malay tractor drivers. But within a planless colonial society the Malay is pushed toward unseating a Malayan Chinese bus-driver.

While Malayan economic planning is reduced to a snail's pace, it suffers from the greater national assertiveness of neighbouring countries. Much of Malaya's foreign trade has always been a transit trade for Indonesia. Customarily more than a quarter of Malaya's export of rubber has been Indonesian smallholder's rubber milled in Singapore or Penang. But the Indonesians have virtually cut off this middleman trade, milling their own rubber. Similarly, they have cut off Singapore's export to Indonesia of Zanzibar cloves (for Indonesian cigarettes) or Japanese textiles. Indonesia now deals directly, in the hope of cutting out the middleman's profits, and to build up its own national economy on a stable basis.

Malaya has shown no such desire to shape a well-balanced economy. It has both iron ore and coal—although the latter is of poor quality. But the iron ore was virtually ignored until

Japan—which had been a prewar importer—came back into the market. Similarly, the coal mines at Batu Arang are now working at much under capacity as some of its chief customers have shifted to using diesel oil. Certainly it is possible that in both cases it would be not in accord with the strict principles of Adam Smith to encourage "uneconomic industries" in Malaya. But it is difficult to believe that a national government in Malaya would wait for Japanese custom to develop its iron ore resources or allow its coal mines to cut production. But, of course, Malaya's coal and iron ore make virtually no contribution to the dollar pool of the sterling area. And tin, and particularly rubber, make Malaya the sterling area's chief dollar earner. In 1953 Malayan rubber earned £34 millions and its tin £22 millions. In 1950 Malaya earned £137 millions in dollars, in 1951 £164 millions and in 1952 £89 millions.

Protecting Dollar Earners

THERE is quite another degree of sensitivity when it comes to protecting Malaya's dollar earners, and particularly the predominantly British owners of rubber estates. In order to protect them, the Malayan Government is apparently willing to risk putting 300,000 rubber workers in the hands of the Communists and junking the moderate, anti-Communist trade unions which have made considerable progress during the last six years.

It is difficult to come to any other conclusion on the basis of the handling of the wage crisis affecting the rubber workers of Malaya. Unfortunately for them they agreed to a wage contract which tied their wages to the fluctuating price of rubber. When prices went below 65 Malayan cents, the rubber estates were entitled under the contract to cut their wages.

Rubber union leaders like P. P. Narayanan protested that this would bring tappers below the subsistence level. The average tapper was then getting six shillings a day when working, plus primitive housing, health and educative facilities. Many of the smallholders were already dis-

missing tappers, who were having great difficulty finding new work. The moderate trade unions, which represented only the organised minority of the 300,000 rubber workers, found their dues dropping off. They had already accepted two wage cuts in eighteen months and seemed unlikely to strike to prevent a third cut. The Communists, he it said, had not negotiated wage cuts when they dominated the trade unions in 1945-8. Rubber workers were facing the worst slump since the 1930's when tens of thousands of unemployed Indian and Chinese tappers returned to their native lands.

It was under these conditions that General Templer sent a message to the annual meeting of the Plantation Workers Union in December pointing out the "debt of gratitude" that rubber workers owed "to employers for the extent to which they have accepted you and assisted you to find your feet." Perhaps General Templer was referring to the fact that many British estate managers still do not feel it necessary to offer a chair to visiting Malayan trade union leaders.

Even less courtesy was shown Malayan rubber union leaders by Justice Taylor who made an arbitration award cutting the wages of estate workers by some nine percent. This occurred shortly after top-level civil servants, earning twenty to forty times as much, had been given substantial increase, in allowances because of the high cost of living!

But this was not the unkindest cut Justice Taylor sneered at the representative capacity of the trades' unions which appeared before him, although this was not within his terms of reference. Moreover, the employers, who should be the first to complain, had not challenged

their credentials! The union leaders had made an unsuccessful approach to General Templer, to prohibit publication on the ground that Justice Taylor's report was anti-labour. But General Templer ordered publication after Justice Taylor agreed to the deletion of one sentence.

There is no doubt a considerable problem involved when wages account for about one-half the cost of rubber production. The Malayan Government, in turn, depends on the competitive quality of Malayan rubber for a substantial proportion of its income.

But the implication is clear. The Malayan Government and employers agree that the bulk of rubber estates should not operate at a loss, no matter what it does to the rubber workers economically or politically.

Only a thoroughly colonial mind can come to such a conclusion. You are in Malaya to stop Communism and to preserve the 'dollar arsenal' of the Commonwealth. And in order to preserve it as a 'dollar arsenal' you give the sagging Communists the biggest leg-up they could get.

The Economist, at least, gets the point. On January 30 it pointed out that Justice Taylor's award "unlike anything that could happen in Britain, marks an official reduction in the basic rates . . . this is a situation which should drive home again . . . the lesson that it is dangerous to divorce economics from politics. Tremendous efforts have been made to beat Communist terrorism in Malaya . . . The depression in rubber and tin prices provides them with a situation which they may yet be able to exploit much more effectively than they have done so far . . ." Particularly with the help of the colonial mind.



SOUTH AMERICA: A NEW COLOSSUS

NEW YORK: The Caracas Conference has focussed attention on the need for hemispheric unity to overcome the threat of Communism. Meanwhile, the U. S. State Department and Congress alike are becoming increasingly aware of the economic and military role which can—and eventually will—be played by the rapidly developing Latin American countries. Today the 20 Latin countries are growing into a "colossus of the south." Their growth in some ways is even greater than the U. S.

In population alone, as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Robert F. Woodward recently pointed out, the Latin countries now are on a par with the U. S. their combined strength totalling about 160,000,000.

But what may not be widely realized is that, when the U. S. total climbs to 200,000,000—some 20 to 25 years from now—the Latin American population will have far outdistanced it. The increase there is about twice as great as the world average.

In regard to the growing Red menace in South America, Secretary of State J. Foster Dulles told the Caracas conference: "There is not a single country in this hemisphere which has not been penetrated by the apparatus of international Communism operating under orders from Moscow."

Unless the Latin countries cooperate wholeheartedly with the anti-Communist efforts recommended by the U. S.—and by no means are all of them enthusiastic about doing so at the moment—it may not be long before the words "taken over" can be substituted for "penetrated" in the Dulles statement. Meanwhile, on the economic side, as well as from the security standpoint, the southern continent grows potentially more important.

What is happening—economically—south of our border, by comparison to the U. S. has been summed up by Nelson Rockefeller, a recognised

authority on the Latin countries and Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Mr. Rockefeller pointed out that over the past two decades the per capita income for Latin America has been increasing at an average rate of 2½ per cent per year. Since World War II ended—in the period from 1946 to 1952—the rate of increase was even better: it was 2½ per cent per year. This is even higher than that of the U. S. which over a long term has shown an average increase of 2 per cent.

"The magnitude of this achievement," declared the Under Secretary in an address at the Pan American Union here, "is better appreciated when it is noted that at the same time Latin America's population was increasing by more than 2 per cent a year . . . In physical terms, total production of Latin America in the postwar period has shown an annual increase of almost 5 per cent, which has provided the 2½ per cent annual increase in the per capita income of its rapidly growing populace. This record surpasses the U. S. . . . for the postwar years."

A more comprehensive report on the economic aspects of the Latin countries, prepared by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee following an on the spot survey, has just been issued. This 648 page study asserts that South America is "a continent on the economic march . . . a land of opportunity awaiting development, populated by friendly people who desire to become closely identified with the U. S. culturally, politically, and economically." Here are just a few of the many recent advances in South American countries cited by the legislative group:

In Argentina, which is one of the two leading manufacturing countries in Latin America, industrial activity accounted for 24.5 percent of the national income of \$4,125,000,000 in 1945. Six years later, the national income was up to \$5,200,000,000 and by

that time industrial activity accounted for 28 percent of it. The Argentine Government presently is promoting mixed companies (part private and part state-owned) to manufacture timplate, carbonate of soda, chemical drugs, turboengines and for the construction of an integrated steel industry.

Brazil, although one of the most highly industrialized nations in Latin America is still predominantly agricultural in its economy. Yet, in 1950, nearly 80,000 factories were operating in the country. More than 8½ percent of industrial output currently goes toward filling elementary requirements for such necessities as food, clothing and housing. But rapid increase has taken place in the capital-goods field as well, including machine tools, motors, machinery, and truck and bus bodies.

In Chile, where manufacturing industries still are producing principally for the domestic markets and where mining is one of the chief economic factors, progress recently has been made in establishing a chemical industry, a steel industry, and such enterprises as food processing, beverage manufacturing, paper production and industries producing rubber products, cement, copper products, glass and ceramics, and electrical products.

Colombia's economy, based to a large extent on coffee production and on its output of petroleum, recently has enjoyed a rapid rise in manufacturing. A steel industry has been established, a tire industry is just coming into being, its cement industry has doubled its production in the past five years, and its wool, worsted, rayon, and silk industries are making great strides.

In Mexico, primarily an agricultural country, 1,400,000 persons now are employed in industry, which is fairly diversified and which shows every prospect of future development on a wide scale. The country now boasts an iron and steel industry, chemical plants, arms and explosives factories, and textile plants. Plans for establishing a merchant marine are progressing.

Uruguay, although basically a pastoral country which lacks native raw

materials required for low cost industrial development, nevertheless is moving ahead industrially. More than 6,500 new plants were established between 1948 and 1952. More than 200,000 persons now are employed in industries.

ON the other hand, the Senate committee notes that there can be dangers in too rapid industrialization, and observes that shortage of local private capital has tended to interject Government into business in several of the southern countries. "This," it is reported, "has furnished an impetus toward Socialism and the entering of governments into activities normally performed by private enterprise."

Although Latin America's foreign trade has boomed in recent years, certain trade conditions remain unfavourable, according to the report: "Credit facilities are meagre, capital formation is shy, and interest rates are high. Wealth is disproportionately distributed, with a few wealthy, a few middle class and a vast amount of poor."

Meanwhile, foreign competition with the U. S. for the Latin American market is growing, the committee says, explaining that "a noticeable rebirth of former European and Asiatic competition has occurred," with European firms in some categories offering cheaper prices than do American concerns. But the "chief competitive advantages they enjoy are much longer and more favourable terms of payment."

The U. S. comes in for some criticism by the Senate group for failing "to pay enough attention to its export markets, including consumer preference. Numerous requests were made for a U. S. guarantee or insurance programme to enable U. S. products to be sold in Latin America on longer payment terms."

Among other roadblocks to expansion in the southern republics, according to the report are: The failure of agricultural production to keep pace with the rapidly growing population; a lack of adequate power and transport facilities; the recent decline in world prices for raw materials, and frequent dollar shortages.

As for the Latins themselves, the Senate says; they fear an increase in U. S. trade restrictions.

The committee has recommended action by the U. S. along several lines. In the first place, it is suggested that "we should buy more goods and services from Latin American countries, (and) we should decide what our tariff rates should be and maintain them for a specified period of time, at least for five years."

Rejecting the idea of imposing quantitative import quotas, the Senators insist that "we should cooperate

more closely, politically and economically, with all Latin-American countries and consider them more as Western Hemisphere partners . . . ; we should encourage private capital to invest (there) . . . ; find ways and means of extending more credit to those countries, particularly longer terms on our export sales . . . ; expand the activities of the Export Import Bank. However, in most instances, its loans should be made to private enterprise rather than directly to governments . . . ; we should be more consistent in our policies."—P. G. Krishnayya's Service.

Ustad Amir Ali Khan

BY T. BALASARASWATI

USTAD AMIR ALI KHAN was our guest here for about a week. We met him last year during my stay at Bombay. He came to Madras recently at the invitation of the Rasika Ranganani Sabha. Madras knows him better as the playback Tansen of *Baiju Bawra*. As chance would have it, barring that one engagement at Sundareswarar Hall, he was free the rest of the time. In a characteristic mood of philosophic complacency, he used his leisure hours for sightseeing, even making an afternoon dash to Mahabalipuram.

In the evening hours the jealous mistress of music claimed him: he would fend off her overtures by casual humming. But as night drew nearer, his eyes would stray oftener towards the corner where stood his cherished *tanpura* wrapped in velvet. At a signal his brother Bashir Khan would bring the *tanpura*, and the Khan Sahib, fondling it like a favourite child, would embark on the sea of melody.

Amir Khan could not help discussing Khan Sahib Abdul Karim Khan, when he saw the heap of Khan Sahib's records stacked in our cabinet. He commented: "The catholicity of Khan Sahib's taste paid him rich dividends. He could thoroughly enjoy Karnatic music, so much so that his exposition of Hindustani music had a distinct Karnatic slant.

That probably accounts for his popularity in South India." How true, countries and consider them more as Khan's rendering of *Rama nee samanamevaru* in Kharaharapriya, as recorded by the Gramophone Company.

But Amir Khan is not a voluble conversationalist, and prefers to listen rather than dominate a discussion. However, he can be drawn out by a debate on musical intricacies, and we looked forward to his shrewd and enlightening comments on subtle points. He speaks English and Hindustani (apart of course from Marathi), and has learnt to intersperse his Hindi with the appropriate technical terms in English, so that people whose acquaintance with Hindi is slight, could grasp the point of the remark. One night, discussing elaboration in *alap*, he distinguished between the "intentional" and the "unintentional" (using the English terms), and stressed the need for a musician to have a very clear idea of the edifice he seeks to build.

He would watch my brothers, Viswanathan playing on the flute, or study the technique of the mridangam as played by Ranganathan. Invariably such Karnatic interludes drew forth from him exquisite *taranas* by way of illustrating the oneness of Indian music, whatever the angle from which it was approached. Once he tracked the trail of Bilaval in Karnatic music, alternately listening to Bilahari and Sankarabharanam on Viswa's flute.

Then he indicated embellishments that would enrich any rendering of Kapi.

In the stillness of the night (unruffled even by the hooting and rumbling of an occasional freight train) he painted a nocturne in Abhogi-Kannada, a sound-picture in soft vibrant tones. The magic of his velvet voice, the exotic note of the *tanpura's* kakali nishada (in place of the usual panchama), so pervaded that little hall . . . One felt that even hours later one could easily capture languid strains still haunting the room.

OUR hall is very small, hardly capable of accommodating ten persons. The Khan Sahib is very understanding and generous, and he readily agreed to our request that we should share his music with a few friends. We moved into a much bigger hall so that at least fifty of our friends could sit around him. On arrival he declined the platform, and squatted most informally on the floor, hugging his *tanpura*.

Now Amir Khan is a severe classicist: it was no fault of his that his elaboration of Marwa (sans Shadja and panchama) mystified his audience in Mylapore—nor can the audience be blamed for failing to be impressed by a performance which is disciplined in pristine purity. Despite this, Amir Khan has frequently stressed the need for some kind of honourable compromise—so that neither the artist need languish in ivory towers, nor the audience wallow in unmusickeled mire. He had

great faith in the public's potential ability to appraise quality.

And so, when he started to strum his *tanpura* that night, he proved that the transcendental element (as opposed to the rigidly classical) had its chosen place even in the conservative school. He treated the gathering to a rare feast in Hem-kalyani, Malkauns, Jaijaiwanti and Bhairavi. Jaijaiwanti is a popular item in the repertoire of most musicians of the North; but Amir Khan's rendering revealed hidden beauties in a raga almost worn threadbare. The Bhairavi—rather Bahar-Bhairavi—was tackled in unusual style, the chords circling with hypnotic intensity round the rishaba.

The *tarana* swayed the small audience to ecstasies. And to the amazement of his brother Bashir, Amir Khan sang a *thumri*, something he has not done for twelve years. It was probably his concession to the theory of social obligation in the sphere of music appreciation.

Amir Khan is essentially a chamber-artist, and he responds wonderfully to a small but appreciative audience. In recent days Madras has welcomed many notable artists of the North—Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, Ravi Shankar, D. V. Paluskar, Rasoolan Bai, Ali Akbar, Bismillah Khan. These have enabled us to understand and appreciate the rich goodness of Hindustani music. Amir Khan's visit may mark the second phase in our musical education—the lesson of listening to fine music without the compelling aid of pomp and fanfare.

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THE BLACK CAT

—Short Story—

By

T. J. Ranganathan

IT sounds incredible, does it not, that a cat should talk? But that black cat *did* talk to me. Not with the voice of Ramachar, my immediate neighbour, nor as Sankara Iyer who lived three doors off. It didn't talk like you and I. What does it matter how it talked? And what, after all, is talk? An expression of ideas, an emotional outlet—to put it broadly. Very often I understood the feelings of that cat as clear as the waters of a spring.

Miaow!

Inside of a few days after we occupied the new house I heard the voice of the cat. Dwelling-places have their own distinct personalities, it takes some time for one to get oneself acclimatised to an abode recently moved into. Surely the cat must have been aware of the fact. And that was why it had been patiently watching every little habit of mine.

Where was I to put my books? Which nook would admit my bedstead? What spot would set off my chair and worktable? For over a week spent in arrangement and rearrangement I fixed up the final, proper places for these. All these days the cat must have been watching me. For with every change in my proceedings it had made corresponding changes in its own, quietly, silently. If in the north-facing room upstairs I settled the almirah of books the cat retreated into the room in the south; if I spread out my bed there it scuttled and ensconced itself in the dealwood box stowed away in a corner of the hall. Till I had allotted to myself places for work and rest on a permanent basis, the cat must have passed through a difficult period indeed. Finally, one

day, I installed my chair and worktable in the corner where it was lying. That proved to be the proverbial last straw. It looked thoroughly fed up. It didn't scoot. It

stood, arching its back, yawning and licking its whiskers, and glaring at me with its yellow green eyes. Then, lifting its head, it cast a quick glance on the chair and the table.

Miaow!

I looked at the cat closely. It was really a beautiful creature. Its black shape seemed to emerge from a magical world. Like the light that is seen on the brows of those immersed in yogic contemplation, a white stripe of the size of a little peepul leaf spread, from the tip of its nose up against its forehead. Its voice was soft, infinitely soft.

Miaow!

I grasped clearly what it expressed. "What, brother, don't you understand my misery? Why do you drive me thus from corner to corner. You deny me the smallest place to rest awhile. Why?" it seemed to ask me.

Poor thing! Blind mouth! Quite unwittingly I had been inflicting pains upon it. But is it possible to sympathise with every little creature that draws breath in this wide earth? I had to do my work, it had to do its. Moreover I paid the rent for the house. I must live in it according to my sweet will and pleasure, exercising the fullest freedom over it which was my fundamental right. It was ridiculous to sacrifice my comforts for the sake of a cat.

M-m-m-iaow!

WHINING plaintively and glancing at me once the cat ran out of the house. Its cry went straight to

"Enmity is lie; hatred is lie; jealousy is lie; denial is lie. Kinship is joy; attachment is joy; life is joy; to make one LIVE is the highest joy."—So seemed to speak the Cat—that Black Cat

my heart, it was so touching in its mournfulness. "Because you pay the rent you think it fit to assert your right over the house. But I've been living here for long and by sheer flux of time am I not also entitled to enjoy part of the right?" it appeared to question me. Let it justify itself as it pleased, about lease and tenancy and loopholes in the law, but I was sure that it was not going to leave the house. A cat didn't worry about the people with whom it had become familiar; its greatest attachment was to the place which it had made its home through years of stay. I have read this interesting observation somewhere.

Settled the fact: the cat was not quitting the premises. And living with us how was it going to affect us? To what profit and loss were we to be put? It is quite natural to come across some drawback, some difficulty or other in a rented building. And the difficulties are many if one happens to be a co-tenant. This is no place to expatiate on them: suffice it to say that I have suffered enough by being one. This is a place all to ourselves. No more bother with other families. The landlord is a nice man, very accommodating—so ran my thoughts and I was glad when I took possession of the tenement. But now here was a cat come to disturb us, to destroy the unalloyed happiness of our sole tenancy! On second thoughts, however, I didn't mind it. This cat, like the landlord of a house where I had lived once, will not cut off the electric connections every other hour; like him it will not snap: Turn the watertap three-quarters, now just half, confound you, I told you only a quarter; don't stack the firewood there, don't pile up the charcoal here; don't spit there, don't sneeze here. So I concluded: Let the poor cat curl itself up in a corner. It was not going to hinder us in any way. Why, its presence registered real profit to us. My wife and children need no longer hunt for rats, arming themselves with faggots as they did a year ago in another house. The black cat would relieve them of the job. So I decided to leave free for it a corner of a room upstairs where it was per-

petually dark. And I placed the dealwood box there (removing it from the hall)—a cradle for its comfortable repose.

The cat complimented me on my sense of understanding. It accepted the corner and the box with quiet dignity—was it tinged with disdain or was it my fancy?—and began its life with the hope that there would be no further threats to its security.

After this I had no more truck with the cat. Was I a country boor, living in a village in the jungle, to dally with cats and dogs and such meanest creatures as came my way? An urban man and civilised I had to attend to my work.

BUT within two months a new situation arose: the cat littered.

No nurse or doctor had come to the house—as they generally do to check and advise when any of the women in one's family expects her confinement. And to my knowledge the cat had not visited a maternity hospital. Still it had brought forth. The box of deal was its delivery chamber. Early one morning, casually looking into the box, I had seen two little kittens, as small as mice, sucking at the paps of the black cat. The box was clean, without the slightest dirt. And the cat and the kittens too were spotlessly neat, their furs shone pure like newly laundered silk. This cleaning was the work of the mother cat. Ah, what marvels of ingenuity lie hidden in nature! For it is really a costly business—to think of childbirth in terms of a modern maternity ward.

The cat lay suckling the kittens and licking them with tender motherly love. The more I looked the more delighted I grew at the sight. I shouted to my wife and children:—

"Come, all of you, and see what's happening here. A cat has littered! A cat has littered!"

They came. They saw. Their happiness was indescribable.

"How wise is this cat!" said my wife.

I wondered at her remark.

The boys drew nearer and peered at the kittens.

"Keep back, children. Don't go too close. A newly littered cat is always an angry one. And don't touch the kittens. Even a domesticated cat when it is with its young ones will snarl at you and scratch you if you approach it. This black cat is still a stranger to us. So beware!" I warned them.

After much laughing and rapt peering we left the cat and the kittens to themselves. In the evening, however, my wife chanced to peep into the dealwood box. She was surprised to find it empty. But looking around she saw the cat lying snugly at the foot of my almira of books, suckling one kitten, while the other was underneath the cot behind the big tin trunk in which the *Kolu* dolls had been packed away.

This was its first manoeuvre and in the days that followed the cat made successive strategic moves. Perhaps it was afraid that we would take away its young ones. Or it wanted to guard itself against some unknown enemy?

We kept a careful watch over it. And during the daylight hours, for three days running, at no time did we see it without giving suck to the kittens.

"How does it manage to go on nursing its young like this? When does it go out in search of prey? And if it has nothing to eat where does the milk come from endlessly—like a fountain?" asked my wife, genuinely surprised.

"Maybe it goes out in the night," I said. "Even then, for every five minutes it's away it stays inside the house for quarter of an hour. I've often noticed it."

MY wife was all kindness to the cat. She put before it a bowl of rice soaked in milk. From that moment it became more and more attached to us.

Suddenly one day we found one of the kittens missing. Did the cat grieve over it? Surely it must have. Even an animal has its maternal instincts. But it was not an exhi-

bitionist like a human being, this black cat. We were really sorry.

The kitten that remained behind was black as the mother cat. It had also a white stripe on its forehead but it was not so pretty as its mother's.

During the hours the mother cat was away I began slowly to familiarise myself with the kitten. The instant it saw its mother returning, it would scamper towards her. Sometimes it didn't: then I would shoo it away for fear the cat would leap upon me and maul me.

We were giving milk and rice to the cat; we regarded it affectionately; we petted its young one. Still it kept its distance, we were afraid even to touch it.

ONE day while serving it with milk my wife very boldly stroked its back.

"Don't touch it, don't," I cried, alarmed, "it'll scratch you. What stupid venturesomeness is this?"

"It won't do anything," she said, laughing. "Come, you may also touch it. Do." And she nodded her head invitingly to me.

"Is it in any way wonderful to touch a cat? Does it promise nirvana? Enough of your pranks," I snapped, angered at her sauciness.

Afterwards when I was alone I wished to chum up with the cat. I whistled softly. At first the cat stared at me. Then, slowly, it stepped nearer and nearer. It was right at my feet. I touched it!

Soon we began to feed the mother cat as well as the kitten liberally: with milk and rice, *appalam*s and *vadam*s, with every sweet and savoury prepared in the house.

We named the kitten Ranjitam although it was black as night. My wife bestowed on the mother cat the very fitting appellation of Karupammal. Thereafter the cat and the kitten became acknowledged members of our family. But, alas, we couldn't include Ranjitam and Karupammal in our weekly ration cards. That was their one and only limitation. Let the Food Department take note of this fact.

Days passed.

And then—

AND then, we couldn't bear the havoc caused in the house by the cat and the kitten. Few were the spots in which they didn't leave their squallid impress. Seated in the chair I would be absorbed in writing a very interesting story; the kitten would jump onto my lap and curling itself up go to sleep. Howevermuch I pushed it out, again and again it would run up to me and nestle in my lap. The nights were worse. Her hunt over, the mother cat carried to her kitten delicacies of mice to eat.

It happened one night.

