

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. IX. January 1, 1955. No. 48.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
THE PROBLEM OF SLEEP	7
ATOMIC DEMOCRACY	9
TITO IS GREAT BECAUSE . . .	12
THE MAKER OF MODERN YUGOSLAVIA	17
INDIAN AND YUGOSLAV FOREIGN POLICIES	21
NATIONAL DRAMA FESTIVAL	23
JUST NUTTING	25
THOREAU'S 'WALDEN'—100 YEARS	28
GROWING UP (Short Story)	30
HAPPY NEW YEAR (Poem)	34
NEW BOOKS (Reviews)	35
NEW YEAR SONG (Poem)	39
" . . . OVER A. I. R."	40
FILMS	43
NEW DELHI DIARY	46

ON THE COVER:

Photo taken on the arrival of the Chinese delegation in the city. The leader of the Delegation is seen along with Sri C. Subramaniam, and Mrs. Tara Cherian.

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.

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

Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Cut along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

185600

25
years

of
Significant Service

We dedicate ourselves to serve faithfully
as hitherto the large Motor-owning
Public of South India in respect of
Sales and Service of Motor Vehicles.

HINDUSTHAN STUDEBAKER
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
ZENITH CARBURETTORS & FILTERS
BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTS
VAN NORMAN AUTOMOBILE EQUIPMENT
BENDIX HYDROVAC BRAKES & PARTS

★

RANE (MADRAS) LTD.
PATULLOS ROAD, MADRAS-2
Phone: 85742 & 86848 (P. B. No. 386) Grams: 'AUTOWORKS'
BRANCHES: COIMBATORE & BANGALORE

EP

SWATANTRA

Vol. IX. JANUARY 1 SATURDAY 1955 No. 48

DISEASED LIMBS OF THE CONGRESS

THE united front of democratic parties in Andhra is apparently not faring well. In forming this front the Congress leaders made a serious blunder. Till recently there was no love lost between the Congress, the Krishikar Lok and the Praja Socialist parties in the legislature. It was indeed the failure of the Andhra Congress leaders to command the confidence of the non-Communist democratic parties that led to the downfall of the Prakasam Ministry. The protestations of amity now between the Congress and these parties, only till recently at loggerheads with each other, are not convincing and they will make no sense to the electorate. People are not quite such fools as the Congress leaders seem to be convinced they are. They will attribute the present electoral alliances to the desire of the Congress leaders to recover power and to their dread of Communist victory at the polls. These anxieties of the Congress leaders are quite understandable, but by indulging in them they do not advance their electoral chances. People are not interested in restoring the Congress Government nor can it be said that all of them are competent to envisage the eventual consequences of Communist rule and act with wise caution against it before it becomes too late. People are interested in good government, and in the improvement of their economic condition and they will back with their votes only those candidates who give them promise of

these benefits, unless of course they are stampeded by communal passion to act otherwise.

It was colossal folly on the part of the Congress leaders to plead for support (as they have been doing) irrespective of the character and qualifications of their candidates. Such talk is clear proof that the character and qualifications of the candidates do not speak for themselves. One can understand this kind of talk had the credit of the Andhra Ministers while in office stood high. But such is not the case. The Congress in Andhra is in the unenviable position of having to live down the discredit it heaped on itself in its twelvemonth tenure of office. The only way in which this can be done is cutting out the discredited elements from the organisation as a humane surgeon would cut a cancerous cell from a diseased body to save the life of the patient. The surgical operation should have begun with the ex-Chief Minister himself. He literally handed over his portfolios to his son knowing him to be wholly unsuitable for the responsibility, and in consequence of this betrayal his administration turned out to be a scandal. By his past services in the days of the freedom struggle Sri Prakasam covered himself with imperishable glory, and in gratitude for them the Andhra State should vote him a generous pension. But his record as Chief Minister was miserable and it does not justify his being selected as a Congress candidate to represent the people in the

3211, N. 45A N. 55.9.47

legislature. On occasions that were then and there pointed out in SWATANTRA Sri Sanjiva Reddi proved himself lacking in character to sustain the dignity of the Deputy Premiership. In sheer personal ill-will he went out of his way to withhold a passport *in time* to Sri T. V. S. Chalapathi Rao in order to prevent him from taking advantage of an invitation to visit the U. S. that the State Department had extended to him. In this he descended to an Under Secretary level. In these days when the Prime Minister is going to any lengths to make an example of Secretaries even suspected of corruption, it is strange that Ministers whose malpractices have become legends spreading from mouth to mouth should continue in enjoyment of his undiminished favour.

In the Andhra elections there is a material difference between the respective capacities of the Congress and the Communists for winning votes. It is hard work for Congressmen to sustain themselves in public confidence. They can do so only on the positive basis of proved achievements. But the Communists are in a position to gain, without any positive proof of worth on their part, merely in the revulsion of the dis-

illusionments suffered by people under Congress rule. The bad government of unprincipled Congress Ministers is responsible for the impressive party position of the Communists in certain legislatures of the country to a far greater degree than is commonly realised, and it is impossible for the Congress to recover lost ground unless it discards its old discredited elements and replaces them with more serviceable ones capable of competing effectively with the Communists for popular favour. The most depressing feature of the Congress electoral campaign is the persistent continuance at the helm of Congress affairs in the State of just the persons responsible for the decay of the Congress in popular esteem, just those that contributed with their records to the Communist upsurge. Without an interval of clean government and a complete change of party personnel and leadership the Congress in Andhra cannot contend with any prospect of success against the Communist Party. The Prime Minister should postpone the elections and extend Governor's rule to secure the bare interregnum essential for a salutary reorganisation of the entire Congress machinery in the Andhra State.

Sotto Voce

AWAY WITH PALACES AND POSH CARS



When the Government of India issued their sartorial edict, tailors in the capital worked overtime converting thousands of fashionable open coats into closed coats. It was a process symbolical of our unceasing progress towards

the strait-waist-coat of bureaucracy and bahadurism. The Prime Minister's proclamation of the goal of "Socialism in our time" has likewise set the intellectual haberdashers phrenetically busy. The Vice-President has with high heart embarked

on the hunt of the Snark Yclept Socialist Religion. And Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, no less concerned for ethical idealism as he understands it, has decreed the doom of those who flaunt their pelf.

His demolition squad will be instructed to look out for men who live in palaces and loaf about in limousines. Except perhaps when he was in *statu pupillari*, Mr. Krishnamachari can have had no occasion to chase buses, unlike most of us poor plebs. And I am morally certain that he has never experienced at first hand the joys of a subordinate tenantry in a Triplicane street-house. So it speaks vastly for his power of imaginative identification that he should be able so clearly to realise the horror of that kind of life and the irrational but understandable spleen that such experiences should breed in the thousands of humble folk against those who ride in posh cars and live in mansions.

It shows more than imagination: it shows courage. Mr. Krishnamachari clearly sees that the Nehru gospel of Socialism must result in the abolition of cars and palaces—until such time, at any rate, as that golden future when every man will ride in his own car and dwell in his own eligible residence. But he cheerfully faces the prospect and is in fact vowed to work for its early materialisation. How early is a mere matter of detail. It would all depend on the earnestness that the people at large show, the rigour with which they tighten the belt round their fast vanishing middles.

Meanwhile, like that other good Socialist Bernard Shaw, T. T. K. and other *accoucheurs* of Socialism will go on riding in their harmless necessary cars and living in their not too meanly contrived palaces. It all reminds me of a story in *The Economist*. It speaks of a brand-new Rolls-Royce that was found in St. James Square carrying a notice in the window proclaiming the need for "Two Million New Savers". The journal

goes on to expose not only the basic if unconscious dishonesty behind much of the hot-gossiping for one cause or other which is so fashionable these days. It draws certain economic conclusions which are pertinent to our present condition.

It points out that the rate of taxation in Britain is so high that the money for such vulgar ostentation cannot possibly come out of current income; it must be the result of untaxed capital gains. It agrees that conspicuous waste is what gets the goat of Great Demos and makes it insist, however irrationally, on more and more levelling down. But there are very definite limits to the levelling down that is possible without bringing the wheels of industry and initiative to a dead stop. And these, says *The Economist*, have been almost touched in Britain. Further levelling down can only mean hitting "the skilled wage-earners, junior office-workers and the more poorly paid professions." Why don't we try levelling up on the American model for a change, it asks.

Now, America to our good Socialists is the proverbial red rag to the bull. And they will no doubt righteously urge that whatever may be the case in Britain, in India we have not so much as started on the fascinating game of soaking the rich. And they will point to the fact that there are not only enormous disparities in inherited wealth but also in incomes. "So let us have capital levy as well as estate duty and supertax, a ceiling on lands and expropriation without compensation as well as agricultural income-tax. Let us nibble vigorously at both ends of the cheese." So runs the argument.

I should have no objection at all to such a programme, if for no other reason than that "when everybody dies it is as good as a wedding", as the saying goes. But I see no sign anywhere of the palaces vanishing into thin air or of the limousines giving place even to tin-lizzies. There

(Continued on page 8)

SIDELIGHTS ::

ORDINARILY verbatim reports of legislators' speeches in or out of parliamentary bodies are not published in SWATANTRA. But an exception was made last week in the case of Sri H. D. Rajah. His speech in the Rajya Sabha on the Hindu Marriage Bill contains some home truths which cannot be brushed away and will have to be faced sometime or other even after the bill becomes law. Things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be, and no Government can make them different with the operations of a legislative majority wielded without a proper sense of historical perspective. If the natural evolutions of the historical process are twisted arbitrarily in accordance with the set notions of individuals in possession of political power for the time being, the inevitable reactions will go on undermining the social structure until some wise ruler comes on the scene with cosmic vision enough to set right the mischief.

The development of multi-linguality was an essential feature of the historical process as it unfolded itself in India over the centuries. The unity of a large country with people speaking many languages cannot be maintained if regional administrative zones each dedicated to a separate language are set up in the country. In a mood of hectic linguistic patriotism Sri Kamaraj Nadar proclaimed the other day the aspiration of banishing all songs other than Tamil from the boundaries of Tamil Nadu. Nemesis was swift. Within a week it fell to his lot to have to sit and listen for near three hours to the music recital of the Chinese Cultural Delegation in which not a single song in Tamil was sung. If you repudiate your neighbour by closing your ears to Telugu, history will intervene by forcing on you Greek and Latin and Chinese.

The world trend is towards the mixing up of populations. It cannot

be opposed with safety. There is an element of *apartheid* in administrative policies pledged to discrimination on the score of language and innumerable Dr. Malans are bound to arise and spread havoc if the creed of linguistic division is not put an end to. The disintegrating sort of mentality cannot be kept within safety limits even when so powerful a Prime Minister like Nehru sits at the helm. It will run riot and destroy every cohesive force in the State as it did in Andhra within twelve months after separation from Madras. There is not a single leader in the Andhra State today who can speak for the whole population and inspire them with a sentiment of unity and common interests. The Ministers set up Reddis against Kammas, Royalaseema against Circars, one district against another, and finally ended by subordinating the interests of the State to motives of profit for themselves and their families. Now they speak of united fronts. A Chief Minister who united with the Communists in the attempt to snatch office cannot unite non-Communists against the Communists when it suits his purpose. The entire Congress campaign of democratic united front is dishonest, fraudulent and disgusting and its plan of fooling the public has failed miserably. It is equivalent to a free gift of millions of votes to the Communists, who already speak as though they have power in their grasp and have begun to make exciting promises of the confiscations they will enforce on the rich for the benefit of the poor. The revulsions of corruption have permeated the mind of the masses in Andhra and even the mighty organising genius of S. K. Patil may not be able to save the State for the Congress. The Congress in Andhra is going the way of the Kuomintang in China. Pandit Nehru should act promptly to help people to recover from the sores and disillusionments inflicted on them.

by the unprincipled Prakasam-Vishwanatham-Sanjiva Reddi clique.

In the matter of the Marriage Bill also, two points made by Sri H. D. Rajah cannot be easily disposed of and have to be taken into account both for the sake of social safety and constitutional propriety. The inter-communal balance in India is sure to be upset if monogamy is enforced by law on Hindus alone while the Muslims are left untouched. "A Muslim citizen," as he points out,

"can have four wives and produce 25 children" whereas "a Hindu will have a sophisticated wife who believes in divorce and will refuse to bear even a child." If monogamy is good for Hindus, it is good for all, and the exemption of other communities from the scope of social reform legislation is an indefensible violation of the vaunted secularism that is repeatedly proclaimed as one of the basic principles of our Constitution. SAKA

The Problem of Sleep

WHEN we come to add it up, we spend so much of our lives in sleep that we may feel a little ashamed of ourselves. Suppose we sleep seven hours a night, then in seven days that's forty-nine hours and that again equals two whole days," said Professor Sir George Jefferson, C.B.E., F.R.S., talking in the BBC's General Overseas Service. Some people thought this a waste of time and felt badly about it but, said Sir Geoffrey. "What we really ought to do is to feel extremely proud of ourselves for having been awake for five whole days out of seven. So much have we changed since we were babies and were awake scarcely half a day in all our seven days." Physiologists, doctors and neurologists today were much more interested in the neurological mechanisms of awakening and remaining awake than in sleep alone for the investigation of arousal or awakening centres had replaced interest in the so-called sleep centres.

Sir Geoffrey listed the many physiological changes that occurred during sleep. The general impression that people slept "like logs" was quite untrue and all sorts of little movements were made quite unconsciously during sleep for it was uncomfortable to lie in one position for any length of time and the sleeper moved to reduce pressure on a given point. Only during the first two hours did people sleep really deeply and afterwards they were more easily roused.

Different times of year also affected the depth of sleep, and the early sunrise of summer, the noise of birds and animals or of people going to work all provided stimulations that aroused people slightly or completely. People did not sleep so well in hot weather because they perspired more freely and conditions were better for sleeping in winter, provided the bedroom was warm. Another interest-

NEW
MIDLAND
NOW SHOWING TO CHEERING
CROWDS.
AN ENTERTAINMENT WONDER
YOUR EYES HAVE NEVER
BEFORE BEHELD!

M-G-M presents in
CINEMASCOPE
★ **Knights of the** ★
Round Table
Starring
ROBERT AVA MEL
TAYLOR-GARDNER-FERRER
in COLOR magnificence!

DAILY 3 SHOWS: 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30.
RATES: Rs. 2/8; 1/14; 1/4; & As. 10.
RESERVATION IN FIRST
3 CLASSES.

ing fact was that no one was at his best early in the morning. "Performance tests show a rise in ability from 10.00 a.m. onwards, reaching a maximum about noon and commencing to fall about 3.00 or 4.00 p.m. If these tests are to be believed, we are only at the top of our form for a brief period of the twenty-four hours, though obviously we are expert enough for many hours more," he said.

There was eternal controversy over how long people should sleep but some people needed more sleep than others did and the body adopted the routine that was natural to it. Experiments had been made to find out what happened if men were kept awake artificially for very long periods. After thirty-six hours subjects had to be constantly supervised for they experienced an almost irresistible tendency for the lids to droop

and close. "Now do we sleep because there are sleep centres in the brain which are stimulated by the waste products of our normal daily activities? On the whole the evidence is against it," said Sir Geoffrey. Healthy exercise was conducive to sleep but over-fatigue was alien to it. Scientists now believed that there were arousal areas in the brain stem and base of the brain and that these stimulated the millions of nerve cells in the brain, the arousal centres themselves having been tuned up by the arrival of messages from eyes, ears and other senses. It was probable that these arousal centres tired and then, when the brain was no longer alert, blessed sleep stole over it. "That sleep," said Professor Jefferson, "that Shakespeare called 'Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.'"

