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ON THE COVER:

Mr. M. A. Chidambaram Chettiar and a member of the Chinese Trade Delegation which visited the city recently at a reception given by the South Indian Chamber of Commerce in their honour.

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

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SWATANTRA

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DISINTEGRATION IN P. S. P.

AT a press conference in Calcutta this week Acharya Kripalani charged "certain prominent P. S. P. leaders" with creating "confusion in the ranks by open denouncement of the majority decisions of the party." That there is today a considerable degree of confusion in the ranks of the Praja Socialist Party cannot of course be denied. But the responsibility for it cannot be tied down to party rebels against majority decisions as Acharya Kripalani apparently seeks to do. The mere fact that an opinion is backed by the majority in a party is nowhere an indication of its clarity, and such an assumption is particularly wide of the mark in the case of the Praja Socialists. Acharya Kripalani himself, it is to be presumed, is not only the titular leader of the party but also the effective representative of the majority section in it. If his leadership represents the maximum of clear thinking that the Praja Socialist Party has to offer to its members by way of protection against confusion, its hopelessness was revealed rather tragically the other day when the leader declared, for the benefit of his followers, that "he does not know what will happen tomorrow." A party with a chairman who cannot think even a day ahead is not happily placed for well integrated political action imbued with clear thinking and sureness of conception in its objectives; nor is Acharya Kripalani as its chairman very convincing when he lays the blame for the prevailing confusions on others dissenting from him and

challenging the decisions of his group.

In view of the fact that even among opponents of the Congress there is little sympathy felt for the Communists and practically no confidence whatsoever in their trustworthiness for being charged with the responsibilities of administration, the Praja Socialist Party, standing midway between the Congress and the Communists, seemed ideally placed for the role of constitutional opposition, with the possibility of replacing the Congress as the ruling party sooner or later. Historically, no doubt, Communism contributed a series of dynamic changes to the concept of government. The replacement of the Police State by the Welfare State was due to a new political philosophy rooted in the care of the under-dog of which Communism was the original parent. Idealists dissatisfied with the slow process of progress in capitalist regimes turned to Communism with hope and fervour and the faith of religious devotees and spread the fascination of its promise among millions of starved people hungry for happiness. But Communism missed its mark because it split society into exploiters and their victims, and in seeking to save the victims it created a new tyranny and a new set of out-castes, and instead of becoming humanitarian it developed violence, bigotry, cruelty and ruthlessness.

The failure of Communism gave Socialism its chance. The classic example of the success of the Socialist endeavour is that of Britain

where the British Labour Party sought to graft the social purpose of the Communist movement before it got corrupted by Russian power politics, on to the methods and procedures of parliamentary democracy. There is splendid scope in India for the same sort of enterprise. If the Praja Socialist Party had, eschewing the violence and the rapacity of the Communists, developed as their main programme a national plan of reconstruction based on work as the pivot of distinction, and pledged themselves in a humanitarian spirit to the removal of disabilities whenever they occur instead of merely transferring them from one section of the population to another, they would have rendered the Communists powerless and ineffective and served their country in precisely the manner in which the Labour Party has served Britain. But the Praja Socialists missed their opportunity by branching off into small purposeless agitations devoid of national or social

significance. The party has not yet found the man of destiny competent to lead it with vigour and vision. Sri Jaya Prakash Narain seemed at one time the destined chief of a prospective, alternative ruling party to replace the Congress, but his political energies seem latterly to have got dissolved in the disillusionments of an imperfect world. What with a chairman steeped in uncertainty as to the morrow, general secretaries resigning only to continue laying down policies with every air of authority, and the queer spectacle of a party government in one of the States without majority backing in the legislature, the impression made by the Praja Socialist Party in the present set-up of political forces in the country is one of divided counsels and authority, confusion, anarchy and chaos. Repelled by the disintegration that has set in, a good many Socialists are finding a new attraction in the idea of going back to the Congress.

Sotto Voce

★

CULTURED FRENCH PEARLS



AT Cambodia Mr. Nehru made a delighted discovery. He found every blade of grass on either side of the road from the airport breathing Indian culture. At a cocktail party—cocktail by courtesy, I presume, nothing stronger than orange juice being drunk—thrown by our representative on the International Commission in his honour, the Prime Minister expanded so genially that he perhaps failed to note another evidence of Indian culture. Many of the Ministers had excused themselves from attending the party because

they were engaged in religious ceremonies connected with the King's birthday.

Now, Mr. Nehru too is devout, after his own fashion. I saw a picture in the papers, taken in Laos, showing him making his offering—of flowers and probably joss-sticks—at the Sisaket Pagoda. What kind of pagoda it is or to which god it is dedicated I do not know. But the important thing is that he was shown in an act of ceremonial reverence—and we all know how vigorously he repudiates all ceremony at home which might

be supposed to indicate submission to something unseen. Shall we be far wrong in saying that he prefers to keep his genuflections for external use only—unlike the simple Cambodian Ministers?

Of course it may have been nothing more than an example of his exquisite courtesy. That, again, is denied only to his too enthusiastic countrymen—as the unfortunate merchants of Viet Nam, who gave him a tumultuous reception at the airport, found. What could be more considerate, for instance, than the tender solicitude for French sensibilities our Government has exhibited in its undertakings on the transfer of the French settlements. If the French were not plate-armoured patriots who could never see Joan of Arc's *La France* shedding sentimental tears, one might imagine Duplex's statue sighing and singing in her name.

If I should die think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever La Belle France.

If the *fleur-de-lis* should wither at Pondichery in the days to come be sure it will not be for want of copious watering by the pious hand of Panditji. We have undertaken to preserve these minuscule territories as a microcosm of France. The French will have extra-territorial rights to keep the pure flame of French culture burning. The language of Voltaire will continue to be the official language of this C class State—unless and until the inhabitants decide otherwise. Perhaps they will. They have shown themselves realists—as may be expected of people who have been so long under France's tutelage—and will see which side of their bread is buttered. Beloved French may then go the way of all flesh like hated English across the whilom customs cordon.

If the French Government undeterred by this popular defection put themselves to considerable expense maintaining the grave of their Indian Empire, who knows, our Government may, on second and less kindly thoughts, feel much less sure of the wisdom of much in

the agreement which they accepted in their exuberance over this bloodless victory. Take the clause about protecting the activities of the French missionaries. Shall we discover some day that these need looking into no less than those of the Americans in Assam? And what purpose will the College de France and the contemplated Institute of Sciences serve? Is it proposed to send our diplomats to Pondichery to acquire French polish?

I have immense respect for French culture; but I have found that like all genuine culture it withers on alien soil. What passes for French culture from Tunis to Annam is hardly more than a taste for absinthe, a certain facility in pidgin French and a brisk trade in furtive picture post cards. The insularity of the Englishman saved us from being swallowed wholesale and voided. The remnants of self-respect sent us rummaging for our old cultural outfit, though we are still oddly self-conscious about it. But French imperialism was like those cannibal creepers which ruthlessly close upon and digest the luckless insects that confidingly rest on their bosoms.

Possibly I am prejudiced. Karaikal, hardly a score of miles away from the place of my nativity, made its very first impact on my budding consciousness in a painful manner. The paddy merchant, to whom my father had sold the year's proceeds for badly needed cash, quietly walked across the frontier; the act seemed automatically to extinguish not only the debt but his sense of moral obligation too. When the courts were closed he regularly took his vacation in his village, next to ours, and it was his creditors that were tongue-tied in his presence! My first impression of Pondichery was hardly more ingratiating. I saw a street drain which was a regular river carrying its sluggish load of odoriferous dirt. The witchery of the *Place du Duplex* and the immaculate whiteness of Aurobindo Ashram basking in the sparkle of sun and sea have not been able to wash away that memory of Styx.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE *National Herald* commends for acceptance a scheme proposed by the Mayor of Colombo for the relief of tenants of houses, harassed and victimised by avaricious and unsympathetic owners. Occasionally we come across men in authority, once or twice even a Minister, talking glibly about putting an end to the Rent Control Act. Nothing could be productive of greater distress to a large class of already overburdened citizens. There is probably no law which is subjected to so much of evasion as the rent control law. I know of a good few highly respectable landlords who are in the regular habit of receiving secretly—and illegally—amounts in excess of legally permitted rents from tenants in dire necessity prepared to pay any price for a roof over their heads. There are no doubt honourable exceptions of fairminded landlords, but they are few and far between. Ordinarily there is no limit to the sacrifice a man will make when he is in need of a house to secure it, just as there is no limit to the rapacity of landlords in exploiting that need. The high cost of housing is a main contributory factor to which can be traced much of the malnutrition and the resulting diseases from which the poor and the middle class suffer in big cities like Madras. If Government want to improve the health of the people they should look to their housing and see to it that more money is saved from rents to be made available for food.

The rent however does not cover the whole of the liability that a tenant incurs for occupation of a house. There are such things as leaky roofs, defective mains and taps that do not give out water. In theory the tenant can sue the landlord for essential reliefs, but in practice, the landlord walks away with it as though the relevant law were not there at all. The tenants know that going to court will involve them in endless calls on

their time which they cannot meet without incurring the displeasure of their superiors in the offices where they serve. They save themselves from the afflictions inseparable from our dilatory legal system by paying up without a struggle. Morally and legally it is the landlord that should repair and whitewash a house, maintain its lighting and water supply in an efficient condition and act promptly when the customary level of comfort and safety is in any way imperilled. But the tenant knows the futility of seeking to dislodge the landlord from his camouflaged apathy and bears all the expense of keeping the house in a state fit to live in, as though it were his own.

Now the Mayor of Colombo suggests that the municipal corporation should maintain a house repairs section. Tenants could appeal to it for reliefs to which they are entitled when they are ignored by the landlords. The corporation should be empowered under law to recover the cost of the reliefs from the land-



P. K. U. Kidav

lords concerned. The Mayor's suggestion is an excellent one, and it deserves prompt examination by our Chief Minister who has in his short tenure of office so far, given evidence of robust commonsense and a sympathetic understanding of the troubles of ordinary people.

The Associated Press which was an adjunct of Reuters was placed under Indian management with the advent of independence and was transformed into the Press Trust of India. Sri Kidav who retired on 1st November has served the Associated Press and the Press Trust of India for an unbroken period of 40 years. In the insecure world of Indian journalism where dismissals from service are epidemic, it is given to very few to serve the same institution for so long a period as forty years. Kidav not only served his news agency loyally and faithfully, he won for himself a very large place

in the esteem and affection of the local public. The universal regard in which he is held was demonstrated at a party got up in his honour at Woodlands last week which was undoubtedly the most brilliant party ever accorded in the city to a mere journalist. That he richly deserves quiet and rest after such a long and strenuous period of activity is indisputable. Rest however is not attainable in the absence of adequate means of subsistence. I have been struck by the remarkable veil of silence which the directors of the P. T. I. here cast over the steps taken by them to render the remaining years of life under retirement comfortable and free from cares for Sri Kidav. This silence is very disquieting, as these directors are by no means afflicted with modesty when they have something creditable to themselves to air.

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APOSTLE OF PEACE

By P. N. SAMPATH

PANDIT NEHRU'S brief visit to Mao's China is of historic significance. By this visit India has made a contribution of the highest distinction to the cause of peace. It was the first earnest attempt on the part of Nehru to know at first hand about the land, people and achievements of the present Government of China.

India was one of the first countries to recognise new China. She has been the foremost and the most steadfast advocate for the admission of China into the United Nations. It is basically absurd that a country whose population represents a fifth of the human race is deliberately kept out of the council chambers of the world.

In international stature, Nehru is second to none at the moment. His dynamic foreign policy has raised India's prestige internationally even though territorially and militarily her stature is small compared to some of the big powers. No less a person than George V. Allen, the American Ambassador in India has been pleased to observe: "In international affairs I doubt if the world has ever seen a nation emerge into so prominent a position in so short a time."

We have been reading press reports on the unprecedented welcome accorded to Pandit Nehru by the Government and people of China. Even Nehru who is used to affectionate adulation by millions in India has been pleasantly surprised at the huge concourse of people who flocked to see and hear him. Apart from the fact that he is the undisputed leader of upwards of 300 million people, his bonhomie, ease of manner, quiet depth of talk, gentleness, his massive thinking, his strong intellectual faculties, his profound knowledge and historical hindsight, the calm cherubic power he wields over millions of the human kind, the personal magnetism and irresistible glamour that characterises the whole style and manner of the man, constitute a unique and noble whole.

The basic clue to a people's charac-

ter is its own past. India is a country with a great past and Nehru, inheriting the culture that has evolved through the ages and brought up on the Gandhian tradition of service, sacrifice and peace, is most eminently fitted to set out on an errand of peace. Few in our day have better credentials for the task.

The cultural ties between China and India date back to several hundred years. The peoples of India and China are fully alive to these ancient ties, a relationship which was at no time marred by aggression from either side. The contact has been a continuous saga of peaceful co-existence.

There were days when political diplomacy was a pleasant pastime. It has now become a dangerous game. Political ideas must now be basically revised before the biological challenge to the whole species created by the discovery of nuclear power can be properly met. Political philosophy today, on both sides of the ideological frontier, is confronted with facts which render many pre-atomic ideas obsolete.

One nation increases its vast armament only because another does it and still they are as relatively defenceless as ever. The changes continually occurring in the machinery of war are so great and frequent that no nation could ever hope to be fully prepared. In a new world war there would be no cushion of time if atomic weapons were available in large numbers to both the giant powers. The world is in such a hopeless fix that a new assessment of political ideas is imperative. Nehru's friendly approach to Communist China is based on such a realistic appraisal of the political climate and landscape.

Nehru's visit has been variously interpreted in the world press. A section of opinion read in his visit the culmination or denouement of the manifest pro-Communist trend which had marked India's foreign policy of late. They have concluded

ed that Nehru has hitched his bandwagon to the Communist chariot. Quite a few others read a lot of cunning purpose behind the demonstrations of welcome which marked the visit and they are rather apprehensive that Nehru might perhaps have been swept off his feet into committing his country to a policy of greater collaboration with the Chinese Communists. In their dismay and panic they would appear to have forgotten for the nonce that public embracing is a form of greeting quite common in the East and the Middle East and that no damage would be done by Mao Tse Tung embracing Nehru or vice versa.

But Nehru was indeed taken in by the tremendous progress achieved by the new administration in China, in all walks of life. The record of the Chinese Government speaks loudly of its influence and potentiality. Mr. Attlee, the leader of the British Labour Party delegation which visited China recently said: "China has today a Government which is honest and genuinely concerned with the welfare of the people, inspired by a real idealism, and a fervent nationalism—it seems to be the best Government that China has had so far." He further went on to say: "There is evidence everywhere that the Chinese have a Government that is incorruptible and that is genuinely working in accordance with the principles in which it believes, and that it has done some very remarkable work."

NEHRU brings with him the greetings and good wishes of the Chinese people and also a glowing memory of what he saw of the many-sided progress achieved by the Chinese people. Notably, the accomplishments in the fields of agriculture, housing, flood-control, and eradication of unemployment will be of great interest to India. The disappearance of unemployment in Russia and China was not the result of a conscious full-employment policy, rather it was the natural by-product of comprehensive economic planning. We have also a gigantic planning programme. The conception is alright so far as it goes. But in the sphere of execution, largescale cor-

ruption and unpardonable wastage rob the people of a lion's share of their money. The Chinese methods of spotting out corruption may be copied even though we may not like to follow the punishments usually awarded there. The Chinese collective farming methods may be equally useful. Peasant mentality is conservative but it is not immutable. By a determined effort, the Government can create the necessary enthusiasm and incentive in the rural parts of India and set the people on to the task of improving their lot through adopting modern ideas and implements in agriculture. Our present day economics is a mosaic of survivals and is based to a very great extent upon postulates, preconceptions and precepts which have their genesis in the past and under different conditions. Now conditions have changed radically and we have to adapt ourselves to the changing times.

Nehru's revolutionary spirit which has lain dormant after the achievement of the country's independence must have been resuscitated in the process of his contact with the top revolutionaries of China and Indo-China. If what he saw and heard had revitalised Nehru in body and spirit, his visit will not prove to be useless. He is the only man in the ruling party who has resolution to propose, earnestness to attempt and energy to effect this great change in the life of the common man.

The peoples of Asia did not start their progress towards national freedom in order to allow anybody to turn the clock back again. They will brook no outside interference in their affairs. As Chester Bowles wrote in one of his recent articles: "An American-inspired, American-managed, American-dominated defence programme for Asia is a political dead-end." No good can come out of it. The sooner the Western powers realise this the better it will be for peace in the world.

Peaceful co-existence is the inevitable solution to the world's ills. The alternative is war and large-scale destruction. It is a sort of Hobson's choice. Our very existence depends on the nations making a correct choice.

DANGERS OF LINGUISTIC APARTHEID

The Case For English

By H. R. VEDANTA IYENGAR

WE are told the Nazis consolidated their short-lived hegemony by poisoning the springs of education. As they overran one helpless European nation after another, they also sought to keep the conquered peoples from developing the spirit of instruction by cutting out vitamin 'B' from their diet, as populations fed on food deficient in optimum amounts of this vitamin are supposed to become docile and are easily managed.

If our old British masters had followed this technique, educationally, in India, and "vitamin-starved" Indians by denying them the benefits of an education based on a knowledge of English, India would probably have been in the same stage of political evolution today as some of the struggling colonies in Africa or Indo-China with vague longings of freedom, instead of finding herself a live and even bumptious young republic in the vanguard of the Asian freedom movement capable of giving an occasional headache to the older nations. The action and reaction of education and politics may not be proximate or apparent but they are real and profound.

It would be good to remember this in view of the tremendous hurry now noticeable in some quarters—notably in Bombay—to see English dethroned, disgraced and got rid of, for good and all, even before the fifteen-year period prescribed by the wise framers of our Constitution. They have almost succeeded in persuading themselves into the belief that the British did us a grave disservice by integrating English into our system of education and that no time should be lost, now that we are free to do what we wish with ourselves, in forgetting the English language and all that can be learnt through it.

A far-reaching minute

When Macaulay wrote his historic minute on education 120 years ago pleading for the education of the "natives" in and through the English language, he was really laying the foundations of Indian Swaraj. If Macaulay had been a Machiavelli anxious to avoid the political effects of his educational programme on four or five generations of Indians brought up in the traditions of English education, he would quite conceivably have abandoned the idea which he so vehemently and stoutly championed and which was to culminate in the Quit India resolution 107 years later. Fortunately, thoughts of political expediency did not influence a decision reached purely on its educational merits. It would indeed, be doing bare justice to Macaulay to acknowledge that it was his categorically expressed intention that his educational proposals should hasten the progress of India to the goal of self-government. He declared that if his scheme of English education resulted in the long run in enabling the people of India to run their own administration he would consider the day of realization of this objective as the proudest moment in the history of the Empire. To malign and pillory Macaulay as Hindi crusaders often do, is, therefore, to betray ingratitude as well as ignorance. In a sense, therefore, it was not Dadabhai Naoroji or A. O. Hume or any other stalwart who initiated the movement for Indian self-government, but Lord Macaulay, the Father of the Indian Penal Code, half a century before the birth of the Indian National Congress, that is, in 1835. Thanks to Macaulay, the British did not follow in the sphere of education (qualitatively though not quantitatively), their traditional policy of apathy and *laissez faire* which they did in the economic and

industrial sphere. The battle for Indian Swaraj began to be waged in the Anglo-vernacular schools which replaced the old *Madrasahs*, even as the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won on the cricket fields of Eton.

In Macaulay's minute on Indian education one finds in retrospect today a great deal that is provocative and exasperating, much that is sweeping and exaggerated, much that might have been true in the days of Macaulay without necessarily having the same force or validity today, but something which continues to be essentially true even at present. Macaulay started from the premise, not open to serious challenge at any rate in those days, that "the dialects commonly spoken among the natives contained neither literary nor scientific information and are moreover so poor and rude that until they are enriched from some other quarter it will not be easy to translate any valuable work into them" and that therefore "we have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother tongue," by recourse to "some language not vernacular amongst them."

Sanskrit caricatured

In examining and dismissing the claims of Sanskrit for this purpose, he said a great deal which our revivalists of today would regard as outrageous. He asserted in a vein of wringing lordly sarcasm that our "medical doctrines would disgrace an English farrier," our astronomy "would move laughter in girls at an English boarding school," our History "abounded with kings thirty feet high and reigns thirty thousand years long" and our geography was "made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter"! Macaulay goes on to declaim: "To encourage the study of a literature (Sanskrit) admitted to be of small intrinsic value only because that literature inculcates the most serious errors on the most important subjects is hardly reconcilable with reason. . . . It is confessed that the language is barren of useful knowledge. We are to teach it because it is fruitful of monstrous superstitions. We

are to teach false history, false astronomy, false medicine because we find them in company with a false religion."

"It will hardly be disputed, I suppose," he proceeds, "that the department of Literature in which Eastern writers stand highest is poetry. And I certainly never met any Orientalist who ventured to maintain that the Arabic and Sanskrit poetry could be compared to that of the great European nations. But when we pass from works of imagination to works in which facts are recorded and general principles investigated, the superiority of Europeans becomes absolutely immeasurable. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in Sanskrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgements used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same."

Making due allowances for rhetorical overstatement such as Macaulay is known to specialise in, the most ardent advocate of Sanskrit today will not claim it as a recognised source of authentic historical material or useful factual information about the physical sciences. That he was not animated by mere supercilious scorn of things Oriental, is clear from his admission of what his own country owed in the 15th and 16th centuries to the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. He asks: "Had our ancestors neglected the language of Cicero and Tacitus and confined their attention to the old dialects of our own island, would England have been what she now is?" And, just as Greek and Latin civilized England and set her on the highroad to progress, the languages of western Europe civilized Russia, and this change was effected "not by flattering national prejudices, not by feeding the mind of the young Muscovite with old women's stories which his rude fathers believed, not by filling his head with lying legends about St. Nicholas but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass

of information had been laid up and thus putting all this information within his reach."

Arguing thus, Macaulay had no difficulty in establishing the claims of English for adoption as the basis of Indian education.

Creating the Intellegentsia

It must be emphasised, however, that Macaulay never contemplated English as the instrument of mass education in India. His purpose was limited to the formation of a class of English educated persons "who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern", a class of persons "Indian in blood and colour but English in taste, in opinions, morals and intellect" to whom would be left the responsibility of "refining the vernacular dialects of the country, to enrich those dialects with terms of science borrowed from the Western nomenclature and to render them by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population."

It is this small class of persons, this intellectual *elite* or *intelligentsia*, the products of the English education sponsored by Macaulay (among whom are celebrities who have hit the headlines such as Ranade, Gokhale, Surendranath, Gandhiji and Nehru) that drank deep at the fountains of English literature, history, politics and arts and sciences, imbibed Western ideals of political liberty, equality and fraternity and ideas of economic equality and social justice and formed the spear-head of the great national liberation movement. It is this small class which, after independence, is at the forefront of the constructive attempts to establish a juster social order in our country. It is worth while pondering if this consummation would have been possible, or at least if it would not have been considerably delayed, without the beneficent impact of the English language and culture on our own.

Tower of Babel

It is difficult to estimate with accuracy the degree to which the various Indian languages have been

refined, enriched and rendered fit for mass education since the days of Macaulay. The progress has been uneven as between the various regional languages. But the process of enrichment of Indian languages from English and Western sources need not and should not be arrested. The need for the continuous and uninterrupted formation of an intellectual elite or leadership, functioning as a liaison corps, benefiting from intimate contacts with a truly international language like English, and transmitting those benefits to Indian languages for dissemination among the widest commonalty, will continue to be as paramount as in the days of Macaulay. This is a matter not merely of educational necessity but of long range political expediency. From this point of view, all current attempts made in some places incontinently to cast English even from our universities and seats of higher learning cannot but be regarded as misconceived and harmful.

The progress of Hindi cannot be achieved by forced marches; and without Hindi being yet ready to take the place of English as the *de facto lingua franca*, with each State enthroning its own regional language on the linguistic pedestal, with English itself under the shadow of an Apartheid policy being forced to go back West of Suez here and now, the result will be something approaching linguistic chaos, a veritable linguistic Tower of Babel in our land.

Cultural Uplift or Social Reform?

The fact of the matter is that we are now in danger of falling into the error of magnifying and singing paeans of praise for our culture and languages and of altogether denying English its due place, or any place at all, under the Indian Sun. We have grown smug and self-complacent. We have begun to flatter our own national prejudices, to resuscitate superstitions, revive old women's tales and lying legends—calling it all a "cultural uplift programme." A social reform movement and a movement to inculcate civic sense are more to the point in our present conditions than a "cultural uplift programme."

BHIMSEN JOSHI:

Rising Hindusthani Musician

By T. S. P.

THE somewhat unsavoury controversy that raged in Madras music circles after the departure of Ustad Bade Ghulam Ali Khan was



Bhimsen Joshi

[It is very much regretted that this photograph was wrongly published last week over the name S. P. Gupte. Ed. S.]

the result of a subjective reaction and introspection on the part of both our musicians and the average music lover. The sweet, dreamy cadences of the khyals, the wild melody of the thumris and the magnificence of a voice that travelled through three octaves in a sweep literally bewildered Madras audiences who were getting bored with musicians who were moving further and further away from the sruti after consigning voice culture to the limbo.

Although the future of classical Hindusthani music is as dismal as that of Caranatic music—with only

a handful of ageing veterans to keep tradition alive and a host of younger musicians who, for some mysterious reason, fail to deliver the goods—the Gurukula system is not so completely defunct in the north as in the south and is still capable of producing a promising musician here and there. And Ram Bhau Joshi, known as Sawai Gandharva, who had himself gone through the mill under Khan Sahib Abdul Karim Khan of Miraj, kept the system going in his native village of Kundgol near Hubli and has turned out a few disciples who can be depended upon to preserve undefiled the tradition of their *gharana*.

Among the Gandharva's disciples, Gangu Bai Hangal has already had her debut before Madras audiences and it is hoped that Bhimsen Joshi will soon make his bow. Born in a Madhya family in Karnataka, Bhimsen's early life was marked by wanderlust and a precocious thirst for music. After some infructuous attempts to learn music at Gadag, he left his home when he was twelve and roamed for several years in North India, visiting Calcutta and spending some time at the Paluskar College of Music at Jullunder. He came back only when his father promised to arrange for his apprenticeship under Sawai Gandharva. Bhimsen's *gurukulavasa* was as instructive as it was physically exhausting. Kundgol is a village noted for its water scarcity and when the disciple was not learning music, he was carrying two huge pots of water, one on each shoulder, from a well that could have mercifully been nearer. And Ram Bhau was no kind teacher when he came to brass tacks.

Essentially a khyalist, Bhimsen Joshi is a versatile musician and has a vast repertoire consisting of thumris, ghazals, bhajans and 'Dasara padas.' With his voice full of life and strength and age in his favour, one can confidently look forward to his becoming one of the top musicians of the future in the Hindusthani field.

“... OVER A. I. R.”

By M. KRISHNAN

ALL these days I have used painstakingly compiled notes of a few broadcasts in writing these reviews, and my main problem has always been the stepping back from the specification and detail to gain perspective. Now, Radio Month gives me the opportunity I have waited for. Towards the end you will find me reverting into a laborious clerk again, but I can give you my impressions of Radio Month straightaway, without petty detail.

It was good. It was very good. If it did not tempt more people into buying receiving sets, that is not the fault of A. I. R.

Especially did I like the music. To be candid, I listened mainly to the music and missed several interesting programmes, such as the ones in which the public participated—‘Rough House,’ I think it was called.* But the music was delightful. But only at the top and bottom, the folk-songs and the broadcasts of classical music. The middle was disappointing. Much do I fear this entails just one paragraph of clerical explanation and relapse, in spite of my earlier promise.

There used to be a terrible form, very much in vogue in A. I. R. circles about 1942, a thing called the ‘U. I. R. Form’ or something similar. This form classified every minute of the broadcasts of each station for each fortnight (or was it each month?) in dozens and dozens of columns. The music, both European and Indian, was classified in two main divisions, recorded and live, and these in turn each forked in a three-pronged manner into ‘Heavy,’ ‘Light’ and ‘Dance.’ I was severely snubbed by the director of one of the stations of A. I. R. for suggesting that there should be a fourth prong named ‘Light-heavy Music.’ I don’t suppose he will read this review, but it is just this light-heavy music that A. I. R. is so poor at. It is the same music

that Dr. Keskar terms ‘Light,’ if you subtract folksong from his conception. Folksong and some of the lighter dance-tunes and ‘bhavgeets’ are the only broadcast music that we can honestly term ‘Light.’ Cinema tunes, and the substitutes for these tunes that Dr. Keskar wants A. I. R. to manufacture, can only be termed ‘Light-heavy,’ following boxing parlance. Its determining quality is its mass—it is above the light-weight limit and under the heavy-weight line, but favours the latter rather than the former except when it is in severe training. The majority of cinema songs and most ‘bhavgeets’ belong to this class—in short, it is the most popular music.

It was this music that was disappointing during Radio Month, and if people are to buy more and more receiving sets, it is just as well to give them the music they want. What was disappointing about the Radio Month broadcasts of this particular class of music, especially from the Southern stations, was that it differed in no way from cinema music except in its considerably poorer quality. What is it that Dr. Keskar objects to in cinema music? I do not know, but whatever it is, it was very much there in these light-heavy broadcasts. Is it the un-Indian background of an orchestra to the song that he dislikes? These broadcasts had the same background. The lyrics (I use the term in a cinematic rather than in a literary sense) were no better (whoever wrote them) and the tunes were definitely less appealing—the singing was far less accomplished. Here was a notable triumph for the makers of cinema music. Should A. I. R. set up as a rival to these cinema music people, only to imitate their very methods and emerge an easy second?

Dr. Keskar says that the responsibility of fostering the arts, so long and so well borne by the princes, has devolved on A. I. R. in democratic India. His idea of discharging this responsibility is to educate the pub-

lic to like the kind of music that he thinks is the best and purest. To a large extent I agree with him and applaud him, but will he copy the manners of many of the princes in addition to taking on the burden of patronage from them? From what I know of the princes of ‘undemocratic’ India, I can say that many of them were sufficiently human and polite to realise the need to entertain the public and their guests; the stress was not always on the education of popular tastes. It is undemocratic in the extreme, even tyrannical, to presume that the public has no right to its own tastes and must be educated in the manner that an authority, however distinguished, thinks is good for it. The people whom A. I. R. wants to buy receiving sets are grown up—adults, for some reason, like to exercise their own preferences occasionally. Give this adult public something better than the imitation cinema songs that Radio Month featured, or, better still, give it the ‘cinema-geet’ it wants.

I KNOW nothing of Sardar Panikar’s private life, but after listening to the four-station broadcast discussion on ‘The future of marriage in India,’ at which he presided, I gained the distinct impression that he is not a married man. Perhaps he is, but his comments at this discussion were made with the irresponsible zest and light-heartedness of one who has never known the yoke.

His four debaters, Srimati Dhanwantri Rama Rao from Bombay, Srimati Renuka Ray from Calcutta, Dr. V. K. John from Madras and Mr. A. A. A. Fyzee from Delhi, were introduced by him as eminent public personages—of course they are, but this did not qualify them to discuss a topic which is also and so often the deep concern of the most obscure and retiring of us. And if this discussion represented the level of thought of our public personages, then give me private thinking.

A more schoolboyish, idealistic and irresponsible discussion on marriage I have not heard, if I may except the remarks of Mr. Fyzee and Mrs. Renuka Ray and erase them alto-

gether from the discussion. These two people talked sense, especially Mr. Fyzee, and obviously took the discussion seriously.

Of what class of society were these debaters talking? Apparently it was the upper layers of the middle-class, though these constitute a negligible proportion of the population of India. Mrs. Rama Rao wanted young people to have sex education and acquire a knowledge of family planning theory before they undertook the perilous and prolific adventure of marriage. Doesn’t she know that family planning has already failed in our country and that even in a reasonably future India there is little scope for that sort of thing, considering the general educational and economic level of the majority and the culture of the common people? Again she spoke of the need for the ‘children’ (i.e. the young people who are getting married) having free choice in the matter of those they marry. Both in rural and urban India the young people who marry often know each other, but more often it is pecuniary considerations that guide the choice. A pair of bullocks, a plot of land or a house, a shiny new motor car or a tidy sum in cash are often the things that determine choice—and don’t make the mistake of supposing that it is always the groom or his parents that profit, sometimes it is the bride and her parents, especially among the poorer classes. After all, the institution of marriage arose purely out of a sense of property, though the need for a mate is biological. No biologist will ever say that because a young man and woman meet each other socially and get to know each other’s veneer, their marriage will be happy. Moreover, there is no such thing as a happy marriage, because life is not static. Dr. John said the wisest thing that has ever been said about marriage, incidentally, when he quoted the saying: ‘Hanging and wiving go by destiny.’

But Dr. John it was that came out with the wholly irresponsible suggestion that all marriages must be inter-communal. Apart from the confusion of culture, traditions and languages this involves, which is not

* Sorry, ‘Full House’—no, no, ‘Open House.’

•always conducive to married happiness, there is nothing gained by such a step. The human being is as promiscuously bred in India as anywhere else, and there is not the slightest genetical ground for Dr. John's case. If inter-communal marriages will help (?) in fostering goodwill between communities, that is wholly besides the point. Marriage is a private adventure between a man and a woman—it is immoral and legally unsound to import communal and national considerations into it.

Mr. Fyzee realised the fact that marriage is a private adventure, and that its prime strength and value lay in the sense of companionship and partnership it invests one's life with. He said that children, important as they undoubtedly are, came second in any consideration of marriage, and no serious student of marriage laws and customs will differ

from his characterisation of the view that thinks of marriage primarily as an arrangement for begetting children as a primitive view.

Everyone agreed divorce was a necessary provision, even if it was to be viewed as a necessary evil. Mrs. Renuka Ray, who stressed the need to secure the interests of children in any marriage, also thought it was better for children to lose a parent than grow up in a house full of tension and ill-will. Strangely enough, no one mentioned the fact that de facto divorce obtains among the people where the woman earns as well as the man and is hence economically independent of him. The careful listener would not have failed to notice that ultimately no concrete suggestion or forecast emerged from the discussion—which was, perhaps, just as well considering how utterly impossible it is to legislate for a happy marriage.

MCCARTHYISM WITHOUT McCARTHY

By ANDREW ROTH

THE friends of the United States in Europe have heaved a premature sigh of relief. They have decided that the decision by a U. S. Senate Committee to censure Senator Joseph McCarthy means the menace of McCarthyism has passed.

The Times was so pleased at this display of good manners reasserted that it quoted Bryce's description of the Senate as "the nearest approach to an official aristocracy" in the United States. Real aristocrats and self-respecting Americans may object to that description, but *The Times* undoubtedly meant it as a compliment. The temporary muzzling of McCarthy has removed the single most embarrassing obstacle to selling Europeans on the alliance with the U. S. It was becoming difficult to convince Europeans that democracy could be defended by a country whose most articulate citizen bore an astonishing resemblance to the jack-booted fascist bullies against whom a war had to be fought recently.

The ability of a bi-partisan American committee to recommend unanimously that McCarthy be censured has reassured those friends of the U. S. who wondered why nothing was being done to curb such an obvious menace.

The tendency now, however, is to act as if McCarthy was simply an over-inflated balloon which, once pricked, exploded into nothingness. This illusion has been encouraged by the minor role Senator McCarthy has been playing in the current election campaign. The Republican National Committee has sent out the word that his aid be avoided in the campaign. Sen. McCarthy, scenting a Republican defeat, is more than willing to withhold his dubious support. When defeat comes he can claim it was due to the Republican Party's failure to crusade

behind his banner of flamboyant anti-Communism.

There are few more disastrously superficial conclusions than the belief that the eclipse of Sen. McCarthy means the end or even the serious diminution of the menace which he came to personalize.

What has replaced the vulgar demagoguery of the Wisconsin Senator has been the tacit agreement of both the Republican and Democratic parties to what might be called "McCarthyism without McCarthy." Both parties are now agreed on the purge from Government and public influence not merely of Communists or their sympathizers but persons with left-of-center or non-conformist views on issues crucial to the 'cold war'—particularly our thermo-nuclear warfare and Asian politics. The fates of Dr. Oppenheimer and Owen Lattimore are not party issues in this election.

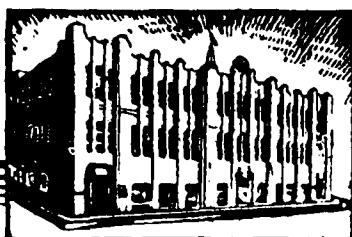
Whether or not Sen. McCarthy personally makes a comeback, he has succeeded in getting both parties to approach the issue of Communism and left-of-center dissent on his terms.

The only reason why his political victory has not yielded a simultaneous personal victory is that Senator McCarthy overestimated the power of his crudely powerful demagoguery. The American psychologist, Dr. G. M. Gilbert, former prison psychologist at the Nuremberg war crimes trials, gave a useful definition of a demagogue to the convention of the American Psychological Association on September 6. Dr. Gilbert defined a demagogue as "a person who seeks notoriety and power by exploiting the fears and desires of the people."

Sen. McCarthy's mistake was that, having achieved notoriety by exploiting American fears of Communism, he tried to move too swiftly to cap-

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ture power. He undoubtedly assisted at the Eisenhower victory of 1952, particularly by helping to detach from the Democratic party large sections of middle-class Catholics who had traditionally voted Democratic. But too quickly after the Eisenhower administration was in office he showed that he wanted to replace the sophisticated-internationalist regime of Eisenhower by a crude nationalist (miscalled 'isolationist') regime headed by himself. Attacks on the Eisenhower administration as being too "soft" on Communism were simply an attempt to harness popular fears to Senator McCarthy's ambition to be the United States' first Roman Catholic President.

By last November, then, the dominant elements in the Republican party had recognized that McCarthy meant to unseat them. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, in his attack on President Truman for having promoted a "known spy"—the late Harry Dexter White—was attempting to usurp McCarthy's claim to be Washington's No. 1 Red-hunter. But a policeman could not sink too often to the level of a bar-room brawler without bringing the law into disrepute.

In January 1954 Vice President Nixon offered Senator McCarthy a "deal." If he would soft-pedal his attacks on Communists in Government and shift his emphasis more to corruption and inefficiency, the Republican Party would show its gratitude. When McCarthy turned this down he demonstrated to them that he was out for power for himself, the Texas oil millionaires and the *Chicago Tribune* crowd on the extreme right of the Republican Party.

After that it became a war for the control of the Republican Party. In the prolonged Army-McCarthy hearings it was soon clear that McCarthy's intercession on behalf of Private Schine was considered a God-send by members of the President's staff who had determined to "get" McCarthy. However much a black eye the hearings gave virtually all participants, the televised hearings had one fortunate result. It rubbed America's nose in the face of Mc-

Carthy. Even the most unsophisticated Communist-fearing American could judge the character of Sen. McCarthy from seeing him sneer daily for long weeks on his television screen. It may be, as John Steinbeck has suggested, that McCarthy's resemblance to the villains of the cowboy films was too striking to be missed. But it enabled the Republican leaders to move toward scotching his bid for power while pretending to be defending the dignity of the American Senate.

There were few things with which Senator McCarthy was charged before the Watkins Committee of which he has not been equally guilty at any time since 1950. But two things had changed. First, the leadership of the Eisenhower administration had become convinced that he menaced their position. Second, there had been a wide public revolution against Sen. McCarthy the man. Therefore both Republican Senators and those of the Democratic Party—which he has accused of "twenty years of treason"—could agree on censuring him.

No Attack on 'McCarthyism'

While agreeing to the eclipse of Sen. McCarthy, Republican and Democratic leaders have done nothing to attack the evil of which he became the personification just as Nazism was frequently described as "Hitlerism."

"What is of special interest to us here," Dr. Gilbert told American psychologists on September 6, "is the sense of suspicion and intimidation with which 'McCarthyism' has poisoned the atmosphere of free inquiry in the intellectual world of America. In this respect we are wont to see the mote in our neighbour's eye, but not the beam in our own."

"We ridicule Soviet biologists and musicians, for example, for bowing to the Communist Party line in science and art. We bitterly reproached German intellectuals for not standing up to their Nazi demagogues, at least in the early stages, when only freedom of opinion was being threatened and opposition was not yet being stifled by torture and death in concentration camps."

Dr. Gilbert said he had asked many German intellectuals why they had not opposed Nazi demagoguery when it was still possible to do so. They answered: "You don't recognize creeping totalitarianism until it is too late." Dr. Gilbert warned against "creeping thought control and bellicose demagoguery in America."

"I am sure most of us are aware it is happening here, though it has not reached the point of throwing pacifists into jail—yet. When that point comes, it will be too late, and we must regard the intellectuals' willingness to stand up to the threat of creeping thought control and super-patriotic intimidation as one of the tests of America's fitness to survive with its freedoms intact."

So far as American politicians are concerned, they seem to think that the major test is which party is the most effective intimidator. On September 18 President Eisenhower, who, at the end of last year said that he hoped that the Communists-in-Government issue would be dead by this campaign, claimed: "... we at least deal effectively with the Communist conspiracy in the United States ... This Administration does not look upon the Communist menace as a red herring."

On the same date Vice President Richard Nixon—who apparently hopes to win the 1956 Presidency as a "smooth-shaven McCarthy"—made the claim that he has repeated often since, that the Republican administration had "kicked the Communists out of Government not by the hundreds but by the thousands."

Mr. Nixon was referring to the 6,926 "security risks" who had been dismissed from Government before October 11. This total included sex deviates, gossips, excessive drinkers and those convicted of felonies or misdemeanours. But among the 2611 about whom it was said that there was derogatory political information it was impossible to ascertain whether this simply meant, for instance, that one of their near-relatives had once subscribed to a leftwing publication. Last March because of the Civil Service Chairman's statement that he was not sure whether even one of the 422 then listed as having

derogatory political information in their files was actually a Communist or subversive, reporters referred to the security dismissal figures as "the numbers game."

The Democratic answer to Mr. Nixon's "McCarthyism without McCarthy" has been not to defend civil servants against unjust dismissals but to defend the Democratic Party as having just as good an anti-Communist record.

Stephen Mitchell, who owes his Democratic National Chairmanship to Adlai Stevenson, retorted on September 29 that "when Mr. Nixon conglomerates Communists, fellow-travellers and security risks," it is "as though a police chief boasted about capturing thousands of murderers, kidnappers and parking violators, when his records showed one suspected murderer, one suspected kidnapper and 2,000 parking violators."

In true McCarthyite style, Mr. Nixon answered on October 1 by saying the liberal Democrats' (Americans for Democratic Action) "record on the internal Communist issue is not one which inspires confidence." They had, he said, advocated recognition of Red China before the Korean war, opposed the Subversive Activities Control Act, which requires registration by Communists; called in 1949 for the abolition of a Congressional committee whose investigation—sparked by Mr. Nixon—led to convicting Alger Hiss; attacked J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation; and denounced in its 1953 platform the Eisenhower programme for eliminating security risks.

The liberal Democrats replied that they had, in August, been even more ruthless than the Republicans and had instigated the complete outlawing of the Communist Party, despite J. Edgar Hoover's pleas to leave it semi-legal so his agents can infiltrate it in their hundreds!

It is the most striking evidence of the degree to which the civil liberties situation has deteriorated in the United States that in August a number of the Senate's most 'liberal' members—led by such men as Senators Humphrey and Morse—stamped-

ed and jettisoned virtually all their political principles in order to prove they are not pro-Communist. "I am tired," said Sen. Humphrey, in introducing his measure to outlaw the Communist Party, "of reading headlines of being a leftist." Senator Morse, in seconding him said the bill's purpose was "to remove any doubt in the Senate as to where we stand on the issue of Communism."

"Last Thursday," he told the Senate, "the Republicans were surprised and shocked because they discovered that what was up to that time obviously to be one of the smear tactics of the coming campaign had fallen flat on its face . . . After Thursday they could not very well argue that the liberals were soft on Communism."

The most striking evidence of this complete betrayal of American liberalism by 'liberal' Democratic Senator Humphrey was the admission that the key provision in his bill was lifted bodily from a similar proposal by Representative Martin Dies, whose hysteria about the Communist menace caused him to be laughed out of Congress for a decade. Said the *New York Post* correspondent: "the voice was the voice of Humphrey but the hand was the hand of Dies." Said Rep. Multer on August 16: "Permit me to suggest that your action here today borders on hysteria, born of fear that you cannot prove you are 100 per cent American."

Warned Carney McWilliams of *The Nation*: "Throughout the world, it will be regarded, and quite properly, as an ominous manifestation that this country is in danger of succumbing to the totalitarian virus. The banning of political parties has consistently indicated that the forces moving toward the eclipse of representative government have entered a one-way street . . . To ban a political party by name betrays a basic distrust of the electorate . . ."

According to Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, President Eisenhower is said to have referred to the first version of this anti-Communist law as "the worst can of worms I ever received." But with a few minor excisions he was prepared to swallow whole an act which outlaws the

25,000-weak Communist Party (including undercover FBI men) as "an instrumentality of a conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the United States" as the "agency of a hostile foreign power." It deprives the party of "the rights, privileges, and immunities" of a legal body, which means it cannot run candidates in elections or hold bank accounts, among other things. Any one who "knowingly or willfully" joins the Communist Party must register with the Attorney General. If he apply for a Federal job or passport he can be jailed for five years. Juries are asked to consider a person a Communist if he is on a membership list, or has contributed money or has written, spoken or otherwise carried out its purposes.

Adlai Stevenson carefully said he thought the law "hastily drawn" and that he hoped the law would not "do more harm than good." He said he did not think "we need to do anything even suggesting punishment for what people might think." This made people wonder whether he would have had the courage of Sen. Estes Kefauver, another 1952 aspirant for the Democratic presidential candidacy, who was the *only* Senator to vote against this law. Among 435 Representatives, *only two* voted against it, one Democrat and one Republican. Democrat A. J. Multer of Brooklyn said "putting any group out of business this way is basically wrong in principle; it is the way a Fascist would use, the totalitarian way."