I had just retired to bed and hardly had my eyes closed in slumber when I was startled by a sudden hubbub. There came a fierce growl punctuated by sharp, grating noises. I switched on the light. It was ghastly—all along the foot of the walls. A shudder passes through me even now—after the lapse of years—when I think of that sight. I don't find the adequate words to describe the feelings of horror and disgust it raised in me. In a patch of blood from which drops had spurted out in poxy spots a rat was running to and fro, round and round in the horrid agony of death. With short, sharp leaps, hissing viciously, the kitten was biting and mauling the back of the rat to tatters. I have not seen the tiger that hunts the bison in the wilderness. But I could guess now how that hunt would be. At that moment we were all afraid to approach the kitten. It looked so ferocious. I shoved it back with a handy stick and balancing the mangled rat at the end of the same stick threw it out upon the road. My wife washed the bloodstained floor and wiped it dry with a rag. "Tomorrow, first thing in the morning: to drive this accursed kitten from the house," I cried as I sought my bed.

"That's right," concurred my wife.

The day dawned. My anger towards the kitten was somewhat mollified. But the anger of my wife stayed great. She was adamant in her decision.

"Give the poor thing a little rice," I said to her, laughing.

"What! Rice for the cat indeed! In these days of iron rationing! Cut up chunks of mud and throw the stuff at its mouth," she roared.

She had said the last word. Nothing could happen after that. The joy of my youngest son knew no bounds. He chased the kitten the live-long day. It disappeared. Where? Did it die on the road caught under the wheels of a passing car? Or had a mongrel dog torn it to bits? To what plight had it come to? We never knew.

Having driven out the kitten I was as melancholy as a gib-cat, as the saying goes. But there was my work to distract me. My dejection was short-lived.

For quite a long time the mother cat came during the night in search of the kitten to feed it with mice which it had caught. With its whimper it made the dark, nocturnal hours mournful in the extreme.

BUT time heals the harshest pain. It makes one forget sorrows however great. Very soon I forgot the kitten. Within a fortnight the cat too had forgotten.

Two, three months passed. It was the same story. The cat was heavy with young; it littered again. This time also the kittens were two: one black and the other grey.

Again sympathy was born in our hearts for the cat. We started to feed it with milk and rice. Everything happened as of old. Again, within five or six weeks we had reached the end of the tether. The situation had grown intolerable. The entire top floor stank with filth. During nights mouse after mouse tumbled from the jaws of the cat.

"We've got to chuck out these kittens too," I said finally.

"What's the use of chucking out the kittens merely? The cat that brings forth endlessly should first be thrown out. That alone would solve the problem, would have the situation, in whatever way you choose to put it. Else be on the lookout for another house," said my wife.

"A cat by itself is no nuisance. It'll take some months for it to litter next. We shall think of the cat all in good

time. Now the point is to get rid of the kittens. At once," I said and with firmness too.

"I shall do it, I am ready," said my youngest son, stepping before me.

In fondling the kittens as in chasing them out of the house, in the matter of the cat bringing forth for the third time, in neglecting his lessons, in staying away in the playground—if left to himself—all the hours of the day—in everyone of these matters he showed the greatest gusto. Lightly lifting up the kittens and bearing them in his hands he went out of the house. In a jiffy he was back saying: "Done!"

"Where did you leave them?" I asked him, amazed at his quickness.

"In the temple kitchen. You know it, don't you?" he said enthusiastically.

This time also I was dejected at the removal of the kittens. And as before, the mother cat went about whining and whimpering for upwards two weeks. But all of a sudden I noticed a change in its attitude. Earlier in this narrative I have referred to a point in animal psychology; now I saw quite the contrary of it. Our black cat ran across the roofs of the neighbouring houses, slipped in and out through window-bars in top-storeys, but it didn't for once step into our house. It seemed no longer to care for its old, familiar shelter. Sometimes it looked at me in a way, I thought, as though it wanted to talk to me. I even suspected that one of my sons or my wife had scared it off. I asked them if it was so, but they denied vehemently. Whatever it was, it had somehow struck the cat that one and all of us hated it heartily.

"Wide is the world, brother, immense it is. Don't think that it is circumscribed within the four walls of the house in which you dwell. You are not the only one to be born, to live, to die. I too was born, I am living, I will die. Love for love; hate for hate; indifference for indifference—all these you can see even in a cat." So it seemed to speak to me. My mind was in a flutter.

THE cat continued to walk across the roofs of the adjacent houses,

and though it saw me it pretended otherwise. Shortly there occurred an incident, one night, tending to melt the hardest of hearts.

Usually I read myself to sleep; I don't remember at the moment whether I had been reading then or not. I was vaguely conscious of the unfolded book resting on my breast, awareness grew gradually blurred, the eyelids drooped.

"Are you awake?" It was the voice of my wife calling me.

"What is the matter?" I asked, mumbling irritably, rolling over to a side on the bed.

"Don't you hear that sound, gurgle, gurgle, coming from the well in the courtyard?"

"Gurgle, gurgle! Clotted nonsense. What wild fancies you always have! Shut your mouth and go to sleep."

She was silent.

But soon my sleep being nipped in the bud, my ears turned sharp, and I did hear that sound.

Yes, it came from the well. Again. Again. Whatever the creature that had fallen into its depths, it was trying to climb out and in climbing up to a short height was falling down, foiled in every attempt, as though the hands were too fatigued to keep their clutch. What did it matter who or what it was—man or animal? It is an awful thing to be drowned to death. Terribly agonising. Here was a life in the throes of death fighting bravely for the continuance of its breath. Aware of it how could I be so callous? When the day breaks would one see it alive? No, one would only see a dead carcass.

"Yes, I hear the sound now. Come, let us go and see what it is," I said to my wife, rising from the bed.

The battery in my torch was exhausted, so I lit a hurricane lantern. We reached the well. But how was it possible to light its dark depths with such a lantern? It couldn't be held upside down.

I put the Deitz on the hip-high circular parapet and let down almost three quarters of a long rope into the well. I heard the creature below falling back repeatedly, splashing the water in its attempts to clamber up

the wall. It didn't catch hold of the rope. I thought of the fisherman to whom a twitch at the end of his line communicates his catch. The rope didn't twitch.

So what?

At this juncture, as luck would have it, my next door neighbour came up to us lighting his way with an electric torch. Forthwith he sprayed its beams into the recesses of the well, all the three of us peering down simultaneously. Good gracious! It was our black cat.

Hitching a bucket at the end of the rope we let it down into the water, shifting the rope gently this side and that, so as to make the bucket float with a light, paddling movement. Our attempts were successful at last. The cat had crept into the bucket. We drew out the rope carefully, foot by foot. As soon as the bucket touched the top of the parapet the cat cast a look at me and my wife, and in the wink of an eye—strange indeed must have been its thoughts—had taken a flying leap, its wet fur bristling, and run out of our sight without turning back even once.

IT struck me as curious, this behaviour of the cat. "Why did you rescue me? What is it to you whether I live or die?" Did it mean to say so? Worse than death to owe one's life to one's enemies, disgraceful—such it seemed to me its feelings as it ran precipitately and was swallowed by the night.

Kind reader, bear with me. Don't take me for one who is off his nut for cogitating thus: "Keeping myself to myself I lived in an obscure corner. You drew me out, gave me milk and rice, and sharpened my taste for every kind of edible. Cossetting me in your lap you stroked my back with tender affection. You fondled my little ones and made merry with them. My joy was boundless at the wonderful life you made me live. Then you drove out the kittens—my young ones not yet weaned—drove them out one after another mercilessly. O, those agonising days! How I hungered to catch a glimpse of my darlings! Next you kicked me out. I became disgusted with life. I jumped into the well, to kill myself.

You rescued me. Why? For what purpose? Alas, alas, the ignominy! It is too heavy to bear." Might the cat have expressed thus?

"How we cared for it since first we saw it! Misfortune never comes singly but one upon another in quick succession—laments man when his condition is terrible. How true it is for this cat too!" sympathised my wife.

I felt miserable.

A COUPLE of months passed. I didn't catch sight of the cat on the surrounding house-tops. Was it hiding away, shame-faced? Or as modern psychologists aver, was it my own painful mental reaction that made me miss seeing it? I don't know.

One day, late in the afternoon, I was sitting all by myself tuning the radio. What happened presently was nothing short of a miracle. Our black cat—she who had seen the acme of happiness and the abyss of misery—that magic cat with silk-soft fur stood by my side!

The same old voice! So mournful!

"I don't mind what you did to me, I bear you no grudge. Enmity is lie; hatred is lie; jealousy is lie; denial is lie. Kinship is joy; attachment is joy; life is joy; to make one *live* is the highest joy. I've realised this, brother. You too realise the same. Here and now as you see me, aren't you thrilled with happiness?" In this strain the cat appeared to speak to me; why, it certainly *did* speak to me—not through the medium of language but through the look of its eyes, the tone of its cry, the gestures of its mobile body.

Miaow! Miaow!

I was happy. The cat was happy. Wriggling with a mew, relaxing with a purr, it rubbed its body against my legs, now one, now the other.

Whistling hilariously I hurried downstairs, followed by the cat.

"It has come back!" I said to my wife.

She was bending over the oven, blowing into the raw casuarina fagots, raising smoke and sparks.

"What has come back?" she said,

turning round, coughing softly. The smoke had got into her lungs.

She saw the cat. She seemed to take its arrival as a very normal occurrence.

"Give it a little milk," I said to her.

"You laze about. The cat also," she brought some milk and poured it into a cocoanut shell. The cat began to lap up the milk in swift, brief laps. She stood gazing at it with a full, maternal fondness.

Presently, without looking at me, and a smile lighting up her face, she said:

"That's right. Now I know clearly why it has come back."

Her meaning eluded me for just a little.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Look at its belly," she said briefly, and went abruptly inside, not caring to catch my eye or to continue the conversation.

I couldn't control my laughter.

"It may be," I cried, loud enough to reach her ears.

I thought that the cat that had resumed its friendship with us would come to us daily, as before, for milk and rice. But it didn't. Nevertheless it annexed its old haunt, the room upstairs.

It was the third day after its return. I remember it vividly. Peeping into the dealwood box which had remained all along in its accustomed corner, I saw the cat reposing blissfully along with two kittens, diminutive as mice.

"Father, do you know where I am going to take these kittens this time?" cried my youngest son gleefully.

"Where?" I asked, not incurious.

"You've seen the Mutt near the temple. There!" he said, triumphantly.

BLESS the lad. In this wide, wide world that has neither beginning nor end, what place was worthier

than a Mutt which resounded to the chants of the hymns and lays in praise of the Lord, to the invocation of His myriad appellations? To us, the kittens were a great nuisance. Let the little creatures find their destiny there. We don't stand in the way. Our good wishes go with them.

[Translated from the Original Tamil by MANJERI S. ISVARAN]

✱

SALVAGE

ONE word of abandon is more often remembered than perfunctory declamations of calculated precisions.

One moment of ecstasy surpasses the content in effervescent concoctions of deciduous distractions.

From the debris of life's chaotic wreck, I have salvaged the word and the moment.

V. DHURANDHAR

✱

LOVE SCORES

BEGINNING with "Love all" and service game serving "Double fault,"

one ends in single match with a handicap score. How to score

over the opponent to all appearances opposed, but when duly proposed consents meekly

as partner in Doubles. A tame affair, or playing the game I ask!

We are expected to be gentlemen, and sports above all.

Three cheers to our fair partner for playing the game!

P. V. SUBBARAU

New Books

MY PUBLIC LIFE

Recollections and Reflections of

SIR MIRZA ISMAIL

George Allen & Unwin Ltd., London

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MY PUBLIC LIFE is the story of Sir Mirza Ismail's career, his autobiography. It falls into three parts. The first covers the period of his youth and early manhood until he rose to the position of Dewan in Mysore State. The second relates to his stay in Jaipur. The third is devoted to a narration of his sensational association with the Nizam.

Sir Mirza's grandfather arrived in Bangalore from Shiraz in Persia when he was barely sixteen. He brought horses from Arabia and established himself as an importer and supplier of horses to the Maharaja's stables. He was quite illiterate but he made a great success of his life and won a high reputation among all classes of people in Mysore. Mirza Ismail was selected for admission to the Maharaja's special class of nine boys, and while there a deep friendship grew up between him and the young Maharaja. On completion of his education he was appointed to the Mysore Civil Service and the Maharaja insisted on his being placed on his own staff. There he rose to be the Maharaja's Private Secretary, the first Indian to hold that position. Three years after he became Private Secretary the Dewan-ship fell vacant and the Maharaja appointed him to it at the age of forty-two. He continued as Dewan for 15 years.

During his fifteen years' administration of the State, he started some twenty-five different industries, and set before himself the ideal of a truly socialist State. He had a passion for urban and rural beautification, and distinguished himself as a builder of parks and gardens and beautiful buildings. He loved to do good to people, entertain them with pageantry and illuminations, and he took pleasure in inviting distinguished



Sir Mirza Ismail

leaders from outside to visit the State and see for themselves what the administration was trying to do. Motilal Nehru visited Mysore on some festive occasion, and he was so thrilled with the illumination and the general appearance of the city that he told the Dewan "he would not be happy until he brought his family and showed them Mysore"—a wish which was unfortunately not fulfilled in his life-time.

Sir Mirza came into conflict with Lord Willingdon on account of his admiration for Mahatma Gandhi, but unpleasant consequences were averted off with nice diplomatic skill. Lord Willingdon, then Viceroy, visited Mysore in 1933. Lady Willingdon, while being driven to the guest house-

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told the Dewan that His Excellency was very annoyed with him and was going to give him a dressing down. What followed is described thus by Sir Mirza:

"I was sent for the next day. The Viceroy, in characteristically genial manner, said to me: 'Look here, Mirza, what have you been doing?' Every Governor, he said, had written to him objecting to the views expressed by me in a recent address to the Mysore Representative Assembly. I was surprised, and replied that my motive was so obviously good that I could not understand anybody objecting to what I had said. . . . He listened to me patiently and merely said, 'Don't do it again, my dear fellow.'"

This is the offending passage in the Dewan's speech before the Representative Assembly which he was admonished by Lord Willingdon not to repeat:

"I am not one of those who wish Mahatma Gandhi to retire from politics. There never was a time when India so badly needed the guidance of a genuine leader, and in him we have one who holds a unique position in the country and is not only a convinced lover of peace and an ardent patriot, but also a far-reaching, sagacious statesman. I feel that he is qualified far better than anyone else to reconcile the conflicting elements in the country and to induce them all to march together a further stage along the road that leads to self-government. He also has it in his power, as no one else has, to establish the happiest relations between India and Great Britain."

At Mysore, Lord Willingdon was told that the Maharaja who had been entertaining him, was also going to entertain Mahatma Gandhi as a guest. This upset Lord Willingdon so much that he wrote a long letter to the Maharaja in his own hand requesting him not to entertain the Mahatma as a State guest. The Maharaja replied that Gandhi's hosts were the public of Bangalore, at whose pressing invitation he was coming, and all that the Government had done was to place their guest house at the disposal of the Bangalore leaders for the Mahatma's use, a courtesy invariably shown to distinguished visitors. The threatened

crisis was somehow averted, but the atmosphere of welcome for the Mahatma that prevailed in Mysore seems to have had a harrying effect on Lord Willingdon. For after leaving Mysore he wrote to Sir Mirza:

"Very grateful thanks for all you did for us during our visit. . . . You're a wonder! Go on and all luck go with you. If you will only give up the idea of Gandhi as a leader of political thought in this country, for, believe me, he is temperamentally a bad politician, you will, I know do much to further the interests of India within the British Empire."

Sir Mirza's respectful attitude to Mahatma Gandhi brought him continually into clash with Mr. Jinnah. Mr. Jinnah was unremitting in his efforts to persuade Sir Mirza to join the Muslim League, but Sir Mirza was obdurate in his refusal, and on one occasion told Mr. Jinnah categorically: "My lifelong association with a Hindu Maharaja and my long service in a Hindu State where I have received the most loyal co-operation from my Hindu fellow-citizens throughout my official career, prevent me from identifying myself with a political organisation which is avowedly anti-Hindu in its aims and objects." Mr. Jinnah angrily retorted: "I must most emphatically controvert your statement characterising the Muslim League as a political organisation which is avowedly anti-Hindu in its aims and objects." That has grieved me coming from a man of your position and understanding and let me emphasise that it is not true."

Sir Mirza is an apostle of the unity of India, and he still hopes that India and Pakistan will some day unite in all but name, and his political creed was ever the antithesis of that of Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League. So when, after a four years' term as Dewan at Jaipur subsequent to a fifteen years' tenure at Mysore, the offer of the Prime Ministership of Hyderabad was made to Sir Mirza Ismail and Mr. Jinnah heard of it, he telegraphed to the Nizam asking him to cancel the offer, threatening him with dire consequences

otherwise. When the Nizam stuck to his guns Mr. Jinnah rushed to Hyderabad, determined to prevent Sir Mirza's appointment. A detailed account of what followed was later given to Sir Mirza by Nawab Hosh Yar Jung who was present at the interview between Mr. Jinnah and the Nizam.

He (Nawab Hosh Yar Jung) told me that Jinnah entered the room smoking a cigar, and seated himself in the chair in front of the Nizam with his legs outstretched. Immediately there was an explosion. H. E. H. exclaimed, "Do you know who I am? Is this the way you behave towards the Nizam of Hyderabad?" The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the visitor was completely flabbergasted: he withdrew his legs, threw away the offending cigar and apologised. But the storm having burst, apology did not ease the situation. The Nizam swamped him with angry questions. "What do you want? What do you want to tell me?" and so on and so forth. Jinnah sought to say something about the appointment, but before he could utter a few words, the Nizam cried, "I do not want any outside interference in my affairs. I can take care of the interests of my own people. I do not wish to discuss the matter with you."

I was told that "the whole Palace resounded with his angry voice, so much so that the oldest retainers said that they had never seen the Nizam in such a temper before." In between the explosions Jinnah somehow managed to play his last card by entering the warning that the Muslim League would never extend any support to Hyderabad. That only made matters worse. "What do I care? You were never helpful. I am not going to ask for your help." Jinnah then said something about constitutional reforms. The Nizam cut him short: "I am a busy person, Mr. Jinnah, I cannot go into details with you. If you wish to discuss the reforms, please go and see the minister in charge. Anything more? No? Then good-bye."

Sir Mirza Ismail went to Hyderabad full of hopes and ambitions but his presence was resented by the Razakars who pitted themselves against his policies and succeeded in undermining his hold on the Nizam. He left after a few months and that sealed the doom of Hyderabad.

The greatest influence in the life of Sir Mirza Ismail was Maharaja Sri Krishna Wadiyar. Between them there was a close understanding and deep friendship, and Sir Mirza says of his death in 1940, "To me, it was the greatest sorrow I have known in my life." He is sure that the Maharaja's name will be recorded as among the greatest in India's history.

The writing of an autobiography is an extremely delicate task. But Sir Mirza Ismail has accomplished it with grace and charm because of his singular lack of vanity despite his crowded life packed with events, sensations and achievements. Between his estimate of others and others' estimate of him, is comprised a valuable aid for the comprehension of the country's history in recent times. With the administrator's gift of attention to practical details, he combines the politician's flair for propaganda and the statesman's insight into historical trends—and in these pages we find revealed an outstanding character endowed with many excellences, a warm companionable spirit, deep loyalty, unflinching tolerance, an indefatigable hospitality and a sense of art, beauty and dignity adorning everything touched by it.

K. S. R.



Facts About India

About India

See India: Mysore and Coorg

The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India

Rs. 3-8 as, Rs. 1-8 as, 8 as respectively

THE title is self-explanatory. Facts About India meant for the foreigner will be found useful for the Indian also inasmuch as a number of essential details which should be common knowledge are all gathered in this book. Production of the various industries, the computation of National Income—to mention only two—are among the various

topics. The Constitution of India, the way the problem of health is being tackled, the integration of states have been dealt with in a brief and cogent manner. The different languages and a brief study of their development and their literature are included. To the foreigner who is on a tour of this country this book should prove of immense help. But the binding could have been a little firmer.

About India—India in a nutshell, is a nice 94 page publicity pamphlet—it cannot be called a book. The illustrations selected are good but the content does not warrant the paper and the cost at which it is produced.

One wishes the cover had been more dignified than it is. It suggests a needle craft or embroidery book, than five thousand years of history, a million square miles of land, and the labours of some three hundred and fifty million people.

See India: Mysore and Coorg is interestingly produced with some information mainly for those who know nothing of Mysore. The contents cannot be to the complete satisfaction of the tourist as he will be forced to look elsewhere for other sources. It does not give information regarding the inducements and facilities, where one can stay etc., which a stranger to our land needs. One expects the Tourist Traffic Bureau to be more helpful than to suggest securing "the private hospitality of a planter." It is a good pamphlet if it is meant for free distribution to tourists but one paying for it has a right to expect more helpful guidance in his actual journey. As it is a publicity pamphlet, it should have appended exact information regarding places of stay etc. This is what exactly a tourist needs in the first instance, and also perhaps a warning regarding our hundreds of guides and thousands of beggars in the places of interest so that he will be prepared to face them.

K. R.

Waifs and Strays

By K. Chandrasekharan

S. Viswanathan, Publisher, Madras 10
Re. 1-8 as

HERE is a collection of essays of Mr. K. Chandrasekharan, ranging from the noble qualities of the canine of the species to the essence of tragedy. In case the reader is curious as to where he discusses tragedy it is in the essay on "Pleasure of Pain." The dangers of excessive reading, the paralyzing tendencies of excessive thinking are divagated upon with a celerity which is very often hard to distinguish from facility. Dr. Radhakrishnan has the "honour" of writing a foreword to the present collection as he had had to a previous one of the author's.

S

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THE P. S. P.—A PLEA FOR UNDERSTANDING

By R. VENKATACHALAM

GROWING apathy to political issues and lack of proper discernment on the part of the public are the bane of Indian politics in the post-independence era. Public opinion seems to be oscillating between the two poles of abject hero-worship and irresponsible criticism. Political consciousness is fast waning. In public life, character, sacrifice and service have yielded place to power politics based on corruption, nepotism and personal greed. Even in literate sections, there is a persistent disinclination to understand public issues. To one whose faith is unalterably fixed to parliamentary democracy the situation brings despair and frustration.

After independence the Congress has lost its character as a national organization. A national front is no longer necessary. Such a front will only pave the way for one-party dictatorship and undermine the success of parliamentary government. It was the desire of Gandhiji that the Congress should be dissolved. Though the Congress did not follow this advice its ranks have been reshuffled. Many a battle-scarred warrior has left its ranks. The rump of the Congress today is very different from Gandhiji's Congress. In spite of Nehru, the Congress today is under the grip of vested interests. Its ranks are swelled by self-seekers and job-hunters. It can no longer be an instrument for radical reforms. It has become the sheltering centre for conservatism and reaction. With the best of intentions Nehru has failed, and is bound to fail.

The much-advertised Five Year Plan has failed to produce spectacular results. The river valley schemes are good so far as they go. There can be no two opinions on this, though one would like greater attention being paid to local minor irrigation works. But the question is from what source the expenditure is to be

met. The Congress is content to follow the routine furrow, and place the major burden on the common man. The P. S. P. says that the expenditure should be met by conscription of surplus wealth. This is an issue which has unfortunately not received proper attention at the hands of the public. Under the Community Projects and National Extension schemes there is an enormous waste of public money. Judging by actual working one wonders whether the National Extension scheme is intended to recoup and keep up the morale of Congress workers. While to some extent the Five Year Plan has succeeded in stepping up production in certain spheres, it has given rise to increased unemployment. The purchasing power has not risen. Without a rise in purchasing power there is no use in merely stepping up production. The expectation that purchasing power will increase as production goes up has been belied by experience. The only way to raise purchasing power is to reduce the disparity in current income and accumulated wealth by radical fiscal measures. The Congress as it is constituted today, will not be prepared to do this.

THE Five Year Plan is more urban than rural. It has done not much to resuscitate and remodel the Indian villages. It has only made the rich richer and the poor poorer. In the midst of grinding poverty and misery, the Congress is maintaining small oases of opulence, splendour and wasteful luxury. The Congress policy is to wield the bayonet and the baton against the starving and the oppressed; and to give police protection to anti-social elements engaged in hoarding and profiteering. In open and in secret the Congress politicians and these anti-social elements are engaged in carrying out mutual benefit schemes. Especially during elections such a policy pays rich divi-

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dends to the Congress which claims invincibility. And poor Nehru is there to preside over the falsification of many of his pet dreams. He has neither the courage nor the determination to stand firm against vested interests.

THE problems of poverty and unemployment that face the country call for sweeping and radical reforms. Hesitant tinkering and patchwork here and there will be of no avail. The hungry millions can no longer brook fraudulent claims couched in juristic language, such as fundamental right to property, full compensation, incentive to capital formation, etc. By words and deeds the Government must prove that it is with the poor and not with the rich. This is not to say that the rich should be fleeced and reduced to dire poverty. They have only to be made to contribute in direct proportion to the wealth held by them. A reasonable ceiling should be placed on private property of all kinds and the surplus wealth should be conscripted for national reconstruction.