HINDUSTHAN LANDMASTER

RANE (Madras) Limited introduced the new 14 horse power Hindusthan Landmaster to the Madras public on Monday, 27th December 1954. The managing director of the company welcomed the pressmen who were given a ride in the car and then treated to lunch.

The new Landmaster is the successor to the famous Hindusthan 14. The Landmaster is a big car. It is longer and roomier than the old model. The outside width of the car is unchanged but the interior width has been considerably improved by the adoption of a completely new mono-construction all-steel body of fully streamlined outline. There is thus room enough for three passengers in the rear and three in the front. The steering column is inclined slightly sideways to the right to provide more room for the two front seat passengers with the driver as third. The instrument panel is beautifully rearranged and provides a very nice look. A capacious glove box is fitted in each side of the instrument panel. The large one-piece curved windshield with narrow screen pillars gives the driver a safe clear vision of the road.

The 14 h. p. Hindusthan engine which has already earned considerable renown among the motoring public has been retained in the Landmaster. Hindusthan Motors have turned out several thousands of these sturdy and reliable engines from their well equipped and most up-to-date plant at Uttarpara. With the advent of the new Landmaster the Swadeshi automobile industry enters a new phase with bright prospects.

(Continued from page 5)

is a constant addition to the steel and glass suburbia consecrated to the newly rich who flourish on contracts, permits, *et hoc*. And the chromium-plated efficiency of our new bureaucrats, whose proliferation represents the one undoubted triumph of our new and free Republic, has to be sustained and reinforced by luxury vehicles of every variety. It is the junior office worker, the more poorly paid professions and the small mirasdar who are everywhere going to the wall. But let them take heart of grace: they die in order that Socialism may live.

VIGNESWARA

ATOMIC DEMOCRACY

By Dr. P. TIRUMALA RAO

WE are at the crossroads of civilization. The days of intrigues and diplomacy have gone. We have to believe in the ultimate survival of human welfare and act with boldness. We have to inspire ourselves from the pages of history—let us not repeat the history of folly but follow the history of progress. Unless we take a bold step by keeping our faith not only in the survival of the fittest but also the best in human thought, we cannot act boldly in a situation where we are feeling that we are losing ground in this battle for survival.

This world is dynamic today. Many systems of government have become archaic, and the world was forced to achieve certain ends by means which suited the conditions of the respective countries. In the middle of the last century Marx and Engels analysed the society of their time and reduced human values to labour and gave prominence to the toiler as the basic unit in the human set-up. No one had previously thought of his importance. Whether you talked of the industrial revolution, colonies, free trade, tariffs or opium wars all centred round one type of economy, the safety of the rich, and enslavement of the poor in the name of law, order, property and the rights of the rich. Hence the slogan, "The proletariat has nothing to lose except their chains," caught like wild fire. But today's proletariat of the industrially advanced countries has many things to lose. Any 'ism' achieves its objects completely only when it is wielded properly. It was Lenin who put Russia on the map with his acute thinking. He could successfully lead the country to revolution only because he did not sleep till Krensky's government fell, though it was much more liberal than the Czar's regime. The Communists believe that the proletarian path by mass armed revolution is the only way to achieve their aspiration. But no such revolution took place in Eng-

land; the Communists there had to grow under the democratic influence and dared not commit harakiri by adopting the sabotage methods advocated by the original protagonists of international revolution.

The threat of Communism has created a mass phobia in the United States. Even the isolationist American who had called back President Wilson from his League of Nations, swallowed the radical new deal of Roosevelt, slowly drifted from complete isolation from the arena of world politics to cash and carry, lend and lease, and finally an all-out war with the fascists and ultimately won the war (not peace!) by the atomic bomb in defence of democracy! Today the outposts of American defence are in Formosa, Berlin, Indo-China! Can these outposts be strong where the people have not seen for centuries what true democracy is and have no conception of American prosperity. For a real understanding of his psychology we must see the American at home in the true perspective. There he feels the Communist threat very real. Is there a threat of Communists invading America? In the American continent isolated from the rest of the world, there are Canada, the United States and the South American States. Canada is a well established democracy. South America is composed of several small States. The population is predominantly German, Italian and Spanish and the countries of its origin have been definitely fascist. Many of the clubs in these countries were maintained by the fascists to serve as centres of propaganda. Roosevelt saw the danger. He called for a conference of the South American States at Havana in 1940; agreed to purchase all the agricultural produce and export commodities from those countries, provided them with all the material that they were generally importing from other countries in Europe. He thus with his foresight

removed the need for them to be economically dependent on the European continent. When once the economic need was removed the love towards their fascist fatherland was successfully weaned. Thus the whole western hemisphere was made self-sufficient and interdependent by economic aid to the less developed areas in that hemisphere. The Havana conference was a feather in Roosevelt's diplomacy.

A hemisphere so well consolidated need be under no apprehension of invasion. Even if the highways of the world are closed, the countries of North and South America will not suffer in their economy as they depend for only 10% of their production on export markets. The real prosperity of the American is because he has the raw material in plenty, the means of production perfected and the capacity to consume 90% of the production in the home market.

Every invention has its impact on human existence and modified the people's mode of life. The industrial revolution and the advancement of science provided England and the European continent with empires, and invested certain classes with pomp and transient glory. With the liberation of the colonies the aristocrats of England had to sell their palaces and live in flats.

The French revolution shook the aristocrats and its echoes spread far and wide. Marx and Engels spread a new concept of revolution and class theory to capture the state as a means of securing power for the down-trodden, to have more organised production and equitable distribution. Now it is 12 years since the atom was discovered. When the architects of the human race plan to pool the atomic energy they will be laying civilization on a sounder and better footing. The purpose of revolutions will be achieved by more peaceful means. The next decade of atomic invention will take humanity in greater strides towards happiness. Then the need to use force, the spirit of hatred, suspicion, vengeance, which is developed as a cult will vanish from the Marx and Engels concepts. Thus the world, having at

its disposal the means to achieve its happiness through the atom, may discard its old ideas of revolution, and give up the proletarian path of the Russian concept.

Dr. Enrico Fermi, the architect of the atomic age said: "I believe truthfully that the conquest of atomic energy may be widely used to produce not destruction but an age of plenty for the human race."

Gold is slowly ceasing to be the incentive for American exports. The thirst now is for atomic material. Atomic material is slowly replacing gold as a medium of high exchange value. The explorations for atomic material in the African continent are to a great extent promoted by the American incentive. In this quest we should not forget the African people. We are now in the atomic age. Atoms are piled for destruction—but the warring camps realise that the atomic weapons are forcing us to prepare for the alternative of peace. The atom is to be split for peaceful purposes. With the human mind switched from war to peace, with atomic energy used for production and with equitable distribution spread all over the world, the human race will be blessed with plenty to enjoy. The philosopher and the scientist will then meet and question each other, What next? They may together solve the mystery of God who has to manifest himself in all-pervading human happiness!

Of the two camps that have the atom, who is going to democratise it for peace and share its utility for the peace and happiness of the world?

Is the American essentially democratic enough at heart to venture into this generous atomic democracy? Ike's success should not be taken as a reversal of the democratic fabric of the American mind. Americans are divided into Democratic and Republican families. For generations they voted Democratic or Republican. But many Democrats made an exception and voted for Ike. The American mind is fluid always, flowing in favour of Democrats. Just after the last Presidential election was over, I was in New York. I was

having a haircut in a saloon. I presumed that all the working men are generally Democratic. I asked the saloon man why there was an upset in the fortunes of the Democrats, leading to the election of a Republican President. Straight came the answer: "These crazy women, you know! They say, We like Ike! We like Ike! I asked my wife why? She says 'I like Ike, I like Ike. I like him, that is all. I want a change. He promised to stop the Korean war and bring back all the boys and husbands home. I am tired of this Democratic administration. He will deal with the corruption in the administration. These crazy women voted en masse for Ike. My wife voted Republican and I voted Democrat. This happened for the first time. Ike says he is going to stop the Korean war. It is all nonsense. If he sticks his neck out they will cut him out. The Democrats during their regime gave us all a car, a house to live in, a bank balance, and international prestige. What more do these fellows want?' It was against this mass psychology and popularity of Ike that the Democrats had to fight. The majority of the Americans are essentially democratic in their heart whether they wore a Democratic or Republican apparel, to suit their convenience. Eisenhower, the President is a democrat at heart with a Republican nomination on his head to carry. We find that the Democratic Chester Bowles and the Republican Allen both practically made the same plea for increased aid to India before the foreign aid committee. The dividing line between a modern Republican and Democrat is very thin.

The human race must have the choice to choose its way of life and philosophy of living. It was an accident that the atom was discovered in democracy and not by Hitler. What would have been the fate of the world if the fascist Hitler had the atom bomb in his hands, is inconceivable. By the united action of the democratic world, the infliction of any dogmatic ideology on the human race could be prevented. That could be done only by all the democracies

of the world, sharing the atomic energy.

THUS, having plenty to distribute from what he has already produced, with atomic energy in his hand to lay foundation of progress in the under-developed areas, with allegiance pledged to the democratic process, the American, whether Republican or Democrat, has to promote the progress of human civilization. The average American is buoyant, with his cowboy spirit harnessed in democracy and with all the products of modern scientific civilization at his command. He is a democrat in the usual sense of being liberal, communicative, unconventional in his associations. Those who are human, bold and truthful need not be obsessed by considerations of results and rewards. The philosophy of *Nishkama Karma* practiced in politics in this troubled world, pays its own dividends. Sacrifice, leadership and philosophy, are reflected only in the human mind, and the inconceivable imprints it leaves on human thought have an influence on the progressing civilization of our time which is bound to lead to a better world to be enjoyed by unseen posterity—may be, even by ourselves in our own life time!

NEW BOOKS

Tempestuous Journey: Lloyd George—His Life and Times by Frank Owen Rs. 18-12 as

The Feast of July: A New Novel by H. E. Bates Rs. 7-14 as

The Flight of the Skylark: The Development of Shelley's Reputation by Sylvia Norman Rs. 18-12 as

Famous Plays of 1954: 5 Plays in one volume Rs. 11-4 as

International Politics by Norman J. Padelford and George A. Lincoln Rs. 26-4 as

K. MAHADEVAN

83-A Royapettah High Road.

MYLAPORE, MADRAS 6.

TITO IS GREAT BECAUSE . . .

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THERE are many facets to Tito's greatness. His qualities as a soldier and statesman are well-known. But those who read accounts of his life will find many other aspects of him which reveal a very complex personality the sum total of whose qualities make him so loved by his people. During the reception given in his honour by the Yugoslav Ambassador in New Delhi I had the opportunity of having a few words with Marshal Tito. I asked him, "And are you going tiger-shooting?" "No," he said. "I shall only be taking a few photographs of wild life." I told him that I was very glad to hear that because I was distressed when I heard that the Gwalior tiger shoot arranged for him with fifty "kills" tied to stakes to attract tigers and with telephone connections to let him know at which spot a tiger had been lured was not sportsmanship and was no tribute to an intrepid sportsman like him.

There is a pleasant informality about him. I noticed that a certain cadaverous politician buttonholed him and started to harangue him. Marshal Tito kept nodding and all the time stuffing olives into his mouth and sipping a drink.

Tito speaks English quite well. As he has confessed he is fond of smart suits and likes to dress well. His figure, erect and soldierly, lends well to uniforms and well-cut suits. These are only the external aspects of the man. Let us examine his past record to help us understand why he is today one of the world's best known statesmen. One quality about him stands out. That is his firmness in standing by his principles no matter how formidable his opponents. When he defied America and Great Britain over the Trieste issue, now settled, it was not an empty threat on his part. As the leader of the Partisans he successfully defied the Nazi *Wermacht*. As head of the

Yugoslav State he defied the wrath of Stalin. He is no sawdust Caesar. He defies what he believes to be wrong not because his country has unlimited armaments but because he articulates the will of the peoples of Yugoslavia who after centuries of oppression have liberated themselves at a great sacrifice and they mean to remain liberated.

When the Czarist Government exiled Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov to Siberia he adopted the name of Lenin because he lived close to the Lena river.

Josip Broz came by the name of Tito in a more adventurous way. Born on May 7, 1892 (though his official birthday is now May 25) in a humble Slovene village close to the Croatian border no one would then have predicted for the son of an improvident peasant such a high destiny as his is today.

He was the seventh child born to Franjo Broz and his Slovene wife, Marija. They had fifteen children eight of whom died in infancy. They shared a house with another family and the two rooms of the Broz family were eighteen feet by twelve and twelve by nine respectively. The kitchen was halved between the two families. The bigger boys slept in a garret upstairs and the younger ones on rags and blankets spread on the flat-topped stove. There was a double bed for mother and father and at the foot of it the cradle with the youngest Broz in it.

THE Brozes claimed descent from a Dalmatian ancestor, and Franjo's mother came from a family of free-born peasants. We of today may not be able to imagine what it meant to be free-born; but at that time it was a proud privilege, as in Roman times, to be free-born. The Balkan peasants were mostly serfs under feudal lords. The cruelty of some of the feudal lords particularly that of the Hungarian Governor-General called "Ban" was a byword. The whole

Balkan region was then under the domination of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

BUT the people, whether Moslem, Greek Orthodox, or Roman Catholic, were all Slavs. Because of their social position they were backward. In Serbia, for example, at the beginning of the century there were only 3,200 industrial workers. The land could not support all the peasants. Moreover they were all in debt to the nobility. The staple diet of a family like the Brozes was corn-bread, and there was never enough of that.

However, notwithstanding their poverty, woodsmen and hunters had woven many legends about their hills and valleys and peasant hards had composed heart-tugging ballads about their country. To young Josip the Croatian hymn *Ljepa Nasha Domovina*—"Our Lovely Land"—meant more than it did to his companions. After a schooling of sorts in the village Josip went to Sisak and became a waiter. But this did not last long, and he changed the servile uniform of a waiter for the greasy, blue overalls of a mechanic. He was then fourteen.

At that time there was a Pan-Yugoslav movement, and the annexation in 1908 of Bosnia-Herzegovina by the Austro-Hungarian empire drove this movement underground. Trade unionism was then in its infancy in the Slav countries, but the workers were gradually becoming aware of their rights. Greatly daring they held meetings and celebrated the annual May Day. In 1919, having completed his apprenticeship Tito left Sisak for Zagreb, where the following year he got his trade union card of the Metal Workers' Union of Croatia. But he was out of work. He returned home dressed in a second-hand suit of clothes and the reception for a penniless unemployed youth returning home was not a warm one. So shortly afterwards he went to Ljubljana. He had no luck there either, so he started for Trieste on foot. It was winter and the road was under snow.

Trieste offered him no welcome either, and once more he turned his

footsleps towards Zagreb. Here at last he found work in a machine workshop. By that time his father's wood-chopping had become even more casual than before and Franjo Broz made frequent visits to Zagreb in order to get money from his son. In 1911 Josip left Zagreb and found work first in Czechoslovakia, and next in the Ruhr. Here, for the first time he worked in large factories and acquired a skill in turning high precision instruments.

The next stage was Vienna where he was called up for military service. This did not mean that he had given up interest in his trade union and in the possibilities of social revolution. But the revolution which was precipitated by Prinzip when he assassinated Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo hastened the other. Josip Broz was attached to a Croat unit as a gunner and sent to the Carpathians to hold the line against the Russians.

It was desultory fighting and many regiments surrendered to the Russians. The men of his unit were themselves thinking of surrendering when they were flanked and attacked by a Circassian cavalry division. Josip got a nasty lance-thrust which kept him thirteen months in a hospital, a former monastery near Kazan on the Volga. It was during this time that he learned Russian and read Russian authors. This comparatively pleasant period came to an end when the prisoners were sent to Siberia. He worked on the railway line and he was also given charge of the correspondence with the Red Cross authorities. But the manager who appropriated most of the Red Cross parcels did not like Josip and denounced him as a revolutionary and he was thrown into prison.