Republican Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota said: "I am against any form of tyranny over the mind of man. I am for freedom of speech, freedom of the press. I am opposed to silence from fear, instead of reason."

On September 12 Attorney General Herbert Brownell, flanked by F. B. I. chief J. Edgar Hoover, made it clear that he would use the new legislation as a "very powerful weapon" to "utterly destroy the Communist party and all its activities." Mr. Hoover made it clear simultaneously that ex-Communists must become informers or pay the penalty. "The individual who has been drawn into the

Communist net cannot be neutral," Mr. Hoover said. "He is either for or against his country."

Five days later the *New York Times* disclosed: "Twelve persons already have been summoned before Federal grand juries . . . in a drive to mop up Soviet spy networks, old and new." Three persons whose accusation by Elizabeth Bentley, self-confessed Soviet espionage courier, could never be confirmed by wiretapping or other surveillance were called: Mary Prince, formerly Walter Lippman's secretary, Edward J. Fitzgerald, former economist in the War Production Board, and Harold Glasser, an associate of the late Harry Dexter White, whom the Attorney-General described as a "known" spy promoted by President Truman in his bid to outstrip Sen. McCarthy last November.

"A tough prospect faces every person who in the past has invoked in Communist subversion cases the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution against self-incrimination," the *New York Times* revealed . . . "Every unclosed or unprosecuted case of this nature in the Justice Department is being reviewed in the light of the powerful potentialities of the new law."

"Under the new law any witness before a grand jury or Congressional committee can be compelled on court order to testify in subversion cases if he is granted immunity from prosecution. But while such a witness gains immunity from prosecution for sabotage, espionage and the like, he will still be subject to prosecution for perjury or contempt while giving testimony 'under compulsion'."

"Persons like Alger Hiss and others convicted of perjury may be brought to trial again for the crimes they were accused of concealing—in his case, allegedly passing secret documents to Whittaker Chambers; another admitted former Soviet agent."

"The witness summoned before a grand jury under the witness-immunity law has serious alternatives to ponder. He may invoke the Fifth Amendment and take his chances of being prosecuted for contempt. He may not be prosecuted for contempt,

however, but may be left dangling in uncertainty.

"Instead, the Justice Department may develop evidence against him and he may face prosecution for espionage, which may be punished by death under another new law, even if committed in peace time; or conspiracy; or a number of other statutes.

"Thus the possibility of prosecution for a capital offence is officially expected to prove a powerful lever in persuading witnesses to talk."

Of course, if the witness does not talk along the lines recommended by the Department of Justice, he can always be given the Lattimore treatment.

An Ordeal Renewed

The desperate need to reassert American traditional liberties against the trend of both parties has been reemphasized by the intensification of the persecution of Owen Lattimore. The ordeal of this Far Eastern expert began in March 1950 when Sen. McCarthy, from the libel-immune floor of the Senate, attacked him as "one of the top Communist agents in this country." Lattimore was cleared by the subcommittee of Senator Tydings who stigmatized these charges as "a fraud and a hoax." But after Tydings himself lost the 1950 election partly due to the efforts of Sen. McCarthy and his friends, the late Senator McCarran took up the quarrel. Lattimore was exhaustively cross-examined for twelve days—the longest ordeal inflicted on any private citizen in Congressional committee. He was questioned on the basis of records going back 28 years which the McCarran committee had studied for five months. In his massive and courageous testimony, the committee found a number of minor discrepancies which it urged the Department of Justice to prosecute as perjury. A Democratic Attorney General secured an indictment of Owen Lattimore on the basis of the work of one eager young Roy Cohn, then a Department of Justice lawyer, on seven grounds of perjury. One of these counts was that Lattimore lied when he said he was a "sympathizer" with Communism. This and other counts were

thrown out as too vague by appeals courts last year and this, leaving too little for the Department of Justice to go to trial on. The Department of Justice, pursuing its vendetta, secured a new and equally nebulous indictment charging him with having lied when he said he was not a follower of the Communist Party line and a promoter of Communist interests. The indictment cited over a hundred instances where Lattimore's position had paralleled Communist policies. It ignored, of course, the fact that in 1940 he had supported aid for embattled Britain when the Communists opposed it and in 1941 supported Finland against the Soviet attack. Commented Lattimore: "President Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower . . . could be accused of perjury if they said they never knowingly followed the Communist line . . . Inevitably, this country cannot always take a position in exact opposition to the position taken by Russia."

Democrats charged that the Department of Justice, taking orders from the Attorney-General, Herbert Brownell, who is simultaneously the Republican Administration's chief political strategist, wanted the Lattimore indictment for the reelection campaign. The Republicans did not want to yield the title of "most effective purgers" to Democrats like Senator Humphrey.

The manner and speed with which the Lattimore case entered the Wyoming elections startled some of the most hard-bitten observers of post-war politics. In Wyoming there is a bitterly-contested race in which the Democratic candidate is ex-Senator Joseph O'Mahoney who, since his earlier defeat, has been practicing law in Washington as a partner in the firm which has been defending Lattimore. His Republican opponent had copies of the indictment flown out to Wyoming and distributed throughout the State. He then proceeded to campaign on the demand that Mr. O'Mahoney retire from the race because his firm is defending Lattimore. In other words not only is Lattimore judged to be guilty before ever having a trial, but his legal counsel is automatically to be considered guilty as well.

Rumbles of Protest

The extremes of persecution have caused the small rumbles of protest in the United States to grow louder. Very few liberals are willing to defend the constitutional rights of Communists to hold and advocate their unpopular views. This viewpoint, which is acceptable to an arch-Conservative in Britain is enough, under present circumstances, to stigmatize an American as a "fellow-traveller."

What has frightened many is the tremendous damage which can be done to non-Communist dissenters, non-conformists and various minorities under the guise of the search for security. Undoubtedly one of the things which has frightened the Jewish-owned *New York Times* into a belated concern for civil liberties is the fact that the hunt for "security risks" has frequently turned into a thinly-disguised anti-Semitic campaign. Part of this is a natural outcome of the extremes of "guilt by association" investigations carried out by the F. B. I. If one studies the past of technicians in the U. S. Navy or at the Army's Fort Monmouth establishment, it is fairly likely that a technician of Jewish origin is likely to have been sympathetic to the various anti-Fascist campaigns in which Communists also participated in the '30s. He may even have been sufficiently grateful to the Russians for their fight against the Nazis, who had killed two million Jews, to contribute a dollar or two to Russian War Relief. This, under present conditions, is considered evidence of "subversive associations and activities" and has resulted in wholesale dismissals of Jewish technicians.

On September 1 the U. S. Navy reinstated Abraham Chasanow after a 13-month fight—supported by the *New York Times*—to win back his position in the Hydrographic Office which had employed him for over 22 years. In reinstating him the Navy disclosed that he had been dismissed as a "security risk" on the basis of accusations of Leftwing associations by two unidentified informants who "failed to corroborate their original testimony or were unable to produce specifics of earlier allegations," Cha-

sanow believes the accusations came from anti-Semitic opponents of a cooperative in which he was active.

On October 1 another gesture against the tide was the unanimous reelection of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer as Director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton by the Government, financial, business and scientific leaders who are its trustees.

Perhaps the most forceful exposition of the resistance to the tide of "McCarthyism without McCarthy" is found in the recent letter of Brooks Atkinson, the dramatic critic, to the *New York Times*:

"The Government refuses passports to citizens it does not like.

"It blocks the free exchange of ideas by denying visas to eminent European scientists and writers who have been invited by American citizens to attend professional conferences here.

"It has repudiated the scientist who led the world in the construction of the atom bomb because he is not a standardized man.

"It maintains an organization of investigators who collect, among other items, facts concerning the newspaper reading habits of citizens and the mail that goes into their homes.

"It employs political informers.

"It blackmails citizens into informing on each other.

"It summons citizens before Government committees to answer for their personal ideas, associations, friends and their relatives.

"The Government has permitted a Senator to set himself up as a public prosecutor.

"It sacks foreign serving officers who do not parrot the party line at home.

"It tries to consolidate itself in power by denouncing its predecessors in office as traitors.

"I wonder if Americans really want it this way?"

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Indian Democracy: Drawbacks

By KUMUD RANJAN TEWARI

INDIA has known democratic life long before she came to her own. On the achievement of freedom, parliamentary democracy modelled after the British pattern was ushered in our country. In 1952 general elections were held symbolising the inauguration of democratic set-up. Now India claims to be the biggest parliamentary democracy the world has ever known.

Notwithstanding the significance that attaches to the experiment of democracy in India, the fact remains that our democracy in its elementary stage suffers from a number of flaws that are too patent to be ignored.

Our democracy has failed to strike a responsive chord in the heart of the common man. His attitude towards it is one of utter indifference. True, the lack of education is partly responsible for this attitude. But then there are so-called educated individuals who equally evince indifference towards it. Even the educated class tends to view democracy as a catchword. Essentially democracy is a way of life. It has not only a political aspect, but a social aspect also. In India today, social democracy is still to strike roots. Our people do not know how to adapt themselves to the democratic way of life which means the operation of social justice and equality in our social as well as private life. The democratic way of life also implies that our professions are in tune with our practices. There are persons who are professedly wedded to the democratic way of life, but their practices hardly square with their professions. The stigma of untouchability has been abolished through an Act, but it is yet to go from the face of our society. Enactments of social legislation will remain dead-letters on the statute book, unless people stir themselves and imbued with a dynamic spirit, act up to the ideals underlying them.

Our democracy is based upon majority principle. In pursuance of this the party commanding a major-

ity in Parliament assumes the responsibility of governance. While the voice of the majority counts in the ultimate analysis, it does not follow that there is no room for viewpoints other than that of the majority. In the first place, democracy postulates diversity of opinion and individuality. In the second place, in a democracy the non-conformists are equally entitled to respect and consideration from the majority.

The question arises whether the working of our democracy affirms this principle or fulfils this prerequisite? In answer, we cannot but give a categorical 'no' to this question. It is a disconcerting feature of our democracy that the majority party in power has sought to flout the feeble voice of the minority. It has gone to the extent of stifling the voice of the opposition by promulgating the Preventive Detention Act, the Press Act and the Constitution Amendment Act. In point of fact, the Preventive Detention Act and the Amendment Act were rushed through the Parliament and placed on the statute book in the teeth of overwhelming opposition. This mode of behaviour on the part of the majority party ill-accords with time-honoured democratic principles and practices.

Democracy has as the virtue of sounding different viewpoints and facilitating their crystallization as a result of cool and calculating deliberations. This, in the very nature of things, entails delay and dilatoriness. If this constitutes the strong point of democracy, it is also its weak point as it hinders decisions being taken speedily. Thereby, this procedure stultifies action, prevents the desired reforms being effected and justice being meted out, when time is the essence of our activities. "Lobbying" and gerry mandering are the handy weapons evolved by democracy to retard the speedy passage of a bill.

Our democracy is by no means immune from these drawbacks. The five year old Hindu Code Bill is still struggling through discussion and committee stages. Bills seeking to redistribute land and to fix a ceiling are yet to be introduced. In what an

adverse way, our democratic set-up reacted on the Zamindari Abolition Act is a matter of recent history. A bill seeking to effect radical changes in our judicial system is still in the offing. In refreshing contrast to our ways, China, a totalitarian country, has the credit of having introduced all such progressive measures promptly. It is not therefore surprising that the common man should be inclined to pin his faith in totalitarian methods.

Democracy is both a means and an end. It is a sad commentary on our democracy that as an instrument of social change and as a means to deliver the goods to the masses, it has miserably failed. Problems of rampant unemployment and chronic poverty stare constantly in the face of our democracy. To my mind, these problems are not amenable to solution unless our democracy is wedded to an economic philosophy. Democratic Socialism alone offers the panacea for these problems.

That our judiciary has acquitted itself well in its role of custodian of individual liberty admits of no doubt. It has lived up to its reputation and upheld the individual's right, as enjoined by the Constitution. It has been the sheet anchor of our democracy.

Nevertheless, the need for effecting radical changes in our judicial system cannot be overemphasized. There are glaring defects in it which detract from efficiency. Firstly, the court fee is prohibitive. Secondly, there is a lack of legal assistance to those who can ill afford to engage counsel. Thirdly, our legal procedure is very cumbersome and delays the speedy disposal of cases. Fourthly, justice is not dispensed with expedition as there is ample room for postponement. Fifthly, the integrity of the judges is sometimes open to question. Reforms to do away with these patent defects brook no delay. A reformed judicial system alone can restore the common man's faith in it and democracy.

It is axiomatic that education is the *sine qua non* of democracy. We cannot conceive of real democracy

without widespread education. Without widespread education democracy is bound to founder on the rock of ignorance and illiteracy.

Conflict between the universities and the authorities is a disturbing feature of our lives. This conflict between these two boils down to the issues; firstly, the independence of the students' unions and secondly, the administrative autonomy of the universities.

The university is said to be the centre and cradle of democratic values like independent thinking and freedom of expression. The union plays a vital part in promoting these democratic values. The Government is averse to the union being run independently of its patronage. If the union registers its protest against certain policies of the Government, the Government steps in and proceeds to tinker with the constitution of the union so as to allow little scope for the free play of students' initiative. We can well appreciate the stand of the students if they agitate, on this score. Admittedly, every democrat will concede to the students the right to conduct their affairs in their own way.

In matters relating to appointments, the Government 'high-ups' seek to foist their decision on the executive council of the university. The executive council itself is predominantly composed of official members. The Government subsidises the universities not without strings attached to it. There is no denying that such trends menace the autonomy of the university.

As democracy is government by discussion the freedom of the press is recognised as an indispensable adjunct of democracy. In our democratic set-up the press is the monopoly of the propertied class. Naturally, its view are biased. As a result it has ceased to play the role expected of it the role of bringing to bear a detached mind on the issues of the day and the detached diffusion of views and news. The sooner our press is rid of this money influence, the better for our democracy.

AAREY: The Pride of India

By K. S. R. MOORTHY

ABOUT 20 miles north of Bombay, what was once a neglected and uninhabited track of jungle land has been converted into one of the biggest and most modern dairy farms in India. The Aarey Milk Colony, started in 1949 under the auspices of the State, is a co-operative venture of the Bombay Government and private enterprise. Equipped with the latest pasteurising and other dairy machinery, the Colony supplies clean and wholesome pasteurised milk in sealed bottles to more than 40 per cent of the total population of the city and suburbs. Today, the Colony boasts of a regular supply of 3,200 maunds of milk per day throughout the year.

The Government have invested Rs. 3½ crores in the shape of the Colony estate and the dairy plant and machinery and the milk trade has invested about a crore and a half by way of milch cattle.

This mammoth project stands out as a solid example of national and international co-operation. Cattle from four former Indian States, cattle feeds from six, workers and technicians from all over the country, machinery from the U. S., U. K., Sweden and Switzerland and a pasteurising process which originated in the brain of a French genius for whom it is named—all these go to make up the bottle of milk which is delivered to the cardholders all the seven days of the week through a vast network of distribution centres both in the morning and in the afternoon.

Before the idea of the Aarey Milk Colony was conceived, insanitary stables that dotted the crowded streets of Bombay were a great menace to public health. The cattle were herded in the most unhygienic surroundings. The atmosphere was nauseating. No wonder pure milk was just a day-dream. It was adulterated, very often with impure and filthy water. It was not, therefore, surprising that as early as 1916,

Dr. S. Lucas Joshi, the then municipal analyst, averred that the quality of milk available at that time in the streets of Bombay suffered in comparison with the sewage-water of London.

To arrest the indiscriminate waste of cattle wealth and threat to public health, Mr. Dinkarrao N. Desai, Minister for Civil Supplies at that time, sponsored the cattle colonisation scheme by which approximately 15,000 licensed milch cattle in the city were removed by stages to the more hygienic and healthy surroundings of the Colony. They are now housed in the spacious dairy farm units of the Colony of which there are 26 at present, composed of stone and concrete buildings, set amidst picturesque and healthy surroundings of gardens and green pasture. Today there are 126 licensees maintaining their cattle in the Colony.

The cost of each unit works out at about Rs. 6 lakhs and the owners of the cattle who keep them in the farm units pay a nominal rental charge. They must observe strict cleanliness and every facility for achieving this is given. The Colony maintains its own veterinary staff who provide aid free of charge.

There are two pasteurising plants, each with a capacity of 2,000 gallons (250 maunds) per hour with their respective control panels. The combined capacity of 500 maunds per hour is large enough to handle adequately the entire milk supply of Bombay for many years to come. At present, the Colony handles about 55 per cent of the total needs of milk of the city and suburbs. The dairy uses the flash pasteurising system whereby milk is heated to 170 degrees with a holding time of 12 to 20 seconds and then immediately cooled down to 40 degrees. By heating the milk to the required temperature and retaining it at that temperature for the required length of time and cooling it down immediately thereafter to the required temperature, not only its life in liquid condition is increased, but the milk is rendered free of all disease-producing organisms such as tubercle bacillus and typhoid and

diphtheria conveying germs. Thus the milk pasteurised at the Government dairy could be drunk with perfect safety from the bottle without further heating.

The pasteurised milk is conveyed to the storage tanks of which there are six with a capacity of 2,000 gallons (250 maunds) each. These are of insulated type and made of stainless steel. Pasteurised milk at low temperature can be kept in them for three or four days, if need be, with negligible rise in temperature or any deterioration in quality. There are special arrangements for the stirring of milk at a slow speed to prevent separation of milk fat.

For distribution of milk, three sizes of bottle, quarter seer, half seer and one seer, have been adopted. These bottles, which were once imported from England are now manufactured in India. They are handled in steel wire crates which, however, still continue to be imported. Attention is being paid to the development of Indian industry to meet this requirement also in the very near future.

There are four bottle washing machines, each with a capacity to wash and sterilise 12,000 bottles per hour, irrespective of size. The washing is done by soaking the bottles in detergents, and spraying them at high pressure with jets of detergents and hot water, both inside and outside. Cleansed bottles travel on conveyors to the filling section.

There are 8 bottle filling machines, each capable of filling 70 to 100 bottles per minute according to size. They are vacuum, operated and fill exactly to the required capacity. In the process, broken or chipped bottles are automatically eliminated. These machines also make caps out of aluminium strip and seal them on to the bottles. They are then conveyed to the cold storage section where they are kept at as low a temperature as possible, till they are taken out of the dairy for distribution.

For those who cannot afford whole milk, the Colony also prepares toned milk which is sold at 8 annas per seer. Out of the total daily supply of 3,200 maunds of milk, 800

maunds, i.e., a quarter, is distributed as toned milk. It consists of 100 parts pure milk, 100 parts water and 10 parts imported skimmed milk powder in which the Government holds the monopoly. In other words, the toned milk contains 3½ per cent fat and 9 per cent solids-not-fat, against 7 per cent fat and 9 per cent solids-not-fat in pure buffalo milk.

Before the milk passes through the plant, samples are taken to examine it for smell, appearance and visible dirt, etc., and only those cans that satisfy the rigid test are accepted. Payment to the owners is made according to the quality delivered. For the purpose of bacteriological analysis a fully equipped laboratory is also located at the dairy itself.

Improvement of the herds is carried out through careful breeding and rearing of calves by the Colony veterinary service. Calves are purchased from owners by the Colony, reared to maturity and then sold back to the owners at a reasonable price. More than 60 acres of the land in the Colony (total area of the Colony is about 3,500 acres) have been brought under fodder cultivation for the use of the cattle.

Each morning and afternoon a fleet of specially insulated giant trucks loaded with bottled milk in steel crates, roar out of the Colony and head for the city's 700 distribution centres. About 75 trucks are pressed into service for distribution in the morning and 35 in the afternoon. No home receives its morning supply of milk later than six and its afternoon supply later than three O'clock.

In addition to what is produced, the Aarey Milk Colony also handles the supply of milk from Anand, at a distance of 226 miles from Bombay. About 800 maunds of milk are received from there per day throughout the year and, after pasteurisation at the Colony, the milk is brought to Bombay and sent to the distribution centres. The Government has an ambitious programme to improve and regularise the supply of milk from the Anand area and if it succeeds in its ambition there

is a likelihood of a reduction in the price of milk in the city.

The scheme employs a large number of part-time workers, as centre managers and for two hours' work they are paid Rs. 30 per month. To assist college students, they are given preference in employment as centre managers.

The name, Aarey, conjures up visions of plentiful supply of milk and the Colony stands out as an example of splendid enterprise to prove what imagination and deter-

mination can do in the form of public service. It has rightly earned rich encomiums from many diary and agricultural experts of international repute. After seeing the success achieved in Bombay, many countries are now anxious to study the project with a view to copying it in their countries and the Government of Ceylon, for example, recently invited the able and energetic Milk Commissioner of Bombay, Mr. D. N. Khurody, to advise and guide them in the matter.

Some Infant Prodigies

BY SUBHASH J. RELE

EVERY generation produces infant prodigies who stagger the world by their brilliance. It has been computed that of every thousand children born about fifty may be termed as bright, twentyfive are really brilliant and only one is a prodigy. But all infant prodigies do not mature in later life.

Psychologists and medical men divide prodigies into two main categories. There are the normal prodigies whose later development is a continuation of the 'flying start' they have in life. The second category of prodigies consists of those whose startling early ability does not eventually mature.

Under the first category are found profound scholars and men of letters like Lord Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, Goethe, Dean Swift and Dr. Johnson, striking musical geniuses like Mozart and Beethoven and some extraordinary mathematical geniuses.

Dean Swift could read any chapter of the Bible before he was three. Lord Byron began to read all kinds of literature from the age of five. Of John Stuart Mill, it is said that he must have begun to read in his cradle, so wide and extensive was his knowledge of books. He was widely and deeply read in history and classical literature before he was eight, at which age he was educating the younger members of his family. By the time he was ten, he was familiar with Greek, Latin, Euclid and Algebra and could read

Plato and Demosthenes with ease. At the age of twelve he was reading political economy (Adam Smith and Ricardo). Most of us know of Henry VIII only as a much-married man. But he was a prodigy at the age of ten. He was an accomplished scholar, linguist, musician, athlete before he was eleven. Lord Macaulay wrote a serious history of the universe at the age of seven. When he was only eight he composed a treatise on Christianity with the purpose of converting the heathen natives of Malabar. His mental agility was extraordinary.

Perhaps the finest example of an infant prodigy is Goethe, who at nine years understood German, French, Latin and Greek and had picked up Italian incidentally through overhearing his sister taking Italian lessons. Dr. Johnson could read easily at three and when still toddling, he would dally be handed a prayer book by his mother, shown a passage and told, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She would then go upstairs, but before she could reach the second floor he followed her and repeated the passage distinctly, although he had not read it more than twice over.

The story of Beethoven and Mozart, the world's outstanding musical geniuses, reads like a fairy tale. Beethoven was composing music at the age of five. Mozart performed in public and sent million hearts palpitating in ecstasy when he was five. At the age of six he embarked on a violin, piano and organ tour of Europe. He was indeed a mystery to the men of his generation. In our day Yehudi

Menuhin was playing the violin at the age of three, with his sister at the piano. Sir Landon Ronald could play the piano before he could talk. Handel played the organ and took Germany by storm by the time he was five.

The genius of these prodigies did not desert them in their manhood. They intensified their genius when they grew older. But, there are several examples of men who lost their gifts very early, often before adult age was reached. The outstanding example is that of the lad known as the Infant Roscius who made a terrific sensation as an actor in the eighteenth century. He was born at Shrewsbury in 1791, but was removed to Lisburn in Ulster, while he was still a child. At the age of twelve, he made his first appearance on the stage in Belfast and captured the public imagination. He learnt the whole of the part of Hamlet in three hours. It was indeed the most remarkable feat ever witnessed. At one of his performances in 1804, troops had to be called out to control the crowds that thronged to see him acting at Covent Garden. He was thirteen then. He went from Covent Garden to Drury Lane and earned 25 guineas a night. George III presented him to the Queen and Pitt actually adjourned the House of Commons so that Members of Parliament might be in time to see the Infant Roscius perform. He made an enormous fortune at that tiny age and was idolized by the public. He was wise enough to go to Christ's College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen. At the age of twentyone, he came down from Cambridge and attempted to retake the stage but proved a great flop. He then became a clergyman and lived in comparative obscurity. When he died, he was 83.

When during World War I, the German port of Lubeck came into the news, social historians recalled the case of Christian Heinecker born in 1725 and believed to be the most precocious child on record. He could speak within a few days of his birth as clearly as a child of three, at two

and a half years he could recite the Bible from page to page, speak Latin and French and answer difficult questions on geography and history. Strangely, he predicted his own death which took place at the age of four.

William Sidis was another prominent prodigy. He could declaim from memory the alphabet at six months and write fluently at the age of two. He lectured on the fourth dimension to a group of learned professors when he was eleven and caused a flutter in the world. But his brilliance faded in adulthood and he became a clerk and died unknown at 46. Similarly, a certain Dr. Thomas Young, who could read the Bible at two and learned languages by twos and threes, became a mediocre student at Bart's Hospital in later life.

A few years ago, psychologists of New York gathered in solemn convention. They wished to hear the life stories of twenty young men and women. These young men and women had been tested by the Stanford-Binet test and found to be geniuses at the age of ten. None of the twenty had lived up to the early promise. Though all of them had jobs only a few of them became professionals. All of them were highly disappointed and aggressive against themselves.

Precocity in a child always delights his parents. They behave in a peculiar way towards their offspring. Lord Macaulay, whose vast knowledge must have been the talk of Clapham High Street where he lived seems to have remained unaffected by his ability to read voraciously from the age of three and to learn long poems by heart. His parents pretended that what he knew was what any normal boy of his age might know. Precocity did not harm Macaulay nor did the peculiar attitude of his parents, as is often supposed.

It is not true, as often asserted, that an infant prodigy invariably becomes a success in later life nor is it true that he continues to enjoy the youthful fame earned in childhood.

The things that seemed ridiculous and silly had dawned with a new light. With consideration to none, she plunged herself into the new adventure.

..... Short Story ★

PARVATHI

By K. Ramalakshmi

THE face like a mirror reflects the state of the human mind—so they say. Believing this is sheer innocence and nothing else. Who knows what storms rage in the heart of a quiescent looking face? Who knows how quiet may be the heart of a loquacious man? Yes, who knows? Is there anything to wonder at it? Time was when I too gauged the mental state of human beings from their outward appearance. I knew how wrong I was, only few days ago.

"Why am I feeling like this? What has come over me?" So thinking Parvathi was staring away into nothingness. She stood so absorbed in thought that she didn't notice Kamu's arrival. Kamu quietly caught hold of Parvathi's shoulders and turned her towards herself. Like from out of a stupor, Parvathi asked:

"What, you, here? There must be something up your sleeve, Kamu!"

"Do you think I come for nothing then? Look Paru, brother has come down, you know. The whole house is bursting with activity. Paru, will you come home this evening?" Kamu asked, pleadingly.

"After all a single guest has come, and why this hubbub, pray?"

"Come and you will know. I must be going now. Please do come, Paru. Don't disappoint us." And without waiting for Parvathi's reply Kamu disappeared.

"Yes," Paru thought, "let me go and find out for myself. This Kamu, a whirlwind—a creature heading life with a hectic speed!"

A week had passed. None noticed

the passage of seven days. Only on the seventh day did Parvathi realize and wonder. That night he was going away, Kamu's brother. The realization shocked Parvathi. Was it true he was going away? Yes, how to live after he had gone? The very thought made Parvathi's heart throb with fear—an unknown fear. She felt helpless that day, the last day, in the evening . . .

"Kamu!"

Kamu turned round, her face a mark of interrogation. Even before Parvathi told, Kamu could feel the agitation in her friend's heart. And she smiled.

"Look Paru, Ramamurthi and I will have a game of chess. Will you help brother in his shopping? You know he is leaving to-night?"

As if she needed no reply, Kamu turned to Ramamurthi, Parvathi's husband. "Come Murthi, we will play a game or two before they return." With which he led him away into the hall.

Leaning against the door he stood engrossed in thought. And as if smoking led him to the goal of his life, he was pulling vehemently at the cigarette. Parvathi approached him and said: "Kamu tells me you have got some shopping to do. Are you really going away to-night?" She wanted to tell him so much; she wanted to ask him so many questions. But she was tongue-tied.

THEY walked out; came to the seashore. Shopping (!) to the seashore (?) what a change! Parvathi smiled to herself.

"Parvathi!" he said, almost in an undertone.

She looked at him. What else could she do?

"Please don't go away. If you go away I cannot live in this dull, drab place,"—Parvathi's heart was talking to itself.

"It is already past six. You will go away in no time. I will never see you again." Parvathi covered her face with her hands. Yes, she had no chance of seeing him again. He uncovered her face. She rested her aching head on his shoulder—only for a second. In this one week she knew everything about him, the smell of his scent and the smell of his cigarette . . . they were a part of his being to her. He drew her close to his heart. She felt happy. But her heart was weeping.

"I will cease to live—after your departure." She wanted to tell him; she felt sorry for him, when she suddenly thought that he too must be feeling like her. He would not realize it now. He would realize it only when he got into the train and she was out of his sight. What was the use then? In his company she felt transformed into a new being.

Parvathi never knew what love was. She did not like to know. In fact, she felt it ridiculous to try to find such a thing in real life. Pathetic and tragic love stories she had heard many. She knew that her husband, a leading lawyer of the town, fought for people who had committed murders for the sake of love. She knew too, that novels, dramas, and stories were full of this thing called love. Parvathi in the past had a very poor opinion of love and love affairs. She wondered often at those people who killed themselves and killed others for the sake of love. Parvathi loved her husband. He loved her. But then, she never felt the mounting emotions and stormy passions. She had seen many a bitter parting scene. The endless cryings and restless longings . . . she used to think . . . an unknown game to her, the rules of which she could never hope to understand. She thought so until he came into her life. From then on? What a change! The things that seemed ridiculous and silly had dawned with a new

light. With consideration to none, she plunged herself into the adventure.

"How long will you stay?" She remembered to have asked him on the first day, on the day when Kamu had come and invited her. "At the most one week," he had said quite casually.

FOR one week. So, this new light, this new dawn had come into existence with a death sentence on its head? One week, in a world where there are no human beings, is an eternity. But, a week amongst the crowds of the town, this noise and speed, is a fleeting second: a nothing. The week is out before you realize the hunger to be alone; the week is out before one gets rid of the desire to tell everything at once and to enjoy everything at the same time. And at the end of it all one enjoyed nothing; one said nothing. A stolen kiss, a hasty embrace, a hand touch, the feeling of nearness in a theatre . . . the week is gone. Flashes of unfulfilled desires flitted across her mind only to torture her. How quickly had the week passed away!

"Now, we must be going, it is already eight," he said, lighting a cigarette. She watched his odd set features in the light of the flickering match.

By the time they reached home Kamu had everything ready for her brother. Ramamurthi was still deeply engrossed in his chess.

"Paru, we must see brother off at the station," said Kamu.

Parvathi walked up to her husband. "Why don't you also come with us?" she asked him.

"I will stay here, you both go," said Ramamurthi, still absorbed in his chess.

"All right, you watch the house. Come, Paru," Kamu almost dragged Parvathi out with her.

The railway station. How quickly had they reached it!—Yes, everything ended quickly. Quickly, the train had left. He had left. Everything was over.

"How did you like my brother?" Kamu asked Parvathi on their way back home.

"Quite nice. But Kamu, why did he leave so soon?" Parvathi never wished to say it but her desire to know why made her say it.

"Didn't I tell you in the beginning, Paru? He is always like that . . . everything about him is a hurry, a whirlpool." Kamu laughed at the remembrance of her brother's feverish moments.

"Yes, Kamu, you are right," said Parvathi in a fearfully soft tone.

Even after reaching her own home, Parvathi was restless. The storm that raged in her heart had not completely subsided. When in the dead of the night she opened her eyes and peered into the darkness by her side, Parvathi could see the calm sleeping face of her husband. Why couldn't she be calm like him? Her whole body ached with indefinable pain. Her heart felt like lead inside her. Mechanically she drew her husband's head near to her heart and turned on her side, finally to sleep—if possible.

THIS is the stormy story that took place in the heart of Parvathi, the quiescent looking woman. Kamu will tell you about Parvathi—scorning love and longing, happily killing away the time with a renowned lawyer of a husband and two little children. If you imagine the things that Parvathi's heart longed for even without her knowing, and how her weak heart took the very first opportunity to fulfil those unknown joys, you cannot but suspect the weakness of the human heart.

My friends feel that all human beings are like this and they will only grab the opportunities if they come. To talk like that is unjust. Is it true that they lack opportunities? I can't believe. It is the pressure of the compressing boundaries of this routine life, the monotony of this drab world that make their hearts dry and colourless. What else can they do but take the chance to make their hearts warm up? If I say this my friends feel my views

to be abnormal. But if only they try to think—think deeply and try to see beneath my thoughts! If only they know!

(Rendered from the Original Telugu by the Author)

★

RADHA TO KRISHNA

NEVER, never cease thy teasing—
torture
Of me, wicked player on the flute;
Ever, ever strip me bare in the sea
Of thy mockery absolute;

Tear, tear my veils one by one with
a smile
Or a sneer, a tongue put out;
Ever escape my grasp of thee,
beloved—

Stay, stay away, lover long-sought!

Yet one boon I ask of thee,
inconstant boy:

Let be my heart's treasure of pain;
Never let thought of me annoy thee,
but

My eyes fill again, fill again!

M. P. BHASKARAN

THY WILL BE DONE

IF that's the way you feel, so let it be;

I never wished to be a thorn that pricks

Nor have I ever deemed it fit to be
A darkened shadow recipient of your kicks.

I only wished to be a friend indeed
Giving you naught but happiness and love,

And stay beside you in your hour of need

To help and comfort was all I strove.

Perhaps 'tis fate that willed it otherwise,

And my devotion should be thought as wrong

And something sinful even by the wise.

Oh, let me sing with sorrow in my song,

Or, let me live unloved, uncared, unknown,

If that's the way you wish, I'll never moan.

MAYA

HEMINGWAY: His Life and Works

BY T. V. KUNHI KRISHNAN

FEW authors of our time have used such powerful prose for fiction as Ernest Hemingway. In fact, he was awarded the 1954 Nobel Prize for literature last week for his "forceful, and in modern literary art, style-making mastership, lately demonstrated in *The Old Man and the Sea*."

Fiftysix-year-old Hemingway is the fifth American to win a Nobel award this year. He is also the fifth American in the 53-year-old history of the Nobel Prize for literature to receive this high honour. Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Pearl Buck and William Faulkner had won it before him. The prize awarded by the Swedish Academy of Literature for works with "idealistic vision," carries with it a gold medal and Rs. 1,65,000. It may be recalled here that this coveted prize was once awarded to Rabindranath Tagore for his inspiring *Gitanjali*.

The inspiring theme of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* is the lone three-day fight of a noble old fisherman to haul in an enormous blue marlin fish which, to his despair, is eaten by sharks. He returns to port bearing only the shredded skeleton, mute testimony to the dimensions of the fish and the climatic struggle of the fisherman. It is a simple tale. What distinguishes it is the remarkable clarity and force of expression.

But *The Old Man and the Sea* is more than the story of an old man who catches and loses a great fish; it is multi-faceted symbolism. What Hemingway is defending is the individual (the old man) who braves great odds (sharks) to realize himself as a man, (the catching of the great blue marlin). *The Old Man and the Sea* insists—in story, feeling, mood—on the urgent need for maintaining individual strength in the face of collective fury. It is, in an extended sense, a microcosmic picture of the ideological struggle prevailing today between the partisans of individual liberties and the advocates of a collective norm.



Hemingway

The man of strength and courage, who lives (and dies) for conviction, snatching at the elusive butterfly of self-realization, is a rarity in this age of conformity, restraint and group identification. It remains for a Hemingway to remind us that such a man is a creature of raw beauty, of a breed that is all too scarce and only too necessary.

"A Mirror up to Nature"

The facts of Hemingway's life have profoundly influenced his language and his themes. His life and works have merged into a synthesis; if art does indeed mean "holding a mirror up to nature," it is the nature of Ernest Hemingway that is reflected as art. We will examine how.

His father who practised medicine in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, Illinois, took little Ernest with him on his country visits. When he was two he gave Ernest a fishing rod, and when he was ten, a gun. Most of his stories have something to do with a gun or a fishing rod.

Ernest ran away from home when he was fifteen, but returned to pursue his studies at the Oak Park High School from where he passed the school final examination in 1917 at the age of 19. While at school, aside

from his athletic activities, he edited and contributed to the weekly school magazine.

He did not go to college, but joined the Kansas City newspaper *Star*. That paper's lengthy style-book contains, among other things, the admonition: "Use short sentences. Use short paragraphs. Use vigorous English. Be positive; not negative." These instructions were native to young Hemingway, but he tempered them with the teaching which emphasised the importance of "transitional sentences as against these choppy, bastard, journalese paragraphs."

After a year with the newspaper he began his career with foreign armies. He reached the war as an ambulance driver in Italy for the American Field Service. Later he joined the Italian army as a combatant and saw fighting in trenches. Hemingway's brief, violent experience of the first world war was the personal background for his famous novel, *Farewell to Arms*.

After the war, on his return to the United States, he wrote human-interest stories for the Toronto newspaper, *Star*. Concurrently he did some literary writing, and learned something of bitterness of receiving literary rejection slips. The *Star* sent him to Europe as its roving correspondent. He was then 23; Paris was his headquarters. He covered the fierce struggle between Turkey and Greece and the Geneva Economic Conference in 1922. His reports contained acute comments on European politics.

In Europe he soon began to be convinced that his vocation was literature, not journalism. He wrote to Sherwood Anderson, then absorbed in the "Chicago group" of writers: "This newspaper stuff is gradually ruining me." He said: "The only reason for writing journalism" is to be well paid.

Creative Writer

In Paris, he came into contact with Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. These two were of enormous assistance in making Hemingway known to the reading public and influencing his outlook. Stein once rebuked Hemingway: "There is a great deal

of description in this, and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate." Hemingway did. At the age of 24 he published a collection of short fiction and scenes called *Three Stories and Ten Poems* and *In Our Time*. By then he was firmly formed as a creative writer, a drastic editor and meticulous re-examiner of his own work.

His first successful book was *The Sun Also Rises*, published when he was 28. This novel deals with disillusioned expatriates, and its tone is one of dismal frustration. This was the beginning of a series of Hemingway characters, all of whom "met in bars, comment on how awful life is, take another drink, and still another."

The following year a collection of short stories appeared, entitled *Men Without Women*. But it was only with the publication of *Farewell to Arms* in 1929 that he achieved universal acclaim. In this powerful story idyllic love is contrasted with the horror and disgust of war. Henry, a member of the ambulance corps of the Italian army, meets Catherine, an English nurse. They have a pleasant association. Henry is wounded. Catherine is his nurse and he sees something new and wonderful in their relationship. With the retreat of the army, Henry is bitterly disillusioned. He deserts and escapes to Switzerland to join Catherine. They live a few months of idyllic life awaiting their baby. But both Catherine and the child die. Henry is faced with ultimate personal disaster. A few autobiographical streaks are woven into this story by Hemingway.

From 1928 to 1938 Hemingway lived—for him—a quiet life. He took active interest in fishing, big-game hunting, boxing and other sports. To this day he is an enthusiastic fisherman and proud that a variety fish has been named after him. He has contributed rare specimens to museums.

His vast knowledge of bullfighters and bullfighting is reflected in his novel *Death in the Afternoon*, published in 1932. In 1934 he went to Africa on a hunting expedition

which resulted in the lengthy narrative, titled *Green Hills of Africa*. About the worth of his next novel, *To Have and Have Not*, the critics violently disagreed.

During the Spanish civil war he met Martha Gelhorn, the American novelist and journalist, who is supposed to have been the original of the girl in Hemingway's only full-length play, *The Fifth Column*. After his second wife obtained her divorce, Hemingway and Martha were married.

The Epic

He dedicated to Martha his next novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, published in 1940. The first print run of the title was 75,000 copies. This story about the Spanish civil war, the best known of all Hemingway's books, made a popular film. It is an epic of "courage and compassion, of cruelty and ferocity and of every type of heroism and cowardice." Robert Jordan, the hero, is an American fighting in the International Brigade for the Spanish loyalists. Jordan is a departure from the usual nihilistic heroes of Hemingway. His devotion to principles and idealism are refreshing. This love story expresses, fleetingly at least, a new optimism and sense of joy of living unexpected in Hemingway.

Hemingway is a massively-proportioned man. At 56 he is still robust and virile. Legends about his masculine personality and his toughness have woven around him a strange aura. He is a genuinely courageous man. He never shirks from a risk, a dare, a principle. A few years ago when he emerged from a hotel he found the yard in front in a state of excitement over the savage fighting of two huge dogs. Hemingway went straight at the warring dogs, pulled out one of the dogs, a ferocious Alsatian, and hurled it over a wall.

In a recent adventure he and his wife twice encountered and escaped death in Africa. Flying over the Nile they dodged a flock of giant ibis, which could have smashed their plane, and crash-landed near a herd of elephants. A passenger plane reported the wreck and newspapers all over the world printed the famous writer's obituary. But the Heming-

ways escaped. Soon after, another plane which they took ground-looped on take-off and crashed in flames. They escaped death again. When finally, they reached safety by car, Hemingway jokingly remarked: "Please don't think I am doing anything to sell books."

He has now settled down on a farm near Havana, Cuba, (off the southern coast of the U. S.) where he keeps fifty cats and makes great fishing expeditions in his specially built boat. When pressmen approached him last week at the farm, he said: "I am very pleased and very proud to receive the Nobel Prize." But he indicated that he would be unable to go to Stockholm in December to receive the prize in person from King Gustav of Sweden, because of medical treatment he is still receiving for injuries suffered in the African air crashes.

His Art

As I set to explain, his life and works are inextricably mixed together and literary critics have frequently attacked his life and works. But he has never been bothered by critics. "A writer's job is to tell the truth," said Hemingway. "His standard of fidelity to the truth must be so high that his invention, which comes always and invariably out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be." This remark, set down in 1942, is the essence of twenty years of his experience.

His devotion to truth is fundamental. The primary intent of his writing has been to present to the reader what he has often called "the way it was." The three clear and invariable ingredients of his writing are: the sense of place, the sense of fact and the sense of scene. In his conception of writing a sense of geography is important. These, together with the clarity of language and faithfulness of incidents to life, constitute Hemingway.

One of his more recent books, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, was sharply criticized. The hero of the story, Colonel Cantwell, having survived the battles of the war, expects death from a heart ailment.

Death is the central theme. The book is almost a monologue of the Colonel's reflections as he prepares to die. Hemingway introduces a heroine only to sustain the monologue.

Discussing this book, Donald Adams, a great critic, said that Hemingway's great error was his belief that unless a man has killed, he has not lived. To hold such a belief is "to renounce one's human birthright; it is to surrender all hope of ever creating a better world." To Adams *Across the River and Into the Trees* is "one of the saddest books" he has read, not because he is "moved to compassion by the mixture of love and death in the story, but because a great talent has come, whether for now or forever, to such a dead end." Critics jeered this first novel of a decade as the work of a spent writer.

Hemingway's reply was silence, work and unshaken confidence. In

1952, almost as an answer to the critics, came his *The Old Man and the Sea*. This gentle, short novel (about 25,000 words) won him the 1953 Pulitzer award for fiction. In writing the book, Hemingway dealt with a skill he knows and loves—big game fishing.

Last week he said that he had gone over the manuscript of *The Old Man and the Sea* so many times that "at the end I was exhausted." Four other books completed in the series are locked in a Havana bank vault. They have been revised twice, but will have to be revised many more times, he said.

Hemingway is one of world's most famous writers of fiction; his fame rests almost squarely on the beauty of his language which has the sweetness and freshness of a spring morning. By his tales of horror and heroism, bitterness and bravery, he has etched his name eternally on the edifice of world literature.

olden novels of chivalry where the brave knight slew dragons and rescued beautiful damsels from their ravaging clutches and then the school stories in which the handsome boy scores a century in every match and captures all the prizes for Greek verse, calculus, and modern history. As truly as the heroic knight and the accomplished schoolboy, the modern detective represents a common ideal, the hero to whom is due mankind's irrepressible sense of homage. There are indications that he will no longer be able to retain the affections of the multitude; the bizarre and sinister 'scientist' has already made his appearance and may well become the vicarious hero of tomorrow as he explodes atom bombs and prepares to journey forth to Mars. Meanwhile, it will be idle to deny the detective his honours.

Like other forms of literature, detective fiction has faithfully reflected the spirit of the times. When Poe inaugurated it, it was no more than an intellectual puzzle. "The Purloined Letter" is a germinal story, foreshadowing many of the later developments of the genre. It is significant that the official detective

is already made fun of, while the brilliant amateur carries everything before him. This contrast was brilliantly utilised by Conan Doyle. Inspector Lestrade bullies and blusters while Sherlock Holmes, with Watson at his heel, brings the malefactors to justice. The ever-green Sexton Blake always triumphs at the expense of the uncouth and blundering Inspector Coutts. The Coles have indeed made a brave defence of the official force in Inspector Wilson, while John Dickinson Carr has clearly attempted to make the best of both worlds by depicting his Sir Henry Merrivale as a figure of fun indeed but also as an almost intuitive detective. In the main, however, especially in many 'blunder and thunder' books the official is always worsted to the merriment of the reader.

Though the essence of detective fiction is violence, there have been a few authors, notably Fletcher, who almost contrive to make it as gentle and winsome as a comedy of manners. In their pages murder almost loses its terror, while burglary becomes an amiable proceeding, as with Raffles of Hornung. This development, however, was not of long standing. It departed in England significantly enough when the Kaiser launched upon his war. Detective fiction no longer possessed placidity and equanimity; it soon became morbid and fractious at a time when the world was hurrying to the catastrophe of Hitler's war. A Jane Austen could possibly have no place in this feverish epoch.

Contemporary novels of detection faithfully reflect the fears and tragedies of the atomic age. With Mr. Ellery Queen they wear a dark hue of morbidity and horror. There has become felt the sense of straining after effect, while the contrivance of plot, so necessary an ingredient of detective fiction, has begun to exact its toll. It will probably be true to say that, unless a new genius arises, mere artifice and fractious cleverness must be the reward of the reader, who can no longer expect the purely literary qualities to be discovered in the writings of Conan Doyle, Chesterton and Dorothy Sayers.