There are among us a good many economic pundits who will decry these suggestions as impracticable idealism. To them such levelling will mean sharing of poverty and will affect incentive to capital formation. They are well-placed gentlemen whom fortune has put above want. They cannot feel the hunger of the masses. The question is not what amounts can be raised by conscription. It is one of principle; that austerity should be shared at all levels. The Congress is opposed to such conscription. Public opinion is inclined to forget Nehru's past utterances and believe in his present wisdom. To the semi-naked and starving millions the Congress gives the call "Give your labour free; and put up canals, roads and embankments in your village. Contribute your services for the nation's cause". To the thousands who earn a lakh and more every year, to the businessmen, doctors and lawyers who make their thousands a month even after paying all taxes, the Congress gives the promise "Do not be scared, our arms will protect you, you will have tax-relief and incen-

tive." The Estates Duty Act is no answer to this problem. It will take a very long time even to effect small changes. If we are to reduce the glaring inequalities in wealth we cannot avoid conscription of wealth.

The P. S. P. has always stressed the need for redistribution of land. The voice of Vinobaji gave added strength to the demand. Rather reluctantly, the Planning Commission accepted the principle of placing a ceiling on landholdings, though no steps have so far been taken in that direction in Madras. Putting limitations on agricultural property and at the same time allowing unlimited accumulation of non-agricultural property will appear paradoxical. A State policy which limits land ownership to 50 acres but allows ownership of 270 industrial units and manufacturing plants is just nonsensical. And yet that is the policy of the Congress party. One cannot visualise a greater insult to enlightened public opinion.

In contrast the P. S. P. stands for putting a ceiling on all kinds of property, agricultural as well as non-agricultural. This will be done by imposing a capital levy, by nationalisation and other fiscal measures. The aim is not to cripple capital formation, but to create an atmosphere of equity so as to give the common man a sense of courage and confidence. Such a levy may have the appearance of drastic severity, but in practice it will just tap the surplus resources of the rich. The P. S. P. also insists on nationalisation of banking and insurance companies. Those who have followed the J. P.—Nehru correspondence and the 14 point minimum programme set out therein can judge who is in the right and who is in the wrong. Obviously it is too much even for Nehru to persuade the Congress to agree to such a minimum programme.

IT is in this context that one has to appreciate the emergence of the P. S. P. as a major opposition party. Within the short period of 6 years of its separate existence it has grown from strength to strength. As an all-India party it ranks next to the

Congress. It believes in democracy as much as in Socialism. It believes that the means must justify the end. It owes no foreign allegiance. It has a well-defined programme which is free from dogmatic bigotry or compromise with vested interests. While it is wedded to peaceful and nonviolent methods, it believes in the exercise of popular sanction of non-violent Satyagraha to redress public injustices.

The P. S. P. is not wedded to any particular 'ism'. Policies and programmes are a means to an end and not an end in themselves. The P. S. P. takes what is good in Marxism and what is good in Gandhism. It believes in human values and in human freedom. It is erroneous to say that the P. S. P. has discarded Marxism. Those who complain of deviation and discarding are people who live in the dead past, stuck up in a mental rut and unable to comprehend the evolution of thought around them.

The P. S. P. has drawn up a clear-cut governmental programme and a lot of literature has been printed on its policies. Yet there are people who are not aware that the P. S. P. has a goal and a programme! This is partly due to indifference of the public and partly due to the weakness of the propaganda machinery at the command of the P. S. P. Organisationally the P. S. P. is rather weak and too poor. It has no daily papers. Its activities are little noticed in the general press. Being opposed to vested interests it is unable to get due publicity. A proper reading of the P. S. P. literature will clear up a lot of confusion and misunderstanding as to its policies.

There is a tendency even in knowing circles to boost up the Communist party as the only opponent of the Congress. It is amazing to see stubborn conservatives showing up Communism as the future force. Those who think of the Communist party as a parliamentary party are gravely mistaken. In Communist strategy the parliamentary wing is but a Trojan horse. The public have yet to learn a lot about Communist means and their goal. Communism

destroys all sense of human values. It is the very negation of democracy and human freedom. The Indian Communists are out to establish a one-party dictatorship subservient to Moscow—and that by fair or foul means, open and secret, by massacre, arson and loot. During those fateful days in 1942 when the Indian people rose against the British and opposed war effort in their last bid to gain independence, it was the Indian Communist party that helped British imperialism to recruit Indian soldiers. Again they are now instructed to be soft to Nehru to suit the interests of Moscow. The crux of their policy is that Moscow should be saved at all costs. After bitter experience the Socialists decided not to have any truck with the Communists. That decision is irrevocable. Socialists are equally opposed to the Congress which is a party of conservatism. The Indian Socialists have thus the unenviable task of having to oppose the Communist party on the one hand and the Congress party on the other.

IT is in this background that one has to view the events in Travancore-Cochin. There the P. S. P. took courage in both hands and followed the policy of opposition to the Congress and opposition to the Communist party. The Congress government was thrown out of office and the issue was whether the Congress could secure the confidence of the electorate. The Congress administration was reactionary, inefficient and corrupt. The P. S. P. naturally opposed the Congress both inside the legislature as well as outside during the recent elections. If it had the necessary resources and strength the P. S. P. would have opposed the Congress in all the 118 seats. Compulsions of the situation however restricted the contest to 39 seats. No blame can be laid for contesting a selected number of seats. While the P. S. P. wanted to avoid triangular contest mainly to clinch the issue against the Congress, it categorically rejected the Communist demand for joint front and a joint programme. The P. S. P. policy was clearly laid down at the Allahabad conference

that the party cannot enter a coalition with the Congress or Communist parties. Even in Travancore-Cochin no promise of coalition was given.

The decision of the National Executive of the P. S. P. against coalition with any party was quite consistent with its previous policy. The P. S. P. had opposed the Congress forming a government, and had also stated its willingness to support a United Front ministry. When ultimately the P. S. P. was called to form a government it could not shirk the responsibility. Though no group was in a majority the government had to be carried on. In this respect a parliamentary party owes a duty to the electorate. It is that duty that the P. S. P. has courageously undertaken to perform. If, in spite of the relentless opposition shown by the P. S. P. against the Congress, the Congress is forced by circumstances to tolerate a P. S. P. ministry, the

blame must be laid not at the door of the P. S. P. but elsewhere. It is true that such a government will find it difficult to carry on. But the position of the P. S. P. has been made clear, that it will be in office only so long as its policies can be carried out. The criticism that the P. S. P. has betrayed the voters or has committed apostasy with fellow parties reveals a perverse reading of the Travancore events. The P. S. P. is proud to accept the charge of having exposed the Communist strategy of united fronts, but the carping critics may rest assured that the interests of the Travancore-Cochin voters will be safe in the hands of the P. S. P. government. While engaged in the arduous task of running a minority government with the consent of the majority, the P. S. P. deserves understanding and appreciation and not ill-informed criticism.

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NEW RAILWAY LINES-II

By H. RANGACHAR

IN the previous article in SWATANTRA of the 27th March, special attention was invited to the fact that co-ordination of different means of transport should be the fundamental basis for a sound plan of transport development. The corollary of this is that, in the present condition of our economy, the demand for transport facilities could be met satisfactorily and expeditiously by a rapid expansion and improvement of our highways system and the introduction of up-to-date public service motor transport, in conjunction with railways and ports. Under the scheme, railway construction will be limited only to areas in which the traffic is beyond the capacity of road transport or where special considerations, strategic or others, necessitate it. With vast areas in the country requiring transport facilities and the very limited resources available, the expansion of railways on any commensurate scale will involve disproportionately heavy outlay and will be uneconomic on account of recurring losses in working in most cases.

The experience of other countries is not also without significance in this connection. In the decade 1940-50, 502 miles of new railways were constructed in U. S. A. against 11,264 miles of railways abandoned, largely on account of their being unremunerative due to competition by motor transport and other causes. In 1950, new construction of railways was only 33 miles while abandoned lines were 755 miles. That country has plans for a large network of highways, estimated to cost over 70 billion dollars. These are pointers of trends in transport developments in the world today.

The first step in the transport development plan should be to prepare a blue-print of new constructions with the expansion of the road system as the central feature, supplemented by railways where they are necessary and remunerative under the ordinary rates and fares.

The question next for consideration is that of priority amongst such railway lines as may be found necessary under the new policy. The Railway Minister has indicated the order of priority among new lines as follows:

- (1) Areas where heavy industries are being developed;
- (2) Areas rich in minerals requiring to be opened up; and
- (3) Underdeveloped areas.

These are no doubt amongst the important criteria for fixing priorities but there are two others, no less important, which have not received due consideration. These may now be considered.

Topmost priority should be accorded to the construction of new lines or links which are needed to correct major deficiencies in the existing railway system and to increase its over-all capacity. Amongst these may be mentioned lines which fill up existing gaps or reduce or short-circuit distances and tend to more efficient movement of larger volumes of traffic.

The most important amongst such lines is the Khandwa-Jingoll line which connects up the two detached metre gauge systems of North and South India and makes through transport of traffic possible. It is a matter for satisfaction that, at long last, this line has been sanctioned and that its construction was inaugurated by the Railway Minister a few weeks ago. The construction of this link should be pushed through with utmost expedition, giving it grants in preference to others, even as the Assam Railway was.

CLOSELY connected with this work is the bringing up to main trunk-line standards of those sections of the metre gauge system, which, on the completion of this link, become part of the metre gauge grand-trunk route. This is no less important than the new line itself and no action seems to have been taken on this, as

far as information available to the writer goes. Amongst such are the Guntakal-Bangalore and Dharma-varam-Katpadi-Villipuram sections. There are also other short-circuiting lines like the Chamarajnagar-Satyamangalam-Coimbatore railway which should receive priority. Similarly also, lines which are necessary for a coordinated development of different agencies of transport should rank high in the order of priority.

The essentials of a new policy for planning transport developments have been indicated in these articles. Reference may now be made to some of the most important measures necessary to be taken in this connection.

AS already stated, a long term plan of transport development for the whole country, for a period of say 10 to 15 years, should be drawn up. This should provide for the means of transport best suited to the conditions and requirements of the traffic of each area with special reference to the development of a coordinated system of transport throughout the country. At present, the development of each mode of transport, railways, roads, ports and air, is fixed by the respective departments with reference to their requirements. There is no central agency or authority to coordinate these from the point of view of the overall requirements of the country as a whole as parts of an integrated system of transport. This defect should be remedied. It is suggested that a committee, representative of the different means of transport and of different interests, should be set up to prepare such a blue-print. This committee should be under the Planning Commission. Without such a master-plan, the development of transport will be haphazard.

The Minister for Railways stated in Parliament recently that proposals for over 4,000 miles of new railway lines had been received and were pending consideration. He added that, in the second Five Year Plan, larger grants will be made for the construction of new railway lines and

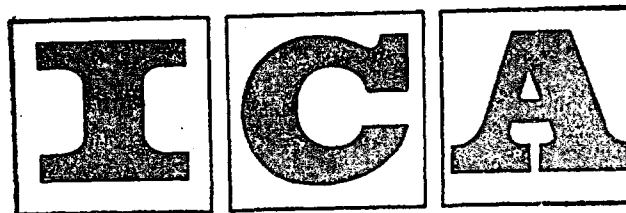
as many as possible included in the programme after due investigation and surveys.

A necessary prerequisite for this should be the master-plan already referred to, as the first question for decision should be the type of transport best suited to the region. It is only when the decision is in favour of a railway line that the further question of survey arises. Investigations and surveys undertaken without this precaution will lead to unnecessary and avoidable expenditure.

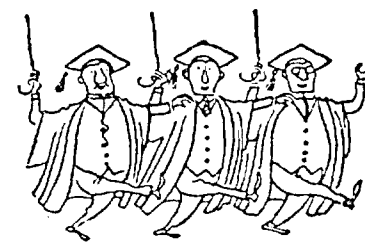
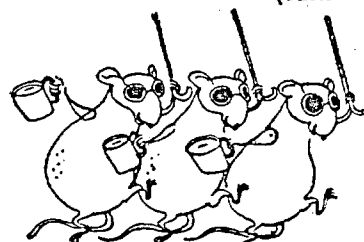
It is seen that in one or two cases detailed engineering and traffic surveys have been ordered of lines already surveyed previously. The Hassan-Mangalore line is a case in point. This is an old project and traffic and engineering surveys have been previously made and projects prepared. It is not understood why a new survey, costing about Rs. 10 to 15 lakhs, is now started. It is true that the data collected by previous traffic surveys are out of date and need revision. As regards engineering surveys, the previous plans and data are sufficient for revised estimates of cost being framed at present prices. The detailed survey now ordered is an unnecessary duplication of work and the major portion of the expenditure, except what is required for a rapid traffic survey, seems avoidable.

It should also be a principle to undertake detailed surveys only after it has been decided that a railway to serve the region is to be provided in preference to other modes of transport. Detailed surveys involve comparatively heavy outlay and are not necessary for a roughly approximate idea of the cost and proposals required for coming to a preliminary decision on the desirability and necessity for a new line.

THE policy and measures outlined in these articles aim at making the best use of available resources for the development of an integrated system of transport, with due coordination of its different agencies, and will, it is hoped, receive due consideration from the authorities concerned.


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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE censors are in the news again. They have refused to give a certificate to *Nastik* and the Government of India has reversed the decision at the revising committee and suspended *Prisoner of Golkonda*. The objection taken in the case of both these pictures is not just moral; the censors are not objecting to these pictures because they are sexy, cheap or vulgar, they are objecting to them because they express unpalatable views. The *Prisoner of Golkonda* which narrates the story of the freedom struggle is said to be rather uncomplimentary to the Congress Party or even to the National Government for its handling of the refugee problem. Not having seen the picture myself I cannot vouchsafe for this; but the very fact that the script was approved by the censors and the revising committee had passed the picture with minor cuts is enough to prove that the interference by the Ministry of Information is uncalled for and unwarranted. Besides, even if the attitude of Premnath is not complimentary to the Government, in the name of democracy, should he not have the freedom of expression? Indeed, why should the motion picture be denied the freedom that is given to the Press and other media of expression? In the United States whenever the issue of censorship of films was referred to the Supreme Court, the Judges gave a verdict against pre-censorship of films and upheld the freedom of expression guaranteed by the Constitution. In India, so far, the issue of freedom of expression has never been raised by any film producer. But it would be worthwhile to challenge the censorship so that the issue is decided once for all.

The ban in the case of *Nastik* which, as its title suggests, is the story of a non-believer in God, is

even more puzzling. The censors are reported to have objected to the presentation of a non-believer character, though the picture's main aim is to glorify God rather than glorify atheism (for atheism cannot be popular at the box-office). At this rate, the censors and the Government of India will make it impossible for the film producer to tackle any controversial issue and thus will force the film producer to undertake the production of only 'escapist' films. In this connection one of the censor authorities is reported to have said that after working for the censors he has come to the conclusion that only 'escapist' films can be produced under the present censor rules! This is hardly an encouraging state of affairs and the action taken by the censors in the case of *Nastik* and of *Prisoner of Golkonda* would have far-reaching consequences in as much as it would discourage producers from tackling any social problem on the screen.

Picture of the Week

A FINE domestic drama sure to make women cry and men shed tears is offered in Kuldip Pictures' *Aulad* which is very much reminiscent of the Datta Dharmadhikari school, written as it is by Mukhran Sharma who was once associated with the Maharashtrian director.

It is the story of three couples—one that has no child, one that does not want a child and one that has lost three children—played by Usha Kiran and Aroon, Lalita Kumari and Prabhu and Nirupa Roy and Balraj respectively.

Seth Manoharlal (Aroon) feels after several years of marriage that his wife Sushila (Kiran) is barren and so he wants to marry another woman just to have a child. Ramadhin (Balraj Sahni) the devoted family servant and his wife Dhania (Nirupa Roy) come to the rescue of Sushila by promising to give away their child after it is born to Sushila. So Sushila pretends to be pregnant, goes away to her mother and returns after a year with a six-months' old son Mohan as her own. Only she, the servant, his wife and Sushila's brother (Prabhu) are aware of the truth; Prabhu's father-in-law (Ra-

dhakishan) is however suspicious from the beginning and when he finds Dhaniya feeding the child his suspicion grows and thanks to him Dhaniya is turned out. On this feeding problem the author and director have created a lot of emotional drama in the first half.

Poignancy is also accentuated by the tragedy of Dhaniya who cannot see her child and who later dies in an accident. The drama does not end with her death; it becomes more poignant when Sushila conceives and gives birth to her own son Madan. After the birth of Madan she not only neglects Mohan but persecutes him; and poor Ramadhin is a silent spectator to the suffering of his own son rueing the day he gave him away. But Ramadhin's patience is exhausted and one day he tries to take his son away forcibly and fails. He is turned out. During the illness of Madan, Mohan also discovers the truth, leaves home quietly and takes refuge in the cemetery. Madan cries himself hoarse for Mohan. And so to save Madan a search for Mohan is made. But Ramadhin refuses to part with his son; in a stirring exchange of dialogue he refuses to help Manoharlal. And yet in the end he

does help him and the repentant Sushila falls at his feet.

Some of the situations are obviously incredible and far-fetched. Even the basic situation of Sushila having some one else's child and passing it off as her own, does not seem to be plausible. But their dramatic effect is striking and that is why while watching the drama on the screen one feels that all this just could not happen in life and cannot help being moved by it.

Credibility and conviction is lent by pithy dialogue, sincere and smooth presentation and above all, excellent portrayals. Balraj Sahni though in the earlier part he looks too sophisticated in his mannerism, carries the picture and is simply superb in the last sequences. Nirupa Roy, Usha Kiran, Aroon and Radhakishan are also in top form. Technically the picture is just average though the production values are good.

For giving us such a moving and restrained family drama credit is due mostly to director Mohan Saigal who in his very first essay in direction has shown quite a grip over the filmcraft. The music by Sardar Malik, however, leaves no impression.



The New Madras Cabinet

CORRESPONDENCE

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

General Education Course In Universities

Sir,—The decision of the Annamalai University authorities to institute an optional post-Intermediate general education course for one year in the place of the previously contemplated pre-university course is some relief to parents. The scheme that comes into force from the coming academic year is not really an optional course; for a distinction is made between the graduates who take the one-year course and those who do not, by the award of an additional suffix to the degree. The objective sought to be gained by this additional one-year course may as well be achieved by the prescription of a paper on general knowledge and the modification of the present syllabus on composition.

In the Patna University, general knowledge is an optional subject for the Intermediate and Degree examinations. The minimum pass mark is 40%; "high proficiency" is recorded on the certificate if a candidate gets 60% and more; and marks above 50% are added to the aggregate to qualify him for a higher division or rank. Instead of adding one more year to the undergraduate's course, the incorporation of a paper on general knowledge may be adopted by the universities in South India. The field of general knowledge does not stand still; it is widening every day. No fixity is possible. The aptitude and the method for acquiring one's general knowledge have to be inculcated.

The syllabuses in English for the Matriculation and the Intermediate examinations have not undergone any revision for several decades. No questions are set on the writing of essays on general topics in the Intermediate and the Degree examinations. There is practically no training in the university classes to write general composition. Hence our graduates feel a handicap when they sit for the competitive examinations. Till a decade back, questions on general composition were set for the S. S. L. O. examination. For the Intermediate and the Degree examinations,

general composition should be included in the syllabus. Essay-writing cannot be mastered by a one-year course; it shall have to be pursued throughout the Intermediate and the Degree courses. The incorporation of a paper on general knowledge and the revision of the syllabuses so as to include general composition will achieve the objectives sought to be won by the additional one-year course which is an unnecessary burden to the students.

American experts are proposed to be invited to handle this course. While every sensible person should welcome exchange of professors at university level, for special subjects, Indian professors should be quite enough for handling the general education course in Indian universities.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR
Coimbatore.

"PSP Apostasy in T. C. State"

Sir,—The article by Mr. P. N. Sampath "P. S. P. Apostasy in T. C. State" (in the issue dated April 3, 1954) is a brilliant exposition of the Communist case. The factual account of the elections has been avoided simply because it is not convenient for his thesis. The results show, in fact, a gain to the Congress Party in that it has increased its voting strength from 36.7 per cent in the last general elections to 45.2 per cent in the recent elections.

Communist stalwarts, Messrs. M. N. Govindan Nair, C. Achutha Menon, K. K. Warriar and E. Gopalakrishna Menon were defeated. The former two are the Secretaries of the Travancore and Cochin committees respectively and also members of the Central Committee of the C. P. I.

The number of seats secured by each party has no relation to the number of votes polled by the respective parties. But for the "arrangement" the various parties opposing the Congress entered into, these so-called "left" parties could not have emerged with so much strength.

The Congress still remains the largest single party and wields enough influence. At the most only less than 50 per cent of the voters voted against the "policies" of the Congress as such, since the T. T. N. C. has no basic differences with the Congress except on the question of language and future alignment of the Tamil area.

The author has done less than justice to the readers by not placing the entire picture that emerged out of the elections.

P. S. ANANTAN
Trichinopoly.

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Pandit Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kamaraj Nadar and others
at the Chidambaram temple.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

SWATANTRA

Vol. IX. APRIL 24 SATURDAY 1954 No. 12

THE GREAT ENMITY

THE Western powers are now planning to build up a military front in the Pacific against the Chinese. To grasp the genesis of this policy, it is necessary to look back a little. Speaking in the House of Commons towards the end of 1944, Churchill paid Stalin this handsome compliment: "Marshal Stalin and the Soviet leaders wish to live in honourable friendship and equality with the Western democracies . . . I feel also that their word is their bond. I know of no government which stands to its obligations even in its own despite, more solidly than the Russian Soviet Government. I decline absolutely to embark here on a discussion about Russian good faith." This confidence of Churchill in Russian good faith (which was on a par with Roosevelt's) was based on a study of Stalin's diplomacy in the previous quarter century. The end of the first world war left the Russian revolution in a state of complete isolation from the rest of the world. It disquieted Stalin at first but later on he saw in it an opportunity for building a powerful cult to be used as a weapon in the mortal struggle for supremacy he was then waging against his formidable rival Trotsky. This cult, Stalin reared on the slogan "Socialism in one country." Deviation from it was branded as treason. The Communist International adopted as its watchword "Not a square yard of foreign land." The Communist parties in other countries responded suitably by backing Stalin in his diplomatic manoeuvres and

taking care not to indulge in any sort of activity likely to embarrass the Soviet Government in its dealings with foreign powers. At this period Stalin had no hope of a Communist victory either in the East or in the West and he was quite content to preserve the *international status quo* so that within it Russia might be enabled, undisturbed, to enhance her power and position.

RUSSIAN self-containment was the basis of the Grand Alliance between Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt in the second world war. It was the very foundation of joint allied policy and of all the agreements from Teheran to Potsdam written during the war. These agreements divided spheres of influence between the allies. Eastern Europe was allotted to victorious Russia. But it was stipulated as a condition of the allotment that the defeated Governments should be subject to Russian administrative control without the operation of Communism. Very soon the Western powers were taught that in seeking thus to split Russia's national-power ambitions from her social and political outlook, they made a grave blunder. Soviet military governors, bred up in hatred of capitalism, could not be controlled and made to honour their duties under the war treaties, against their own ingrained beliefs. Nor could the Communist parties outside Russia be kept in order. Intended to be pawns in Stalin's hand, they broke loose and started playing games of their own. Under the impact of the urge of Sta-

lin's armies and the genuine revolutionary ferment abroad, Stalin's self-containment broke down, and in the Russian spheres of influence, along with Russian administrative control, the Russian system of government came to be established. Stalin now identified himself with the rising forces of foreign Communism and his Western allies realised too late that he had played them false. As Isaac Deutscher, the great authority on Stalin puts it, the Grand Alliance gave place to the Great Enmity.

In the course of these developments Stalin had to cast off his old cult of "Socialism in one country." He emerged out of his old shell of self-containment, and in doing so let loose the furies of revolution and threw down a challenge to the world. It is not surprising, in the circumstances, that deep distrust of Russian intentions should have replaced the old attitude of live and let live in the minds of Russia's former allies. They are now convinced that the Soviet leaders are bent on conquering the

whole world for Communism and will not rest till they achieve their aims. This sense of threat of Communism to the non-Communist world is, naturally enough, not shared in equal degree by all countries. Nations that have had more experience of Russia in the past are alive to it in a more intense degree than others. If the whole of the non-Communist world is to be moved to act unitedly to face the Soviet threat, there should be no cleavages among the former, no exploitation of the weaker by the stronger in that fold. Only the experience of freedom can inspire people to resist the terror of totalitarian systems like the Communist, and so it is essential that in the so-called free world, every lingering survival of vassalage, of the domination of one power over another, should be eliminated. Neither French supremacy in Indo-China nor the continuance of French or Portuguese pockets in India is consistent with the unity of the free world in any plan of concerted defence against Communist aggression.

Sotto Voce

★

POETS AND PUBLIC PERSONALITIES

If they held a writers' conference at Oxford would they ask Sir Winston Churchill to open it, Lord Samuel to preside over it, or Tom Driberg to inaugurate an exhibition connected with it? Not likely; for while each one of them is an author with a number of books to his credit and a certain following, they are all writers on the side. Churchill, at any rate, has made more money by

his books than most professional writers, while a man like Walter de la Mare has found poetry an unrewarding (in cash) if fascinating mistress. But the English man of letters would not look up to Churchill as the head of his profession.

I dare say, if that rare and timorous animal, the writer in India, could be made to speak out his private



thoughts you would find he would have preferred men who were not primarily politicians for the show-places at the Chidambaram session of the P. E. N. But I think I understand the mind of the organisers. They probably told themselves that if they did not annex the political toffs they might as well spare themselves the time and trouble and expense of holding the meeting; for the newspapers (as a class) would not give it more than the most perfunctory notice. By getting Nehru and Radhakrishnan they have made sure of ten thousand words.