IT was too critical a time in the world's history for an energetic, ambitious young man to resign himself to indefinite imprisonment. Josip escaped. After many hazards and adventures he reached Petrograd. Here the Revolution had dethroned the Czar and a provisional government with Kerensky at its head sat uneasily on the saddle.

Josip Broz was in Petrograd during the July demonstrations when the Bolsheviks had the worst of it. Lenin was forced to flee to Finland. Josip Broz too sought sanctuary in Finland where he was suspected of being a Bolshevik and imprisoned. After his release he went back to Petrograd where he was arrested and again sent to Siberia. Escaping from the train that was carrying him he reached Omsk. Lenin was back in power in Petrograd. Standing in the Red Square he addressed the crowds of soldiers and workers. "Now the power is ours, Comrades, and we shall build Socialism."

JOSIP joined the international Proletarian Brigade but the White Russians were still strong in Omsk and his Brigade was routed. A beautiful, seventeen-year blonde by the name of Pelagea (Polka as she was called by Tito) hid him and saved him from the White Russians. Polka became his wife and later came with him to Yugoslavia in 1920. She died in 1939 leaving behind a son, Zarko, who is now a civil servant in Belgrade. (In 1940 he married Berta Has, a Slovene, by whom there is a son, Misko. This marriage ended in divorce, and in 1952 Tito married Jovanka Budisavljevic, "a tall, dark Serbian" who had fought with the Serbians.)

In 1920 when twenty-eight-year old Josip Broz and his Russian wife returned to Yugoslavia the country was in the throes of a famine. Industrial workers were idle; wages low, prices monstrously high, farmers whose farms had been commandeered were in a desperate plight, and altogether the peasants were starving and miserable.

Josip was, however, luckier than most. His technical experience, in addition to the experience he had gained in Central Europe and Russia, stood him in good stead and he found work easily. In 1926 he was elected Secretary of the Zagreb Communist Party and of the Croat Metal Workers' Union. His organizing abilities were soon recognised and he was sent to shipyards and railway workshops to organise the workers. He

was arrested and imprisoned several times during 1927 and 1928. For his part in the Zagreb demonstrations against shootings following the murder of Radich in Parliament he was arrested and tortured for eight days. But he was light of it saying, "My head and chest and arms were all black and blue. But there was nothing to it really—not what you could call torture."

At his trial he told the court, "I do not recognise the authority of this court. You are applying a law that has no validity because it was never submitted to Parliament. This is a court of tyranny and usurpation." He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. But his spirited conduct before the judge had created a great impression on the public and the newspapers gave great prominence to his trial and sentence.

After his release he plunged into political work with renewed zest. He travelled a great deal, using a false name each time. It was after his return from France in 1937 that he took the name of Tito. (Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean has a version of how this name stuck to Tito. He says that when assigning jobs Josip would say "Ti to"—You, that.) In that year the Comintern made him Secretary of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia.

THAT Tito's years of struggle and organising were not in vain were proved when Yugoslavia waged a war of resistance the like of which has not been before. The Royalist Government fled to London and the Germans moved in and set up quislings Pavelich, a favourite of Mussolini, was made dictator of Yugoslavia. The burden of organising and leading the resistance of Yugoslavia against German and Italian occupation fell upon the shoulders of Tito. When finally Yugoslavia got her freedom it was at a very heavy price—1,700,000 lost out of a total population of sixteen million. Her cities and farms were destroyed. But it was worth it. The Balkan States had been fighting against one foreign conqueror after another, against one oppressor after another. The six

Yugoslav States became a Socialist Federation at the end of World War II.

Tito became a legend. Himmler said, "I wish we had a dozen Titos in Germany." Germany had put a price of one hundred thousand Reichsmarks in gold upon his head.

When, during the War Churchill met Tito he proposed a toast to Tito, and said, "I am particularly happy today to be able to greet Yugoslav's Marshal Tito, the leader of the Yugoslav peoples in the struggle for the liberation of their country..."

In 1944 when he met Stalin in Moscow the latter asked him, "Tell me, Walter, what would you do if the

British really forced a landing in Yugoslavia?" "We should offer determined resistance," was Tito's reply. In 1948 came the breaking away from Stalin and Russia. Addressing members of the Central Committee on the reply which he had drafted to be sent to Stalin Tito said:

"The road and the incentive to Socialism are not incorporation in the Soviet Union, but the development of each country individually. That is where we differ from the Soviet Party..."

Tito's stature, already very high, will rise to incredible heights in the years to come.

BBC TALKS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O. M., one of the most eminent of living philosophers, is to give a series of six autobiographical talks in the BBC's General Overseas Service beginning on December 30th. In his broadcasts, as in his writings, he expresses himself with force and extreme clarity. He has given many talks in both the domestic and external services and it was he who in 1948 inaugurated the first series of Reith Lectures with six talks on "Authority and the Individual."

Russell—mathematician, metaphysician and social philosopher—is still, at eighty-two, a vigorous exponent of his ideas. In this series he will describe the aims with which he set out as an undergraduate at Cambridge, the ways in which he was influenced by some of the philosophers he met, his experiences as a pacifist in the First World War, how he turned from the study of logic to social questions, and, finally, something of the development of his beliefs and hopes. The substance of what he has to say in his first broadcast is, in his own words, "I went to Cambridge at the age of eighteen and, before that, had worked mainly at mathematics. I was very anx-

ious to believe that knowledge is possible and, having realised that the apparent world about me might be a dream or a hallucination, I thought that the only place in which to look for indubitable knowledge was mathematics. Unfortunately the proofs that were offered me of many fundamental propositions in mathematics were full of fallacies, and I could not find either in books or from my teachers any reason to accept the premises of mathematical reasoning. When I got to Cambridge I discovered that philosophers had dealt with such doubts as mine and I thought that the study of philosophy might restore my faith in arithmetic." Summarising his last talk in the series he says, "Of my youthful hopes, some have been realised; some emphatically not. The one most fully realised is the ending of the subjection of women. I welcome also the growth of moral tolerance. I rejoice in the diminution of poverty in Britain and generally in the creation of the Welfare State."

Bertrand Russell's long career has been consistently eventful. He has published many books on mathematics, philosophy and other subjects and only recently he has surprised his admirers by producing his first work of fiction.

The Deccan Engineering Co.

Mechanical, Constructional & Electrical Engineers,
Contractors to Military, Hyderabad and
Madras P. W. D.



Main Contractors Tungabhadra Project

(W)

WESTINGHOUSE DISTRIBUTORS:

for

HYDERABAD, MYSORE & MADHYA PRADESH

6608-A, RASHTRAPATHI ROAD,

SECUNDERABAD (DN.)

TELEPHONE: 723

TELEGRAMS: "POWER"

Proprietor: M. G. LAKSHMINARASU

Branch Offices:

MUNIRABAD — WARANGAL — NANDED INDUSTRIAL COLONY.

THE MAKER OF MODERN YUGOSLAVIA

By H. R. VEDANTA IENGAR

THE President of Yugoslavia, now on a visit to India, has given a new word—"Titoism"—to the lexicon of post-war Communism and international politics, by talking back at Stalin, by claiming to be "more royalist than the king," that is, a more faithful and genuine follower of Marxism-Leninism than the supreme interpreter of the Marxist doctrine in the Kremlin, and by raising the standard of revolt against Soviet Communism and the Cominform.

It called for extraordinary daring, determination and spirit of independence to defy the Goliath in Moscow; and Josip Broz, as Tito was known in his childhood, showed early in his life that he had these qualities in abundance. He was born on May 25, 1892 in a Croatian village and was serving as an assistant in the village church when he was barely twelve years old. One day a priest cuffed him for a minor mistake. Josip walked out of the church with his pride wounded and never set foot in a church again. Later when he was apprentice to a locksmith, his master accused him of a trifling fault but discovered subsequently that Josip was not to blame. But the touchy, proud and spirited lad quit the job for ever and refused to return. These qualities of daring and a remarkable determination, resourcefulness and political acumen stood Tito in good stead when later he was to measure his strength against that of Stalin when the latter tried to cow him down by threats into subordination.

Tito was indoctrinated to Communism when he was taken prisoner by the Red Army when he was fighting as a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. He became the Secretary-General of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party which was then under a ban. He was in jail for five

years for "illegal activity." After release he went through a refresher course in the Lenin School at Moscow. He also learnt a great deal about Communism from Moshka Pijade who is the chief intellectual of the Yugoslav Communist party and the chief exponent of the Yugoslav theory and practice of Marxism. During World War II after the Nazi invasion of Yugoslavia Tito organised guerilla resistance against the Nazi forces. By the time the war ended things worked themselves out in such a way that the monarchy was overthrown and the Yugoslav Communists were left in control of the country. The Yugoslav people have always been strongly nationalistic and individualistic and hence were most unlikely in normal times and by democratic means to go Communist. But according to Communist teaching, war provides the ultimate opportunity for revolution and thus did the Yugoslav people find themselves liberated from their monarchy and the Nazis into the "dictatorship of the proletariat," a dictatorship, however, which turned out to be different from the Soviet type.

Paradoxically enough, Tito owes more to Churchill than to Comrade Stalin. He became Churchill's man during the war and the British Prime Minister put all his money on what he called "Titoism" and supported Tito, the Partisan leader, as being the man who would deliver the goods as against his rival, Mihailovich, the Chetnik leader. Tito was disillusioned about the attitude of Stalin who gave no help either during the war or after. Churchill became the chief architect of the pro-Tito policy of the Western democracies.

In his manifesto in 1943, Marshal Tito promised the Yugoslav people true democratic rights after liberation and specifically assured them that private property rights would remain

inviolable and every possible scope would be provided for individual initiative in industry, commerce and agriculture. This showed that here was no Communist on the approved Stalin pattern. When Tito and Churchill met in 1944, the former was asked if he would set up a regime on the Soviet pattern. Tito's reply was that "while Soviet experience would be helpful, we will also take into consideration our own conditions." In 1945 the Constituent Assembly, in which the Yugoslav Communists were in overwhelming majority, proclaimed the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito began forthwith to implement "Marxism-Leninism" according to his lights and this brought him into conflict with the great Communist law-giver, Comrade Stalin, who had other ideas on the subject of what Marxism meant insofar as it applied to Yugoslavia.

OUT of a population of 15 million, 70 to 80 per cent of Yugoslavs live on land and Tito energetically set about introducing agrarian reforms and promoting industrialisation of the country. Tito is not a mere man of action but a good planner without being too theoretical. He drew up a 5-year plan in 1947 which envisaged "industrialisation, nationalisation and collectivisation" and contemplated the construction of factories, hydro-electric plants, irrigation systems, oil refineries and a network of modern highways. The plan specially provided for the development of heavy industry, metallurgical industries and production of desperately needed consumer goods.

The energy and speed with which Tito set about implementing his plan were not to the liking of the Soviet Communist leaders who considered the plan too ambitious. According to the over-all plan of the Russian leaders, Yugoslavia was intended to continue to play the role of supplier of raw materials, supplying Yugoslavia copper, zinc, manganese, lead and molybdenum ores for industries in Russia and other Soviet satellite States. But Marshal Tito was too nationalistic to agree to subordinate the interests of his country to those

of others or the Cominform and set about industrialising his country with determination. But as he depended on Soviet technical and financial help and as these were not forthcoming, as he did not toe the Moscow line, he had ultimately to turn to non-Communist countries, for the required aid. This aid he obtained without compromising Yugoslavia's independence from the International Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the Export-Import Bank and the British Government. Apart from the difference of opinion between Tito and "Grand-father", as Tito used to call Stalin, in regard to the industrialisation of Yugoslavia, for which Tito was accused of being nationalist and a "Left Deviationist", there were other matters about which the two Communist leaders did not see eye to eye. For example, Tito did not approve of the suggestion of Moscow to take political power from the peasants and give it to the industrial workers, since, according to Marxist doctrine, it is not the peasants but the minority of urban industrial workers who are the most progressive and revolutionary class and hence they must play a predominant political role in all Communist societies. He did not also use Soviet methods to collectivise land as that would have led to violent clashes between the authorities and the peasants. The attempt to make the Yugoslav army a mere auxiliary of the Red Army was also resented. Tito's firmness, independence and determination and nationalism soon brought matters to a head and in 1948 Tito and the Yugoslav Communist Party were expelled from the Cominform and the split between Tito and "Grand-father" became complete.

IT is refreshing to know that the Yugoslav Press is free to present foreign news, and intercourse in ideas between Yugoslavia and the outside world is possible. The Yugoslavs are thus in a position to understand the policies and conditions of other countries, unlike in other Communist countries. In Yugoslavia opponents of Socialism are not per-

mitted to stand for election because Marshal Tito believes there is no room for two political programmes in the country.

In the industrial field what is called the "Kardelj Plan" of 1950 made significant departures from the Stalinist conception of a centralised and bureaucratic dictatorship. The idea behind the plan was to decentralise the control of heavy industry and broaden the responsibilities of State governments and local plant managements and to increase group and individual initiative. The phrase "individual initiative" was till then entirely unknown in the vocabulary of Marxists. Under the plan the control of heavy industry was decentralised; the ministries of mines and electro-economy were wound up; six committees were set up to supervise the decentralised industries, two functioning as coordinating committees on a national basis, the others dealing specifically with the four principal branches of heavy industry. The responsibility for industries having only regional importance were transferred to the governments of the six republics of the Yugoslav Federation. Finally an elected worker's council was set up in each factory and mine to share in the responsibility of running the enterprise with the government-appointed manager. The plan was expected to result in increasing production by giving greater independence and initiative to those familiar with local conditions, to reduce the measure of control exercised by the central planning and administrative apparatus over the whole economy to the absolute minimum, and to invest industrial enterprises with wide latitude in adapting the general economic directives of the central government to their particular local circumstances.

TITO abolished the many special privileges in food and housing enjoyed by party and government officials and army officers, thus ending the inequality between the rulers and the ruled which is characteristic of Communist rule elsewhere. Enthusiastic youth brigades and labour brigades have come into

being in Yugoslavia rendering voluntary manual labour in building roads, digging irrigational canals and constructing drainage projects. The average wage for an employee or clerk in a government office or shop is three to four thousand dinars a month equivalent to sixty to eighty dollars. Though prices are high, it is stated that more wheat and sugar are consumed by the Yugoslav people now than before the war.

THE agrarian reforms in Yugoslavia provide both for the socialised sector and the private enterprise sector. A peasant can join a collective in the former sector or continue as an independent peasant proprietor working on his own land subject to land taxes and a levy on the produce of his land to be surrendered to government. The collective farm in Yugoslavia is called *radna zadruga* or "working cooperative." Joining a cooperative is voluntary, not compulsory. Though no orders are issued to a peasant to join a working cooperative as in other Communist countries, observers say that circumstances make it eventually impossible for him not to join it. The number of these cooperatives which was 1318 in 1948 rose to 5,000 in 1949 and in 1950 there were 6,500 of them. The proportion of cultivable land which had been brought into the "socialised" sector of the economy was about 25% by 1950.

Those who elect to work on government farms or working cooperatives are for all practical purposes factory hands and are paid for the hours of work they put in on what is virtually a great outdoor government factory. They are not free to work as they please and receive a price for their produce. A peasant who enters a co-operative may retain his title to his land though this is nominal since he is not necessarily allowed to work on his own land. Those individualist peasants who do not wish to sign up and enter a working cooperative to work as hired labourers but prefer to work their own farms have to sell to government, at prices fixed by the latter, prescribed quotas of their produce.