It is in these three authors that detective fiction has reached its

apotheosis. It was a great moment when Chesterton decided to convey his moral and metaphysical teachings through the medium of the detective story. Miss Sayers evokes the English countryside, notably the Fens, in her pages ostensibly devoted to the exploits of Lord Peter Wimsey. There are many occasions when the reader may be forgiven for dwelling on nature in preference to the glittering deeds of the noble lord. This was not so with Conan Doyle with whom detection was of great moment. But it may well be that his detective will outlive his detection. This development has been admirably continued by Agatha Christie. For all his vanity it is probably true that M. Hercule Poirot never suffered a defeat. Yet it is his bald head and his 'grey cells' about which he makes such a pother that captivate the attention of the reader. Detective fiction becomes 'human' in these authors. It may be feared whether it will ever be so again, for there are indications that it is on its last legs. It may not be long that just as the knight gave way to the brilliant schoolboy and he in his turn to the detective the latter will have to succumb to that baleful figure, the atomic 'scientist.'

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New Books

YIELD TO THE NIGHT

By Joan Henry

Victor Gollancz Ltd., London

9s 6d net

THE epigraph to the novel, *Yield to the Night*, is self-explanatory; it gives the solemn pronouncement of the Judge who puts on the black cap and concludes a criminal trial: "You shall be taken to the place from whence you came, and thence to a place of lawful execution and there you shall be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and afterwards your body shall be buried in a common grave within the precincts of the prison wherein you were last confined before your execution and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Of all literary forms that of the novel is the most elastic—a convenient hold-all; great has been its achievement, but greater still its experiments conducted on so grand a scale that it is infinite in its variety. In bulk it has assumed the shape of trilogies and tetralogies, down to slender little masterpieces, prose lyrics that take but three hours to read; its theme is tragedy, comedy, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral . . . psychological, psychoanalytical; in between Daniel Defoe and James Joyce what landslides and seachanges!

The theme of *Yield to the Night* is of the introspective kind, and in technique like the diary or the journal; but in fact it is neither, it is the soliloquy of a murderess during the fortnight before her execution. The soliloquy is divided into three parts—to be correct, I must say the novel, for the flashbacks into her

past while obeying a rhythm and impulse of their own have not the orderliness of regulated movements to make the literary device adopted, authentic—and each part is prefaced by an excerpt from the Memorandum on executions prepared by the Home Office, as though the imaginative fiction has been born out of the documentary. Rather odd!

Mary is a very ordinary creature, untouched by the warmth of passion but instinctive as an animal, and in a moment of cold jealousy and grief she shoots the other woman who has taken away her lover and caused him to kill himself. "Jim . . . Jim. Why did you do it? Your life was precious to me. Why

did you take it? For that bitch." Fred was her husband whom she married when she was eighteen; she had no children by him and when he returned from the war he was different—gloomy and bitter, and Mary couldn't stand gloomy people. So she left Fred and her mother always blamed her for that. Fred's idea of being a good husband "was never looking at another woman, going to bed with me on Saturday nights, and taking me to the local for a couple of light ales every other Friday and maybe a movie after. I always thought that would have been a better night for the love-making . . . but he had to work on Saturday mornings and he said it disturbed his time-table . . . I never heard he'd married again. I suppose he must have read about me in the papers. Funny how things



Joan Henry

turn out. If I'd stuck to him none of this would have happened . . . or would it? Is it all in the cards as the fortune-tellers say? Did I have to meet Jim and kill Lucy? If only Jim were here and could come and see me . . . If I saw him I would have to tell him that I killed her. But I won't see him . . ." In this strain run her thoughts while in the death cell; Fred, the simple-hearted man who loves her still visits her there, endeavours to break her dust-and-ashes spirit and bring some sort of solace into the misery of her last doomed days—poor fellow, he's so prayerful and Mary feels and wants to shout out that he is saying and doing just the wrong things. There's nothing that could pierce the numbness of her emotional torpor. And she doesn't want to see pity for herself in another person's eyes. The appeal against her sentence fails . . . the noose and the drop come closer and loom larger, and night and day she is under the close and constant observation of two wardresses at a time, every six hours a pair changing guard. The condemned woman, in her turn, makes as close an observation of them as they of her; of the peculiarities of their person, demeanour and character; and, too, of the governor, the doctor, the prison visitor, old Miss Bligh, and significantly, the chaplain. And the two intensest moments in the story, moments of an almost miraculous illumination occur when the wardress McFarlane touches her hand, says good-bye calling her by her Christian name, the only time she had ever done so and the last—Mary. All reticence breaks down, and a whole world of gentleness is vibrant in that form of address, in that farewell utterance. This is much more to the miserable sinner than the other moment when she realises that the chaplain who prays for her is in greater agony than she is, and who speaks in a faltering voice: "I am a Priest. I am not here to condemn you . . . I want to help you . . . I want to give you the spiritual strength so that tomorrow you can go without

fear into the unknown . . ." And when the sands of her life are quickly running out, in the final seconds when something dreadful is happening to her neck and arms and legs—work of the inexorable noose and drop—she cries out to her dead lover and to God: ". . . dark . . . Loveliest of trees the cherry now . . . Jim . . . Jim, where are you? . . . God . . . God help me . . . to see the cherry hung with . . . Thus till her throat is choked and her voice hushed in the silence of death her thoughts are audible, but her last words which are a quote from A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* are too literary to come out of a mouth closing suddenly on the gallows-tree, and hence rather artificial and inartistic. This apart, the blurbist of *Yield to the Night* is right in describing it as "an almost (italics ours) flawless little masterpiece." Among the great who have given it high praise are Edith Sitwell and Bertrand Russell; it is a work of much beauty and distinction; and in its candour and compassionate understanding of the human heart, guilty of the sin of murder, quite disquieting.

New World Writing:

Fifth Mentor Selection

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A GROUP project, the editorial equipoise of which has been the responsibility of Arabel J. Porter, the first Mentor Selection of *New World Writing* made its appearance in April 1952, presenting an authentic cross-section of contemporary literature and criticism. Five volumes have been published to-date (the earlier four were reviewed in *SWATANTRA*), and this the fifth maintains the high level with which the publication established itself in modern reading the world over. The United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Japan, Brazil, Mexico, Haiti, Spain, Argentina, West Indies, Cuba, Italy, Switzerland, India, Pakistan, France, Philippines, Trinidad, Greece, Aus-

tralia, Denmark, Poland, South Africa—twenty-five countries—had their place in the first four volumes including 174 writers, well-known, known, endeavouring to be known, and altogether unheard of. It was an exciting adventure to meet these who pushed the horizons of thought. Here, in the fifth selection, we have fiction, non-fiction, poetry, drama, criticism—a fine girdle round the globe again; the short-story, 'The Followers,' by the late Dylan Thomas is characteristic of his poetic economy of expression and execution; 'Innovation and Tradition,' an obituary notice, under anonymous authorship, on Thomas which appeared in *The Times* (London) is reprinted; pages from an autobiography—'In and Out of the Hogarth Press'—by John Lehmann, maintains an unflagging reader interest; there is a short story by the Irish writer Sean O'Faolain; the one-time secretary to James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, provides a fragment from his novel 'Molloy'; in 'Family Scene', Anna Maria Ortese, the Italian writer who achieved fame while very young with her novel *Angelici Dolori*, depicts very charmingly the life of Italians and Americans in Italy; American poetry is represented by Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Robinson Jeffers and others; there are four translations from modern Arabic poetry—terse, imagistic. Tom Keogh's (San Francisco born artist now living in Paris) pen and ink drawings, 'Literary Haunts of New York' are a delight to the eye, recalling Aubrey Beardsley. Beside the expensive *Botteghe Oscure*, the international periodical published from Rome, *New World Writing* takes an equally important place.

Economics and the State

By Honor Croome

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THE central problem facing humanity to-day is that of resources. With the era of colonialism

on the wane, and with a system of economics which has been responsible for untold sufferings and caused two costly wars within half a century on the decline, mankind naturally has to take stock of the situation. Upon the decisions we now take depends the future. Vacillation might result in the total annihilation of the human race.

Capitalism is not yet dead. But there are those who have been singing its swansong from Marx onwards and there are its valiant knight-errants who refuse to see anything bad about it. Hence a book which professes to define the relation between economics and the State will surely draw the attention of the reader and in the measure in which it clarifies the issues it is to be welcomed.

Mrs. Croome attempts to put "economics and economic policies in perspective." She starts with a definition of economics which can be found in any undergraduate textbook on the subject and then proceeds to an analysis of the virtues of capitalism. Though she is careful to point out that there never has been a pure market economy, the roseate hues in which she paints the *laissez-faire* system gives a false picture of the whole situation. It is difficult to agree with her when she holds that the system is a self regulating mechanism in which the consumer gets the best of everything and rules the roost—"... the consumer is king." Imperfect competition, trade cycles, monopolies are all conveniently glossed over and to talk of supply and demand when scarcities are artificially generated would, one is afraid, only result in confusing the unwary reader. The caricature she draws of a planned economy may be true of an extreme totalitarian system but the conduct of a welfare state requires a certain minimum of planning if waste has to be avoided. Surely one need not be a dialectical materialist believing in the inevitable unfolding of history towards the withering away of the state to maintain that there are very serious defects in capitalism and that the goodly apple may be rotten at the core.

D. P. ROY CHOWDHURY: INDIA'S LEADING SCULPTOR

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

I WAS present at the Russian artists' concert on the last day of their programme in Delhi a few months back, and, commenting upon the lack of discrimination of the audience who applauded wildly at an acrobatic performance and interrupted with milder applause the last scene from the ballet, "Swan Lake" I told my companion, a Japanese artist, that those who painted Ajanta and built and carved Konarak could not be the ancestors of these people.

When we think of the mighty sculptures of Konarak or the fresco paintings of Ajanta we are shocked into awareness of the wide gulf which exists between India's past achievements and her artistic record today. The sculptors of Konarak, and the painters of Ajanta approached their subjects like Titans and completed their creations like jewelers. Detail was there but detail was merely a minute part of the composition. The composition was conceived on a scale to arouse the envy of the planners of the Pyramids and finished with the artistry of a Cellini, that Florentine sculptor who was a pupil of Michaelangelo.

What has happened to the artistic standards and values of India? Can it be all put down to foreign rule and lack of patronage? Those of us who are yet inspired by the heritage of Indian art and disappointed by the contemporary output have had to hang our heads in shame and have despaired of finding a contemporary Indian sculptor or painter worthy of the mantle of his ancestors.

Ranks with World's Highest

But this sense of despair has been somewhat diminished by the fact that there is in India today one sculptor who ranks with the world's highest. Even then we have not been able to shake off completely that sense of despondency because he has had to wait long to find full opportunity and scope for his genius. The sculptor I mean is Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury.

But at last there is some little reason for shedding our gloom. UNESCO invited him to preside over and direct the first Asian Seminar on Arts, Crafts and General Culture held in Tokyo during September-October this year (1954). Following the honour conferred upon him by UNESCO the Government of India



"When winter comes"

elected him as the first Chairman of the Lalit Kala Akademi—Academy of Art.

At the same time the Government of Bihar has in a sense made history by commissioning him to carve the Martyrs' Memorial commemorating the martyrs of the 1942 Independence struggle, the police shooting down of nine students during the demonstrations outside the Patna Secretariat. He has been left to decide the nature of the composition and in this the Bihar State has acted wisely. His fee will be about two hundred thousand rupees which when compared with fees for similar commissions in Europe and America is modest. It is not the fee we are interested in but the fact that the Government of Bihar has ventured to commission an Indian to carve such a statuary group, fully confident in their choice. Until recently such commissions went to mediocre European artists.

Civic Pride Through Art

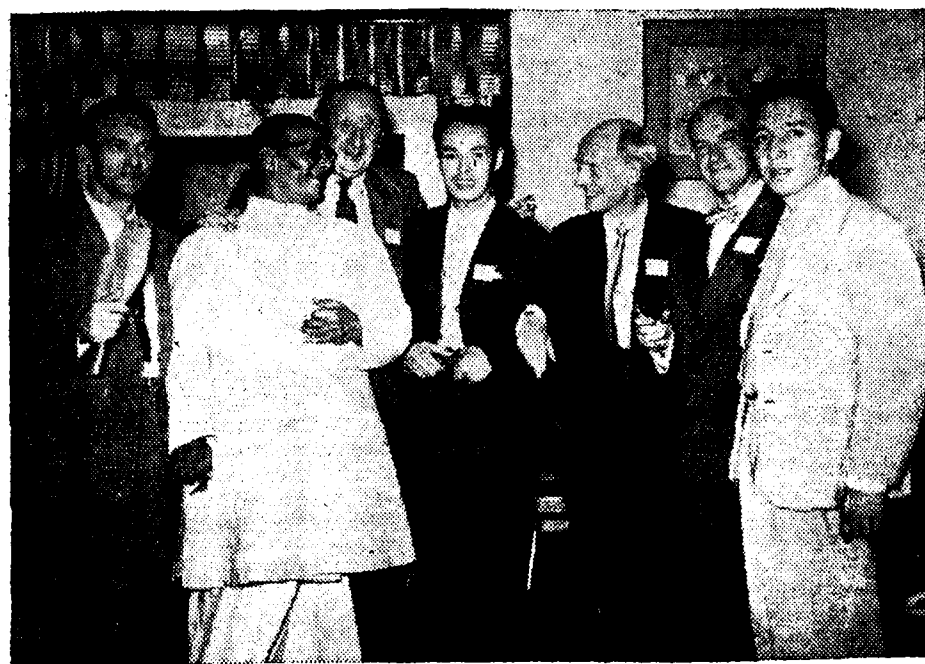
Government and civic patronage of art in contemporary India is woefully lacking. This can partly be explained by the fact that there are not many front-rank sculptors and painters. But at the same time Government and civic patronage is the only means of discovering talent. The Government of Bihar is, therefore, to be congratulated. Indian art has fallen upon bad times and if it is to be revived to its former vigour the Government and civic bodies must spend wisely and generously in encouraging Indian artists and sculptors and at the same time in commissioning writers of proved worth to write on Ajanta, Konarak, Kajuraho and similar subjects.

I am more concerned with sculpture not only because civic pride and sentiment can be best expressed through sculpture but because India's claim to recognition in the world of art lies mainly in its unrivalled



Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury addressing the first Asian Seminar on Arts, Crafts and General Culture held in Tokyo

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Sri Chowdhury with some of the delegates to the first Asian Seminar on Arts, Crafts and General Culture held at Tokyo

sculpture, the sculpture at Konarak, at Kajuraho, and such sculpture as has been salvaged from the many Buddhist centres after the vandal had done his worst.

Social Influence of Art

In ancient times both in Europe and Asia sculpture helped to instil into men and women a reverence for the ideal and at the same time a love of beauty as expressed in the human form. From all contemporary accounts, and after we have made allowances for exaggeration, the Buddha's was a noble, dignified, well-proportioned figure. And the idealised figure of the Buddha which the sculptors of India and the rest of Asia have conceived evoke in us the highest feelings which would not be possible were the figure grotesque and frightening.

Similarly in ancient Greece they paid the greatest attention to the ideal of human beauty because they were convinced that a beautiful form must necessarily embody a gentle, noble, soul. They went to extremes, perhaps, by giving no place in society to the ugly, the coarse, and the de-

formed, but their motives were inspired by the highest standards of art. Lessing, the German critic, wrote in his famous work *Laocoon*:

"As men produced beautiful statues, so the latter in their turn reacted upon the former, and the State became indebted to beautiful statues for beautiful men. With us, however, the delicate power of imagination on the part of the mothers seems to show itself only in the production of monsters."

He was writing of late eighteenth-century Germany. Can the fact that the number of monsters has since increased be attributed to the increasing number of monstrosities that pass for sculpture and painting in the world today? We in India are not entirely blameless. If our guilt is less it is unintentional. We have had few sculptors and painters who have had the daring even to create monstrosities.

For one thing a foreign Government lent its patronage to its own sculptors, and the result was a number of bronze statues, mostly equestrian, which cost India's exchequer a lot of money and which punctuate

India's landscape with their massive immobility. But since the release from foreign rule a number of mediocre artists have been dotting the land with hideous plaster of paris and cement statues of Mahatma Gandhi. What a crime to imprison so noble a soul in moulds so ugly! Such works cannot inspire rising artists, much less can they help our women to bring forth "Gandhian" children. Mediocre art is at all times anti-social.

Chowdhury's Fidelity to Ideals

In this sterile waste there is the solitary figure of Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, now fifty-four years old, who has upheld the highest ideals of art by creating a number of sculptures which invite comparison with those of Rodin, whom by the way, Roy Chowdhury acknowledges as his spiritual guru, though his own was the Bengali sculptor, Hiren Moy Roy Chowdhury. He first studied under Abanindranath Tagore, then worked independently painting in oils direct from life, then apprenticed himself to an Italian sculptor in Calcutta, and finally went back to Abanindranath Tagore whose favourite pupil he became.

For more than two decades as the Principal of the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Madras, he has inspired countless students and won a large circle of admirers. Though he works in oils and water-colours he is essentially a sculptor, and a number of his works was exhibited during the inauguration of the National Gallery of Modern Art in March. Among them was his most admired statuary, "Triumph of Labour," "When Winter Comes" and "Rhythm." His sculpture breathes. Movement is the essence of his figures whether they be still or whether they suggest motion. In looking at his work one recalls Rodin, Mestrovic and Brancusi.

He has done all this work, the labour of many years, while carrying out exacting administrative duties as head of a school. It is time that one of his genius was given greater opportunity for the untrammelled use of his talents. His ambition is to create works of art that will endure for a thousand years at least so that future excavators

will dig up something representative of contemporary India. He has no desire to found a school as such. He says: "A mother cannot by her example show another mother how to love her child. My work must inspire others." Of the mediocre artists who have come to the fore through ill-judged commissions he says: "They do not know the meaning or object of sculpture."

He is equally scornful of so-called modern Indian folk-art. He claims that genuine Indian folk-art "just happened. It was accidental." He condemns the self-conscious, sophisticated art now in vogue as "a grand deception." He admits that such art has its place, that according to Western composition "the filling up of space with proper accessories to enhance the value of the main subject of a well-balanced composition, where one pigment finds its place congenial with its neighbour is an accepted technique," but in his opinion is not folk art.

In appearance he is formidable for he is a great hunter of tigers and equally well-known as a wrestler. In discussing art he is forthright and controversial. But put a chisel and mallet into Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury's hand and he creates enduring work which will earn for India a high place in the world of contemporary art.



A stranger, dashing into a house in answer to a woman's screams found a frightened mother who explained that her young son had swallowed a quarter. The stranger grabbed the child by the feet, shook him vigorously until the coin fell from the boy's mouth. "Doctor," the woman gasped with relief, "it certainly was lucky you happened by. You knew just how to get it out of him."

"I'm not a doctor, madam," the stranger exclaimed. "I'm a deputy collector of internal revenue."
—*The Reader's Digest*

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

MOST of the members of the film delegation which went to Soviet Russia returned last week just in time to celebrate Diwali at home. Abbas and Khanna are still in Moscow; Abbas has apparently stayed back to attend the Writers' Conference which will be held on 10th November and for which other writers are going from India this week. Khanna is having a general check-up for his health and has got himself admitted in a nursing home.

The film delegates are all praise for the Soviet people. They seem to have been overwhelmed by the hospitality with which they were received. They have been staggered by the fact that as many as eight hundred prints of their pictures were being shown in a foreign country. It was indeed a matter of pride that for the first time so many foreigners were seeing Indian films. The sincerity and spirit of co-operation and the keen interest shown by the people about India and Indian films have naturally brought a sense of triumph and joy to the delegates.

They have been also struck by the Russian people who, contrary to what they had read, turned out to be very jovial and intensely human; they have been impressed by the chubby children. Even the most sober and reserved amongst them had no hesitation to dance and sing in public; that itself signifies the real effect of this visit.

Personality of the week

Miss Mary Field, the executive Director of the Children's Film Foundation Ltd. visited Bombay last week. Considered to be an authority on children's films in which she has been specializing for the last ten years, she gave talks and demonstrations of children's films which she had brought with her, to select audiences.

The producers of feature films and documentaries, writers, directors and educationists all met her, heard her speeches and watched the films.

Miss Mary Field explained that the Children's Film Foundation Ltd. was formed by the film industry in Britain as it felt the necessity of providing good films for children. The chief person behind this movement was J. Arthur Rank. Miss Field who is associated with films since 1926 joined the Rank organisation a decade ago. The Foundation has produced so far only 14 films and it catered to an audience of children mainly between the ages 7 and 12.

Children want good films—good healthy entertainment. These films were not meant to be educational or instructional; the object of these films—which were free from violence, brutality and sex—was to give the children worthwhile entertainment so that they could be trained to become intelligent picturegoers. The technique adopted in telling the stories had to be simple; the children were so excited that a film had to be short—its duration should not exceed an hour. She made it clear that children prefer modern themes to classics and parables and straight stories. So far, they had produced only one musical.

Repeatedly she was asked whether the children were consulted and their reaction found; and repeatedly she said no. The children were just observed and their reactions recorded by way of pictures and sound. It was not her job to get 'psychological' reactions. She said that if the producer knew in advance what exactly the audience wants, all producers would be minting millions.

The children's films brought no profits and yet the whole film industry in Britain was backing their production as it felt it was a good investment to train the juvenile audience and also absolve itself of the accusation that cinema causes juvenile delinquency.

The children's films should be very much like the adult films in presentation; for children accustomed to see the regular features would not like a sudden change and they should be gradually changed. She laid more

emphasis on adventure films rather than on mythologicals. She said that at least the European classics and folk tales were quite shocking and could not be produced for children.

The films which she demonstrated were all adventure films. And after seeing them one felt that had the committee which was appointed to select the children's film for the Prime Minister's award seen these pictures, their concept of children's films would have been changed; and apart from *Khelaghar* they would have found other pictures as well of interest to children. Why, in a way *Shyamchi Aai* itself would have been eligible for the Prime Minister's award.

Thanks to the informative talks of Miss Mary Field, our producers and our Government will have a better idea about children's films. But what constitutes a really good children's film can be found out only through experimental measures by producing certain films of apparent child interest and showing them to children. With the Government of India ready to finance such ventures, we will be able to evolve our own standard of children's films in the very near future.

Picture of the week

Debaki Bose who was awarded the certificate of merit by the President for making *Bhagwan Shree Krishna Chaitanya* has presented the Hindi version of his popular picture *Kavi* this week.

Considering the fact that it was not produced by him and that it was completed within a record period of five months inspite of his indifferent health, Debaki Bose has done a commendable job. The picture distinctly bears the stamp of his philosophy and attitude to life. Under his influence, the lyrics of Rajendra Krishna seem to have been completely transformed and the music of C. Ramchandra completely sobered down.

For music and poetry are the integral parts of the picture as they should be in any picture made by Debaki Bose, especially so since the picture deals with a poet's life. It has to be said to the credit of both Rajendra Krishna and C. Ram-

chandra that they have moulded their work in consonance with the spirit of the story and both the poetry and music are in tune with the picture itself.

The story of *Kavi* revolves round a wayside railway station and a porter who composes poetry. He receives inspiration from a milkmaid who every morning comes to him with a pot of milk, but he cannot dream of marrying the girl as she belongs to a different caste and as her father before his death had promised to marry her to another man. At the same time the poet has to fight to get social recognition for his work as well.

A further complication arises in his life when a touring group of dancers arrive in the town and the principal dancer gets involved with him. To get away from his beloved and the embarrassing position that might arise, he leaves the town and joins the dancers' group only to face another problem of writing lyrics which would meet the demand of the audience. The dancer's love for him makes his task more difficult.

These various conflicts in the poet's life arising out of his poetry and its different reactions not only provide engrossing drama but reveal Debaki Bose's mastery in handling a difficult subject with subtlety and psychological insight. His direction is further helped by good performances by Bharat Bhushan as the poet, Om Prakash as the friend, Nalini Jaywant as his beloved and Geeta Bali as the dancer. Geeta Bali however tops and gives a memorable performance.

His only fault is that the tempo is too slow and he could not resist the temptation of long-winded dialogues and unnecessary comic interludes. Then though his characters are real there is an atmosphere of artificiality pervading the whole picture. It is a pity that all shots of railway station and railway lines have been taken indoors. With the outdoor sequences shot really outdoors, the picture would have gained considerably in its pictorial beauty. Then, the production values are very poor. In spite of all these shortcomings *Kavi* is a picture worthy of Debaki Bose's own past tradition.

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.

Physics Exhibition

Sir,—Santha Rungachari's account of the Physics Exhibition reminded me of a story prevalent among the Tamil-speaking public. It refers to a man who fell asleep during a discourse on the Ramayana without realising that another sleepy man was leaning on him. On someone's asking about the discourse, he, vaguely remembering a weight upon himself, commented that the Ramayana was a bit too heavy! Well, your contributor has done the same thing. If there was a thing she did not do inside the college building, it was paying attention to the exhibits. It was only natural for her to reminisce on her entry into her alma mater, and, further, imagination is a *sine qua non* for a journalist. But by imagination is not meant such riotous and capricious dealing of facts as we have seen in the account.

One of her complaints (?) is that there are things like the steam engine always finding place in the exhibition. Apart from the plausible fact that she probably missed some of the interesting items, I would like to say this: You cannot leave the fundamental things and fly to the applications alone. If you want to understand how the flame casts a shadow, you have to know the function of a convex lens. Your contributor must have been drowned in her imagination, otherwise how could she have missed the unforgettable items like the radio-controlled mechanisms and the new optical effect (which fooled 99 per cent of the people). Probably she entered the exhibition with the feeling that there would not be anything new and accordingly she must have seen the old things which still retain their fascination for the unsophisticated. How atomic energy came to mean only the atom bomb passes one's comprehension. In all possibility, she expected to be shown an atom and to be asked to remove an electron therefrom!

And what to say of the inexactness of the record? The Powell statue comes nowhere between the entrance and the exit of the exhibition. God knows how Burton Powell became Baden Powell.

Also the metamorphosis of the Common Room into the Tamil department is no concern of the exhibition and this has been unnecessarily dragged into light.

The purpose of the exhibition was to institute a scholarship in the name of a learned professor and also to educate the public. The money can be got by other means than an exhibition. Your contributor is ignorant of the fact that students and lecturers alike toiled hard for many days to make the exhibition a success.

Criticism to a moderate extent is legitimate but not an absolute running down of such enterprises. Possibly some of the students may become disillusioned later on in life; but their enthusiasm and zeal need not be curbed now by cynical sneering. And the sentence "Just wonderful" at the end comes as an anticlimax.

K. SRINIVASARAGHAVAN

The Tree That Is Different

I got up and walked down the corridor. A neat gravelled path flanked by straight young mango trees led to the Botany Department. The mango trees couldn't be more than eleven years old. Perhaps eleven years later, my son would be bringing down young, sour mangoes with well-aimed sharp stones during the luncheon break.

Please pardon my manners—I was a schoolmaster for years.

I was interested in this passage because I am interested in mango trees, young and old. Rarely does a young mango have an upright habit, especially on the coast.

I am afraid that even if one practises hard and develops a certain skill in the art, the trees you mention will yield no green mangoes to one's accomplishment—not even eleven years later. They are Polyalthias, the tree miscalled 'Asoka' and properly termed 'Nettulingam' in Tamil.

They do have long leaves like mangoes, but with sharper tips and more wavy edges. My apologies again for the disillusionment, but I thought you might, perhaps, prefer it early.

M. KRISHNAN

(Thank you, Mr. Krishnan. I stand corrected.—S. R.)

Pudukkottai Before Merger

Sir,—Lamenting the present state of affairs in Pudukkottai and contrasting it with the so-called glory of the pre-merger days, seems to be a favourite pastime with certain people. Only

recently two eminent figures in the public life of Pudukkottai, issued lengthy statements drawing pointed attention to the decay which they claim has set in and expressing the pious hope that the Government of Madras would take effective steps to make the former State capital the headquarters of a district. A former resident of Pudukkottai myself, I share their desire to see it being made the headquarters of a district—an honour for which it is well fitted—but in overemphasising the so-called pre-merger importance and prosperity of Pudukkottai, it is a pity that even responsible people should allow sentiment to get the better of their judgment.

The trade boom and prosperity that prevailed in Pudukkottai from the early days of the last World War till its merger with Madras were in truth all phoney. The capital of a princely State free from income tax, it offered to tax-dodgers certain facilities which the areas around naturally could not. Consequently, people out to make quick money and consolidate ill-gotten gains under facilities offered by the outbreak of the World War, flocked into Pudukkottai and a trade boom of an unimaginable magnitude resulted. The highlight of the boom was the opening of textile mills by capitalist interests in virtually desert areas. The cost of living rocketed sky-high. The deposit ledgers of the banks became swollen with tainted money, and housing became an acute problem. Bribery and corruption were rampant.

The inevitable merger, delayed for a time by anti-national forces, naturally curbed the lucrative malpractices of these undesirable, greedy and reactionary forces and the so-called prosperity of Pudukkottai vanished into thin air even more quickly than it had appeared. To

those who had been on the spot at the time of the merger, it was an open secret that certain scheming capitalists made frantic but happily fruitless efforts to invalidate the merger through their chosen henchmen. It is an interesting revelation that overnight branches of certain banks were opened in haste in Travancore State which at that time had not signed the instrument of accession with the States Ministry to transfer several crores of deposits made in Pudukkottai.

If Pudukkottai today is shorn of much of its pre-merger glory it is due to the undeniable truth that its short-lived prosperity was built on an artificial structure that failed to stand the test of time and events.

It is to be hoped that the Government of Madras would spare no pains to facilitate the growth of Pudukkottai and rebuild and remould it on firm and healthy lines.

R. M. MANICKAM

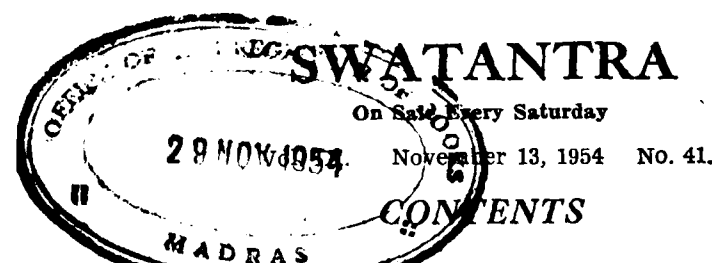
Mahipalanpatti

Democrat To His Finger Tips

Sir,—The recent circular sent by Sri Nehru is testimony to his broad-minded statesmanship as well as a warning to our countrymen. It shows that Sri Nehru is a democrat to his fingertips. He does not like anyone, even himself, dominating the political field as if it were an 'one-man-show' and he rightly believes that the younger generation should be ready to shoulder the responsibility. The circular also shows that Sri Nehru is not a demigod (as some people complacently believe) but a human being and as such cannot be expected to work or rather overwork indefinitely.

K. V. RAMAN

Chingleput



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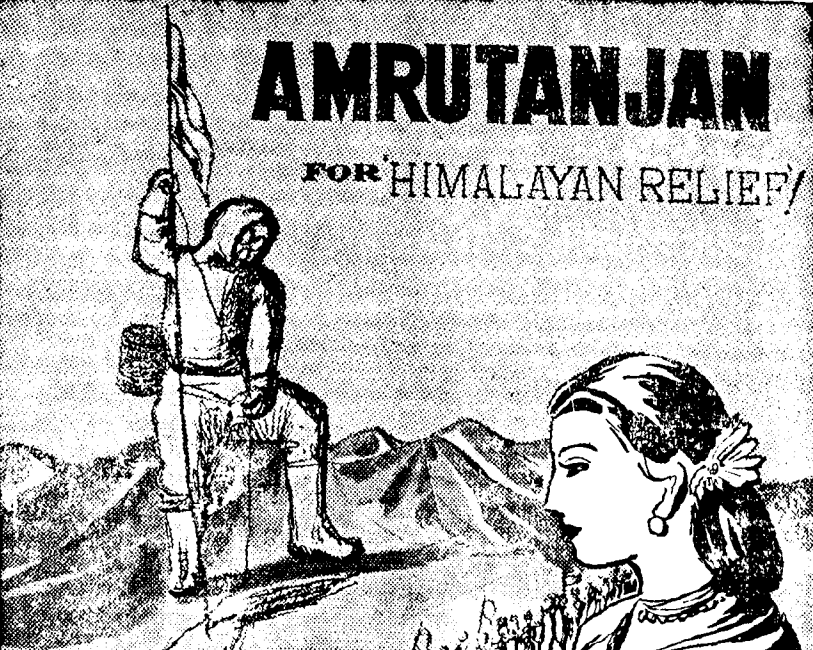
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SWATANTRA

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THE PRIME MINISTER'S DILEMMA

PANDIT NEHRU will be 65 this Sunday. The wear and tear of political activity is excessive in India and it is accentuated by hard climatic conditions. Normally at sixty politicians have to be classed as old and put on the shelf, though instances are not wanting of hoary octogenarians defying nature and decrepitude and clinging tenaciously on to posts of power and influence. The Prime Minister, fortunately, remains fresh and young and shows no signs of age. His capacity for work continues to be prodigious. Part of this, no doubt, may be traced to the effect of a well-regulated life on an inherently robust constitution, but much more is due to the resilience and mental ease inseparable from a dedicated life devoid of selfish acquisitiveness. It is not work that kills but the worries that are inextricably interlinked with a career of excessive concentration on the concerns of the ego. This sort of personal preoccupation Pandit Nehru is entirely free from, and it is an immunity from which he draws his boundless energy, vigour, his freshness, his enormous faculties of recuperation and his undaunted courage in the face of difficulties.

Unfulfilled personal ambitions he has none. His achievements have outdone any desires of a personal kind that the aspiring might cherish. In fame, power, popularity and all the ingredients that constitute distinction he has reached the top peak of human fulfilment and there are no more heights to scale. But

rest and contentment do not seem to be among the blessings that our Prime Minister is able to take and enjoy in his stride. He is of a temperament that is incapable of resting on old laurels. Though as an individual relaxed and carefree, his ambition for national welfare is boundless and insatiable, and however great the progress achieved, he is not content, he is restless for more of it at a quicker pace.

Certain recent trends in the ruling Congress party seem to disturb Pandit Nehru incessantly. For one thing, the Congress leaders do not seem to have any more the touch with the mass of the people which in the days of the Gandhian leadership had contributed so much to the dynamism of the Congress organisation. A natural result of this has been to leave many problems unsolved, notably the problem of unemployment, which determines the worth of Governments and the degree of satisfaction with them reached by the governed. Though huge amounts have been spent on the Five Year Plan, the effect of all the spending has been negligible for stemming the volume of unemployment and the seven years of Congress rule in free India have witnessed a rapid multiplication of educated young men without prospect of absorption in useful occupations. Disheartened and driven to desperation these have been swelling the ranks of anarchical and anti-social malcontents in the country. It is perhaps as futile to blame as to

penalise them, as their condition represents an inevitable operation of cause and effect from which nobody subjected to the same experience can hope to be exempt. Confronted with phenomena of this nature, the Prime Minister has been playing with the idea of retiring even if temporarily from his official responsibilities in order to think out afresh hard and stubborn issues and seek for them more satisfactory solutions.

The Congress Presidentship is easy to get rid of and the Working Committee has met Pandit Nehru's suggestion half way by proposing a successor deemed by it to be suitable. But it has not found it possible to agree to his relinquishment of the Prime Ministership even for a day. Power in India now belongs to Pandit Nehru whether he formally holds the post of Prime Minister or not, and any substitute found to fill it will only receive an empty title without corresponding authority. The arrangement is so unfair that it cannot be thought of as a practica-

ble solution for Pandit Nehru's difficulties.

The simple truth of the matter would seem to be that the old Gandhian inspiration has exhausted itself and it has not been replaced by any new urge in his surviving followers now discharging administrative responsibilities. The administration has therefore become wooden and lifeless and Pandit Nehru finds in the set-up of the regime of which he is the head, not encouragement and exhilaration but disappointment and distress. There is more of compatibility between him and some of the leaders of the opposition parties than between his Congress colleagues and himself. He is also the natural leader of the Socialists in India. The survival of India as a democratic State demands the strengthening of the Socialist Party as the only alternative to replace the Congress if the Communists are not to swamp the country—and none is better fitted to promote this result than the Prime Minister.

Sotto Voce

★

GOSPEL FROM KUNG-TUNG.



MR. NEHRU, fresh from the balmy breezes of far Cathay, made a curious remark. He had been struck by the fact that the four hundred millions of China did not know what was happening in the outside world. The surprising thing is that it should have taken him such a long time to find this out. Soviet Russia, which he saw in the first flush of the October Revolution, should have impressed it upon his mind that those who want to usher in "Social-

ism in our time" can't permit the populace the luxury of standing and staring at what is happening over the way.

Nothing can be more demoralising, from their point of view. Unless you shut up the people in a closed universe you cannot maintain the tempo of fear and of the hatred that is half-brother to fear. Any dictatorship that fails to do this will discover in a very unpleasant way that there

are limits to the tail-twisting that the people, however docile, will stand. It is by persistently representing the "foreign devils" as monsters of iniquity busy piling up hydrogen and cobalt bombs for the destruction of "the People's Republic" that you can frighten the *moujik* or the Chinese peasant into deserting his primordial way of life so that his bosses may make bigger and better bombs.

Mr. Nehru too would like to galvanise us into activity, though of course he prefers the democratic way. So he speaks of the inevitability of change. He conjures up a vaguely sinister picture of the unknown terrors that lie in wait for the stick-in-the-muds. But he does not seem to realise that, however much he may be personally entranced by the vision of a Socialistic society, a people who have means of comparing promise and performance both at home and abroad will not be carried away by rhetoric.

"The means of production should be socially owned and controlled for the benefit of society as a whole"—that is the message of Socialism of which Mr. Nehru is today an impassioned advocate. Almost every word in that brief sentence can be and has been endlessly debated. The old classification of the economic factors into land, labour, capital and enterprise is, the new Socialists will assure you, as extinct as the Dodo. But its ghost is not easily laid. Thus labour, one must suppose, is part of the means of production. How is it to be socially owned and controlled—unless we establish a slave society?

The doctrinaire Socialist will retort that his withers are unwrung. In order to bring about the State's withering away in due course it is essential in the interim to arm it with absolute powers of life and death over the masses. Labour camps must continue to be the vestibule to concentration camps. Men must be moved like cattle—as armies and civilians are moved in a total war—in order to execute the plans laid

up in the dictatorship's bosom. If you wish to preserve the appearance of Democracy you will pretend that mobility of labour can be effected by offering inducements. But in the last resort it is the whip that does it.

And, then, what is "the benefit of society as a whole" and who is to judge? Mr. Nehru speaks admiringly of China's colleges whose alumni step from their portals straight into jobs for which they have been consciously fashioned. So simply is China promoting social welfare and solving unemployment that our Prime Minister would not much mind if the lawyers and the doctors and the engineers were but half-qualified. But if the whole duty of colleges is to prepare candidates for jobs it would be far more economical and safe to abolish them and establish occupational institutes. Colleges might prove positively dangerous by putting ideas into people's heads. And they might once in a while throw up a poet. Unless he strings the party manifesto into rhyme Socialistic planners would hardly regard him as "of benefit to society as a whole."

And the planners who draw the blue-prints, fix targets and lay down priorities, rely on the sovereign authority of the State to enforce their will. But whence did they derive their charter of infallibility? Is it prudent to substitute the judgment or the will of a handful at the top—we shall not stop to enquire how they came to be there—for the multi-faceted knowledge, experience and self-interest, yes self-interest, of the many? Mr. Nehru is contemptuous of acquisitive society. But when it comes to getting things done, it seems to be far more effective than the planning which produces Hirakud follies and jeep scandals. And even while our planners sniff at Americanism, are they not fascinated and enthused by the cut-throat competition, in everything from buttons to bombs, which is causing the world to rush to destruction like the Gadarene swine?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE fall of the Andhra Ministry was brought about in an unexpected manner, with two members of the Congress party and a Praja Socialist follower of Sri Viswanatham tilting the scales by crossing the floor. It is perhaps a thing not to be deplored that this Ministry fell. When the Andhra State was formed over a year ago, Sri Prakasam dominated the scene as a towering giant on whom all hopes were centered. In selecting him as the head of the new Government Pandit Nehru paid Sri Prakasam a compliment unprecedented in the political annals of democratic countries. Andhra's first Chief Minister, when the State was formed, belonged to no political party. Dissociated formally from all parties and member of none, he stood isolated from all voting loyalties, yet he was the leader of the legislature and head of a Government depending for its very existence on the support of a majority of the members of the legislature. It was a travesty of every recognised principle of parliamentary government, but it was expressly designed to confer on Sri Prakasam the status of a national hero elevated to a unique pedestal above all bondage to customary constitutional conventions. The logic of it could be put this way: He was a man of the people, and the people counted as more than the legislature. His choice as Chief Minister symbolised therefore the sovereignty of the people and violated no democratic principle in essence and substance, despite all appearances to the contrary.

An extremely dangerous logic, this, but it passed muster in Sri Prakasam's case only because in popular estimation he stood out as a figure of sacrifice that had broken all normal family ties—he had given to the national struggle for freedom the devotion that ordinary people gave to wife and children, and so he had become a source of inspiration for sturdiness, intrepidity and bravery. Had he maintained that tra-

dition, no combination of forces in the Andhra State could have ousted Sri Prakasam from supremacy—if the legislature had dethroned him, the people would have risen in revolt against the legislature. But just at the moment when he reached the very summit of influence in his career of distinction, Sri Prakasam fell from grace and reversed the gear of behaviour that had helped him to reach it. Just as, earlier, he had ignored domestic interests for the sake of public interests, he now, after becoming Andhra's Chief Minister, started betraying public interests for the sake of domestic ones. The turning point that illustrated this change was the choice of his son, Sri Hanumantha Rao, as Private Secretary. No more objectionable appointment was made in the whole course of the administration in the country in these seven years after the attainment of independence. At one stroke it reduced the whole paraphernalia for selection of administrative personnel and maintenance of discipline in the public service into a fraudulent burden. Its demoralising effect was deadly. The Ministers set about imitating the Chief Minister's example by converting their respective areas of power into zamindaries where public interest was of negligible significance.

In many matters of administration Sri Prakasam became a tool in his son's hands and the son became an eyesore in the Andhra State. The spectacle of this eyesore perhaps irritated so tried a Congress veteran as Sri Sankara Reddi (with a perfectly clean record as Minister) to make a bid for ending the whole disgraceful chapter at the crucial moment. I cannot congratulate Sri Sanjiva Reddi or his fellow Ministers on their pathetic tolerance of the notorious misdemeanours of Sri Prakasam's Secretary-Son, and after swallowing this whole camel the Deputy Chief Minister's pretension of spiritedness in refusing to reinstate a dismissed sub-inspector of

THE WAIT

EVEN the almond tree has flowered, but days, weeks, months, and years have passed, and you have not returned, and there's no news of you wherever you are.

I sit by the hour and mope, and moon and mooch about, till everything I see doubles, trebles, and multiplies beyond number. I sweep your room clean, dust your books,

part the window curtains wide to welcome the sun whose rays search in vain every little nook for wisps of spiderweb or wily moths; your clothes are washed wave-white, folded and pressed and sachets laid among,

divided from your silks, many a one, bordered with peacock hues or shot with thread of gold

like lightning atremble in the summer sky;

your mirror, ever as bright as your mind, hangs on the wall;

your hairbrushes like a pair of placid doves,

and the ivory comb lie on the mantelshelf;

the comb, do you remember, dear, with four of its teeth on the thicker half missing,

for when I was running it through my hair,

you tiptoed stealthily from behind and snatched it off my hand yourself to comb my hair;

your safety razor lies impatient in its plastic case,

active every morn it bemoans its idle fate;

(the unused sword in its scabbard it rusts)—

your watch has stopped; I would my heart it stoppeth too;

this order neat, this museum of your things

so close to you, so much a part of you,

clamour for your touch, cry for disarray.

Will you ever come back to me, my dear?

Even the almond tree has flowered . . .

MANJERI S. ISVARAN



Sri A. Palaniappa Mudaliar, appointed Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Madras State.

police sounds far from convincing. Much worse things have been done in the State to save the Ministry from collapse without the public knowing anything about them.

The infirmities of age are gaining ground even on the stamina of a man of such iron constitution as Sri Prakasam, and his latter-day administrative failings might have been due to their effect on mind and brain. But his period of active exertion may now be reckoned as practically over. Notwithstanding occasional aberrations, he remains the greatest leader of the Andhras in this age and he will have an abiding and secure place in their affections. It will be cruel to subject him any longer to the hardships of electioneering or the exacting strains of administrative responsibilities. Having passed through the turmoil of chaotic clannish incentives promoted by short-sighted individuals in power, Andhra now needs the soothing balm of justice and efficient administration, and it is fortunate that in Governor Trivedi we have one that can be depended upon to provide it with expertness and skill.

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THE ARTISTRY OF STEPHEN SPENDER

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

LISTENING to Stephen Spender speaking is like stepping ashore a new and foreign country, the pattern and construction of his utterances seem so strange. He shapes his thought and offers it to you as if it is a nugget mined out of his mind, so that you at once feel: *This man who looks like a gentle Viking is an unhappy man.* It takes some time to collect your wits and remind yourself: *This is a poet.* And then, all unconsciously you think of Shelley and Milton and Byron. The adjustment of attitude you have to make is so tremendous that the temptation to give up in despair is almost irresistible.