*

There were about a hundred men and women writers from different parts of the country assembled at Chidambaram. They may have hoped to make their modest contribution to the discussion of topics with which they are professionally preoccupied. No doubt in due course the papers were read, the symposia were held and the informal chats that are so fruitful happened all over the place. A perfunctory account of these things may seep into the columns of the newspapers yet—if they are not more busy with other things. But candour compels me to say that if the Chidambaram meeting was intended to put the writer on the map it failed of its purpose.

*

Dr. Radhakrishnan was great on democracy, with side-swipes at the caste system and the American eagle. Mr. Nehru asked for an 'Indian' literature, as the Marquis de Sade asked for prose. Both of them discreetly shut up Communism in its cupboard. The philosopher did indeed make an oblique reference to it, but only to suggest that imperialism in Asia and the *hubris* that goes with the hydrogen bomb are far greater menaces, to fight which should be the duty of all good democrats. This must have sounded rather strange in the ears of the P. E. N. which knows Communism at first hand. Dr. Radhakrishnan expatiated on the intellectuals' duty to build a universal society "based on the preciousness of the human soul." America, with all her sins, does not deny its existence or its validity; Russia does.

Dr. Radhakrishnan might be willing to concede this in an abstract way; but in the Russian context his mind regains its wonted magnanimity. "Negotiation is not appeasement nor is bomb-rattling diplomacy," he tells the bunglers of the State Department. He forgets that Bolshevik Russia—which for four decades has flaunted its mission as "the lords of creation—leaders of mankind" more blatantly and humourlessly than any other nation,—cannot allow itself the luxury of public negotiation or private doubt. And, if it had the H. Bomb or were able to go one better and build a cobalt or nitrogen bomb it would not be content with merely rattling it.

*

The creative writer, unlike the Public Personalities, cannot think in terms of H. bombs, Cold War and contending 'isms. He is so busy expressing the immortal soul in him that he has no time to wonder whether Eisenhower or Malenkov would be the better man to take charge of it. Indeed the question would sound preposterous to him. He does not keep his weather-eye open for statesman-like compromises or dream Alnaschar-like of his destiny as bridge-builder. He is neither actually nor potentially a Third Force in world politics; he is the capillary that draws up the mysterious sap of human virtue.

*

By the same token no Sahitya Akadami can make him "think imperially"—to use a famous Victorian exhortation. Mr. Nehru asked writers to produce an 'Indian' literature. But poets do not put on singing robes when they make music. The robes come, if at all, after the song has spent itself. An Indian literature cannot be produced by conscious intention. The writer is not a worker in veneer, nor can works of art be designed like Joseph's many-coloured vest. The daemon that has him by the throat does not allow him to look right or left, to think of his accidental affiliations and incidental loyalties. But if he is an Indian to the core his Indianness will out.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

"THE Congress Party Government in Madras, both within and outside the legislature, is stronger today than in the past" observed Sri C. Rajagopalachari in an interview with a P. T. I. reporter this week. Comparing today with the past, what is the distinguishing factor in the Government of Madras? It is the replacement of C. R. by Sri Kamaraj Nadar as Chief Minister. Comparisons between the two leaders in their capacity as Chief Minister are not at the moment likely to be fair as they have no common ground to go upon. C. R.'s regime has ended, and Sri Kamaraj's is just beginning. How can the completed record of a ministry that has run its course, be measured against the blank slate of a leadership that has just now started, on which nothing is written yet, and which needs a fair chance in time to get filled with data from which its worth and value can be adjudged?

Sri Kamaraj stands at the begin-

ning of his responsibility today just as C. R. stood two years ago. Sri Rajagopalachari shone then with all the glory of a heroic figure destined for the saviorship of a State. He did prove to be a savior so far as the Communist threat was concerned. But at the end of it, which synchronised with the separation of Andhra, he found himself, like Churchill after the war, a deflated personality. The use for him ceased. Not that, out of power, he is in any way less great. C. R.'s flair for some of the tasks connected with the administration is unsurpassed. He is expert in dealing with files, he cannot be fooled by officials, the tactics of power gangs are useless before him, he has a keen sense of duty, and a natural stamp of superiority based on intelligence and character is inseparable from all he does. But in appreciating the nuances of the individual mind, he proved deficient. He has not been endowed with the emotional finesse needed for intuitively spotting the

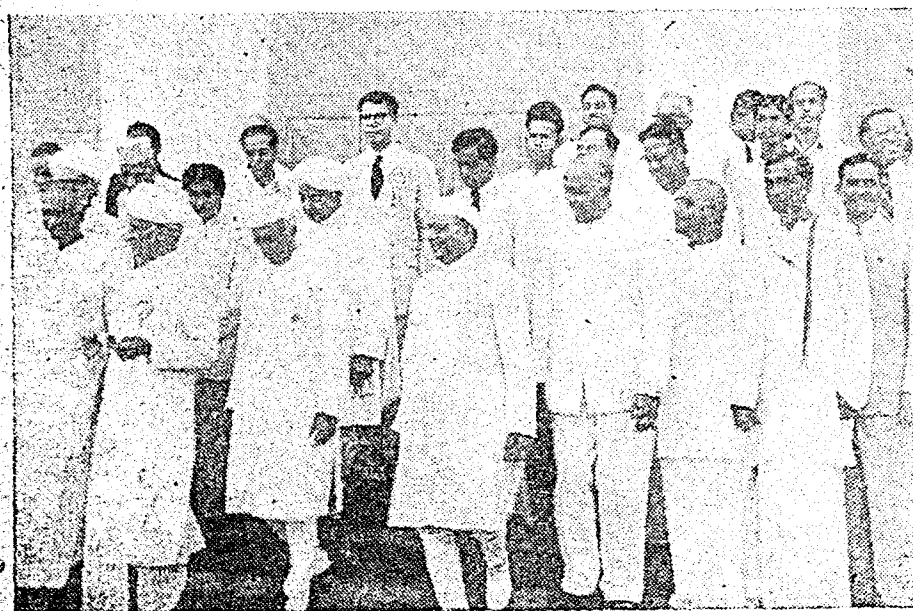


Photo taken at the All-India Writers' Conference, Annamalai Nagar

spurious in human behaviour. He was repelled by the dull and the ignorant, but sometimes the designing with sharp practice imposed on him.

Our young republic is infested by a good few go-getters who seem to have mastered the secret of Open Sesame to make every closed door open at their touch. The relatives of the powerful and the influential are in their pay. They constantly violate the laws but never get into trouble. It is the conscientious officers who seek to do their duty honestly in dealing with them that get into trouble. They pay the host to Ministers and capitalise the hospitality in masterful ways of considerable profit to themselves but little credit to the men in authority. When the intrepid influence-peddler gets into too close relations with a man in office, even a great reputation is sullied, but C. R., possibly rating himself invulnerable, failed to be as careful as he should have been.

Between some of Rajaji's Ministers taken over by Sri Kamaraj and a great haunt of undue influence in the city, there has been a sort of axis like the Rome-Berlin axis of the wartime fascist powers. This may undo Sri Kamaraj if he does not beware in time. Sri Kamaraj is a friendly soul with an infinite capacity for putting up with plain speaking. There is not much that politicians can teach him. In administration, the Achilles' heel is corruption of the intangible sort exercised through Ministers for the benefit of their pampered friends. The complete closing of all avenues through which political pressure seeks to divert the course of administration, is the true test of ministerial good faith, and if Sri Kamaraj cultivates it properly, he will be armoured against all ills and mishaps.

The Income Tax Department is not popular. It cannot be, as it is a collecting department, and to part with money is painful to many people. Hostility grows from what is disliked, and it is not uncommon for assesses, smarting from the payments exacted of them, to complain of discourtesy and ill-treatment. On

the other hand there is no lack of exciting stories about successful tax-evaders. These are credited with a charmed existence made potent with unlimited influence, which enables them to teach lessons to pertinacious tax-assessors and even to get them transferred when they get too tough. It was therefore a bright idea of the Department to appoint a Public Relations Officer to straighten out the odd ends. The first incumbent to the post is Sri M. S. Subbarama Aiyar, a veteran who has made a name for himself in nearly thirty years of service for courtesy, efficiency, integrity and thoroughness.

SAKA

★
"A large and pompous looking man with an outspread copy of 'The Times' occupied a double seat on an omnibus and he made no movement to shift up when a little Cockney woman . . . grasping a large grubby-looking shopping bag in both arms sat down beside him. She endured her precarious perch for a few minutes, but when the omnibus jolted and she almost slipped off, she spoke up: 'Well, Guv'nor, if yer won't move up, will yer put yer arm round me and 'old me on?' That wasn't etiquette maybe, but it was justice!"

★
Ritchie Calder described in a BBC talk his first encounter with the late Lord Rutherford, pioneer of atomic research. Rutherford said that it was impossible to explain its (atom's) structure to the layman. Calder argued that it had never been tried and Rutherford then handed over the manuscript of his latest scientific paper and said "If you think you're so smart, Calder, translate that for your penny-a-liners." Calder read the paper without understanding and then gave his shorthand note-book to Rutherford, saying, "I'll do a deal with you, Lord Rutherford, you translate my shorthand and I'll translate yours. There's no more reason why I should understand your symbols and grammalogues than you should understand mine." The great man roared with laughter, they then got on famously and he provided Calder with material for a perfectly comprehensible article.—BBC

PROHIBITION: The Other Side

An esteemed friend writes:

I AM writing this in response to a remark you made during our conversation that you wish to know all points against Prohibition and that for yourself as a Congressman you are wedded to Prohibition.

In this so-called free land, I consider the enforcement of Prohibition a definite infringement on my personal freedom and as an insult to my ability to look after myself. You said that if Prohibition is scrapped people will take to drink though you yourself conceded that in pre-Prohibition days, it was only a small percentage of the intelligent that drank—I hate the word 'addict' which the Congressmen who wish to murder the beautiful English language, use—as well as also a little bigger percentage amongst the working classes. It is not going to be any worse than it was before. In your solicitude to save this small percentage, you will penalize the larger majority by imposing on them the cost of enforcing Prohibition. Are you just and fair to the general majority? When the minority were paying you revenue before, you said it was tainted money. That is a grand pose of virtuosity which the Congressmen assume. When you collect funds from rich black marketers for the Congress organisation, is it not tainted money? In a final analysis a great portion of the money earned by people is tainted. The merchant who varies his price according to his supply and demand in the market is taking advantage of your necessity.

I quite agree that the huge revenue derived from excise in the old British set-up was a little wrong in principle. Let us see how. The toddy shops were put up to on auction. The highest bidder had to make that sum in his business. He put up the price of cheap toddy very high and sometimes adulterated it and saw to it that his overhead expenses are limited to the absolute minimum. He never provided any comforts or ordi-

nary amenities to his customers and thus brought odium on pubs and their habitués. You asked me what improvement could have been made in the old state of affairs. Firstly, I would have seen to it that the cost is kept low, for it is a poor man's necessary drink and as such I will not wish to see a big slice of his income taken away. Secondly, I would have seen to it that the environment in which the poor man sat and drank was made better and more cheerful. If the Government had insisted as a pre-requisite to the issue of license that a commodious building was got, the licensee would have conformed to the condition. The bidding would have been in lower levels and the Government excise revenue would not have been high.

You can never enforce this particular form of morality by legislation, and especially when you do not have the co-operation of the public, the legislation is bound to be a failure. Such unwanted legislation brings more evil in its wake than the little evil it is expected to put down. People revel and gloat over the breaking of laws; and the lawbreaker in his nefarious practice enlists the aid of many innocent people who would perhaps never get entangled in these affairs. Thus the circle of disrespecting of law grows in an ever increasing measure; and how could the body politic prosper under these circumstances?

C. R. and Jivaraj Mehta have written at length on Prohibition. Theirs are narrow minds. They had worked themselves into such a fury of fanaticism that another's point of view will scarcely enter their heads. Belonging to the Congress party which thinks that it alone is the sole repository of wisdom and that it alone is endowed with the virtue of patriotism and that its heart alone is filled with the milk of human kindness, they suffer from the egotism of respectable virtue proclaimed by their own lips.

A GLASS of toddy or beer is good for a man who had indulged in heavy manual work during the whole day. I do not put it on the ground of necessity. For the matter of that, many things are not necessary. Four



Sri V. V. Giri became an administrator after long innings as a labour leader. As a labour leader he made a name for himself for tough bargaining with the most obdurate of employers. The trade union spirit survives in him through all the handicaps of official responsibility. His major contribution to industrial harmony is the dictum that labour and capital should thrash out their differences directly through their representatives, without other intervention. In the pursuit of this viewpoint, he is indefatigable.

cubits of *mundu* is enough to cover your nakedness. Why must you have eight cubits of *veshti*? Because it imparts dignity and infuses joy of life. For many after the introduction of Prohibition life is dull, dreary and bleak.

It is often said that the women of the working class are clothed better and are happier now. This is a little exaggeration. They may appear a little brighter. But the cause is a general wage increase. What about the men who also form part of the general population? They are miserable and unhappy. Have you not a tear of sympathy for the unfortunate wage earner? There is nothing that this poor fellow can look forward to at the end of the day's work to enliven him. All cannot live on the plane of a Mahatma and start doing *bhajan* at the end of the day's work.

If toddy were sold cheap, the man can save enough for the family. In the old set-up the price was so high that after paying for his drink, the man who earned about Rs. 1-12 had hardly 10 or 12 annas to give his family. It cannot be difficult to devise a state of affairs whereby a man who earns about Re. 1-12 will yet be able to give his family about Re. 1-4. Have you noted how solicitous Cripps was in his Chancellor days? A teetotaler himself, he brought down the price of beer.

Now there is no stimulus for the man to work. There are frequent absences from the factory. Formerly they were prepared to work overtime and even a little more. You can make the pub a potent weapon for good. Insist on these being located in commodious and well-lit places with tables and benches, the drinks being served in glass tumblers. There must be a place in the pub set apart for a man to have a wash with soap and water. Feeling clean and taking his exhilarating drink under pleasing environments he goes home a happy rejuvenated man. You will ask me "Will he go home at all? Are you not encouraging drink?" No. I recognize the frailty of human nature and provide indulgence for the same with reasonable restraint. Mine is almost like the advice given by a fine father to his son thuswise:

"Be good, my son, always be good. But if you cannot be good, at least be cheerful." Pubs should not be allowed to remain open after 9 P.M. Throw all the responsibility on the licensee to see that there is no drunken man or nonsense at his place. He will keep a few chuckers-out who would throw those fellows out who get out of hand.

Sir S. V. Ramamurthi's report does not contain any proper rationing hints. I do not pretend in the least that there will not be some troubles now and then. Even when divine laws are violated why bemoan violation of a few human laws if it is done furtively and not blatantly so as to be a nuisance to others?

As long as you accord some dignity to the human personality and put the common man on his honour, he will rise to the occasion and respond to your generous treatment with an equal measure of hearty cooperation. Repressive action brings on an equal measure of violent and undesirable reaction. At the commencement of Rajaji's Ministry he decontrolled food. Did all the serious predictions happen? No. After a little fluctuation everything settled down to normal. Treat the man as if he can exercise his judgement correctly and can look after himself better than you can, you will find him rise up to the level of your expectation. You now treat him as if he cannot be trusted to look after himself and that you have got to think and act for him and so he gets sullen and supine and either loses interest in all that is happening round him or reacts violently with law-breaking tendencies.

YOU say as a Congressman you are pledged to Prohibition. I am sorry you are an addict in a sense. You say it is included in the Constitution. The Constitution is framed by a packed house of your partymen. Already you have notices for amending the Constitution. So you see that it is not, after all, irrevocable. Great Buddha's philosophy is assailed by a class of people. So also is Sankara's. Why should you think that you are in an unassailable position? If you set such high store by

your Constitution why not enforce it in the whole country? Because you find some difficulties and some impracticabilities in wholesale enforcement. Why differentiate amongst the citizens of the Republic? Do you think such differential treatment will foster any affection or respect for the Republic? Search your heart. In one corner there is a sad feeling on the unwisdom of your hasty legislation. You want to save face and you trot forth these high falutin truisms. It is yet not too late. Wise men change their minds in time, others don't.

Before the introduction of Prohibition in America, there was no gangsterism. As a result of Prohibition widespread lawlessness crept in. People are here resorting slowly to lawbreaking. A respectable man may have a harmless desire for a drink. You make it impossible for him to fulfil his desire by honest and legitimate means. By bringing the strong arm of the law on him over what he thinks to be an unimportant matter, you engender in his mind a bitterness against the laws and the Government. For orderly government of the country and improvement of society you need the hearty co-operation of the people. The fanatic Hindi-wallahs started ramming unwanted Hindi down the throats of Tamilians. What was the result? They started burning down railway stations. Are you not soft-peddalling the Hindi issue now? You quoted the Constitution then. You resiled from your original position.

Why don't you wisely resile now from the impossible position you are taking before things get out of hand? You talk of democracy. Yes. The opinion of the majority must prevail. Sri Sanjiva Reddi and others of his ilk in the Congress are kicking up such a furore and want to upset the majority vote. On subsequent occasions, will not those in the majority use the same weapon with the consequence of eternal commotion in the country and no peaceful government?

THE Congress has really lost its head after the advent of independence and under mistaken notion they continue to exert themselves on useless issues. There is plenty to do by the Government. They must first stop the venomous sprouting of the D. M. K. party; but the Government has no energy to do it. It has its hands full with Prohibition. If E. V. R. and a few of his men took a wee drop now and then, their hearts will soften towards their neighbours and there will be no room for all the bitterness, hatred and malice in their hearts. A tolerant mediocrity in virtue is much more lovable than a harsh intolerant and insufferable pose of virtuosity.

The fear of impending crisis in the Andhra State likely to be precipitated by the intolerant attitude of the Congress has provoked me to write at length and to hope that the clarion call of your esteemed journal will cause return of the people to sanity.

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Social Democracy in Sweden

By M. P. R. REDDY

GEOLGICALLY the oldest part of the European continent, dotted with the largest number of lakes, Sweden with her small population of about seven million occupies an area of 1,73,000 square miles, about twice as large as Great Britain, and extends more than a thousand miles from north to south. Though 60 per cent of the population is rural, only 9 per cent of the area is arable; over half the area is covered with forests, mostly privately-owned, which constitute a great source of national wealth. Stockholm the capital, with 500,000 inhabitants, contains over one-fourth of the urban dwellers of Sweden.

During the last 140 years Sweden has wisely kept herself outside wars and military alliances, without however insulating herself from the dynamic currents of world politics. The most unique feature of Swedish political development during the last half century was the steady and continuous growth of social democracy and the simultaneous progress of parliamentary institutions. The Social Democrats, who were organized in 1889, developed out of a number of Socialist societies which had sprung up under the stimulus of the intellectual leadership of Hjalmar Branting, the outstanding Socialist leader of modern Scandinavia, and three times Prime Minister of Sweden. During the last 35 years the Social Democrats have been the strongest party in the Riksdag, and they had an absolute majority in the lower house during the quadrennium from 1940 to 1944 when they had 135 seats out of the total of 230 seats in the lower house.

Since 1921 universal adult suffrage has been the basis of all elections. They have a bicameral legislature called the Riksdag. The first chamber or Forsta Kammaren of 150 members is elected for an eight year term, one-eighth a year, by electoral colleges in the various election districts; the country is divided into 19 dis-

tricts and these are in turn combined into eight groups—one group electing its representatives each year. The second chamber or Andra Kammaren of 230 members is elected popularly every four years on the basis of proportional representation. The strength of the parties in the Riksdag (1952) is as follows:

	First Chamber	Second Chamber
Social Democrats	79	112
Liberals	20	57
Farmers	25	30
Conservatives	22	23
Communists	4	8
	150	230

The Cabinet is responsible to both the chambers of the Riksdag and the leader of the party who commands the support of a majority of the members of the Riksdag forms the Cabinet, choosing his colleagues from both the houses. The Swedish constitution may be amended by a majority of each house of the Riksdag, following the next popular elections for the lower house.

A remarkable feature of the Swedish parliamentary system is the rule of committees which formulate and control legislation. In the first place, the fundamental law of the land has provided for eight committees. The organisation of the committee system is quite outside the powers of either house during any particular sessions, as changes in the fundamental law require action in two successive Riksdags with an intervening election. No bill can be passed by either chamber until acted upon by the proper committees. Secondly, they are all joint committees of the two chambers, which is also a provision of the fundamental law. And the third peculiarity is the exclusion of the members of the Ministry from the committee meetings. Each committee is composed of 16 members elected by the method of proportional representation, one half by each chamber. The committee membership and the chairmanship are coveted positions and are

much sought after. The eight standing committees are (1) Foreign affairs, (2) Constitutional amendments, (3) Finance, (4) Ways and means, (5) Banking, (6) First judicial committee on private land, (7) Second judicial committee on social legislation and (8) Agriculture.

IT is however in the field of economic organization and social security legislation that Sweden has made exemplary progress. She has neither built up large scale industry nor scrambled for markets and godowns. There is neither monopoly capitalism nor aristocracy of labour, fattening on the exploitation of backward and under-developed countries. Sweden has an economy in which the workers enjoy the highest standard of living in Europe. The keynote of Swedish economy is decentralisation. 93 per cent of the industries employ workers ranging from 1 to 100, the most common number being about 20 to 30. No industry employs more than 500 workers; 96 per cent of the agricultural holdings are privately owned. Only 5 per cent of the workers are employed by cooperatives and the remaining 95 per cent are under private employers. The ratio of the lowest salary to the highest is 1:5. In 1950 production per man hour in agriculture increased by 35% on the pre-war level and in manufactures by 23%; wages ran from 1950 to an over all increase of 20% in industries and agriculture. Exports were 25% larger in 1951 than before the war. The average annual income of a worker has been estimated to be 5,500 Kroner (one kroner is approximately equal to one rupee).

This allround prosperity of Swedish economy has been reflected in the vast scale of social security organized throughout the country. The national pension law is the most expensive reform totalling more than 1,000 million kroner. Benefits are paid regardless of need and are designed to assure all people over 67 of a minimum living standard; namely, annual pension of Rs. 2,000 per head. The living standards of families with many children is improved by granting mother's assistance in the form of cash, goods, and

services. The most important benefit is a tax-free cash grant for every child under 16 of 290 Kroner per year (£20). People about to marry are eligible for a housekeeping loan upto 2000 kroner (£138); 20 per cent of the newly married couples benefit by it. 3,500 children per year are cared for by nurseries and kindergartens while their mothers are at work. Free school meals are served to 500,000 children out of a total of 700,000 in the grade schools. Statutes prescribe a 48 hour week and a paid vacation for a minimum of three-weeks. Two-thirds of all medical care is organized and financed by the local and national governments. Total hospital capacity is 99,000 beds which works out at 14 per thousand persons and there are 7 doctors per thousand persons.

Sweden has become a byword for the co-operative movement which is universally recognized as the ideal system. Almost 100 per cent of all Swedish farmers belong to one or more of the 14 co-operative associations, which are all members of the Federation of Swedish Farmers' Association made up of purchasing, and consuming co-operatives as well as producers' co-operatives. About 95 per cent of the milk, 85 per cent of awards for slaughter and 65 per cent of curds and eggs are handled by the various co-operatives who operate 700 dairies, 60 slaughter houses, and meat packing plants and a large number of storage plants, whose total value is more than half a billion kroner. There are 30 or more co-operative factories which produce automobiles, electric bulbs, Chinaware, grain fertilizers, agricultural machinery etc. In 1947 they had an output valued at over 300 million kroner.

THE membership of the Swedish Consumers' Co-operative includes all classes of citizens. Thirty-six per cent are industrial workers, 20 per cent other workers, 20 per cent farmers and farm labourers, 15 per cent professional people, and 9 per cent tradesmen and shop keepers. One in three families belongs to a co-operative. The Swedish Co-operative Union has 706 branches of



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which 675 are consumer co-operatives, and operates a chain of 7,000 retail stores in all parts of the nation. In Sweden there are 800 agricultural credit funds providing credit facilities to people through co-operative societies. The Scandinavian co-operative societies are international, crossing national boundaries.

Sweden's policy of non-alignment with either of the power blocs has come in for much criticism at the hands of her neighbours, Denmark and Norway, who have joined the NATO. The Swedish Social Democrat leaders T. Erlander and G. Moller have always sympathised with the victims of aggression, for instance, with Finland against Russia and with Norway against Germany. Having been witnesses to the tragic spectacle of the rape of Poland, and the Soviet expansion into the Baltic republics of Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania, and the repatriation of 30,000 Swedes from these republics to Sweden, they had chosen the only road to peace, progress and prosperity, namely, non-association with either bloc, while keeping the strongest army in Scandinavia. (Based on a talk given by Mr. Kurt Kristianson to the members of the Socialist Book Club, Madras.)

★

The professor, a noted botanist, gave instructions for a dish of mushrooms which he had gathered himself, to be cooked for dinner expressly for his wife.

The latter, who was particularly fond of them, was highly delighted at her husband's thought on her behalf, and thanked him with much gusto. At breakfast next morning, he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly" she answered.

"Not sick at all—no pains?" he persisted.

"Why, of course not, dear," she responded in surprise.

"Hurrah then," exclaimed the professor. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."