Often these quotas are said to be high and the prices of the government buy-up low. The peasant who is unable to fulfill his quota goes into the free market and buys often at high prices to make up the deficiency on his quota or draws from his family food reserves in order to avoid the fines payable for failure to comply with the quotas. These circumstances, added to the high taxes (the tax on a twenty-acre plot works out to 1240 dollars a year) often make the peasant's independent position as a peasant proprietor so irksome that he finds he would be better off by joining a working co-operative. Thus the collectivization of land is proceeding in Yugoslavia on a voluntary basis.

Yugoslavia has the largest single land force in Europe after the Red army. The Yugoslav army excels in guerilla warfare. Tito has under arms 30 to 35 highly trained divisions each of 10,000 men. Including militia and other units, there are nearly 500,000 men in a state of

war-readiness. There are also over 750,000 trained reserves. In the event of war Tito could mobilise a total of a million and a quarter men.

Tito is a believer in the principle of co-existence, of live and let live. In the Prime Minister of India, the Yugoslav leader will find a man who, like himself is proud, sensitive and independent; who though a Socialist would like to adopt Socialist principles to suit Indian conditions conserving all the desirable elements of the private enterprise system; who would like to obtain foreign aid for his plans without compromising India's self-respect and independence; who believes, like himself, in the doctrine of co-existence between the Communist and non-Communist worlds; who is also a good planner like himself; who above all depends on the democratic method (as Marshal Tito himself favours the persuasive and voluntary method even in his country's Communist set-up) for realising his social objectives.

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LIMITED

(Established 1932)

Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., (Oxon.)
(Chairman)

OFFICES IN MADRAS CITY

Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road: Periamet: Triplicane:
Mylapore: and Theagarayanagar.

BRANCHES

Ambasamudram, Ambur (N. A. Dist.), Chidambaram, Cuddalore, Erode, Kancheepuram, Karaikudi, Kumbakonam, Mathurai, Mayavaram, Palghat, Pudukottah, Ramnad, Shiyall, Tanjore, Tenkasi, Tirunelveli Junction, Tirunelveli Town, Tiruchirappalli, Vellore, Vijayapuram, Villupuram & Virudhunagar.

DEPOSIT RATES

Rates of interest on Deposits are as follows:

SAVINGS BANK: 2½% p.a.

MONTHLY DEPOSITS & CASH CERTIFICATES WILL yield 4% to 4½% p.a. according to period

FIXED DEPOSITS:

City: 3% p.a. for 1 year and 3½% p.a. for 2 years
Mofussil: 3½% p.a. for 1 year and 4% p.a. for 2 years.

S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

INDIAN AND YUGOSLAV FOREIGN POLICIES

By G. S. BHARGAVA

WITH the President of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia, Marshal Tito, and other front rank leaders of the country in India and high-level talks taking place between them and our leaders, it is natural to draw parallels between the two countries and their policies in different fields of activity.

When the U. S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, was here two years ago, a similarity between India and America was sought to be proved by emphasis on adherence to the democratic way of life which the two nations shared. Last June, during the visit to Delhi of the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of China, Mr. Chou En-lai, the fact that India and China were both Asian countries just free from colonial yoke and struggling to build themselves up was held up to engage public attention.

So it is with Yugoslavia. But Yugoslavia is neither an Asian country nor such a champion of the democratic idea as the U. S. Nevertheless, there is much in common between India and Yugoslavia and there is much which each of them can learn from the other.

Being militarily weak and industrially backward, both the countries lack the two time-honoured instruments of foreign policy. They have only the psychological weapon, of course in abundance, Yugoslavia on account of its break with the Soviet system (it is the only chink in the Russian armour) and India by virtue of her being the largest and most important non-Communist country in Asia.

The two countries are nearest to each other in foreign policy. They have both refused to align themselves with either of the power blocs. More often than not, they vote identically at the United Nations, the only notable exception being the

Korean issue. When the U. N. General Assembly considered the South Korean complaint of aggression from the north and sanctioned U. N. intervention to stem the same, Yugoslavia did not vote with the Western nations, while India did. The Yugoslav stand at the time was that North Korea should be given a hearing before being condemned *ex parte* as an aggressor and that measures other than military intervention should be taken to resolve the problem.

Western critics of India's foreign policy, who accuse the Prime Minister of overlooking the Communist threat to the free world never level such a charge against Marshal Tito. It is not merely because Yugoslavia has burnt her boats as far as the Soviet world is concerned, for, the whispering campaign that Marshal Tito has made up with Russia or that there never was any real rupture between the two has been going on all along, at least in America (The latest example is the book, "Tito's Promised Land," by Alex N. Dragovich, former Cultural Attache at the U. S. Embassy in Belgrade.)

WHY then is Marshal Tito not accused, in responsible quarters, of aiding, even indirectly, Soviet designs, while India is? The reason is perhaps the definite, more than consistent, attitude of Yugoslavia towards the Cominform countries abroad as well as their protagonists, if any at home in contradistinction with Pandit Nehru's friendliness for Russia and China and hostility towards Indian Communists. Having tasted the fruits of Stalin's wrath in the shape of massing of satellite troops on Yugoslav frontiers and daily border incidents and provocations, Yugoslavia needs no reminder that in her own inherent strength lies her safety and survival as an independent country, whereas we, in

this country, give the impression of having been lulled into complacency by slogans of peace.

It was against such a background of mounting hostility of her East European neighbours that Yugoslavia accepted military aid from America. Possibly due to the absence of a military threat such as confronted Yugoslavia in India, are shy of defence preparations against possible attack from outside. The fear that such assistance fetters the freedom of the receiving country has been shown to be baseless by the Yugoslav example.

On the issue of defence alliances also, we and Yugoslavia differ. When, in 1948, the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, suggested a kind of defence arrangement among India, Burma and Indonesia, Pandit Nehru rejected it out of hand on the ground that it might be looked upon as a bloc. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, is a signatory to the Balkan Pact, officially described as an "agreement of alliance, political co-operation and military aid," with Greece and Turkey. Till a few years ago, relations between Yugoslavia and Greece were no more cordial than Indo-Pakistan relations today. Greece and Turkey are members of NATO, while Belgrade is opposed to it in its present form. In respect of internal economy, Yugoslavia is a Socialist country, whereas the other two believe in the primacy of private profit.

MORE significant even is Yugoslavia's perseverance to see the Balkan Alliance through in the teeth of Western indifference, if not antipathy. Though a defence arrangement to checkmate Soviet expansion in the Balkans, the Pact failed to evoke favourable response from America, while Italy, another NATO power, viewed it with suspicion and hostility. It was an open secret that between July 17, 1954, when the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey were scheduled to meet for formal signing of the Pact, and August 8, when the treaty actually materialised, pressure was brought to bear on Yugoslavia to

settle the Trieste dispute with Italy earlier.

THE Balkan Alliance thus represented a double victory for Marshal Tito but he did not view it in that light. He was conscious that consolidation of the Balkans would be incomplete without restoration of friendly relations between Yugoslavia and Italy. Hence followed the Trieste agreement which involved appreciable sacrifice by Yugoslavia. Like the Kashmir problem, the Trieste imbroglio was further complicated by superimposition of cold war politics on an intricate territorial dispute. After Marshal Tito's excommunication from the Moscow church, the Italian Communists, at the instigation of Russia, made an election issue of Trieste, reversing their earlier stand on the problem. It was a double-edged weapon, for firstly, they could exploit Italian nationalist sentiment for party purposes, and secondly, it would make any Italian Government think twice before coming to terms with Yugoslavia. Loss of Trieste would weaken Tito's position at home, they thought, and were bent on promoting it.

In other words, the resemblance between the Trieste and Kashmir problems is striking. Also, just as consolidation of central Europe remained a paper project as long as Trieste continued as a festering sore, so are peace and security of this sub-continent dependent on an amicable settlement of the Kashmir problem. Here is perhaps a tip we can profitably take from Yugoslavia.

Like India, Yugoslavia also believes in and advocates peaceful co-existence of rival nations and social systems. But in the Yugoslav approach to this question is glaringly evident a gradation in emphasis, small nations receiving preference over big ones. Its policy is that if the "small many" compose their mutual differences and develop bonds of association, especially in the spheres of common defence and economic development, they can compel the "big few" to live at peace with one another and spare the world an atomic holocaust. This is, in fact, a mod-

ified version of the "Third Force" theory, made more practicable and less doctrinaire. To quote the British Labour Party leader, Mr. Clement Attlee, without this adaptation, it is "third weakness," not force.

The difference in emphasis between the Indian and Yugoslav policies can be illustrated by reference to the latter's efforts to build herself up before trying to play an active role in world politics. Yugoslavia thinks that to be able to compel truce between giants the small nations should be strong and be able to defend themselves from aggression. It is very significant that though the present shift in Soviet foreign policy is nearly two years old, not till the consolidation of the Balkans was achieved a few months ago, not till Yugoslavia was free of direct threat from Russia and her satellites did Marshal Tito interest himself in the co-existence theory. Again, a sentimental desire for peace of the Soviet people, as of people elsewhere is not one of the reasons Marshal Tito adduced for the change in Soviet policy but a tangible achievement of balance of military power between the two blocs.

In other words, Yugoslavia believes in peace through strength, while we seem to take it for granted that if once the Big Powers are induced to

live at peace with each other, weakness or strength of individual nations is immaterial. This perhaps explains the gulf separating our domestic and foreign policies as exemplified by the difference in attitude towards the Cominform countries and the Communists at home. As for the effectiveness of this dual policy, one can look at the picture of India drawn by Mr. Ajoy Ghosh, General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, in his recent rejoinder to Pandit Nehru. Mr. Ghosh was not far wrong in his conclusion that "the opening of the window into People's China and the closer liaison that is growing between India and U. S. S. R. . . is inevitably provoking in the minds of our people the question as to the path of development that we should follow in our country." To put it less discreetly, a psychological atmosphere favourable to the Communists and detrimental to the growth of the democratic and peaceful method of social change is being created and developed to its logical conclusion.

Here then lies the importance of Marshal Tito's visit to our country. If, as a result of the present exchange of views and experiences with the Yugoslav leaders, the existing imbalance in our policy is corrected, the visit will remain a landmark in our history.

National Drama Festival

By F. G. NATESA AIYAR

HAVING chanced to visit New Delhi and being an ardent devotee of the dramatic art for some fifty years, I took the opportunity to witness the Marathi drama "Bhanbandaki" staged at the Sapru Hall, by the Munibai Maharathi Sahitya Sangh, under the auspices of the National Drama Festival, 1954. The drama occupied a full four-hour period. The house was full mostly with ladies and gentlemen of the Maharathi community. The theatre itself is a splendid one, air-conditioned, with fine acoustic properties which enable the actors to speak

without the aid of mike, a roomy stage and lighting arrangements, and on the whole, with an atmosphere aesthetic and of subdued cheer. The troupe which staged the drama on this occasion consisted of veteran actors of both the amateur and the professional stage and screen such as the famous Durgabai Khote, and Raghoba Dada, claimed to be the leading artiste of the modern Marathi stage. The credentials of the author and of the director, Shri Khadilkar and Keshavrao Date, respectively, left nothing to be desired. One therefore was justified in expecting a first-rate and magnificent rendering of the great historic drama of the period of the great Peshwas.

But it was a disappointment on the whole. No doubt the costumes and the make-up of the characters were good and appropriate—except in one or two scenes when the Peshwa Raghoba looked like a Pathan—and the sets, though elaborate, were chaste and appropriate, (and that was all one could reasonably expect from any troupe coming to Delhi from some thousand miles away and taking part in the Festival for just a day or two) and the lighting effects too were quite suggestive and pleasing. The actors and actresses were one and all word-perfect and the dialogues in several places were greeted with applause—a tribute to the author of the play. The actors with the exception of the humorous characters went leisurely about the stage, speaking their lines with studied measure and slow tempo and making their entrances and exits equally leisurely. Most of the actors addressed themselves to the audience as if they were lecturing to them. There was not a single moment when any actor or actress thrilled the audience and kept them spell-bound; not that there were no situations capable of such thrills. There were plenty of them. Only none rose to the occasion. Raghoba as Peshwa's uncle and pretender to the throne was a tame figure with several changes in costumes only—looking more a dandy than a virile hero. Master Dattaram, as the great Ram Sastri, the Chief Justice, "hailed as the prophet of the new epoch and who becomes the hero of the play, assuming the leadership of dynamic public opinion" and "who supplied moral strength" to the political leaders lacking in it, looked like a *bacha* in spite of his make-up and he was a tame figure throughout, even at one or two of the tensest moments of his life as when he sentences the usurper to death and resigns his job and when in the finale, he implores for the cessation of internecine strife in the interests of the peace and prosperity of the Maharatta kingdom. Durgabai Khote is deservedly acclaimed as one of the country's greatest actresses and is entitled to be referred

to with the greatest respect and defence. In her role as the scheming wife of the usurper, she had before her a splendid opportunity of rising to the height of a Lady Macbeth. But those who saw her in this drama wondered whether this was really the great Durgabai Khote of *Amar Jyoti* fame! She acted with precision, but she did not rouse the audience. Her role was that of the "beautiful and youthful wife—the evil genius"—of the hero, but she was neither "beautiful nor youthful" and as for her being an "evil genius" her lines indicated her role but not her acting. It was not her fault though. Durgabai is too old for the role and she was unquestionably a mis-cast. Among the minor roles, Nana Abyankar, who played the priest and Sudha Amonkar who took the part of Durga were excellent and they almost stole the picture—one almost wished that Sudha Amonkar was given the role of the "beautiful and youthful" heroine; she was both.

Everyone felt that the drama would have been all the better for some music and dance in some select scenes. There was room for them and they would have helped to enliven the drama and tone down the monotony and tediousness of four hours of spoken word. Earlier in the day, at the discussion about the place of "music and dance" in drama, I expressed the opinion, based on my long experience of the stage that as per Indian traditions and practice, a drama should entertain and a drama without "music and dance" in appropriate situations would be a body without soul—a veritable corpse on the stage—and the Marathi drama I witnessed the same evening proved the correctness of my opinion.

I have written in no carping spirit—I have written at this length to provoke thought and make those responsible for the great National Drama Festival see to it that in future years the plays presented are worthy of the highest and best traditions and capacity of India in the field of drama.

JUST NUTTING

By ANDREW ROTH

THAT was not Britain changing its policy on China and Formosa. It was just Nutting . . .

Anthony Nutting undoubtedly dropped a gold-plated brick when he suggested, in an off-the-cuff interview in New York, that Britain might join in defending the Kuomintang-held island of Formosa in case it was attacked by the forces of the Chinese Communists. Britain recognizes the Chinese Communists and, while it would hate to have them attack Formosa, which means so much to American strategists, it would hate to be committed to its defense.

Technically, as the Foreign Office has hastened to point out, Anthony Nutting was right when he answered a hypothetical question on Britain's position in the event of a Communist attack on Formosa:

"A Chinese Communist attack on Formosa is an attack upon a member of the United Nations and would no doubt call for collective action by the United Nations in which we would, of course, be involved as a member of the United Nations."

But the Foreign Office would be much happier if this young Minister had observed the "golden Rule" of Junior Ministers and not answered such a hypothetical question. The British Government does not mind the attacks of Bevanite John Baird, who has described Nutting as "a little American lap-dog." It does object to creating unnecessary problems just as President Eisenhower is moving toward a truce with Communist China and Britain is moving toward expanded trade with Peking.

Can Anthony succeed Anthony?