Modern art, modern literature, modern sculpture and painting, we are never ashamed to confess, are incomprehensible to us. We are even secretly convinced that this incapacity to understand such art forms is proof of possession of a high standard of unexceptionable, conservative taste. Give me Shelley any time, we say, or Ravi Varma or even Ajanta paintings or Rembrandt or Shakespeare. The new art doesn't make sense. Well, frankly, I don't suppose it is meant to make sense. In fact, I am not sure it is meant to make anything. Modern poetry, people say, gives the impression of being so inchoate that it almost looks as if the very function and meaning of Art has changed. What really is the function of Art? We talk of the function of Art as if Art has a debt to discharge to us. Art is. Its existence is its complete justification. It is the product and picture of a state of mind expressed in some relation to reality. If it has a message it is the message in your own mind which you read into it. The modern poet is not trying to tell anybody anything because, really, there is nothing to tell. He does not offer an answer or a solution because the question is so

all-pervasive that you cannot touch it at one point and delude yourself you are in contact with the whole. The poet is continually posing to himself the question and what he is able to produce is only an awareness of a possible answer, not the answer itself. There is often a disharmony between the art and the spirit of an age. Tyranny, for instance, often produces great art. But modern art and poetry and literature are the product and consequence of the temper and disposition of modern times—our disillusion, our indecision, our searches for substitutes.

EVERY age has its fears and its hopes. Every age sees its magic fading and its fondly cherished beliefs go overboard. That is why we have Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, Moore's *Utopia*, Huxley's *World*, Swift's *Gulliver* and Lewis Carroll's *Alice*. But the last thirty years seem somehow to have had more than their deserved share of fears. So Orwell felt compelled to write *1984* and Virginia Woolf committed suicide. So many of us feel as if the bottom of our lives has been knocked out, as if, in the words of Graham Greene, *the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity*. Science. War. Money. Power. The awareness of the inequality of men overwhelming the conviction of the Brotherhood of Man. The atom-bomb over Hiroshima did more than set up air currents and obscure the sun and kill a few million people. It laid open and rendered vulnerable to influence and impression a whole area of human consciousness withheld from usage by several man-made restraints. It sharpened the sensitivity of Man, exposed his nerves. It is said that Albert Durer once sent a self-portrait in the nude to his doctor with this inscription: *There, where my finger is pointing, the spot coloured yellow, that's where it hurts.*

All of us, white and yellow and black, pure and hybrid—we are all feeling hurt somewhere. As a poet said:

The new philosophy calls all in doubt.

The element of fire is quite put out;

The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit

Can well direct him where to look for it.

... 'tis all in pieces, all coherence gone.

There is a feeling in the air that in some fearful, inexplicable way this age is possessed of an ominous significance, that it marks the end of something or the beginning of something, we are not sure which.

THIS feeling of an impending cosmic catastrophe which has rendered ineffectual the set of values and rules we have been guiding ourselves by, has also released a perverse strain in artists and poets and novelists. They seem to have become possessed of a mischievous desire to transfer their own uneasiness to the readers, so that the poor readers become burdened with a double weight of discomfort. This explains, I think, the general feeling of uneasiness so many of us have when we look at modern art or read modern poetry. We are never able to lose ourselves in it. We keep meeting ourselves, feeling again the weight of our depressions, having to bear, much to our annoyance, somebody else's burden as well. Unable to offer a clear, white picture to the readers, the artist seems bent upon taking out his frustration on them by offering them a conundrum. Katherine Mansfield wanted to tell the truth as only a liar can tell it. Rebecca West once summed up her attitude to life as *extracting as much fun as possible from smacking behinds in basement kitchens*. Auden will only

sing of human unsuccess in a rapture of distress.

They tear minor and obscure emotions and passions endlessly because all the major incentives to art and

sources of inspiration lie gored by an agency outside of themselves.

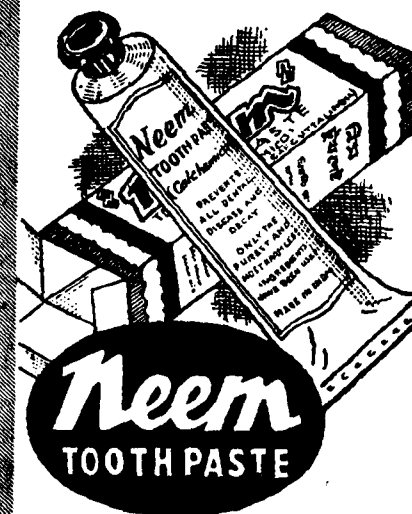
Poets and artists now have certainly blown up the myth that politics and literature and art need have nothing to do with each other. Since the end of the First World War politics has moulded every human predicament. It has besieged and occupied the minds of men everywhere, till it has become part of life, the element with which, whether we like it or no, our happiness and freedom and hopes are bound. In the last thirty years the minds of men have become conditioned to this permeation. And artists have been inevitably seeing their destiny written on the face of violence. Shaw and Wells and a few others like them let the flood-tide of political experimentation and the reformation of moral and sociological values which went with it to flow over their heads and, being irrepressibly vital themselves, emerged encased in sturdy, protective sheaths of pure intellect or absolute imagination. Some other writers went under and took to commercial literature or propaganda. Still others, buffeted and beaten about by the waters were washed ashore, naked and almost dead. Some like Spender receded into worlds within themselves. Their thoughts hammered on the submerged iceberg of the unconscious cracking it open, exposing a virgin, uncorrupted area of emotional perceptiveness. They have learnt to relate this cerebral process to the reality around them which is, as Spender says, a network of railways, money, words, words, words, meals, papers, exchanges, debates, cinema, wireless, in rhythmic terms. Stephen Spender belongs to the Age of Awareness. We may go further. He belongs to the Age of the Awareness of Awareness. World within world. In his search, in his delving deep into areas of pure thought are involved both a destructive and a creative impulse. Mr. J. Krishnamurthy practices a similar approach in the field of religious philosophy. Words, words, words, each like a hammer hitting hard at

the subconscious clearing a little more way for the thought to enter. In Art, after all the experimentation, has come Abstractionism, Individualist exposition, Vital or Pure Sculpture. Modern Art and poetry reflects, nay flaunts, the awareness of the universal human predicament, not the predicament itself.

Stephen Spender often used words like Truth, Fidelity, Symbol, Ideal, Image, Belief in his speeches here. We all use them but it appears as if the area of meaning each word commands stretches wider and deeper for him than for us. Auden, Spender, Cecil Day Lewis may be said to be the Children of Despair. (Labels come easy when we talk of modern poets). From that despair W. H. Auden has created his passionate, satirical, bewildering chunks of verse. The waters of disillusion and desolation have drenched Spender, soaked him, submerged him and thrown him up again on the sands of life with a naked conscience, a raw sensitiveness and a terrible guilt complex. You get the feeling he is always fighting something, resisting something, refusing to surrender. His fidelity to himself is agonising to see or read.

THOUGH the modern poets dip into their inner consciousness for the hard core of their poetry, the material they use to shape it is the outer world—gasworks, slums, factories, machines, standardised milk, standardised clothes, standardised behaviour patterns, which they transform into symbols of their own. This indeed is the reason for the generally-felt incomprehensibility of modern poetry. Though it is basically only a reaffirmation of the same experience, the symbolism is not based on any accepted or well-known traditions. Each poet invents a pattern for himself. To T. S. Eliot the sky appears like a patient etherized upon a table. The meaning is obscure. What the modern poets seem to want to do, in other words, is to concentrate the attention of the reader on the process of thought going on inside their heads. The cerebration

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involved in the creation of the poem predominates over the appeal. It follows then, only those who are capable of exposing large areas of their consciousness to the impact of outside impressions, who can surrender themselves to the thinking of the moment, can qualify to be poets. And since the intensity and area of sensitivity of a mind in pain is greater than that of a mind relaxed and at ease, we are forced to conclude that a modern poet must unconsciously be courting unhappiness most of the time. Such constant and continuous withdrawal into oneself, enclosing of oneself in oneself, makes for loneliness. The modern poet must be a lonely man.

Mark Schorer, critic on the *New York Times Book Review*, once made a distinction between *static* art which merely exists and *kinetic* art which exists in order to demand. Modern poetry then, I think, is *kinetic* art. It demands of the reader too much. It demands all our imagination and our understanding, all our feeling for vision. It is as exhausting to read as it must be to write. Modern English poetry is the biography of a process. The poets of our time, divided from contemporary history by an intellectual gulf of their own making and isolated from it, are still as closely bound to it as, for instance, Man is to Nature.

BUT Stephen Spender has not come to India now on a mission for the popularisation of the secret of understanding or appreciating modern poetry. He is here as the emissary of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Just as, it is said, a man is known by the friends he keeps, an epoch can be deduced by the words and phrases it throws up. We speak of many types of Freedom or Culture, as if they were vitamins or anti-biotics. What is culture? Can culture be defined as the essence of the experience of ages? Perhaps the Congress for Cultural Freedom has an anti-Communist bias to it. I think culture is the capacity for transmutation, the ability to convert the experiences of the senses into a quality of mind. To

work for the universal acquisition of such culture would be to work for peace. For if it becomes possible to convert a state of tension physically backed up by guns, ships, planes and bombs into a *mental* war, a war of ideas, the anger and fear of men can be drawn out through their mouths or through their pens.



AGONY OF INSULT

THREE O' CLOCK yesterday—
how the days have flown!

Three o' clock today—

how the years have flown!

And in this fleeing, ever-fleeing
moment, my dear,

when serpents of the night, of
ancient sin,

dance, and in hooded stance, burn
and hiss,

what do I spy in that Valley of
Darkness?

Giants livid with lusts, goats so gray,
their minds humped like
dromedaries—

and in yon watch-tower on a jasmine
couch

reclines Her Holiness Lady
Mandakini,

crooning a love-song to the rune of
the spheres,

while in a cupboard beneath her
fragrant bed,

lies huddled, all in a heap petrified,
the lass of my dreams!

It's a revelation stands adazzle before
mine eyes,

robed in mystic gossamer, leading
to the crown and glory of nirvana.

But soft!—an apple pair of molten
gold, I see,

chiselled like doves, sit perched on a
bough of blood-red roses,

the nectar of whose petals is a
cauldron of passions—

no wonder, dear, this is a night
bizarre in its bliss!

(Rendered from his Original TELUGU
by P. P. V. Bhadrudu)

THE PATHOLOGY OF COMMUNISM

By M. MADHAVA RAU

KARL MARX preached a relentless violent struggle between the rich and the poor. This is not only against the brotherhood of man preached by religion but opposed to the sentiment of a common family necessary for national cohesion. Once the rich and the poor in a nation look upon themselves as two antagonistic classes the nation splits into two. Where the blood current of a nation's economic life runs a healthy course, a powerful middle class is built up which acts as a buffer between the very rich man and the labouring class. Where the labourer can see examples of his own class who have by hard work and thrift risen into the middle class, and thence into the millionaire class he may be dissuaded from hearkening to the Communist's call for desperate measures. Such a middle class exists in England, America and the Scandinavian countries, where Communism has failed to secure a foothold.

Where the middle class, which enriches itself through commerce and manufactures belongs to a group which ethnically or religiously is separate from the majority of the nation, or sub-nation located in a province of a national state, there is a fertile soil for the bacteria of Communism, economic jealousy being intensified by communal rancour. Karl Marx's gospel did not take root in his own country of Germany, where the merchant and entrepreneur are themselves German. But in Russia where the Jews and the Germans of the Baltic Littoral had a stranglehold over commerce and manufactures, Marxian doctrines spread like wild fire. There are races which will wield the plough and the sword with equal facility, and which can play with skill on the harp, but do not command the qualities necessary for success at the shop counter.

Among such races is the Slavonic—which includes the Russian, the Czech, the Roumanian, the Pole and the Yugoslav peoples. There are ethnic groups, and sometimes whole nations which are Kshatriya in spirit, being adventurous and warlike, while there are other human groups, which are Vaishya by temperament, delighting in accumulating profit by patient work in trade and craft. The former class of nations naturally object to the profits of trade and industry being swept up by alien groups, and the tendency is to deprive them violently of riches already accumulated—thus affording fertile ground for the growth of Communism. Nations like the German and the British in which the Vaisya element is as strong as the Kshatriya element, are proof against Communism.

IF we examine the ring of Communist countries adjoining European Russia, we find that all of them with the exception of Hungary are Slavonic in race. Their thoroughbred nationals have neither the hard-headedness nor the slogging patience necessary for success in the commercial line. The Sudetan Germans and the Silesian Germans who formed the hard core of the commercial and industrial life of Czechoslovakia and Polish-annexed Silesia have left for West Germany. The loss of the Pole and the Czech has been the gain of West Germany. Dismembered, and deprived of her best plants, West Germany has recuperated in a wonderfully short time, partly owing to the knowhow and the enterprise furnished by these refugees, who, living in shacks, have produced the high class machinery, locomotives, etc., which Germany is exporting to all parts of the world. They have left behind Czechs or Bohemians (the very word stands in English for a shiftless adventurer) and Poles who

prefer to draw safe salaries from Government concerns, rather than face the hardships and risks of the private sector, albeit the rich prizes which it offers to the steady and the diligent. As for Hungary, its people are descendants of the nomad cavalry which overran Europe in the Dark Ages, and are temperamentally as averse to commercial pursuits as the Slavs. In Yugoslavia, the country which has shaken itself free from Russian tutelage, we find that while in agriculture Tito has rejected co-operative farming, the private sector plays little or no part in commerce and manufacture because the Serbs are as poor as their brother Slavs in aptitude for commerce. This is how the hinterland of Trieste is occupied by Slavs, while the port of Trieste itself has got an Italian majority. If Yugoslavia were to throw open her commerce and manufactures to private enterprise, it is the Yugoslav citizen of Greek or Italian extraction that will reap the benefit.

THE people of Britain, Germany and Scandinavia—the so called Nordic races—have been as good in commerce and industry as they have been in war. In East Germany, there seems to be in the masses a natural aversion to Communism which was reflected in the extensive rising that occurred there some time ago. If propaganda and Government pressure could make any people Communist, the East Germans must have been cent per cent so long ago. But the uprising referred to shows that it is far from being so. The bacilli of Communism find a favourable breeding place only in a society where the commercial middle class is culturally or otherwise separated from the majority of the nation.

In Asia, China has solved the land problem with confiscation of the holdings of landowners, and execution of recalcitrant landlords by popular courts—in the regular Russian mode. A large number of the bigger landowners were Manchus. Besides we see from Chinese history for the past 1500 years, that there have been several risings of tenants against the landlords.

The Manchus were invited to assist the landlords in one such uprising, and they quartered themselves in China and became rulers. In 1860 occurred the Taiping rebellion, in which rebel leaders brought about land reform in the southern provinces. This was put down with the help of General Gordon and other foreigners. No wonder that when the tenants' party got the upper hand they made a thorough work of it. But has there been an application of the Marxian principles to wealth accumulated in commerce and manufactures? Except concerns owned by undesirable foreigners, or dominated by the Soong brothers, no others have been confiscated, and recently Chou En-lai has issued a declaration that it is not intended to confiscate any concern in the private sector. It is the skill and industry of the indigenous Chinaman that has built up these businesses, and the practical leaders of China know that if they strangle them, they strangle the development of wealth in China.

The two parts of India in which Communism has taken a hold are Kerala and Bengal. The people of both lands (with the exception of the Malabar Moplah) show a remarkable similarity in their conditions. They have shown no aptitude for commerce or for professions requiring manual skill. All classes have taken avidly to a bookish system of education. They have spread far and wide in Government service, and have shown great skill in solving the administrative and even the diplomatic problems of their country. But the Bhadralog, or the white collared middle class of either region has little place in the country's trade or industry—in Kerala this proposition must be confined to the Hindu majority, as the Moplah and the Syrian Christian have obtained a stranglehold over commerce and industry. In Bengal the Moslem shares his Hindu brother's aversion to the counter and to mechanical arts. The Briton and the Marwari are the bosses of economic life in Calcutta. In East Bengal the complaint is that the new mills are owned by outside Muslims.

and that the Muslim of East Pakistan is reduced to a hewer of wood and drawer of water. If a man belonging to your own group accumulates money, he generates envy; if he belongs to an outside group, he will cause a fierce indignation, and a desire to seize wealth, which is regarded as having been usurped by a stranger. Not much outside preaching is needed; the motives for starting the class war preached by Marx lie close to hand, gushing forth as it were, from a natural spring. No wonder Karachi complains that Communism is poisoning the economic life of East Pakistan, and West Bengal has also afforded fertile ground for the spread of Communism.

IN Andhra, Communism seems to have first taken root in Telengana, where Hindu tenants were being squeezed by the jaghirdhars, a large proportion of whom were Muslim. It is not likely that Communism will take such strong root in Andhra, as it has in Kerala. It must be observed here that mercantile classes in Andhra have not developed a charitable tradition as the Natukottai Chettliars have developed in Tamilnad.

Nehru's International Troublemaker

AMERICAN COMMENTS ON
KRISHNA MENON

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y.: V. K. Krishna Menon is receiving more attention than anybody else from the United Nations, from the American press. With one or two exceptions unanimously the comments have been adverse and strangely Mr. Menon seems to be thriving on this. Here is a typical American commentary on him:

He makes his entrance with a flourish that John Barrymore might have envied: the cane wielded with a practiced hand, the eyes hot in his dark, stourline face, the long hair carelessly framing his tall forehead. When he smiles, his teeth flash brilli-

Communism is generally regarded as a system of political philosophy which is a negation of nationalism. Far from realising its ambition of being set on a pedestal higher than the national plane, Communism has in its development proceeded on the lines of racial prejudice and sectional interests. The whole of present day humanity is a laboratory where principles of political philosophy are being examined in the test tubes of dynamic movements and static progress alike. The student of political science must watch every development with an alert albeit detached mind. Arthur Young laid down the memorable dictum: "The magic of property turns sand into gold." Have even morally the most advanced nations risen so far above average human selfishness that this dictum may be disregarded, and all the instruments of production turned over to the State? Far from this being the case, it seems the old schools of political economy which were based on the above principle of Young have been thrown overboard only by those nations whose indigenous nationals could not prosper in the private sector of commerce and industry.

antly white. His long fingered hands move constantly and expressively. His words are precise and British tinged and when he utters them in the great hall of the United Nations' General Assembly, V. K. Krishna Menon, India's chief delegate to the UN, is acutely aware of the effect each one has. As principal spokesman for Pandit Nehru, whose government has become a plague to U. S. foreign policy not only in Asia but everywhere the cold war neats up, Menon has assumed a starring role as troublemaker in international diplomacy. Whether Menon guides Nehru's thinking or is merely, as he has himself said, "Nehru's mouth-piece," the effect is the same.

After the Communist take-over of the Chinese mainland, India was among the first countries to recognize Peking. Ever since, Menon has

agitated steadily for Red China's admission to the UN. He has explained present developments in China as "a logical continuation of earlier revolutions." He has excused Communist police-state methods with glib irrelevance: "Why are we so concerned about forced labour? Under British rule in India there was forced labour." Menon's contributions to the UN effort in Korea include the charge that U. S. Air Force bombing had sabotaged a Menon truce proposal, an astounding accusation in view of the fact that the U. S. had already accepted the proposal while Russia had already rejected it. Asked about Communist allegations of Allied atrocities toward prisoners of war, Menon blandly said that it was "not for me to deny" the charges. His seeming fixation with the bogey of "Western imperialism" 19th century style, and his seeming blindness toward Communist imperialism, 20th century style, was revealed in his oversimplified version of the objective of the Geneva conference last spring. Completely ignoring the prospect of more than 12 million people falling under Red despotism, he said, "The whole purpose is to see the end of

imperialism, that is to say, to get the French out of Indochina . . ."

When the conference showed signs of breaking down, Menon himself dashed to Switzerland to play a role that baffled correspondents, and irritated many diplomats, including some from India. On arrival he announced, "I am only an old fool, here just as bystander; of course, if people want to consult me, that will be very nice." Without waiting for anyone to consult him, he bustled about and was soon obtaining audiences with Anthony Eden, Walter Bedell Smith, Molotov, Chou En-lai and Mendes-France.

No one, including Menon, has ever clearly summed up his contribution to the cease-fire in Indochina. Because it is immensely profitable for the Communists to encourage Menon and Nehru in their self-chosen roles as world moderators and peace-makers, they paid Menon every deference at Geneva and were careful to build up his notion that he was getting new concessions out of them. The Communists make no bones about Menon's usefulness to them as a troublemaker. In his eagerness to bring Menon home Nehru proposed to his cabinet a few months ago that Menon take over the post of Foreign Minister which Nehru at present holds along with the Prime Ministry. Three Cabinet Ministers instantly threatened to resign. Nehru backed down but last week, on the eve of his visit to China, he trotted out his oft-repeated threat to resign. American observers believe he was resorting to this threat in order to have his way on a couple of matters. The first involved economics, for Nehru wants to turn India more to Socialism. The second involved Menon, whom Nehru once again proposed for Foreign Minister. These observers, realizing that the powerful, stubborn Nehru will probably get what he wants in the long run, still see wry justice in the fact that Nehru's international troublemaker should be making such trouble for Nehru at home.—P. G. Krishnayya's *Service*

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Dr. (Mrs.) WELTHY H. FISHER

Dr. (Mrs.) Fisher is the wife of the late Dr. Fisher, famous Bishop of Calcutta. Both knew Tagore, C. F. Andrews and Gandhiji well. Both of them have rendered great service to India—he will be remembered for his social service work in Calcutta, while she has started a big literary training centre in Allahabad to train teachers to wipe out illiteracy from rural India. In this article Mrs. Fisher gives her impressions of Nehru the man and not the politician, whose birthday will be celebrated all over India on 14th November.

THE time was 1939. The place was that poor little ragged village of Sevagram—the seat of the greatest power in India, and rapidly becoming known as the capital of India. Grim poverty stalked the environs of the village—that is why Gandhi chose it. But grimmer still was the determination of the followers of the great little man whose seat it was.

War clouds hung heavy over all the world ready to burst with fury. In the Asian world China and Japan had been at war two long years. Over two years previously Japan had brazenly crossed the Marco Polo bridge in Peking, and now two years later she had pushed the government way back to Chungking and was straddling two thirds of all China.

I sat with Gandhi in his tiny hut. He sat as always on the floor leaning against the board covered with a white khaddar cloth. He had a pencil in his hand and a bit of paper. Raj Kumari was there and Pyarey-lal. Usually there was a twinkle in his eye, but this last threat to India suppressed the twinkle. Even in this quiet hut you could hear the echo of Europe's marching armies.

The voice was Gandhi's. "Now that you have my viewpoint of India's stand on all these matters," he was saying, "there is one thing more. You must have Jawaharlal's. They are the most important." I knew as everybody in India did that Jawaharlal would wear the mantle of greatness when it dropped off Gandhi's shoulders. But we were now learning that Jawaharlal would change the cut of the mantle to suit Nehru

the human being. Jawaharlal would be Jawaharlal.

Up until the year 1939 I could not remember having set eyes on Nehru. I had been away from India for nearly nine years and leaders were changing. I well remembered the first Congress I attended, back in 1925 in the city of Kanpur (then Cawnpore). The giants of freedom were assembled on the dais along with Sarojini who presided. There were the Ali brothers and the Patel brothers and there too was Motilal Nehru the father of the present Prime Minister. I could bring back vividly his voice and his thought. I remembered, too, that it was Jawaharlal who had turned his father's loyalty to the side of Congress and independence. But I had missed seeing him.

Now, fourteen years later he had become one with the great who were left. I proceeded to the Congress meeting at the little village of Tripuri to see Nehru and especially to see him at work. Gandhi was not there, but you felt him just the same.

At Gandhi's behest we lived there in Tripuri in tents. Life was rugged. I'm sure I was as uncomfortable as any villager anywhere and almost as uncomfortable as Gandhi could wish.

I visited Nehru in his little tent. Instead of sitting on the floor he was in a reed chair made by the villagers. He invited me to a chair likewise. "You have come a long way to see us," he said graciously and with that velvet voice, "and you have just caught us out of prison." "The main drive of this present session," he

went on, "is to keep us united. Gandhi is not here, but he is the one pillar of our unity."

He did not say one word about non-violence during our talks, but he had a mind that could match an ideology with a necessity. He understood better than most, the power Gandhi had over the whole country, rich and poor. And Nehru followed but never beyond his conscience. He retained complete integrity. It was an amazing collaboration of two vastly different minds and backgrounds. There was love and appreciation of the highest degree in both, and yet they differed. Both knew that unity was indispensable.

In the vote taken during that Congress as to whether the cabinet chosen by the President Subhas Chandra Bose should be approved by Gandhi before making them final I saw Nehru stand with those voting for Gandhi's approval, and thus saw him lose the votes of large groups of young men who in many ways were Nehru's chelas. It was at that very meeting that Sarojini Naidu said to us, "I do not know what that little man Gandhi says to God when he prays nor what God says to him, but I know that any one of us who doesn't follow him is a fool." Apparently Nehru felt the same, for they voted alike. The Congress held together and non-violence was still on the throne.

During those days I visited Mrs. Pandit's tent at her invitation, and quite naturally we talked of her brother. Those young people who voted against him had apparently thought he had given up the liberal side and had gone over to the conservatives. He lost some youth no doubt but he saved the country.

"If ever there was a true Socialist," said Mrs. Pandit to me in her tent, "it is my brother. He would give everything he possesses away if he could. There is only a little left that he cannot give."

Nehru made speeches to the masses of members and villagers who attended the gatherings, but he was not conspicuous. He walked quietly, thoughtfully among the people. Even then there was a tendency to

lift him up above the common man, while he himself was forever bending down to be at one with his fellow patriots.

IT is as human being that Nehru interests me. He is always himself—just Jawaharlal with, as Gandhi said, "Jawaharlal's point of view." He is never cynical but neither is he gullible. He expresses his convictions, and yet he listens to the opposite point of view. "He spreads himself too thin," say his critics, but I believe he is so interested in all phases of his country's growth, that he can make four speeches a day on four different subjects, and make them with conviction and persuasion. I believe he enjoys every minute of his life. Of course he is tired as he says he is in his recent letter to members of the Congress Party, but he endures it because he enjoys people. It seems to me that Mr. Nehru must rest between speeches and events just as the human heart rests between beats.

It is a part of his genius and a part of his character that he enjoys the people who come to him, and especially that he enjoys children. I have watched him on several different occasions, when he was relaxing from perplexing problems of State. Whenever there are boys to talk to, the Prime Minister becomes a boy.

About a year ago it was my good fortune to be at Gwalior when the Prime Minister came there after his visit to Sanchi. There was an evening entertainment on the top of the fort given by the boys' school there. The students had put an excellent play and had given a generous entertainment when they called on Nehru to speak. He ran to the microphone like a boy, and becoming one of them, said "Every one else that has been performing on this stage tonight has had an elaborate costume on. And how do you expect me to perform without one?" He ran on in this vein, and left the boys a little higher in stature than they were before. After the "Jana Gana Mana" had been sung, we remained standing to allow Mr. Nehru to go out first to his waiting car and plane. This he

did, but somewhere in the audience he had picked up a girl and a boy both about five or six years old, and flanked by these two he walked briskly through the standing audience, laughing and joking with these children. A boy with the boys and a child with children. Flexible and winsome, he gives everybody a good time including himself.

HIS love of children is well known, but this is no ordinary love of children that we all possess to a more or less degree. His love for them is hilarious and crops out on every occasion.

Republic Day that comes on January 26, is more or less regarded as the "President's Day." While the mass of people were impatiently waiting for the procession to arrive, the Prime Minister was walking up and down in front of the children who sat on the grass in the best seats for the show. Nehru had planned those reserved seats for them, it seems. The rest of us had to have tickets, but children, no. All the front spaces were reserved for them. So Nehru went to see his friends. He walked up and down in front of them laughing and talking. He picked up orange peel and banana peel and gave them lectures on how to keep their cities and villages clean. He joked with them and laughed with them. Where else in the world would you find a Prime Minister so human and simple? Jawaharlal Nehru is an amazing human being, and despises saccharine adoration.

About a year ago when he was inspecting an NCC camp a young woman cadet bowed low before him, while requesting him to inspect their contingent. "I do not like people who bow before others." His democracy crops out in unexpected places.

My home in India is in Allahabad, the city where Nehru was born. His father built two houses. When the Nehrus were being taken to prison, the Nehru family gave one of these two mansions to the Congress Party for its headquarters which became thereafter known as Swaraj Bhavan. Later when the tumult and the shouting died and independence became a reality, Swaraj Bhavan

became a haven for refugee children—a natural gift from Nehru. Here live over a hundred happy children from all parts of the country, from all religions and all language areas. Madame Shyam Kumari Khan, a cousin of Jawaharlal, keeps her trained social hand on the guiding wheel. The children of this generation will never forget their lover—the Prime Minister.

Independence Day, August 15, is the Prime Minister's Day as the Republic Day is the President's. On this day the people in Delhi flock to the old Red Fort soon after day-break and look up to the top of the crenellated Red Fort wall to the face of their beloved Nehru. The familiar figure rises—his white homespun cap, his aristocratic features are silhouetted against the morning sky. Nehru's rich voice speaks out to the 400,000 who are here, silent to catch every syllable. "Aaj Gandhi Ka Din Hai," says Nehru thereby giving all the credit to Gandhi for India's independence and taking no credit to himself.

There is one pilgrimage spot in Allahabad, which to me is as important as the Taj Mahal. It is the Naini prison across the Jamuna. Mr. Salim the warden asks, "Would you like to see all the prison?" and you say you would be glad to. And at the end, he says, "There is one more place I want to show you especially." He takes me on a long walk. He unlocks a gate and inside there is a solitary cell of two or three rooms. "This was Jawaharlal's. Here he stayed for many years." "How many moons I have seen wax and wane," Jawaharlal wrote here in his autobiography. Here he wrote "Letters from a Father to a Daughter" a sort of history of the universe for his beloved Indira who now has become his hostess. As I turned to go out, and as the warden locked the gate, he pointed to the words: "Place where our beloved leader Nehru was incarcerated by the British during our struggle for freedom. Long Live Indian Union. And Long Live Nehru." "We put no prisoners here," he said

(Continued on page 21)

U NU: He Conquered Marx with Buddha

BY DAN KURZMAN

PRIME Minister U Nu of Burma is a gentle Buddhist mystic who deplures violence. Yet, oddly enough, his career has been built on violence. He came to power in 1947 following the mass assassination of almost every member of the previous Cabinet. And since then he has been fighting several separate civil wars—two against Communist groups—simultaneously.

Few believed in his early days of rule that his Government, inexperienced and uncertain of itself during this embryonic period of national independence, could pull through such chaos. Yet today, though terrorism still stalks the Burmese jungles, his enemies are all but crushed. How has he achieved this amazing feat? Not only with wild, leftover British rifles, but with the strength born of spiritual devoutness.

"Pious Nu", as the winsome, boyish-looking prime minister is known to his intimate friends, has spent more time in prayer in the thatched bamboo hut of worship on the grounds of his residence than in the conference room with his generals. He started a Buddhist religious revival in Burma in early 1950 when his Government seemed least likely to survive. And as if by a miracle—the miracle Nu prayed for in his thatched hut—his fortunes began to change. By the end of the year, the rebels found themselves butting their heads against a stone wall of popular resistance.

"It was a gradual, but definite, realization by the people that peace cannot be achieved by spilling Burmese blood, that violence is no substitute for free elections," the Prime Minister explains.

Nu has followed a policy of strict "neutrality" in the cold war, despite his internal struggle against the Communists. His Government was, indeed, the first in the free world to recognize the Chinese Communist regime. But though this "neutra-

lism" is criticized by many Westerners, it may well have saved Burma's life. For there has been an informal understanding between Burma and Red China, which share a common border, that in return for such a Burmese policy the Chinese would make no attempt to give active aid to the local Communist armies. With arms and equipment from China, the latter might have defeated Nu.

But now the Burmese Reds are barely hanging on, the Prime Minister is growing bolder and edging ever closer toward the West. He is not unaware of the effect that the Communist gains in Indo-China, which touches on Burma's eastern frontier, may have in bolstering the position of the native Reds. Only recently at a meeting of South Asian Prime Ministers in Colombo, Ceylon, he refused for the first time to go all the way with the "neutralist" policies of India. Together with the leaders of Pakistan and Ceylon, he forced Indian Prime Minister Nehru to agree to condemnation of Communist aggression. And although, under pressure, he later joined India and Indonesia in formal opposition to the establishment of a Southeast Asian defence alliance, he has been reported urging Nehru not to press this stand.

But Nu must move cautiously in his relations with the West, for memories of British colonial days are still sharp in the minds of his people. The Burmese are extremely nationalistic, as was reflected in the fact that Burma refused even to maintain Commonwealth ties with Britain when she was granted independence in 1947 together with India, Pakistan and Ceylon, all of which have accepted such bonds. Nu and his people are still apprehensive lest colonialism some day reappear. Their reluctance to support a regional alliance which would bring Western armies into the area is therefore understandable.

However, if the Communists make further gains in Indo-China, the realistic fear of Communism may blot out the somewhat imaginative fear of renewed Western imperialism. Indeed, one of Nu's Cabinet colleagues is reported to have said not:

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long ago: "If things become critical, the West will certainly come to our rescue."

Nu was born in 1907, the son of a well known and highly respected village merchant. He first displayed his capacity for leadership as a law student at the University of Rangoon in 1935, when he helped foment a protest strike against British rule. On his graduation, he entered politics and soon rose to national prominence. When World War II broke out, he offered to co-operate with the British in their war effort if they guaranteed complete independence for Burma after the war. The British replied by arresting Nu and sentencing him to two years in prison.

He was released when the Japanese took over Burma, and became Minister for Foreign Affairs in the puppet Burmese Government in 1943 and Minister of Publicity and Propaganda in 1944. Never did he display greater skill and shrewdness in matters of State than in his deft dealings with the Japanese. While maintaining a friendly front with the enemy, he actively encouraged the Burmese resistance movement.

When the Allies returned to Burma, Nu was established as one of the nation's top leaders. In 1947, he went to London twice to help prepare the Anglo-Burmese independence treaty, then took over as Prime Minister after the slaughter of the preceding Cabinet by political foes. These assassinations were an omen of what Nu could expect. With the withdrawal of the British, there was no longer any cohesive factor to hold the diverse political elements together.

In March, 1948, the Communists revolted against the Government on orders from the Cominform, which was convinced it had Burma neatly tucked away in its pocket. By 1950, Nu, a moderate Socialist himself, denounced those guilty of the "sacrilege" of subordinating the teachings of Buddha to those of Marx. The religious revival began and the Communists started losing their supporters in droves. At the same time, Nu announced his support of South Korea in the Korean war. He also

agreed to accept U. S. Point Four aid, shrewdly replying to Moscow's objections that Burma was not prejudiced and would be "delighted to receive Russian aid" as well.

If he had his way, the Prime Minister would spend the rest of his life in monastic retirement writing religious-philosophical books and plays. His talent as a playwright was reflected in a play called "The People Win Through", a violently anti-Communist drama demonstrating the evils of armed insurrection. It was hailed by critics when shown last year in the United States.

But with the Southeast Asian crisis erupting, Nu is not likely to have much time in the days to come for literary endeavours. Indeed, if all Indo-China should go to the Communists, Burma might be in graver peril than ever before. But she will be no "falling domino"—even if the local Communists receive direct aid from their Chinese or Indo-Chinese comrades. Unlike colonial Indo-China, the Reds in Burma can't win popular support by Masquerading as nationalists, for independence is already a reality. But even more important, Nu has harnessed the strength of the most effective of all weapons to his defence machine—the faith of the people in God and in themselves.—NNF.

(Continued from page 19)

with deep feeling. "This place has become sacred to all of us."

In all Nehru's writings—and I think I have read most of them—I have never come across one word of regret, never once he lifted the lid from the heart of his own sorrow. When one has lost the dearest personalities of home and family because of a great cause, and never says a word about his loss, his stature rises to such heights as a hero seldom reaches in his life time. I believe that his sister Krishna Hutheesingh summed it all up when she wrote of the Nehru family that poignant little volume *With No Regrets*. So Nehru lives not in the past but in the unpredictable present, where Nehru the human being stands high above even Nehru the Prime Minister.

CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

IT AMOUNTS TO DENIAL OF THE WORTH OF HUMAN LIFE

(The case against capital punishment is set forth very ably in this article which we reproduce from Manas. The author contends that the greatest need of human society at present is to gain respect for life, and this includes the lives which have been distorted by the experience of and participation in crime. In his view the worst that can be said about capital punishment is that it amounts to practical denial of the worth of human existence, of the opportunity for choice to man, for change for the better.—Ed. S.)

A SERIES of six articles on capital punishment appeared recently in the New York *Herald Tribune* in which the writer, B. J. Cutler, manages to assemble certain facts and views which at least contribute novelty to this often debated subject. There is the usual comparison of opinions as to whether or not fear of execution acts as a deterrent on cold-blooded murderers, with, oddly enough, famous defense lawyers such as Samuel S. Leibowitz insisting that it does. Cutler maintains that the most impressive charge against capital punishment is the claim that it discriminates against the poor and members of minority groups. Last year, for example, there was a total of sixty-two executions in the United States—fifty-one for murder, seven for rape, two for espionage, and two for kidnapping. Of those executed, thirty were white, thirty-one Negro, and one was an American Indian.

The long-term racial picture on capital punishment in the United States is given briefly by Cutler:

Since 1930 the national execution toll has claimed the lives of 1,479 whites, 1,763 Negroes, and thirty-nine members of other races. Of the total, 45.1 per cent were white, 53.7 Negro, and 1.2 per cent other . . .

Commenting on the execution figures by race, Prof. Frank E. Hartung, of Wayne University, said, "Considering their proportion in the total population, this means that Negroes are over-represented by about 550 per cent."

Some criminologists point out that Negroes have a higher homicide rate than the population as a whole. But there are few who suggest that the

Negro homicide rate is so high that it should result in a 550 per cent over-representation of the race in death houses.

One explanation of the disproportionate number of Negroes executed is found in the figures on punishment for rape in the Southern states. In one period six Southern states and the District of Columbia took the lives of seventy-eight Negroes for the crime of rape. While hundreds of white men were convicted for rape during the same period, not one was executed.

Cutler quotes Warden Lawes' book, *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*:

. . . I have escorted 150 men and one woman to the death chamber and the electric chair. In ages they ranged from seventeen to sixty-three. They came from all kinds of homes and environments. In one respect they were all alike. All were poor and most of them friendless.

Clarence Darrow, a man famous for effective defense in murder cases, said much the same thing: "There is nothing so unequal and unfair as capital punishment. Only the poor are put to death."

Some years ago, a House Congressional Committee reported on a bill which, had it passed, would have ended the death penalty in the District of Columbia:

As it is now applied, the death penalty is nothing but an arbitrary discrimination against an occasional victim. It cannot even be said that it is reserved as a weapon of retributive justice for the most atrocious criminals. For it is not necessarily the

most guilty who suffer it. Almost any criminal with wealth can escape it, but the poor and friendless convict, without means or power to fight his case from court to court or to exert pressure on the pardoning executive, is the one singled out as a sacrifice to what is little more than a tradition.

By means of such quotations, and with shrewd summarizing remarks of his own, Cutler builds a powerful case against capital punishment. It seems evident that if justice must involve equality before the law, then the simple fact that many persons escape the extreme penalty is enough to make all executions unjust.

There are other considerations, however, not touched upon in the newspaper series. Despite the morbid interest in such things, most people feel a terrible revulsion against the impersonal processes of execution. It is not simply that a man loses his life. Men risk their lives every day, for good or bad reasons. It is the *absolute impotence* of the condemned man. The thing that outrages the inner feelings of human beings most of all is having to witness something *done* to others. When every last vestige of the power of choice is taken away from a man, he remains subjectively a choosing or moral being, yet this aspect of him is completely ignored by the penalty of capital punishment. This is not a question of what he "deserves," but of the fact that the purpose of human life is frustrated.

An analysis of this sort ought not to be confused with sentimentality over what happens to those whom we classify as "hardened criminals." Capital punishment could be abolished without the slightest concession to sentimentality. Actually, it could be argued that the taking of life by the state is more degrading to society than to the condemned individual—that it is the ultimate devaluation of human kind. It is even conceivable that the community which resolved to show an inviolable respect for life—for even the life of a man who has used his freedom in calculated and destructive violence—would establish an example that would eventually reduce crimes of violence. The

taking of life, surely, can never be regarded as an unpardonable offense in a society which itself takes life.

One of the familiar arguments in behalf of capital punishment was stated by Judge Leibowitz with the suggestion that "it is unfair to the community to expect it to maintain the criminal in prison for the rest of his life at an average cost of \$1,400 a year." This argument assumes that the sole alternative to capital punishment is life imprisonment. But today, the whole question of imprisonment for crime is up for discussion and reconsideration. If prisons themselves are failures, so far as their avowed objectives—the protection of society and the "rehabilitation" of lawbreakers—are concerned, then why should it be assumed that the convicted murderer must either be executed or put away for life?

THE obvious retort is, What would you do—turn him loose? This is an unimaginative point of view. It is very like the point of view which caused juries in New York to turn loose criminals because of the severity of the laws of that state. Mr. Cutler supplies interesting information on the workings of the New York law:

This state (New York) and Vermont are the only two that made death the mandatory penalty upon conviction of first degree murder. In Vermont, however, the law is rarely enforced and only four persons have been executed in this century.

In New York the law bars juries from bringing in a guilty verdict "with mercy" which would mean a sentence of life imprisonment. It also denies discretion to judges who, after a guilty verdict in a murder case, have no choice but to pass the sentence of death.

At one time or another, most of the other states in the nation have tried the mandatory death law. All of them repealed it and now give some degree of discretion to judges or juries. Six of these states abolished capital punishment outright.

The stringent New York law almost caused a breakdown in justice in the 1930's, when executions ran from seven to twenty-one a year. The revolt by jurors was especially evident in cases

of felony murder—killings in connection with crimes like robbery and burglary . . . Despite the most damning evidence, juries began to acquit lesser members of gangs involved in felony cases rather than sentence them to the electric chair.

A practicing New York attorney confirms this view: "I have tried murder cases and they are easier to defend than ordinary robbery cases because of the reluctance of juries to convict when they know the penalty is the electric chair." He adds, however, that "this feeling does not apply to racketeers or notorious persons; then juries feel free to convict."

Books like Edwin Borchard's *Convicting the Innocent* and Erle Stanley Gardner's *The Court of Last Resort* gather evidence to show the defects of human justice, recalling the statement of the Marquis de Lafayette, the friend of American independence and of justice: "I shall ask for the abolition of the penalty of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

CASES of the miscarriage of justice may help to create a state of mind which will support repeal of capital punishment laws, but the question of whether execution is a constructive measure, even after guilt has been fixed with absolute certainty, will nevertheless remain. Does the fact that a condemned man is unquestionably guilty make his execution any the less barbarous and brutal? A former prosecuting attorney of Brooklyn, New York, Leo Healy, who has since conducted the defense in more than two hundred murder cases, expresses the view that "the theory of punishment is so ingrained in our society that we have not stopped to give it the thought it deserves." Why, in other words, should it be thought "right" to legally kill the one who has taken the life of another?

To kill in cold blood—this is the definition of murder, which, with rape and kidnapping and espionage are the crimes which bring the death

penalty—is a terrible thing. That it should happen at all is an indictment of the moral atmosphere of the community where it occurs. But to meet this failure with legal killing by the state only confirms the mood in which murders occur. The death penalty, moreover, is like the unconditional surrender declaration made by the allies in World War II. It operates as a kind of official bravado which may drive desperate men to kill again and again to avoid being caught. When Mr. Healy says, "I don't believe anybody ever committed murder who was in his right senses," he might have included capital punishment as a species of murder, for what sense can there be in imposing upon the social community the horrible spectacle of a man, held in hopeless captivity, waiting to be led to the execution chamber?

The human societies of the present need above all to gain respect for life, and this includes the lives which have been distorted by the experience of and participation in crime. Human life is precious, not because death is not inevitable, but because so long as a man lives he has opportunity for choice, for change for the better. It should be the duty of the state to extend that opportunity, under proper safeguards, for as long a period as possible, instead of adopting a policy which amounts to practical denial of the worth of human existence.

When someone is honestly 55% right, that's very good and there's no use wrangling. And if someone is 60% right, it's wonderful, it's great luck, and let him thank God. But what's to be said about 75% right? Wise people say this is suspicious. Well, and what about 100% right? Whoever says he is 100% right is a fanatic, a thug, and the worst kind of rascal.—*An Old Jew of Galicia*

BRITAIN: Biggest Exporter of Cars

By G. E. TEWSON

AS competition in the world car market grows keener Britain's challenge is taking on an increasing edge. The motor-car industry's performance in export markets since the war has been one of the great success stories of United Kingdom industry and there is no sign that efforts are being relaxed.

In the first seven months of 1954 the industry has been making on the average about 63,000 cars a month—the highest sustained level of production ever achieved—and about 34,000 a month of these have been for export. Compare these figures with a total output in 1938 of about 28,000 a month and an export production of 5,000 a month. There, in statistics, is the record of how Britain has become the biggest car exporter in the world.

The industry in Britain came out of World War II after seven years of armament work with a consequent critical gap in its car expertise and big arrears of tooling-up for car production to put in hand. It was immediately given a directive to go for export markets and starve the home car buying public—a hard assignment for an industry which could reasonably expect to be allowed to rebuild its contacts with its home market. But it was also up against the fact that its largest competitor, the United States automobile industry, was coming out of the war with its equipment in good shape and with immense prestige from before the war as a great exporting industry, even though it had always sold most of its cars at home.

Production Strategy

After the war Britain had a good start over its European competitors and this, along with the U. S. pre-occupation with the American market, stood United Kingdom companies in good stead for several years.

A production strategy was worked out to meet the selling task. The makers of specialist cars were told

bluntly by the Government that they must export or they would get no components or materials—and so for the first time the quality end of Britain's car industry was forced to set up selling organisations abroad. Not just for prestige value, but as the price of survival.

The big companies making the popular cars carried out a vigorous standardisation programme, cut the number of their engines and bodies and went for medium-sized models which would meet the requirements of markets used to big American cars and yet have the advantage of manoeuvrability in urban areas. Some successfully pulled off a compromise and developed good selling models in the medium-small class. But a wide range of models and "baby" cars were "out"—much as the neglected home market would have liked to have seen both back. The strategy worked and Britain moved up to first place in the world of car exports.

A key factor

A key factor in success was the Government's abolition of the existing car tax which was calculated on the diameter of the engine cylinder bore—a complicated formula which had forced the United Kingdom car industry to make small cars for 50 years. The new levy was a flat tax and many companies in the industry took the opportunity to go for bigger cars.