OUR PREMIER INDUSTRY

By K. P. B.

INDIA'S textile industry, which completes 100 years of its existence this year has a hard task ahead if it is to retain its premier position in the country's economy. Our country can rightly be proud of this industry which is next in importance only to agriculture. It provides employment to 743,000 workers in 457 mills (this does not include the vast numbers who are engaged in subsidiary trades depending on the textile industry like the dyeing industry, cotton ginning factories etc.) in which Rs. 109 crores has been paid up as capital and which provides our people with one of the prime necessities of life—clothing.

The first cotton mill was established in 1854 in Bombay and it is Parsi enterprise that we must thank for making a start. Since then the industry has made steady progress in spite of adverse factors like competition from Japan and the step-motherly attitude displayed by the British who naturally had a soft corner for the Lancashire industries.

Another notable feature is the fact that the cotton mill industry in this country is the only one that has benefited from the not too liberal protection granted during British rule and has developed into a major export industry. Last year, of the total production of 4,800 million yards we exported 651 million yards, more than half of which were made up of coarse and medium varieties. There is a large demand in Malaya, Singapore, and the Middle East where our cheap cloth has made much headway. Last year Burma accounted for the largest offtake (90 million yards) against 70 million yards in the previous year. Aden comes next with 76.94 million yards against 58 million yards.

While these represent the bright side of the picture, we had better turn our attention to some of its main problems. Regarding our home industry's capability to satisfy domestic demand there can be no

doubt. This will be seen from the fact that the Five Year Plan has placed the target for textile production at 4,700 million yards at the end of the Plan period—a figure which was exceeded last year itself with production at 4,800 million yards. Virtually production has outstripped demand and last year we witnessed the spectacle of huge accumulation of cloth at important centres like Ahmedabad. The industry has now to concentrate on how to increase per capita consumption, now standing at ten yards, to the pre-war level of sixteen yards. Cloth prices are four or five times the pre-war rate. It should be remembered that sixteen yards was the per capita consumption before the war when cloth used to be available at the low rate of even 2 annas and 3 pies per yard. It is obvious that without a substantial reduction in prices there will be no appreciable increase in offtake. But for such a reduction to take place, co-operation must be forthcoming in adequate measure from the Government, Labour and industrialists. It would not be wrong to say that the first two parties can, if only they have the heart, accomplish a great deal in this direction.

A word about the great role that enlightened labour can play in bringing this about is necessary. It has been estimated that during the last 15 years labour costs have risen by nearly four times while productivity has not kept pace. In Bombay, for instance, the average basic wage, together with dearness allowance and bonus for the past five years, of a mill worker make a total of Rs. 123-8 per month. When the contribution from employers to the Provident Fund Scheme, welfare works and paid holidays are taken into account, it comes to Rs. 145. Our labour leadership kicks up a hue and cry if the workload is increased. Comparative figures can give a clear idea of how far we are from the goal of rationalisation which must be

effected if we are to progress in the face of increasing world competition. One operative in England handles four to six ordinary looms, 32 to 78 automatic looms in the U. S., 48 automatic looms in Japan, whereas in no case does our Indian millhand operate more than two looms. It is very unfortunate that our labour leadership is so hostile to any attempts to increase productivity.

Secondly, an expert says that 90 per cent of our mills are still carrying on with old and antiquated machinery to replace which we require, on a conservative estimate, Rs. 300 crores. Not even a third of this amount is now available with the industry. Depreciation allowance is being calculated on the original value of the machinery while prices are now nearly thrice their previous level. Japan has rehabilitated her mills to the extent of 60 per cent. So also the U. K. and America. The Planning Commission has estimated that at least 150 of our mills are uneconomic and a large number merely marginal.

Thirdly, it is incumbent on the Government to be more helpful to the industry by not burdening it with excise duties, provident fund and social insurance schemes without assessing the incidence of these levies on the industry. Actually the increase in the price of cloth in recent years is due to factors beyond the control of the industry. For instance, of each rupee of gross income of the mills, the cost of raw cotton takes away 52.01 per cent, wages 24.36 per cent and manufacturing charges 14.56 per cent. (Figures furnished by the Bombay Millowners' Association). This leaves a balance of only 1½ annas from which the producer has to make provision for such varied items as depreciation (2.22 per cent), taxes (2.57 per cent), reserves (1.17 per cent), agents' commission (0.92 per cent), and dividends (2.19 per cent).

It is true that Government has to a certain extent, woken up to its responsibilities and realised its duty to the industry. It abolished in October last the 10 per cent. export duty on medium cloth and reduced the excise duty on superfine cloth.

This year's budget proposals have abolished the import duty of 2 annas per lb. on raw cotton, but its beneficial effect is likely to be neutralized by the increase in excise duty on cloth.

Since 1953 the Central Government has been imposing a cess on mill made cloth to subsidise the handloom industry. An amount of Rs. 5.56 crores was realised from this duty last year. While it is not the purpose of this article to enter into the merits of the handloom as against mill cloth, some basic facts must be stated. These are; Handloom cloth costs 15 to 25 per cent more than mill cloth. The range of quality too is limited. The Planning Commission has expressed the view that so long as the output of handloom cloth in the sphere reserved for it is below normal, there may be no necessity for reserving additional fields for it. Apropos the agitation to reserve sari and dhoti production for handlooms, M. P. Gandhi, in his *Handloom Weaving Industry Annual (1952-53)* has estimated that such a step will impose a new burden of Rs. 40 crores on the consumer. Added to this, the Centre will lose Rs. 35 crores on account of loss of excise duty and income tax.

There is no doubt that in the years to come competition from Japan will grow keener. Export figures for last year show that Japan sent out 915.23 million yards and the U. K. 709.06 million yards. This year too Japan has made a good beginning. Her exports in January were placed at 150 million yards. Our figures too show a rise this year, being over 80 million yards for the first two months of this year. If this is kept up we may attain our yearly target of 1,000 million yards.

OUR neighbour, Pakistan, lately decided to import cloth worth Rs. 4 crores on Government account and Japan is to supply goods worth Rs. 3 crores. Pakistan is also building up her mill industry and may, in the near future, emerge as a potential rival to India.

From these facts it is abundantly clear that our textile industry has a long way to go if it is to remain a viable unit in the country's economy.

STRATEGY OR SURVIVAL

By ANDREW ROTH

THE blinding flash of the H-bomb explosions has caught Britons in two attitudes. The first is one of horrified realization that the future of mankind itself is at stake and that it has little time to save itself. The other is one of cunning speculation over the impact of the H-bomb on world strategy.

It is these contrasting attitudes which lie behind the astounding clash between Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, and its Labour opposition leader and former Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, on the occasion of the debate on H-bomb strategy on April 5. It was a scene of tremendous personal drama, with Mr. Attlee reduced almost to tears out of hurt indignation and Sir Winston's words drowned out by deeply-felt Labour cries of "Resign!" "You are dragging us down to the gutter!" One of the most intelligent Conservative back-benchers, Sir Robert Boothby, stalked out in disgust.

This taut conflict over the staggeringly powerful new weapon was all the more spectacular because it was totally unexpected. Mr. Attlee and Sir Winston were, after all, debating from what most assumed to be substantially the same position. Mr. Attlee was moving a motion urging that in view of the "immense range and power" of the H-bomb, the House of Commons "would welcome an immediate initiative" by the British Government to convene a meeting of the Big Three to consider "anew the problem of the reduction and control of armaments and of devising positive policies and means for removing from all the peoples of the fear which now oppresses them and for the strengthening of collective peace through the United Nations Organization." Sir Winston had indicated before Parliament met that he would accept the motion, provided that the word "immediate" did not mean a premature invitation to Messrs Malenkov and Eisenhower.

There was nothing in what Mr.

Attlee said which would seem to do anything but put a gloss on the two contradictory desires which motivate Sir Winston and most other British leaders. The first, illustrated by Sir Winston's famous speech at Fulton, Missouri in 1946, is to call forth a great protective umbrella of American military power which will shield Britain and its remaining areas of influence. The other, demonstrated by Sir Winston's abortive peace initiative last May, is to lean out from under this protective umbrella and extend the olive branch of peace to the Russians. Sir Winston, thus, has two niches which he hopes to occupy in world history: peacemaker to the world and defender of its non-Communist half.

Public Horror

SIR WINSTON has been diverted from his long and patient behind-the-scenes maneuvering toward these twin goals by the sudden realization by the British public—and those politicians sensitive to public feeling—that the canopy of American power is now the mushroom-shaped "umbrella of death" the thermonuclear or H-bomb, and perhaps the more terrible cobalt bomb.

The sudden upsurge of feeling about the H-bomb has taken everyone by surprise here. The British people are more addicted to wishful thinking than to panic and, since the end of the last war, have tended to ignore the intensified horrors of any new war. They have never frightened their children with the New York type of atom-bomb drill which has been demonstrated now to be completely useless. "For eight long years," as the *New Statesman* has pointed out, "despite the frantic warnings of the scientists and of a few politicians and editors, the British and American peoples have stubbornly refused to study the implications either of the military plans prepared by the Service chiefs or of the diplomatic commitments entered into by successive Governments. In

this country, the leaders of both parties have fostered this act of mass self-deception."

Two things broke through popular self-delusion in Britain. The first is that the fate of the Japanese fishermen changed the impersonal theories about H-bomb into the specific human pain of the "death ash." There are thousands of people like the doctor's wife at the top of my street who survived a direct-hit on their house. Suddenly it came home to people that a distant bomb might be much more dangerous than the direct hits or near-misses of the last war of painful memory. If an H-bomb were dropped in Dover Straits, Labour M. P. Maurice Ohrbach pointed out, it would overturn the whole of England south of the Peak district as well as Northern France, Belgium and Holland. If the British navy were in southern home waters it would be made useless by radioactivity. Human life would still be in danger as much as 1,200 miles away. There was also the danger of radioactive bodies being caught up in the Gulf Stream. Fish which would not be killed could carry radioactive particles and if their spawn was also affected people could eat radioactive fish and die.

This frightening picture was converted into an immediate possibility in many minds by the 'tough talk' of John Foster Dulles. It was on March 18 that it was announced that the H-bomb exploded on March 1 had been 600 times as violent as the Hiroshima atom bomb. Only the day before, John Foster Dulles declared that in the event of an act of aggression there would be overwhelming atomic retaliation. Horror about the H-bomb mingled with suspicion about American judgment.

This produced the upsurge of political interest which resulted in no less than 20 questions being put to Sir Winston Churchill on March 20—a number unequalled for some time. The week before there had been only three questions on the same subject and Sir Winston had answered them in his most confident great-statesman manner. He recalled that during his visit to the U. S. in January

1952 he and Mr. Eden had reaffirmed the relationship by which the U. S. retain the bases which the Labour Government had afforded them but the U. S. promises not to use these bases in an emergency without consulting Britain. He affirmed that he was in constant consultation with President Eisenhower and that "there is nothing in the whole world of affairs that dominates our thoughts more than the group of stupendous problems and perils comprised in the sphere of atomic and hydrogen developments."

He declined, on the grounds of inexpediency, to go into the question posed by his supporter Viscount Hinchinbrooke. The Viscount suggested that the real danger lay not in Europe but in Asia where "there might be a Communist insurrection of insignificant proportions resulting in an atomic riposte by the United States which would be quite unwarrantable."

Churchill's Atomic Strategy

UNTIL March 23, at any rate, Sir Winston appeared confident in his own atomic strategy which he has never disclosed but is, quite clearly, the basis of most of his power-politics thinking since Fulton Missouri. It is now possible, thanks to the calculated indiscretions of one of his close top advisors, to reconstruct Sir Winston's thinking, including the relation between atomic warfare and the "new Locarno" about which he hinted at the time of his peace initiative last May.

There is little doubt that Sir Winston has long thought that the American lead, but the absence of a monopoly, might mean a period of prolonged peace. He expressed this view on November 3, 1953:

I have sometimes the odd thought that the annihilating character of these agencies may bring an utterly unforeseeable security to mankind . . . It may be that when the advance of destructive weapons enables everyone to kill everybody else, no one will want to kill anyone at all . . . A war which begins by both sides suffering what they dread most, and that is undoubtedly the case now, is

less likely to occur than one which dangles the lurid prizes of former days before ambitious eyes.

Sir Winston's ideas were almost certainly spelled out further by Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, who retired as Chief of the Air Staff early last autumn. The above Churchill statement had confirmed my own suspicion that Sir John saw eye to eye with Sir Winston. I had heard him say, at a small private meeting in October: "My bet is that we are not going to have World War III if we play our cards right . . ." He said he was "not at all dismayed by the fact that the Russians have the hydrogen bomb." This would serve notice on the Americans that they have no monopoly and therefore were open to retaliation if they started anything.

Sir John subsequently spelled out his ideas in a pair of broadcasts, reprinted in *The Listener* of February 11 and 18, which have every internal evidence of being virtually identical with Sir Winston's own thinking.

Like Sir Winston, the Air Marshal feels that the atom and hydrogen bombs are the answers to the mass armies of the Russians and Chinese, and is opposed to banning these weapons without a general cut in military potential which will affect the Communist world equally. Just banning atomic weapons, Sir John insisted, "would surely be a tremendous advantage to the side with vast masses of docile, disciplined, expendable man-power; which no doubt is why the Kremlin bangs the drum of atomic disarmament on every conceivable occasion."

Britain is admittedly playing with fire in not pressing for the banning of atomic weapons since it cannot be protected against guided atomic missiles from the Continent. Sir John Slessor admitted in his February talks that there is no defense capable of preventing a few from getting through. "These modern weapons are so appallingly devastating that we cannot allow even relatively few of them to get through; and those few would be sent over among massed raids of aircraft carrying the conventional types of bomb.

That means we have to achieve virtually a hundred per cent kill-rate on each raid. We are still a very long way indeed from anything of the kind . . . I believe that anything like over-all air defence against the present, and still more the near-future, threat is not a practical proposition; and that applies to Russia, with their vast area to be covered, just as it does to us . . ."

Despite Britain's admitted vulnerability, Sir Winston has continued to utilize the American advantage in atomic stockpiles as one of the most decisive elements in his grand plan for an "atomic peace" with which he hopes to cap his long career. The elements of his plan have long been shrouded in obscurity. But Sir John Slessor's proposals for an atomic treaty coincide at every point with everything known about Sir Winston's own plans.

The basic idea, disclosed in the second of Sir John Slessor's talks, is that the U. S. and Britain should offer the guarantee of atomic protection to the countries of Europe. The Communist countries could accept it and receive protection against a resurgent Germany, for example. If they refuse, Sir John suggests they be told, "All right, then you remain subject to its sanctions, but you don't get the advantage of its safeguards." The safeguards would be that an aggressor, after warning, would be subject to the full weight of Anglo-American bombing, "using the atom and in due course the hydrogen bomb."

"At the same time, we should go ahead, raising and training such German forces as are agreed upon as necessary between the three Western Powers and the Federal Republic. And we should formally notify the Kremlin that as soon as those German forces are ready, perhaps in two or three years, we propose to withdraw the British and American forces from the continent of Europe and the French forces back into France. We should demand that the Russians should withdraw the Red Army into Russia at the same time, but should make it clear that we propose to withdraw whether the Rus-

sians do or not—leaving the protection of Germany to the German forces under the guarantee of the new (atomic) treaty . . .”

Sir Winston's Hand Forced

NATURALLY, such a policy required long and patient behind-the-scenes negotiations. It requires the combination of virtually complete American support—including a weak President, unpredictable Secretary of State and an obstreperous Senate, many of whose members have recently in the Bricker amendment, tried to tie the hands of the President against just the sort of secret understanding which Sir Winston would require for his “atomic peace treaty”—at least in its initial stages.

This was clearly the reason why Sir Winston at first declined, on March 30, even to have an open discussion in the House of Commons. He objected to Mr. Attlee's appeal for a Big Three meeting, saying that unless this were well prepared in advance it was likely to meet with refusal or failure. He objected to other appeals that he call on the U. S. to stop testing their H-bombs, saying this would be doing “a great disservice to the free world” by impeding “the weapon which provides the greatest possible deterrent against the outbreak of a third world war.” He appealed in particular to the House not to make it more difficult for President Eisenhower to fall in with some of Sir Winston's requests. He asked, with trembling lips, for the Labour Opposition to trust the Government, but Labour M. Ps. chorused “No!”

It was not until Sir Winston met with his own party leaders the following day and discovered that Conservative M. Ps. as well were seriously disturbed by the implications of hydrogen warfare that he agreed to a Commons debate on April 5.

Attlee as the Conscience

CLEMENT ATTLEE realised that he was speaking as the “moral conscience” not only of the Labour Party but probably of the nation when he rose on April 5 to warn that “civilization today is in grave danger.” He had himself drafted the

motion he was moving, tapping it out himself on two fingers on his battered old typewriter. When he had presented it to the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party on April 1, he had spoken with the absolute assurance that he was speaking for the overwhelming bulk of the Labour Party and many others besides.

At the outset of the H-bomb discussion there had been some chance that the opposition to the H-bomb would be led by the Bevanites and pacifists. And George Brown, the Labour M. P. who speaks for the rightwing trade union bosses, had answered: “we must not escape this duty” of “defending the free world “into hysteria over the hydrogen bomb . . .” But Mr. Attlee's leadership and the growing realisation of the depth of the crisis removed the element of factional conflict.

Mr. Attlee also attempted to remove the element of partisan conflict in his speech in the House of Commons on April 6, saying: “I move this motion in no party spirit; I seek no party advantage; nor do I offer any criticism of this or any other Government. I move it without any feeling or expression of feeling of panic—because we do not panic in this country—but because I believe there is need for a calm and realistic appreciation of the world today, and often a realistic approach means: that urgent action is necessary.”

Despite this, Mr. Attlee did present the alternative to the power-political viewpoint of Sir Winston. “Does (the H-bomb) make war more, or less likely?” He insisted that although he had originally agreed with Sir Winston that the monopoly of the atom-bomb by the U. S. had been “a deterrent, preventing the U.S.S.R., with its great superiority in numbers and conventional weapons, from sweeping right over Europe in a major act of aggression” he no longer has that view.

“Suppose an act of aggression took place now in some part of the world, say on the Burmese border by China. Can one imagine the immediate use of the hydrogen bomb against the capital city of another country? It

would amount to bluff . . . I cannot think of any democratic statesman initiating this warfare . . . The advantage of unexpected immediate action is always with authoritarian states.

“Another suggestion is that hydrogen warfare is so devastating that neither side will ever resort to it . . . The fact is that once there is war, absolute war, in the modern age, and if the existence of a nation is at stake, any weapon will be used in the last resort . . . who can doubt after reading ‘Hitler's Last Days’ that even at the very end of that war, if Hitler had had an atom bomb, he would have used it, even if there had been realiation? . . .”

“The danger here is that in the use of this weapon there is obviously immense advantage for the side that gets its blow in first.” Although he seemed to be arguing that, in the event of war, the Communist countries would probably use the H-bomb first, he added: “I am sure that Mr. Malenkov and the rulers of Russia do not want to see their experiment blasted with hydrogen bombs. After all, they have gone a considerable way in developing it. They have large well-to-do classes interested in its survival, and I am sure that the view of the ordinary citizens of Russia, and, I think, of the leaders of Russia, is a feeling of the fear of what may happen . . .”

“The only way open to us seems to be to make a new approach to world problems with the consciousness of this great danger . . . I do not believe that time is on the side of the survival of civilization. I believe that every month increases the danger . . . we believe that such a meeting (of the Big Three), backed by the conscious desire of all men and women to be relieved of this fear, may make the turning point in world history. It is not too late . . .”

Sir Winston misses the Boat

THE great mystery, for many friendly commentators, is why Sir Winston ignored this great opportunity presented to him by Mr. Attlee who, indeed, said of him in his speech: “No one exceeds the Prime Minister in his appreciation of history.”

It was all the more surprising since Sir Winston began his speech by “admiring the thoughtful and inspiring speech” of Mr. Attlee and ended by accepting the motion, with the proviso that the “immediate calling of a Big Three meeting be interpreted flexibly. But in between he stung Mr. Attlee to fearful indignation, the rest of the Labour opposition to fury and dismayed his own Conservative supporters.

The reason? Sir Winston has been working behind the scenes for over a year to perfect his final act of statesmanship. This “atomic peace pact,” into which Sir John Slessor has given us somewhat of an insight, is now being threatened from two sides. There are some hints that Sir Winston is not getting the support from Washington he anticipated, because of Eisenhower's weakness. And now he has been attacked openly by the Labour left, and implicitly by Mr. Attlee. There is nothing quite so destructive to the whole culminative structure of Sir Winston's as Mr. Attlee's insistence that the H-bomb is a menace to civilization rather than its protector.

Sir Winston is clearly so anxious to establish his historic reputation by converting the H-bomb into the defender of both world peace and the non-Communist world that he cannot tolerate any suggestion that his basic assumptions are false. For one who has striven so hard to build a lasting structure of “atomic peace” it is distressing to be reminded of the H-bomb version of “He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.”



BUDDHISM IN INDIA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

IN another three years Buddhists all over the world—that is to say one-fifths of the world's population—will be celebrating the 2500th Buddha Jayanti. Barring a world war it will be celebrated on an unprecedented scale. It will also be a spontaneous celebration, for, there is today, probably as the result of two world wars a remarkable upsurge of enthusiasm for the Buddhist Law of Righteousness.

How is it that after a neglect of nearly eight centuries Buddhism is coming into its own? How is it that India, the home of the Buddha and the field of his life's mission of forty-five years, is welcoming back the message of the Sakya Prince which once blazed a trail from East Bengal to Afghanistan, from Kasi or Benares to Anuradhapura in Ceylon, a trail which was obliterated by vandal invaders and by hostile rulers in India itself?

The answer is two-fold. Buddhism as a living religion was exiled from India consciously by the efforts of Brahmin zealots and revivalists in general, and unconsciously by its being reabsorbed in Hinduism. That is one answer. The other answer is that though places of Buddhist worship were destroyed by Hindu kings like Sasangka (who in 600 A. D. cut down the Mahabodhi tree under which Buddha had sat and received his Bodhi, and then further to make sure dug up its roots, and "burnt it with fire, and sprinkled it with the juice of the sugar-cane, desiring to destroy it entirely and not leave a trace behind) as well as by Muslim vandals they were not completely obliterated.

The reason for this was that up to the twelfth century (when Magadha fell to the Muslims, Bengal following shortly afterwards) the kings of Magadha were Buddhists and looked after the Buddhist sacred places. An additional reason was that through the efforts of Asoka the Great on

behalf of Buddhism, not to mention his personal example, the neighbouring countries of Ceylon, Sumatra (Svarnabhumi), Burma, Cambodia and Tibet had accepted the teachings of the Buddha. They were the Greater India with India or Jambudhvipa as the sacred fount of Buddhist teaching.

Inscriptions at Buddha-Gaya prove that Buddhist monks from Ceylon, (some of them related to the Singhala royal family), made gifts and carried out repairs to the temple at Mahabodhi. Again, the King of Burma in 1035 was so concerned about the condition of the Mahabodhi Vihara that he deputed a special official to carry out repairs to it, and finding the first official not expeditious enough he sent a second official. In this manner Buddhism was kept alive in India till the close of the twelfth century.

NOR must we forget the far-reaching influence of the famous Buddhist universities of Magadha, Nalanda and Vikramasila, and of Takshasila (Taxila). Though they were forced to close down eventually they continued to exert the Buddhist tradition through the thousands of Buddhist monks who had graduated from them and who went underground (as we might say) by establishing monasteries in forest caves. Curiously enough when the present rulers of China suffered reverses and had to withdraw they sought shelter in Buddhist caves in the very heart of China, caves that had been built by Buddhist monks.

Altogether, with its exile from its birthplace Buddhism took its roots in the adjacent countries, of which Burma and Ceylon have maintained to this day the Buddhist tradition undefiled and unimpaired.

But there is today a resurgence of Buddhism in India, a resurgence which started in the last half of the last century. And for this we have

to thank the British conquest of India.

Archaeology and the preservation of ancient monuments are Western sciences. The British contribution was no doubt objective but there is no gainsaying that but for it we should not be witnessing today the tremendous enthusiasm for a revival of Buddhism in India. It was in 1848 that Lieut. Alexander Cunningham of the Royal Engineers made an appeal in the *Journal of the Calcutta Society* for Government support in the preservation of the ancient monuments of India. In 1860 Lord Canning, the first Viceroy, appointed Cunningham as a temporary Archaeological Surveyor. It fell to Lord Lytton to enact the Treasure Trove Act of 1878. Lord Lytton wrote: "The preservation of the national antiquities and works of art ought not to be exclusively left to the charge of Local Governments, which may not always be alive to the importance of such a duty. Lieut-Governors who combine aesthetic culture with administrative energy are not likely to be very common, and I cannot conceive any claims upon the administrative initiative and financial resources of the Supreme Government more essentially imperious than this."

IT is a sad reflection that during the seven years of independence we have had no similar statement from the Government which has thought fit to include the Archaeological Department in the Education Ministry whereas its importance is such as to necessitate the creation of a separate Ministry of Fine Arts and Archaeology. Our fine arts can thrive only by the inspiration of India's past as brought to light by archaeological research.