The question which somewhat interests political observers here is whether dropping this gold-plated brick will interrupt the forward march of the "Golden Boy" of the British Foreign Office, at 34 the youngest Privy Councillor.

For long it has been clear that Anthony Nutting has had his eye on the chair of that other Anthony. A "pallid understudy of Anthony Eden,"

"Anthony's pale shadow," are descriptions used by Conservative and Labourite. And, until the particular brick, he showed a possibility of making the grade. At 34 he is Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, a position which is held also by the Marquess of Reading and second only to that held by Sir Anthony Eden himself.

In point of fact, Anthony Nutting's ambitions do not even stop at the Foreign Office. According to the *Sunday Express* of October 10, 1954 "he confides to friends that he fears the British public may no longer readily accept a man of inherited title at 10 Downing Street."

Master of the Hounds

Anthony Nutting must therefore find it a misfortune that although he is the youngest son of Sir Harold Nutting, he is the only surviving son—the other two having died on active service—and will become the third baronet on the death of his 72-year-old father.

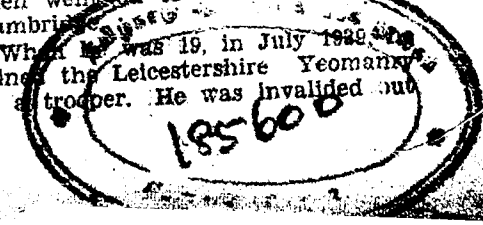
Although young Anthony's father will leave him a politically disadvantageous title, he gave him most of the other advantages for progress as a Conservative in Britain.

The family fortune is solidly founded on bottled beer and the baronetcy was created as recently as 1902, by the Conservative Government of that period.

Anthony's father has done his best to live up to the title. After serving in France in World War I and becoming Captain in the 17th Lancers, he became Master of the North Shropshire Hounds. He then went on to become Master of the Meynell Hounds and finally, from 1930-39, Master of the Quorn Hounds. In short he is rather interested in hunting. He has also been Aide de Camp to the Governor-General of Australia.

Young Anthony was sent to Eton like so many members of this Government, including Sir Anthony Eden and Sir Winston Churchill. He then went to Trinity College, Cambridge.

When he was 19, in July 1938, he joined the Leicestershire Yeomanry as a trooper. He was invalided out



January 1 1955

in 1940, which enabled him to survive his two elder brothers who died on active service.

For a few months he served as an attache at the British Embassy in Paris. With the fall of France he assisted at the evacuation of British women and children. He eventually left with the last of the Embassy staff in a small merchant ship which was attacked by torpedoes in the Bay of Biscay.

He continued to work at the Foreign Office until 1941. Then he went to Spain to organise intelligence and escape lines for Allied personnel. After this he returned to the Foreign Office where, at 22, he was Head of the Scandinavian Section of the Northern Department.

His emulation of Anthony Eden is said to date from 1942, when he acted as Private Secretary to the then Foreign Secretary, then at his busiest wartime best.

In 1944 Mr. Nutting was transferred to the British Embassy in Rome where he remained until 1945.

It was while he was on sick leave in Britain in 1945 that he was adopted as Conservative candidate for Melton, in Leicestershire. Despite the Labour landslide of that year he won the seat, and has retained it.

He spent his years as a new Conservative M. P. during the out-of-office years building the Conservative Party. In 1946-7 he was Chairman of the Young Conservatives, doubling its membership during his term of office. He was then made Vice-Chairman of the National Union of Conservative Associations, becoming its Chairman in 1950. In April 1951 an election made him Chairman of its Executive Committee. He resigned in 1952, under the pressure of Foreign Office work.

From the outset of the Conservative Government in October 1951 he held the post of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, jointly with the Marquess of Reading. They were jointly promoted to Ministers of State in October 1954 when Selwyn Lloyd left that post.

Although Mr. Nutting has led the British delegation to the Council of Europe since 1952 and accompanied

Sir Anthony Eden to the Berlin Conference in 1954, his chief function has been in the House of Commons. There his main task has been to answer questions and speak in debate in defense of the decisions of the Foreign Office under Conservative administration.

All observers agree that his manner is modelled on that of Sir Anthony Eden. "After twelve years of almost continual political association," writes the political correspondent of the Conservative *Daily Express*, "the younger man has adopted many of the mannerisms, tricks of speech, and gestures of his chief."

"Shut your eyes when he is addressing the House of Commons and you can imagine it is Sir Anthony speaking. Open your eyes and you may well believe that the clock has been put back 20 years and the young Mr. Eden is at the dispatch box."

But Mr. Nutting's charm has not the warmth of Sir Anthony Eden's. It has too synthetic, too brittle a character. He is "a graduate of the charm school," according to the *New Statesman's* parliamentary correspondent, Wilfred Fienburgh, M. P., and, according to *Punch's* parliamentary reporter, he "does not smile easily."

The young Mr. Nutting is aggressively Conservative, while Sir Anthony makes people feel his Conservatism is an afterthought. This aggressive Conservatism was demonstrated on November 1. In one of his first performances in the House of Commons as Minister of State, he was summarizing the settlement of the Persian oil problem.

A Conservative M. P., Mr. Mott-Radclyffe, asked him whether he would "not agree that the reaction of the stock market would indicate that this agreement, after many months of patient negotiation on the part of all concerned, is highly satisfactory from the point of view of British industrial and commercial interests?"

Eager young Mr. Nutting replied: "The reaction of the stock market is, indeed, remarkable, for immedi-

January 1 1955

tely after the Abadan evacuation in October 1951, Anglo-Iranian £1 shares stood at £5. Now, on 1st November, 1954, after ratification of the present agreement, they stand at £18, an all-time record."

He was attacked for this, first by former Labour Foreign Secretary, Herbert Morrison, who wondered whether this "swelling of share values" was an adequate "test of well-being." He asked whether it was "not the case that if we had gone to war about this, as some people wanted to do in 1951, the situation would not be as good as it is at the present time?"

Mr. Nutting bounded back to point out that "the Government are a 50 per cent shareholder in the company," and also insisted that the Conservatives had repaired the damage in Persia as a result of "a little resolution and determination."

The next day the *Manchester Guardian* wondered at "the gusto with which Mr. Nutting has launched himself as Minister of State . . ." It joined the Labour and Liberal parties in doubting "whether the change" from his predecessor, Selwyn Lloyd "will assist the discussion of foreign affairs in the House."

Mr. Nutting has a way of making enemies on the Conservative side as well, particularly Lord Beaverbrook's publications, the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express*. They refer to him as "that very superior person." "No more is Mr. Anthony Nutting," complained the *Sunday Express*. "An

occasional flash of silence would become him."

The *Express* group complains largely because Anthony Nutting defends the British Council, which the *Express* papers attack unmercifully. Here are some samples of their spleen:

"He hurries to defend the money-wasting British Council."

"He declares he has 'no objection in principle' to a British contingent in a European Army being under the command of a German General."

"About 18 months ago Mr. Anthony Nutting . . . when pressed in Parliament to tell us what was happening to those Foreign Office officials who had let us down so disgracefully over Burgess and Maclean replied with asperity, 'I am not prepared to lend myself to a witch-hunt of this character.'"

They are even saying now that Sir Anthony Eden is annoyed with young Anthony Nutting, on whom he was said to smile as a possible successor. This may well be so because Sir Anthony Eden wants above all to remove Anglo-American differences over China. He is now said to be leaning toward a solution in which Formosa is recognized as a separate sovereign country, with both it and mainland China separately admitted to the United Nations. Certainly the last thing he wants is to infuriate Peking and encourage Kuomintang provocation by the sort of gold-plated brick dropped by 'Golden Boy' Anthony Nutting.

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R E G D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLAI APIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South M. St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 85254.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBakonam.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

Thoreau's *Walden*—100 years

By H. B. GARLAND

"WHEN I wrote the following pages, I lived alone in the woods, a mile from any neighbour, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labour of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again."

With these quiet words, Henry David Thoreau, one of America's great writers, begins his slim volume of outdoor life and transcendental philosophy, "*Walden; or, Life in the Woods*," published in 1954, 100 years ago. It has been called one of the greatest books of the 19th century. It has been said that for beauty, precision, richness, faith, and profundity no book of American literature equals it.

Thoreau was the son of a pencil-maker. He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, educated at Harvard College and became a school teacher and surveyor. His *Walden* is first of all a straightforward account of how, at that time 28 years old, he built himself a hut of white pines in the woods and lived in it comfortably and happily on a diet of beans, potatoes, peas, corn and turnips. But the book also records his thoughts as he roamed the woods and read many books.

Of the 18 chapters of *Walden* each is devoted to one topic. Some of them, like "The Ponds" or "Spring," are largely descriptive. Others, like "Economy," are argumentative. But in every line of the small volume one can sense Henry Thoreau's love of life at the pond, his intense religious feeling for nature, his protest at the waste of life through misdirection by the pursuit of success, his feeling for his friends, his interest in men and animals. From the door of his cabin he could see the sun rise, watch the moon shine over Walden, and on quiet evenings, in his boat under the stars, he could play his flute. He could search devotedly for

images and phrases to describe the songs of birds. He could cultivate his philosophy and a patch of beans, peas and turnips. He could continue to study his friends: the otters, the foxes, the workers on the railroad. Frequently he visited the town, where he called at the house his father and he had built. Almost daily he wrote in his journal on his discoveries, on books, on his adventures with people, on life and its purpose.

The result is a book which describes how a man by his own efforts managed to feed, warm and shelter himself. But to compare *Walden* with *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is to belittle it. Thoreau's book is more many-sided than Daniel Defoe's famous book. What he chiefly accomplished was to convey better than any other writer the sense of a special American experience. He knew the meaning of the impact with unspoiled wilderness, and how it seemed to confirm the hope of a world that was all to be begun anew. Thoreau embodied in the symbols of an independent forest-dweller the American dream of an open frontier and of unlimited expansion. *Walden*, like Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, brings to imaginative fulfillment the New World promise of dignity to the individual man. "It marks a culmination," one of his critics said, "of the faith implicit in the Declaration of Independence."

Reassured by Nature of the things most of us distrust, and likewise distrustful of the worldly things we accept as inevitable, Thoreau dared to believe in the healthiness of life, in the possibilities of man, and in the existence of God not only as a remote Deity, but as an immediate impulse in daily life.

There were two chiefly significant aspects of his writings. The first is their connection with Nature. Thoreau's love of the outdoor world and all its creatures impressed his friends more than any other characteristic. But by nature we must understand not merely the landscape and its creatures, but natural living, as contrasted with the complex and artificial life of a society. Thoreau

proclaimed: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." So to him "life in the woods" was typical of freedom from the drudgery, the blind money-getting and money-spending, of the great part of mankind. And after thinking a good while about the things that one "can afford to let alone," he put his theories to the test by building his little hut on the shores of Walden Pond.

But besides being a great naturalist, Thoreau was a great idealist. He said: "I found in myself an instinct toward a higher, or as it is named, spiritual life, and another toward a primitive one; and I revere them both." Like his friend, the great philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, he lived by faith. "Why should I feel lonely?" he wrote. "Is not our planet in the Milky Way?" He believed that the qualities of his happiness lay wholly within himself. He blamed neither people nor circumstances. He believed that being good was more important than even doing good. "Man's capacities have never been measured," he said. "Nor are we to judge what we can do by any precedent, so little has been tried."

He was drawn to solitude by what was deepest in his nature. He could no more tell what it was than a lover can set down in words the reason for his devotion. "I went to the woods," he wrote later, "because I wish to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I would not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life . . . to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world or, if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

Thoreau was not setting up at Walden a model community of one, with the thought that others might go and do likewise. He did have a message for the discontented and the maladjusted, but it was concluded in general terms: "Simplify your life." What form the simplification should take was for each to decide. "Walden" was not the work of a philanthropic social theorist, nor of an idealistic reformer, but of a philosopher and a great nature lover and this has increased Thoreau's fame since he wrote *Walden*.

What did Thoreau learn in the two years and two months of his lonely stay at Walden Pond? He writes in "Conclusion," the last chapter of *Walden*: about it—and it sums up his whole philosophy:

"No face which we can give to a matter will stand us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than snake-believe . . . However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. . . If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

The man who wrote these wise words died in 1862 at the age of 44, after a life which has been called "uneventful." It was highly eventful for Thoreau because his was a life in which the picking up of an arrow-head or the discovery of a richer blueberry patch were events.

It seems he was never really unhappy. "I am convinced," he wrote, "both by faith and experience that to maintain one's self on this earth, is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do . . . There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still."

After all she was ten and she must be brave . . .

.....Short Story.....★

GROWING UP

By M. Sivaramakrishna Rao

THE girl paused at the edge of the road. The road was dark and silent and at a distance ahead of her she could hear the tinkling bells fading away. Twilight hung over the misty air, and the morning star shone brilliantly over the confused past out of which she had run away. She shivered in her scanty garments, and resumed her walk. A little while later she looked back again expectantly.

The bunk to her right was coming alive with stirring figures; and she could hear the water simmer in the kettle and smell the odour of welcome coffee. There was a dog sleeping over the slabs that led to the bunk doorway. She walked some distance and looked back.

The tinkling bells drew nearer; morning had not yet obliterated the twilight from the earthbound mist; and the driver peered closer into the gloom to make out the shadow.

"It's only me."

"What do you want?"

"Give me a lift; I have a far way to travel."

"Where are you bound for?"

"Maraikuppam."

"But it is twenty nine stones away."

"I know."

The man glanced at the back of the cart. His wife was asleep on a heap of straw and there were the ballast stones at the other end.

"Hop up behind," he said briefly.

The whip cracked lightly over the backs of the oxen; the long beams creaked, and bits of brick and straw sprinkled over the road. Then the wheels groaned and the cart began to move.

The first beams of morning fanned out in the sky as the cart went up the gradient at the water works and turned to the road high above, with open spaces all round, and the wind shouting across the dunes of dark grass and mounds of earth in pure joy.

The girl drew up her legs nearer to get warm. She almost rolled herself into a ball and pulled up some straw to cover the exposed parts of her body. Her arms were plump, dark and shiny, her face glowing with health. The hair on her head was of an earthen brown, downy and soft like cotton, unruly as the wind that began to laugh through her tattered dress.

THE woman stirred, and was awake. She sat up and yawned. The cartman looked back briefly and nodded. The girl looked at the carts following a long way behind, indistinct in the twilight.

"Who is she?"

The man grinned. "She is going to Maraikuppam."

"But we are going to Uppur."

"Let us drop her at the Kundram. She might find some other cart there."

"All right."

The woman adjusted her hair into a knot afresh, and drew the *selai* over her shoulders. Satisfied, she turned to the girl.

"Why are you going to Maraikuppam, dear?"

"My father and mother and everybody are there," the girl said, still staring at the receding road. Trees marked with the numbers of the government swept past the ramshackle buildings here and there, past

the bushes and the little ditches by the roadside—all these were receding, receding from her, from the cart, running away, never to return.

But the girl turned around to the road ahead, and there were buildings too, far in the distance, and trees and bushes and ditches; these were everywhere. But they were coming nearer too and would not stop, but were running back to be swallowed up into the past. Only the cart was real, static and yet mobile, the massive segmented wooden wheels, the iron collar as it clanked on the tar macadam; the lashing whip, the flick of the oxen's tails and the dung on the road, fresh and smoky, punctuating the road that was running away from her into the past. She sighed.

IT was getting warmer now as the sun rose higher in the sky. The cart was trotting along, alternately briskly and with lethargy. Soon the road became dusty; at the place where the tar and the dirt joined, the cart gave a jolt. Then the dust began to swirl in clouds in their wake.

The woman got out some food from a bundle. Then she passed on a bowl to the girl.