Today, much of the strategy of the late 1940s has been proved right, though some of it had to be modified in the light of circumstances. In the autumn of 1954, the export market still takes first place right from the research office to the production line. But controls are gone and the big manufacturers are increasing the range of their models and selling small cars in growing numbers on a home market which is expected to consist of 5,000,000 car-users by 1964 compared with just over 4,000,000 today. Overseas, medium-sized saloon cars made in Britain are still finding enthusiastic buyers, but it is the sports car, notably some of the specialist sports models, which are

competing with outstanding results in the U. S. market.

As export markets have been built up and gradual relaxations made in supplying the home market, one or two important changes have come over the car industry. Two of the biggest companies have amalgamated, the large companies have shown a tendency to purchase suppliers of components, notably car body makers, and some have spent large sums of money in oversea markets on assembly plants. Many vehicles are sent overseas in parts and assembled on the spot.

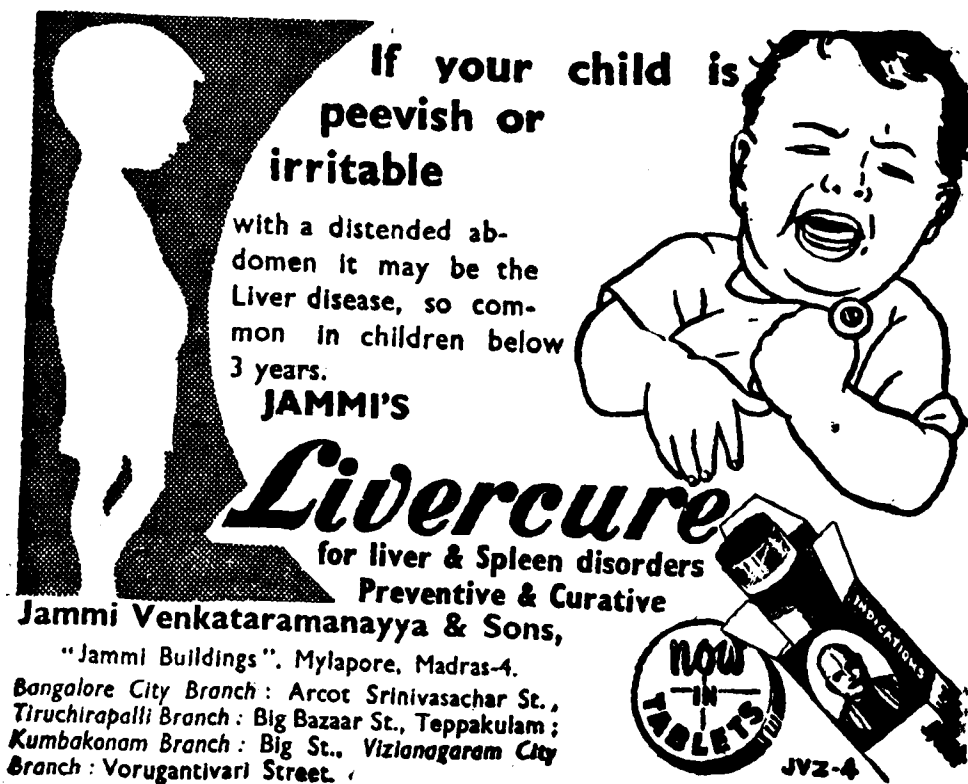
Future prospects

What of the future? Despite competition from other countries, United Kingdom cars are selling well on the Continent. Competition in the United States and Canada is tough but Britain is holding her ground with some of her models. In the rest of the Commonwealth, notably in Aus-

tralia and New Zealand, United Kingdom cars are outstandingly successful. Everywhere, United Kingdom companies are selling hard and maintaining goodwill by establishing in increasing numbers spares and after-sales services and facilities.

As output soars and exports go on increasing, two of the biggest companies announce large investment programmes to boost output and get costs, and hence prices, still lower. A third is rumoured to be preparing similar plans.

After eight years of competition and change Britain's car industry is lean and tough. Its latest products, still mostly designed with an eye for export, were exhibited at this year's International Motor Show in London (October 20 to 30). The cars there were made with the latest machines that engineering ingenuity can devise but with that extra ingredient that United Kingdom workmanship still takes pride in providing.



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now IN TABLETS

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Pakistan At The Cross Roads

By C. H. V. PATHY

PAKISTAN is at the cross roads of her destiny, a destiny that may ultimately end the bitter cold war that she has been waging against India for the last seven years. It is nonsense to prognosticate her political ruin. I happened to witness the birth of that dominion and I know intimately some of the leaders who shape her future. In Mr. Ghulam Mahomed, the present Governor-General, Pakistan has one of the shrewdest intellects east of Suez. As former Finance Minister of Hyderabad and later as one of the directors of the Tatas, Mr. Ghulam Mahomed had outstanding achievements to his credit before the partition of the country. The same instinct which prompted him to "sack" Nazimuddin has now made him practically recall Mr. Mahomed Ali and brief him to take Dr. Khan Saheb into the Cabinet. He also declared a state of emergency and has dissolved the Constituent Assembly. The inclusion of Mr. Suhrawardy in the Cabinet is only a question of days. Equally significant is the move to appease rebels like Mr. M. A. Khuhro of Sind and Mian Daulatana of the Punjab. They were once in the black list. All these are significant pointers in the sky sign of events.

While it will be hasty and hazardous to forecast the shape of things to come, it can safely be stated that with the present set-up, the stage is set for an era of more friendly relations with India. Dr. Khan Saheb is allotted the ticklish portfolio of Kashmir which was formerly held by Mr. Gurmani, who is a fanatical Leaguer.

As for the backdrop of the present crisis, I may state that it is an abortive attempt by the Punjabi clique, headed by Sir Feroz Khan Noon, to overthrow the present regime, seize the reins of power and establish Punjabi hegemony. Sir Feroz is eminent and ambitious. So long as Mr. Jinnah was alive he kept him at a distance and Liaquat Ali Khan did not draw him into his net. Ganging up with Sir Feroz is Mr. Mushtaq Ahmed Gurmani and Mr. Daulatana. The intrigues of

Mr. Gurmani have cost him his job as Minister of the Interior and report has it that he would shortly be shunted away as an Ambassador. The rebels held a secret meeting at Lahore where a resolution was passed to the effect that West Pakistan MCAs and representatives of Sind, the Punjab, Bahawalpur and Northwest Frontier Province decided that the sitting members of the Constituent Assembly from West Pakistan be asked to resign and fresh representatives be elected by various provincial legislatures in their place. There was general agreement among those assembled on Noon's Federation scheme.

Mr. Gulam Ahmed has driven a chariot athwart this growing rebellion. If he can keep Dr. Khan Saheb in good trim and woo the Red Shirts, then he will have the Frontier in his pocket. One need not bother about the play of power politics in Sind which is a museum of de-throned Chief Ministers. I once told Sardar Patel that the only way of solving the Sind tangle was by having 59 Ministers in a house of sixty. Bursting into loud laughter he remarked: "Thank God there is a Speaker. Otherwise, they might want sixty Ministers." There is a triangular fight for politics there, with Pirzada Abdus Satar ranged against Mr. Khuhro and Pir Ali Mahomed Rashid. The last person was once a protege of Mr. Khuhro, but the changing politics of that erratic province made them political enemies. Mr. Ghulam Mahomed would somehow manage to keep Satar on the gadi.

I cannot gauge the reactions of these dramatic developments on the eastern wing of Pakistan where Mr. Fazlul Huq has been performing a series of political somersaults.

The United States which played up, in print and pictures, the visit of Mr. Mahomed Ali must now be smarting. Pakistan's calamity would have been her opportunity. A chapter of accord with India would put an end to the moves of politicians, whether in the West or East, to drive a wedge in between our country and Pakistan. If we can peacefully solve the Kashmir problem and the canal water dispute, we would have turned a new chapter in the politics of both the countries.

DECADENCE OF SPORT IN ANDHRA

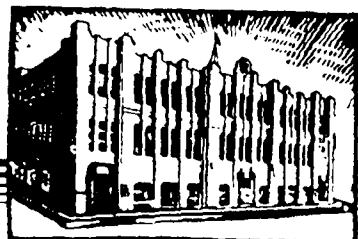
By R. V. RAGHAVA RAO

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of sport as a dynamic factor of modern life and its influence on the vigour and character of a people. In England they say that Britain won the war on its cricket fields and the import of the saying is to show that the qualities of discipline, stamina, competitive spirit and ambition go a long way and play a decisive part when a nation's strength is put to serious test.

Even before the formation of the Andhra State it was well-known that there was a distinct deficiency amongst Andhra youth in regard to sport. The Andhra University never seemed to have seriously taken up sport as an important aspect of student activity and did not regularly

participate in the inter-varsity matches, and even when it did, its participation was limited to the first round. It was fondly hoped that this sad state of affairs would be remedied with the formation of the new State. But an examination of the existing state of affairs reveals that this 'lacuna' in the civic life of Andhras continues to persist. It cannot be denied that some progress has been made but this largely consists of forming separate associations. Those acquainted with these associations cannot but be aware of a tendency among local politicians to intrude and dominate even in the field of sport. Many rival associations were formed at different places to represent a single field of activity. In one instance, some of the office-bearers of the cricket association had never touched a cricket bat (or ball) in their life. It is to be hoped that with increasing consciousness among sportsmen sport would

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be kept free from politician-leadership.

The real reasons for the backwardness of Andhra in the sphere of sport have to be sought in the standards of education. These have fallen to miserably low depths. Petty politics and communalism have crept into the sacred portals of education. But the fall in the standards of education is nothing when compared to the calamitous fall in the standards of discipline, character and culture of our students. The classes may be full in numbers but no attention to lessons is paid by the students or the teachers. In the evening in many schools and most colleges the play-grounds are deserted and present a desolate appearance, and most of these young people go home and after changing their clothes and powdering their faces make a bee line to either a coffee hotel or a cinema hall. Some go to films almost everyday but those who cannot afford it wait outside the theatre looking at people who come in and go out. This undisputedly is the case with a majority of our students. In these circumstances one cannot expect the representatives of the Andhra State to acquit themselves creditably in competitive sport. Unless these tendencies among students are strongly discouraged, the effect on future generations will be disastrous. The decadence has

reached deplorable levels and the problem can no more be neglected.

The sporting spirit plays a vital part in building up a nation's health and standards of living. It is at once a cause and consequence of national well-being. It is high time we made a beginning in the direction of making our young people sport-conscious. A college of physical education has been started at Vijayawada but the facilities offered by this single institutions and its management are far from ideal. Some of the associations are doing pioneering work but they find encouragement lacking. When they hold a competition they do not receive as many entries as they expect; nor do they get a reasonable amount of gate money.

What is needed today is a progressive policy for the re-orientation of sport in the State at the governmental level from private organizations and public institutions. One must catch them young and our educational institutions must make sport a 'must' in their time-table of activities. Interest should be created by holding competitions, tournaments and giving more prizes, by building stadiums and by an all-round recognition of the worthiness of sport as an all important aspect of the life of the young. But above all it is for the younger generation itself to take up the challenge of the times.

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There is one cheerful aspect of it all and it proves the usefulness of the front seats

..... Short Story ★

FRONT SEATS

By Mannar Kadambi

KANAKA CHETTY was the owner of the Maruthi Bus Service. He was always in trouble over the front seats, rather over what the people made of them. It was thought a distinction to travel in the front seats. And, much too frequently to his liking, more people wanted these seats than he could accommodate. The traffic regulations were strict and admitted only two persons to be seated beside the driver. It would have been better if the regulations were more lenient or the police less zealous in their duty. The local prominent people had come to think of the front seats as their special privilege.

Kanaka Chetty had risen from a humble merchant in cotton piece-goods to a rich business man of the place and he had further ambitions. He wanted to make no enemies, least of all Naganna. Neither the fellow who had paid for the front seat could be denied his rights. Chetty would have given up the bus service but for the fact that it was bringing him good money. Because there were no law courts in Chamrajnagar, people who wanted the courts in Nanjangud to decide their rights and wrongs, regularly and in large numbers patronised the bus. These people in their close and constant association with Law had acquired such exaggerated notions of rights and claims. They were just impossible! No, classification of seats would never do. He had permanently fixed a "Reserved" card against the front seats but had found it also ineffective. In the end, he began a regular campaign against the cursed seats which had come to mean a recognition of greatness to whomsoever they were offered. He

described in great detail to his passengers the inconvenience of being seated in the front, the heat and the dust. "I do not see why you should prefer the front seats," he declared with vehemence to those who still wavered, "letting alone the heat and the dust, what about the bullet like shots of insects and moths that make of your face a target? Of course there is the windscreen, but it is intended to protect the driver and I cannot help it, if it does no more." He realised that his statement may not be accepted and added, "you might say that the moths that come across your way are moving in their leisurely pace. But you are rushing to them at the speed of a motor bus. Whether you shoot them or they shoot you, the effect is same. Do you see?" The passengers smiled their agreement but continued in their old favour for the front seats.

ONE day the dreaded thing happened. It was a hot day and tempers were thin. That is all that can be said, beyond of course the role played by the front seats, in extenuation of what followed. The bus drew up in front of Chetty's shop and waited for Naganna who had sent word for a ticket to Nanjangud. The information was enough to have the front seat reserved and Chetty let a sigh of relief as he saw the front seats unoccupied. His sigh was premature, for Naganna with the full confidence that the bus would wait for him had not arrived. And there was time for anything to happen. It did, in the shape of the local Doctor and the Sub-Inspector of Police. They greeted Chetty, as they were wont to call him, with a smile but showed no further regard for his

feelings or for his 'Reserved' card. With cool authority coming from long years of service in out-of-the-way Taluks, they took the front seats and thought no more of it. Chetty wrung his hands in despair. How could he with an ailing wife ask the Doctor to make room for Naganna. The Sub-Inspector was, obviously, unapproachable. He hoped that Naganna would cancel his journey and was wrong again. He saw the very man hurrying towards him but in his agitation failed to notice the strained smile with which Naganna returned the greetings from the occupants of the front seats.

IT was an occasion calling for extreme caution. Certainly, Chetty did not come off well. He should have taken warning by the beads of perspiration on Naganna's face as signs of a late and hurried meal. To crown all this, he did not realise Naganna's disappointment at losing the front seat. At the least, he should have been careful and waited for Naganna to take the initial step in the matter. In point of fact, he did none of these things but in all humbleness asked Naganna whether his journey to Nanjangud was urgent, whether he could not postpone it till the next day. That was the type of question Chetty asked. But Naganna saw sarcasm in it; it meant nothing short of an insinuation to his life of idleness; it accused him of doing nothing in particular except collecting the produce of his ancestral lands. How could a simple question mean so much? It could, in some cases. Certainly it did and something more in the case of Naganna.

"Do you think that I come here for *tamasha*? You should have reserved the front seat for me," he demanded.

Chetty could only cast a look of forlorn hope at the Doctor and the Sub-Inspector. No, they were not the kind to get mixed up in local politics. They remained completely detached and continued their discussion of the results of the latest post-mortem in a suicide case.

"Oh! If you had only arrived two minutes earlier," the words came

from Chetty's heart, for he was thinking on what a different position he would have been in had Naganna arrived in time. Just then, when Naganna was trying to control his anger, one passenger seated somewhere in the bus thought of improving the situation and invited him to the seat next to him. He further thought fit to add that after all it did not matter which seat it was, as long as the journey was made. But this well meaning person could not have chosen a worse moment to lecture to Naganna. It brought home to Naganna his utter defeat. Control snapped.

"Two minutes, you say," Naganna roared. "I have seen you waiting for two hours for some people. Do you think that you are the only busy-body and others have no work? Merely because you have made some money selling cotton rags, you think you can insult me in public? I have booked my seat well in advance and I travel in the front seat or not at all."

Normally Chetty kept his temper well under control. But it was a hot afternoon and in the face of impossibility Naganna was persistently claiming the front seat. The reference to his trade was, just what he could not stand. On top of it all, the Sub-Inspector who had not so far interfered called to Chetty and told him that it was time the bus started. Control snapped.

Naganna when control snapped, roared; Chetty merely waved away the bus. The bus left with a well pleased Doctor and Sub-Inspector for having maintained the scheduled timings of the service.

OF all the hundred pairs of eyes that watched, one pair shone with a new hope. The eyes were of Shama Rao who was finding the commission for supplying cases to the lawyers in Nanjangud, very meagre to support his ever increasing family. When Naganna and Chetty were exhausted, they noticed the crowd and each realised that he was making a fool of himself. The return to the normal was as sudden as the flare-up, and each said that he did not mean

what he had said and thought there was the end of it. Not so, for Shama Rao.

THE same evening Naganna found himself listening to Shama Rao. "Nothing like business in these days, Naganna, either for money or for power. Lands and estates are good for nobility but you know." Shama Rao threw up his hands in despair as if he personally felt the helplessness of the landed gentry. "And take Chetty for instance, a few years ago he did not have even as much as you paid in land tax. Today he is making more than twenty rupees a day in the bus service alone. I am sorry that you are doing nothing to check his haughtiness. It is time you started a bus service."

"It is not in my line," Naganna said meekly.

"Not in your line? Do you think that Chetty stepped into an established business? I tell you, he is an upstart." Shama Rao thought the moment ripe enough to rouse Naganna from his weak submission to the incident of the day. "It cuts me to the heart, you know, to see you insulted by that fellow. You only want ten thousand rupees to smite him in his face."

"I have no money, Shama Rao. All my properties are in the shape of lands."

Naganna's tone was sad and it satisfied Shama Rao. "That is not at all a difficulty. In fact, any man with an elementary knowledge of the world knows that credit is the life-blood of business. I know of a man in Mysore who will lend you that amount on a very low rate of interest. Since there is already a service, getting the licence may present some trouble. Even there, I know the officers and it can easily be done. I am here to serve you and I shall see to everything. I want you to believe me," and Shama Rao suddenly swooped and whispered in Naganna's ear, "don't get upset if you see me being friendly with Chetty. It is only to keep you informed of all his movements. You see, this keep-

ing watch of the enemy is necessary and is part of my scheme."

"Yes, we will do it. You are very kind."

"Not at all. It cuts me to the heart you know, the mere daring of that fellow!"

Shama Rao was as good as his word. The new bus service was named the Hanuman Bus Service, obviously. It was only natural to bring in Hanuman to fight Maruthi; Maruthi versus Hanuman as Shama Rao told himself. Naganna felt extremely proud and appreciated the trouble taken by his friend. Shama Rao told him that after all, officers were officers and he owed some obligations, to an extent of five hundred rupees in connection with the sanction of the licence. The bus was already bought, he explained, and without the licence, the bus would be useless. He did not want Naganna to be stranded and had to incur the expense. Of course, Naganna was grateful to his friend for the trouble taken on his account, and paid.

DURING the months that followed, months of bitter contest between the two services, Chamrajnagar had a good time. Each discredited the other, mildly at first then bitterly and openly. Finally it came to be directed more against the owner than the bus. Each made every effort in his power to divert the passengers to his own, including the cutting down of the fares. Wise people, took stock of the situation and by various methods encouraged this competition between the services and they saw to their delight that the services responded splendidly to their methods. A man could go to Nanjangud and return for a fraction of what he formally paid for a single journey. Each hoped that the other would collapse earlier and in this, each, had the constant assurances of Shama Rao.

In one of these talks, Shama Rao said to Chetty, "you are on the right track and he is sure to give up the bus service shortly. This reminds me of one thing. Beware of people who-

would be trying to poison your mind against me, telling you, for example, that I am friendly with Naganna. Of course, I am. But it is part of the game and I am watching him entirely in your interests and service. Now, I suggest a better plan. You must start a Picture-house here and with your business talents, you can make thousands. During the short period required to cripple that fellow, what you lose in the bus line would be nothing when compared with the profits from the Picture-house. In fact, I know a man in Bangalore who is willing to sell the necessary equipment. All the details of the concern are worked out to the smallest detail and here they are." He spread a full sheet of impressive typewritten financial forecast of the business. It was very good, because it was the seller's picture of the business.

"It seems correct," Chetty demurred, "but that meddlesome idiot may copy and start another."

"What chance?" Shama Rao was contempt personified. "I promise you, that he will never start a picture-house."

Shama Rao was cautious in his promise. He certainly kept his word and proposed a rice mill to Naganna. "This tame game," he said to Naganna, "will not do to beat your enemy. The rice mill driven by steam is the very thing, you know. I have been thinking for economy of service and the steam engine is the most economical. It requires nothing but the useless husk of the paddy you hull."

Naganna required very little persuasion, for the toxin of battle had risen in him.

THE picture-house was called The Chamarajeswari Talkies after the local Deity. For equally good reasons the rice mill came to be known as The Chamrajendra Rice Mills.

Some people sagely nodded their heads and remarked about the habitual improvidence of the landowner. A few men even advised

Naganna to give up business. Others thought that Chetty lost his head over his initial success and told him to concentrate on a single line of business. But Shama Rao thought it was time he left Chamrajnagar. To play a winning game was good but a wise gambler should know when to leave the table. Shama Rao left and knew that his well earned capital could better be invested in the groundnut trade in Devangere.

What about Chetty and Naganna? If ever you go to Chamrajnagar and ask any old man, he will tell you all that has been said and something more. The fire that had been kindled and fanned by Shama Rao could not end until both Chetty and Naganna could no longer fight. The Picture-house brought film fashion to the girls of Chamrajnagar and much more so to the daughters of Chetty. Such sustained bitterness between two men cannot remain long, without affecting their families. Chetty's daughters took a delight in parading their latest fashion before Naganna's family. Naganna's daughters did not take it all in meek surrender and got saries and jewellery from the most expensive shops in Mysore. Naganna also helped. He gave parties which were famous for the expensive dishes prepared from rice from his own Mills and polished to the proverbial whiteness of the swan. The old man who would be telling you this, would nod his head and add sadly that this was a costly game and the money lenders were the ultimate victors. The money lenders knew their job and took over the Bus service, the Mills and the Picture-house and were managing them quite well.

There is one cheerful aspect of it all and it proves the usefulness of the front seats. A hundred lectures from the Municipal platforms would not have brought to Chamrajnagar two bus services and a Rice Mill and a Picture-house, all in such quick succession. The front seats in The Maruthi Bus Service did it. The front seats and, maybe, Shama Rao.

ART IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By RAM SWARUP

MANY Indian "delegates" returning from Soviet Russia have praised Soviet culture by praising her theatres, her laboratories. Some time ago, an exposition of Soviet film art was arranged by the Soviet Cine-Art Committee, in honour of M. V. I. Pudovkin, "people's artist of the U.S.S.R.," who visited us. The Chief Justice of Bombay, Mr. Chagla, who presided over the function, observed: "Art and culture have nothing to do with politics."

This is a statement easily made outside Soviet Russia and we are glad for the sake of the Chief Justice that he was not inside Soviet borders when he made it. Political neutrality is the gravest charge that could be brought against any artist in that country.

In Soviet Russia all art must be political, all politics partisan, all partisanship Communist, and all Communism must be decided by the Politbureau every now and then. Every deviation from this pattern is punished with disgrace, demotion and death.

As early as the thirties, the Association of Proletarian Writers—and there could be no other association—declared: "The *raison d'être* of literature is solely to execute the instructions of Comrade Stalin in the social field." But one need not go that far back to show what is happening in present-day Russia.

In the thirties, generally speaking, it was political opposition that was persecuted. In the forties, it was political neutrality. This trend was brought into sharp relief in 1946 when the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party passed resolutions on literature, drama, cinema, music, genetics and humour.

Intellectual Purge

In the field of literature, the Central Committee, while it resolved generally on literature, selected the two greatest writers, Zoshchenko and

Akhmatova, for special attack. This set the ball rolling for what eventually turned out to be history's greatest intellectual purge. The Central Committee accused Zoshchenko of "banality and neutrality in ideology and politics." On August 21, 1946, Andrei Zhdanov, Politbureau member, second to Stalin only while he lived, speaking at the First All Union Congress of Soviet Writers declared that Zoshchenko was a preacher of "ideological neutrality and vulgarity." He warned: "Let him reform or let him get out of Soviet literature. In Soviet literature there can be no place for putrid, empty, vulgar and ideologically indifferent works." In Russia non-political art is regarded as vulgar, banal and empty.

The same gentleman accused Akhmatova in these words: "Individualistic to the core . . . Basic with her are amorous-erotic motifs, interlaced with motifs of sadness, anguish, death, mysticism and doom . . . Not quite a nun and not quite a fornicatrix, but rather a fornicatrix and a nun in whom fornication is mingled with prayer."

At the end, Zhdanov held out the following to the whole gathering of writers: "*We demand that our comrades, both as leaders in literary affairs and as writers be guided by the vital force of the Soviet order—its politics . . . Literature must become party . . . Leninism proceeds from the fact that our literature cannot be art for art's sake . . . From this position issued the Leninist principles of partisanship in literature—a most important contribution to literature.*"

Art lovers outside Soviet Russia may not understand this language, but inside Soviet Russia they did. At once, on orgy of confessions, recantations and assurances began. The Presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers met in a full session on September 4, 1946, and resolved on:

"greater vigilance" in future. In this very meeting it was also resolved "to expel M. Zoshchenko and A. Akhmatova from the Union of Writers for not conforming in their creative works with the statute of the Union, which reads that members of the Union of Soviet Writers must be writers who stand on the platform of Soviet power."

Film: Pudovkin Rebuked

What happened in literature, happened to the films as well, which, incidentally, also involved M. V. I. Pudovkin, our guest. On September 4, 1946, the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party made public its third resolution entitled "On the moving picture *Bolshava Zhin*." It charged the directors with political neutrality and wanted them to account for so many "false and mistaken films." It found the answer in the fact that producers, directors, scenario writers, take their obligation thoughtlessly and irresponsibly and work dishonestly in the creation of moving pictures. Then Pudovkin undertook the production of a film on Nakhimov, but he did not study the details of the matter and distorted historical truth . . . "

Film Boss Makes Public Recantation

In the wake of the resolution Eisenstein, Pudovkin's boss, confessed, recanted, discovered that he had proved "a bad sentry" who "gaped at the unessentials and the secondary," admitted that he "forgot that the main consideration in art is its ideological content," and urged his fellow-artists to "master the Lenin-Stalin method of perceiving reality and history." He confessed, was disgraced and in 1948, died mysteriously.

How Pudovkin managed to escape this doom is a tribute to his 'art' which, in the light of this miraculous escape, must be considerable. He promised a "radical revision of the entire scenario conception of the film."

Immediately following the resolution of the Party, an All-Union Conference of Moving Picture Workers, including Pudovkin and M. N. Cherkasov held a meeting—alas! not to argue that art is non-political and that while politics is ephemeral, art is universal, but to address a memorial to Stalin in the following words:

"Dear Joseph Vissarionovich: We workers in Soviet cinematography are mindful of the attention and concern which the Central Committee of our Party and you personally, Comrade Stalin, have always shown for our work. In the severe words of the resolution of the Central Committee of the Party about our shortcomings we feel your deep concern for the most advanced and most popular of all the arts . . . We assure you, friend and teacher, that the just criticism will assist us—both party and non-party Bolsheviks—to correct our work as speedily as possible. We will do everything possible to create films worthy of the great Stalinist epoch, films praising the might of our Socialist Motherland and glorifying the remarkable Soviet people—heroically fulfilling the provisions of the new Stalinist five-year plan."

Conclusion

One need not blame Soviet writers, actors, scientists and lawyers for professing and confessing as they do. For, they cannot do anything else. But one has to feel sorry at the spectacle of those writers, editors and poets in free countries who utilize this freedom to destroy it, by singing, praising and hailing tyranny and totalitarianism under all kinds of illusions and by all kinds of arguments.

A torture chamber can be architecturally very beautiful and a rack or electric chair fitting objects of aesthetic contemplation, but let us never forget what they are. Similarly, a Soviet film may be perfect in its technique, colour-scheme, but let us remember that its purpose is solely to falsify and distort reality with a view to glorify and propagate Soviet dictatorship.

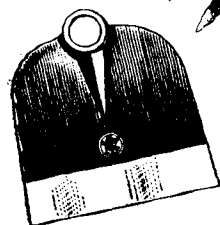
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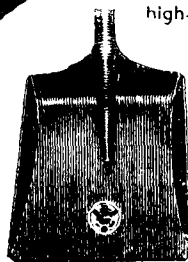


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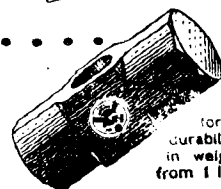
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POWER POLITICS IN KASHMIR

By BRIJ MOHAN TOOFAN

ONCE again the beautiful valley of Kashmir and the surrounding areas of Jammu, the city of temples, will be resounding with slogans. It will be the voice of Democratic Socialism which will echo amongst the hills and dales of this fascinating State.

During the past seven years the Socialists of India refused to interfere in the affairs of Kashmir; Prime Minister Nehru has been the monarch of all he surveyed as far as Kashmir policy was concerned. He pooh-poohed suggestions on the subject from others whom he considered incompetent judges of the rapidly deteriorating situation in the State.

It is indeed an intriguing situation in Jammu and Kashmir. Last year, when a crisis arose, the former Premier, Sheikh Abdullah, proved a convenient scapegoat. Today Abdullah is still behind bars. Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, along with Mohammed Sadiq, the Education Minister, and his team of well-known Communists, is entrenched in power.

There is a queer unofficial coalition between the National Conference, headed by Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, and a band of Communists led by Sadiq. The Praja Parishad of Prem Nath Dogra pretends to dominate the show in Jammu. There is thus no effective opposition party in the State; the ruling elements do not also tolerate opposition. All opponents of the regime within or without the Assembly are clapped in prison on security grounds. There is no freedom of speech or expression. The press is in chains. Politically conscious elements are either bought up or eliminated. Abdul Ghani Goni M.L.A., and Urfani, Editor of the *Kashmir Times*, who had expressed their intention to organise the Socialist forces in the State, are now in detention.

It is necessary to recapitulate here

the recent developments in the State since the invasion of Kashmir by Pakistan-inspired tribal hordes, in 1947. Sheikh Abdullah became the virtual monarch of the valley and the spearhead of the movement for the defence of the State. Realising his usefulness, the Communists started wooing him in a bid to infiltrate into the National Conference and capture it from within. In fact, Communist contacts with the National Conference leadership dated from the "Quit Kashmir" movement days. Since then important members of the Communist Party of India started evincing interest and taking part in Kashmir politics. Two well-known Communists, Sher Jang and Raj Bans, were nominated colonels in the "People's Army." B. P. L. Bedi and Rajinder Singh controlled the propaganda machinery of the National Conference. The late Dhanwantri was already active in Jammu. Later Dr. Ashraf joined these and was the coordinating authority of Communist activity in the State. The members of the Politburo of the C.P.I. visited Kashmir regularly. Kashmiri leaders like Maulana Masoodi, Secretary of the National Conference, who were aware of the Communist infiltration tactics, wanted to put an end to it. But Sheikh Abdullah never heeded to them. He thought they were obsessed by anti-Communism.

Meanwhile, the Communists were playing a double game. In the valley, they were one with the National Conference and sowed seeds of separatism in the organisation. In Jammu, on the other hand, they joined hands with the Hindu communal elements who opposed Sheikh Abdullah mainly on the ground that he was a Muslim. Two other factors—Sheikh Abdullah's desire to remain the uncrowned king of the four million people of Jammu and Kashmir

and Prime Minister Nehru's acceptance of Sheikh Abdullah as the fountain-head of secularism further complicated the Kashmir situation.

In reality, there was no alliance between the people of the valley and those of India. The State's integration with India was far from complete, the human aspect having been totally neglected. The anti-Dogra campaign helped Sheikh Abdullah to retain and strengthen his hold on the people of Kashmir. The Communists supported the Sheikh Saheb and prevented a compromise between Kashmir and Dogra nationalisms. This meant widening of the gulf between Jammu and Kashmir. Sheikh Abdullah was not happy about the spurt of Communist influence in the valley, but between the Dogras and the Reds he had to choose the latter.

The Abdullah regime had, in the mean time, grown corrupt. Bribery and nepotism were the order of the day. The economic condition of the people was rapidly deteriorating and trade was on the downward trend. Dogra antipathy towards the Government succeeded in creating a anti-Hindu bogey about the regime and roused fears in the minds of the rest of India. The result was that tourist traffic touched an all-time low. To crown these the rift within the National Conference was widening.

AT this juncture, the Praja Parishad agitation for full integration of the State with India came as a god-send to Sheikh Abdullah. The Parishad's conception of full integration was to apply the break to the progressive legislation being initiated by the State Government, with the help of vested interests in the rest of India. As could be expected, the agitation spurred identical sentiments among the Muslims of the valley and gave rise to separatist tendencies. The Communists saw in this situation an opportunity to pursue their policy of disruption and started fishing in troubled waters with the bait of Independent Kashmir.

Sheikh Abdullah was the first to fall for it. He thought it would be a sufficient diversion for the people

of the valley from their economic difficulties. It would also enable him to fight the Parishad agitation effectively.

But the Communist conception of 'Azad Kashmir' was different from Sheikh Abdullah's. While Sheikh Abdullah was willing to accept support from any quarter, the Communists wanted "Independent Kashmir" to be guaranteed only by Russia, China, India, and Pakistan. The moment the Communists discovered that Sheikh Abdullah was approaching the United Nations for recognition of his Independent Kashmir, they not only deserted him but also turned against him. They branded him an agent of America, thus meaning to kill two birds with one shot. First Sheikh Abdullah would be discredited and the biggest stumbling block in the way of further Communist ascendancy within the National Conference would be removed. Secondly, the people of India who have started viewing the Kashmir Premier with distrust would be taken in by the bogey of American agent and thus the Party line vis-a-vis the Western powers would be implemented. The Communists would then appear in the role of patriots out to defeat "American machinations." They also suddenly dropped their earlier slogan of "Independent Kashmir" and started advocating ratification of accession to India.

Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed has been in the saddle since August 9, 1953. In the rest of India, he is looked upon as a reliable friend of this country because he has readily agreed to the implementation of the Delhi Pact on closer integration of the State with India. He has also come out with a statement that no plebiscite is needed to ratify the State's accession to India.

But inside Kashmir, he is not in such an advantageous position. The beginning of the regime was marked by spectacular strides towards land reform and welfare measures but soon he was caught in the meshes of jobbery, cabinet feuds, and strife within the party. Matrimonial alliances in the real Moghal tradition,

baits of office and prize posts were some of the instruments of winning support for the regime.

The irony is that Sheikh Abdullah's own dismal record in office is clean forgotten now. He has become a hero with a martyr's halo round him. The people at large in the valley and a vast section of the National Conference members still owe allegiance to him and are demanding his return to power. On any reckoning, Bakshi lacks the popular appeal which the Sheikh Sahib still enjoys.

To prevent a comeback of Sheikh Abdullah, Bakshi is keeping the Communist element within the National Conference in good humour. The real power in the party is in the hands of Sadiq who has now been made the Vice-President of the National Conference. Aware of Bakshi's precarious position Sadiq and his Communist followers are driving home the advantage. They are entrenching themselves more and

more in the Government and the party.

IN this medley of power politics and internal feuds, the launching of a Socialist Party in the State will be a healthy tendency. The party has the initial advantage of winning to its ranks about a hundred tried workers of the National Conference. The Democratic Socialist Party of Jammu and the Awami Conference of Kashmir have merged to form the nucleus of the Socialist movement in the State. If the party succeeds in ending the unholy alliance between the Communists and the National Conference and forces the Communists to come out in their true colours it will have done invaluable service to the cause of both India and Kashmir. The very emergence of an opposition will end the present monopoly of power and will serve as a check on unhealthy and anti-social practices such as corruption, jobbery, etc.



BATES DUNLOP



up to all jobs!

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IN the film world inspite of several top-notch stars and directors there is always room for newcomers. Among stars, for instance, there is still room for at least half-a-dozen good heroes and heroines; similarly among music directors, an addition of half-a dozen new music directors would be most welcome. For, the discovery of new talent would lessen the pressure of work on the established music directors and also lessen the evil of free lancing which is so rampant in the industry today.

Hence the novel idea of a competition sponsored by Mr. B. V. Dharap of Motion Picture Enterprises is most commendable. Mr. Dharap is producing a Hindi social picture entitled *Aram Haram Hai* starring Usha Kiran and Bhagwan. In the ordinary course, he should have signed a regular music director to give tunes for his picture. Instead, through a competition he is inviting the tunes from amateur as well as professional music composers and with the help of H. M. V. Studio in Bombay after usual preliminary elimination tests, he will get the tunes tape-recorded and put them before judges who with the help of an adjudging committee composed of representatives of public, press and radio dealers will select the final tunes. Of course, the competitor will be provided with song situations and if his tunes are selected he will be awarded a prize of Rs. 5,000.

Explaining this scheme at a press conference Mr. B. V. Dharap said that the idea behind this competition was not only to discover new composers but also to ensure the popularity of tunes as they will be selected in consultation with the public. He had purposely decided not to have any music director or

playback singer on the panel of judges as in his opinion they are 'interested' parties. He also said that if the tune is just a copy, it will not be considered good enough for competition.

This, as far as I remember, is the first musical competition of its kind; and it will be worth watching how far Mr. Dharap succeeds in his efforts in bringing into the limelight the unknown music talent in our country.

Picture of the week

The cause of the widows is of late receiving special attention from our enlightened film producers. This year we have had at least three pictures depicting the plight of the widow, viz., *Puja*, *Subah Ka Tara* and now *Darwaza*.

Of these *Darwaza* deals with the problem of a young Muslim widow. Though widow-remarriage is not tabooed by religion amongst Muslims, generally widows belonging to the upper strata of society do not marry again; and thanks to the same traditions and customs as Hindus, the very idea of re-marriage is considered preposterous and as such tabooed. Indeed, the social conventions and traditions are sometimes stronger than even the religion.

Against this background Ismat Chughtai has written a sympathetic, touching story of a young and poor widow who inspite of all the conventions was attracted by a young and rich neighbour whom she knew since childhood. But neither Zubaida, the young widow nor Rashid dreams of marrying again. It is only when Rashid opposes the marriage of his sister to a loafer and drunkard and the latter out of spite accuses Rashid of having illicit relations with Zubaida, the idea of marrying her dawns in the mind of Rashid.

But Rashid has to face the opposition of parents while the neighbours boycott Zubaida and completely ostracize her and are in fact about to force her to leave the town and go into wilderness when Rashid puts a poser to the people and appeals to their conscience. Of course,

Rashid who helps his sister to elope with his friend succeeds in this appeal and the picture ends happily.

Ismat Chughtai has succeeded in presenting a realistic portrayal of a widow and also stressing the need of dynamic action on the part of the progressive youth to counteract feudal and reactionary traditions and to face even the public scandal heroically. Rashid is such a hero; and he marks a refreshing change from the frustrated sighing heroes of our films. Shekhar has portrayed the role of Rashid with gusto; but unfortunately in his enthusiasm his diction becomes jumbled and his mannerisms become artificial. With more restraint and careful modulation Shekhar could have imparted greater strength to his role. As against him, Shyama is almost perfect revealing herself to be an emotional artiste of high calibre. Only in the dream sequence she looks the usual Shyama. Somehow, though the motif behind this dream sequence was excellent, thanks to mediocre music and dancing it fails to be effective. Indeed, mediocre music is one of the shortcomings of this otherwise good film.

Nazir Hussain as the boy's father who is always fond of reciting his 'poor' poetry, Leela Misra as the boy's mother, Manju as the sister, Indrajeet as the friend, Pratima Devi as the girl's mother and Amar Banu give a good account of themselves.

Pungent dialogue, lively characterization and adequate direction and technical values make *Darwaza* a commendable effort. But unfortunately its theme lacks appeal to modern audience and its presentation, sincere and sympathetic, fails to reach great dramatic heights and to that extent the picture misses its mark.

Personality of the week

From post office counter to producer is a far cry.

But Rajender Singh Bedi, the modern progressive Sikh writer has travelled a long way in two decades. While he began his career as a clerk in the post office he had an aptitude for writing from the very beginning. One of the short stories that made

him famous was the story about a post office clerk entitled *Garam Coat*, which incidentally he is now producing himself in association with some of his friends and colleagues.

Rajender Singh Bedi was associated with the radio before the partition days and earned a name for himself as a writer of short stories in Urdu. It is doubtful whether he would have left Lahore and started writing for the films but for the partition. I first met him in Lahore where he and other progressive writers were conducting a publishing house and a book shop; I was struck by his quick wit and sense of humour.

Then, he came to Bombay and started working on the screenplay and dialogue of *Bari Bahen* for D. D. Kashyap. His association with Kashyap lasted till *Naya Ghar*.

As a dialogue writer he made his mark. The scintillating dialogue of *Aram* and *Daag* won high praise for him. In *Barati*, Bedi displayed his flair for humour as well.

So far, though he has been writing for the films for the last six or seven years, only one or two of his original stories have been filmed. And if I am not mistaken, *Garam Coat* will be his first published story to be transcribed to the screen.

Incidentally there is an interesting story behind the filming of *Garam Coat*. While working for Kashyap, Bedi had promised Amar Kumar, Kashyap's erstwhile assistant, that whenever *Garam Coat* is filmed it will be directed by Amar. In fact, Amar was to make the picture. Bedi refused to sell it except on the condition that Amar Kumar would be entrusted with its direction. It required no small moral courage to refuse tempting offers from well-known producers and directors; but Bedi remained true to his word. And ultimately it is Amar Kumar who is directing *Garam Coat* for Cine Co-operative Ltd.

It is this integrity and idealism that has earned a reputation for Rajender Singh Bedi whose creative genius, it is hoped, will have greater scope with the release of both *Mirza Ghalib* and *Garam Coat*.

New Books

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF INDIA

A Short History

By M. R. MASANI

Derek Verschoyle, London

DISTRIBUTORS IN INDIA:

Casement Publications, Oak Chambers, 11, Oak Lane, Bombay 1

Rs. 9-8 as

SRI MASANI'S book is acclaimed by Guy Wint in his Introduction as the first comprehensive study of the Indian Communist Party. Such a study of the Communist Party in China was not undertaken until the party became master of the country. Meanwhile many of the documents connected with the early history of the party were lost and it is not possible now to reconstruct it on an authentic basis, apart from the legends that tend to get mixed up with facts when a struggling party not overburdened with conventional standards of morality gets established as the supreme power in a State. Sri Masani's diligence has saved from oblivion many interesting facts of the early history of the Communist Party of India that are of great value for a proper understanding of the true character of the party, its principles, tactics and strategies.

He makes it clear that the CPI was conceived in Moscow. The party's whole career shows that no major change in policy has been or can be carried out without a directive from the international Communist movement. Thus Indian Communists have had "to undertake many a left and right-about-turn and perform many a somersault at the behest of Moscow." No other party perhaps could have survived the series of somersaults, blunders and betrayals for which the Communists of India had to make themselves responsible under the orders of their mentors. But while their intellectual sycophancy has been pathetic and it is noteworthy that not a single figure of any importance (except M. N. Roy) broke with the party to denounce the subservient role

imposed upon it, it has also to be admitted that Indian Communists as a class have shown themselves to be "a disciplined and devoted body of men and women who have made the best of a difficult job." Their capacity for hard work and devotion to their cause should not be under-estimated.

It is Sri Masani's thesis that the activities and fortunes of the Indian Communist Party are not directly inspired or affected by the condition of the Indian people, their poverty or their prosperity, but by the fortunes of the Soviet dictatorship of which they are an appendage. As in the past, so in the future, there will not be one definite line of policy followed by them for any length of time, and the only thing that can be said with any assurance is this, "that the international zig-zag which has so far characterised the line of international Communism and therefore of its constituent elements, including the Indian section, will be pursued" hereafter also. In the light of this assessment of the author, the parliamentary programme of the Communists becomes exceedingly significant. They embarked on that programme with the hope of obtaining quick results from election successes and forming Communist-dominated coalition cabinets in States like Madras, Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad. But they did not abandon their belief that "revolutions did not take place through the ballot box." From this stems the one great difference between the Communists and other parties in India. The latter have no extra-constitutional plans for achieving supremacy and their loyalty to the Constitution is absolute and uncondi-

tional. But the Communist Party is tied by no such loyalty, and it will have no hesitation, if so ordered by its policy-makers, to transgress beyond the Constitution and violate its provisions deliberately to attain its purposes. In Pepsu, for example, the Communists established a parallel administrative authority overriding the State itself, and to meet their challenge to constitutional government, President's rule had to be introduced in that State. Addressing Parliament in March 1953 in the course of a debate approving the establishment of President's rule, the Home Minister declared: "They (the Communists) collect Government revenues, try cases, not ordinary cases but murder cases and cases involving serious offences. They compel obedience and do not allow any body to go to law courts, magistrates or judges. The sentence passed by them in a murder case was a fine and blackening of the accused's face." Sri Sundarayya, the Communist leader, denied these allegations, but the Home Minister countered the denial with Sundarayya's own statement made in the course of a speech in Pepsu in August 1952, when he said: "I have brought a model before you—that of Telengana."

While, on the one hand, the Communists profess adherence to parliamentary practices, they are also actuated by a desire "to create an autonomous territory where the writ of the Indian Government may no longer run." Hitherto they have been handicapped by lack of adequate supplies of arms, despite the fact that they failed to honour their assurances at the time of the police action in Hyderabad that the arms that had been illegally secured by them would be surrendered. To get over this inadequacy of arms, the Communists have been latterly turning their attention to the North-East and North-Western regions, and Sri Masani holds that it is "not so much in the South as in the North-East and North-Western regions adjoining the Chinese communist frontier that the centre of gravity of future 'direct action' (emanating from Indian Commu-

nists) would appear to be located." In these regions, the common frontier which India now has with Communist China will no doubt serve to create conditions in which disabilities arising from lack of adequate supplies of arms will tend to recede progressively from the programme of the Indian Communist Party. These regions are also in close proximity to Kuming, an advance base of international Communism and the headquarters of "Volunteers for the Liberation of India, Burma and Thailand." We are told that "these volunteers could, if an emergency arose, be assisted by the 13th, 14th and 15th Chinese Communist army units totalling 100,000 men."