Lord Curzon who became Viceroy in 1899 shared Lord Lytton's concern for archaeological research and actively furthered the policy begun by his predecessor. Addressing a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal (which had been founded in 1784 at the instance of Sir William Jones, later to become famous as an Orientalist) Lord Curzon said that in European countries "abundant private wealth is available for the acqui-

sition or the conservation of that which is frequently private property. Corporations, Societies, Endowments, Trusts provide a vast machinery that relieves the Government of a large portion of its obligation. The historic buildings, the magnificent temples, the inestimable works of art are invested with a publicity that to some extent saves them from the risk of desecration or the encroachments of decay. Here, all is different, India is covered with the visible records of vanished dynasties of forgotten monarchs, or persecuted and sometimes dishonoured creeds... All these circumstances explain the peculiar responsibility that rests upon the Government in India."

The connection between archaeological excavations and the resurgence of Buddhism in India may not be apparent at first but much of the current reawakening among the Buddhists of India, Ceylon, Burma and elsewhere is vitally linked with the archaeological discoveries in India within the last sixty years.

To the Buddhists no place is holier than the Mahabodhi at Buddha-Gaya, and the Sacred Pipul tree under which the Buddha sat when he received his spiritual illumination, the Bodhi. I have already referred to the attempts of Raja Sasangkha in 600 A.D. to root out the Mahabodhi. Then twenty years later Raja Purna Varma revived it by sprinkling the roots (according to legend) with the milk of a thousand cows, and, (according to the same legend) the Holy Tree sprang up to a height of ten feet in a single night. Hiuen Tsang (Cunningham prefers 'Hwen Thsang') wrote that "When Buddha was alive, it was several feet high. Although it has often been injured by cutting, it still is forty or fifty feet in height."

However it was Asoka who paid it the highest veneration by building a *Vajrasana*—at the base of the Mahabodhi at the very spot where the Buddha had sat. He also built a Mahabodhi Vihara near the Sacred Bodhi Tree. It was a branch of the original Mahabodhi that was taken to Ceylon by Mahinda and Sanghamitta whom the Ceylonese regard as

Asoka's own son and daughter. (Some historians including Vincent Smith believe that they were Asoka's brother and sister. Certain it is that Asoka had a brother named Mahendra who became a Bhikku. But this is of pure academic interest.) Thus the Mahabodhi was the most sacred symbol of Buddhists and its neglect from the twelfth to the nineteenth century coincided with the decline of Buddhism in India.

The utter neglect under which the Mahabodhi as well as the Mahabodhi Vihara had lain throughout the centuries can be gauged from the following account contributed by a Correspondent of *The Englishman* in 1879:

"The entire west face of the platform of the Temple buried under rubbish, which itself was held up by a revetment wall thirty-two feet high of plain brick and mortar, unplastered and looking for all the world like a dilapidated jail wall. The holy tree at the apex of a series of a circle of steps which stood on the rubbish so held up the revetment aforesaid, and the entire north wall above the then ground level a plain blank wall of mud and brick-bat, which was even then leaning outwards . . ."

It must be said to the credit of the Burmese that they were the first to take serious notice of the neglected condition of the Mahabodhi and the Mahabodhi Vihara. In 1874-75 the King of Burma caused a number of excavations to be carried out and as a result several small temples, Buddha statues, and votive stupas were exposed. But it was not till Major Meade at the suggestion of Cunningham made excavations that the foundation lines of the original Buddhist railing which once surrounded the Temple were exposed. (Of special interest to Ceylon is an inscription on the railing describing a gift from a Ceylon Buddhist, probably a Bhikkhu: "Bodhi-rakhitssa Taba-panakasa danam"—Gift of Bodhi-Rakshita of Tambaparna).

Major Meade's discovery was in 1863, and in 1878 Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra published his book on the Temple of Buddha-Gaya. As the outcome of these various efforts, not to mention the long article in *The Englishman*, Sir Ashley Eden, Lieut-

Governor of Bengal, ordered Mr. J. D. Beglar to make "a thorough repair of the whole building." Describing a visit paid by him in 1881 Cunningham wrote: "I was present when the discovery of the Relics was made under the front of the Vajrasana Throne . . . The first and perhaps the most interesting discovery was the remains of the original Temple of Asoka, with the polished Vajrasana Throne exactly as portrayed in the Bharhut Basrelief with the view of the Bodhi Tree of Sakya Muni . . . But the most important discovery was the fact that the present Temple is built exactly over the remains of Asoka's Temple, so that the original Vajrasana Throne still retains its old position of Buddha's seat, the reported centre of the Universe."

Maj. Gen. Sir A. Cunningham's report was published in 1882 under the title, *Mahabodhi*. This report covering the excavations and discoveries at the spot hallowed by Buddha was an event of major importance in the reawakening of Buddhist influence in India.

Coinciding with these significant discoveries came the publication of Pali and Sanskrit texts by European savants. I have already mentioned Sir William Jones. In 1801 appeared a Latin translation of the Upanishads by Du Perron, a French scholar. Max Muller was encouraged by the Oxford University to translate and edit his Oriental Series to which a band of scholars, British and Indian, contributed. A British Civil Servant in Ceylon Rhys Davids on retirement from service started a Pali Text Society which brought before the world in general and Buddhists in particular the glory that was Buddhism.

THE Theosophical Society also made a considerable contribution to the Buddhist reawakening in India and Ceylon. Many prominent Western Buddhists like Colonel Olcott came to Ceylon and with the active co-operation of the Buddhist priesthood sounded the call of Back to Buddhism. The most prominent Ceylon Bhikkhu to welcome Col. Olcott's gesture was the famous scholar, the Maha Thera, H. Sri Suman-

gala. And, a year before Cunningham published his *Mahabodhi* a society called the Mahabodhi Society was founded in Ceylon. (The Mahabodhi Society, it may be added, has been well supported financially by Buddhists of Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Cambodia and other countries as well as by Western Buddhist philanthropists).

AT the turn of the century Buddhism had definitely made a return to India, its homeland. The Calcutta University established a Chair of Pali. Several prominent people of Kerala became Buddhists and founded a Buddha Society which later established a Vihara in Bombay. In recent years the dissatisfaction of the Harijans with their lot in Hindu society has led some of them to declare themselves as Buddhists. Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the All-India Scheduled Federation, publicly accepted Buddhism during a recent visit to Colombo. There are Buddhist Viharas today at Buddha-Gaya, Calcutta, Delhi, Lucknow, Madras, Bangalore and Calicut while the most recent to be opened was the Vihara at Sanchi where the relics of Sariputta and Moggallana discovered in the Sanchi Stupa by Cunningham were enshrined on 30th October 1952 amidst scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm.

Since those early days of Cunningham archaeological research has kept pace with the intellectual and devotional resurgence among Buddhists. The more evidence we have of the wide influence of Buddhism in the past the stronger we shall be in laying the foundations of a new era in Buddhism in India. A recent British expedition led by Prof. Barger excavated some exquisite Buddhist statuary in Swat Valley and found Stupas at Kanhar Kote, Amluk and Abarchinar. While the Sarnath Buddha is still the most perfect piece of statuary the Buddha statues from Abarchinar and Amluk come very close to it in perfection and purity of line. We have also had most marvellous finds in Kondukistan in Afghanistan where Bodhisattava and Apsara murals and Buddha statues resembling those of Ajanta were

found. In Madhya Bharat, which was once the scene of Asoka's viceroyalty, Buddhist stupas and caves are being discovered regularly—the latest such being the discovery of a brick-built stupa at Navda Toli, a village near Maheshwar, on the southern bank of the Narmada river.

The tradition of methodical archaeological research handed down by the British is helping to bring to light these monuments of the past. To that extent we have to consider the resurgence of Buddhism in India as one of the blessings of the British conquest. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President of India, in his address to the Gandhian Seminar in Delhi on January 17th, 1953 said that the success of the Gandhian technique of non-violence was due mainly to the faith of his followers but that it was also due in a large measure, he added, to the British who appreciated it. Dr. Prasad wondered whether the same success could have been achieved had India been under another power. The same sentiments might be expressed with regard to Buddhism in India.

We must also remember that Buddhism declined as much due to the inroads of vandals and hostile kings as due to the schisms in the Sangha. If the present Buddhist resurgence is to succeed we must bear in mind and not be too anxious to let a particular country or a particular individual get the full credit for this resurgence. The Buddha Himself addressing a quarrelling group of Bhikkhus addressed them thus:

"Not at any time through enmity are enmities appeased here. But they are suppressed through non-enmity. This is an eternal law. Those who break bones, those who take life, those who steal cattle, horses, treasure, plundering the realm—even among those accord is known. Why amongst you should there be none?"

IN the last analysis a Buddhist resurgence can come about only in the hearts of men and women. Neither edifices of brick and mortar, nor the excavations of buried stupa and vihara can avail us if our hearts refuse sanctuary to the message of the Buddha.

STAGE LIGHTING

By A. V. NARSU

LIKE the other aspects of play production, stage lighting is being seriously studied nowadays. Unlike sets, costume and make-up which are comparatively fixed features, lighting has to be changed between scene and scene and sometimes in the same scene. It may be said that the modern stage, vis-a-vis stages of previous ages, has an advantage in one direction and a handicap in another. The advantage is the availability of electricity and electrical equipment for lighting purposes. The disadvantage is the comparison made between the excellent manner in which "pictures" are shown on the cinema screen and the less efficient way in which stage action is shown. It is no good arguing that the comparison is not fair to either, like the comparison between food served in a hotel and food served on the home table. Cinemas have habituated spectators to ask for clear, faultless and effective lighting. If the stage does not propose to go under, it is time it set about improving its lighting arrangements.

It is recognised that no play can succeed if the spoken word—in its highest and lowest pitches and in its fastest and slowest tempi—fails to reach the spectators in the last row. To avoid such failure, a hall with good acoustic properties is chosen and the players are trained to throw out their voices. It is not often recognised that good visibility is as important. Delineation of story and character frequently depend on subtle, scarcely perceptible gestures and movements and, to a greater degree, on quick, minute changes of facial expression. The present tendency to greater sophistication in life and towards greater restraint in acting, produce, in their turn, subtler and less pronounced changes in expression and behaviour. If these are missed, important "links" in the story and character are broken, and the audience becomes apathetic. It is not enough if the light catches the expression of the character speak-

ing the lines, while the other characters are cast in the shade. It becomes necessary to show simultaneously the expression of the speaker and his companions while they are moving, for the speaker's words can be understood, most often, only by observing how his hearers react to them. It is not possible to break up this complex picture into convenient parts and show them in sequence, as the cinema does.

The stage also presents certain physical problems. It is a vast space from the point of view of the "lights-man." Almost every corner of the stage, front, back and sides to be well-lighted, for in a scene with several characters, action takes place everywhere. It is usually 20 or 25 feet high. This height is probably a relic from former times when, for better effect, objects and persons used to descend from above. There are not many ascents or descents now but the previous height has remained. While the high stage goes well with an open-air scene with many characters, its incongruity is obvious when an intimate, two-character scene is being shown. Producers, if they want to, can reduce height just as they are reducing depth and width, though, reducing width is difficult in some theatres. The point is that a high stage detracts from visibility, as the smaller the lighted area within a periphery of darkness, the bigger and brighter the object looks. It is for creating this darkness that switching off of the auditorium lights is insisted on while acting on the stage is proceeding, though co-operation from the audience is called for—i.e. by way of not opening doors or windows—in effectively shutting out day-light from outside during matinee shows.

IN being able to see the picture without undue strain the spectator in the cheapest class in a cinema house is not very much worse off than the spectator sitting in the most expensive class. In the theatre the disparity is very much greater. The

distance between the centre of the stage and the farthest row in the auditorium in a theatre is about 60 feet, sometimes more. If the spectators in the back rows are unable to follow the action on the stage without excessively straining their eyes, they will inevitably lose interest, and even the best behaved of them will manifest their boredom. Stage producers have to look to the needs of this group while making their lighting arrangements.

IT is desirable to try lights during at least a few stage rehearsals, but amateur groups cannot get easy access to stages for rehearsing and, even if they do, they cannot lay their hands on the necessary lighting equipment. It is wise for such groups, therefore, not to "try" lighting on the day of the performance itself, but to make a few simple arrangements, ensuring that adequate light falls in every corner of the stage. They will also have to make certain that the equipment obtained is not so crude as to dazzle the eyes of the players. The references in the text to the time of the action will be absurd, to hear a character complaining of enveloping darkness while he is actually moving in a flood of light.

Night scenes are effectively shown when characters walk into darkness carrying lights with them. But these lights will not be very helpful on the stage if they are carried at the knee level, as in the case of hurricane lanterns. Candles carried higher in the hand give an insufficient light. Torches are the best for the purpose of high-lighting faces. We have references in Shakespeare to characters carrying torches. It is too dangerous to handle torches on the modern stage, but electrical goods' manufacturers may be able to devise lights looking and burning like torches. Mistakes like asking a character, who is supposed to have got up from sleep, to move on the stage with a ten watt power hurricane lamp while the stage is already lighted by power of several thousand watts will spoil the "naturalness" built up so far, and should be carefully eliminated.

Far too obtrusive "colour effects" and light changes are best avoided,

for they have the tendency to draw attention away from the action to lighting itself. Focussing greater light on the background and less on the players has also to be guarded against, whether it is the result of faulty positioning of the lights or the use of highly light-absorbent background material. Background should be background and no more. The focus of attraction should be the players and not the background. In this view, the erection of excessively realistic background sets detracts from, rather than contributes, towards the success of the play.

Most theatres are equipped with a row of footlights. These do not focus the light sufficiently high to catch up the characters' faces. Even when 'floods' are used in addition to high-light faces, using 'floods' and footlights simultaneously will give an excess of light, if footlights are not suitably weakened. Fixing lights at the ceiling level and focussing them from the sides of the stage is advantageous, if, by using a sufficient number from several points, the difficulty of a character moving away from a light casting his own shadow on his face is avoided. Lights focussed from balconies in the auditorium near the stage on either side are easier to handle than lights focused from a central balcony at the farthest end of the auditorium opposite the stage. Diffusing light from this balcony is very efficient provided (i) the necessary equipment can be obtained and (ii) the handling is skilful. If both these conditions are fulfilled, it is possible to have near perfect stage lighting. Changes in the colour of the lights and in their intensity (slow, medium and fast fades-in and fades-out, etc.) can be made imperceptibly. The snag is that the above conditions are difficult to fulfill. The equipment is far too expensive for most theatre groups even in the cities. The handling calls for close understanding of the action of the play obtained during successive rehearsals as also for keen alertness throughout the performance.

The present trend is towards natural production. Lighting aids are used for producing natural setting

for the scenes either in time or in mood. To suggest joy or festivity, for example, lighting is made brighter, while it is made dimmer to show sorrow or intrigue. When the producer is constrained to choose between "visibility" and "naturalness" but cannot have both, he might let go the latter. Letting the former go is far more disastrous. When appropriate lighting

to suit time cannot be provided, references to time are better omitted from the text. "When we talk of horses," the spectators "see them printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;" can they not see Desdemona's suffering in the willow scene, when it is written all over her face, merely because the lights happen to be bright?

Music: Ma and Pa

By P. SRINIVASA IYER

WONDERFUL is the work of creation. More wonderful is it to know the growth of life. Finding no expression adequate enough to describe the thing, our ancestors called the act of creation and the growth of life as the *leelas* of God. The act of creation seems to indicate that the realisation of it by us is its ultimate aim. Of course since it is His doings we cannot probe deeper into them with our limited senses and knowledge. But, our ancestors endowed with *yogadrishti* could describe them as *srishiti* and *sthiti*.

Again, the mother to whichever species she belongs, is the creator. She creates as well as undertakes the work of growth only to a point. She has immense love for her creation. It is the mother's love and care bestowed on her babies that stands as the power-house of strength in the later life of the children. She nourishes her off-spring to the extent they could stand on their legs. That is all that she can do. It is the father in the order of creation that is mainly responsible for the upbringing of his children. He is expected to shape them finally according to the light given unto him. The mother feeds the body and the father the head. Does this justify the well-known phrase: *the head of the family* in the case of the father? Perhaps so.

A musician perceives these *leelas* of God in his musical scale. There is *Shadjam* to begin with, the *Pranavam* representing God himself. All the notes of the scale take their birth or origin and end here only.

Shadjam is thus the basic note or *Pranavaswarupam* from which are born the most concordant notes *Ma* and *Pa*. Look at the letters by which these notes are called—*Ma* and *Pa*—suggestive of mamma and pappa. Are they so important then, in creating music?—Or is it done in a haphazard way? A musician knows that after the study of *Shadjam* and a knowledge of its importance, these two notes form the most important basis as the next step. If he neglects to do this at this stage he will have to pay the price in his later years of profession, as some of our present day artists are paying in the concert halls now. The study of *Ma* and *Pa* has such a tremendous influence on the musician.

Out of these *Ma* and *Pa* are born the other notes. The *Shadja-Madhyama bhava* begets the feminine Todi Raga. Likewise the *Shadja-Panchama bhava* yields the male raga Kalyani. And there is romance too in this. If we observe the positions of *Ma* and *Pa* in relation to *Sa*, we find that *Ma* stands at a length of *Pa* from *Shadjam* in the scale. Likewise, *Pa* stands at a distance of *Ma* length from *Sa* or *Shadjam*. This explains the mystery of attraction between *Ma* and *Pa* as though the one realises God in the other.

Basic impressions of music are like the mother's milk for the growing children. A child initiated in music in accordance with the above ideas will develop a spontaneity in joining the *sruti*. That will give him or her a certain confidence and enthusiasm in pursuing the art. These ideas set forth in lessons have been tried over and over again and they always have yielded the best results.

THE SEARCH AND AFTER

—Short Story—

By

Sudha Ranganathan

FOR the past three days, a rumour had been bruited about of a threatened looting within the mill's compound. Feelings ran high. Nerves were stretched almost to the snapping point. The majority of women and children had been evacuated to safer places. Only the schoolteacher, her aged mother and two others had not yet left. They too were preparing to leave.

The teacher was in the front room packing her few chinawares, and the books she loved most. Fortunately, she thought, she did not have anything valuable in the house. The marauders were not likely to be attracted to her dwelling. With her mother to help her, she would be ready to leave in another half an hour. She could hear the old dear, in the kitchen, throwing the cooking utensils into the big dealwood box, muttering to herself the while. Suddenly a shrill, frightened scream rang out from where she was.

She turned to run to her assistance, but the mob were already at the gate, shouting slogans and curses. Through the open window, the havoc wrought on the house next door was only too painfully obvious. It had been set on fire. Not a single blade of grass remained unturned. Even the old *neem* tree had not been spared. It had been hacked and uprooted. Years of nature's labour had been demolished within an hour. But it was no time to philosophise. The crowd neared her house. She hastily shut the window.

As if that would deter the rabble! They started to knock at first gently and then loudly. When they saw that she would not yield, they began to shout and yell at her to open immediately. She soon found out to

her misery that the door would stand the battering no longer. From her mother there was no help to be expected. Her aged figure was already huddled against the shut door of the kitchen, her face hidden inside her *odhni*—sobbing her heart out. What could she do, she thought wildly. The only solution possible to her was to place herself at the mercy of the mob. She opened the window timidly. Immediately a dozen rough hands were thrust in and the din was deafening. She could not make herself heard in that infernal uproar. She raised her hands in supplication and gestured for a minute's silence.

"What have I done? Why are you all troubling me? I am as poor as you are," she pleaded.

Hardly had she finished when twenty or thirty voices replied in raucous unison:

"We want that traitor, the spinning master. He ran this way and he must be hiding in your house. Open up."

"I assure you, he is not here. Will I, a woman, hide a man in my house? You know my interests are bound up with yours," she pleaded piteously.

"No, we don't believe you. Give him up straightaway, or we will raze your house to the ground. We give you three minutes to open up."

"Why don't you trust me? I have been teaching some of you, and your children for the past twenty years. You all know how much I have worked for their welfare. Will I do such a thing?"

"Aw, cut that talk. We are not in a schoolroom here," a wit shouted, and it raised a bit of laughter.

The teacher knew this was an opportune moment. She at once asked them to come in.

She ran to the dealwood box and flung it open. The doubled-up body of a scraggy, old woman, an abject picture of petrified terror, met her vision . . .

"But you must promise to treat me as your sister."

"Look at the vanity of the old hag! We will treat you as our own grandmother. Don't waste time."

She noted, with a shock, that it came from an old student of hers. She swallowed the insult and opened the door, saying:

"Please. But I would request only a few of you to come in and search. My little house cannot hold all of you."

"We won't trouble you. All we want is that blackguard," said the leader of the gang and led in a group of the ruffians. They rushed about everywhere, opening closets and almirahs. Some looked under the cots and one examined the bathroom. She had to lean against the wall to support herself.

They were sure that they saw the fellow run this way. Yet they had not been able to find him. Shamefaced, crestfallen, the leader of the mob apologised to her. One man went to the old lady crouched against the kitchen door, but she would not even take the *odhni* off her face to look at him. At which he grew suspicious and cried: "This d—d witch must have hidden him somewhere." But their leader silenced him saying: "No, he is not here. While we had been talking to this woman, he must have made good his escape. Come, let us go." Then he turned to the teacher who, white of face, was leaning against the wall, as if expecting it to inspire her with strength to stand this ordeal.

"We are sorry, we made a mistake. But nobody can be trusted these days and we were forced to act in the way we did. See, we have not touched any of your belongings nor have we troubled your mother." Smug in his sense of justice, he turned to go. The teacher was trembling with relief, she could hardly reply. She tried her best to smile and managed a grimace. "Thanks," she muttered, and sank weakly on her knees. The men went out quietly, respecting her need for privacy.

She felt as if her bones had turned to water. She grit her teeth, crept to the door and locked it. Then she almost fainted. The form that had ensconced itself in the corner stood

erect and walked up slowly to her. She almost screamed in terror when she saw him, but stopped herself in time. She could only gasp helplessly and stare at him. The hooded figure sat by her and in a low voice quavering with fear said:

"You have saved my life. They were after me. Yours was the first unharmed house I saw. The kitchen door was open and I ran in. Your mother took fright, screamed and swooned right away. I had to act in a hurry. I took her *odhni* to cover me, and hid her in the big dealwood box. I am sorry, this had to happen," he comforted her.

SHE ran to the dealwood box and flung it open. The doubled-up body of a scraggy old woman, an abject picture of petrified terror, met her vision. Its mouth was open, arrested in a shriek, eyeballs protruding and hands clenched in defence.

"Oh, she is dead!" wailed the teacher.

"I do not know how I will ever forgive myself for this unintentional crime," he said.

Her mouth mumbled mere formal words: "I understand. She did have a weak heart. She would not have survived the jolt of these people entering the house. Her time was up. What could you do?" Although she said it stoically, the tears welled up in her eyes again.

He left silently by the back door. She bent to take a look at her mother. The purple discoloration on her throat where his fingers had pressed hard were plainly discernible. "The Golden Rule—helping others who harm you. Practise what you preach. Ha! Ha! Ha!" she laughed hysterically. "I must have my revenge."

Just as she was about to leave the house she heard a scream for help, and hoarse voices jubilantly shouting: "Ah, we were waiting for you. An old lady, poor lady, does it hurt you here, or here, or here . . ."

She was dazed and sat down beside her mother. The light burned feebly in the room, containing the living and the dead. Then of a sudden she heard footsteps approaching her door. She waited calmly, this time.

Joseph Conrad

CONRAD it might be safely assumed, is not very much in vogue to-day. He was not widely read during his lifetime and there has not been, since his death, anything like a 'Conrad revival.' The publishing house of Methuen recently brought out a uniform edition of his works, with the express intention of popularising them but there is nothing to indicate that this venture has received anything like an overwhelming response. From time to time, discriminating critics have attempted reinterpretations of his creative writing, bringing to light the artistry that bordered on genius, and Dr. F. R. Leavis has maintained in a stimulating volume of criticism entitled *The Creative Experiment* that Conrad was one of the major formative influences on the development of the English novel as an art-form. There is a general, widespread tendency, however, in spite of these critical efforts, to think of Conrad as a writer of superb adventure stories, an extraordinarily skilled narrator of sea yarns, in the best tradition of Captain Marryat. Till not so very long ago, Robert Louis Stevenson was also misjudged in a similar manner. 'Tusitala', the south sea islanders called him, which is samoan for teller of tales and the name branded the man. *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* and *The Master of the Ballantrae* were considered magnificent but juvenalia none the less; only recently have we come to acknowledge the brilliant, restless mind behind the mask, the exploring, questing man behind the myth and the genius of *The Weir of Hermiston*.

To think of Conrad merely as a talented story-teller is a critical misjudgement which the student of the English novel must vehemently repudiate. No writer had a deeper grasp of the immense capacities of the novel as a medium of artistic expression and few English novelists of the early twentieth century have had so abiding an influence on contemporary developments in the novel as Conrad.

It is not often realised that Conrad's preoccupations were essen-

tially modern. In two of his best novels, *Under Western Eyes* and *The Secret Agent*, he wrote of the dynamics of revolution as comprehensively as any of the 'political' novelists of our times and in them he revealed his own outlook on men and matters, on society and the perennial problems.