"No, you eat. I am not hungry."

"Don't be silly. Take a bite. You must be famished."

The girl took a morsel.

"Take some more. See, there is plenty here. Him, he had his *nashta* at the bunk near the level crossing."

The man looked back again, and said with a wide grin:

"Woman, leave a bite for me too."

"For shame! Hadn't you had enough already?"

"No, Latchi, it is tough work driving these oxen. They make me crazy. See, you have to keep prodding them always. I am getting hungry," he added. But the woman tied up the bundle. And the man said with mock solemnity, eyes flickering with mischief: "Oh, well, you want me to starve. Very good then. Eat it all yourself."

He began to sing. The song began with a whistle, the whistle changed to a hum, and the hum swelled to

its crescendo. The girl caught the tune too, and began to croon in a low voice.

"But why were you in the City, dear?" the carter's wife asked.

The girl did not answer.

The woman asked again: "Were you with any relations in the city?"

"Hm!" the girl turned around in confusion. "Yes, yes," and began to stare again at the stones fleeing from under the hoofbeats of the oxen.

The sun was midway between the zenith and the horizon when the cart rumbled to a stop. Nearby was a little pool, slimy and green over the upper half, but tolerably clear at the lower. The woman got down to give some exercise to her cramped legs. The man untied the grass bag hanging in a hammock from the axle-tree and began to feed the oxen. Then he went to the pool with a vessel to fetch some water.

The water was brackish but clear; the girl shuddered a little before she took the proffered bowl from the kindly man for she was used to better water. She looked down at the dirty ragged *paradai* she wore; the vessel leaked, and there were wet patches on her dress. She seemed pensive, as though some secret grief had weighed down on her, but found then that she did not know what grief was, and therefore could not feel it to the full.

THE woman noticed it. "What is your father doing in Maraikuppam, dear?" she asked.

"He is not employed now." There was silence. Overhead, a bird flew past, screeching loudly. The girl continued: "But he has got some land there. And then my mother and sister are there. My mother sells *dosais* and *iddlies* there."

"What were you doing in the City?"

The girl pretended not to hear. She moved about on the road, stamping her feet. Then she walked to the edge of the road and collected some flowers. She gave some to the woman, and kept some to herself. The man yoked the oxen on again, and shouted cheerfully. The sweltering animals

and the three human beings began to move again.

The wayside was decked with wild grass dancing in the wind, with wild flowers in heavy-scented clusters; and now and then the man stopped at the wife's bidding, and brought them bunches of flowers, some pungent, some heavy-sweet, some with thorns, and some gay-coloured.

"Put them in your hair," he said to the girl. She plaited her hair again, and removed the flowers he had brought previously.

"Too many flowers," she said and smiled, her white teeth flashing in her swarthy face.

"You look like a princess, child," said the cartman and grinned. Then he cracked his whip again.

"Are you sure you want to go to Maraikuppam? Why not come with us to our village?" he asked her at the cross-roads. The girl shook her head, and got down. She waved to the cart as it moved away, creaking, and then of a sudden she found herself alone with the road again.

THE stones began to hurt her little feet, and now and then she had to sit down beside a tree. Her village was still nearly twenty miles away, and there was no cart in sight. She began to walk.

Two hours later she felt tired and hungry. What meagre food the woman had given her tied in a cloth and pressed into her hand despite her protests could not last for ever. She was thirsty. She walked on eagerly in search of water. A mile away she found another pond; the water was not so slimy here, but she had to overcome her mental fright to drink. Necessity triumphed, and she rose with a dripping forehead, cool and refreshed. She slept in the tree-shade gratefully.

When she woke up it was afternoon. The hot sky beat down mercilessly on her back, and she walked on, with a weary step. Two hours more fled past, and now all feeling was dead in her. No longer did the stones hurt her naked feet, and she only knew that she had to go on, endlessly, till she reached her village. It was too late to turn back.

Her right foot was bruised badly when she stubbed against a sharp-edged stone on the road, and she limped awhile, till the limp grew more painful, and she had to walk with a straight leg again.

The sun declined in the west; it grew less warm, but stuffy. Miles away in a little village, seven miles from Maraikuppam, a couple beside a hut watched someone staggering along the road.

"Bless me, who is that?"

The girl came forward, lurching and staggering, her head down, shoulders drooping, and her body encrusted with dirt and sweat. She drew up alongside the hut, and with an effort raised her head. "Have you some water?" Her voice rose hardly above a feeble whisper.

THE woman stared at the girl. Her husband rebuked her. "Didn't you hear the poor girl ask for water? Why are you staring at her?"

The woman went in, took a pot and went to the well. The man led the girl by the arm, and drew her near the hut. "Sit down, child," he said. "You are tired." She sat on the ground limply. The woman came back with the pot of water.

Slowly, brokenly, the girl told them that she was going to Maraikuppam because her people were there.

"But child, your village is still seven stones from here. Why not stay here tonight?" said the man. The girl wanted to go on. "What nonsense!" scoffed the woman. "Come inside and wash up. Sleep here tonight and tomorrow I will send word to your parents to come and take you home." She would brook no refusal.

That night, after food, she felt tired and sleepy as she lay in a corner of the hut on the warm mud-floor. Half-asleep she dreamt she was going to the cinema again.

She was running to the theatre on that Sunday afternoon when her mistress said she could go if she wanted to. Yes, she wanted to, she said emphatically, her little face glowing up like a lantern in a storm. It was already two-thirty. Her mistress's son had scoffed at the idea.

"Why not send her in the evening?"

"Then will you go in the night and bring her back after the show is over?" The boy squirmed. "All right, let her go with the bhoyi."

"Bhoyi, not at all. Will you fetch her back or not?"

"What an idea! I have to go all that distance just because the silly thing wants to go to a picture?" he said. "Let her go to the matinee if she wants."

And there she was, already late, and maybe the picture would have started, but she did not mind and she would not mind, running, running, heart beating faster and faster in joyous anticipation. The cinema, really the cinema, what joy!

THEN he had run after her on his bicycle. He caught up with her flying feet, and said: "Come back, Amma wants you to come back."

Her heart leapt to a flutter and sobbed to a stop.

"You can go in the evening with the bhoyi."

She looked up with wide eyes, with a trace of disappointment.

"Why not I go now, ayya? I have already come near the theatre."

"No. Nobody is there to take you back home in the evening. Besides, there may be visitors at home today. You can go with the bhoyi to the evening show."

She began to walk back slowly, mincingly slowly.

"Shall I carry you on my bike?" he asked her whimsically.

"No, ayya," she said amazed at the offer, "I shall walk back home."

"Better come back soon."

"Just behind you, ayya."

That evening she had finished her cooking soon, the rice was boiled and strained. What a long time it took to boil! She fidgeted and fretted, and asked a hundred times the mistress's son what the time was, but there—it was over!

"Amma, Amma! the rice is ready," she cried from the kitchen.

The old lady of the house, the mistress's mother, laughed at her

excitement. "Hold your horses, little woman," she said. "It is not yet time."

"No, Amma, there will be so many people there already."

And the son had grumbled and said: "What is the hurry! Let her finish cleaning the dishes before she goes."

But the mother scolded him. "Don't be a heartless wretch. Let her go early. She must get the tickets." She turned to the girl. "All right, serve the bhoyi his food and then finish your meal."

On the way the girl stopped at the place by the bus-stand where the old woman sat selling flowers. There were jasmines, chamelies and all gay-coloured flowers in the basket.

"What have you got," she asked.

The old woman removed the wet cloth covering the basket and chanted the list of names. The girl's heart gave a leap at the sight.

"How much is that?"

"Two annas a *mozham*."

"And how much is that?"

"One and a half annas."

"And that?"

"One and a half annas."

The girl looked into her palm where she clutched some coins, and said: "Too much. Don't try to fool me. Give me that for one anna a *mozham*."

"No."

AFTER much haggling the old woman gave a *mozham* of jasmine and red flowers twined on a string for one anna and three pies. The bhoyi stood by, not saying anything, only smoking and coughing all the time. She twisted her plait into a whorl, and tucked up the garland into it as best she could. The bhoyi spat, and said: "Time to move." The old woman helped her with the flower-string.

At the picturehouse she nagged the bhoyi and ran away to where the women sat. She sat on the bench, little legs drawn up and clasped in her arms, and watched the film with rapture. She could still remember the fried groundnuts she bought with her last nine pies at the stalls in the

interval, and which she had exchanged in part with her neighbour for some sweets.

Half-asleep she felt in the tiny pocket in her blouse instinctively. It was empty, and she sighed in her dream.

In a dream too, she felt the tangy night air rub against her skin as she walked back with the bhoi, his *beedi* glowing in the dark like a firefly. She heard her mistress ask: "How was the picture, girl?"

"Its name was Lashmi, Anna, Lashmi. There was a big elephant that came and pushed down the tree and then everybody ran away and cried and then the lady—she was a nice lady, she was saved. It was very nice, Anna," she cried as she went to sleep on her jute mattress. The bhoi began to complain how she ran away from him in the crowd to the other side. The mistress of the house said nothing. She, the girl, had curled up to sleep on the floor with a smile on her face.

The dream faded to sleep, a troubled sleep where the eddies of misery swirled dark and threatening.

Suddenly she cried in her sleep: "I want to see my father and mother. I want my mother!"

The woman in the hut woke with a start. She went across and bent over the girl.

"What is the matter, child?"

She woke up.

"You were crying in your sleep, child. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Did I cry? I must have dreamt," she said tonelessly and went to sleep again.

The stars were still in the sky when the woman in the hut awoke and roused her husband, for it was time to start for work. She went to the mat where the girl was sleeping, but the girl was not there.

THE morning twilight stealing across the still sleepy earth found the girl going back by the road she came yesterday, eyes fixed rapt on the fading glory of the morning star on the brightening eastern sky. After all, she was ten, and she must be brave.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE new year, the happy new year is born!

Father has shed two more of his pyorrhoeal teeth,
Mother has silvered more strands in her hair.
My sixth sister, the last of her tribe
is a nuisance in her nubility—
moping at nothing, tearful for nothing—
small bag, her throat, to hold the adolescent storms;
Father has no money to buy her a groom,
the other five having pauperized him:
(in place of his heart is the insolvent's badge).
Nevertheless, mother and he have connived to bring
another month to feed in this world;
while I, their eldest, born in their prime,
the apple of their eye, the candy forever,
the hope of the family, the perpetuator of the line,
on whom the manes look on with hungry eyes
for the annual balls of rice and water,
have run into seed for a decade deployed.
The new year, the happy new year is born!

MANJEE S. ISVARAN

New Books

NIGHT IN BOMBAY
By Louis Bromfield
Penguin Books
2s 6d



Louis Bromfield

HOMER MERILL was a strong and beautiful and vigorous young American. He was meant by God to attract women, to live with women, to people the earth with offspring. God made him as he was for that purpose. After brilliant years at College, he chose to leave his homeland where he could have climbed to the top of any ladder he liked, and to devote his life and gifts to village work in the Deccan. Laboriously, giving his work all of his immense vitality, he changes the face of that bit of India which he has adopted as his second home. The villagers love him, and passionate men working for their country like the scientist Colonel Moti, have come near to worshipping the man. Even the British officers of the Indian Empire see his usefulness as a local antiseptic to the spreading rash of nationalism. That would have been the story of Merrill, an intense but obscure life in villages buried away in some part of the vast Deccan plain, and at last, an end in one of them through malaria or cholera.

But there was Mrs. Merrill, the daughter of a missionary. She was pretty enough but had some odd and perverted ideas which are so frequently natural to the background of every Westerner, where lurks evidence of the mean, unnatural spirit of Zwingli, of Calvin, of John Knox. One of her ideas was that no Christian woman should sleep with her husband except when they decided to have children. Let Colonel Moti speak about what she did to Merrill:

... for ten years that woman perverted Merrill's whole life—his mind, his health, his body. She would not live with him and Merrill is too decent a fellow—and too much of a fool—to take an Indian woman into the house with his wife. And he was too kind to hurt her. For ten years—this boy, who

was meant by God to breed—lived beside this monstrous woman in absolute chastity. That ... has wrecked his health ... That woman was a monster, and as time went on she became more and more unsatisfied and dry and querulous. She blocked him and annoyed him, and even intri-

gued against him, until mercifully, she died.

But Merrill himself is nearly wrecked, and Colonel Moti knows that he will die unless something is done very soon.

Merrill comes to Bombay to see his son off to school in America, and makes the acquaintance of Carol Halma on the train. Carol (as everyone calls her) was a farmer's daughter who won the title of Miss Minnesota and from then on had been running on the wrong track. She cuts loose from the simple and honest existence of her early years, and enters the slippery and dangerous world of men who wanted nothing much else from her except to be allowed to buy her superb body for short periods of time. Bill Wainwright rushes her off her young and inexperienced feet with his good looks, his bonhomie, his knack for 'a good time,' and the absence of malice or unkindness in his character. She marries Bill, to slowly discover, that in spite of him being so likeable, there is a lack of depth and an absence of moral fibre in him which leaves her deeper woman's nature unsatisfied. Bill's off-millioinaire father puts pressure on him to

get rid of 'that Halma woman,' and Bill finds that he too is bored, now that his skin-deep exploration of Carol is over. After a settlement, they take a divorce, pleasantly agreeing to continue as friends.

Thus Carol is launched into that fantastic world of young and not-so-young playboys, gold-diggers of varying ability and looks, maharajahs potent and impotent, blondes, brunettes, owners of brothel chains, gambling fiends, hotel servants who know no night or day, polished pimps, rich widows, shrewd business men, fading women with their gigolos, crooks, swindlers, and such like who float through the super-smart hotels of the more pleasure-loving of the world's cities. Bill Wainwright's settlement gives her an income which makes her independent, so that 'no man can buy her,' but by the time our story begins, she is nearly broke, and is drinking heavily to drive away loneliness and the years that lie ahead menacing her with the loss of her youth and vitality. She had gone listlessly from the States to Europe, drifting from country to country, and come to India, seeking for something satisfying, enduring and sincere in that world with which she was now familiar—seeking and never finding. It is when she is on the brink of disaster—when she is publicly insulted by the unmentionable Mr. Botlivala of Bombay—when she is offered a 'job' in one of her superior houses of ill-fame by the Baroness and knows that she can do worse than take it—when she is deported from India for improper behaviour—that Carol is saved. She is saved for herself and for Homer Merrill.

Colonel's Moti's prescription for Homer Merrill is to find him a beautiful woman, and to send her away when she has served his purpose of bringing Homer back to health. The cure works beautifully, but alas! for the Colonel, Homer and Carol discover themselves to be mutually complementary creatures, and Homer, for the first time in love and what is more important, for the first time allowed to love with all his body and soul, finds even his lifework

insignificant when he is threatened with the loss of Carol.

The base for all these operations is the Taj Mahal Hotel of Bombay, in whose corridors and rooms the light is definitely blue even in broad daylight, and gets bluer and bluer as life begins round about midnight, and goes on in seas of champagne and the pneumatic bliss of voluptuous and buyable women till far into the morning. We meet the Maharajah of Jellapore, the Father and Mother of his people, who is returning to his State after a long stay on the Continent, and who keeps on playing a record on his gramophone called 'I will always be lonely', because for six months now he has been impotent. We meet Mr. Botlivala, mean, vain, hollow and dangerous, fabulously rich and fabulously despicable, who is delighted to give a fortune in jewellery to Carol just to parade her by his side, and let it be thought that he had got possession of the most beautiful blonde in India. We meet Mrs. Tiplowe whose sister, the pensioned-off wife of a dead Maharajah, fires a gun at her and whose husband is in jail for embezzlement. We meet the Baroness, with the body and face, and perhaps the soul, of a turtle, priding herself on her chain of 'mansions' and her brains, perennially reeking of patchouli. We meet Colonel Moti, honest, devoted, fierce, and lovable, an infallible scientist and a very fallible man. We meet Carol herself, with her magnificent blondeness, and a body of which Bill Wainwright, who ought to have known, held the opinion that there was not another like it in the world. And hiding behind that body, a soul the existence of which she had to deny to herself till she met Homer Merrill. And the overblown Marchesa, who started as one of the 'girls' of the Baroness and married a very old Italian General, who allowed her to have young men two months in the year, provided she had them far from Italy and he could retain unimpaired his reputation for virility!