Sri Masani's book is invaluable for a proper understanding of what is happening in Asia today and should be read by all concerned over the prospects in India and the possibilities of Communist contributions to our destiny.

The Ethics of Atomic Research

By John Langdon-Davies

Casement Publications Limited,
Oak Chambers,
11, Oak Lane, Bombay 1
6 As.

WITH the discovery of the atomic bomb closely succeeded by the hydrogen bomb the ethics of scientific research has once again come to the fore. Cries have gone up demanding the total choking of scientific effort. The apathy and indifference of the scientist to the social aspects of his work are partly responsible for this pause.

John Langdon-Davies who, in his own way, has contributed to the popularisation of science treats this problem anew in his *The Ethics of Atomic Research*. The title is promising. But a perusal of the booklet disillusiones the hopeful reader. It proves to be nothing more than a repetition of platitudes and a brief, too brief, statement of facts connecting the discovery of the electron to the atomic explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The justification, according to the author, for the continuance of research on atomic weapons is the pursuit of "a policy of

ideological aggression and conquest," by Russia. Pamphlets like this which, instead of trying to help nations with different ideologies to co-exist, advocate the total destruction of one or the other, will only hasten the process—in the author's words—towards a situation "when the last democrat and the last communist mingle their ashes."

TAMIL

Ayirathor Iravugal:

Arabian Nights, Vol. I

Translated by A. L. Natarajan

Bharati Pathippakam,

Thyagaroyanagar, Madras 17

Cheap Edition: Rs.4-8 as

Prize Edition: Rs. 6

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS!

The mere utterance of the words takes us to Arabia in the golden prime of Caliph Haroun Al-Rashid, where milk and honey flowed down the streets, where gem-set palaces and gold-paved roads were in existence; where magic and witch-craft were day-to-day affairs. The Arabian Night's Stories are celebrated the world over. But no one knows exactly what these stories are. Any story connected with magic or is full of exciting mystery is considered as an Arabian Night's story. Only a few like 'Sindbad the Sailor,' 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,' and 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp' are popular, holding the young ones from play and the old from the chimney corner. These stories have been translated into many of the world's languages; in Tamil there has yet been no definitive edition.

Now Bharati Pathippakam has undertaken the stupendous task of getting this thesaurus of tales translated into Tamil. The basis for their translation is Edward William Lane's English version published by Chatto and Windus. The illustrations in the original are reproduced which, shall we say, almost add a hue unto the rainbow.

The deletion of the routine passages which are repeated night after night for a thousand and one times, is very intelligent work which not only saves paper and labour of typesetting but also helps the reader to

continue the stories at a stretch without interruption. But as the translator has marked the number of the night on which the story is told we can easily imagine where these deleted passages would have occurred.

The Appendix at the end of the book is both useful and educative. The Tamil style is simple, supple, and bright like spring water.

This volume is to be followed by nineteen more! All strength to the publishers and congratulations on their laudable enterprise. Only one wishes that the cheaper edition had a thicker cover to last a little longer, to prevent it from being sent to a bindery early.

MALAYALAM

Ni Manushyanee Kollaruthu

A Play in Six Acts

By M. Govindan

National Book Stall, Kottayam

Re. 1

AN *adhikari* sends his second son to the warfront much against the wishes of his wife and son. The eldest son who had been to war was killed and the shadow of his death still lingered over the household.

A recruiting officer enters the village and at his speech in praise of heroism and in order to set an example to the villagers the *adhikari* sends his unwilling son to war.

During the absence of the son who would have turned a good farmer, the farm goes to waste for want of proper attention. A manager is appointed and later on the parents learn from him that he was one of the six who was ordered to shoot the son of the *adhikari* because he preached non-violence to his fellow-men.

Since the truth of their son's death came to light the sight of the manager brought pain to the parents. They then send for him and request him to leave the house; it is then they hear the dreadful news that he is the father of their daughter's unborn child. The *adhikari* in his wrath takes the gun—an ancestral property—and is about to shoot the manager when the daughter falls in between. At this juncture their second son limps in with crutches as aid. His leg had

been amputated. The father throws away the gun and embraces his son.

This in short is the play in 103 pages.

Mr. Govindan has done good work in drawing the character of the *adhikari*.

The silent scene where the son takes leave of his mother and sister before going to war is quite touching. The confusion in the last scene makes it difficult for one to understand the story well. What actually

happens to the *adhikari's* daughter and the manager is left to the reader or the audience to decide as best they could.

The recruiting officer's speech could have been more effective and proverbs throughout the play minimised.

The scenes are not many and are arranged to enable easy acting and little confusion; not many actors are required which in itself is a great advantage.

Journalists Meet at Bombay

By P. D. TANDON

EMINENT men in Bombay vied with each other in giving receptions to working journalists who recently met at Bombay. These receptions were significant in several ways, and the delegates to the third annual session of the All India Working Journalists Conference were naturally happy at the recognition they received in that great city. The President of the Bombay P.C.C., Sri S. K. Patel felt sorry that the first session of the conference was not held at Bombay. He said, "It would have been tragic if even this session was not held here. I have always been a journalist and even now I always mention 'journalism' as my profession whenever I have to fill any form. Working journalists, I wish to assure you, that the Bombay P.C.C. and I are always with you. I will support you in the party meeting and even rebel, if necessary." These were heartening words and we were happy to realise that we had prominent supporters in the Congress and elsewhere. Dayabhai Patel, Mayor of Bombay, welcoming the delegates at the Corporation function said that 'working journalists had suffered a lot and their conditions now must improve. The President of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce recognised the work that the Federation of Journalists had been doing and he remarked that

journalists had a big hand in moulding the destiny of the country.

The delegates were in dead earnest about their work. I have attended many political conferences, but I was struck by the high seriousness with which journalist delegates participated in the deliberations of the conference. The hall was always packed and discussions took place in an atmosphere of understanding and co-operation. The delegates were aware that circumstances were in their favour and the Press Commission report would improve their condition to a great extent, but they were fully aware of the difficulties also that still they had in their way and the struggle that lay ahead. They criticised the proprietors in moderate language and there was little expression of anger against those who owned the newspapers, despite the fact that they had been suffering considerably at the hands of the proprietors. In their resolutions they drew the attention of the newspaper barons to the injustice done to them and requested them to redress their grievances and settle matters amicably. There was a reasonable approach to the problems that faced the working journalists and the newspaper industry. The P. T. I. was denounced book, bell, and candle and instances were quoted where P. T. I. managers of different units had shown marked hostility to the Federation by suppressing and distorting the news about the activities of the various branches of the

(Continued on page 48)

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.

Civic Reception To Cardinal Gracias

Sir,—It is regrettable that the civic reception given by the Madras Corporation to Cardinal Gracias when he visited the city should have given rise to many unnecessary comments, so much so that even your esteemed paper published a very interesting article questioning the propriety of the action of the City Fathers. I am really unable to find out, even after reading this thoughtful article any weighty reasons to condemn the step taken by the Corporation authorities.

It is said that the Cardinal was only an ordinary parish priest just a few years back and that he came to the limelight all on a sudden. But the mere fact that a person now highly placed in society was just an ordinary person a few years ago does not in any way disqualify him for being greeted with honour. Quite the contrary. To say that his appointment as a Cardinal was a diplomatic move is to say that the Pope is guided more by politics than by merits. To allege that Father Gracias' appointment as bishop was the outcome of a long fight, seems to me to be due to a blissful ignorance of the reality. Ultimately it is the ruling bishop who selects his successor and in this case he was a European and I do not know with whom he fought.

I cannot really understand why one should object to the Madras Corporation giving a civic reception to a person to whom India's largest Corporation, that of Bombay, not to speak of various other corporations and municipalities, in all parts of the country, could give a reception graced by the presence of a Governor and a Chief Minister. If the Government of India, a government which is wedded to secular principles, could ask their ambassador in Rome to go to the Vatican and offer their felicitations to the Cardinal, why not the Madras Corporation? If Cardinal Gracias is seen at the highlights of Bombay's social life that only magnifies his importance.

When we discuss the propriety of giving a civic reception to India's first

Cardinal I do not know why we should drag in the profligacy of ecclesiastical dignitaries. I am a Catholic and I do not know why I should be ashamed of it. To make the charge that the Cardinal was being deified, is to forget the fact that the majority of the members of the Madras Corporation do not belong to the groups called Catholics.

P. T. KURIAKOSE

Trichy

Our Constitution: Its Greatest Defect

Sir,—The greatest virtue of our Constitution, our leaders declared, is the granting of franchise to every individual past the age of twenty one. They said that no other nation in the world enjoyed this privilege at so early a stage of its evolution. They also said they were very optimistic about the intelligence of the electorate. We had occasion to examine the truth of this view in the last general elections. We know what sort of people got elected to the legislatures and how.

A majority of the voters made an abuse of their power of voting. In many cases, money was squandered and votes purchased. In some cases, a voter was shown vast prospects for promotion of his selfish interests and was robbed of his vote. Oftener he was lured by the offer of five acres of land and a cow. These offers never materialising, he felt disillusioned, and to avert his anger political parties had recourse to Satyagraha campaigns as in Andhra.

Think of the miserable plight of a legislature elected by people who believed that its members can assign lands to them. Many of our eighteen crores and odd voters do not know that an institution like the Assembly exists. Let us be frank and cease boosting the wisdom of our voters. They are ignorant of what legislators are capable of doing and oftentimes they are moved by political orations which make wrong use of facts and figures.

Men of sterling character were defeated in the last elections. Why? It was because the majority of the electors have not yet acquired the necessary wisdom to discriminate the good from the bad.

A study of the development of democracy in the West shows that it has not dawned all of a sudden in any country. It was a slow process. Each section of the community began to realise the necessity of the vote, and felt acutely the denial of it to them. It fought for it and won it. Thus won, the vote was valuable to them and they used it with due care and a sense of responsibility. But here in India, without any agitation for it, our elders benevolently con-

ferred the franchise on the masses. The result of it we are reaping now.

When we have no qualms about amending the Constitution to suit our pleasure even when there was no real necessity for it, there should be no objection to revising the step we took in granting the franchise to one and all. It is time thinking men in the country discerned this defect and took proper steps to remedy it. Let us not be inhibited by any feeling of shame or the like when all that we do is in the interests of the nation.

Masulipatam

Y. MADHAVA RAO

A. I. R. Music Competitions

Sir,—Apart from the fact that more awards have been allotted to the Hindustani section in the recent A. I. R. music competitions, there has been obvious absurdity and unfairness in the division of awards. Whereas for the Hindustani section separate awards were instituted for "Instrumental-Melodic" and "Instrumental-Percussion," no such logic of division has been recognised as necessary for the Carnatic section where all the instrumental competitions have been clubbed. In the result, the very curious fact has emerged of a mridangam-artiste being given pride of place over a veena-artiste. On what considerations has this judgment been arrived at? It cannot possibly be on account of the superior excellence of the mridangam-performer over the veena-player. The instruments belong to different categories and there is no conceivable common ground for judging the relative merits of the two. And if the placings were to be based purely and simply on the relative importance of the instruments, there can be no dispute then that the veena by every consideration should have been awarded precedence over the mridangam. The veena, apart from being the traditional and symbolic instrument of Carnatic music, is also an instrument with an individual standing in which solo performances have been given and acclaimed through the ages. The mridangam, on the contrary, has no such standing and is at best only an accompaniment, not a main or a lead instrument. The fact that a performer like Sri Palghat Mani, who is acclaimed as the very avatar of Nandikesvara and who indeed has explored and exploited the very limits of an instrument of limited possibilities, has not been so far invited to give a full concert-time solo serves amply to reinforce the secondary importance of the mridangam or, for the matter of that, any other percussion instrument in relation to stringed melodic instruments of individual standing.

LAXMI NARAIN

Rehabilitation Of Refugees—In Germany And In India

Sir,—It is a fashion in India to say that our refugee problem has been the biggest and worst in history, that no other Government could have done better, or even as well, in the circumstances. The facts are rather different.

It is not necessary to go back far in history for a comparable refugee problem. Small and battered West Germany suffered it right when we were also faced with it.

Since the end of the War in 1945, some 1,06,00,000 Germans earlier settled in Central Europe, Poland or East Germany, have migrated to West Germany. Much of this influx took place during the early years of the peace. It was a titanic problem, much bigger than the Indian refugee problem.

For one thing, West Germany was a small country, no bigger than U. P. in area or population. Wartime bombing had battered Germany out of recognition. One-third to one-half of the houses and factories were reduced to a mass of rubble. And on such a badly battered country descended over one crore refugees—twice the number received in India from West Pakistan.

Let it be clearly understood that rehabilitation in Germany was a purely local enterprise.

Even a summary account of its rehabilitation measures would make a volume by itself. We need not go into all those details of heroic enterprise of refugees, other citizens and the Government. I would here only mention the measures adopted by Bonn to rehabilitate the refugees.

The Government passed the Equalization of Burdens Law. Germany had the highest income tax (40 %) in Europe. But to this was now added a property tax, taxing full half their total property! Refugees were practically exempted by a special Rs. 22,100 exemption limit in their case. The rest were asked to pay half of their property to the State in thirty equal annual instalments. Property-holders had also to pay interest on the residual amount due from them. The annual income from this source alone is over Rs. 250 crores a year—i.e., half the total revenue of the Indian State! With this money the Government has rehabilitated the refugees and reconstructed the country.

Today, seven years after partition, the Indian Government is offering Rs. 8,000 as maximum compensation for the biggest of losses. It is a compensation fit only to be thrown back into the faces of its givers. I say it is a disgrace alike to the refugees and the Government.

Had the Government of India had a little common sense and some milk of human kindness they would have solved the problem long ago to the satisfaction of everybody.

Sri Tandon and Dr. Choithram suggested a rehabilitation tax. But the Government ridiculed them! The Government of India's annual revenue alone is Rs. 500 crores a year. Assuming, at a conservative estimate, that taxes represent a 5% charge on property, we have a taxable property of Rs. 10,000 crores in the country. Even a 1% tax on this property for a single year would have fetched a neat Rs. 100 crores. This, added to evacuee property, would have provided a fair rehabilitating compensation to the refugees. But the Government would not do it!

"We have no intention of creating new landlords in India," said Mr. Nehru dramatically. But why punish the propertied people from Pakistan alone? For one thing, property relations were intact and even better entrenched in India. As for refugee landowners, why not grant them the measure of compensation given to their counterparts in parts of India where landlordism had been abolished? To this there was no answer—because there could be none. The Government were not honest with the refugees. Here were men who were unilaterally bartered away in the bargain for power. Lakhs of them died in Pakistan. Lakhs more have died prematurely in India. But the Government are more interested in Korea than in these victims of cruelty.

(Miss) P. R. MALKANI

New Delhi

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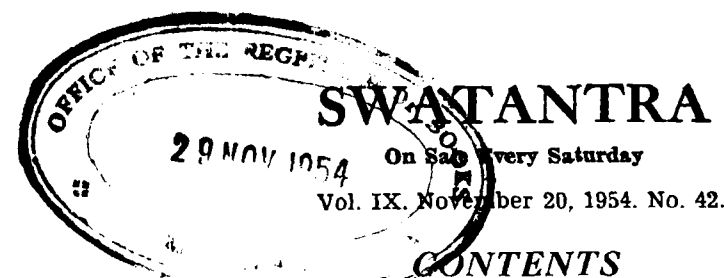
Federation in the country. Working journalists were fully aware of the existence of black-legs in the profession and an elderly delegate observed: "Proprietors are not our so bad enemies as some of our own men. These fellows sell themselves for very minor gains and betray the major interests of the profession." However, it was felt that the best way to tackle these disruptionists is not to denounce them but make them realise that their interests really lay with us and not with the 'maliks' of the Press.

Little need be said about the President of the Federation. He is the life blood of our movement and is universally respected for his integrity and ability. His last speech at

the conference was a masterly performance and his replies to the addresses at Bombay were highly impressive and appropriate. His address to the conference will be long remembered. Chief Justice Chagla paid high tribute to the President and ably supported our cause. It encouraged the delegates considerably.

The reception at Bombay was a tribute to that creature called "the working journalist" who is now slowly coming to his own. His services have now been recognised and his suffering has won the sympathy of people of all shades of opinion. He is now determined to get a fair deal from the proprietors. The Indian Federation of Working Journalists, though only three year old, has done considerable work during this short period.

The Bombay Union of Journalists greatly contributed to the success of the conference. The reception committee did a splendid job and made the delegates extremely comfortable and in this task they were ably assisted by the authorities of the St. Xavier's College who put their magnificent and spacious building at our disposal. Sri Dinkarbhaj Desai, Education Minister, Government of Bombay, invited us to Aarey Milk Colony and showed us the great work which is being done there. He said that he was very happy that so many working journalists accepted his invitation and honoured him with a visit. He requested us to give him our frank opinion about the work that was being done there as that would be helpful to the Colony. The Film Division of the Government of India gave the conference a fair deal in publicity and arranged a show in honour of the delegates. We spent a delightful evening as the guests of the Up-Country Newspapers Association at the Mafatlal Swimming Pool. It was a delight to be at the sea shore even for a short while. We were entertained to a cultural show at the St. Xavier's hall where eminent artists gave wonderful performances. We returned to our provinces with happy memories of the warm hospitality that we received at Bombay.



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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

SWATANTRA

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WHY VOTE FOR THESE?

ANDHRA Congress leaders like Sri Sanjeeva Reddi have been issuing statements calculated to give the impression that the people of the State are simply waiting to instal them in power. In reality this is far from being the case. If the Andhra Ministers had given a good account of themselves, their defeat would have been regretted and resented. Actually the exit of the Ministry has been regretted by none except those who stood to benefit financially and otherwise by its continuance. The general feeling that was aroused in the public mind when the no-confidence motion was passed against the Ministry in the Assembly was not of disapprobation but of thankful relief. As the crucial vote that settled the fate of the Ministry was that of Sri Sankara Reddi, he has been subjected to very severe public censure by Sri Sanjeeva Reddi. It is natural that one who till the other day was Deputy Chief Minister of an important State and has no prescriptive right to it entitling him to the recovery of that status a second time, should not be capable of harbouring charitable feelings against the one individual in his own party whose defection at the crucial moment precipitated his own downfall more than any other single factor. But the public will not, and the Congress Working Committee should not, condemn Sri Sankara Reddi unheard, and without taking into account the reasons that impelled him to act as he did when the no-confidence motion came up for voting. There is

considerable force in his explanation that his action was intended to serve as a shock treatment for the Congress organisation in the State and the Ministers in power.

When the first Andhra Ministry was formed over a year ago, its leading figures were the Chief Minister Sri Prakasam, Sri Sanjeeva Reddi and Sri Viswanatham. Sri Prakasam stood forth at that time as the obvious and inevitable choice as head of the new State. He was a popular hero and people greeted his installation by the Prime Minister in supreme power in the State with joy and enthusiasm as though it were a victory of their own collective wish, after consecutive flouting for a long period. Sri Viswanatham stood at the peak of a high reputation for integrity and straight-forwardness second to that of none in the country. We confidently expected that he would establish himself as the most meritorious of Ministers in all the States put together. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi was untried in posts of high responsibility, owing his elevation as he did, to the august position of Deputy Chief Minister to a series of adventitious chances and accidents. But his careful restraint in the period preceding the formation of the State, eliminating intemperance and imbalance and revealing a wise discretion in all he said gave promise of worthy performance to come in the testing time of power and office.

Unfortunately these three leaders forgot after they assumed office that

power in a democracy has to be exercised in accordance with principles of justice and fair administration. They became a law unto themselves and dealt with the State as if it were a patrimony which they could dispose of as they pleased. They forgot that a day would come when they would be accountable to the public for their ministerial records. The Chief Minister sank into dotage and indulged in open tolerance of corrupt practices. Sri Viswanatham got engrossed in nepotistic manoeuvres. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi became the apostle of a clannish regionalism that has torn the State asunder and demoralised its public services. In contrast with the hope and optimism that prevailed when these three leaders assumed office there is now disappointment, disillusion and resentment. Why should the people vote for persons who have given such a poor account of themselves and degraded the administration instead

of enhancing its credit when they got the chance to direct it?

There is no alternative Congress leadership available in Andhra. Sri Gopala Reddi is the titular leader of the State Congress organization, but the hope that we for a while cherished that he could survive his ancient follies has been proved premature. Even if the unsavoury Sudarsan Oil Mills scandal could be overlooked, amongst his closest associates is the notorious Sri Kodandarami Reddi against whom the High Court placed on record the dishonour of wilfully attempting to involve an innocent old man in a murder case. On this count probably he was removed from the list of Congress candidates at the last elections, but nothing daunted, Sri Gopala Reddi elevated him to high honour in the Pradesh Congress hierarchy at the first opportunity! What credit can

(Continued on page 7)

Sotto Voce

★

DIRTY HANDS AND FOREIGN PEACHES



THE Prime Minister looking down from his plane at the chronic devastation by the Yang-Tse was reminded very much of the Indian landscape. The Kosi and the Damodar are indeed mild rivulets compared to that mother of all watery menaces. But the new regime in China claims to have coped with the Yang-tse's caprice. It is here that China finds her endless millions of pairs of hands invaluable. Breaches are dammed, bunds strengthened and the waste of waters harnessed by the ant-like labours of men armed with

nothing more than basket and shovel.

We also used to do it that way in the far past, as the *Tiruvilayadal Puranam* memorably testifies. But the other day the Brahmaputra unmercifully buffeted Dibrugarh, and Mr. Nehru looked on helplessly, with pity in his heart and stoicism in his eye. Man's impotence is indeed brought to him nowhere more crushingly than when he faces the fury of our little *pralayas*. But we have pinned our faith to the great

river projects. They depend for their completion not so much on man-power but on machinery and expert skill. And these cost endless sums—far more than a poor country can afford. Not to speak of the extravagance and the speculation which are the monotonous theme of the Public Accounts Committee.

Mr. Nehru declares that it is foolish economy to buy the machines in America; he insists that we must make them here. At the same time he is anxious to make the utmost use of our man-power. He has not yet publicly stated what he thinks of Red China's incontinent repudiation of Malthus, but I have a notion that he is not today as convinced a supporter of birth control as the blue-stockings who have constituted themselves into an unofficial brains trust at Government headquarters. However, it is too much to expect that he will commandeer the millions to go about it the China way. For one thing he is too humane; for another he is a pure Western in his reverence for machinery.

So he wants all sorts of industry to spring up and aspires to wed every pair of hands to a machine. He would transform the millions of unskilled labour into artisans and technicians. But the great key industries that build the machines have nowhere been created by an industrial proletariat hastily half-trained in emergency courses. Before you can have a disciplined army of technicians you must train first class technologists; and progress in technology, again, is inseparably linked with advance in pure science. But, for all the brick and mortar magnificence of our umpteen National Institutes, the pure scientist is almost nowhere in the Bhatnagar scheme of things, while the technologists and engineers are being ordered about by half-baked foremen imported from abroad.

Our irrigation and highways engineers are second to none in the world. And yet our Swaraj Government is even more superciliously sceptical in its attitude towards

them than the old British regime. The Bhakra-Nangal Project in the Punjab has received much high-powered publicity. But those who are in the know tell a depressing tale of misdirection and waste, directly due to the high-placed mediocrities imported from the West on astronomical salaries. The Civil Engineers' Association of India and Burma, representing the cream of Indian engineering talent, has submitted a dignified protest which, one hopes for the reputation of the Government, will not be contemptuously pigeon-holed.

They complain that highly-qualified Indian personnel are being "kept back from shouldering responsibility" and "denied the opportunity of developing experience." So long back as 1945 an attempt had been made by vested interests to bring in a foreign firm of contractors for the work. But Malik Khizer Hayat Khan Tiwana, the then Premier, overruled his European advisers when the Indian engineers pointed out that the work could be done by Indian contractors. And it was Indian talent that brilliantly executed one of the most difficult items of work—the construction of the fifty-foot diameter diversion tunnel, the biggest in the world so far.

And yet our rulers' infatuation with occidental expertise is such that they are ready to accept tinsel as pure gold. "Ninety per cent of these American specialists," says the memorandum, "are not engineers but mere workmen like riggers, carpenters, blacksmiths, welders, and pipelayers who could have been easily substituted by Indians at one-twentieth the cost." The present top-most specialist is not an engineer. Foreigners naturally have little knowledge of local labour conditions, price-structure, etc. And all the time Indian engineers trained abroad for just this kind of job are cooling their heels. Would it not be better to make use of the trained talent we have before denouncing our young men for their failure to listen to the gospel of dirty hands?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Silver Jubilee of *Triveni* is being celebrated at Bangalore this week. Its editor, Sri Ramakotiswara Rau, was one of the band recruited by Sri Prakasam to conduct *Swarajya*. He left *Swarajya* to become the Principal of the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala at Masulipatam. The Kalasala was a product of revolt against the State control of education at a time when the State was an instrument of foreign domination. Its founder and main architect was the late Sri Kopalli Hanumantha Rao. He was among the first to realise that the springs of culture had to be kept uncontaminated by imperialist influence if educated youth were not to fritter their energies away in the pursuit of minor aspirations like clerkships and subordinate posts in the official machinery of the ruling order. He was a pioneer in applying to education the Gandhian principle of non-co-operation with foreign power, which was later to be crowned with success and bless the country with freedom. His premature demise left the Kalasala rudderless; and in the crisis that ensued, its well-wishers turned to Sri Ramakotiswara Rau for succour, and he responded cheerfully.

His stay at the Kalasala was not however of long duration. Financial difficulties compelled the Kalasala to resume acceptance of Government grants for its maintenance, and the protagonists of the change argued that the foreign composition of the Government had become sufficiently diluted by popular elements to give it a national character—virtue had thus gone out of the old ban, and as it had become a purposeless deprivation, it was time to give it up. But Sri Ramakotiswara Rau had not the gift of making a virtue of necessity. He was horrified by prudential considerations when they were even remotely connected with problems of survival, and he conscientiously rejected all such considerations as in duty bound, the more defiantly the



Sri K. Ramakotiswara Rau

greater the risk or inconvenience involved. It was in the resulting mood of stern repudiation of compromise that *Triveni* was born.

I well recollect the inauguration festival. It was a gala occasion and after so many years it is still filled for me with memories of a grand feast. As with the feast, so with the journal. Nothing less than the very best in substance and form sufficed for it. Money was no consideration. The editor throbbed with superfine sensibilities which left no room for the vulgar counting of small cash, and he spent lavishly and planned gorgeously to produce magnificent issues on aristocratic featherweight paper, every page a delight to the eye. The reading matter between the covers was of fascinating quality. Very soon *Triveni* realised its aspiration of drawing the varied and dispersed lovers of art and culture in the country—and to some extent abroad also—into a fellowship of the elect.

Sri Ramakotiswara Rau had a passion for perfection that brooked no

intrusion of the second-best. His love of beauty like a consuming fire swallowed all his resources. Any compromise that indicated, however faintly, a deviation from the pristine purity of his idealistic conceptions was distasteful to him, and he avoided it without caring for the cost. He thought always in fixed principles and made of them an inexorable pattern which he strove to force on every conflicting experience, on life itself, with the result that the strain of it often drove him to breaking point and the recuperative impetus of relaxation diminished progressively. After the joy of endeavour of the initial years, he was almost always in the grip of fatigue; he was undone by his incapacity for the harmless insincerities of the expedient man of the world.

Back numbers of *Triveni* contain a veritable gold mine of invaluable treasures in art and literature, and I know of no comparable storehouse of felicitous writing, so exquisitely culled, in the whole field of Indian periodical journalism of the past quarter century. But commercially the journal was a failure and could not make both ends meet. It had to live on life subscriptions and on subsidies from admirers who did not wish to see it closing down. Nothing is so fatal to the permanence of a journal as a policy of collecting life subscriptions, as the collections are soon spent and only a lifelong liability to incur expense without further prospective remuneration remains. Life subscriptions steal from the future the possibility of recurrent revenue on which alone the stability of any journalistic enterprise depends. The enormous success of the *Triveni* campaign of life subscriptions piled up for it after a temporary interregnum of prosperity a burden never to be cast off of perpetual financial difficulties. But Sri Ramakotiswara Rau had a genius for impelling to his aid gallant friends that were never daunted by economic hurdles. These were to be found everywhere but their greatest stronghold was in Bangalore.

It is a delight to hear Sri Ramakotiswara Rau expound on the beauties of Bangalore and the charm and loveliness and zest for hospitality of Kannada people there and elsewhere. For years Bangalore was a second home to him and I am not sure it has not supplanted in his affections the first. It is singularly appropriate that the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of *Triveni* should take place in Bangalore; for here its editor found comfort and companionship, sustenance in adversity, and the understanding sympathy of kind and generous friends. They brought out the best in him and made up in some degree for the harsh decrees of a perverse fate that had denied him fruits of labour commensurate with his ability, intelligence, honesty and integrity.

SAKA

(Continued from page 4)

the Congress hope to gain through association with anti-social elements of this type? These elements stand before the public as representatives of the Congress organisation, egging them on in a helpless reaction of fury, to the Communist side. It is only the immense personal popularity of the Prime Minister that now enables the Congress to hope for success at the polls—there is nothing in the records and characters of the Andhra State Congress leaders to inspire popular trust. All the greater, therefore, the duty and responsibility of the Prime Minister to look closely into the affairs of the Andhra State, taking time if necessary and postponing the elections for completion of the survey. The Gandhian inspiration providing for such things as honesty and supra-communal justice has become exhausted in the Congress organisation in Andhra and only old malefactors turn up to irritate the voters at the elections. There is no hope unless the good men that are suppressed as they are not the tools and favourites of the Congress bosses are discovered and given the chance.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE Health Officer of the Madras City Corporation has just presented his annual report on the health of the city. The year under review is 1953. It is an interesting document and contains a great deal of the kind of information with which we all should, I think, be familiar. We, the public, touch the fabric of the health administration of the city only when our tap water begins to smell or a vaccination inspector calls or we buy adulterated ghee. But all these factors work on one another and their effects are felt not merely on the state of the health of our city, but on many other aspects of its life as well. We all know, for instance, that during the latter part of 1953 a cholera epidemic raged in the city. Perhaps it touched your neighbour or the only daughter of the friend across the street. We have cholera epidemics—as also smallpox, typhoid, dysentery—occurring with unfailing regularity every year. But this particular epidemic swept away four times as many people as the one the year before. It was a virulent and terrible outbreak. This is just a fact. But it is not an isolated fact. It must have had a cause—or causes—and it certainly had most unhappy and distressing results. Many families lost their bread-winners and thus the economy of many families was completely upset. There are a few other facts which have to be placed alongside this one fact of the incidence of the disease. The condition of the water supply almost throughout that year was bad. The water, if you will try to remember, *smelt* bad and *tasted* bad. That was because of excess of sulphuretted hydrogen and iron in the water. The water, it was discovered, became *chemically and bacteriologically worse* when it was passed through the sand filters. In September, says the Report (and that was when the cholera epidemic was reaching its peak), *not even one sample* (of

water) *was of satisfactory bacterial quality*, though, indeed, 50 pounds of chlorine an hour were being used at that time. All kinds of help from various public bodies and departments had to be mobilised to help out in the crisis, like extra staff and increased ambulance service. During that time about three tons of unwholesome foodstuffs were seized and destroyed every week.

There was another fact which has to be considered. The cholera epidemic came at the tail-end of a year during which about 45% of the food samples which came to the Public Analyst for examination were found to be adulterated. During the earlier part of that year food had also been scarce and prices high.

All these facts are inter-related. One leads to another directly or indirectly. Rainlessness causes food scarcity. Food scarcity sends up prices. High prices lessen man's capacity to withstand temptation. Adulteration leads to ill-health. Contaminated water supply delivers the final *coup de grace*. An epidemic causes routine public administration to be upset because of demands on it of one kind or another. So, you see, in the single fact of an epidemic are involved Economics, Food, Climate and Morality.

MOST of us don't bother to read these annual reports. They are so bulky for one thing and so uninvitingly full of figures and statistics for another. But they contain invaluable bits of information which would come in very useful on occasion. When I read out some of the epidemic fatality figures to my cook to reinforce my appeal to her to boil drinking water for at least three minutes, I mentioned casually that 709 people had been killed in the cholera epidemic in 1953. "Seven hundred and eight people," she said stonily, "and my husband." That is what I mean by a community being affected in various ways by the single fact of an epidemic.

There are so many things of which we as citizens are not aware. How many of us, for instance, are aware that since February, 1952, there has been a skeleton motor service to transport the dead to one of the 41 burial and burning grounds in the city at the rate of Rs. 5 a time within the city limits and for a slight extra charge from outside city limits. Or that a proposal for removing all burial grounds out of the city is under consideration? How many of us know that the Corporation Health Department is always prepared to disinfect our houses and spray the walls and all kinds of surfaces with D. D. T. at a charge of Rs. 5 per 1,000 sq. ft. of spraying surface? And how many of us stop to think that the whole history of human biology is inherent in the evolutionary fact that in 1953 male births to female births was in the proportion of 105:100 and male deaths to female deaths was in exactly the same proportion? Or, descending to a less serious level, how many of us know that a rhinoceros, a four-horned antelope, two leopard cubs, a stom bear and a tiger cub have been added to our collection at the zoo?

THE death-rate for 1953, says the Report, was the lowest since 1943. There has been intensive campaigning against Tuberculosis. Family Planning has been introduced, an appeal for a more enlightened and understanding attitude towards Leprosy and Venereal Diseases is constantly being made and Sanitation, Cleanliness and Personal Hygiene are receiving due emphasis. Good. But, do you know that in 1953, while Tuberculosis was responsible for 1 per cent of the deaths in the city, respiratory diseases accounted for 21 times as many deaths and dysentery and fevers (other than typhoid and malaria) for 14 times as many? It seems as if in our anxiety to keep our front door safely guarded, we are leaving the side entrances and back-doors open to the enemy.

The standards of health of the infants and children in 1953 will give us a clue to the adult standards

of fitness in the seventies of this century. The birth rate per 1,000 of estimated population in 1953 was 35.2. The Europeans in the city had the smallest birth-rate and the smallest death-rate among all the communities and the Hindus, as might have been guessed, the largest on both counts. More Hindu children were born and more Hindu children died during that year than of any other community. Perhaps more Hindu children died *because* more Hindu children were born. The death rate generally is highest among children between the ages of 1 and 5. Infant deaths accounted for 22.4% of the total deaths in 1953. The most common causes for infant mortality were respiratory diseases, premature birth and debility, with diarrhoea following close behind. The Report tells us that 54,277 children were born in 1953. Still-births and babies who died almost immediately after birth were nearly 1400. The infant mortality figure was 9,785. That is, nearly a fifth of the children were either still born or died immediately after child-birth or during the first year of their lives. Medical inspection of the 45,859 boys and 35,700 girls studying in the 261 elementary schools in the city revealed that 28% of the children were suffering from malnutrition.

The bad health of children, except in the cases of congenital disease, can be traced directly to food, either lack of enough nourishing food or the consumption of unwholesome food. We find that 60.5% of the milk supplies analysed by the Public Analyst in 1953 was found to be adulterated. And out of 5,735 samples of foods like butter, ghee, edible oils, coffee powder, tea, turmeric, arrowroot and others analysed under the provisions of the Madras Prevention of Adulteration Act, 2,571 or 44.8% were adulterated. Of the 38 samples of arrowroot examined, not a single sample was genuine. Tea was the only article continuously free from adulteration since 1933. When we remind ourselves that the majority of tea estates were till recently owned and managed by English and European owners we are forced to make a humiliating comparison

which shows up our sense of integrity in a most unfavourable light.

The Report makes three excellent suggestions for improving the quality of milk supply in the city. As long as the bulk of the milk trade, it says, is still in the hands of small cattle-owners and itinerant vendors, nothing much can be done. The best thing to do would be to remove the cattle yards from the city and to confine the issue of licences for selling milk in the city to co-operative milk societies. Pending these changes, it is suggested that extra heavy deterrent fines can be imposed on people who practise adulteration. The average fine per conviction in 1953 was only Rs. 21 as against Rs. 31 in 1952. In 1944 the fine had been nearly three times as much.

BUT the removal of cattle-yards from the city is not as easy as it sounds. For it would mean literally the transplantation of a whole community and side by side with it the release of a whole mass of uneducated or semi-educated people to swell the ranks of our unemployed. The grievances of milk-men and cattle-owners could well become a minority problem of which, unhappily, we already have too many.

I think one of the most successful experiments by the City Corporation in recent years was Ashok Vihar. This centre which has since its in-

ception in May 1948 served 750 member families each for periods ranging from 1 to 5 years, has a shower bath, indoor games for children, a sewing machine and a recreation room for women and a creche which cares for children during the day while their mothers are at work. Madras city could indeed do with many such. Under the Child Welfare Scheme in 1953 were operating 27 child welfare centres, 3 sub centres, 17 maternity wards with 218 beds and three creches under a Lady Superintendent, 29 Assistant Surgeons, 31 qualified Health Visitors, 8 Nurses, 225 Midwives and 25 Compounders. But, it is not enough. We still have not got enough doctors or enough hospitals, just as we still have not got enough homes for our destitute population and for the beggars. Perhaps if we had more hospitals we would not have so many beggars.

The Health of the city is bound up with Economics, Education, Unemployment, Housing. But there seems to be no doubt that Madras is getting more and more health-conscious year by year. When education becomes more widespread and unemployment figures go down and the importance of family planning is recognised not as a modern fad but a very urgent necessity, the health standards of Madras city are bound to show a more heartening improvement.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

MAHABHARAT SHORT STORIES PRIZE COMPETITION

The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan had invited original Short Stories based on the Mahabharat for its Mahabharata Short Stories Competition, for the hundred best stories, in February, 1953. The purpose of this competition was a cultural one viz., to arouse an India-wide enthusiasm for the study of our Great Epic. The time limit for submission of the entries was fixed as 31st May, 1953. On request from several quarters this date was extended upto 31st December, 1953.

From the small number of entries received so far it appears that the competition has not received that wide publicity which we had expected; for we have received comparatively few stories necessary for selection reaching the standard. It has therefore been decided to extend the time for five months hence i.e., upto 31st March, 1955.

The conditions governing this competition remain the same. Old entries received so far will be taken into consideration at the final selection.

Any correspondence regarding the details may be made with "The Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7."

J. H. DAVE,

CONQUEROR CONQUERED:

A Chapter in the Fight Against Slavery

By GEORGE YAMADA

Stories of human liberation from tyranny have a perennial interest. This one of four centuries ago, narrating the efforts of Bartolome de Las Casas to end slavery in the Spanish empire has lost nothing of freshness or vividness through efflux of time—for slavery still survives in many forms in the modern world though its original brutal crudities are gone. The writer, George Yamada, is no stranger to readers of SWATANTRA having occasionally contributed articles in previous issues. He is now research scholar at the National Institute of Anthropology in Mexico where he is working on his Master's thesis in Anthropology.—Ed. S.)

... from the time the Indians were discovered down to the present, nowhere did the Indians harm any Christians, before they had sustained harm, robbery and treachery from them. Nay, they always esteemed them immortal, and come from heaven; and as such they received them, until their deeds manifested their character and intentions.

—BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS

THE Insanity of Fray Bartolome de Las Casas was the title of an article published in the Madrid periodical, *Revista hispano-americana de ciencias, letras y artes* in 1927.

To provoke this bitter vendetta four centuries after his death is some measure of the intense passion aroused by the greatly honoured and equally defamed Dominican friar, "Protector of the Indians," whose doctrines live on after his death to vex Spaniards as fervidly as during his lifetime. For partisans and detractors alike of Las Casas are as vocal today as in the colonial epoch when a virgin continent beckoned uninhibited adventurers—Cortes, Alvarado and Pizarro—among whose principal adversaries was Bartolome de Las Casas. A versatile propagandist who profoundly modified Hispanic colonial policy, Las Casas was a thorn to Spanish explorers and colonists.

On his first voyage to Rio Dol Sol, Cuba, Columbus, first Viceroy and Governor-General of Espaffola, now Haiti and the Dominican Republic, declared: "They (the Indians) are all very gentle, without knowledge of evil, neither killing nor stealing."

"Why do the Spaniards treat the native so mercilessly," asked an exiled cacique of a harassed Haitian tribe. Hatuey answered: "Because they have a god who they greatly adore and love; and to make us adore him, they strive to subjugate us and take our lives." Describing one of the many tortures inflicted on the native, Las Casas wrote: "... they throw burning fat on his belly; they put his feet in irons fastened to a stake, tied his neck to another, while two men held his hands; and in this position they put fire to his feet."

AROUSED by the wholesale extermination of the original American, Las Casas campaigned without cessation on two continents for humane treatment of the native. Because he was firmly convinced that the King would correct abuses if apprised of the true situation, Las Casas wrote memorials furiously all of his ninety two years, fighting for acceptance of his views. Las Casas boldly proclaimed that the Mayan temples of Yucatan were as worthy of admiration as the pyramids of Egypt and that the American Indian, who was peaceful as well as reasonable and would embrace civilization if approached in honourable conduct, was in many respects superior to the Spaniard. His dream of a Christian commonwealth in which the native would play a leading and honourable role reveals him more as a humanist than a late medieval theologian.

Although he is primarily known to North Americans as a symbol of

abolitionism, William Lloyd Garrison was preceded by Bartolome de Las Casas many centuries. More than two centuries before the Quakers became active in anti-slavery, Las Casas fought on two continents for the enactment of the *Nuevas Leyes* banning the *repartimiento*—the appointment of natives among settlers who in exchange for the exaction of forced labour were entrusted to "enlighten" the Indian soul.

HOWEVER, the first voice on the Continent to publicly condemn slavery in America was that of Fray Antonio de Montesinos who denounced bondage three years before Las Casas was moved by the poignant tragedy of the native. One of the first four Dominican friars to set foot on the New Continent, this gifted cleric, endowed amply with eloquence and moral courage, preached the first sermon against slavery, using as his biblical text, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Sustained by his superior when his parishioners demanded his recall, Montesinos, accompanied by Las Casas, was sent to Spain to defend his viewpoint. This resulted in the first recognition of Indian rights, the laws of Burgess of 1512.

Las Casas took a law degree from the University of Salamanca but little else is known about his earliest years. Born in Seville in 1474, Las Casas was twenty eight when he sailed for the New World where, as lord of his father's estate in Haiti, the yearly income of which he estimated at 100,000 *castellanos*, he spent his first twelve American years, from 1502 to 1514. Although he was ordained in the Dominican order two years earlier,* Las Casas participated in the plunder of Cuba, concluded in 1512—a period in which nine-tenths of the natives perished. It was not until Las Casas was forty that the pungent drama of the Indian touched his heart. If his conversion was slow it was thorough. Endowed with

* MacNutt, Francis Augustus: *Bartholomew de Las Casas, His Life, Apostolate and Writings*. Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. 1909.

a passion that has survived four centuries and a hardy constitution that remained active ninety two years, the Conqueror was in turn conquered by the vanquished. After this change of heart Las Casas devoted the last fifty years of his life to the protection of the *indigenas*. At the age of ninety, the dean of Indianists wrote a vigorous defense of the Peruvian aborigine.

One year after his moral awakening, Las Casas gained an audience with King Ferdinand but the Spanish monarch died several months later, leaving the country under the regency of Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, who guided the nation's destinies for two years until the arrival of the Flemish ruler, Charles V. Appointed Protector General of the Indians in 1516, Las Casas was a thorn to the pro-repartimiento Audiencia and the powerful autocratic Bishop of Burgos who controlled Indian affairs for thirty five years. Las Casas accused both Burgos and the Audiencia of having vested interests in the slave trade.

THE robust friar, who was forty nine when he put on the garb of the Dominican Order, was quiescent for seven years while absorbing papal doctrine and philosophy, including Thomas Aquinas, in a secluded monastery, following which the persistent critic returned to the battle with strengthened convictions. Ordained Bishop of Chiapas at the age of seventy, Las Casas firmly refused to administer the sacraments to those who continued to oppress the native in violation of royal order. Refused alms and threatened with violence, once fired upon by colonists, Las Casas was forced to leave his diocese after six months—but not before excommunicating his recalcitrant parishioners.

Commissioned by Cardinal Loaysa to help draft the *Nuevas Leyes*, Las Casas also secured a royal cedula banning the *encomienda* in Peru, the domain of Pizarro. Challenging the Bishop to put his theories into practice, the Spanish settlers of Guatemala proclaimed that they would abandon their opposition and libe-

rate their slaves if his demonstration was convincing. Las Casas accepted the challenge. Selecting Tuzulutlan, an unconquered warlike South Mexican tribe for his experiment, he received a guarantee from the India Council that it would respect the independence of the cacique of Tuzulutlan and a like agreement from the governor promising five years of absolute non-intervention and the permanent prohibition of the *encomienda*. The mission, which left on August 1537 under Fray Luis Cancer, was, unlike Las Casas's earlier colonization scheme in Venezuela, a successful undertaking.

UPON retiring from Mexico at the age of seventy three, Las Casas settled in Valladolid, seat of the India Council. That he was not esteemed by some of his colleagues of the cloth did not dismay the turbulent critic. The tart Franciscan monk, Motolinia (Toribio de Benavente) addressed Charles V in 1555: "Truly, for the few canons Las Casas has studied, he presumes a great deal, and his disorder seems very great and his humility small, and he thinks everyone is wrong and he alone is right." Las Casas was, however, in the good graces of the Royal Court. While denying the *encomienda* to Peruvian colonists, Philip II also boosted Las Casas's life pension from 200,000 *maravedis*, granted by Charles V in 1555 to 350,000 eight years later. Despite hostility directed against him from every social sector, the Crown maintained an unshaken confidence in the Protector of the Indians granting him full freedom of expression while suppressing his principal



Statue of Bartolome de Las Casas standing in the Zocalo, civic centre of Mexico City

adversaries, Motolinia, Machuca and Sepulveda.