Under Western Eyes is really an indictment of all political activity and a plea for the enduring values of conservatism. The book is written around the betrayal of a student revolutionary named Haldin by a fellow-student and politico, Razumov, and is set in the early days of the Russian revolution when the tyranny of the Czars was still fresh in the European mind. Haldin finds no peace as a revolutionary and *agent provocateur*; he lives in constant expectation of death. Razumov, too, walks with terror throughout his existence. He is torn with doubt, in regard to the righteousness of his betrayal of Haldin and sees himself as a tool of a corrupt and worthless oligarchy. Revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries alike, emerge from this novel as haunted, obsessed creatures driven inexorably to a damnation predestined for them, while revolutions themselves are seen as futile, pointless movements that nearly always end up as failures. In *The Secret Agent* also, the world of London anarchists, Latin emigres and Russian revolutionaries is examined with obvious distaste; these men and women, Conrad seems to be saying are defective human beings.

The case made in these books, as also in many other Conrad stories, for conceiving man as a moral and ethical being rather than as a political animal is really connected with Conrad's terrible youth. His father, Apollo Kozeniouswski, was an active member of an extreme wing of the Polish nationalist party and in 1863, his revolutionary activities earned him a lifetime's exile in Russia. His wife and five-year-old son, Joseph, accompanied him and the bitterness of this experience marked Conrad for life, rendering him altogether hostile to the life of politics.

Against the much-paraded and trumpeted virtues of the dedicated

revolutionary, Conrad advocated the stoical attitude and the basic human values of order, restraint and responsibility. In many of his *Sea Stories*, the sea is used as a powerful natural background, against which strong-witted men and women work out their destinies, while the Fates look on with quiet understanding. Captain Davison in *Victory*, Roderick Anthony in *Chance* and Allston in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* are, each of them, typical Conrad heroes, in that for all of them an integrity of spirit and action takes precedence over everything else. They might be worsted by the overwhelming odds they have to counter with, but for Conrad the defeat of the man of principles was 'a vision both poignant and spectacular', and no occasion for blasphemy or despair.

Conrad's women characters, too, share this deep and austere stoicism. Their privations and sufferings at the hands of a seemingly unconcerned omniscience and their uncomplaining endurance thereof, make them so many feminine protagonists in the ideal Greek tragedy. Like the latter, their love transcends all that seeks to destroy its mystic loyalties. Love, in the framework of Conrad's art, assumes an almost supernatural significance. How else can one explain Flora de Barral's devotion to Captain Anthony in *Chance* or Lena's attachment to Andreas Heyst in *Victory*?

It is difficult now to resist the conclusion that late in the nineteenth century, Conrad had already anticipated the aims of modern English novelists. In his best stories the reader is always made aware of the abyss of the human situation and the modern has set himself the task of eliciting the same awareness. Conrad refuses to draw the line easily between the elected and the damned among his characters and makes every effort to earn the sympathy of his readers for saint and sinner alike. Conrad's essentially humanist view of life, exposed and attacked the cramping effect of devotion to a particular clique, group or party or the human personality. He judges human beings on their own merits and seldom uses the

Heredity

For each kind of emergence after death—in the thoughts of many—or the natures of a few—a written record helps. Yet in neither case can there be any question of immortality. Even Shakespeare could not aspire to hold time's swift foot back for more than a few hundred or thousand years—and, long before the written word is cast on to the rubbish heap, the constant division and re-combination of hereditary genes will have broken up the patterns which determine the little traits of character which are passed on from ancestor to descendant. —David Garnett: *The Golden Echo*

orthodox yardsticks for the measurement of achievement or character. Conrad himself was sceptical of most established creeds. He could not bring himself to be an orthodox adherent of the Christian faith and he was repelled by the scientific liberalism of his day.

Desmond MacCarthy has aptly observed that 'it was not the exploitation of tropic forests or tropic seas which made Conrad a remarkable novelist, but his power of creating a world dyed through and through with his own imagination.' For the unique wealth of his creative experiences, Conrad was, of course, indebted to the rich variety of his seafaring exploits. He spent over twenty years in British and French merchant vessels, wandering from port to port in both the eastern and western hemispheres. But his supreme importance as a creative artist springs from the alchemy of his powerful imagination, which transmuted the exotic abundance of his experiences into consummate art with remarkable grace. He was really a supreme artist, dedicated to his art in a Flaubert-like way and he should repay re-reading to-day.

J. A. RODRIGUES

Who am I?

MY life history is indeed very strange! Long, long ago, I was born in far away Northern India. I am not certain of the date of my birth. But this much I can remember: I was first ushered into a gloomy world. There was neither light nor sunshine, but water, water everywhere. I was of humble origin; still when I was born there were numerous kinsmen to welcome me into their fold. I was quite happy with my lot and continued to thrive with my brethren in that aqueous world.

But lo! on a fateful day, the earth of a sudden began to shake violently under my feet, accompanied by terrific sounds all around. Soon I was tossed up and I lost my senses. But within the twinkling of an eye I was cast into an entirely new world. There was land to the north and east and south and west. At the dizzy height on a great mountain I found myself perched in a tiny rock fortress. My companions also shared with me the same fate. When I regained my senses I found I was only a replica of the old self without a soul. However, I was pleased with the warmth of the bright sun. No longer did I require any food. Yet I greatly yearned to be set free from my imprisonment. Years rolled on. At last the rain, the wind and the sun took pity on me and began to batter my tiny fortress very slowly but steadily. At last they succeeded in shattering my fort and I quietly rolled down from my dizzy eminence into the river rolling below which people call the Gandak now. I desired to continue my existence here peacefully. But Fate had decreed otherwise. One fine morning an aged and pious-looking Nepali, with a flowing beard, was scrutinising the banks of the river with great interest. Suddenly he looked at me, and in spite of my unattractive, dark complexion and baldness he caught hold of me and put me into a small cage. Inside there I found some of my old companions. Bearing the cage the bearded man roamed through the hills and dales of Nepal, offering us

for sale at every market place. We fortunately attracted very few buyers. Therefore our master decided to go to the plains of Bharat. He reached the sacred city Banaras on the banks of the Ganga after several weeks of marching. And here when he exposed us for sale, there were numerous prospective buyers. Everyone of them examined us carefully and discussed our individual merits and flaws. Gradually most of my companions were disposed of and they left for unknown destinations. Finally, one day, my turn came. A hoary old Brahmin with a prominent caste-mark on his forehead surveyed me carefully and eventually took a fancy for me. He asked my master for what price he was prepared to part with me. The latter was willing to exchange me for five rupees. This sum was gladly paid by him. I must say here that Fortune smiled on me. The holy Brahmin then carried me on his shoulders with great veneration and journeyed to the far-off south. He next met an ascetic on the banks of the Tungabhadra river, near Kurnool, to whom my master explained my supposed great virtues. The *sanyasi* with great pleasure accepted me and enthroned me in a small golden palanquin. I was carried by his disciples to the music of pipes and drums and chanting of holy hymns from town to town, bedecked with flowers and *tulasi*. Thousands of devotees prostrated themselves before me making me offerings of fruits. They beseeched me to grant them various boons. Though soulless and speechless, I now enjoyed royal prerogatives.

Thus, from a humble origin at a distant place and time I now live in great comfort. I find most of my companions who have come to Bharat are in the same happy position. Though my parents did not give me a name, all my devotees call me Narasimhamurthy Saligram. In contrast to this the scientists with scant courtesy call me a fossil ammonite and have given me the Greek name of *Aulacosphinctis*.

N. K. N. IYENGAR

New Books

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION

By Aldous Huxley

Chatto & Windus Ltd., London

6s net

AMONG contemporary social satirists and political philosophers Aldous Huxley's eminence is indisputable. His knowledge is encyclopaedic—a fact which he displays in his writings: whether poem, play, short story, novel, or essay (and he could have been first-rate in whatever he wanted: poet, playwright, novelist, essayist), not with the aggressive heaviness of a pedant, but in a manner discreetly impersonal, ever diplomatic, ever diverting and entertaining. As a connoisseur of literature, as a penetrating scientific investigator, his contempt for every sort of fraud, humbug and pretender is highly engaging. He is one of the greatest masters of modern English prose.



Aldous Huxley

"The diversity of the material world

has been reduced, so far as such reduction is possible, to an ultimate identity. All matter, according to the physicist, is built up, in a limited number of patterns, out of units of energy which, in isolation, seem to possess none of the qualities ordinarily associated with matter in the mass . . ."

"Recent research in medicine, in experimental psychology and in what is still called parapsychology has thrown some light on the nature of mind and its position in the world . . ."

These are quotations from the chapter 'Beliefs' in *Ends and Means*, published in 1937; this and the concluding chapter 'Ethics' in the same book which exemplified Mr. Huxley's delightful detours into the realms of mysticism were not so delightful to some of his readers; one cannot say whether it was adieu or *au revoir* that they bade him in his role as a mystical moralist; if it was the latter, they can meet him again for here is Mr. Huxley with his latest work which is an essay, sixty-three pages in length, entitled *The Doors of Perception*.

It makes fascinating reading: Mr. Huxley fixes one with his ancient mariner-like narration, brilliant, with beauties breaking in in every other passage, in imagery as well as intonation, affirming, in the words of William Blake that serve as an epigraph to the book:

"If the doors of perception were cleansed,
everything will appear to man as it is, infinite."

We know under what conditions Coleridge composed his famous poem 'Kubla Khan'—"in consequence of a slight indisposition," he says, "an anodyne had been prescribed from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading (certain sentences) in *Purchas's*

Pilgrimage," and on awaking recorded his vision which, unfortunately, was interrupted before completion by a person calling on business; we have read De Quincey's *Confessions* from the effects produced by opium. Mr. Huxley describes his experiences of an intoxication caused upon himself by taking a single dose of mescaline, the active principle of a drug named Peyotl—"a friend of immemorially long standing to primitive religion and the Indians of Mexico and the American Southwest." Since the days of the German pharmacologist, Ludwig Lewin and eminent psychologists like Havelock Ellis, Jaensch, and Weir Mitchell research in mescaline has been going on sporadically, and psychiatrists during the past two decades have been attracted to it for the remarkable similarity in the signs and symptoms it brought about and those of schizophrenia.

"I took my pill at eleven," writes Mr. Huxley, and proceeds to give an exciting record of his immediate changed world, full of colour and brightness, of richness of form and texture, perceived through a heightened visual awareness and in which time and spatial relationships had ceased to matter.

"An hour and half later I was sitting in my study, looking intently at a small glass vase. The vase contained only three flowers—a full-blown Belle of Portugal rose, shell pink with a hint at every petal's base of a hotter, flammier hue; a large magenta and cream-coloured carnation; and, pale purple at the end of its broken stalk, the bold heraldic blossom of an iris. Fortuitous and provisional, the little nosegay broke all the rules of traditional good taste. At breakfast that morning I had been struck by the lively dissonance of its colours. But that was no longer the point. I was not looking now at an unusual flower arrangement. I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence."

Under the potent influence of the drug he sees a chair as Van Gogh the mad painter rendered it on canvas and the folds on his grey flannel trousers flowing like draperies such as were wrought sump-

tuously by El Greco and Botticelli in their pictures!

"What the rest of us see only under the influence of mescaline, the artist is congenitally equipped to see all the time. His perception is not limited to what is biologically or socially useful."

Reading his descriptions is like listening raptly to hosannas and incantations, for Mr. Huxley says he understood, for the first time, "The Beatific vision, *Sat Chit Ananda*, Being-Awareness-Bliss, not on the verbal level, not by inchoate hints or at a distance, but precisely and completely what those prodigious syllables referred to". But where the verbal felicity tinct with the hues of flowers and precious stones is calculated to haunt one like a passion, flowing like a high tide with eddies whirling to "deeper and ever deeper meaning," expressions like 'Suchness,' and 'Dharma-body' creep like foreign matter disturbing the communication for a moment, but at the next the harmony reasserts itself, played by a maestro whose vision of the spirit burns with a gem-like radiance. Has Mr. Huxley created another Brave New World in *The Doors of Perception*?

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Passion and Philosophy

Selected Sonnets of R. M. Challa

Published by the Author

Bhimalapuram

Rs. 3

MR. R. M. CHALLA has brought forth one more book of his poems. In the first sonnet which is called *Proem*—a poetic Prologue to a book of verses—the author says:

I raise my voice to call the world to hear

my songs of Passion and Philosophy.
My comrade, my compatriot, my dear
not only you, but all humanity
shall listen to my songs of
animation . . ."

The 'shall' in the last line leaves his comrade, compatriot or dear no choice but to listen. Had the author been as brief of content as he was in the title he gave to his first

Whitmanesque exuberance he might have spared the reader much by way of jaw-breakers like:

"And will you think of me without mere thinking

and will you speak to me without mere speaking" etc.

and how one wishes that the author instead of

"and let us sleep a sleep of sleeplessness"

had slept a sleep of sleepfulness!

If mere incomprehensibility were a sign of mysticism then the heights of incomprehension to which the author strives would graduate him into a very great mystic. But unfortunately the standards of poetry are rather stringent and immortality cannot be achieved by such short cuts—even if the dedication is to Rilke.

In the book under review has been enclosed a slip containing some press opinions. One of these reviews suggests that "this book may well be made use of as a text-book in educational institutions." Towards the attainment of the cherished goal of the elimination of English from our educational institution no better suggestion could have been made.

V. V. S.

Britain: An Official Handbook

Issued January 1954

Central Office of Information,
London

6s

THOUGH London is no longer the epicentre of world politics, she having lost it to Washington in the course of the last two decades, it remains a fact that even today, the United Kingdom offers to the rest of the world one of its most concentrated markets, particularly for food and raw materials for industry. The national economy of Britain, dependent on the one hand on imported supplies, is the second largest source for the world's needs of machinery, electrical apparatus, motor vehicles, fine quality textiles, coal, chemical and cutlery. About half the world's trade at present is carried on in British currency and London controls

the gold and dollar reserves of the Commonwealth and Sterling countries. Britain also takes pride of place in the economic and defence arrangements of the Western European countries and is currently producing nearly half of all the defence requirements of the alliance on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Hence a close study of the various phases of Britain's national life is important for a correct and objective appraisal of the events that take place on the stage of European and world affairs.

Britain: An Official Handbook, issued by the Central Office of Information, London, is an improvement on the one originally issued in 1946 and is designed primarily to answer the questions about Britain which are most frequently asked in overseas countries. Divided broadly into twelve chapters, the Blue Book gives an exhaustive analysis of the geographical features of the country, its unique political, economic and social institutions and the latest developments in such vital fields of national activity like finance, trade, industry, agriculture and education.

Students of politics will find chapter two of the book interesting and useful. The United Kingdom is a monarchical State, practically the only one in Europe where monarchy has been preserved as the most ancient secular institution, with a continuous tradition of several centuries. Queen Elizabeth the Second is a descendant of the Saxon King, Egbert, who united all England in A.D. 889. The chapter gives a graphic survey of the position of the Crown in the constitution, its powers and privileges. The Sovereign, it notes, "is the leader of Society by order of general precedence, dating from the 14th century and sustained until the present day by Royal Ordinances, ancient usage, established custom and the public will."

It also includes a running commentary on the functions of the Houses of Parliament, their relations and respective powers. The various aspects of Cabinet Government in Britain with special emphasis upon the duties of the Prime Minister are

treated exhaustively, along with a complete enumeration of the departments under control and guidance of the popularly elected Ministers.

Defence constitutes an important theme and a full chapter of twelve pages of the Report is devoted to describe the strength and policy of Britain's Royal Navy, Army and the Air Force.

In seven chapters running into more than 180 pages, with a lot of statistical information, the Report throws much light on Britain's economic life, and the work carried on in the spheres of trade, transport and industry. The second world war is estimated to have run down Britain's domestic capital by about £3,000 million, through shipping losses, bomb damage, and arrears of industrial maintenance and replacements. It also resulted in a considerable alteration in Britain's financial and trading position.

In national income per head, the U. K. shows a high standard among European countries and is beaten only by the United States and Canada. But this does not lead the Report to adopt a complacent attitude. On the other hand, it goes on to point out that the root problem for the national economy in the fifties is the maintenance of a surplus of current overseas earning in relation to overseas spending, or in other words, to increase production at minimum costs and export more.

Although the major part of the population works in urban areas, agriculture remains one of Britain's largest industries, using some 49 million out of 60 million acres of land in the United Kingdom, and provides employment for over a million people.

The Report says that in Britain, the State is directly responsible for a range of services, covering subsistence for the needy, education and health services for all, and the care of the aged and the handicapped. Public authorities in Britain are spending some £2,000 million a year on social services and the exchequer expenditure on social services amounts to over a quarter of the total Governmental expenditure.

Religion, science and the arts are

also not neglected by the Report which shows the great interest taken by the Government in the promotion of scientific research in industry and in the field of nuclear energy. It closes with an account of the work of the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Press. The B. B. C. is not a Government department nor is a commercial company working for profit, but a public Corporation, created by a Royal Charter. Those interested in the development of broadcasting in backward countries like India will find the material useful. A list of reference books and a number of maps add to the usefulness of the publication.

C. H. V. PATHY

TAMIL

Annapoorani

By Ka. Sri. Sri.

Alliance Company, Madras 4
Rs. 2

Nandavanam

By V. S. Kandekar

Translated by Ka. Sri. Sri.

Alliance Company, Madras 4
Re. 1

HIMSELF a writer of mark in Tamil Ka. Sri. Sri's standing with his reading public seems to rest more on his role as translator into his tongue of the works of V. S. Kandekar, the Marathi author, whom he has popularised in our part of the country. "O, Bottom, thou art translated!" does not apply to him, for he knows at what remove he works from the original author, possessing a mind that is not weighted with inhibitions.

Annapoorani is a collection of a dozen of his own Tamil Short Stories showing his range of experience and the peculiar flavour he can infuse into moods and circumstances. The essential genius of the Tamil is here, his mode of life, his habits and customs, integrated with wise saws and modern instances.

Nandavanam is a translation of Kandekar's stories in which his readers can find what is usually expected of him.

Ka. Sri. Sri's style is supple and straight; its virtue is non-infection by artificial passion.

I. S. M.

Writers in Conference

By C. H. V. PATHY

THE race of literary giants in India is gradually getting extinct. Those who pedal their pen for a living can be counted on one's fingers. In days of yore, we had Titans like Tagore, Aurobindo, Sarojini Naidu, Toru Dutt and Iqbal who shed their lustre not only on this country but captured the imagination of the world. The war and its aftermath has created an era of frustration and disillusionment in which literature itself is looked upon as a seductive luxury which should not be cultivated. The so-called disgruntled "Intellectuals" are avid to escape from the looming realities of this Atomic Age into a roseate flower garden hedged round with the walls of seclusion. What is more, due to the development of aviation and the elimination of distances, the world's bestsellers in the literary sphere have invaded every nook and corner of this sub-continent. When we can get Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, Bernard Shaw and Ernest Hemingway, why bother about Mulk Raj Anand, R. K. Narayan, S. K. Chettur, K. M. Panikkar and Manjeri Iswaran?

Journalism and law have drawn to their fields some of the most promising literary careers in India. A Frank Moraes, Iswara Dutt, Raghunatha Iyer or Chalapathi Rau would have by this time several books to their credit but for the fact that ephemeral journalism occupies their undivided attention. Mr. Munshi is silenced in a gubernatorial chair and Dr. Pattabhi prefers to spin yarn rather than produce books.

In the palmy days of old, not only did the Court encourage writing but poets, novelists and essayists enjoyed an abundant measure of public patronage. But now authors are looked upon with amused pity and have at best only a nuisance value.

These were my thoughts as I stood watching the powerful rays of Kleig lights beat upon the features of three of the greatest thinkers and writers of Asia: Pandit Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan, and Dr. C. P. Rama-

swamy Aiyar—sharing the same platform at Annamalai Nagar where the third session of the All India Writers' Conference was held recently. Attracted partly by the aura of the sacred city of Chidambaram, a number of pen-pushers from Ceylon to Sind, from Calcutta to Lahore had congregated in the sweltering heat of the university town. Chief among them was undoubtedly Mrs. Sophia Wadia who has pioneered the P. E. N. movement in this country. Humayun Kabir, Prof. Shah, Dr. Syed and Mr. R. Krishnamurthy were among this company. Not to speak of Pandit Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan and Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar. While Shakespeare in an inspired but cynical moment clubbed together poets, lunatics, and lovers into one category. Shelley has stated that poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, who redeem from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. There was a lot of divinity but not much of inspiration at Annamalai Nagar where Prime Minister Nehru ceremoniously launched the conference. Casting my eyes far and wide, I failed to detect men or women of dreamy eyes or flowing beards. The only exception was venerable Gurdayal Malik of Bombay, a one-time colleague of Tagore at Shantiniketan who today practically rests on his laurels. He is a refugee from Pakistan who has sought an asylum on the Malabar Hill at Bombay where he stays with one of his well-wishers.

But for the neonlit opening ambit, the proceedings themselves were dull, many of the delegates concerning themselves only to reading treatises on subjects like the growth of the novel or the evolution of the short story.

Many of the extempore speeches were cut short by smiling Mrs. Wadia who however gave the fullest liberty for self-expression.

Dr. Radhakrishnan, undoubtedly, occupied the centre of the literary stage. Dressed in his meticulous long coat, surmounted by the unforgettable turban, he poured a coruscating stream of oratory and painted a picture of the world tottering to its doom unless it heard and heeded to the advice of the message

of India based on truth and non-violence.

Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar's guttural accents had the solid crust of reality around them. He evoked memories mellowed by time and made pathetic in the retrospect.

The majority of the written out speeches smacked of the college room atmosphere. None of the learned delegates generated the warmth that Dr. Radhakrishnan for instance generated. There were even moments of boredom when sleep came to the rescue as an escape.

It is a pity that none of the journalistic giants who have made their mark participated in the conference with the exception of Kalki Krishnamurthy and M. R. Jambunathan. The latter was silenced under a secretary's chair.

The staid proceedings came to a close after three days and the captains and the Kings have departed to their respective haunts. And the mantle of age-old holiness has descended on Chidambaram. The conference not only owed its inspiration to the fervour of Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar but to the philanthropy of Mr. M. A. Muthiah Chettiar who saw to it personally that every delegate and visitor was properly looked after.—Copyright



DOUBLETALK

THE debate waxed high betwixt
My friend and I. We sat crossed
In animated talk of
Woman and her ways.
"Vile, crafty, double-tongued,
"They are always all alike,"
Said my friend
Who claimed to have known
Many and found all
Alike.

At dusk that day
I saw a lover keep his tryst,
Saw him nestle in her warm embrace,
Heard him whisper in accents hot,
"You are my only one and true!"
It was my friend who
But an hour or two before
Had spent his store of scorn
On Woman.

YASHWANTH KUMAR

THE FOURTH LEAF

FROM the tree of nothingness
Drops a lonesome little leaf
And floats on the dim expanse
Of the waters resting in unison.

Like the mind endeavouring
To fix a dream's rendezvous,
Why does it ramble nimbly
On the crystalline solitude?

Behold the pilot of the leafy boat!
An infant, blue as the firmament,
Lying with a placid smile,
A tiny toe within its lips.

Perhaps, in that small big brain
Vibrates the saga of aeons past,
And that silent prattle echoes
"Yada yada hi" sonorous, sweet!

Three banyan leaves have borne before
The self-same child?—and what seed
Would now be sown on this timeless
earth?

C. P. GOPINATH

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K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
Mylapore, MADRAS 4.

Asian Role in World Politics

By

K. RAJENDRAN

ON April 28th a conference of five Asian Premiers will be held in Ceylon. This conference is the sequel to an invitation by the Prime Minister of Ceylon, Sir John Kotelawala.

The countries that will participate in this conference are India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon.

Due credit must be given to Ceylon's Premier for having mooted the idea of such a conference, which was long overdue.

That Asia can play a major role in international politics is obvious. It is to be hoped therefore that the forthcoming conference will be a precursor to establishing a sound Asian Opinion, on matters germane to the international scene.

The Asian countries have their own common problems to solve. It is here that this conference can play a very useful part. There is nothing more conducive to mutual understanding and co-operation among these countries, than to meet often and settle the various problems confronting them, amicably.

The Asian countries are bound by certain common ties—economic, geographical, political, cultural—and I might add, ethnical. This basic factor can go a long way to make of these countries an ideal brotherhood of nations. This should undoubtedly have a marked influence in strengthening the bonds of friendship among these countries and enabling them to carve a niche for themselves in the sphere of international affairs.

The purpose of this conference should be more to achieve economic than political security. No doubt politics has an appreciable past here. But the economic factor should be given predominance over and above others.

The most important thing that will have to engage the attention of the Premiers at this conference is the estimation of their economic

problems and the evolution of a planned method of rendering mutual assistance. Once this is settled, the conference would have achieved quite a lot, for this is its major task.

The Colombo Plan, under which technical assistance is being obtained by Asian countries, is a positive indication as to what these countries could themselves, on their own, do to ease the economic hazards facing them today. Tremendous results could be achieved, if each country could help each other in its own small way.

For instance, Burma, which is by far the largest rice producer, can help Ceylon, not merely as far as supply of rice is concerned—she could also give her the necessary 'know-how' to increase her rice yields. India and Pakistan could be of great help in giving technical assistance in the setting up of industries in Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon. Ceylon, for her part, could give a helping hand to the other countries in matters like free education and co-operation. This is only a brief outline of what could be done by the forthcoming conference.

There is one fear—that from this conference would sometimes emerge an Asian bloc. The formation of a power bloc is unwarranted and unnecessary. Moreover, it will lead to disastrous consequences. It is to be hoped that the Asian Premiers will not commit themselves to any hasty and ill-considered plan of forming any such bloc. Instead what is expected of this conference, and what everyone will look for eagerly, is that the Premiers should primarily address themselves to questions of economic security, and their resultant common well-being as members of a fraternity.