The crowd is so colourful, so violently colourful, that now and then

we suspect Mr. Bromfield to have written the book with one eye on Hollywood. But even that criticism might be unjust, since Mr. Bromfield can make almost any character out of his mixed, peculiar and often outrageous collection, come alive. The evil glitter of life in the Taj is set against the chronic misery of the Indian village. The incredibly futile characters who people the Taj are set against the health, sanity and depth of Homer Merrill and Carol Jalma. So there is definitely a moral to be drawn. But perhaps the moral would have been more impressive if there were more of tragic possibility in the novel. The dangers from which Homer and Carol are saved are more nightmarish than tragic in quality. The activity around them supports this impression.

However, the narrator himself is a charming person. A journalistic style, however polished it might be, has limitations, as the late Mr. Wells found when he wrote novels, but Mr. Bromfield chats to us so easily and intimately, that we become peepers at his keyholes, looking on at scenes that easily bring about a suspension of disbelief. He is always at our elbow, effervescing with humour and satire and tolerant comment, hating where we would hate, liking where we would like. Mr. Bromfield is, in short, such good company that we heartily recommend to you a night in Bombay with him.

The Evolution of Diplomatic Method

By Harold Nicolson

Constable & Co. Ltd., London

Distributed in India by

Orient Longmans Ltd.,

35 A, Mount Road, Madras 2

10s 6d

THE art of negotiation which avoids conflicts or at least postpones them is an age-old invention. Mr. Nicolson suggests that even the anthropoid apes had discovered the usefulness of diplomacy. Though the twentieth century descendant of those apes may not be utilising the art of diplomacy to the fullest it

is at least likely that he may benefit by a knowledge of the successes and the failures of diplomacy and of its evolution.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's Chichele Lectures at Oxford on *The Evolution of Diplomatic Method* trace the history of diplomatic method from Homeric times to our own troubled era. The author discusses in the course of four lectures the Greek and Roman methods, the Italian system, the French system, and what he calls the American system. The success of the Greek system to a large extent was a matter of the oratorical powers of the ambassadors and they were responsible to the entire assembly, and failure in negotiations with neighbouring states was likely to be met with dire consequences. "And their insistence that covenants should be openly arrived at did preserve them at least during their period of liberty from the curse of secret treaties", says Mr. Nicolson. The Romans introduced order and the sane principle of setting a time limit to the negotiations. The Italians introduced into diplomacy much that was pernicious and cumbersome and Europe had to wait till France brought order and coherence to diplomatic method. Much of modern diplomacy is owed to the French and the wise precepts of Grotius the jurist, Richelieu and Callieres quoted by Mr. Nicolson might with benefit be followed by some of their modern counterparts. In the last lecture the author talks of the transition from the old to the new methods of diplomacy and considers that all that is new is embodied in the "American system."

The graceful periods and the fine prose which we have learnt to expect from the author render the study of this interesting subject fascinating. But the stress which Mr. Nicolson lays ever so gently on the importance and success of negotiation may lull the reader into the belief that European history can be rewritten as the history of its famous diplomats. As a matter of fact it is only on laying down the book after a few entrancing hours that the reader re-

lapses with a thrust to the violence that was characteristic of the growth and expansion of that continent. With a naivete which is as charming as it is unexpected Mr. Nicolson assumes that "It was not the fault of the old diplomacy, by which I mean the professional diplomats of the pre-war period, that the supremacy of Europe was shattered by the First World War. The misfortune was that the advice of these wise men was disregarded at Vienna and Berlin, that their services were not employed, and that other non-diplomatic influences and interests assumed control of affairs." Television, radio, and newspapers have made the task of the modern diplomat very unenviable and many times more difficult than that of his Greek counterpart. The diplomat has been a favourite horse with the fiction writer and Hollywood also has not spared him. But negotiators from strength and wielders of atomic weapons may not find much use for such antiquated concepts as diplomacy and a third world war may well render diplomacy superfluous.

TAMIL

Kottumelam

By T. Janakiraman

Kalamugal Prachuralayam, Madras 4

Rs. 2

JANAKIRAMAN'S collection of a dozen stories enriches the treasury of the modern Tamil short story. Cast in the pattern of some of the masters in the line like Pichamurthi, Ku Pa Ra and Pudumaipithan, the stories have an individuality of their own, reflecting the author's keen awareness of the peculiar facets of human behaviour. His deft handling of the language embroidered with the nuances of the dialect of the soil endows his creations with an extra dimension.

While his characters represent recognisable types, every one of them displays traits that go to make them sometimes abnormal and super-human. The narrative skill of the author reduces some of the seemingly non-realistic episodes to everyday occurrences.

Three stories stand out from this bouquet for the brilliance of their colour and design. The breathtaking beauty of the girl whom sudden widowhood leaves unmoved, the poignant tragedy of the unwanted old lady whose sons and daughters spurn her alike, and the rugged faith of Pottai, the Vettian, in his own destiny are examples of the mastery which the author exercises in delineation and description. The heavy overtones that focus the voluptuous innocence of the girl in the second story are so designed that they tend to distract the highlights of the almost inadequate but negative assessment of the accomplishment of the girls' husband. Even the references to her too frequent visits to the home of her birth are likely to be passed over by the average reader who is intoxicated with the lavish fragrance of the girl's personality. What might have turned out to be a well-kept secret is given away only at the end by the old woman's clinching comment. The reader would be loth to withdraw his sympathy which the author had canvassed for the physical perfection of the girl. If the story appears to be a problem one to some, it would only add to the enigmatic characterisation. The author's detachment competes with the girl's cynicism; the development is not sought to be justified by the aid of emotional maladjustments which form the stock-in-trade of the ordinary story-teller.

The atmosphere pervading the story of the old lady whom her children neglect is of a very profound order. The author is at his best in this place which he shows up as a product of circumstances over which the characters themselves seem to have little control. The poignancy is increased by the seemingly inevitable fate that dogs the ageing lady. She seems to be present everywhere in every domestic circle of all levels, a standing monument to helpless dotage. The readers' anxiety is shared by the author who is merciful to the character at the end.

Pottai's blindness is an eye-opener to all whose physical vision is unimpaired. His lone fight with fate

and his sense of inner strength seems to reject any attempted sympathy we may extend to him for his handicap in life. He does not stop to brood over the loss of his eyesight. He has accepted the challenge of misfortune and turns it into an advantage whereby he serves his community much better than others with perfect pairs of eyes.

The wife of the temple-priest whose frustration leads her to the joint of imaginary romancing, the professional songstress whose sense of proportion is not spoilt by the life she leads more by force of tradition and the emigre from Singapore who wastes ten precious years of his life yearning for an ideal which he believed would be real when achieved—all these play their parts before an emotional backdrop which does not distract the reader. The author knows where to stop in order to lend permanency of impression. He refuses to play to the gallery when he checks the wandering impulses of the priest's wife and the vicarious anticipation of the readers with the appearance of the unsuspecting and tired husband. Like Pottai, but in a different way, the priest's own handicapped faculty saves him and his

wife. The appreciation of beauty on the part of the vidwan who goes to the Thyagaraja Festival is shown up for its sensual basis when the woman bristles at the outrageous comparison. The sincerity of the returning native from Singapore is well rewarded by the ex-beauty queen who hands back his hard-earned money.

A technique in which the author has achieved a good measure of success is his placing in juxtaposition contrasting characters and watch the development in reaction to one another. The stories of the firewood merchant whose success in public life leads to chairmanship, the elder of the village who refuses to die to suit the convenience of the inhabitants and the episodes in the life of the banker who acquires property are all told through the reactions of other characters whose fulness of life is pleasant to watch. The other two stories, one dealing with the pranks of the urchins of the village and the other with the poor girl who travels far away in search of a livelihood are studies in child behaviour and are told with delicacy.

The selection is representative of Janakiraman's attainments in the field of the short story.

NEW YEAR SONG

I REMEMBER: it was December
when dew-drops danced on mango leaves like the spotted tail of a playful cat,
and the meadow-mice-minutes nibbled at night's beguiled bait.
A dream at soul's crossroads trespassing on wake's domain,
came December to offer a farewell gift—
token of short-lived friendship.
Eyelids heavily laden with sleep-bird's unhatched eggs,
I struggled. On doorstep stood Mister Time don in black
waving eviction-warrant.
Half-asleep I whispered: "Hello, leave your teardrops
bottled and labelled; *Once A Lady Lived Here*;
for the present that'll do."
When the new tenant enters this apartment jubilant
I will sing this welcome song:
*Smile awhile, smile awhile, darling girl,
hearing her own tearful tale.*

M. GOVINDAN

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

By M. KRISHNAN

"THERE is nothing that the popular newspapers enjoy more than a crack at the B. B. C. Teams of listeners... wait patiently for something on which to pounce. It may be a nervous announcer, a mildly rude word in one of the never-ending quiz games, a fade-out during an exciting moment in a football commentary. Next morning another glaring case of B. B. C. inefficiency or lack of taste is polished all over the front pages."

This excerpt, from a recent article by the London Correspondent of *The Statesman*, deserves to be considered by everyone doing any sort of review or criticism of broadcasts. Admittedly A. I. R. is not the B. B. C. and SWATANTRA is not a "popular newspaper," but it is the very pettiness of such distinctions, this pouncing down upon little things, that the London Correspondent objects to. I hope I have not been carping in anything so far, but must confess that I had meant to point out, very early in this review, that on the third day of the recent Anglo-Australian Test, the 9 o'clock news gave England's lead as 140 runs when it was, in fact, only 130. I withdraw the intention, unconditionally. In future I shall emulate the Law. *De Minimis non curat lex*.

Having made this quite clear, let me give you another excerpt, this time from A. E. R. Gilligan's review of the aforesaid Sydney Test, which, hereinafter, shall be termed 'the Test' (you can't emulate, you know, without being somewhat like what you emulate.) Gilligan titles his review 'The Game of the Century' and begins with this sentence:

"England won the most sensational, exciting Test match I have ever seen in over 30 years."

What made such a seasoned cricketer and cricket-writer go in for two redundancies in his first sentence was nothing but the game itself. As Gilligan points out immediately

afterwards, "The whole match gave spectators and players alike thrilling moments, giving a tremendous up-lift to cricket everywhere in the world, because there was never a dull moment in the whole five days of play." Every sports writer and commentator all over the world, excepting the A. I. R. news, acclaimed the Test.

Thousands of listeners in India sat through those five mornings with their ears glued to their receiving sets, listening to the relay over the commercial service of Radio Ceylon, sponsored by the makers of a hair-dressing, of the ball-by-ball commentary from Sydney—even listeners, like me, who have no longer any use for hairdressings. And as the Test progressed, the commentary grew more and more interesting, not only with the mounting excitement of the game but also with the sharp wit of the commentators who realised that this was the Game of the Century. One remark, in particular, I shall always remember, for it conveyed the situation more graphically than words usually can. Tyson was bowling to Burke in the Australian second innings shortly before the close of the day's play; a wicket then would have meant much, and it was obvious that the batsman, who could make little of the sheer pace of the ball, had still the will to resist it somehow. And this was how the commentator summed up things:

"Tyson to Burke. I almost said Bison to Turk..."

A. I. R. missed all of that, and was very laconic over the scores. The loss, undoubtedly, was All India Radio's.

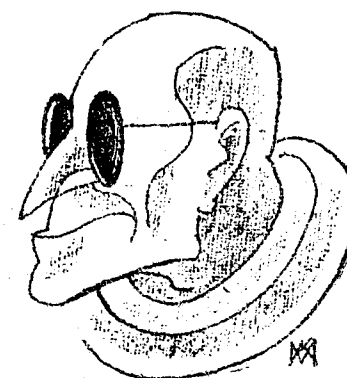
About this time of the year I always find it easy to appreciate A. I. R., even to feel sincerely grateful to it, for thanks to its relays from concerts in the city I can listen to the best classical music in the comfort and economy of my cottage.

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast."

It is not often that one differs strongly from a critic while agreeing with his findings, but that was how I felt on the night of December 23, after listening to J. Thangavel's talk from Madras on 'Recent developments in Tamil.' I agree with Mr. Thangavel that modern Tamil is dominated by the figure of Subramanya Bharathi (whose contributions to the new literary medium, prose, he hardly mentioned), and that today we have not too many talented writers—rather, not many that are known, for with the profusion of magazines and writers that exists now, no one who is such an occasional reader of contemporary prose as I can say there is no unrecognised talent. I quite agree with him that 'Kalki' helped to popularise the new prose, but I am afraid that when he said 'Kalki' "bridged the gulf between spoken and written Tamil overnight," he said that without thinking of long-dead verse-writers like Villippan, or even the prose of men like Bharathi and Madhaviah. That may be, to some extent, a question of opinion, but I differ emphatically from Mr. Thangavel's opinion that our short story writers today owe their inspiration and form to the Western short story (as if there is any such thing!), and I was surprised by his omission of K. Vaa. Jagannathan from his list of leading contemporary story writers. Mr. Jagannathan, a singularly versatile writer, has a style that is flexible but which is always truly Tamil, and has both undoubted verve and craftsmanship. Nor could I think, with Mr. Thangavel, that *Panchasapatham* was Bharathi's masterpiece.

However, his talk was marked by sincerity and courage, for the tendency to form cliques and mutual admiration societies (strictly limited!) has developed unfortunately among Tamil writers in recent years. It was time that someone said that the style popularised by our leading magazines had no pretensions to

literary merit or craftsmanship, and that there was much too much complacency among writers today. Mr. Thangavel said these things.



C. R.'s recorded talk on 'The origin of the short story' (Madras, December 26) had strength and charm. He posed the question, 'Who made the first story in the world?' and answered it by saying that it was the dream of a child—the child being antecedent to its parents on the basis that "the child is father of the man", and no less given to dreaming. C. R. said he did not know if others had remarked upon the likeness between dreams and stories, but that long before there was any written literature, even before there was any oral literature, there were dreams, impressions of experience and perception and hearsay (it is well known that the human mind cannot think except in terms of the known) strung together "in a tiny bit of time", which had "for the time being, complete reality and flawless coherence."

Yes, others have said it before. It has been said of certain subjective and imaginative writers (like Ambrose Bierce) that their stories have a powerful, dream-like quality. But it has always been recognised that there is a difference. All literature (including the ancient short story) is written with words. And words are slow, they have nothing like the instant and comprehensive communication of dreams. Furthermore, though there is faultless coherence in it, a dream makes no sense very

often—if I may be permitted three hackneyed words, dreams are made of 'atmosphere' and 'detail' rather than of 'plots'; they are free from the tyranny of sterile logic and morality. Realising this, surrealists (both painters and poets) have never tried to explain their communication; story writers, unluckily, have often to contrive an explicit plot.

Especially are the folk-tales that C. R. mentioned very tight in their structure, delightfully pointed in their humour. In illustration of his thesis, C. R. told us an old tale, and I must say he told it well. It was the story of blame for a capital offence being passed on by delegation till finally it was assigned to a sadhu who was under the vow of silence, who could not talk himself out of it. "Silence is acceptance", said the King. "Take him away and chop off his head." In those days justice was not delayed."