AS his writings enter their fifth century, Las Casas continues to provoke passionate controversy. 1952 marked the four hundredth anniversary of the printing of the most famous of the pungent tracts from the prolific pen of Las Casas, *Very Brief Relation of the Destruction of the Indies*. *VBR* was first published by its author in Seville in 1552 without royal authority and republished in 1640 and 1879. It was subsequently listed in the Index of the Inquisition. An expose and indictment of the barbarisms committed by the Conquistador upon the Indians, *VBR* charged that twenty million natives

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had been wantonly destroyed. "All of which has been accomplished in defiance of Your Majesty's instructions," he wrote Philip II to whom it was dedicated.

NO horror story surpasses the grim details of *Very Brief Relation*. Las Casas did not employ understatement in describing an "infernal tyrant" who "brought numberless Indians, chained to one another, carrying loads of sixty, and seventy pounds each. If one tired, or fainted from hunger, fatigue and weakness, they at once cut off his head at the collar of the chain so as not to loosen the others in the line; and the head fell to one side and the body to the other, and they distributed the load among the other bearers." Sensational in its foreign printings the inflammatory tract was widely disseminated to discredit Spain in the power struggle. Titled *The Spanish Colonie, or Briefe Chronicle of the Acts, and Gestes of the Spaniards in the West Indies*, the English translation was published in London in 1583 *VBR* also appeared in the Latin (Dutch, Italian, German and French (1579) editions, the cumulative effect of which gave Spain an inferiority complex. Although chiding the Spaniard for revelations in *Very Brief Relation*, the English kept discreetly quiet about their own traffic in slaves.

However, most of Las Casas's writings were not published until after his death. During his cloistered interlude, Las Casas began writing his principal work, *History of the Indies* which he forbade to be published until forty years after his death. "And when those forty years have passed, if they shall see that it is well for the good of the Indians and of Spain, they may command that it be printed for the glory of God and the showing forth of the truth," he wrote. In 1821, *History of the Indies* was approved by the Royal Academy of History although its publication was suspended due to political conditions. Writing at the end of the sixteenth century, Antonio de Herrera, Royal Chronicler, valued Las Casas highly as a trusted source for his official version of the Spanish

conquest. Championing the unspoiled nature of the aborigine, Las Casas in *De Unico Modo Vacationis* argued that the Indian was influenced by gentleness and justice, but never by brutality or oppression. In his essay, *The Liberty of the Enslaved Indians*, Las Casas argued the nullity of the title on which slavery is based, the duties of the Spanish sovereign, and the obligations of American bishops.

Very Brief Relation was avidly read by Simon Bolivar, Voltaire, William Bradford, Cotton Mather, Montesquieu, and the pilgrims, among others. Adding to the variety of causes for which his writings were already employed, William Godwin utilized Las Casas to refute Malthus while Mexican patriots quoted Las Casas to strengthen their case against the Mother Country. Spokesmen of the planter class in the antebellum U. S. South engaged the pamphleteer to defend slavery, ignoring that Las Casas later denounced Negro slavery in as strong terms as he opposed bondage of the native. While repercussions of *Very Brief Relation* have shaken two continents over four centuries, the assessment of the character and achievements of Las Casas gains momentum each year.

THE thesis that Las Casas introduced African slaves into America has wide currency today. For twelve years the Protector of the Indians enslaved natives. Las Casas advocated the importation of Africans to replace the dwindling autochthonous population but he later confessed that the enslavement of Negroes was "as unjust as Indian slavery and for the same reasons." While a royal permit of 1544—thirty years after his conversion—authorized Las Casas to bring four Negro slaves to America, Nicolas de Ovando, third Viceroy of Espanola who ruled for eight years after 1501, shipped Negro slaves into the Antilles from Andalusia where they had been imported by Portuguese traders in the fifteenth century. Columbus introduced into Jamaica and Puerto Rico the colonial devices, the *economienda* and *repartimiento*, responsible for the slavery,

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and extermination of the Caribbean Indian.

After the extermination of a large portion of the autochthonous population, Emperor Charles V in 1542 signed the *Nuevas Leyes* for the gradual elimination of slavery—with due regard for the interests of the colonists. The royal decree did not correct immediately the abuses denounced so intensely by Las Casas. One year later, a royal cedula was promulgated which exempted all Indians from servitude in perpetuity—to no practical end, so violently were colonists opposed to yield the source of their lucrative income. Three years after enactment of the *Nuevas Leyes*, these angry settlers gained exemption from its stringent provisions, amounting to annulment of the New Laws.

MEMORIALISED for posterity, the Protector of the Indians symbolically faces the National Palace from one side of the Cathedral in the Zocalo, the Civic Center of Mexico City, former capital of the Aztec Empire. The devotion to Las Casas was so widespread that at one time it was suggested that the capital of Great Columbia, later partitioned into Columbia, Ecuador and Venezuela, be named in honour of the controversial figures. Guatemala, whose one centavo coin also bears his likeness, issued a postage stamp in 1951 to honour Las Casas. *El Repertorio Americano*, the pro-revolutionary London periodical of Spanish emigres, suggested early in the nineteenth century that an immense statue of Las Casas be erected on the Isthmus of Panama dominating two continents and the islands where "that hero of humanity left so much for Americans to admire and to emulate."

After reading the tract for which Las Casas is best known, *Brevissima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Indias*, Vicente Maria Velazquez, a priest of Merida, Yucatan in southern Mexico, declared: "Our forefathers usurped all the rights of the Indians and enslaved them under the pretext of Christianizing them and therefore these Indians ought to rule in all parts of this country." The Town Council of Mexico City, alarmed

when natives from the neighbouring village of Texcoco presented a petition declaring that a large part of Mexico still belonged to the Indians, commissioned the writing of its official history in 1558 to combat the subversive doctrines of Las Casas.

Humanitarianism overshadowed every other sentiment in Las Casas. "I believe," he wrote, "that because of these impious and ignominious acts, perpetrated unjustly, tyrannously, and barbarously upon them, God will visit His wrath and ire upon Spain for her share, great or small in the blood-stained riches, obtained by theft and usurpation, accompanied by such slaughter and annihilation of those peoples, unless she does much penance." That the Indian was plundered in violation of natural and moral law and therefore must be reimbursed "to the penny" was his First Principle. How do we explain the paradox of this bold inexorable monk of lofty principles and passion for the oppressed with the former prodigal squire?

To Las Casas, the *raison d'être* of Hispanic conquest was the peaceful conversion of the native through persuasion and their incorporation into "Christian" civilization. In supporting his argument that unjust wars conferred no rights because right is not based on injustices, Las Casas cited Queen Isabella's ruling that all Indians were to be paid for their labour. Las Casas demonstrated that the armed invasion and conquest of the Americas was contrary to all right and justice because the Bull of Alexander VI, promulgated in 1493, which granted title of the conquered domain to the rulers of Castile and Leon, was conditioned upon the peaceful conversion of the native; if any of the conditions were violated, the grant was nullified. The bull, moreover, expressly forbade the use of force except in self-defense. Maintaining vigorously that force was incompatible with Christianity, Las Casas declared that "war is wrong as a method of spreading the faith." Accordingly, neither Cortes nor Velazquez, the subduers of Mexico and Cuba, had royal permission to undertake their bold adventures.

Las Casas combatted the doctrine that some classes—the Indian in this case—were naturally inferior and justifiably enslaved. "All the people of the world are men," he proclaimed and on this premise debated the formidable scholar, Juan Gines de Sepulveda to a draw. Sepulveda, Royal Historiographer to Charles V, the "Spanish Livy" according to Erasmus, justified the subjugation of the Indian on the supposition of his "innate ignorance." If the native should understand the tenets of the faith before embracing it, as Las Casas maintained then superficial baptism was not valid. His formula, convert first and the native will become a good citizen later, required first a thorough understanding of the Catholic doctrine, faith presupposing belief which is based upon understanding.

Although the opinionated theologian advocated the burning of heretics, he himself never fell under its terrible ban. The curate, who called Marcus Cato "an eternally damned, gentile philosopher," advised Philip II to declare that when His Majesty "has a surplus of twenty or thirty thousand ducats it should be reported to have one or two hundred thousand . . ." He threatened the monarch with the pains of hell if he approved the *encomienda*. A papal bull defined the moral status of the native as equal before the law after Las Casas secured a dictum from ecclesiastical authorities declaring that those who viewed the Indians as incapable of conversion committed a doctrinal error and should be burned at the stake.

Confessor of Alvarado, cruel Cortes henchman, Las Casas may have been alluding in *Very Brief Relation* to the redhead when he wrote of a "devil commandant" who "ordered a hundred Indians to be called before him and when they promptly came like so many lambs, he had the heads of thirty or forty cut off; and said to the others: 'I will do the same to you, if you do not serve me well, and if you leave without my permission.'" This massacre was perpetrated, Las Casas relates, "to make himself feared by all the people of the coun-

try . . . [and] in this way to pacify the country."

NOTARIZING his will at ninety, Las Casas bequeathed all his manuscripts to the College of San Gregorio in Valladolid and asked that this mass of correspondence and reports be arranged chronologically in book form so as to confirm the truth of all he had alleged against the spaniards . . . for should God decree the destruction of Spain, it may be seen that it is because of our destruction of the Indies . . . The controversial monk had outlived Cardinal Ximenes, Pope Adrian VI, the discoverers and conquerors from Columbus to Cortes and Pizarro. He had witnessed the sweeping changes brought by the Reformation and the rise of England as a world power. That he has not been canonized increases his lustre. As Gabriela Mistral, Nobel Prize Winner, poet and diplomat, expressed it: "Las Casas is an honour to mankind."

★

Einstein

Would be a peddler if young again

Dr. Albert Einstein has declared that, if he had his career to fashion all over again, he would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher.

He said this in a letter which was written in response to a request from *The Reporter* for Dr. Einstein's comments on a recent series in the magazine which said that centers of intellectual life were troubled by recent Federal actions concerning scientists.

The text of Dr. Einstein's letter:

"To the Editor:

"You have asked me what I thought about your articles concerning the situation of the scientists in America. Instead of trying to analyze the problem, I may express my feeling in a short remark: If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances."

FOURTH ESTATE: THE CASE FOR A PRESS COUNCIL

By V. K. NARASIMHAN

DO we need a Press Council for India? Judging by the surprisingly unanimous reaction of the different organisations connected with the Press to the proposal made in the Indian Press Commission's report, it would seem that the answer is a definite "Yes." This reaction is in striking contrast to the almost unanimous opposition with which the British Press greeted the Royal Commission's proposal for a General Council of the Press. If the British Press ultimately decided to set up a Council of its own, composed of representatives of principal organisations of the Press, it was largely because the alternative seemed to be a statutory council set up by the Government. The Council was launched on July 1, last year and it issued its first annual report a fortnight ago.

Although it might be too early to judge the record of the British Press Council and its value as an autonomous instrument of the Press for preserving its liberties and raising its sense of public responsibility, there can be no doubt that it has proved its usefulness to the Press as well as the public. The Council has not been inhibited so far by the fact that it has no statutory sanctions and the authority it can wield is derived from the Press for which it speaks. During the past year it took the multimillion tabloid *Daily Mirror* to task for holding a poll about the suitability of a marriage between Princess Margaret and a former officer of the Royal Household. It expressed its disapproval of the "unwholesome exploitation of sex by certain newspapers and periodicals." It came out in favour of a journalist whose review of a film had been altered by the editor without his knowledge and consent. It got newspapers to publish corrections of misinformed reports on representa-

tions to it by the aggrieved parties who had failed to secure redress from the editors in the first instance. It has protested against the increasing practice of local authorities in Britain of transacting much of their business behind closed doors. Its utility as a forum to which a member of the public with a grievance against the Press could bring his complaint has been amply demonstrated.

By its pronouncements from time to time on what is proper and what is not in the conduct of newspapers, arising from concrete cases referred to it, it is building up a body of case law in the traditional British manner, which is perhaps a more satisfactory way of erecting a code of ethics for the press than a ready-made code drawn up in general terms. Thus, the Council told a Manchester weekly that it was not proper to combine advertisement canvassing with a critical editorial campaign in a manner which was likely to reflect on the integrity of the editorial department. It declared in another case that news should be dealt with on its merits and its publication in certain instances should not be regarded as contingent on the placing of advertisements.

BRITISH experience has obviously been the inspiration for the Indian Press Commission's proposals for a Press Council, but it is surprising that the Commission should have taken little note of the developments in Britain subsequent to the Royal Commission's report and conditions in India which call for vital changes in any scheme that might be suitable for a country with a highly developed Press and with far less varied conditions to cope with than India. The Indian Commission should have cast the responsibility for setting up a Press Council on the Press itself instead of proposing a nominated

body with a non-professional element which would detract from its autonomous character. The feeling that the Press Council would be something imposed on the Press and not integral to its effective functioning as a public service seems inescapable under the Press Commission's scheme. The All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference as well as the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society—which represents the newspaper owners—has accepted the Press Commission's proposal for inclusion of representatives from outside the Press on the Press Council, whereas British newspaper organisations, except the National Union of Journalists, were wholly opposed to the inclusion of any lay element. While there may be some case for having on the Press Council a chairman who may be a judicial officer, there is none at all for including any other non-professional element, which would detract from the Council's authority as an instrument of self-regulation for the Press. It is not surprising that the A.-I.N.E.C. and the Newspaper Society, after expressing their readiness to compromise on the autonomy of the Press Council, should call upon the Government to foot the bill for the Press Council. The British Press Council, it may be noted, is financed by contributions from its member organisations. The Indian Press Commission has suggested that the Press Council and its ancillary organs, including a Press Institute, should be financed by a cess on newsprint consumption at the rate of Rs. 10 per ton. Whatever legitimate objections the India Press might have to the levy of this cess, it should not shirk the responsibility for supporting an autonomous Press Council.

The discussions in the Indian Press about the role and functions of the Press Council have been very meagre. Most of the Press organisations seem to have given it only perfunctory thought. The one exception is the Southern India Journalists' Federation, whose President first put forward the proposal for a Press Council for India in 1950. The S. I. J. F. has presented a detailed

scheme for an All-India Press Council and Press Councils in the States to function as representative machinery for self-government by the Press. It has urged that these bodies should be voluntary except to the limited extent of statutory protection for the publication of their proceedings. The Press Commission, incidentally, has accepted this suggestion. The Southern India Journalists' Federation has proposed that the Central and State Press Councils should consist of representatives of proprietors and working journalists in equal proportions and that they should be financed by contributions from the constituent organisations or a small voluntary levy on the turnover of the papers.

THE objects of the All-India Press Council would be more or less the same as those proposed by the Press Commission, while the State Councils would, in addition to their other responsibilities, act as conciliation machinery in regard to disputes between working journalists and newspaper managements. The S. I. J. F., in proposing this additional function for the State Councils, has proceeded on the basic assumption that journalism is essentially a profession and that the working journalist is primarily a public servant. It has argued that if the Press should function as a responsible public service, a fundamental requisite is that the working journalists, who really make the Press, should function in a professional spirit with a continuous consciousness of their responsibilities to the public. While taking the stand that a working journalist has as much right as other employees to safeguard his own claims and interests by all legitimate means compatible with his duty as member of a profession, the Federation has urged that the working journalist is not concerned only with his own emoluments and working conditions. He has a real stake in the Press, in its performance and in its public responsibilities. In this view it has favoured the organisation of journalists on a professional basis and has also suggested a special machinery on the model of the

Whitley Councils in Britain for the settlement of disputes between working journalists and newspaper managements. The Federation has suggested that State Press Councils consisting of equal numbers of representatives of working journalists and newspaper managements, with a lawyer or a judge as chairman, should set up sub-committees which would act as conciliation machinery, taking cognizance of disputes brought to their notice by employers' or journalists' organizations as the case may be. If conciliation fails, the disputes are to be settled by arbitration.

SO far as the Central Press Council is concerned the Federation has suggested that it should consist of 30 members with a non-journalist, preferably a lawyer or a retired judge as chairman. The Federation has favoured that representatives to the Press Council should be elected by the principal Press organizations concerned, the working journalists' quota on the Central Council being filled by representatives from the S. I. J. F., and the Indian Federation of Working Journalists as representing two distinctive points of view.

It is unfortunate that the S. I. J. F.'s scheme has not received from the Press Commission and from other Press organizations in the country the attention it deserved. A body entitled to speak for the Press as a whole should be adequately representative of all arms of the profession. The Indian Press Commission's scheme, by proposing a nominated body even though the nominees are to be drawn up from panels recommended by "All-India Organizations of the Press," would in advance deprive the Council of that authority to speak for the Press which can only come from an elected representative body. Nor can I envisage an effective career for such a Press Council unless newspaper managements as well as working journalists recognize the public responsibility of the Press and regard journalism as a profession. The Indian Press Commission has found much to criticize in the conduct of

newspaper owners. The working journalists, who are responsible for the day-to-day production of the newspapers, cannot entirely disown responsibility for the lapses of the Press. Being intimately associated with the minute-to-minute building of the pattern of news and comment which goes to form or influence public opinion, the working journalist has a special responsibility for safeguarding it to the best of his ability against binned and undue influence or perversion. As the S. I. J. F.'s memorandum to the Press Commission has put it, "the working journalist has a watching brief for the public." On his equipment and sense of responsibility and professional spirit depends in a very real sense the character of the Press. The British Royal Commission declared that the objects of the Press Council should be: to safeguard the freedom of the press; to encourage the growth of a sense of public responsibility and public service among all engaged in the profession of journalism, whether as directors, editors or other journalists, and to further the efficiency of the profession and the well-being of those who practise it." In this declaration of aims will be found the basic conditions of a free and responsible Press. The cornerstone of the whole edifice is the working journalist conscious of his professional responsibilities.

IN this view, I submit it is not enough to set up some body called the Press Council and imagine that it will work a miracle. The question as to what kind of a Press Council should be set up has to be properly answered, and with due respect to the members of the Indian Press Commission, I must say that it has not been properly answered in the Commissioner's report. By and large, the bulk of the Indian Press—and here I am speaking only about the daily papers—has conducted itself with a due sense of its responsibilities. The Press Commission itself, in summing up the performance of the Press as a whole, has observed (I quote from the report):

"In concluding this survey of the performance of the Press, it is necessary to state that the well-established papers have, on the whole, maintained a high standard of journalism. We are glad to state that they have avoided cheap sensationalism and unwarranted intrusion into private lives. They represent a decisive majority of the total circulation in India. Objectionable features have been noticed in a small section of the Press."

AFTER referring to some of these features, such as partisanship in the presentation of news, occasional suppression of facts unfavourable to the proprietors, timidity in exposing the shortcomings of those in positions of power, the Commission rightly observed that "these undesirable features are not singular to the Indian Press. Despite these shortcomings we are of the opinion that the country possesses a number of newspapers of which any country may be proud." After giving this testimony to the record of the Press, the Commission would have been justified in recommending to the Press

to set up its own voluntary machinery for self-government, which would be free from external pressure and would be genuinely concerned with raising newspaper standards. The statutory body it has proposed will not command more authority than the British Press Council, as a purely voluntary body, does. The Press Commission has not proposed conferring on the Press Council any powers to impose sanctions, and that is quite right, because the object of the Press Council should be to influence the performance of the Press by its power to convince and not by its authority to compel. And so long as the primary object of the Press Council is to preserve the freedom of the Press, it must derive its authority from its representative character. If it is so constituted that it can speak for the Press, it will inevitably gather influence and prestige and its word will have as much authority and sanctity as that of any statutory body.

[Talk broadcast from AIR, Madras]

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Hangings And Floggings In Kenya

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.

THE position in Kenya is getting worse and worse. When Mr. Oliver Lyttelton was Colonial Secretary many of us thought that any change would be for the better, but Mr. Lennox-Boyd is proving still more of an imperialist. Mr. Lyttelton represented Big Business; Mr. Lennox-Boyd represents the Aristocracy as well as Big Business.

Last April Mr. Lyttelton agreed to open negotiations through "General China" with the Mau Mau Leaders to bring about an end to the fighting. That negotiation very nearly reached success. 1,000 Mau Mau adherents gathered together to lay down their arms. Then firing began from the Kenya Government forces within earshot, and the Mau Mau adherents, thinking they had been trapped, dispersed.

If 1,000 men had in fact laid down their arms, the end of the fighting could not have been far off. The total Mau Mau forces are estimated to be 7,000. Once a large number had accepted the terms negotiated through "General China," the tendency would have spread. One can say confidently that, except for what Mr. Lyttelton described as "an unfortunate accident," the physical conflict in Kenya would now be over.

The April terms included a definite promise that no one who laid down his arms would be put to death for any offence committed earlier. It was this clause which made an appeal to Mau Mau participants. They had the hope of life.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd has now revealed in the House of Commons that the offer of no death penalty for those who lay down their arms has been withdrawn. This destroys any hope of an early end to the fighting. The reversion to the harsher terms of August 1953 will mean the needless loss of many lives, both African and European. It is a wicked decision.

This hardened attitude of the Kenya Government and of the British Colonial Office is no doubt due

to the fact that they now feel that they are on top in the physical conflict and that Mau Mau can be shot out and starved out.

The recent report of the Kenya War Council says that there are "indications of weakening and dissension among Mau Mau terrorist leaders," but adds, "The majority are determined, in the absence of any alternative, to continue fighting." Surely it is the duty of far-seeing statesmen to provide the alternative. By the withdrawal of the no death penalty clause in the terms for a cessation of fighting Mr. Lennox-Boyd and his Kenya advisers have blocked the way to any alternative.

The tragedy in Kenya is illustrated by facts given by the new Colonial Secretary in answer to the Questions which now pour upon him from the large number of Labour Members of Parliament who are now colonial-conscious.

He has reported that up to 25th September 6,608 Mau Mau fighters were killed. The number killed among the Security Forces in actual fighting was 476, whilst 1,234 Africans, 25 Europeans and 18 Asians have been murdered.

At the end of September 48,022 Africans had been detained and imprisoned.

Up to 1st October 686 Africans had been executed. Less than one-half of these, 245, were found guilty of murder. A large number 258, were sentenced to death for being in possession of arms and ammunition, and 145 for "consorting with terrorists."

There has been great uneasiness about these death sentences, and even the *Times* has been critical. It is expected that Mr. Lennox-Boyd will report some modification soon, but the effort of hanging people in cold blood will remain. It has served only to intensify the race hatred which is now poisoning Kenya.

Another appalling fact which Mr. Lennox-Boyd has acknowledged is that during last year 1,145 persons were sentenced by the courts in Kenya to be flogged. This is by no means the total. The 48,000 detainees and prisoners may be flogged

without any court decision. The "Officer in Charge" may order detainees to be given twelve strokes for 41 different offenses.

The atrocities committed by Mau Mau have shocked everyone, but what are we to say of these legalised "atrocities" of hangings and floggings? They destroy much of the moral case against Mau Mau.

It is time that the Labour Movement in Britain aroused public conscience about Kenya. We ought to demand an end to the physical terrorism not only horribly practised by Mau Mau but also being practised on the Government side, a renewed effort to bring about an end to the fighting on the "General China" terms, and a round-table conference of representatives of all races to work out an agreed programme of social, economic and political reforms.

After the first World War the Labour Party conducted a campaign in Britain for peace in Ireland. The campaign succeeded. We should now be conducting a similar campaign for peace in Kenya.



The University Evening College

BY JOHN SCHWERTMAN

(Director of the Centre for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults, Chicago)

FEW educators realise how influential the university evening college has become (in the U. S. A.), particularly in urban universities, where evening college enrollments are more than likely to equal or exceed those of all day colleges and divisions combined. Furthermore, most evening colleges are a financial asset to the university.

Hence, in quantitative and economic terms, the influence of the evening college is great indeed.

The question now asked in the inner academic councils is: What is the quality of this influence? Is it good or bad for the university?

This question, of course, points to a more basic one: What are the proper functions of a university in a democratic, industrialised, urban society? This basic question must be met head-on, wrestled with, and eventually answered for each institution in terms of its own philosophy.

Evening-college operations are usually identified by one of several titles: Evening College; University College; Division or School of General Education. In a few cases, the term "community college" or "adult education" is used. I believe that the term "adult education" as applied to evening programmes has little meaning, or is only partially applicable, or is ambiguously used.

Evening college students are young adults whose principal occupation is other than that of a full-time student. Included in their ranks are housewives, especially an increasing number of older mothers whose children have been cut loose from the apron strings. However, the mean age of evening college students at present is about 28, although this average seems to be pushing upward. In the evening college, students are obviously more heterogeneous in terms of age, in kinds of life experiences, and in ability than those in day colleges.

There appears to be a trend toward giving the evening college an independent administrative status, although at present the picture is confused. The only generalisation currently possible is that typically an evening college dean (often called director) has independent status in some matters and not in others.

He usually has powers equal to other university deans in matters of office management, budget, promotion, and noncredit programming. On the other hand, he has something less than complete say about scheduling and the assignment of teaching personnel, and, in most instances, is hemmed in on curriculum matters, academic discipline, and standards. For such things the evening dean must usually work out flexible *modus operandi* with day deans and department chairmen.

Somewhat more than half of the evening-college faculty is drawn from day departments. Sometimes evening teaching is a part of the regular teaching load, but, more often than not, extra compensation is paid for evening teaching. Where it is part of the regular load, there is a tendency to assign junior faculty members to evening classes, but where extra compensation is involved, senior faculty members usually seek the assignments.

For the vocational curriculums—commerce, public administration, social work, education, and the like—part-time teaching talent is usually drawn from the community. In almost every case the daytime academic department retains at least a veto power over part-time appointments for the teaching of credit courses.

In the evening programmes the major problems lie in the area of the curriculum. Here we find the thorny questions which challenge the university's conception of what its proper functions are. Such problems as academic standards and credit versus noncredit create a clash of conflicting philosophies.

At present, the majority of evening-college students appear to be going to school for utilitarian reasons. They are either seeking direct vocational preparation or college degrees for the purpose of moving up the social and economic ladder.

But other trends of considerable importance are beginning to be apparent. Older people, more concerned about the meaning of life than about economic or social betterment, are coming back to the university in increasing numbers. There also seems to be an awakening of interest in liberal arts and humanistic studies, as something good in their own right, rather than merely as steps toward getting an academic degree.

A few community groups are beginning to look to the university, not as a "service station" to meet presently perceived needs, but as an enormous source of intellectual and spiritual nourishment. These trends may help the evening college movement to

understand and define what it really is.

At present, I feel that the evening college is struggling to determine what its social role should be. It is being pulled by two opposing philosophies. One of these directs attention and effort inward toward some of the older notions of the university as a conservator of knowledge, as an acquirer of knowledge, and as a trainer for specialised pursuits. The other pulls the attention and effort of the evening college outward toward the community, where life, which is merely read about and examined laboratory-wise in the university, is lived in a full and dynamic manner.

How then might the evening college define what it is and what it ought to do? It may well be that the evening college will find that its purposes are best served not by a predominantly inward orientation toward academic subjectmatter, not by indiscriminate catering to community pressures, but by looking primarily to those adults who are attracted by the desire to gain a greater understanding of the life they are now living.

A specialised, industrialised society tends to divide life into many thinly related experiences. Being itself highly specialised, the urban university reinforces rather than counteracts this divisive tendency. Thought versus action, learning versus doing, studying versus working: these are aspects of an underlying dichotomy that could prove disastrous to a free society.

In short, the unity of life and knowledge are denied. More important, the *idea* of unity between life experience and knowledge is being denied.

Hence, it may be the great opportunity—indeed, the purpose—of the evening college to establish or re-establish this idea by means of its educational activity for adults. This will not happen, however, until the adult students are regarded as something more than merely a group who didn't get around to college when they were teenagers.

GOVERNOR'S RULE IN ANDHRA

By D. V. RAJA RAO

ANDHRA heaved a sigh of relief when its Ministry fell over a motion of no-confidence. The issue was in doubt to the last moment and the result was awaited with bated breath. When the result came over the air it was a most welcome surprise. People jumped with joy. It was taken for granted that the State will go under Governor's rule for sometime. With the reputation and popularity that Sri Trivedi enjoys with the people of Andhra it is the best solution for the political tangle in Andhra now.

It is true that during the past one year life in Andhra had been smooth and there have been no major disturbances, political or otherwise. The Satyagraha campaigns started over minor issues failed to assume popular mass proportions, and the Ministry was led into a complacent belief in their own popularity and efficiency. The general easing of the food and cloth situation in the country, the removal after separation of the disadvantages and irritations Andhra suffered in the composite State and the popularity of Sri Prakasam with the Andhras have helped the Ministry to tide over this year without any serious trouble. But the Ministry so badly abused its powers that even all this advantageous background failed to keep them in power for more than a year.

One of the major issues on which the no-confidence motion was moved was the failure of the Ministry to implement the resolution passed by the Assembly on the Ramamurthy report on Prohibition. In their dogmatic faith in a discredited policy the Congress Ministers chose to flout democratic principles and they hoped to get away with it because of the disunity and clash of interests among the opposition. But the irreconcilables got reconciled and united to throw the Ministry out on this issue of Prohibition. This at least should shake the Congress out

of its complacent optimism about the popularity of its Prohibition policy. It is a pity that the Congress which has always been showing the British the writing on the wall is blind to see the writing on the wall with regard to Prohibition.

One of the most curious features of the Ministry's propaganda was the threat of Governor's rule if they go out. They hoped to exploit the fear of the legislators of the loss to them implied in Governor's rule. If politics were to be based on principles and policies there is nothing for the legislators to fear in throwing out a Ministry with whose policy they do not agree. They can go to the polls with greater confidence and get the mandate from the people for their principles and policies. But politics in Andhra now have no bearing on principles and policies at all. It is all a game for power between the regional caste and personal cliques. The reason that Sri Sanjeeva Reddi gave for the fall of the Ministry is most illuminating. In his opinion his refusal to reinstate a dismissed sub-inspector of police is the cause for the fall of the Ministry. It is a most unconscious confession of the low level of our politics. One would think that the punishment of a subordinate official of a sub-inspector's rank is a matter of administrative detail that should rest with the departmental head and is not worthy of ministerial interference. That such a minor matter of administrative detail in a department should have assumed the colossal proportions of a question of confidence in the Ministry is a most damaging reflection on the conception of politics by our Ministers and legislators. Obviously politics are looked upon as a matter of appointments, punishments and promotions of individuals in service but not as a matter of principles and policies of governance. It is an ill-advised and involuntary confession on the

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part of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi. An aspirant to the Chief Ministership of the State should not have come out with such an indictment of the low political outlook of his opponents. Obviously he did not realise that it can be a reflection on his own conception of politics. However, it is the truth about our politics today and in the excitement of the moment the subconscious working of Sri Reddi's mind came out inadvertently.

Three Congress leaders voted for the no-confidence motion. One of them is the staunch Congress veteran Sri Sankara Reddi. The reason he gave for his vote is most significant. It would be quite easy for the Congress to brush him aside. But such a statement coming from a sincere Congressman of his standing deserves to be taken serious notice of and pondered over by the higher Congress authorities. He gave his vote as a shock treatment for the

Congress in Andhra. Shock treatments in medicine are given only as desperate measures when all other usual conservative treatments fail. The risk in shock treatment is the danger of the patient succumbing to the shock itself. Sri Sankara Reddi chose this desperate measure to revitalise Congress in Andhra and it is to be hoped that the Congress will be benefited by it. Congress in Andhra is so much dominated by power-crazy political opportunists now, that all that were sincere and genuine in it are fast leaving it. The success of shock treatment depends upon the presence of some residual vitality that can survive the shock and react to it. If there is any remnant of genuine Congressmen true to its principles still remaining in the Congress in Andhra, Sri Reddi's treatment may yet stir them up into activity to revitalize the Congress. With the struggle for

dominance and power amongst the regional, caste and personal cliques in the Congress parliamentary party, administration has come to a virtual standstill in this State. Every scheme, every policy and every appointment from that of the head of a department to an office attendant is subjected to considerations of caste. The effect of this state of things on the discipline and efficiency of the services can very well be imagined.

BAD and inefficient administration is a menace to everybody, irrespective of the caste and region they belong to. People are losing their patience with the interference of caste and regional politics in administration. But still, the Congress feels confident of coming into power again at the next elections as the other parties are no better in this respect and they are so small, so numerous and so disunited. However, it is significant that all the democratic elements including a large number of Congressmen in the legislature are prepared to come together to support a better Ministry with Sri Prakasam still at the head. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi is conscious of the weakness of the Congress and of his leadership as well. He is afraid of a united opposition. He is anxious to go to the polls and cash in without giving time and opportunity to the opposition parties to get together against the Congress. The futility of small, ineffective and divided political groups in opposition has been the strength of the Congress all along. This is an opportunity for all democratic elements in the opposition to unite and present an effective alternative both to the Congress and the Communists. It is to be hoped that they will be able to do so before the next elections.

Now that the State has come under Governor's rule people look forward for a good and efficient administration. However able the Governor might be he cannot undo overnight the mischief done to the services by the caste and regional

politicians. It takes time to rehabilitate the services in discipline and efficiency. To do him justice the Governor should be given full time to do this. This will also give time for the politicians to get over their petty regional and caste jealousies and develop a broad outlook in politics in the interests of the people at large. The heterogeneous, democratic groups in opposition to the Congress will get the time to come together to offer the voters an alternative to both the Congress and the Communists. This healthy development in our politics should be encouraged and given full scope. After all, the Congress too is a house divided against itself and Sri Sanjeeva Reddi's optimism is not shared by many. Time should be given to the Congress to benefit by the shock treatment of Sri Sankara Reddi. Andhra stands to be benefited by Governor's rule for sometime to come. If the general elections come off in two years there would be time again for democracy to get its chance in Andhra.



Mr. & Mrs. Pepella—nee Kamala Appa Rao. He is Argentine born. Their marriage took place recently in Hollywood

In the scattered electric wires and countless wrecks there was embodied a spasmodic design in nothingness. The burnt and toppled streetcar and the horse with its huge belly on the ground gave the impression of a world described by a Dali surrealist painting . . .

.....A Japanese Story.....★

SUMMER FLOWER

By Tamiki Hara

I WENT downtown and bought some flowers, thinking I would visit the grave of my wife. In my pocket I had a bundle of incense sticks that I had taken from the Buddhist altar in my home. Wednesday would be the first anniversary for the soul of my wife, but it was doubtful whether my native town would survive till then. Although today happened to be a no-electric-supply day, there was no one to be seen except myself, walking along the street with flowers, in the early morning. I did not know the name of the flowers, but they looked like a summer variety with the rustic beauty of their tiny yellow petals.

As I sprayed water over the grave-stone exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, divided the flowers into two bundles and put them in the vases on either side, the appearance of the grave seemed to be somewhat refreshing, and I gazed at the flowers and the stone for a while. Under-

neath the grave were buried not only the ashes of my wife, but also those of my parents. After burning the incense sticks that I had brought and making a bow, I drank out of the well beside the grave. Then I went home by way of Nigitsu Park. The scent of the incense remained in my pocket throughout this day and the next. It was on the third day after my visit to the grave that the bomb was dropped.

I saved my life because I was in the bathroom. On the morning of August 6, I had risen from bed around eight o'clock. The air-raid alarm had sounded twice the night before and nothing had happened, so that before dawn I had taken off all my clothes and slept in my night robe which I had not put on for a long time. Such being the case, I had on only my shorts when I got up. My younger sister when she saw me, complained of my rising late, but I went into the bathroom without replying.

I DO not remember how many seconds passed after that. All of a sudden, a powerful blow struck me and darkness fell before my eyes. Unconsciously I exclaimed, "Wah!" and held my hands over my head. Aside from the sound of something like the crashing of a storm, I could not tell what it was in the complete darkness. I groped for the door, opened it and found the veranda. Until then, I had been hearing my own voice exclaiming "Wah!" amid the rushing sounds, and had been agonised for not being able to see. But after I came out on the veranda,

* **TAMIKI HARA** (the author of this account of the Hiroshima bombing) devoted his comparatively brief life primarily to writing in the prose-poem form. A graduate of Keio University, he delved into Gogol, Dostöievski, and Chekhov, and briefly but casually into leftist political movements. A restless and unsatisfied search for truth and beauty kept the author in a despairing mood, climaxed by his suicide in the spring of 1951. The translation of this piece is by George Saito.

the scene of destruction gradually loomed in the dusk before my eyes and I became clearly conscious.

It looked like an episode from a loathsome dream. At first, when the blow struck my head and I lost my sight, I knew that I had not been killed. Then I became angry, thinking that things had become troublesome. And my own voice exclaiming "Wah!" sounded almost like the voice of somebody else. But when I could see, vaguely as it was, the things around me, I felt as if I had been standing in the midst of a catastrophe. Certainly, I had seen such a scene in a movie. Patches of blue space began to appear beyond the clouds of dust, increasing in number. Light came in through the holes in the walls and from other unexpected directions. As I was gingerly walking on the boards where the *tatami* floor had been blown off, my younger sister came rushing towards me. "Weren't you hurt? Weren't you hurt? Are you all right? Your eyes are bleeding. Go, wash right away." She told me that there was water still running in the kitchen scullery.

FINDING myself completely naked, I turned to my younger sister and asked her, "Can you at least get me something to put on?" She was able to pull out a pair of shorts from the closet that had been saved from being destroyed. Some one rushed in with a bewildered gesture. His face was smeared in blood. He wore only a shirt. The man was an employee of a nearby factory. Seeing me he said, "It was fortunate that you were saved." Then he bustled away muttering, "I-I-I-I have to call up."

There were crevices everywhere, and the doors, screens, and *tatami* floor were scattered about. The pillars and doorsills were clearly exposed, and the whole building was filled with a strange silence. Later I was told that most houses were completely destroyed in that area, but my second floor did not give way; even the floorboards remained firm. My father, a painstaking builder, had built our house about forty years ago, and it had been solidly constructed.

Tramping about over the littered mats and screens, I looked among the scattered articles for something to wear. The book which I had left half-read the night before was there on the floor with its pages turned up. The picture frame which had fallen from the horizontal timber stood threateningly in the way of the small section of the *tokonoma*. I found my canteen quite unexpectedly and then my hat. Still not being able to find my pants, I started looking for something else to cover myself.

K of the factory office appeared on the veranda of the drawing room. Seeing me K cried in a sad voice, "I'm hurt. Help me" and dropped down in a heap where he stood. Blood was oozing from his forehead, and his eyes were glistening with tears.

"Where is it?" I asked, and he distorted his pale wrinkled face saying, "My knees" as he held them with his hand. I gave him a strip of cloth, and I drew over my legs two pairs of socks one over the other.

"Oh, smoke has started rising. Let's escape. Help me to get away." K who was considerably older than I but usually much more vigorous, seemed to be highly disturbed.

Looking out from the veranda, I could see nothing recognisable except the clusters of utterly fallen houses and a ferro-concrete building a little farther away. Beside the toppled-over mudwall there was a tall maple tree whose trunk was torn off half-way up; the twigs had been thrown into the wash basin. Suddenly K stopped by the air-raid shelter and said: "Let's stay here, shall we? There is a water tank besides . . ." When I said "No, Let's go to the river," he asked me wonderingly: "The river? In which direction is the river?"

I took a night robe out of the closet, handed it to him, and tore the shelter curtain. I picked up a cushion too. When I turned the mat on the veranda, I found my emergency bag. I felt relieved and put the bag on my shoulder. Small red flames rose from the warehouse of the chemical factory next door.

We went out over the completely twisted maple.

That tall tree had stood in the corner of the garden for a long time, and had been an object of dreamy imagination in my childhood. Recently I had come back and started living at my own home after a long time, and now I thought it odd that even this tree did not evoke the same old sweet memory. What was strange was that my home town itself had lost its natural soft atmosphere, and I felt it to be something like a composition of cruel, inorganic matter. Every time I went into the drawing room facing the garden, the title, *The Fall of the House of Usher* spontaneously sprang to my mind.

K and I climbed over the crumbling houses, removed obstacles, and walked slowly at first. We came to level ground, and knew that we were on the road, where we walked faster down the middle. Suddenly there called a voice from behind a crushed building, crying, "Please!" Turning back I found that the voice belonged to a woman with a bloodstained face walking towards us. "Help me!" she cried following desperately. We walked on for sometime, and we passed an old woman who stood in the middle of the path with her legs wide apart. She was crying like a child, "The house is catching fire! The house is catching fire!" Smoke rose here and there from the crumbling houses.

We came upon a spot where the breath of flame was beating furiously. We passed running. The road became level again, and we found ourselves at the foot of Sakae Bridge. Here the refugees gathered one after another. Some one standing firm on the Bridge cried out: "Those who are strong enough put out the fire!" I walked towards the grove of Asano Park and there became separated from K.

The bamboo grove had been mowed down, and a path made through the grove under the trampling feet of refugees. Most of the trees overhead had been torn apart in mid-air and this famous old gar-

den on the river was now disfigured with pockmarks and gashes. I happened to perceive a middle-aged woman who squatted beside the shrubs with her plump limbs thrown out languidly. Her lifeless face still appeared to harbour infectious disease, I was to see more faces, much more grotesque than that.

In the grove facing the river-bank I came across a group of students. These girls who had escaped from the factory, were all slightly wounded, and they were chatting vigorously all the more, because they still trembled from the freshness of their terror. At that moment my eldest brother appeared. He wore only a shirt but he looked unhurt. He had a beer bottle in one hand. The houses on the other bank of the river had collapsed and were on fire, but the electric poles still stood. Sitting on the narrow road by the riverbank, I felt I was all right now. What had been threatening me, what had been destined to happen, had taken place at last. I could consider myself as one who had survived. I have to keep a record of this, I said to myself. But I scarcely knew the truth about the air-raid then.

THE fire on the opposite bank of the river raged more furiously. The scorching heat reached this side of the river, so that we had to dip the cushion in the rising river water and put it over heads. Then some one shouted, "Air raid!" and all the people crawled into the heart of the grove.

The sun sent forth its bright rays, and the other side of the grove seemed to be on fire. A hot wind blew overhead, and black smoke was fanned up towards the middle of the river. Then the sky suddenly grew dark, and large drops came down in torrents. The rain reduced the heat momentarily, but soon the sky cleared up again.

I walked down to the water along the stone edge, where I found right at my feet a large box of plain wood floating by, and there were onions here and there which had rolled out of the box. Drawing the box nearer, I took out the onions, and handed

them to people on the bank. The box had been thrown out of a freight train which had been overturned on the bridge upstream. While I was picking up the onions, there came a voice crying, "Help!" Clinging to a piece of wood, a young girl drifted in the middle of the river, floating at one time and sinking at another. I took a large timber and swam towards her, pushing it. Although I had not swum for a long time, I managed to help her more easily than I had expected.

The fire on the opposite bank, which had slackened for a while, had started raging again. This time murky smoke mingled with flames shooting higher and higher. When the fire had burned out, there remained only a vain carcass. Now a blast of wind struck us from downstream. A tornado! The grass and trees around me trembled, and trees were plucked out in a moment and snatched high into the air.

WHEN this tornado had passed, the sky showed that evening was near. My second elder brother appeared quite unexpectedly. His shirt was torn in the back, and there was a brushing trace of thin India ink colour on his face which later became a suppurating burn. Coming home on business, he had perceived a small airplane in the sky and then three strange flashes. After being thrown on the ground, he had run to rescue his wife and the maid-servant who were struggling under the collapsed house. He entrusted his two children to the maid and let them escape before him, and then spent much time in saving the old man who lived next door.

My brother and I walked upstream still looking for a ferry boat. The declining sun made everything around us look pale, and both on and beneath the bank, there were pale people who cast their shadows on the water. When we passed before them, these people spoke to us in faint gentle voices: "Give us some water."

Some one called me in a sharp pitiful voice. I saw below a naked young boy whose lifeless body was

completely buried in the water, and two women squatting on the stone steps less than four feet from the corpse. Their faces were swollen to twice their natural size distorted in an ugly way, and only their scorched rumpled hair showed that they were women. Looking at them I shuddered rather than felt pity.

WE found a little raft, untied the rope, and rowed towards the opposite bank of the river. Daylight had already turned dusky when the raft reached the sand beach on the other side and the area was scattered with wounded townsmen. A soldier who was squatting by the river said to me, "Let me drink some hot water." I made him lean against my shoulder and we walked together. As he staggered on the sand, the soldier muttered: "It's much better to be killed." I made him wait beside the path.

Nearing a water-supply station I beheld a large burnt head of a human being slowly drinking hot water out of a cup; the enormous face seemed to be made up of soy-beans; and the hair was burnt straight about the ears where the man's cap had not protected it. I filled a cup and took it to the soldier.

People were starting to cook their supper, burning pieces of wood on the sand beach. As the tide began to rise, we all moved up the bank. Night had fallen and a breeze sprang up. It was too cool for us to sleep, and we kept hearing voices here and there desperately crying for water. Nigitsu Park was right over there, but it was now wrapped in darkness, and we could see only faintly the broken trees. My brother lay in the hollow ground and I placed myself in another shallow place. Close to me lay three or four wounded school girls. "The grove over there has started burning," some one said. "Don't you think we had better escape?" Getting out of the hollow, I saw flames glaring on the top of the trees ahead of us, but there was no sign of the fire spreading up to the spot.

There must still be an undamaged siren somewhere, for we heard its warning faint in the distance.

"I wish morning would come," a wounded girl complained.

From around the river bed, there came a child's death cry. "Give me water . . . ah, mamma . . . Sister . . . Mitchan." His words gushed out, as if piercing his whole being, and were interspersed with "O . . . O . . . O . . ." and faint gasps of pain. By day-break his voice was silenced.

A DISPENSARY had been established near the *torii* (Shinto gateway) of the Toshugu Shrine. With each case a policeman formally asked the patient his permanent address and age; and the patient, even after receiving the paper identifying him, still had to wait about an hour in a long row, under the scorching sun. Those patients who were able to join that row were more fortunate than the rest. Now some one cried furiously, "Soldier! Soldier! Help me soldier!" A horribly burned young girl rolled in anguish on the roadside. And near her was a man in the uniform of an air-defense guard, who complained in a feeble voice, "Please help me, ah, nurse, Doctor!" as he laid his head, swollen and bloated with burns, on a stone and opened his blackened mouth. No one gave heed to him. Policemen, doctors and nurses came from other towns to help, but their number was relatively few.