April 28th will certainly be a historic day and will go down to posterity as marking the dawn of a new epoch in Asian affairs, if this conference will eventually help to solve the major economic and other problems affecting these countries and bring to fruition the much hoped for Asian role in the international scene.

Foreign Students in World's Universities

OVER 100,000 students are attending universities in countries other than their own, according to a world-wide survey made by Unesco of foreign student enrolment in universities and institutions of higher learning. The census of the foreign student population, initiated last year, has been broadened into the most comprehensive survey of the field ever undertaken. The results are published in the current, sixth volume of Unesco's annual guide to *Study Abroad*, now issued in three languages, English, French and Spanish, and listing opportunities offered in all parts of the world for study abroad.

The survey shows that a total of 107,000 foreign students are attending 2,014 institutions in 70 countries and territories. This compares with 85,000 students in 55 countries shown in the first survey. The geographical coverage extends to institutions in all countries except Bulgaria, the Chinese mainland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Mongolia, Poland, Rumania and the U. S. S. R.

The results of the survey are presented in *Study Abroad* in four statistical tables. These give the number of foreign students in each country, and information on countries of origin and fields of study.

The countries with the largest numbers of foreign students are: United States (33,679), France (13,709) and the United Kingdom (8,277). It is probable that France and the United Kingdom would have shown still larger totals if all technological and other such institutions could have been included in the survey.

Although the United States is the most important single host-country for foreign students, Western Europe as a whole (44,891) has a larger total than the North American region (36,916).

Other leading countries are:

North America:	
Canada	(3,026)
Latin America:	
Argentina	(3,622)
Mexico	(3,213)
Uruguay	(1,200)
Europe:	
Switzerland	(4,250)
Germany	(3,497)
Austria	(3,094)
Italy	(2,474)
Near & Middle East:	
Egypt	(2,000)
Lebanon	(1,800)
South & East Asia:	
Japan	(3,549)
Philippines	(1,790)
Africa:	
Union of South Africa	(949)
Oceania:	
Australia	834)

An analysis of the subjects being studied by foreign students shows that in most of the major receiving countries, there is considerable concentration upon the humanities, including general art courses, languages, and literature. The humanities are closely followed by medicine. The next most important subjects are social sciences, natural sciences, engineering and technology.

Another table attempts for the first time to show the number of students going abroad from each country. The survey indicates that at least 8,000 United States citizens are studying in universities abroad. At least 5,000 Canadian students are abroad, 85% of whom in the United States. The next largest groups are those of Chinese nationality (4,500) and from French territories (4,000). Fifty per cent of the former are in the United States and 98% of the latter are in France. Other leading countries with students abroad are Germany (3,300), Greece (3,100), Korea (2,600), Iran (2,400), India (2,400), Mexico (1,400) and Egypt (1,400).

In general, students abroad come from neighbouring countries or countries in the same region. The greatest exceptions can be found in the United States, France and the United Kingdom, which attract students from all parts of the world.

—Unesco News

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

TWO press conferences were held last week. On Tuesday 13th April Premnath told the journalists how after the revising committee had passed his picture he was summoned to Delhi and his picture was suspended. At Delhi, the officials refused to discuss the matter with him; he was not given the right to defend himself—a right which is extended even to criminals! The net result of his protests and the efforts of I.M.P.P.A. (Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association) was that out of 17 cuts only 7 cuts were retained. But Premnath is in no mood to accept even these 7 cuts; he wants to fight for his right of freedom of expression and he threatens to go to the Court of Law to ascertain it.

Two days later I. S. Johar, the author-director of *Nastik* held a Press Conference and launched a tirade against censors for not passing a picture which glorified God by depicting the story of the conversion of an agnostic into believer. As the censors or the Government have not divulged the reasons for their action against the two aforementioned pictures and as the pictures cannot be shown even to journalists, the journalists have only to believe the producers' version of the case. And in both cases, it appears as if that the censors have behaved in a very arbitrary fashion. Personally, I think even if *Nastik* depicted the story of an agnostic and preached atheism, it should not be banned for the simple reason that Johar should have the right even to preach atheism in India. It is upto the people to accept him; but as it is no Indian producer will preach atheism as he knows that the audience, which in the ultimate analysis is the Supreme Censor, will not tolerate it.

Surprisingly enough in both these cases, the usual issue of vulgarity or obscenity is not involved at all.

While the ban on both these pictures have created a sensation the news of the formation of the National Film Board is being welcomed by the industry. This Board and Film Production bureau which will be on the lines of Production Code Administration suggested by the enquiry committee, it is hoped, will remove the present anomaly of censorship and ensure closer relationship between the censors and the producers during all stages of production. But the issue of the freedom of expression will not be decided until some enterprising producer files a test case and goes to the Supreme Court to assert his constitutional rights. That way if Premnath carries out his threat, he would help to decide this issue once for all.

Picture of the Week

FILMISTAN'S *Shart* was first presented to the censors in August 1953. The censors refused to certify it unless drastic alterations were made in the picture. They mainly objected to the character of the hero who was shown as a Police Inspector who falls in love with a girl, suspected of murder and in the end is faced with the dilemma of giving away the girl he loved.

In the revised version the hero is no longer a police inspector; but an apprentice undergoing training for an officer's job. This change does not materially meet the objection of the censor; it only weakens the inherent conflict between the hero and heroine and thus ruins the dramatic impact of the story.

Though the original idea of murder is taken from *Strangers In The Train* the story follows the pattern of *Ek Thi Larki*. It is the story of a girl suspected of murder of her step-mother pursued by the police on one hand and the murderer himself who threatens to hand over incriminating evidence to the police and tries to blackmail her to marry him or in the alternative kill his uncle. She has a strong motive for murdering her step-mother; but it is another man who murders the step-mother

and expects the girl to kill his uncle in return so that he could get his property. For, unless the uncle dies or the girl marries him, he cannot get hold of the property. In either case, instead of doing away with the uncle his killing of the girl's step-mother appears to be too far-fetched and unconvincing.

There are many coincidences and though the first encounter between the hero and the heroine is interesting and full of suspense, the suspense is soon drowned in music and romance which predominate the picture. Happily music is good; almost all the songs are catchy and tuneful, though some of them are forced and hold up the story, especially in the second half. In fact, the second half is rather weak and the stress on the emotional melodrama not only slackens the tempo but turns the pathos into bathos thanks mainly to the poor acting by Deepak, Filmistan's new star importation from Bengal. To create the emotional melodrama we have the hero's ailing mother who meets the heroine by accident and arranges her marriage with her son who finds it difficult to shock her by revealing the true identity of the girl who is wanted for murder.

Of course in the end the real murderer is arrested, but not before all the tricks of the trade are employed to heighten the suspense. These tricks in *Shart* fail to grip; in fact though some of the incidents are exciting the picture as such fails to grip. Deepak's rendering of the would be police inspector and Johar's rendering of a maniac are so artificial and unconvincing that far from being a thriller *Shart* has become a ridiculous farce.

The production is lavish as usual. Bibhuti Mitra has tried his best to enliven the story with entertainment and he has been successful in the purely romantic scenes. But thanks to censors and the wooden artists he had at his disposal his effort to create a suspenseful thriller has failed miserably. Shyama is the only artist who has done well; and talking of individuals, the stars of *Shart* are really music director Hemant Kumar, Lyricist S. N. Behari and playback

singers Latz and Geeta Roy. At least for the songs *Shart* is worth a visit.

Personality of the Week

THE success of *Aulad* marks the emergence of a new film director Mohan Saigal who after seven years of struggle succeeded in becoming a full fledged director. Short, fair, bespectacled Mohan Saigal had been interested in art since the days when he was a student. It is this urge for art that made him join Uday Shankar's troupe. When the troupe was disbanded during the war Mohan Saigal came to Bombay. During these days I had an opportunity to watch him dance in classical style. From a dancer to director is a far way off and yet in a decade he achieved that goal.

In 1947 when Prithviraj started Prithvi Theatres, Mohan Saigal was one of the first to join the theatre. Those who have seen *Deewar* in the old days will recall his excellent performance as a foreigner in the play. Apart from Prithvi Theatres Mohan Saigal started taking keen interest in People's Theatre as well. For I. P. T. A. he wrote and directed and acted in several plays.

His first contact with films came through Chetan Anand who in 1945 made *Neecha Nagar*. Mohan worked with Chetan and played a role in the picture along with Kamini Kaushal and gave a very good account of himself. Later he left theatre and joined films for good when he became assistant to Ramesh Saigal. For a number of years he worked with Ramesh and his hope to become a director was almost fulfilled three years ago when he and his colleague Suri were assigned the direction of *Gunghroo*. But later the direction was given to Hiran Bose and the two youngsters lost their first opportunity. Similarly, about a year and half ago after working for several months he had launched a picture in August 1952 with Nalini Jaywant and Abhi Bhattacharya. The *muhurat* was performed, but the picture itself never went beyond the *muhurat* stage. Mohan Saigal lost another opportunity.

While making *Aulad* also it appeared as if the picture would never be

made. Producer Kuldip Sehgal however managed to tide over the crisis and at last Mohan Saigal had the chance he had been striving for all these years. *Aulad* has been made and what is more it has proved successful and as a result Mohan Saigal has already two contracts. He is already busy making his second picture *Adhikar*.

The story of his career is full of disappointments; had Mohan Saigal not persisted in his efforts and stuck to his ambition he would have been lost by now. But thanks to his determination and his readiness to compromise his progressive ideals for practical results as is evident from the choice of subject for his first picture he has achieved his goal, the hard way. With his versatile talent this young and enterprising young

man is assured of a bright future now.

News of the Week

AT the odd hour of 7-45 on the morning of Good Friday Nawab faced the camera for the muhurat shot of Gyan Mukerjee Productions' *Sardar*.

Manmohan Sabir is starting the shooting of two pictures this week. *Three Aces* and *Do Kinare*. *Three Aces* will star Kishore Kumar in the principal role while *Do Kinare* stars Geeta Bali, Rajan, Om. Prakash, David and Sundar.

Famous Pictures, Debaki Bose and Vijay Bhatt are all interested in making *Ramayana*. Out of these three Vijay Bhatt is making the new picture out of three pictures he has made on the subject by just re-editing them.

Dr. Champak Raman Pillai

By P. C. GANESAN

THE name of the late Dr. Champak Raman Pillai, the doyen of Indian revolutionaries abroad, is relatively unknown in this country. Fired with great patriotic fervour, and determined to put an end to British domination he bade farewell to his Motherland and escaped to Europe in a ship as a stowaway. Strangely enough, in this he was helped by a British friend of his, by name Strickland, who took a great liking for this undaunted, scarce-bearded youth. When Mr. Pillai left the shores of India he was only eighteen!

Champak Raman Pillai was born on 15th September, 1889, at Trivandrum. His was a middle-class family. His father Chinnaswamy Pillai was a State police official held in high esteem by the people. His mother, Nagammal, a pious, educated lady of simple habits, took the greatest care in bringing up her children and the heroic and lovable traits in Mr. Pillai were not in a small measure due to her training. Mr. Pillai had his education in H. H. English School, Trivandrum. He was highly precocious and became a problem child for his masters. He evinced keen interest in

the National movement, particularly in the agitation of the people of the State. The activities of Lala Lajpat Rai caught his imagination. He read all the literature available on the National movement which made his father uneasy, and made him stop giving him money to buy books. This did not remain a problem for Mr. Pillai, for, one of his uncles whose pet he was, encouraged him with money to buy books and journals. His growing knowledge of the Freedom movement imbued him with a great desire to fight for political emancipation. He joined the movement that raised a banner of revolt against the autocratic rule of the then Maharaja of Travancore. He was arrested for serious offences against the Government.

After his release Mr. Pillai proceeded to Europe in the hope of getting help from foreign Governments for the Indian freedom struggle. His cultured behaviour and impressive manners earned him many friends in Europe. Financed by his guardian and friend, Earl Strickland, he had his further education in Switzerland, Italy and Spain. With his virulent tongue and facile pen, he enlisted great sympathy for the Indian cause. Finally he went to Germany where he qualified himself for doctorates of

engineering and philosophy. He became popular with the Germans, and had the rare privilege of enjoying the friendship of Kaiser Wilhelm.

During the first World War he served as an engineer in the German Navy. He was actually on board the German cruiser, *Emden* which made a token bombardment of Madras. During the first World War, he chalked out plans for the creation of an organisation known as the Indian National Volunteers which was pledged to the overthrow of the British Government in India. He served in the German Air Force for sometime, and the defeat of Germany made him go underground; for, the British Government offered a reward of a hundred thousand rupees for his capture, dead or alive. His voice became powerful in Europe and he organised the League of the Oppressed Peoples of the World in Berlin. He believed that the end of colonialism would usher in an era of peace on earth. Under his chairmanship an international committee for India was formed. Many prominent and leading men of Europe were on that committee. In the 1930's he contacted Subhas Chandra Bose, and their joint conferences laid the foundation for raising an army outside India to invade the country and wrest power from the Britishers.

THE British Government, frustrated in their attempts to do away with this "potent nuisance" employed the notorious woman spy, Mata Hari, to lure him into captivity. He successfully foiled her attempts. When the Nazis came to power, Dr. Pillai's position became shaky. Though he sought the help of the Nazis for his mission, he never bent his head to them. There were times when his views were in conflict with those of the Nazis. He never budged an inch—never compromised on principles. In the year 1933, when Adolf Hitler was at the zenith of his power and prestige, he made some disparaging remarks about Indians. Dr. Pillai felt sorely wounded and made the Fuehrer realise the injustice of his hasty remarks. Hitler was convinced and made a belated apology. The Nazis who were bred on the theory

of racial arrogance and national superiority and whose loyalty to the Fuehrer was fanatical, could not docilely pocket the "insult" caused to their Fatherland by the Fuehrer's apology. Dr. Pillai was done to death by slow poisoning in the year 1934. Thus ended a life that was dedicated to rewardless service and selfless sacrifice.

While living in Germany, Dr. Pillai married Laxmi Bai, a Bengali lady of alluring beauty and vigilant intellect. Their home in Berlin became the nervecentre of revolutionary activities abroad on behalf of India. Many distinguished Indians visited Dr. Pillai at Berlin. They were the late Pandit Motilal Nehru, Jawaharlal Nehru, the late Mr. Vithalbhai Patel, Sir Purushottamdas Thakurdas, Mr. Walchand Hirachand, and many others.

Dr. Pillai's last wish to his wife was that his ashes should be carried to his beloved country and sprayed there on its soil. She brought his ashes to India in the year 1936. Mrs. Pillai lost her husband at the early age of twenty. After coming to India, she is working in a Bombay office to earn her living. Her beauty has made many a prince and merchant to woo her into marriage; but she is determined to remain a widow and spend the remaining years of her life making the message of her husband known throughout India. She keeps with her all the valuable records and writings of her husband. They may throw new light on some unknown aspects of the freedom struggle. Mrs. Pillai feels that her husband is not given the recognition he rightly deserves. Of Dr. Pillai, Dr. Lanka Sundaram says: "Truly he is the path-finder who eventually gave us the Indian National Army. His collaboration with Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose is a classic instance of understanding cooperation between two giants who in their distinctive ways fought for the liberation of their Motherland."

SURELY Dr. Pillai belongs to the galaxy of those valiant heroes who fought and died, unwept, unsung and unhonoured!

CORRESPONDENCE

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

New Ministry's Prospects

Sir,—Loyalty is a very rare virtue in this country. Sri Kamaraj came into power by a fairly big majority of members who were dissatisfied with C. R. Sri Kamaraj should have rewarded his loyal followers with office. His failure to do so will cause discontent amongst them. He has selected Ministers from amongst the old crowd, because there were no talents available among his own followers. In that he admitted the fact that in democracy the rule of mediocrity has a better chance of survival than talents.

To be the Chief Minister, one must be both an artiste as well as a stage manager. Sri Kamaraj is essentially of the sheep-dog variety who can by direct or indirect means bring the straying followers to the fold. He is not an artiste in that he cannot himself take the stage in parliamentary debates, but will have to depend on his old performers. They are an ambitious lot and will want to take advantage of their being in the limelight and will see to it that Sri Kamaraj is forced out of the stage.

The Ministers whom Sri Nadar has selected can never be expected to be loyal to him. C. R. will see to it that they are not so. Being essentially a sadist, he will wish to revel in seeing other people in difficulties. As long as there is C. R. anywhere in the offing, there will be no peace to this Ministry. "The Grammani of Seevaram is as dangerous after death as when alive."

Sri Kamaraj has not acted with circumspection with respect to allocation of portfolios. To allow the unimaginative and unenterprising Shetty to continue with the Medical portfolio is the worst blunder. After the radium scandal in the General Hospital with which one of his close relatives was connected, Sri Shetty himself should have abjured that portfolio. There is a very justifiable feeling of dissatisfaction and insecurity in the department which is thought to be run more by his brother-in-law than by Sri Shetty himself, and anything that may displease the former will be visited with due consequences by

the latter. Nor has Sri Shetty acted with vision in the selection of the personnel to run his department. He is continuing in the deanship of the General Hospital one who is halting and has poor eyesight. His Director of Medical Services hardly stays in Madras. There is something inherently wrong in a system which constantly summons the heads of departments away from the post of duty. The director of a big department has to sit in one place, plan out programmes of work and watch closely their execution. Could it be that he has not sufficient work in his department that he has taken upon himself a portion of ward work in the General Hospital?

The Medical department is full of scandals and the earlier Sri Shetty is out of it, the better.

The future is bleak. Sri Subramaniam up till now never talked of giving exaggerated importance to Tamil as long as he served C. R. The first speech he makes as soon as he has emerged in the new set-up is to talk about Tamil. The inference is obvious. Sri Kamaraj does not know English, so propitiate him by talking of raising the status of Tamil. God knows how much further degeneration is to take place in the State by early abolition of English.

C. R. held the stage for too long to be good either for him or for the country. Latterly power corrupted him so much that he became an insufferable autocrat and imagined that anything that he did or said must be automatically approved by the people. In the inexorable course of events, Sri Kamaraj who, rightly or wrongly, has held the stage of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee for too long, must have his decline and he is paving the way for the same.

KOUNDINYA

The Language Policy of the Congress

Sir,—The comprehensive resolution of the Congress Working Committee on the subject of medium of instruction adopted at its session on 5th April 1954 requires clarification in certain places and perhaps a reconsideration of certain aspects. While the resolution recognizes the special educational needs of bilingual regions, more particularly the border areas between two States, it is not clearly stated that both the languages in use in such bilingual and border areas should be considered as regional languages for those regions and placed on the same footing for educational purposes, though one of the two languages may be the State language. As some of the

States like Bihar, Bengal, Orissa and Andhra are already formed on a linguistic basis, it is sometimes asserted by some of these State Governments that the State language alone is the regional language all over the State including the border regions. Such identification of the regional language with the State language has often led to the denial of the language facilities sought to be given by the resolution of the Working Committee as well as of the Government of India resolution of August 1948; and Manbhum is a case in point.

While in accordance with the accepted pedagogic principle, the resolution concedes that education up to the secondary stage should be imparted through the medium of the mother tongue of the pupil even in such areas where the mother tongue is different from the State language (provided that the number of such students in a school is more than 40), it does not clearly envisage the position of such students when they enter the university stage, where according to the resolution, the medium of instruction will be a language other than the mother tongue. It would appear from

the resolution that a student in a border area has to be proficient in four languages, namely, the mother tongue, the State language, Hindi and English, not to speak of Sanskrit, which would place him in a definitely disadvantageous position compared to others. The difficulty in such cases may be overcome by extending the jurisdiction of a university across the State boundary into the border area of the adjacent State if necessary.

The Congress President has oftentimes disfavoured the idea of linguistic States for the reason that it would lead to regionalism, exclusivism and parochialism. But the resolution by stating that at the university stage the medium of instruction should be the regional language, would encourage at the highest seats of learning precisely those tendencies at which the Congress President showed concern. Instead of stating that "At the university stage the medium of instruction should be the regional language, though Hindi may also be used," the resolution could have at least said that at the university stage the medium of instruction should be Hindi, though

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the regional languages may also be used. The emphasis on a common language, be it English or Hindi, at the university stage would not only be corrective to such disruptive tendencies as Statelism, but also promote unity and a freer cultural interchange.

Further, if it is decided that Hindi and the regional languages should at the end of a 15 years' period displace English completely against weighty opinion to the contrary, the question of Government-sponsored publication of text books and the problem of having a common script for Hindi and the regional languages, preferably the Roman script, should receive more serious consideration than it has.

Lastly, the resolution, instead of merely reiterating some excellent principles already enunciated, could have evolved a supervisory agency to see to the proper implementation of the language policy, especially in the border areas, if the incidents which have highlighted Manbhum and Saraikella are not to recur.

W. BHARATA RAO
Berhampur (Ganjam)

**"P. S. P. Apostasy in
Travancore-Cochin State"**

Sir,—In the issue of Swatantra dated the 17th instant, my article under the above heading published earlier (in Swatantra dated 3-4-54) was commented upon by two of your readers.

Mr. R. Venkatachalam, championing the Praja Socialist Party, dealt at length on the degeneracy of the Congress. He states: "The Congress today is under the grip of vested interests. Its ranks are swelled by self-seekers and job-hunters. It can no longer be an instrument for radical reforms. It has become the sheltering centre for conservatism and reaction . . . The Five Year Plan has only made the rich richer and the poor poorer. The Congress policy is to wield the bayonet and the baton against the starving and the oppressed, and to give police protection to anti-social elements engaged in hoarding and profiteering. In open and in secret the Congress politicians and these anti-social elements are engaged in carrying out mutual benefit schemes." After this tirade, he does not explain how the P. S. P. in Kerala has allied itself with such a reactionary party and how it hopes to implement its programmes, if any, for the good of the people.

Mr. Venkatachalam then goes on to assert that carping critics should under-

stand that the P. S. P. has a goal and a programme and asks them to open their eyes and see the prodigious literature which the party bosses have thrown up in print during the six years of the party's existence. Even though a great majority of the people are still illiterate, they have enough commonsense and political awakening to distinguish the wood from the trees. They know something of political what is what. No party can hope to hoodwink them for long through mere paper schemes and platform speeches. Plans and programmes are best appreciated only in the course of their implementation. A party's worth and work are best appraised through deeds and not words or literature. So far as the voters of T. C. State could see, the 'goal' of the P. S. P. would appear to be the formation of the Ministry even though it has to stand on Congress crutches. Knowing as I do of the good quality of the rank and file of the Praja Socialist Party, I verily despair of the way things are drifting.

The other friend Mr. P. S. Ananthan pleads for the Congress and makes much of the slight increase in voting strength gained by the Congress in T. C. during the recent elections—from 36.7 per cent in the previous elections to 45.2 per cent in the re-election. For one thing the total number of seats in the State Assembly has been increased this time. If the other parties had also contested all the 117 seats like the Congress, they could have likewise achieved a better percentage of voting strength, as the votes of the defeated candidates are also taken into account. Mr. Ananthan says that had there been no straight contest between the Congress and the Opposition, the former would have won more seats! For all we know, the reverse might have been the case. Thirdly, he argues that the Congress, having secured 45.2 per cent of the total votes polled, and the T. T. N. C. being of the same family more or less, it can be said that 'only less than 50 per cent voted against the policies of the Congress.' We can go a step further. As the P. S. P. mostly contains ex-Congress dissentients, and in view of the party's present attitude of co-operation with the State Congress, the votes polled by them can also be added to the Congress score!

Thus there are so many blind alleys to every direct road. I plead for a little more understanding and heart-searching.

P. N. SAMPATH

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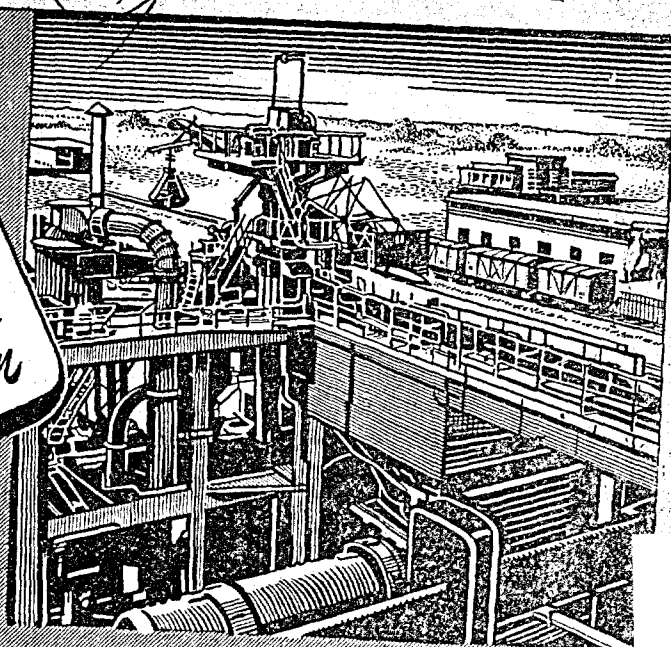
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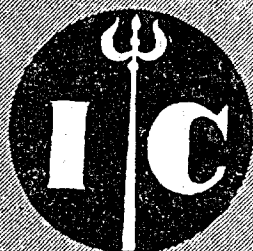
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