I have quoted (correctly, I hope) C. R.'s own ending, to show what a

fine sense of irony and form he has. He said he knew many such stories, heard at bedtime in his childhood, but would not write them because he had forgotten bits here and there and felt it was wrong to interpolate, especially in the telling of folk-tales. As one who has sometimes tried to collect the tales of the countryside, may I assure C. R. that it is rarely that one hears a story without interpolations, for oral traditions are always subject to changes, as the brothers Grimm realised when they set out to collect the fairy tales of their native countryside? We have not many today who have heard these old tales as long ago (and therefore as purely) as C. R. has, and none that is better at the difficult art of telling a story with a true appreciation of its point. There is no more worthy or patriotic cause that one can take up in the evening of one's maturity than to record these old tales for posterity, with such inter-fillings as are inevitable.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THERE was scarcity of raw film again for the last few weeks. This scarcity was caused by the delay in supplies owing to the clock workers' strike in England. This delay mainly affected supplies of Kodak, the chief and most sought after importers of raw stock.

Naturally, the shortage of raw stock in all the principal centres of production in India upset the shooting schedule and once again emphasizes the need of manufacturing raw film in India itself. It is a great tragedy that though India produces more films than most of the other nations barring U. S. A. and Japan, it is solely dependent on 'imports' for all its equipments and even for raw film.

Before World War II, the problem was never realized as both Agfa and Kodak could supply the raw film in abundance at a very, very cheap cost. It was during the war that the scarcity was first felt and the supply was rationed. Yet during the war the controlled price was not so high as it is today. For the money spent on raw stock-negative sound and positive prints today a producer could make the entire picture in pre-war days.

Now the raw stock is mostly supplied by Kodak with Du Pont and Geavert as other competitors. Now there is a possibility of Japanese raw film also being imported in India. Mr. GHARA of Fuji Films of Japan has come to India to study the Indian market for 'selling' the raw stock.

Meanwhile, there is hardly any development regarding the proposed manufacturing plant in Mysore. After the initial announcement by the Government of Mysore and India, there has been no activity on this front. If no interest is taken by the

Government, perhaps this plant for manufacturing raw film will just remain a scheme that will not be fulfilled.

If the Indian film industry is to progress on correct lines, it is very necessary that the Indian film industry should become self-sufficient in every aspect.

Picture of the week

Acharya Atre has done it again; and though one cannot predict whether like *Shyamchi Aai*, his new offering *Mahatma Phule* will win the President's Award, there is no doubt that this picture is the most significant contribution to the Indian screen.

Biographies on the screen are still a rarity in India; and seldom has an effort been made to bring to the screen the stories of great men of the last century. Only in Bengal the biographies of Vidyasagar and Swami Vivekananda have been filmed. In Maharashtra, *Mahatma Phule* is perhaps the first biography of its kind.

After the advent of British rule, there was a new political and social upsurge in Maharashtra and such great leaders and literateurs as Mr. Chiplunkar, Agarkar, Ranade, Tilak and Gokhale dominated the public life not only of Maharashtra but almost all India. Jyotiba Phule belongs to the same era; but as his activities were confined to the social sphere, he was not perhaps as widely known as his other compatriots.

The film begins with young and educated Jyotiba's bitter experiences of casteism. As a result he decides that social equity and freedom are more important than political freedom. At this stage he meets Christian priests, and the teachings of Christ have a deep influence on him. But he does not become Christian. Like Gandhiji, he respects the Bible as well as the Quoran.

Indeed, there is so much similarity between Jyotiba and Gandhiji. Jyotiba fought for untouchables; he started a school for them—the first

BEFORE YOU SAY **PEARL BARLEY**

soy **ROBINSON'S**

best for all uses

ATLANTIS (EAST) LTD.
POST BOX 664, CALCUTTA



school for untouchables probably in the history of India. He started a school for girls and fought for the emancipation of women. Jyotiba stayed amongst Harijans and just as Gandhiji went in loin cloth to attend the Round Table Conference, Jyotiba went in loin cloth to meet the Duke of Canaught to impress upon him the poverty of the people.

Most of the drama arises out of conflict with orthodoxy represented naturally by Brahmins; but the picture is not anti-Brahmin, though unfortunately it is on record that Jyotiba Phule's followers later became rabidly anti-Brahmin. Moreover Atre has developed this conflict emotionally rather than through any dry discussions. The scene in which Jyotiba's wife on her way to teach in a girl's school is persecuted by orthodox Brahmins and non-Brahmins is a classic illustration of Atre's human and emotional approach. Even in the climax when the title of Mahatma is conferred upon him

when Jyotiba Phule is accused of being pro-British, and anti-Brahmin, his defence is couched not in abstract arguments but in relation of incidents. Rightly, education has been made the theme of the picture; for Jyotiba Phule believed that only through education, the backward classes and women would be emancipated and so he led even a peasants march to the Congress session and asked Sir Phirozeshah Mehta and the other Congress leaders whether the poor peasants had any place in their conception of free India.

The dream of Mahatma Phule as expressed in his own words was of a family in which a Buddhist mother, Christian father, a Muslim daughter and a Hindu son could live happily together. Is this not the dream even today of our secular State?

Acharya Atre has done a distinct service by bringing to the screen the inspiring biography of Jyotiba Phule in so dramatic and ennobling a



Srimali Sundari in United Film Arts' 'Valkylin Solvan'

manner. Many of us who are not aware of his life and work and who have not cared to study them because of caste prejudices will find this film a welcome revelation. Atre has been able to capture the atmosphere of the era which he depicts. There is no false note in the film; though at places it becomes stagey thanks mainly to the performance of Bapurao Mane as younger Phule. His voice is shrill and his diction is too artificial and stagey. It is only when Baburao Pendharkar replaces him that Phule comes to real life. Acharya Atre himself is rather stagey in his performance; but others, especially Sulochana, Damuanna Joshi, Amar Shaikh who sings two ballads give a good account of themselves. Incidentally the two or three songs by Jyotiba Phule also appear rather jarring and artificial. The music itself is nothing to rave about.

Directorially *Mahatma Phule* marks an improvement over Atre's previous efforts; even the production, though it suffers from the usual economic limitations of the Marathi market, is more lavish than expected. It is however the authenticity and sincerity that contribute to make *Mahatma Phule* a remarkable picture; and it is essentially a triumph for Atre the screenplay writer.

Personality of the week

Surprisingly enough the news of the untimely death of James Hilton at the age of 54 did not receive much prominence in the press, though both as a literateur and film-writer he enjoyed a front-rank position. If for nothing else, he will be always remembered for his creation of that memorable character Mr. Chips, the school-teacher, immortalized on the screen by Robert Donat.

Both the books "To You, Mr. Chips" and "Good Bye Mr. Chips" were truly great. Apart from Mr. Chips, James Hilton will be remembered for his wonderful fantasy "Lost Horizon" in

which he interpreted Indian philosophy to the West. Thanks to him; today Shangrilla has become synonymous as an abode of peace and happiness.

The Indian film producers will remember him, however, mainly as the author of "Random Harvest." For, "Random Harvest" has been the source of inspiration of at least two dozen screen stories with the common twist of loss of memory and it paid great dividends.

Indeed, James Hilton was perhaps the only front-rank British author who made good in Hollywood. Others like Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood stayed in Hollywood not to write any films but spread the cult of Geeta and write satires on Hollywood. James Hilton's novels—"Good Bye, Mr. Chips," "We Are Not Alone," "Lost Horizon," "Random Harvest"—proved quite a sensation on the screen.

But of late, he too had stopped writing for films and was content with writing such engrossing novels as "So Well Remembered." His death has removed one of the expert story tellers.

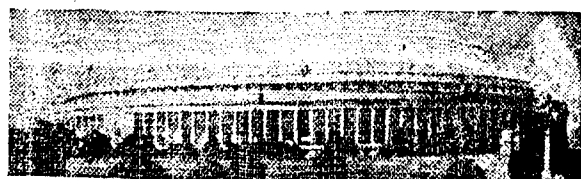
News of the week

Kamal Amrohi has completed the preliminary work for starting the shooting of his historical film "The Last Moghul," based on the life of Bahadur Shah. Meena Kumari and Ajit will play the lead. C. Ramchandra will give the music.

Confirming the report that she has agreed to work in Mehboob's "Mother India," Nargis revealed that it is not true that Dilip Kumar will play the role of her son. That role will be allotted to some other youngster.

Dev Anand and Shyama are likely to be starred in Gemini's next Hindi picture *Insaniyat*. This picture is scheduled to be completed in two months and released all over India in March 1955.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PARLIAMENT just had one of its tamest sessions. If there was no motion of no-confidence against Speaker Mavalankar, it would have been tamer still. I am afraid the motion of no-confidence was not taken in good part by the Treasury Benches. The Prime Minister went off at a tangent by hurling abuse at the Opposition, simply because they thought fit to bring in a vote of censure against the Speaker. One rule must be observed in the parliamentary game. It must be assumed that each Member of Parliament is equally entitled to give expression to his thoughts without his *bona fides* being questioned. Simply because somebody brings in a vote of no-confidence either against a Speaker or against a Government, he does not become an enemy of the country. By seeking to secure discussion on such a motion, the member concerned is merely trying to put before the public a certain point of view. This is a fundamental right of democracy. It should not be throttled. The Prime Minister very often seems to forget this.

It is dangerous to comment on the conduct of the Speaker of the Indian Parliament, because our Speaker is the most sensitive Speaker in the world. We can comment on the judgment of a High Court or the Supreme Court after the judgment is delivered; but we cannot comment on a no-confidence motion against a Speaker, even after the motion is either passed or rejected. From the strictly constitutional point of view, it is worth arguing whether a Member of Parliament can be denied the right of free speech by the order of a Speaker, when it has been guaranteed by the Indian Constitution itself. There is a difference between

our Speakers in India and other Speakers elsewhere. Our Speakers seem to take their name too literally. But the Speaker is expected to speak very rarely. In other countries, the Speaker is there merely to intervene under very exceptional circumstances.

What the country needs is more Chief Ministers like Dr. Sampurnanand. Pandit Pant was a typical U. P. man. The so-called cultured people of U. P. suffer from *takalloof*, which is the Urdu word for old-world courtesy. Once you take a man as a Minister, you are not supposed to remove him under any circumstances. In North India, Dr. Sampurnanand was the first to drop a man from his Cabinet for other than personal reasons. Mohanlal Gautam is too well known in Indian politics as undesirable. But Pandit Pant kept him on because Gautam was a hot favourite of Purushottamdas Tandon. Tandonji had proved his unfitness to hold office as Congress President by taking Gautam as his General Secretary.

Gautam had the audacity to openly advocate in his weekly, *The People*, that only collective leadership of the three groups within the Congress Party—those of C. B. Gupta, Charan Singh and Mohanlal Gautam—would ensure the smooth running of the administration in U. P. What a fall for *The People*! Founded by Lala Lajpat Rai, and edited with distinction by Feroz Chaud, *The People* has now fallen on evil days. Gautamji did not even have the sense of duty to clear the arrears of journalists to whom *The People* owed a lot of money—one of whom is the present writer to whom six to seven thousand

rupees are due! If people like Gautam are weeded out from the Congress Party—both at the Centre and in the States—the Congress has yet got a future in this country. But it is too much to hope for more than one Sampurnanand in the country from among Congressmen. Sampurnanand has started well. He has caught the imagination of the people by this bold step of sacking Gautam. Let us hope he will follow up by other acts of equal courage.

The unconscious humour-writer of the *Hindustan Times*, who pretends that Pandit Nehru's thought-processes are as crude as his own, always has some original theory or other. His cock-sureness is the envy of many an official of the External Affairs Ministry. At the same time, this perpetrator of Irish bulls has a good sense of news. He says: "Communists and communalists continue to provide a headache to the Nehru Government. In its fight against Communists, the Congress has for the first time been put on the defensive. Instead of the Opposition parties in Andhra forming a united front, the Congress has been driven to form one." This is the truth, well-spoken. But the comment, which is free, goes thus: "Of course, in a sense, it is a device to bring ex-Congressmen back to the fold. It appears that the P. S. P. also wanted to ride the 'united' bus. But its high power emissary contacted the High Command too late. However, sufficient latitude has been given to the leaders of the United Congress Front to accommodate the P.S.P. up to a dozen seats, should the Party wish to join hands with the Front." The truth is that in Sri P. V. G. Raju, Andhra has a politician who cannot be easily extinguished. Sri Raju has a burning sense of social justice, and will not let himself be made a tool of the Congress Party.

The Cultural Delegation from Soviet Russia, headed by the great Russian biologist Tsitsin, has just left for Moscow after three weeks' stay in India as the guests of the

Indo-Soviet Cultural Society. Tsitsin's name is a house-hold word in Soviet Russia. Dr. Lakshmana Rao, the biologist-member of the Indian Cultural Delegation which returned recently from Soviet Russia, told the Conference of the ISCUS that he had heard the name of Tsitsin for the first time in Soviet Russia when he first visited that country in 1937. It was not at any learned discussion that he came across the name, but from school-children who knew about the significance of Tsitsin's work.

The ISCUS has grown into one of the most influential organisations in the country under the able guidance of its President, the eminent surgeon of Bombay, Dr. A. V. Baliga. Dr. Baliga is one of the foremost non-political figures in India today. His interest in Soviet Russia and friendship for the Soviet people springs entirely from his knowledge of what the Soviet Government and the Soviet peoples have done in the field of medicine and health. It is because the Soviet Government has made good health available to the entire people of Soviet Russia without making them pay exorbitant medical charges that Dr. Baliga has developed his love for the Soviet Union.

It is often forgotten that Pandit Nehru's foreign policy owes its success at least to some extent to the non-official backing it has from the people of our country. The ISCUS and the ICFA (Indo-China Friendship Association) are two of the organisations that have helped in this manner. If Pandit Nehru's other ideas do not find ready acceptance in the country, it is because no effort has been made by him to organise public opinion. It must be said, in fairness to Pandit Nehru, that he is not in any way responsible for the organisation of either the ISCUS or the ICFA. These organisations are there by the efforts of less spectacular friends of the people of China and Russia.

Sambhu Mitra is one of the greatest actors and directors in the world today. His wife, Tripti Mitra, is

eminent and attacked it. They therefore banned the play. Tagore similarly points out that his idea of "Red Oleanders" has been anticipated (and even stolen from the womb of eternity) by Valmiki. Tagore constantly harps on the theme of the supremacy of Man over Nature, and points out that the fire at the end of the tail of a mere monkey could set fire to the golden palaces of Lankapuri. That was because of the revolution caused in the mind of Ravana by the presence of the symbol of humanity, Sita. Nandini is cast in the mould of Sita, and is enacted with the utmost skill by Tripti Mitra. It is one of the most difficult plays that we know of. Sambhu Mitra as the King who does not appear on the stage until the very end, was only heard and not seen—but Sambhu filled the stage with the personality of the King. The sets, the voices, the direction, the acting—they were all incredibly well done. To see the play was a great experience.



CAPITA*

All kinds of Banking B

செப்பனிருபவர் பெயர்

Ch. Longwin

செப்புவதற்காக எடுத்த

கொள்ளப்பட்ட நாள் 1957-58

செப்பனீட்டு முடித்த நாள்

THE INDIAN

HEAD OFFICE.. INDIAN
NORTH BEACH ROA

சுரியாநாதசுவர்

ஆராய்ச்சி

சு. பி. எ.

செய்யா ப்பம்

இதன் மூலம்
இதன் மூலம்