Under a cherry-tree two schoolgirls lay groaning for water, faces burned black, their thin shoulders exposed to the scorching sun. They were students of the girls' commercial school, who had met the disaster while potato digging in the vicinity. A woman whose face had been smokedried joined them. Placing her handbag on the ground, she stretched out her knees languidly, oblivious to the dying girls.

The second night dragged through. Before dawn, an unknown voice took up a Buddhist invocation, a sound suggesting that people were dying all the time. The two commercial students expired when the morning

was high. A policeman when he had finished examining the girls' bodies lying faces down in the ditch, approached the dead woman nearby. He opened her handbag and found a savings passbook and public loan bonds in it. She still wore the travelling suit in which she had been struck.

About noon the air-raid warning sounded again and the roar of planes was heard. Although I had become used to the ugliness and the misery around me, my fatigue and hunger became more and more intense. People died one after another, and their bodies were left as they were. Men walked restlessly without hope of assistance.

The desperate clarion call of the bugle came from the parade ground, and at the same moment my elder brother appeared. He had stopped the previous day at Hatsukaisi town which his sister-in-law had evacuated, and had hired a wagon. Together we decided to leave the place, and so we searched my second elder brother's family and my sister and set off past the entrance of Asano Garden.

MY second elder brother caught sight of a body in the vacant lot towards the West Parade Ground. It was clothed in yellow pants which were familiar to us. It was Fumihiko my nephew. From a swelling the size of a fist on his breast flowed fluid. We could see his white teeth in his blackened face, and the fingers of both his hands were bent inward with the nails boring into the skin. Beside him there sprawled the body of a school boy and that of a young woman. They lay slightly apart. Both had become rigid in their last positions. My second elder brother stripped off Fumihiko's nails and his belt for a keepsake. Placing a name card on him we left the spot.

The wagon then passed Kokutaiji Temple and Sumiyoshi Bridge, and came to Koi, so that I could command almost the full view of the burst sites of the busiest quarters. Amid the vast silvery expanse of nothingness that lay under the glaring sun, there were the roads,

the river, the bridges and the stark naked swollen bodies. The limbs of these corpses, which seem to have become rigid after struggling in their last agony, had a kind of haunting rhythm. In the scattered electric wires and countless wrecks there was embodied a spasmodic design in nothingness. The burnt and toppled streetcar and the horse with its huge belly on the ground gave me the impression of a world described by a Dali surrealist painting. The tall camphor tree in the precincts of the Kokutaiji Temple had been felled completely, and the gravestones too were scattered. The Asano Library with only its outer block left had been turned into a morgue. The roads were still smoky here and there and were permeated with a cadaverous smell. The atmosphere of the scene seems best caught in the following lines:

The strange rhythm of the human bodies, inflamed and red,

That mingle with the glaring wrecks and cinders of greyish white

In the vast panorama.

Is this all that has happened, or is what could have happened?

Oh, the world stripped of all in an instant.

How the swollen belly of the horse glares beside the toppled streetcar.

And the stench of the smouldering wires!

The wagon proceeded along the endless road through the debris. Even on the outskirts of the city, the houses had all collapsed, and it was only after we had passed Kusatsu that we were at last liberated from the shade of disaster and were greeted by the sight of living green. The appearance of the dragon-flies that flitted so swiftly above the emerald rice paddies was touchingly refreshing to the eyes. From here stretched a long monotonous road to Yawata Village. Night had fallen by the time we reached there, and all was dismally quiet.

THE next day, our miserable life—of the aftermath—truly began. The wounded did not recover satisfactorily, and even those who had been originally strong gradually grew weak from lack of food. Our maid's arm suppurated badly, and flies gathered round the burned part, which finally became infested with maggots. No matter how often we sterilised the area, the maggots never ceased to infest the wound. She died a little more than a month later.

Four or five days after we had moved to the village, my nephew who had last been seen on his way to school, suddenly reappeared. On the morning that he had gone to school—his building later was to be

evacuated—he had seen the flash from inside the classroom. In a moment he hid himself under the desk and was buried under the falling ceiling, but crawled out through a crevice. There were only four or five boys who had escaped, and the rest were killed by the first blow. The survivors ran towards Hiji Hill, and he vomitted white fluid on the way. Then he went to the home of one of his friends with whom he had escaped, and there he was sheltered. About a week after his return, my nephew's hair began to fall out and his nose bled. His doctor declared that his condition was already critical, but my nephew gradually gained his strength again.

My friend N suffered a different experience. He was on his way to visit an evacuated factory, and his train had just entered a tunnel. As the train came out, he saw three parachutes floating down through the air over Hiroshima several miles behind. Arriving at the next station, he was surprised to find that the windowglasses were broken. By the time he reached his destination, detailed information already had been circulated. He took the first train back to Hiroshima. Every train that passed was filled with people grotesquely wounded. When he arrived at the town, he could not wait until the fire was quenched, and so he proceeded along the asphalt road which was still hot.

HE went first to the girls' high school where his wife was teaching. On the site of the classrooms lay the bones of the pupils, and on the site of the principal's office lay bones that seemed to have belonged to the principal. He could not find anything resembling the bones of his wife. He hurried back to his own home. Being near Ujina the house had crumbled without burning. Yet he could not find his wife here either. Then he examined all the bodies lying on their faces, so that he had to turn them over with his hands in order to examine them. Every woman had been changed miserably, but his wife's body was not there. Finally he wandered around even in

the wrong directions. He saw some ten bodies heaped in a pile in a cistern.

He then saw three bodies which had become rigid as they held a ladder set against the riverbank, and others stood waiting in a row for a bus, the nails of each fastening against the shoulders of the one ahead. The terrible scene of the West Parade Ground was beyond description. There were piles of soldier corpses on every hand—but the body of his wife was not to be found anywhere.

MY friend N visited all the barracks, and looked into the faces of the severely wounded people. Every face was miserable beyond words, but none of the faces was his wife's. Thus, after looking for three days and nights at so many charred bodies, the dead and the living, N at last came back to the burnt site of his wife's school.—LIPI

★

CLAY

(While at the studios of Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury, Principal of the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Madras, and conversing with him, our conversation for a moment was broken when the great artist had to talk to some one about his work on hand, he saying: "I want clay." The following poem was born at that moment.)

"I WANT clay," the sculptor cried, his hands extended wide, helpless, all open in his urge, his emotions he couldn't hide.

Thus our Maker did he wait on thorns o'er human fate?—and like the sculptor did he cry: "I want clay to create."

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

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HEMINGWAY ON GOOD WRITING

"PROSE IS ARCHITECTURE, NOT INTERIOR DECORATION"

TWENTY-FOUR years ago Sinclair Lewis put the name of Ernest Hemingway before the Swedish Academy. That was when Lewis received the first Nobel Prize for Literature awarded to an American. In the years since, the laurels have gone to many authors, including Erik Karlstedt of Sweden, Frans Sillanpää of Finland, Johannes V. Jensen of Denmark and Pearl S. Buck, Eugene O'Neill and William Faulkner of the United States. It may be that some of these distinguished writers have made a more marked imprint than Hemingway on the literature of our era, though there seems much room to doubt this. That is part of the challenge, that the announcement of a new Nobel Prize winner always stirs in the world of readers and writers.

When Lewis spoke in Stockholm in 1930, Hemingway was not exactly unknown. On the contrary, he had already published three of his best known books, "In Our Time," "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," but "For Whom the Bell Tolls" still lay ahead. He had also published, by 1930, a hilarious parody-novel "The Torrents of Spring" and a book of short stories, "Men Without Women," which includes tales on which his fame is based securely.

Appropriately enough, as the award to Hemingway was announced, John P. Marquand said in a new book that Hemingway was "the only living American writer who is a short story writer *par excellence*."

In Hemingway's case the consideration of his writing is obscured by public interest in the man. Not since George Bernard Shaw accepted the literature prize in 1925 has there been a winner who was so much in the public eye.

Yet, if we take the trouble to forget for a moment the legend of Hemingway the soldier, sportsman, traveller and big-game hunter, and concentrate on Hemingway the nove-

list and story-teller, we may see that his apprenticeship and accomplishment as a man of letters have been no less rigorous than those of his leading academic peers. Hemingway is a witness here. This is what he has said about writing: "Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is past. People in a novel, not skilfully constructed characters, must be projected from the writers assimilated experience, from his knowledge, from his head, from his heart and from all that there is of him. If he ever has luck as well as seriousness and gets them out entire, they will have more than one dimension and they will last a long time."

"A writer who appreciates the seriousness of writing so little that he is anxious to make people see he is formally educated, cultured or well-bred is merely a popinjay. And this, too, remember: a serious writer is not to be confused with a solemn writer. A serious writer may be a hawk or a buzzard or even a popinjay, but a solemn writer is always a bloody owl."

Hemingway, more than any other writer of his time in America, has given new directions to the course of story-telling, new cadences to prose, particularly in dialogue. If it is said that the Nobel Prize was awarded to him particularly because, in the eyes of the judges, "The Old Man and the Sea" reveals new qualities, then it must quickly be said in rebuttal that those qualities were always there, as far back at least as his story called "Big Two-Hearted River."—P. G. Krishnayya

★

Books use their hold on you as soon as the words in which they are written or demoted or too usual the one following the other. The aim—the achievement—of the great prose writer is to use words so that they shall seem new and alive . . . This gift Hemingway, has supremely. Any sentence of his taken at random—will hold your attention. And irresistibly.—FORD MADOX FORD in his Introduction to *A Farewell to Arms*..

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By C. E. M. JOAD

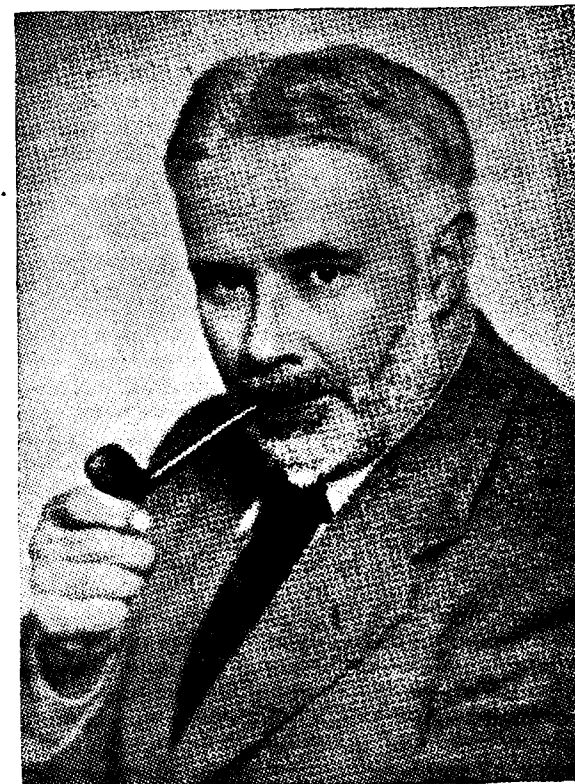
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MR. LONGPAST is a man who had, by writing popular books on his particular subject of philosophy and by broadcasting as long as the B. B. C. allowed him to, made enough money to buy Folly Farm and entertain friends he likes like Mr. Deepfeed, and others like Captain Poynter for whom he has nothing but an undisguised contempt. He gives them food such as they can hardly get elsewhere in England after it became a Welfare State, and takes it out of them (out of some of them, at any rate) by talking incessantly on everything under the English sun. Almost everyone about him believes that England is the most advanced and most cultured State in the world, and Mr. Longpast sets about disillusioning them in six instalments. Not very gentle ones, either.

Dr. Joad Longpast, who had always prided himself as a man who could explain anything to anyone at anytime, explains in this book how the socialistic welfare state, while providing everyone with "bread of a sort" (more of this later), has grossly neglected the needs of the spirit. In the first chapter, he takes his friends Mr. Highbrow and Mr. Crossmons, a Labourite M. P., on a walk across the Hampshire-Sussex downs, and shows them how progress with a capital P is steadily leading to the desolation of the natural beauty of the English countryside.

England will soon become a vast and horrible accumulation of suburban villas with gardens, if the indefatigable planners of the modern state are allowed to continue on their diabolic career unchecked. The second instalment of the diatribe against the Welfare State concerns itself with the Empire. We are surprised to find that young men like Michael White-man still think more or less like Lady Linlithgow or the learned Doctor Malan of darkest Africa, but that may be because India has nearly forgotten, in her pre-



C. E. M. Joad

occupation with nation-building, the days of its slavery. However that may be, the discussion sounds out-of-date, in both its aspects of empire-defence and empire-dissolution. As far as we are concerned, it is like flaying a lion already dead. In the middle of it, Dr. Joad Longpast recommends birth-control and overseas colonisation for an overpopulated England. But then, asks Whiteman, how will England find the men who run her Empire? Throw the empire overboard, says his host, and settle down to a peaceful and happy, though not a world-shaking, national existence, like Sweden or Switzerland. The white man's burden can just be thrown away. The English, whom we privately think to be most admirable because they quickest learn lessons among nations, do show signs here and there of having come up against the essential wisdom of this advice. Whether the Old Guard and the new die-hards will let her act upto it, is another question. "To have the courage to be weak today is the best policy for a nation, precisely because it is the safest." You are doomed for certain if you are a strong nation, the catastrophe when it comes will destroy every strong nation without exception; weaker nations might be saved. So will to be weak!

The third discussion on 'Progress' is in many ways the most interesting in the book. The Welfare State which seeks to benefit everybody, in so far as it does, inevitably debases the value of the benefit. In higher education, for example, the extension of its availability to the entire population, whether all of them have the background for it or not, and the fitness for it or not, has created bloated, unmanageable colleges, has ruined the tutorial system of the Universities, and made university teaching the passing of matter from the notebooks of the lecturers to those of the students without passing through the minds of either. This is progress in education. (Does that make you pause, to think about universities in India?) Turning to progress in production, when, finally, the Welfare State gives every citi-

zen a car, the result would be that English roads will be covered by a stationary mass of metal stretched from one end of the country to the other "in a single, solid, inextricable jam!" Modern transport, by opening the village to the outside world, has destroyed its proper healthy life and its happiness. The Welfare State has produced so much of uniformity that you can readily excuse a young man for getting engaged to three or four young girls in the genuine belief that they were the same girl! The giving over of a country to "the workers" does not alter anything except a different division of the spoils that are going. The world desired by the class-conscious miner is very much like the world enjoyed by the Tory ex-mine-owner. The worker's idea of utopia isn't a world made over anew in the image of the true, the good and the beautiful, but a world like this one, with the sole difference that he has stepped into the rich man's shoes. It is not difficult to imagine what he wants:

A late breakfast of two or three courses, a day devoted largely to watching other people play games or watching horses or motor cyclists or dogs run races, interspersed with an occasional round of golf, dinner in a smart restaurant with plenty of whisky, an evening with a girl at the movies or the boxing ring, and a hatred of foreigners, artists, scholars and high-brows.

In the bad old days, culture and the arts were kept nourished by the leisured class; now socialism has destroyed the leisured class and provided no alternative source or sources of nourishment, and by the operation of the lowest common measure in a democracy, culture is going or has gone to the dogs.

Dr. Joad starts his book with an outcry against the sandwiches of the modern welfare state: they are but "white sepulchres of fish-paste." He enlarges upon the decay of English food and cooking in an amusing fourth chapter, dexterously aided by Mr. Deepfeed. Mr. Deepfeed is of course only the Doctor (or Longpast) himself minus his philosophy, and the two greedy old men send away all the guests somewhere, so that they

can cook a meal for themselves by themselves. English women in the brave new world of the welfare state spend their youth learning of the tendencies of the modern novel, and half-baked psychoanalytic theories, and can feed their husbands when alas! they marry, only with canned food from America! The two men talk nostalgically of food that is seen no more in England, but slightly nauseate us when licking their chops over "the deliciously distinctive taste of the good kidney," in which there is a *soupcon* of urine! A very pleasant chapter, though we do sup full of culinary horrors.

Chapter V lives to make Chapter VI possible. Mr. Longpast Joad's party gets lost in a mist among slippery mountains, and is rescued by Arthur Logan, who lives in a cottage far from human habitation, because he is a fugitive from the amenities of the Welfare State. Mr. Logan, being a writer, and a voluntary exile, rouses in us the feeling that artists are not very happy in the modern welfare state. To speak of London only, there are now no literary circles—such a circle as that of the late Wells—no literary weekends since no one can afford them, no publisher's cocktail party. England is so harsh towards her writers that C. E. Montague who bought a house for the 10,000 pounds he got for selling a novel of his to an American publisher, had to sell it when, later, the income-tax monsters came round, and claimed £10,000 in arrears of income-tax. H. E. Bates has said that he pays so much tax that he has to write book after book to keep alive at all. Now no one in England need go on asking the question: Why is writing so bad today? Altogether, culture, which is a "human activity that cannot be regulated, produced to order, or economically justified and which makes no money for the State or for anybody else," is in a parlous condition in the Welfare State.

We are delighted to find that roundabout here, suddenly, Dr. Joad Longpast launches into criticism of contemporary writing, choosing Graham Greene and Christopher Fry

as the most well-known among moderns, and so representative of the sad and total lack of genius among them. He lashes out at Greene in great righteous indignation. *The Power and the Glory* is a dim little story with a silly moral, remarkable for its general dreariness. Mr. Fry has nothing to say, though in the beginning it was thought that he had. As with the novel and the drama, so with poetry and music. "The purpose of this diatribe is to exhibit our age as utterly uncreative. It is an age without art, without beauty, without genius. What is more, it is exceedingly unlikely that, short of a major catastrophe ushering in a new Dark Age, creativity will return to the arts. Hence . . . the arts will remain second-rate, until, in the end, they are reduced, as in Russia, to a glorification of the State by artists drawing State salaries."

Running in and out of these specific themes, and giving them greater unity, is a favourite theme of Dr. Joad: Hasn't science made mankind more unhappy than happy? Aren't inventions the bane of modern life? He has asked these questions with greater force before, and so what this last book of his specially does is to call our attention to the danger that can easily be nourished into a menace in a democracy; the danger that the more democratic a democracy becomes, the more it vulgarizes everything it touches.

Botteghe Oscure XII

Edited by Marguerite Caetani
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UNLIKE Great Britain and France which have only London and Paris for their cultural capitals, Italy has three: Florence, Milan and Rome. While the former two have many newspaper and publishing houses, Rome has the unique distinction of having *Botteghe Oscure*, the international review of contemporary literature, edited by that "charming, cosmopolitan New England woman who married an Italian and is now the Princess Caetani."

Botteghe Oscure, literally meaning 'Dark Shops' takes its name from a very ancient street where the Palazzo Caetani stands. In the middle ages, the dark arcades of the street, we are told, were used as shops by merchants. The present issue has an opulent representation of Italian, French, and English writing—running to five hundred and thirty-three pages. In the English section, 'The Devil is A Protestant' by Poet Robert Graves is done in the pungent, Gravesque style; W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman contribute a libretto for a one-act opera entitled 'Delia or A Masque of Night,' and Vernon Watkins whose *The Death Bell* was the First Choice of the new Poetry Book Society, recently in England, offers an admirable poem, 'Before A Birth.' James Broughton—one would like to know who he is for he is well worth knowing, but the Note Bio-Bibliografiche at the end of the journal while providing information about reputed writers doesn't mention anything about Broughton—writes exceedingly fresh, arrestingly fine verse, as is exemplified by his 'An Almanac for Amorists'—a series of poems: for Spring who is a Virgin, Summer a Bride, Autumn a Widow, and Winter a step-mother. Here is for Autumn under the title, 'Elegy for the Queen of Sheba'—indicating the freshness and the arresting quality of Broughton:

*What golden glory can the
eunuchs promise
to sing me back to any dance of
praise?
Never shall summer come to
Babylon again
a sunbursting Eden of naked days.
O heavy heart, my heavy longing,
heaviness all heart, and the apricots
falling!*

*Only baboons are left prancing
around me,
left beating time to the littered
glory
where I have no song, no sunstruck
dance,
no peril to lilt my story.
O heavy heart, my heavy longing,
heaviness all heart, and the apricots
falling!*

Food: A Family Problem

By S. Ranganathan

Casement Booklet (32)

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THE problem of food is a most grave one and it is a paradox that this gravity should assume serious proportions only in countries whose traditions are predominantly 'agricultural.' If 'agriculture' is taken to be synonymous with ignorance, a superstitious adherence to obsolescence and an obstinate resistance to progress, then the paradox is easily resolved. The person who sets out to tackle this problem is sure to meet with insuperable obstacles. Mr. S. Ranganathan who has devoted a lifetime to the study of nutritional problems in relation to population and who is the author of a prize-winning essay—the present booklet is derived from this essay—on this subject has analysed the problem of food from all aspects and presents an extremely readable account, in a very compact form, of the tasks facing us.

Nutrition is a subject which involves many different sciences and cuts across quite a few other subjects. The author stresses the need for a concerted approach by the Government, private bodies, and voluntary organisations. He emphasises the importance of a scientific attitude and deprecates the rigid adherence to old food habits when a change in them would result in better health for vast sections of the population. New foods like chlorella which might turn out to be a most revolutionary solution of the world's food problem, and the importance of trying out new methods like Hydroponics or soil-less cultivation are suggested by Mr. Ranganathan. The disproportionate increases in the birth rate and food production necessitate a rational approach to family planning. And this the author has, and he advocates an intensive propagation of the idea of birth control not as sex education but as a measure of public health.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF G. B. S.

BY

V. V. PRASAD

President, Shaw Society, Delhi

BERNARD SHAW provoked people into thinking. And if there is need for people in any country to think, it is India. Very often, I meet people who tell me, "I am afraid to think." We are much more subservient to feudalistic tradition and convention than people anywhere else in the world. We are ruled by what our rishis are supposed to have laid down thousands of years ago. The fact that the rishis in fact did not say what they are supposed to have said is another point altogether. It has been suggested that Aristotle was a great misfortune, because he became some kind of a tyrant to all scholars and scientific workers in succeeding generations. Aristotle said that men had more teeth than women. Every Tom, Dick and Harry of a scholar in Europe accepted this statement for hundreds of years without taking the obvious course of asking Mrs. Tom, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Harry to open their mouths and counting up their teeth. Aristotle also laid down that objects fell to the ground with a speed proportional to their weight. The objects, of course, were no respectors of Aristotle—unlike Tom, Dick and Harry. The first man to question Aristotle's theory came after hundreds of years. It was Galileo. When Galileo dropped a heavy object and a light object simultaneously from the leaning tower of Pisa, the professors down below were scandalised because both objects touched the ground simultaneously. They were thoroughly upset, because they felt that Galileo was trying to change the nature of matter.

We are twentieth century people, governed by a hotch-potch of vague and confused ideas picked up at random from what our grandmothers

The 100th birthday of Bernard Shaw falls on July 26, 1956. The Shaw Society of Delhi is seeking the co-operation of Shaw societies in other parts of the world to organise Shaw festivals in worldwide celebrations on that day.

told us about the Ramayana and the Mahabharata and the Panchatantra stories. We hardly come across anybody who tries to think for himself. None of us studies anything; but each of us has some very peculiar and strongly-held ideas on everything on earth—and elsewhere. We cannot afford to have ourselves questioned closely about our ideas, because it is disconcerting to us to discover that they are merely notions planted in our heads by equally ignorant persons. Those notions occupied our minds only because Nature abhors a vacuum. It is on this principle that Captain Brassbound always did what Felix Drinkwater put in his head.

WE have been so thoroughly trained feudalistically that we do not make any distinction between the gravitational force and other forces operating on us—although one is a force of Nature and the others merely social or anti-social forces. We accept kings and other ruling circles as the natural superiors of their subjects, of men as the superiors of women, and of parents as the gods of their children. Subjects should obey their rulers, women should obey men, and children should obey parents. This is the position in which we find ourselves today. That kind of organisation probably had something in its favour thousands of years ago. It has no validity now. The acceptance of such a scheme only results in the misery of mankind. That is at the bottom of all the trouble in every household in India today.

There is every danger that we in India might begin to accept Bernard Shaw as our authority instead of Manu. We did that kind of thing to Buddha. When we found that he

was giving trouble to us by not accepting the existence of God, we promptly said that Buddha was himself an *Avatar*—an incarnation of God. We are almost incorrigible. No greater tragedy can befall. Bernard Shaw than if this idol-breaker is himself turned into an idol. When some of us say that we are worshippers at the shrine of Shaw, we only mean it figuratively.

The Shaw Society of Delhi has taken the initiative in sponsoring the idea of celebrating the 100th birthday of G. B. S. on a world-wide scale. We are suggesting to Shaw societies in other parts of the world that we might all make preparations for the celebrations on July 26, 1956. We have only 18 months to go. Shaw festivals will have to be organised in towns and cities the world over. It should be possible to so organise the celebrations that every one of his plays is staged somewhere or other on the same day.

Such an ambitious project requires that preparations should begin right

now. Shaw societies all over the world will have to extend their co-operation to other organisations in these celebrations. We would like to suggest to the World Peace Council to organise worldwide celebrations on this occasion. The World Peace Council has shown, during the past few years, that it has a truly international outlook on matters of art and culture. The writers, artists and scientists, whom it has honoured by memorial meetings, festivals and exhibitions, have been of universal significance, and came from different parts of the world. Bernard Shaw was such a genius—from whose coffers the whole world has been enriched.

WE in India should encourage the translation of Bernard Shaw's plays into the various Indian languages so that they may be staged in our own languages on the occasion of the 100th birthday of Bernard Shaw. The Shaw Society will be glad to be of help to anyone who is interested in such a proposition.

GANDHIJI'S TECHNIQUE OF SATYAGRAHA

By B. ANJANI DEVI

WHEN Gandhiji first gave his message of Satyagraha to the world, most people were sceptical of non-violent resistance in the political field. They could not understand how it could possibly work. In this atmosphere of disbelief, Gandhiji proved to the world that non-violent resistance was not only possible, not only intellectually and morally superior, but also that it was the surest way to victory. Through Satyagraha he brought freedom to a great people and showed humanity the path to brotherhood and peace.

In one of his articles in *Young India*, Gandhiji had once written: "Democracy can only be saved through non-violence." Explaining this further, in reply to a young American, he had said that democracy, so long as it is sustained by violence, cannot provide for or protect the weak. His notion of democracy, he had explained, was that under it the weakest should have the same power as the strongest. This could never happen except through non-violence. The so-called democracies of the world meet today and discuss new plans of defence against Communist aggression. At such a time, it is imperative that one calls to mind Gandhiji's message of Satyagraha and non-violence. Gandhiji taught the people that force is not the answer to force, and as long as people fail to realise this, so long will peace elude humanity. Peace imposed by violence, said Gandhiji is not psychological peace but a suppressed conflict. It is unstable, for it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. But in peace secured by true non-violent resistance there is no longer any inner conflict but a new channel found in which both the formerly conflicting energies are at work in the same direction and in harmony.

History is replete with examples of

successful use of non-violent resistance in different countries and at different times. But the first attempt to apply the principle of Satyagraha to politics on a large scale was made by Gandhiji in South Africa. The Satyagraha struggle of the Indians in South Africa lasted for eight years. The fight of the Indians in South Africa was epic in character. Indians in South Africa were humiliated and ill-treated in many ways, for racial arrogance reigned supreme there. When Gandhiji arrived in South Africa, he saw around him a miniature of the whole world of sorrow and bitter poverty and bewilderment and oppression. Yet he saw too that men and women had fortitude and courage. He resolved to do his best to help them. Till now they had lacked a leader, but now under Gandhiji's leadership they refused to submit. Gandhiji startled the world with his non-violent warfare. The fight was stopped when Gandhiji and the South African Government came to terms. In its early stages this fight was called passive resistance but Gandhiji felt that this was an inappropriate word. He wanted to find a word for the principle of non-violent action which all Indians would understand. And so he announced in *Indian Opinion* the offer of a prize for the best word. It was Gandhiji's cousin who won the prize. He combined two Indian words *Sat* meaning 'truth' and *Agraha* meaning 'firmness'. Satyagraha signifies that a man must declare the truth in which he believes and be willing to die for it without violence to anyone. Like a flash of lightning the word 'Satyagraha' swept over South Africa. It struck fire in every Indian heart.

Satyagraha and passive resistance are not identical. People take to passive resistance when they believe they are weak and helpless. It does not rule out the use of force. Satya-

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graha, on the contrary, is soul force, pure and simple, and there is no room in it for the use of force. Satyagraha is based on the principle of love, and hatred has no place in it. Hence it can be offered to one's nearest and dearest. Non-violent Satyagraha in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering and through conscious suffering winning over the enemy to one's way of thinking. It is not everyone that can endure patiently all the suffering which Satyagraha demands, and Gandhiji was right when he said that Satyagraha is the weapon of the brave. "Courage," said Gandhiji, "is the one sure foundation of character. Without courage there is no morality, no religion, no love. One cannot follow truth or love so long as one is subject to fear."

GANDHIJI said: "The non-violence of my conception is a more active and more real fighting against wickedness than retaliation whose very nature is to increase wickedness." It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means putting one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant and bringing about a change of heart in him. Strength does not come from physical capacity but from an indomitable will. "Non-violence and love", said Gandhiji, "is the law of the universe, of the human race, and therefore infinitely superior to brute force." He put forth five simple axioms of non-violence:

(1) Non-violence implies as complete self-purification as is humanly possible.

(2) Man for man, the strength of non-violence is in exact proportion to the ability, not the will, of the non-violent person to inflict violence.

(3) Non-violence is without exception superior to violence.

(4) There is no such thing as defeat in non-violence. The end of violence is surest defeat.

(5) The ultimate end of non-violence is surest victory—if such a term may be used of non-violence. In reality, where there is no sense of defeat, there is no sense of victory.

It gave Gandhiji ineffable joy to make experiments to prove that love is the supreme and only law of life. He believed that the sum total of mankind's experience is that somehow or other men live on. And therefore, only love could be the law which governs mankind. Had violence, i.e., hate ruled us, we should have been extinct. And yet the tragedy of it is that the so-called civilised men and nations conduct themselves as if the basis of society was violence.

Gandhiji firmly believed that a State can be administered on a non-violent basis, if the vast majority of people are non-violent. He conducted his experiments in that faith. He wanted India to become a beacon-light which would lead the other nations on to the path of peace.

What kind of India are we working for? And what kind of world? Are we, the present generation of Indians, worthy of the task which Gandhiji bestowed on us? It is too early for us to say. Pandit Nehru is doing his utmost to weed out communalism, separatism, isolation, untouchability and bigotry and exploitation. He is striving with thousands of his countrymen to create a strong, free democratic India, where every citizen has an equal opportunity for growth and service. He is striving hard to make India lead other nations on to the path of peace. Only faith and experience, not argument beyond a point, can open the eyes of the world to the potency of non-violence. Since it has been understood that a system may be wicked but never a whole class or people, one ought to feel pity, not hatred for the blind defenders of wickedness. Let us hope that men will come to understand this and take their first steps on the new way to universal brotherhood; and this way will lead to the goal, to the victory of truth, to Satyagraha. Let us hope that the Mahatma's spirit will ultimately prevail and convert the world of warring classes and nations into a world of peace and harmony where all can live in happiness without distinctions of race, religion and nationality.

ABNORMALITIES OF SKIN COLOUR

By **Dr. B. MUKERJI**, D.Sc., M.B., M.P.S., F.N.I.,
Director, Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow

COLOUR of the human skin has aroused the curiosity and attention of men and women since the beginning of recorded history. This interest has arisen in part from the social, protective and cosmetic significance of pigmentation. There is hardly anybody who does not recognise the differences in skin colour between a white European or American, a yellow Chinese or Japanese, a dark African or Negro and a brown Indian or Indonesian.

Skin colour intermediate in shade between these is quite often seen, particularly in children of mixed marriages.

Why colour differences?

In general, these four major types of skin colour are considered as "racial" in origin and are propagated as a genetic trait from generation to generation.

Differences in colour of human skin from light blond to the darkest of the dark races are due to principally to a brownish pigment, known as "melanin". Modern anthropologic studies of skin colour have conclusively shown that the different races owe their characteristic skin colour only to variations in the amount and distribution of melanin in the skin and possibly also to the amount of a derived pigment, melanoid.

No pigments are encountered in the dark races other than those found in the whites and the general plan of pigment distribution is identical in all groups. A "coloured Negro" or a "Red Indian" is not different as far as his skin is concerned from a blond European—if anything, he has a positive balance of melanin pigment in his skin.

Women's skin is usually poorer in melanin than that of men and has more of carotenoid yellow pigment

in their subcutaneous fat and reddish blood pigment in their superficial skin capillaries. The combined effect of light scattering on these gives the impression that women are fairer than men.

Hyperpigmentation

Abnormalities of skin colour may happen either due to: (1) excessive colour (hyperpigmentation), or (2) deficiency in colour (depigmentation).

The commonest evidence of hyperpigmentation is that which happens as a result of exposure of skin to actinic rays of sunshine or light ("Sun-tan"), X-rays, radium rays, etc. Only the "albino," who has no functioning melanoblasts or pigment-producing mother cells, shows no pigmentary reactions to physical agents, including sunshine.

Friction of long standing, such as that involved in the wearing of a truss, may result in brownish melanosis. Heat, as from a hot-water bottle or an electric pad, produces reddening and later melanosis. When melanin-producing cells of the outer layer of the skin are concentrated into small circumscribed areas, these regions are pigmented and stand out against the non-pigmented or slightly pigmented surrounding skin.

Such lesions are known as "freckles." They are stationary and appear in the same location following each exposure to ultra-violet irradiation. Similar type of hyperpigmentation may also happen in several types of skin diseases, such as lichen or chronic dermatoses, as a result of ingestion or inhalation of toxins and metallic poisons, such as arsenic, mercury, etc.

Malignancy, Albinism

It also occurs in certain systemic diseases, such as goitre, Addison's disease of the suprarenal glands and

is ovarian disturbances in the female. Most conditions of hyperpigmentation, except the malignant hyperpigmented tumours which are fatal, can be either prevented or controlled to some extent or are such that not much anxiety or sorrow is caused to the patient.

Depigmentation may be absence or decrease of pigmentation. Absence of pigmentation in the skin may be hereditary, as in albinism. Or it may be acquired, as in leucoderma (*sweti* or *dhabal*). Albinism is an abnormal but not pathological whiteness of the skin and the loss or normal colour of the hair and eyes. True albinism is rare and results from a gene defect and is not curable.

Leucoderma or vitiligo, on the other hand, is far more common and appears mostly as patchy depigmentation of the skin. It may appear in any area of the body irrespective of the age, sex, food-habits and environmental conditions of the patients.

Sweti or *dhabal*—which may be considered as the same disease as leucoderma—was recognised in both India and Egypt nearly 1,500 years ago. But it is a popularly misunderstood disease.

Because of its occasional association with leprosy cases, it became branded as another manifestation of leprosy or *kusth*, with the result that persons affected with this condition were shunned and considered as social taboo. No systematic efforts to treat the condition as a disease entity distinct from leprosy were, therefore, evident.

Local application on depigmented areas of vegetable juices and extracts with irritant properties has been tried and sometimes dietary treatments were also enjoined along with local treatments.

My interest was drawn to this condition several years ago when I was associated with the School of Tropical Medicine, Calcutta. From the large number of cases I came across in one city of India I was

convinced that this condition is fairly widely prevalent. From hundreds of cases studied, we observed that none of the factors such as age, sex, race and religion, heredity, diet, septic foci, infectious diseases such as syphilis, etc., can be considered to have any definite etiological relationship with the disease.

(ii)

Leucoderma may commence at any stage and in any part of the body, including the mucous membranes, but the onset is rare after 55 years of age. Males are about three times more affected than the females. Girls below the age of marriage are usually more prone to the condition. Vegetarians and non-vegetarians are both equally and indiscriminately affected.

Cases in which the presence of a septic focus can be proved are more easy to treat than others. Usually, the general health of the patients is not affected. The disease is not infectious and is not propagated through contacts. Extensive leucoderma in the husband rarely affects the wife.

New approach

A boy or girl can be safely married when any one party may have leucoderma. The children of such marriages are and usually remain free of the disease. The conclusion, after study of a very large number of cases, is that leucoderma is not just a skin disease but a problem of systemic and metabolic origin.

With the help of colleagues in the Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow, I have been engaged, for the last three years, in investigating the problem from a new angle. On the assumption that the condition is only a skin manifestation of an imbalance of pigment metabolism, efforts are being made to study this phenomenon from a biochemical angle with particular reference to melanin formation from the proteins (amino-acids) in food, the storage and distribution of this pigment by the melanoblasts and melanophores (pigment-bearing and pigment-carrying cells of the skin).

As a first step to the proper understanding of the complicated metabolic processes that happen in the production of melanin in the human skin, it was thought desirable to look into the colour-change of the skin in the lower vertebrates. It is well known that amphibians, fishes and reptiles can change their skin-colour according to the needs of their environment.

As far back as 350 B.C., the Greek naturalist, Aristotle, described the colour changes in the chameleon (a type of lizard) and pointed out that this change served as "camouflage" to render the animal more or less lost to view. This interesting phenomenon has now been studied very thoroughly and it is generally agreed that this rapid skin-colour change is brought about partly by a nervous impulse from the eyes and partly by a hormonal influence of the pituitary gland.

In the Central Drug Research Institute, we have further proved by removal of the pituitary gland of frogs that this colour-change no longer takes place under such conditions. An injection of an extract from the pituitary gland immediately brings about a blackening of pale frogs through the expansion of the pigment cells in their skin. The pituitary gland, therefore, elaborates a secretion which controls the pigment metabolism in lower animals.

If this is true of lower cold-blooded vertebrates, one can postulate that a similar phenomenon might also happen in the human being. One can easily argue that if a dose of pituitary gland extract can increase skin pigmentation in amphibia, etc., why not an adequate dose of the same principle bring about new colour in the depigmented patches of human leucoderma skin?

Experimental results

Since there is no other pathological change in the leucoderma skin than the absence of the pigment in the basal layer of the epidermis (skin), we should expect the hormone to restore the colour in depigmentation.

Based on this hypothesis, we have prepared in the Central Drug



The Indian Cultural Delegation to the Soviet Union on their return to New Delhi were given a reception by the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society at the Centenary Theatre.

Research Institute an active extract from the **pituitary** glands of beef, pig, and goats which, though not yet pure, can bring about pigmentation of the toad's skin much more quickly and strongly than is possible with the posterior pituitary extract available in the market.

With this preparation, supplemented by other ancillary measures, both dietary and local, we have treated quite a few cases, particularly in children and young girls below marriageable age. We have recorded only partial success, the number of failures being more than those of cures.

A critical appraisal of the data collected by us and clinical experience extending in certain cases to over several years' observation appear to indicate that the problem of human melanosis and of abnormalities thereof, such as leucoderma, is not as simple as in the cold-blooded vertebrates. The condition in human beings probably involves other factors, such as the action of the supra-

renal gland in addition to the pituitary.

A complicated problem

Though there is some evidence—such as hyperpigmentation which occurs around the eyelids, aureola of the nipples, axillae, etc., in pregnant women and the depigmentation of the skin often associated with pituitary tumours—that the pituitary gland, through the secretion of its melanophore hormone, does influence human pigmentation in a similar way to lower animals, there are probably other influences at work.

The suprarenal gland is already known to exert an influence on pigment-formation in the human subject. A patchy bronzing of the skin has been recorded in Addison's disease which is a tubercular infection of this gland. The adrenal glands also regulate the metabolism of the sulphhydryl compounds (-SH groups), an excess of which in the skin may result in patchy leucoderma.

Melanin can also be withdrawn from the skin, being diverted for other vital systemic use to result in patchy leucoderma. A nutritional leucoderma has been described resulting from nutritional deficiencies of certain vitamins and amino-acids, e.g., phenylalanine, tyrosine and copper.

Pigment metabolism

Detailed consideration of the difficulties that face an investigator in this difficult problem of skin pigmentation and in the treatment of leucoderma cannot be given in this short article. Suffice it to say that a fascinating field of research lies ahead and anybody who can find a treatment for this condition will not only earn the gratitude of many sufferers from this social disability but he will also probably open a new line of work in the field of pigment metabolism.

In spite of all medical discoveries of the present century, we are still far from a correct knowledge of the origin and function of the human skin pigment, although almost all other aspects of skin physiology have already been clearly established.—*(Talk broadcast from A. I. R., Lucknow)*

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

SOME of the observations by a local film periodical made in connection with Raj Kapoor's statement in Moscow have aroused great indignation in the Indian film industry, especially amongst the delegates who visited the Soviet Union. The observation "If Indian films have no market outside our shores because they lack idiom and quality which the picturegoers of the world expect in the pictures they pay to see" is utterly erroneous. Indian pictures do not demand favour, it is pointed out; and the very fact that apart from the Soviet Union, today several European countries are buying and screening Indian films should prove their merit. A well-known producer-director said that if our pictures were good enough to be shown in Europe, were they not good enough to be shown in America?

The other observation that the Indian films were given great reception because the Russians were eager to see something other than the pictures turned out by their subsidized and supervised industry is equally insulting both to the Indian films (which included the picture that was given an award by the same periodical) and the Russians. For, there is no truth in the allegation that non-Russian films are not being shown in Russia. Our own delegates found that pictures from all countries, China, Italy, Germany, France, Czechoslovakia, Britain—and even U. S. A. were shown in the Soviet Union; even *The Thief of Bagdad* was being shown in Russia. And so if the Russian picturegoers raved over *Awara* and *Do Bigha Zamin*, it was not because of just their novelty but because they had merit. *Do Bigha Zamin* has won praise even in Prague, Geneva, Cannes and other European cities, surely not without

merit! And it is not only the American films that have inspired us; as someone pointed out, even the Hollywood producers have learnt a great deal from Eisenstein and Pudovkin, acknowledged masters of the film art and we too have learned from them.

Incidentally, one of the delegates said that the films from all other countries are being shown in the Soviet Union; it is only in India that only Hollywood films, irrespective of their merit, get preference. Why? Whatever the defenders of Hollywood may say, the fact remains that today all the Indian producers resent the Hollywood monopoly of the foreign films exhibited in this country and cannot forgive Hollywood for not encouraging the exhibition of Indian films in U. S. A.

Preview of a picture

It is not often that the journalists get a chance to witness the preview of a picture before it is complete. For one thing the producer is rather shy and afraid that he will create the wrong impression on the critics; for another, the producer does not want to divulge the contents of his film till it is complete and treats it as "top secret."

Hence it was a pleasant surprise for me to have the opportunity to witness some of the rushes of Cine Co-operative's much talked about film *Garam Coat* at Mohan Studios on Saturday evening along with other journalists. After seeing the rushes, I was not surprised that the producers of this picture were not shy or diffident and that they had perfect confidence in the picture itself.

For, from the couple of sequences that I saw of the picture, I could not help coming to the conclusion that if *Do Bigha Zamin* portrayed the struggle of a peasant family in a very realistic manner, *Garam Coat* would be perhaps the first picture to portray the trials and tribulations of a typical lower middle-class family in a city, in so vivid and realistic a manner. And just as *Do Bigha Zamin* symbolized the aspiration of a

poor peasant, *Garam Coat* symbolizes the aspirations of a poor clerk in a post office. The two sequences that were screened gave a vivid idea of the picture, its poignant tragedy, its robust humour, its rugged realism, and the bitterness that comes in the family out of economic troubles. Even in the rush form one felt that more than anyone else the author dominated the film; for it was the refreshing treatment and true-to-life presentation of middle-class life in an average family and building up of drama not out of any far-fetched coincidences but every day life incidents that distinguishes *Garam Coat* even in the present form. The dialogue, always a chief forte of Rajender Singh Bedi, is brilliant and provides a scathing commentary on the contemporary conditions of the white-collared fraternity.

This does not mean that there are no other distinguishing features in the film. The direction by Amar is forthright and sincere and fully justifies Rajender Singh Bedi's faith in him. The songs are melodious and the acting is first-rate. There seems to be tough competition between Balraj and Nirupa for acting honours; and Balraj had better be careful, otherwise Nirupa would win the race. Jayant seems to have developed into a great character actor. After his triumph in *Amar* he promises to turn in another brilliant cameo in the film. But in Rashid Ahmed, he too has a serious competitor.

Well, from the 'rushes' it appears that *Garam Coat* would be as important a contribution to the film industry as *Do Bigha Zamin*. And Homi Sethna, the organiser had no reason to be apologetic to the press; he can look forward to the release with all confidence.

Personality of the week

At last Phani Mazumdar, the quiet, unassuming director, entered into the bond of matrimony last week. And quite like him, he did not make any fuss but had a very quiet ceremony where only a few friends were present. The lucky bride was Monica Desai.

Phani and Monica are old friends; and the rumours of their romance have been current for over a decade now. Both have great talent; they are cultured and sober in outlook; but both of them have been almost equally unfortunate in their careers. Monica has also been unfortunate in health and in fact she was so ill that at one time it was expected that she would not survive.

Monica who made her debut in *Chandralekha* is a sister of Leela Desai; and though perhaps she lacked the glamour of Leela Desai, she was a better artiste and dancer than Leela. She gave a number of good performances, notably in Kidar Sharma's *Gauri* and *Devdasi* directed by Phani Mazumdar. But the pictures did not prove popular and she did not become the popular craze herself; as a result she receded into the background and later her ill-health cut short her career completely while Phani Mazumdar continued his struggle and tried to make decent films. Even the success of *Badbaan* did not make any difference to Phani Mazumdar's career; in fact, he did not receive a single new offer after its release. Only recently he had signed a contract to make a picture in Singapore and he is scheduled to leave for Malaya before the end of this month. It is probably this plan to visit Singapore that made him hurry up with the wedding.

Whatever may have been their ups and downs in their careers, both Phani Mazumdar and Monica Desai command great regard from the film people who have spontaneously sent good wishes to them on this happy occasion.

News of the week

Dilip Kumar went to Coimbatore last week to report on duty on the sets of Pakshiraja Studios' first Hindi picture tentatively entitled *Azad*. Mr. S. M. S. Naidu has already started the shooting with Meena Kumari, Achala and other artistes.

Bina Rai has gone to London for a short holiday with her husband Premnath. When Prem leaves for U. S. A., she will return to India and resume her work.

